

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. 27.

NEW YORK, APRIL 16, 1898.

YEAR, \$1.50; COPY, 5C.



X185

THE DAWN OF THE NEW CENTURY.

Drawn expressly for THE NEW CENTURY by Mrs. H. C. Cape.

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 16, 1898.

EDITORIAL.

As we write, the very heart of our nation is throbbing with an intense effort for justice, with a deep desire to free unhappy and persecuted Cuba and it is our duty at this momentous time to play our parts well, for to-day the great drama of LIGHT and DARKNESS is being enacted before the whole world so that all miniature battles of a similar nature sink into insignificance.

We are indeed at the pivotal point of the world's history and we are called upon to act our part nobly, wisely, courageously, dispassionately, and justly.

Epictetus says: "We do not choose our parts in life, and have nothing to do with those parts; our simple duty is confined to playing them well."

All the energy of our higher natures should be stirred into action that we may in the real spirit of Brotherly Love prove a bulwark of defense in protecting principle and the honor of our country from the aggressive, selfish and hot-headed weaklings who are determined to rule or ruin.

Let us cultivate a larger spirit of trust in those great Helpers, who watch over the nation's welfare, and in the guiding hand of our President and his Cabinet, that they too may act their parts well.

If all people believed in the divinity of their own natures and the potency of thought, this force alone would evoke the very God of Peace; and the blind egotism of destruction, selfishness and ambition would be conquered, CUBA WOULD BE FREE, and Peace would reign throughout the world.

Fellow countrymen! let us, by playing our part well, evoke the God of Peace, that it may brood over our fair land and breathe into the hearts of all a larger tolerance and a greater love for each other, for all nations, and all people.

VOICES OF THE CENTURY—NO. V.

(Continued.)

J. G. FICHTE.

BY THE REV. W. WILLIAMS.

"THERE is a tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune," and such proved to be the case with Fichte on the receipt of a welcome letter from an old friend containing the offer of a private

tutorship in a family residing in Zurich. As he reads the contents, his sad disconsolate face becomes irradiate with a joyous smile, and hope almost extinct again animates and fills that great, brave heart. The low state of his finances compelled him to journey on foot. On reaching his destination he soon became acquainted with the literary celebrities of the place, who, recognizing his ability and sterling integrity of character, received him as a friend and comrade. He is, furthermore, introduced to a local notability named Rahn, whose house is the centre of society in Zurich. Fichte had already acquired the knowledge of several languages, but now he was to learn another, that universal language which all created, sentient beings, throughout all the worlds of space, learn at some time or other in their existence to acquire. He gets to understand the alphabet of a bright eye and then to read and enjoy a true woman's love.

Johanna Maria Rahn, moving amongst the élite of society and admired for her accomplishments and intellectual abilities, on being first introduced to Fichte, the poor and obscure private tutor, recognized in him her ideal of a husband. She was surrounded and waited upon by *nice young men* of ordinary tea parties, and had refused several very excellent offers, but here was one of a higher and far different category of young men from those who were accustomed to assemble round her, at her father's house. Seeing him and hearing him speaking, oftentimes manfully, and giving evidences of a greatness of soul worthy of a woman's love, her heart's warmest sympathies went out towards him and they soon learned to understand and love each other with an affection that proved to be lifelong. Their love letters, such of them as have been preserved, differing from the ordinary specimens of insipid correspondence that characterize the period of courtship, are distinguished by genuine common sense and warmth of feeling and are a source of much enjoyable reading.

Now occurs another period of struggle and striving in the life of Fichte. At the end of two years his engagement as tutor comes to an end. He leaves Zurich and goes again into that wilderness of trial through which all souls have to pass ere they can arrive at the land of promise which lies beyond the region of darkness and doubt in which we have so long to live and dwell. In Fichte's life, it is a record of a long protracted fight with adverse circumstances, yet one out of which he comes victorious at last, endowed with the fully developed powers and energies and invested with all the grandeur of a truly titanic and kingly soul. We would fain follow him through the trials which he had to undergo and watch the unfoldings of his character that therefrom we might learn the secret of his success at last, and of that power and extraordinary influence which he afterwards wielded over the minds of all who came into contact with him. The life of a truly great man is a valuable possession to humanity, a source of strength, a constant incentive to the attainment of high and lofty ideals of duty, the essential element of enduring greatness and success. It acts like a charm and excites and awakens within us dormant energies and forces without which there can be no virtue nor strength of character. It was the remark of an old Greek writer, "That no grander sight could be witnessed by the Gods from their lofty seats than that of a brave man struggling with adversity." And this is true of Fichte. In the midst of destitution, penury and anxiety, he looms up before us, like a colossus, majestic and self-sus-

tained by his own strength and integrity of character, saying to the hard fate that pursues him: "*Flecti non Frangi*" (you may bend but shall never break me). It would be most interesting to follow his career through all its many changes and vicissitudes, to dwell upon the many pleasing episodes which are like gleams of sunlight in his darkened life, but the exigences of space at our disposal are imperative and we are compelled to pass over a great many incidents of his heroic endurance. There is, however, one which we cannot refrain from noticing, as therefrom we catch a glimpse in the lives and circumstances of great men which enables us to see that even with them, "it is not all gold that glitters."

By the impulse of some unforeseen circumstances, Fichte is brought into personal contact with Kant, the great Ruler, the acknowledged Master in the realm of philosophy, and as these two intellectual giants confront each other, there is a mutual recognition of each other's genius. They at once become firm friends. Kant, however, is professor of philosophy in the university of Königsburg, and famous throughout Europe; Fichte is as yet unknown to fame, but waiting his time. There is this, however, that makes them equal: their poverty, for neither of them has a single stiver or cent in their pockets, and to starving Fichte, Kant is compelled to confess, that though philosophy has brought honors and renown, it has not filled his coffers. All, therefore, he can do for Fichte is to share his frugal meals with him, and give him a lift up the ladder by way of an introduction to his bookseller, which may lead to the publishing of a work which Fichte has written, "The Critique of all Revelation," in which Kant's keen, critical eye detects traces and evidences of great genius. It proved a great success, and was the means of a professorship of philosophy in the university of Jena being offered him, which he gladly accepted, on the condition that he should not enter on his duties until after the lapse of a year.

It was no ordinary position, its duties demanding the possession of great mental endowments in order to discharge them with ability and success. At that time Jena was the most distinguished university in Germany. Amongst its professors were included the élite of the literary and scientific world. It was adorned by the presence of such men as Wieland, Herder, Goethe and Schiller, and to this brilliant arena of labors, Fichte came from his humble home in Switzerland, to the society of the greatest living men—to the office of instructor and teacher to a thronging crowd from all surrounding nations. A few days after taking up his residence, he delivered his first lecture to an audience so numerous, that the largest hall in Jena, although crowded to the roof, proved insufficient for all who had assembled. The impression which Fichte produced, exceeded all prior expectation. As he entered the hall the gaze of everyone was riveted upon him. His singular and commanding address, his fervid and impetuous eloquence, the depth and rich profusion of his thoughts, poured forth in most convincing sequence, thoughts that breathed, expressed in words that burned, astonished and delighted his hearers.

As the vast audience listened with rapt attention, they felt themselves in the presence of a giant intellect, a lofty soul that wielded over their minds an influence more potent than the wand of an Eastern magician. He raised them into a new world of life and thought, unfolded and revealed to them the wondrous laws that govern human life and destiny, that control and

regulate human action, that limit and restrain within bounds the extravagances of individual ambition, the destructive tendencies of heartless selfishness bidding them all "Thus far shall ye go and no further!" and then with all the fire and glow of a great orator concluded: "Amidst all the varied and multitudinous phenomena of life, we observe the operation of a law by which no one, however high, however lowly and obscure his origin, however limited his powers, can devote himself to the service of humanity without becoming himself blessed and strengthened. This is the high and exalted duty which the great and noble-minded in all ages have imposed upon themselves, even those whose names with their works are found recorded on the pages of history, and the still greater number of those whose works without their names form the great heritage into the possession and enjoyment of which we have entered. Not for themselves alone, did they live and labor and toil, but for the well-being of posterity, and it is the sublimest thought of all, that it is our prerogative, that we can, as soon as we realize our true position in the universe, and when we rise to the true idea of our existence, take up the work where they were compelled to leave off and carry on and bring nearer to completion the erection of that grand Temple of Universal Truth in which all nations shall meet to worship in harmony and good-will in one faith, and with one God and Father who is in all and above us all." At the conclusion we are told that Fichte left the hall the most popular professor of the greatest university in Germany.

(To be continued.)

A DISAPPOINTED THOUGHT-FORM.

BY M. L. GUILD.

(Continued.)

The Future Thought paused and sighed wistfully.

"You see," it continued in soft reproach, "all thoughts do not get even as good a body as they deserve—for instance, that thought you had last week. It was really a good one, for you are growing more than you are willing to admit. But, although you embodied it in an article, you did not give it any kind of shape—I think myself that you were afraid of it—so that nobody can get at it, and it is bound to die very soon."

Under the level gaze of the Future Thought the Man of Science felt much like a criminal. He was moved to defend himself, and said indignantly:

"You speak as if I had had only one thought all last week."

"Oh," the Thought whispered slowly and deprecatingly, "you don't really *think* half as much as you suppose. Most of it is mere cerebration."

The Man of Science shifted uncomfortably in his chair. He was not accustomed to such sharp personal criticism; moreover, the words rang familiarly, almost as his own. Though a kindly man, and sincere in his way, he could not resist a childish impulse to prove that he could think, and asked almost spitefully:

"And pray, how, if you are a future thought, how can you know what happened last week?"

The thought brightened visibly.

"That is the first sensible thing you have said this afternoon. Of course, I cannot know the past directly. But the Thought of which I was speaking was a relation of mine."

"A—a—relation of yours?"

"Why, yes. How astonished you seem. Yet you were talking the other day about one thought being related to another."

"To be sure—to be sure," the Man interposed hastily, for he was beginning to think he had never known what all his glib phrases had meant. "So—er—it was a relation of yours?"

"Yes, but," the mist leaned back with a funny, languid "man-about-town" air, "but I also heard at the club."

"Club! What club?"

"Why, the Association of Ideas, of course. Didn't you ever—"

"Oh, certainly—certainly. But—I—er—"

"I know, I know," interrupted the Future Thought, jeeringly, "you are going to say you 'didn't—think—it meant—that.' Yet you certainly have used the words often enough. Will you tell me what in the world you have meant all these years you have been talking?"

This was too much for the Man of Science, who was beginning to be used to his visitor.

"That is all very well, my friend, but while you are making disagreeable remarks, you are not giving much information yourself."

A sudden and complete change came over the little column. To the great surprise of the Man of Science it took on at once an air of perfect docility. Then he remembered having read somewhere—he thought in some one of those hazy Eastern books that his mystical friends were always making him read—that a man must rule his thoughts if he would not have them rule him.

"After all," he conceded grudgingly to himself, "those old dreamers do seem to have stumbled on some of the mental processes. Pity, great pity, they did not have our modern methods of scientific research."

The Future Thought had been stilled for a moment; but now and very graciously indeed it began its explanation.

"About the Association of Ideas? Well, a long time ago it was seen that, though men watched their deeds and even their words, they took no care at all of their thoughts. The result was that the thoughts of most men were very much scattered, and many of them lost beyond recall; so that when a man wanted to collect his thoughts, he was usually quite unable to do so. Because of this there was formed what is now known as the Association of Ideas. It is an exceedingly effective organization."

"And is it there also that you found out you were my thought? How do you know that you are not my neighbor's?"

A look of hopeless scorn came into the bright little eye. But the look passed away quickly, and the mist asked, so pathetically that the Man of Science felt conscience-smitten:

"How *could* I come to you if I were *not* your thought?"

"True," said the other apologetically, "but, you know, this is quite a new experience to me. I have heard of men who made ridiculous claims of being able to see other men's thoughts, but I don't think I have ever heard of one who saw his own."

"Oh, yes. Some people do. But your friends wouldn't be likely to, because very few scientific men have any real thoughts come to them."

The Man of Science was tempted to protest. But after all, the remark was a tacit acknowledgment of his own superiority. So he asked instead:

"Well—would you kindly tell me what thought you are?"

The column vibrated slowly, with a curious swinging motion, which the Man of Science watched in a half fascinated way, although it gave him a strangely dizzy sensation.

"If I only could enter your mind!" it exclaimed wistfully, "but it is not yet broad enough. I wish, indeed, I could tell you what thought I am; for then I should become a Present Thought and take shape. But I can't, you see, because to do that I should have to think myself. I can think other thoughts, but I can't think myself. You ought to know that, it seems to me. You, too, can think other thoughts, but you do not think yourself."

"Think myself! You speak as if I too were a thought."

And the Man of Science laughed.

"And are you not? Don't you know it, don't you feel it? Why," and its little whisper grew awestruck, its little eye larger and more deeply glowing, "I am only one of *your* thoughts, but you—you are a thought of the *great*—*GREAT THINKER*. *An eternal thought in the Eternal Mind*."

The Man put his hand to his head, where something seemed to have snapped.

The mist had vanished, and a light more painfully brilliant than lightning flooded his brain. He seemed to see the Universe outstretched; blinding, agonizing in its hitherto undreamed of nature and vastness. With the terror of one on the brink of a precipice, the Man of Science struggled—and awoke.

"What a marvelous dream!" he murmured drowsily, "and, after all, why not?"

He passed his hand over his forehead and quickly sat up; once more his pompous, professional self. He coughed self-consciously.

"Hem—Hem—Very curious instance of unconscious cerebration. Induced, of course, by the effect of the sun-rays on the already fatigued optic nerves and assisted doubtless by the humid exhalations of the swamp. Hem—I think I can use it in this very article. Excellent popular illustration! Very."

A SUGGESTION FOR PROPAGANDISTS.

It is pleasant to note that THE NEW CENTURY is coming to be recognized as a valuable assistance in propaganda work among the Lodges throughout this and foreign countries.

A copy handed to a person interested in, yet uninformed of this philosophy constitutes a most attractive and acceptable introduction to Universal Brotherhood. A number of Lodges dispose of as many as fifty copies weekly in this manner at their public meetings; besides keeping them on sale.

As each loyal Brother is anxious and willing to advance the Cause in every way possible, let all Lodges adopt this plan.

Hail, Comrades! join hands with us in disseminating this *fundamental truth of nature*—*BROTHERHOOD*—among "the people of the earth and all creatures." As the Lotus children say:

"Only when all work, with no one to shirk,
Feel we the beautiful glow."

RALPH LESLIE.

THE HIGHER SELF.

Again I come to earth in human guise
To play upon the harp of seven strings!
The grief stretched strings of this poor human heart
Which throbs in low pitched cadence as I touch the
instrument

I've fashioned for this day—
This dreary day of my imprisonment.
The God I am—the lofty shining self,
Bound in these fetters wrought by my own hand
In ages past—now humbly takes its place,
To learn of pain its lesson, and to learn
Of pure self-sacrifice its alphabet;
To solve by means of mortal agony
The problems of a life's experience,
Its present anguish and its future joy.
The blinded eyes through which the God-man looks,
See sorry sights and things that rend the soul—
See misery and want, and woe, and crime,
And hideous unlovely things of earth;
But while they gaze, back and above all this,
The eyes of my glad spirit greet the light
That shines in all its tender radiance
About the man Divine. While on the ears
That hear the discords of a joyless world,
The jarring dissonances of despair—
The clash and clatter of a thousand tongues
That greed hath made to clamor loud for self;
The cries of those in pain, the savage shouts
Of horrid monsters in the form of men,
The moans of victims they have made their prey
By right of might, the breath of agony,
Deep drawn and sharp, and cutting like a blade,
Into the tender, pitying human heart.
All this dread discord falls on mortal ears
The while my spirit hears the harmonies
Of worlds in motion—answers to the thrill
Of vibrant sounds too sweet and high and pure
To be aught else than silence to the sense
That dwelleth in the tenement of clay
Upon the sound waves from far fairer shores.
The essence of sweet sound is clearly borne
And lost in listening to its thunder tones
That roar in music throughout endless space.
The earth cries are subdued—the moans of pain,
The sobs, the sighs, the groans of mortal men
To faintest echoes, do resolve themselves,
And the imprisoned God gains strength to move
Upon the path of misery and sin:
In me the Absolute, the Undefined,
The Only, the Eternal, changeless One—
The Boundless, the Immutable, the True,
Hath found a consciousness in me. I breathe
Informed and quickened by the living Law
That doth propel me onward for all time;
But though I tread this little earth, I live
In regions where the stars hold holy court!
The while my human hands touch grief-bowed
heads—
The while my human heart is wrung with all
The sorrows of the earth—the while I weep
Salt tears of sympathy with all my kind—
The while I clasp my arms about the
Fainting pilgrim-forms toiling ever on.
I live in worlds so full of peace and light
And love and joy and bliss ineffable,
That the sharp contrast of my life to that
Of these my brothers, is, must ever be,
The hardest lesson that the world can teach!
For until they too see the light of Truth,
Hear less of discord, more of harmony,
Live in the perfect peace *Itself alone*
Can bring to human hearts—until they
In all the great unendingness of time,
The holy law of Love, the light of Truth
Must, well or ill, as I shall freely choose,
Add to the music of the rolling spheres
My little voice shall swell the ceaseless sound,
That down the ages must forever roll,
And if its sweetness, purity and strength
Be added to by means that are my own,
I shall creep upward and my kind be helped
To higher planes—for what availeth it
If I stand lonely on the shining heights

The while my brothers weep in grief below?
Who are my Brothers? All things that be,
Since life itself doth come from one pure source,
Whose ideation hath conceived all worlds—
Whose Intellection hath informed the minds
Of godmen with its splendor, earth and all
The monads human and terrestrial.
These are my Brothers, each both great and small,
The man, the beast, the bird, the worm, the tree,
The helpless insect crawling under foot,
The silvery thistle and the sweet-breathed rose,
The chaliced lily with the heart of gold,
The tiny mite which danceth but an hour
In all the warmth of summer's noonday sun,
The patient boulder biding its own time
Throughout the countless ages it doth take
To turn it into dust again, and free
The spark so long housed in the tenement
Built for it by the elements, and thus
Freed to take its little step along
The upward spiral of Eternal Life.

By MRS. EVA BE T.

OF DEEPER BIRTH.

BY WILLIAM JAMESON.

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

CHAPTER XIX.

"BE WISE, AND OBEY!"

THE American did not ask any questions,
but instantly hurried with Marjory to-
wards the cottage of Mistress Logie.
Even mentally he did not ask questions.

Some deeper impulse than the brain can sense con-
trolled his action just then; and he felt as eager
to reach the bed of the dying woman ere it was
too late, as did his companion.

Such impulses to action—not unreasonable,
but *super* reasonable—arise occasionally in all
human lives when the lower self has ceased for a
while to dominate. This statement can be tested
by the biography of any person, the events of
whose life have been really worth recording. The
philosophy of such critical impulses, to me, is
very simple. Our every-day life is merely an im-
perfect series of indications of the consistent life
of the Soul—the true Man within. If our *whole*
nature be brought into touch with that inner
Being, we cannot go wrong, in conduct or in
thought: for the Divine Unity can then express
Itself in faultless harmonies; at all times; under
all circumstances. Meanwhile, a chord or two
occasionally reaches the every-day man, who, if
he responds *at once* to it—instead of arguing,
hesitating or doubting—does the absolutely right
thing that the occasion demands. Later, he
wonders *how* he came to do it; and, according to
his temperament or bias, uses such terms as
"Providence," "lucky thought," "instinct,"
"inspiration," "flash of genius," "intuition,"
to account for the originating impulse.

The reader need scarcely be reminded that in
the case of Hosea Cutt, that afternoon's experi-
ence had contributed not a little to his attune-
ment to the voice within. On the other hand,
will any one be bold enough to suggest that the
millionaire would have responded just as prompt-
ly and unquestioningly a few days earlier; when
he was talking financial "shop" with Mr. Peter
Goudie?

Marjory Mail, although for some few minutes
naturally absorbed in sorrowful thoughts about
her venerable friend, Hilda Logie, quickly real-
ized the duty of telling Hosea, before they reached
the cottage, of his kinship with the aged woman.
The course of events, as much as anything else,
indicated to her clearly that the barrier of silence
on this subject should be removed forthwith.

There is no mystery, for mystery's sake, in
true occultism; that is, occultism unselfishly
pursued. Bewilderment arises from the lowering
of the student's motive. Marjory had done her
best step by step to help her American friend on
his upward journey through the ages. He, on
his part, had made a fair struggle to climb, al-
though he had furnished evidence enough, by his
uncertain conduct, of that wise saying: "How
hardly shall a rich man enter the kingdom of
Heaven." However, he had won the right to
know this much; that the more obvious motive
of his journey to Shetland could be justified.

So Marjory, after first telling him, as they sped
along, something of the beautiful character of
Auld Hilda, and of those long years of waiting
for news of her missing daughter, briefly ex-
plained how the mind of the lonely woman had
been set at rest, quite recently, by contact with
an article that once belonged to her child.

"And," added Marjory, quickly, lest the spirit
of doubt should intrude, "it was that clove box
you lost which told Mistress Logie of her daugh-
ter's death."

"My clove box? How? I don't under-
stand?"

He stopped suddenly, and looked at Marjory in
bewilderment.

"Yes;" she continued, not heeding the inter-
ruption, "I shall never forget how the dear old
soul cried out, as she held that box clasped be-
tween her hands, 'Bena, Bena! my ain perie
bairn! Da Lord help dy puir child—mitherless
an' faitherless at one stroke!'"

Hosea seemed to recognize familiar words in
these. Rightly enough; for had not his father
many a time dwelt pathetically on the fact that
his parents had died together? And, another
connecting link came suddenly to his memory.

"Is 'Bena' a full name by itself in Shetland?"
he inquired earnestly.

"Sometimes; but mostly it means 'Rabina.'"

"'Rabina' is the name of the house in which I
was born. Of course I never troubled to ask my
father how it came to get that name."

"It was natural that he should name it after
his mother."

"And, she?—"

"Was born here," whispered Marjory as she
gently opened the door of Auld Hilda's cottage.

Her sister Osla was there, as she expected.
Osla looked surprised to see their American friend
also. He was pale, and evidently agitated.

Marjory knelt by Auld Hilda's bedside and
took her hand. The dying woman opened her
eyes, and smiled gladly.

"My hour has come, Marjory," was all she
said, and closed her eyes again.

Hosea, who stood silently gazing at that beau-
tiful old woman, needed no other confirmation of
what Marjory had said, than those features af-
forded. Death brings into relief resemblances
that are hidden during life. His dying father
looked as that aged woman did.

Involuntarily, he moved forward to the bed
and knelt by Marjory's side. Marjory quietly
relinquished Auld Hilda's hand and placed it in
his.

His great-grandmother did not apparently
notice this act. She seemed to be in a doze; but
presently she raised his hand to her forehead.

A few minutes later she opened her eyes, and
gazing on him fixedly, said:

"My bairn; within da Brough in da Holm dere
is Knowledge for de: be wise and obey."

Hilda Logie did not otherwise recognize her

daughter's grandson. Indeed, beyond a bright smile when Marjory pressed her hand some half hour later, she showed no further sign of consciousness. The doctor arrived about eleven at night, having been brought over in a fishing boat from Sandwick in the island of Yell. He at once saw that his aid was useless. At nine o'clock the following morning the dear old soul passed out of that timeworn body and entered "Slumberland", as the ancient Norse folk describe Devachan. The people of North Mavine for miles round gathered at the grave of the oldest friend that any of them had.

Hosea Cutt was chief mourner. Everybody was made aware of his relationship; and he felt grateful for the delicate praises of the dead woman which those warm-hearted crofters and their wives expressed to him. Yet he could not help going back in thought to his father's funeral five years earlier. The lawyer and the doctor were then the only mourners beside himself!

[To be continued.]

A LETTER OF IOUDAS.¹

A NEW TRANSLATION, BY JAMES M. PRYSE.

IOUDAS, a slave of Anointed Iêsous, and brother of Iakôbos,² to the probationers³ beloved by [The] God [and] Father and kept by Anointed Iêsous. May compassion and peace and love be fulfilled to you.

Loved ones, making all haste to write to you concerning the common salvation, I feel it an urgent duty⁴ that I should write you calling on you to contend strenuously for the Faith which was once for all handed down to the Purified ones. For there have slipped in stealthily into this judgment⁵ certain [men], those prescribed of old times,⁶ sacrilegious, changing The God's favor into wantonness, and disowning the only Over-lord⁷ and our Master Anointed Iêsous. Now, I wish to remind you—[though] you know this⁸ once for all—that the Master, having saved a people out of the land of Egypt, next⁹ destroyed those who did not put faith in [him];¹⁰ and the Messengers who did not keep their first principle,¹¹ but abandoned their own dwelling, he has kept in perpetual fetters, under nether-world gloom,¹² till [the] judgment of a great day,¹³ even as [the inhabitants of] Sodom and Gomorra¹⁴ and the cities near them, having

in the same way as these [men], become utterly lascivious and having gone away after strange flesh, are held out as an example, undergoing a penalty of Æonian Fire. Still, similarly these [men] also in their dreamings¹ contaminate the flesh, and disregard Masterships, and revile Radiances. But Michael, the Arch-messenger, when disputing with the Accuser he argued about the body of Môsês, did not venture to assail him with a reviling judgment, but said, "May the Master rebuke you."² Now, these [men] revile all things³ that they do not understand, and all things that they do perceive psychically—as [do also] the irrational animals⁴—in these things they are corrupted. Alas for them! for they travelled the path of Kain,⁵ and rushed headlong in the wandering way of Balaam after pay,⁶ and were ruined in the rebellion of Korè.⁷ These [men] are blemishes⁸ in your love-feasts, feasting with [you] fearlessly, shepherding themselves,⁹ rainless¹⁰ clouds borne away by winds; unfruitful autumnal trees, twice dead,¹¹ uprooted; wild waves of the sea, foaming out their own disgraces; wandering stars, for whom the nether-world gloom has been kept throughout the Æon. Now, to these [men] also Enoch, the seventh from Adam, spoke as a Seer, saying:

"Behold, [the] Master came with his countless purified ones, to execute judgment upon all, and to convict all the sacrilegious ones of their works of sacrilege which they sacrilegiously did, and of all the hard [words] which sacrilegious sinners have spoken about him."¹²

These [men] are murmurers, fault finders, walking according to their own desires—and their mouth speaks turgid [phrases]—praising people for the sake of advantage.

But do *you*, loved ones, remember the words which were proclaimed by the delegates¹³ of our Master, Anointed Iêsous, that they said to you:

"In [the] last time there will be scoffers, walking according to their own sacrilegious desires."¹⁴

These [men] are the separatists, psychics, not having [the] Breath. But *you*, loved ones, rebuilding yourselves in your most consecrated Faith, offering prayers in [the] Purifying Breath keep yourselves in the love of God, expecting the compassion of our Master Anointed Iêsous throughout Æonian Life. And treat some [of the scoffers] with contempt when they argue with you;¹⁵ but others save with fear, snatching [them] out of the Fire,¹⁶ hating even the garment¹⁷ spotted by the flesh.

1. That is, having empty dreams as opposed to true visions.

2. This story is supposed to be taken from a book—now lost—called *The Ascension (anabasis) of Moses*. The words quoted are also found in *Zech. iii. 2*.

3. Literally, "as many things as."

4. The psychic faculties pertain to the animal-soul, and are possessed by the animals as well as by man. Psychic perception, unless devoted solely to spiritual purposes, degrades the inner nature.

5. That is, "the proscribed" had in a past incarnation violated the vow of celibacy—Kain being a type of the fall into physical generation.

6. Balaam, the enchanter, was tempted to do magic for a reward in gold and silver.

7. *Num. xvi. 1-33*. The sin of Korè was ambition, and he promoted a faction.

8. Literally, "spots," or "reefs"; but probably "stains" or "spots" was intended. Apparently the original read "a stain" (*spilos*), which the copyist changed to the plural, and mistaking the word for *spilas* (a rock) wrote *spilades* instead of *spiloi*.

9. Having rejected Iêsous, the "good shepherd"; or possibly "shepherding themselves [and not the flock]."

10. Literally, "waterless."

11. That is, not having borne fruit for two seasons.

12. The *Book of Enoch*, from which the above quotation is taken, was lost for many centuries, but a copy of it was found in Abyssinia; yet though it is endorsed by Ioudas, it has never been received as canonical.

13. Gr. *apostolos*, one sent forth with orders, envoy, messenger.

14. From what writing this is quoted is not known.

15. Some manuscripts read, "and show compassion to some."

16. That is, being careful not to become contaminated by their evil magnetism.

17. Gr. *chiton*, woolen frock, worn as an under garment.

Now, to him who has power to guard you from stumbling and by ecstasy¹ to place you blameless in the very presence of his Radiance, to [the] only God, our Saviour through Anointed Iêsous, [be] Radiance and greatness and strength and liberty² both now and throughout all the Æons. Amên!

TRUST.

A SMALL-BOY-IN-KILTS longed for a bicycle. He sent a letter to Santa Claus to please bring one. His mother, feeling that the child was entirely too young, and in any case they could ill afford to purchase it, did everything possible to dissuade him. But he persistently held the desire—and trusted.

On Christmas morning, half hidden among the lower branches of the sparkling tree, was a bicycle!

Oblivious of all else, the small-boy-in-kilts made a bee-line towards it, saying in tones of heartfelt conviction, "I *knew* he'd bring it!"

(At the eleventh hour the bicycle had unexpectedly presented itself.)

* * *

How often the vivid picture of the little child's trust has recurred to one in the stir and turbulence of T. S. work?

One's trust in the Leader—whoever it may be—is like the child's sublime trust in Santa Claus.

All these good people who say, "It can't be done," "It is too soon," "We haven't the money," "It is not feasible," "It will be detrimental," etc., etc., are like the child's beloved mother, his nurse, his family, in whom he feels confidence because they seem wiser than he.

How then is it possible that they can for one moment *doubt*—of all people in the world—Santa Claus!—to whom nothing is impossible. What would be the use of being Santa Claus if this was not so?

Well, he is sorry for their ignorance—but *he knows*, and so he trusts.

To those who persistently hold trust in the face of constant opposition, how often is the "impossible" made real—at the eleventh hour unexpectedly! And always, with the child's sublime trust, one *knew* it would be so.

It simply cannot fail, because it is one thing in the universe that *does* not fail.

Verily, "the pupil must regain the child state he has lost"—the sublime power of trust.

SCHOOL R. L. M. A.

OFFICE, 144 MADISON AVE., N. Y. CITY.

At the Annual Meeting held April 9, 1898, the following officers were elected:

Katherine A. Tingley, President.

E. Aug. Neresheimer, Treasurer.

F. M. Pierce, Director in place of E. T. Hargrove.

H. T. Patterson, Secretary in place of A. H. Spencer.

Address all correspondence connected with THE SCHOOL FOR THE REVIVAL OF THE LOST MYSTERIES OF ANTIQUITY to

F. M. Pierce, Representative and Librarian of School.

(Signed) KATHERINE A. TINGLEY.

1. Gr. *agalliasis*, exultation; the mantic frenzy, or spiritual exaltation; the highest trance, in which the soul is for the time liberated from the body.

2. Gr. *exousia*, permission, license, jurisdiction; authority.

1. Supposed to have been written by Ioudas the brother of Iakôbos "the Just"; he was also called Thaddaios or Lebbaïos. Six or seven "Judases" are mentioned in the New Testament besides "Judas the accuser" who betrayed his Master. The latter, in the mystical *Evangel according to Iôannês*, represents the evil (sexual) aspect of the Fire; while the good Ioudas is the pupil whose questioning brings out the Master's teaching concerning the Paraklêtos.

2. *Luke vi. 16*.

3. Literally, "called," "invited." The probationers, after being accepted, were termed "chosen" or "called out"; and having been tested, they were recognized as trustworthy. Thus in the *Apocalypse* (xvii. 14) are mentioned the "called (*klettoi*), and chosen (*eklektoi*), and trustworthy (*pistoi*)."

4. Literally, "I had necessity."

5. Gr. *krima*, that which requires discrimination, or calls for consideration; a decision, distinction; sentence, condemnation; accusation, charge.

6. That is, those who had been expelled from the Society in past incarnations. The writer uses a legal term; the Roman practice was to post in public a list of the names of persons sentenced, who were therefore called "the proscribed."

7. Gr. *despotes*, a slave-master; despot, absolute ruler; owner, lord.

8. A variant reading is "all things."

9. In the Greek idiom, "secondly."

10. *Num. xiv. 30, 31*; *Psa. cvi. 25, 26*.

11. The purely spiritual or androgynous condition.

12. Gr. *zophos*, thick darkness, the night side of the world; the land of gloom, the nether-world. The souls that fell into generation are in the bondage of matter, being, as it were, imprisoned psychically.

13. At the close of each "great day," or cycle, those souls that have become pure are liberated.

14. *Gen. xix. 24, 25*; *Deut. xxix. 23*.

INTERNATIONAL BROTHERHOOD LEAGUE.

(UNSECTARIAN)

FOUNDED APRIL 29TH, 1897.

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 women and to 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.

OFFICERS.

ON INTERNATIONAL BROTHERHOOD LEAGUE MATTERS address

Official Business: Katherine A. Tingley, President,
144 Madison Avenue, N. Y.
General Matters: H. T. Patterson, Supt., 144 Madison Avenue, N. Y.
Children's Work: Elizabeth C. Mayer, Supt., 144 Madison Ave., N. Y.

AN ASPECT OF BROTHERHOOD.

CAN it be said that Brotherhood has no relation to luxury of dress and living, in the world of women? Surely not! "Helping and sharing," so the children learn, "is what brotherhood means". Helping and sharing, not a hasty ill-considered bestowal of that which we do not value, or of money requisitioned from male relatives; and it would be well if we women realized this more fully than some of us seem to do.

Truly it is hard for the poor and suffering to feel a sense of kinship with us, to believe that we love them as though they and we were "children of one sweet mother." They are clad in their patched or ragged garments which keep out neither cold nor rain; we have furs and velvets, silks and laces, warm flannels and gossamer muslins in such abundance that we often need an apartment in which to preserve them, and a woman to give them due tendance. They are crowded together in close, dark, unwholesome, ill-furnished rooms, alleys and cellars; we have many lofty apartments, full of aids to ease of body, decked with expensive ornaments, constantly heated in winter, carefully aired and shaded in the long and hot summer days. They live in dingy streets and alleys, from day to day, year after year, until the gates of death open their welcome portals; we have the gay city in winter, the seaside in summer, the hills in autumn, each change of scene offering new means for letting the hours slip uselessly by. This being so, how can it be that the bestowal of large sums in various charities, the hurried visits to slums and hospitals should awaken either in our breasts or the hearts of the poor, a feeling of Brotherhood, true and lasting as Brotherhood "needs must be"?

To help! Does not that mean, as one of the Teachers said long ago, "bearing one another's burdens"? Suppose they, these other less fortunate brothers and sisters, are sick and we visit them; how are we to help them next? See! in this tiny room, its one window so begrimed that the sunshine of early spring can scarce force its pale rays through, lies a poor woman; her infant, now two days old, is wailing by her side on

a hard and disordered bed; the broken grate holds a few cold cinders; no food, not even a clean drinking vessel in the room. What shall I do to aid my sister? I cannot wash and dress the infant, for there is no warm water, no clean clothes; if I light a fire my white, ring-decked hands will suffer; shall I make the bed? but would not those dirty bedclothes soil my fresh spring dress? shall I give the woman a drink? there is no water even in the room; I cannot wash that greasy cup and go to seek a dairy across streets full of filth and noxious litter. Truly this is no place for me! Emptying my purse on the broken table, and stammering, "I will send some one, a nurse, or sister, or ———", I make my way downstairs and hasten home, just in time to join a working party for a great fancy fair in aid of the poor of our city. Is this the *help* which Brotherhood means? Alas! no! To *help* the poor, to visit those prostrate with sickness, I must lay aside once and for all my fashionable and expensive garments; the sweeping skirts, constricted waists, flower-garden hats and high-heeled shoes of the wealthy classes, will never help their wearers to understand, love and serve the common and ill-clad masses, and this we tacitly admit when we prescribe a neat and plain uniform for nurses, Sisters of Mercy, and the matrons and warders of our prisons.

If we truly mean to follow our general into the battle, if we are going to help in real earnest, we had better lay aside our gay uniforms. If life is to be for us something more than a dress parade, let us get into our campaigning clothes and set to work to do whatever lies under our hand.

Not only has the change of garb left us fit to help those in need of our personal aid, but it has made possible the *sharing* which is the second word in our Brotherhood motto. While we aimed at being fashionable, while our toilets had in all particulars to be correct and appropriate to the occasion of wearing, we were forced to spend every penny of our dress-allowance on our own clothes; we could only share by giving away half-worn or wholly unsuitable garments, to such needy persons as came under our notice; now, however, that we have made up our minds to limit our expenditure on dress to that which is serviceable, sanitary, and appropriate to the conditions of living prescribed for the family called Humanity, our means of sharing are greater, no matter how small our dress-allowance is, if nothing is spent on ornament, nothing on superfluities, nothing on garments which do not protect and clothe our bodies in a healthy manner, we shall have a few dollars over, which we can expend wisely in the service of the destitute amongst our new brothers and sisters, and thus really "share," because we give to them comfortable garments, instead of buying unnecessary and handsome articles of apparel for ourselves. We might share also in other ways to be found by thinking; for instance, the price of our bon-bons and dainty confections would procure good milk and pleasant fruit for some ailing body to be easily found by us.

"Sharing" is easy, once the will is found. "Whoso hath two coats, let him give to him that hath none", so ran the old teaching, and if we cannot follow it by giving without discrimination, still we could refrain from buying the extra coat, and so have funds to carry out the plans of

our Leader, and the teaching of our oft-silenced hearts. If we can change begging and bestowing into "helping and sharing," we shall have begun to learn *what* Brotherhood means.

GEORGIANA A. H. BRERETON.

EXPERIENCE.

BY JUDGE E. O'ROURKE.

YOU will be disappointed if you ask that your life may be a pleasant journey. Do not ask, then, to be relieved of your present load. Do not ask that flowers may always spring at your feet. Seek rather to shun the sting concealed under the flowers. Tho' strength should fail and heart should bleed, let right motive—the good of human kind—be your staff, peace the goal that leads to Kindly Light.

Do not expect full radiance here. This is a time of preparation,—a Test more or less crucial. Let each one tread the road without fear. Cling to the cross you bear;—be guided by the Master's hand. All our earthly hopes come glittering like the morning star, and like that star, in the presence of the risen sun, vanish like the vision of a dream. It is well that we meet disappointments. We gain strength as we struggle with them undismayed. Beneath every ounce of success there is a ton of failure. The drudgery we have to do is immense and taxes our patience to the utmost. Such tasks must be done to prepare the way for the finer work ahead. The ground must be cleared for the deep foundation of the enduring structure that is to be reared, into which all may ultimately gain admission. Let us be content to do the work of clearing assigned to us, knowing that, if we have the faith in the Law we profess to rely on, we can do good work, the best we are now capable of, along the lines pointed out to us. Some one in every movement must design and devise plans of work. When the plan is formed we work to that, if need be, changing and modifying as conditions and unforeseen circumstances require. We hold on to the thread of guidance no matter what happens, trusting that we will be conducted through the maze of entanglements to better conditions—to a brighter day. If some should faint on the way, they should be dealt with as their condition demands. If some, thro' delusion and folly, should become obstructive and really hostile to the plan of the Movement, they should be passed by until they get awake and alive to the significance and grandeur of the aims of the Movement, and learn that they cannot stay the tide in favor of Universal Brotherhood. It is useless to try to patch up or compromise with such persons, because when they throw in the apple of discord now, when harmony should most prevail, and should they be met and treated as tho' they were indispensable to the success of the Movement;—in a short time another soothing dose would have to be administered;—and thus the real work would be interrupted. Let them severely alone. There is no time for petting those who, from personal considerations alone, are "in the sulks." Before one is fitted to lead he must have shown that he is worthy to follow. To be a leader of the great Cause, like the one we are working in,—which is now attracting the attention of men, he should be as "true as steel, as clear as the diamond and as lasting as time."

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.

LOTUS PETALS.

THE LOTUS GROUP, SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

Harmony Class.—"Oh, yes, we older ones would like to talk of Evolution in words of one and two syllables, so the Little Brotherhood Class can join us."

[All take seats together.]

C. Sharp.—"Well—to start with—doesn't it mean 'evolving out'—?"

[Ten-year-olds look dazed.]

"Gracious me! Well—does it mean a kind of unfolding—?"

D. Sharp.—"An opening out—"

C. Natural.—"Growing."

F. Sharp.—"Might it be said to mean 'improvement'—for instance, all the changes from a wild rose to a hot house rose?"

High C.—"Isn't it the attainment of perfection?"

[Ten-year-olds all shuddered.]

"Oh, dear me, I forgot—it really is a terribly difficult thing to talk about—specially in *little* words."

B. Sharp.—"Isn't it a kind of rounding up of life, attaining—? Oh, I forgot, I mean just growing, till we have no more faults, till we become our *best*."

F. Sharp.—"Could anger and unkind thoughts being changed to gentleness and kind thoughts be called evolution?"

B. Natural.—"Let's go back to 'growing'—where we began,—isn't it really a helping and sharing process like the birds and bees and insects and flowers and plants helping each other in nature?"

[Ten-year-olds look eager.]

Re. ten-year-old.—"I know—the bees carry honey—no, the bees get honey from the flowers, and they carry the—the—"

Do. ten-year-old.—"I know—they make more flowers grow."

Sol. ten-year-old.—"If you water plants they grow. They take things out of the earth—and sky—and air."

F. Sharp.—"Do all things in Nature really help each other? Isn't it possible for a thing to grow and not help anything else?"

La. ten-year-old.—"Grass grows for cows to eat."

Sol. ten-year-old.—"The sunshine gets into things and then it shines out again—like the smell of flowers—and—like glad people."

G. Sharp.—"Seems to me that all plants do something besides just grow. They make a cover for the earth, and help that, when they don't do anything else."

B. Natural.—"Does anyone know any stories about how flowers and animals and people help each other?"

Re. ten-year-old.—"Can we have Fairy Tales?"

Sol. ten-year-old.—"I know Jack and the Beanstalk."

Fa. ten-year-old.—"Jack the Giant Killer's best."

C. Sharp.—"I made up a kind of Fairy Tale; I don't know if it would do for evolution, but it is about Karma—and helping and sharing—"

Chorus.—"Oh—tell it!"

C. Sharp.—"Well,—it's about the Lily and the Toad. Once upon a time, in one of our beautiful gardens was a most beautiful Lily. It also happened that this self-same Lily was very selfish. She was for herself and for nobody else. She always had a good store of food, and would not share any of it."

"Very often there came from a little swamp near by an Emerald Colored Toad, which was perfectly harmless."

"She would often sit opposite the Lily and watch her drink the beautiful sunlight, and clear water, and the rich minerals which came with it."

"The Lily would not move, but sat contentedly, turning up toward the heavenly sky, and then merely gaze round, as if *she* were the Queen that surpassed all wonders."

"But later on, she found out what it was to have a kind neighbor."

"She began to wither and shrink when she was becoming old, and there was no sunlight to drink, nor any clear water with rich minerals in it."

"So she turned to the kind-hearted Toad that had come day after day (for the Toad knew in time the Lily would call upon her for assistance) and begged for mercy."

"Look," quoth she, "I am dying from the want of care. Do forgive, and have pity on me!"

"For a moment the Toad hesitated. Then turning quickly aside, ran to quench the thirst of the selfish Lily."

"Up sprang the Lily, young and fresh again, but never acting as she did before. For that had taught her a lesson."

"And so in happiness they both lived forever afterwards."

SEWING CLASS.

WEDNESDAYS, 2 TO 4 P. M. EAST FOURTEENTH STREET.

Busily fly the needles, sweet the voices sound, in chat and song, as the group of busy-bees make clothes to keep themselves warm.

"Finish my skirt to-day! Now I can take it home."

"Mine feels awful good, I tell you!"

"It don't seem to matter much about clothes in summer, specially if you get a chance to go to Lotus Home. They have clothes for everybody there."

"Winter's different—I don't like winter, do you?"

"Nope."

"Let's talk about what happened at Lotus Home."

"My! wasn't you happy?"

"Seems as if I remember *every little teeny thing* that we did."

"Let's sing 'Happy Sunbeams.'"

"Would that the little flowers were born to live, Conscious of half the pleasure that they give! That to this mountain daisy's self were known The beauty of its star-shaped shadow, thrown On the smooth surface of this polished stone."

—Wordsworth.

DIAMOND SOUL, THE WHITE LOTUS.

THE Soul-of-the-Lotus lay buried deep in the mud and mire. A strange spell of silence was upon it. It could neither move nor speak. In its inmost heart-centre, a tiny spark glowed with golden light; and strange sweet thoughts arose in it, sending out fragrant warmth.

But the Soul-of-the-Lotus knew nothing of this, so deep was it buried. Thus dead to itself, it sank deep into slumber.

When it awoke it was in the inmost heart-centre of golden light. Ah! this was life. And the Soul-of-the-Lotus was glad.

The Light spoke to it in sweetest music:

"Thou pure soul divine,
The life-light is thine."

Go forth! teach the world how to love.

To all of soul-birth

(The creatures of earth)

Take purity, sweetness and light.

With Love, thy life-light,

Make all darkness bright,

For thou art the true Diamond Soul."

And the Soul-of-the-Lotus was very glad.

* * * Once more it fell asleep.

When it awoke, darkness was about it, and the Soul-of-the-Lotus shrank back in fear, until a faint sound like soft music reached it:

"Deep in thy heart, a tiny spark
Glows with the golden life-light."

The memory of the Light was dim (so deep was the mire), but the Soul-of-the-Lotus felt brave, and struggled and strove through the mud of desire, until it began to grow lighter. New sounds and sights then appeared, and the Soul-of-the-Lotus soon reached the green canoe which was to bear it through the waters of sense. Now, it could rest! And it sank back upon the waters to let itself float and drift and dream.

But presently, the voice of the Light was heard, in sweetest music:

"Awake, arise! ascend toward the skies!

Trust to thy golden life-light."

Then the Soul-of-the-Lotus stopped dreaming, and began to battle with the turbulent waters through which it strove to rise. How hard it was! How much easier to drift and dream! But it *had* to rise—something inside kept pushing and pushing—so after a time, the Soul-of-the-Lotus stopped striving with the waters, and thought more and more about the golden life-light which it was to trust. Then it all grew easier, for the Soul-of-the-Lotus found that by following the Light, the way led through pleasant places. And now how swiftly it went along, in full swing with the current! No more struggling, and pulling, and feeling quite tired out!—but constant joy, for it trusted the Light and knew it was doing the work.

Then it grew lighter and lighter, and warmer and warmer, and pleasanter and pleasanter, until presently the Soul-of-the-Lotus found itself clothed in beautiful white garments.

(To be continued.)

"A man is said to be confirmed in spiritual knowledge when he forsaketh every desire which entereth into his heart."

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.

BROTHERHOOD LECTURES.

Brother Burcham Harding has been away from Headquarters since the Convention and many are the inquiries for him. Though absent, he is not idle, for he is busily engaged lecturing on the Pacific coast, and our Western Brothers have been participating in numerous treats of this nature. He is received with open arms by everyone and the press have been very generous, as evidenced by the following notice taken from a Sacramento paper:

"Burcham Harding's lecture last evening at Pythian Castle was the second of his series. The subject was the humanitarian work of the 'International Brotherhood League.' To-night at Pythian Castle Mr. Harding will exhibit a choice collection of stereopticon views, depicting many old centres and incidents relating to brotherhood, the views having been collected upon the tour of the world made by the 'Brotherhood Crusade.'

"The speaker said:

"The conditions in which we are living to-day are abnormal and unnatural, and have to be changed. By an incorrect understanding of man's true position he has brought himself into sorry straits. The purpose of the International Brotherhood League is to ameliorate these conditions. Man has brought about these deplorable environments, and by his efforts they must be removed.

"Man's true position in life is grasped when we recognize his dual nature. Primarily he is a soul, a part of God, and inseparably joined to every other human being in this spiritual unity. The divine nature impels to brotherly actions. The body with its brain is the instrument used by the soul, while it spends a brief life in this world. These bodies do not make themselves, but are fashioned by the soul in accordance with its own past evolution. The soul endows the body with different talents; some have health, beauty, intellect, riches, and others are deprived of them.

"There is a law of justice in nature which awards to each in this life what he has earned in the prior existences. These talents belong to the soul and are loaned to the body for the earth life. Each one of us, in our personality, or body, is a free will agent, who can use or abuse these talents. We are stewards entrusted by the soul with these talents, and must see that we use them rightly, that is, for the good of all mankind. If we choose to apply the talents to our selfish ends, they will be taken from us. It is the deprivation of health, wealth and intellect that we term suffering.

"Man's true position in life is that of a steward or agent for his soul. All work that is helpful to mankind is noble, although we have raised many false ideals. For instance, a mother taking entire charge of her infant, or a wife caring for her home, are called noble; but the same duties when discharged by a hired person are looked upon as menial.

"Part of the League work will be to remind man of Nature's laws, for the troubles and suffering of the world result from lack of knowledge of these laws. Two men quarrel and fight, inflicting bodily pain upon each other, but who is benefited? Two nations meet in the din and clash of battle, many are killed and wounded, and families are bereft of parents and sons, and property is destroyed, but wherein can any benefit be traced? Friends and relatives differ and make their lives miserable, is any one the better for it? Envy and jealousy of others' supposed superiority are permitted to embitter life, but is it of any use? Desire to possess the whole world eats into the mind, but disappointment is the result.

"To stand aside from the mad whirl of life, and impartially view man's actions, is a droll but sad sight. Imagine a host of people vigorously knocking their heads against a solid stone wall, only stopping for a few hours once a week to implore God to remove the pain they continue to inflict upon themselves.

"Yet such is the position which has to be encountered by

the International Brotherhood League. There are certain immutable laws of nature, more immovable than a stone wall, but through wilfulness or ignorance we persist in running counter to them, with the result that suffering follows."

SHORT REPORT OF CONVENTION IN AUSTRALASIA.

SYDNEY (N. S. W.), March 13, 1898.

The Third Annual Convention of the T. S. in Australasia was held March 13, 1898.

The delegates of the New South Wales Branches and Mrs. Neill, the representative from three New Zealand Lodges, assembled at 6.30 P. M. The business of the Convention was at once proceeded with. Bro. Strafford, Vice-President N. S. W. divisions of the T. S. in Australasia, was elected temporary Chairman; Bro. A. A. Smith, Hon. Secretary Central Branch, was elected Secretary to the Convention; Bro. T. W. Willans, permanent Chairman of the Convention. The delegates were as follows:

CENTRAL LODGE: Bros. C. A. Marshall, A. A. Smith, F. Strafford and T. W. Willans.

HARMONY LODGE: Bros. E. J. Willans and Harold Daniell.

TIBETAN LODGE: Bro. Hudson, President, and Sister Gawthorpe.

ISIS LODGE: Two delegates.

The three NEW ZEALAND LODGES: Sister Neill.

The following resolution was moved by the Chairman of the Convention and seconded by Mrs. S. J. Neill:

"RESOLVED, That at this Convention of the Theosophical Society in Australasia, assembled at Sydney, Australia, on the date known as the 13th day of March, 1898, that we do hereby proclaim Katherine A. Tingley as Leader of the Universal Brotherhood Movement throughout the world, and pledge to her our loyalty and unswerving support, and to follow her without cavil or delay in all action by organization and otherwise, that she may deem necessary to bring Light, Truth and Liberation to the Human Race."

This resolution was carried with tremendous enthusiasm, the whole audience standing and giving three ringing cheers for the Leader of the Movement.

Mr. Neresheimer was unanimously elected President. Also the following: the Rev. S. J. Neill, of New Zealand, Vice-President; Mrs. Alice L. Cleather, Recording Secretary and International Representative.

The business was concluded at 7.30, after which music and short speeches formed the order of procedure.

Well! it was a grand send-off for the New Cycle. We were not very far behind you in our "shout," and would have had it at the end of February, but waited for Mrs. Neill to come from New Zealand.

Hurrah for Humanity!

Love to everybody.

Eternally yours,

T. W. WILLANS,

Chairman to the Convention.

FROM HEADQUARTERS IN ENGLAND.

LONDON, March 30th, 1898.

Dear Editor:—We still live, and move, and have our being, notwithstanding "contrary winds," which only serve to knit us more firmly together, and to render our determination to go forward still more strong and unyielding. Headquarters' Activities here are going on steadily and well.

On SUNDAYS the Lotus Circle meets, and the "Buds" are opening nicely, though slow.

MONDAY afternoons the "Mothers' Meetings" are held by I. B. L. Com. In the evenings, No. 1 Lodge, U. B. (the "H. P. B." Br. of T. S. in E., held its sessions that evening) strives to inculcate and carry out the objects set forth in the Constitution.

TUESDAY evening we hold our regular I. B. L. "general" meetings.

WEDNESDAY evenings are devoted to the I. B. L. meetings for young girls, and unmarried women. Always very full gatherings, and results seem to be encouraging. Personal cleanliness, politeness in speech and action towards each other, and sisterly feelings, have been the preliminary points insisted upon. These lessons have certainly been well absorbed, and have borne fruit.

THURSDAY evenings have been for Study Classes, on various topics.

FRIDAYS for studies, committees, etc., etc. On fourth Friday, an E. S. T. Class.

SATURDAYS for studies, committees, etc., etc. A "Conversazione" is held once a month.

Committees occur at any time during the week, when occasion calls for them, in addition to the "regular dates," so you can see we are endeavoring to keep on deck all the time. On 13th and 27th of each month the publishers of The CRUSADER address, wrap, stamp and post some few hundreds of copies to various destinations here, on the Continent, to India, Australia, and the United States. There is no "paid staff" (the printer alone excepted), but many are the willing workers who come considerable distances at that time to lend a hand. Our paid subscription list is not at all overwhelmingly large, but it serves to pay the postage account (Her Majesty's Postmaster General is not inclined to "frank" our publication, unfortunately) and something additional towards the printer's bills. The publishers are in accord as to thus carrying on their own personal "Home and Foreign Crusade" so long as the sinews of war hold out. When they fail, and their exchequers are exhausted, probably some "fresh blood" may come forward to continue this work. Then we shall step out in favor of the new-comers. If this paper be needed, it will keep alive; if unnecessary, it will die out, despite all one may do.

With kind regards and fraternal wishes to all our Comrades, I remain sincerely your fellow worker and loyal comrade,

HOWARD R. JUSTICE.

"Let then, the motive for action be in the action itself, and not in the event."

"Silence is the perfection of reproach."—Henry James.