

The New Century

TO PROMULGATE THE BROADEST TEACHINGS OF UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD

"TRUTH, LIGHT AND LIBERATION FOR DISCOURAGED HUMANITY."

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THE SAMOANS.

BY F. M. PIERCE.

The average tourist travelling as he does in search of pleasure and recreation looks for that which comes easiest to hand, is most talked of, and written about; in fact he follows the routes, and looks at the things mentioned in the popular guide books. These are helpful in their way, as guides along the beaten track of travel, but they do not stimulate a close study of men and objects. The superficial is accepted as being the real, while the inner life of the people and the real meaning of things remains unrevealed except to the close observer. The latter searches in unfrequented corners of the world and is often rewarded by finding foot prints of mighty but unrecorded races. Ruins of magnificent cities, noble architecture, great public works give evidence of wealth and a civilization in comparison with which ours of the nineteenth century appears dwarfed and insignificant. Nor, is this all. There are indisputable evidences that remnants of these mighty pre-historic races yet exist! but where? Evidently not among the so-called civilized nations. They have a recorded lineage. What is known of the ancestry of the so-called savage? What knowledge has the civilized world of them? True, it sometimes vaguely speculates on their origin, and the curious carelessly trace them back into the near past and then stop because it does not pay,

"They are only savages," it is said, leaving unrecognized the great fact that they are brothers in our common humanity, and that if the ancient cannot be reached through the civilized—i.e., warlike nations, it may be through "savage" but truly peaceful races. The folk-lore, legends, and mythology

are based on superior knowledge, wisdom and courage. When a ruler fails he steps down to make place for his superior. One of their many interesting traditions is, that they are one of the lost Tribes. Another that their progenitors came from Egypt. Another that their great Teacher came from the

has crystalized into this saying: "The white man came and told us we must pray and with closed eyes. We shut our eyes and prayed to his God, but when we opened them our lands were gone." Notwithstanding their sad experience they are kind, warm-hearted and hospitable when considerably and kindly treated. On entering the home the daughter prepares a cup of their most palatable native drink, first passing it to the stranger and then to the host who drinks as a token of lasting friendship which means much to him and the stranger in case of need. Their food consisting of fruit and fish is conducive to health, as the people are large and finely formed, while their rich brown skins concealed only by a loin cloth stands out in pleasing contrast to the conventional tailor-made man. Housed in their clean thatched dwellings, partly open to the mild breezes of the Pacific, these interesting and kindly people are an example of peace and happiness difficult for the money loving white man to understand.



x 80 SALAMOA MULIUPI, A SAMOAN CHIEF AND HIS COMPANIONS.

of any people are safe guides towards their origin. A close study of the American Indian along these lines will bring a rich reward. From whence came their orators, their warriors, and diplomats? Putting prejudice and misconception aside, among what people have the true and noble qualities, combining to make the man, been better exemplified? The same is true of the Maoris of New Zealand, and the natives of Samoa. The group picture herewith shows the common class Samoan, for these people have their aristocracy,—not based on wealth nor

East beyond the great waters. Their wise men have a clear understanding of nature's occult laws, the knowledge of which has been communicated by word of mouth and handed down from time immemorial "as the rule and guide of life." Without such knowledge no man can rule over them, in this respect at least resembling the ancient Wise Kings of Egypt. All excepting the common people hold themselves aloof from intimate contact with the "contaminating" white man. They are naturally kind, gentle and trusting; but their experience with white men

THE ANCIENT GLORY.

BY V. A. H.

This material world is a shadow—a shadow of the soul. The soul is boundless knowledge stretching far away through space from one eternity to another. But the knowledge is not awakened yet, and it knows—aye, it knows only about its own ignorance, about the shroud of darkness enveloping it. For what is knowledge without the knower?

The infinite systems of the crystal-models of the soul, of secret knowledge hidden from the beginning of the world are not to be always in the night.

There comes the dark fire, which shines not, but sets all aflame, where it is admitted. It is the Spirit. It is the Father.

Out of the night and darkness awakens the countless hosts of life. But Father himself is invisible, the light is invisible, only the objects on which it shines, only the brilliant, glorious sons can be seen, and the father light can be seen only in them and through them.

The glory of that light penetrates the universe and binds all together; it binds all shadows of night and ignorance together into the one large system, into the one brotherhood of Day. And that light which shines in our brother men is in no way different from ours.

Every one shares in the joy, every one partakes of the meaning of the large universal existence, which belongs to no separate person, but to the invisible Father.

As a child admires the beauty of the world in the morning after a quiet and deep sleep, the first spiritual far-sighted races of humanity were filled with the long-day rapture of the glory of their unified existence.

The light was coming, and they expressed it in the high civilizations, of which we scarcely dream at present; led by the divine kings, and filled with gratitude and hopes stretching far into the blue infinitudes, they fed the soul with those far distant sounds, which came like answers to their aspirations.

As a child runs gladly towards its mother's bosom, there to rest and hope and dream and gather force, so they fled to the Heart-light, which they well knew as shining like a golden mist over the lake and glade and mountain,—and farther yet into the farthest blue of the world-expanse,—so that every star was like a sister and every human being a play-mate from the endless ages.

And even now, when the dark rolling smoke obscures the sky of this black iron age, there comes through the cloud-rifts a white and spotless bird of the old memory and longing, and as a child which has lost his home and knows it perhaps too well, so we know it too and by our pain and loneliness, we know more deeply.

On the ruins and the graves there grow flowers of the heart, which never change their color any more, neither do they die in winter.

They grow in darkness, in loneliness and desolation, they feed on tears and winter snows,—for they are the flowers of the soul,—the wonderful immortals.

The night is cold, the path is scarcely seen,—the fiends show their horrible, mocking faces from the surrounding gloom,—the air is shaken by the wind, which blows over the chasms and precipices.

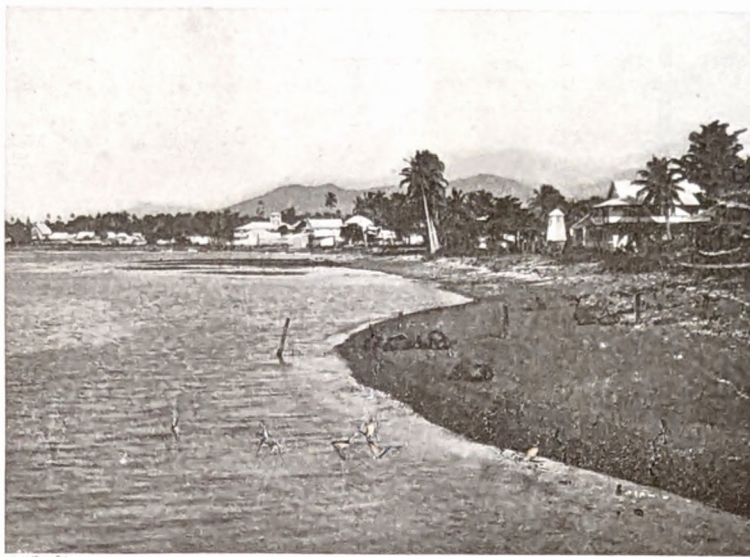
Swiftly advance dear child of ages and never fear! Reject the stupefying flowers of the fiends, keep your devotion pure and intact, press to your bosom the flowers of the ancient glory,—forget-me-nots and wonderful immortals,—feed them with the essence of your heart,—and they will shine till the day returns again.

HARMONY.

BY MARGARET LLOYD.

It is very interesting to note how different persons define the word Harmony. To some it means unity, to others happiness, while many comprehend it most clearly when thinking of it in relation to music. As many blended notes form one grand symphony, so all nature is a magnificent harmony to those who know.

The word is very much misunderstood by those who suppose it to mean sameness. There are some people who would make all things fit to a yard measure, would insist that all mankind walk on a certain line and maintain one narrow set of rules to the exclusion of



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THE ISLAND OF SAMOA.

everything else in the universe. Humanity, however, cannot be made to conform to any such Procrustean methods. Mankind is more like a beautiful orange tree, that bears at one time buds, blossoms and fruit in the various stages of ripeness. There is no lack of harmony in the growth of the orange tree, but there is the greatest diversity in that growth.

We have grown very fond these days of talking about brotherhood, but what other meaning can brotherhood have save that of harmony.

It is said that the finest harmonies of color are found in the mingling of those hues which come nearest the verge of discord; the subtle shades, and tints mingled by Eastern weavers well illustrate this. So from man's strangest moods, his strongest passions, he forms a wonderful harmony, when he determines to exercise his inward power and make mind and body his servants, his instruments whereby he is able to help his brothers in the world.

We are far greater than we know. As a man begins deliberately the work of self-mastery, he finds unsuspected sources of power within his own being; for, commence the work of bringing the nature into harmony, and the whole tremendous machinery of the universe is put in motion to help you.

Consider yourself well, O brother. Realize that tremendous will that lies within the centre of your being, and know that all man has ever done it is possible for you to accomplish—your attainment can only be measured by your aspiration. All that is laid up in the storehouse of the past is yours once you have realized your own power and know how to demand of nature.

By means of harmony alone will you be able to reach the heart of your brother. Unless you know yourself to have found the silent centre, do not venture to be the teacher of others. One who would work to help the masses requires harmony more than any other thing, for by its power alone will he be able to remain indifferent to Despair, that Giant who walks abroad seeking to cast his web over all workers.

Why are we to-day in the midst of wars and rumors of war? Why is it

that men seem ready to spring at each others' throats on the merest pretext? It is because the world to-day is filled with the spirit of unrest; not that unrest which necessarily accompanies growth, but the unrest men know who are dissatisfied with themselves; men who have not found their centres, and who, lacking inward harmony, strive to satisfy themselves with the various pleasures of sense. Such men plunge themselves into the depths of sensation. "Let us feel," they cry, "then will we know that we really exist. Let our senses be gratified." And it is such men who welcome among other excitements that of war. They further the discontent of nations, with no worthier motive hidden in their hearts than a desire for change, a craving for excitement. This morbid desire for the gratification of the senses is not confined to the leisure and so-called 'pleasure-loving' classes. It is just as much in evidence in the slums.

Now, what does all this unrest, so easily perceived, mean to you who read this? It is possible for you to hear in it a clarion call, impelling you to action—not for development of self merely, but to action for your bewildered brothers. It is possible for it to mean that you will resolve to find within yourself the secret of harmony, and that, discovering it, you will then work to change the thought of men. Obscure condition, narrow environment, cannot lessen your power once you have resolved to live for others. Though you were but a lowly dweller in the slums, yet were you one of those who possess inward harmony, you would be powerful enough to change the mental and spiritual conditions of a great city.

A harmonious soul is like that Eastern perfume, which, though it may be hidden, is yet so potent that its fragrance penetrates everywhere. No one is unaffected by it; the smallest grain of it endures for years nor loses its virtue.

"What are we set on earth for? say, to toil?"

"The least flower with a brimming cup, may stand, and share its dewdrop with another near."

INDIFFERENCE TO LIFE.

Each day now brings many wanderers back to our cities, to take up the duties of life again; the men to their offices, to the everlasting treadmill of money-getting; women to their social functions, to the struggle of fashionable life, or to "the cares of bread," the striving to do the best for those who look to them for sympathy and love in their various pursuits. What has the summer taught them? What lesson have they learned from living close to nature? They have walked through shady lanes where birds from every tree sing their joyous notes of praise, through dewy meadows where soft-eyed cattle were standing knee-deep in lush grass, in the quiet enjoyment of the sunshine and soft air, and the tender grass which is so bountifully spread before them; and on the hillside where sheep are lazily browsing now and again watching with sleepy eyes the gambols of their young. They have listened perhaps with growing pleasure to the music of the brook, as it dashed over rocks, and have with delight sat under some wide-spreading tree with favorite book, where the water still and deep reflected in its bosom fleecy clouds, or perhaps they have seen the silvery flash of fish, happy in the security of this shady nook. The fields, the meadows, the trees and streams are all teeming with creatures in the innocent enjoyment of their brief lives. No shadow of the horrible doom that awaits them is cast over their happiness

... "in the life, which all can take but none can give,
Life, which all creatures love and strive to keep,
Wonderful, dear and pleasant unto each,
Even to the meanest; yea a boon to all
Where pity is, for pity makes the world
Soft to the weak and noble for the strong.
Unto the dumb lips of his flock he lent
Sad pleading words showing how man, who prays
For mercy to the gods, is merciless."

When they pass through the crowded city streets, and wagons filled with quivering masses of flesh meet their eyes, does not a shudder pass through them when the thoughts of the summer fields and meadows, and the happy, careless life in them, passes through the memory? The passer-by is attracted again to the brilliant colors in a milliner's window; is there no pang of regret in seeing the soft feathers of those dear birds, who made the woods melodious with their song? Or have we lost utterly the god-like attribute of compassion toward those weaker, more helpless than ourselves, that we can only think of them as ministering to our appetites and vanity? Is it not time to pause and consider if we have any responsibility towards these dumb creatures? When we look into the depths of their soft eyes, do not their souls speak to our souls, and remind us that

... "all life
Is linked and kin, and what we slay have given
Meek tribute of the milk and wool, and set
Fast trust upon the hands which murder them."

ANCIENT MEXICO.

Far down in the wilderness of Mexico, amid fever infested swamps and the wild and unrestrained forest growth of untold ages, lie the ruins of a number of ancient cities that had fallen into decay long before Columbus started on his voyage of discovery, and which have always been shrouded in the deepest mystery.

Few explorers have ever visited them, and those who have experienced such hardships that the stories they told were not calculated to encourage others to follow their example.

Notwithstanding these objections, however, and in spite of the fearful death dealing odors that arise from the swampy forests that have to be travelled through, a party of the best known scientists of the present day formed themselves into an expedition recently and penetrated the wilderness to where the crumbling cities lay.

They spent three months among the ruins of Uxmal, in Yucatan, and have brought back the first absolutely authentic pictures of them that the world has ever had. Among the party was Professor William H. Holmes, who until last week was curator of the department of anthropology of the Field Columbian Museum, when he took his seat as curator of the National Museum at Washington. The following article is also from Professor Holmes's own notes made during the journey.

"Uxmal," said Professor Holmes, "was reached after a wearisome journey in a Mexican wagon from Ticul, the terminus of the railroad. Several noteworthy ruins were passed on the way, as well as one of the finest plantations in Yucatan. A long and fatiguing climb over the foothills was another incident of the expedition, but at length we reached the plain in the centre of which we found the ruins of this once magnificent capital of a nation now extinct.

"We reached Uxmal one evening, just as night was settling down. We did not get a chance to see much of the ruins then, as shadows fall quickly in the tropics, so we camped near by, on the edge of a little wood. We were astir early the next morning, while it was yet dark, and saw the faint gleams of light begin to peep through the mists, and then we witnessed a most beautiful sight—the sun rising over this ruined metropolis. We looked out upon the ruined city, and it presented a wonderful sight. Here in the foreground was what had once been an enormous palace, slowly rotting away under the unrelenting hand of time; there a massive stone edifice that might once have been the residence of some long-forgotten lord, and further in the distance could be seen the faint outlines of a huge pyramid.

"Even in their crumbling state the grandeur of the mighty structures held us spell-bound. In many instances the houses were roofless and half-buried in the deep forest growth, but even this did not detract from their imposing beauty, nor from their superb proportions. But over all hung the spell of death, for in the market places, where once wealthy merchants had met and bargained, the desert lion now holds his court at night, and instead of their voices his awful note goes echoing down the ruined corridors.

"We stood looking upon the magnificent but weird sight with a feeling of awe and wonder. Gone, quite gone; like everything else this beautiful city had its day, and is now but a memory of the past. Like the nobles and ladies who lived within its walls, it lived its day, and is now as Babylon and Nineveh, and as all cities must be in the end.

"Now we made our way among the weeds and underbrush to the nearest of the great structures, and soon stood before a mighty pyramid, upon whose summit rested a gor-

geous temple. The pyramid was built of a sort of yellowish limestone, evidently quarried from somewhere in the vicinity by this ancient people. We stood at its base and looked up. For eighty feet its steep sides rose without a break, and in the most graceful proportions it gradually narrowed at the top, until high over our heads we could see the outlines of the beautiful buildings that crowned it. We measured the base and found it to be exactly two hundred and sixty wide.

AWED BY ITS MAJESTY.

"We walked around this mammoth pile of exquisitely hewn stone, and on the further side came to a magnificent broad stairway, which rose directly from the roadway and led to the very top of the pyramid, terminating at the threshold of the temple doorway. Each step was wide and long and made of the same smoothly dressed stone. For a moment we stood and admired this mighty piece of workmanship, and then, with a feeling somewhat akin to awe, began the long ascent. Up for over a hundred steps we went, stopping now and then to rest and admire the pyramid, a work executed for all time, and one that will doubtless stand there forever, unless perchance an earthquake should throw it down.

"At last we reached the top of the stair, and found ourselves standing upon a little court, immediately in front of the main entrance of the temple, which we learned was called the Temple of the Magician. The summit of the pyramid measured eighty feet long by twenty-two wide, and the temple occupied this entire space, save for a little walkway that ran around between its base and the edge of the pyramid.

A GRAND HALL.

"As we crossed the court and entered the decaying structure we found it contained only three rooms, but they were big ones. We stood in the central, or main, one and looked around. Extending around the base of the wall, save for a short distance along the northern front, was a broad band of what had once been colored decoration. Above this and extending to the ceiling were beautifully chiselled lattice work panels. Over the doorway were four large panels filled with unique sculptures, the upper member of each being a mask of rare form. But nowhere in the room was there the slightest vestige of any furniture or movable thing. Everything was as silent as the grave. Not the slightest trace of life was apparent anywhere, not even a spider to break the monotony of that awful solitude. We passed through the different rooms and out of a narrow doorway at the further end of the structure and stood face to face with another but much smaller temple that was built right out from the pyramid itself, and which we had not noticed from the ground below. The roof of this second temple was on a level with the base of the larger one. A doorway opened on a narrow platform, from which a stairway descended to the court below.

"The façade of this temple we found to be about twenty feet square, and it was a most ornate and striking piece of composite sculpture. The large place above the doorway was occupied by a colossal snouted face, some twenty feet square, worked out in the most wonderful manner and filled with striking details. Other ornamentations were a pair of tigers placed together with outward turned heads, supporting the pedestal of the statue, and groups of devices resembling glyphs, forming the cheeks of the mask. The corner decorations comprised smaller masks, seven in each tier, and built up, as in the other cases, of numerous sculptured stones. The sides connecting the façade with the sloping face of the pyramid had

been also elaborately treated. The exterior walls of this temple were entirely covered with these wonderful ornamentations.

THE GOVERNOR'S PALACE.

"After wandering through its gloomy chambers we made our way to the great stair and began the descent. Crossing the plain below and picking our way between falling walls and crumbling remains, we proceeded to an immense structure known as the Governor's palace. This building rose majestically upon the summit of a broad, triple terrace. It was a superb affair, and pierced by no less than nine massive doorways. We went into the great, principal chamber, and from these passed through the various rooms, looking in awe-stricken wonder at the mammoth figures carved upon the walls. To give a string of measurements and details of the different parts of this glorious palace would only be wearisome, but enough it is to say that nowhere else on the American continent does such another ruin exist.

"Before our eyes stretched out terrace upon terrace, court upon court, and rows of mighty pillars, now tottering before the irresistible force of decay, space upon space of empty chambers, that spoke more eloquently to the imagination than any sermon, and over all the dead silence of the dead, the sense of utter loneliness and the brooding spirit of the past. It was beautiful, but yet so drear. We did not dare to speak aloud; we only whispered, and our whispers seemed to run from court to court, till they were lost in the vaulted chambers beyond. We looked down these vacant rooms, and in imagination they recalled the days when they had echoed with the peals of merry laughter, as beautiful women and noble men sat along the long tables while some gorgeous feast was at its height; when the soft night air, heavy with the perfume of the lilies, gently stole in under the casements, and the song of the nightingale, sweet from a full heart of love, could be heard in the distant wood; and the whisper of the far-off forests mingled with the silvery tinkling drops of a hundred tiny fountains.

PERHAPS THE GYMNASIUM.

"We left the silent halls and passed out once more into the warm, bright sunlight that by now was kissing the plain below and causing the sandy wastes to blush like the cheek of a virgin goddess. Walking a short distance from the base of the great triple terrace we came to two massive walls, or oblong piles of masonry, much foreshortened by their position. They appeared to be the only structures among all the ruins that were built directly upon the level ground. At the base of one of the walls we noticed the remains of a number of sculptured serpents, and also what seemed to have once been a stairway leading to the top. The presence of large stone rings set in the walls, on opposing sides, seemed to indicate that these walls were the remains of what had probably had been an arena or large gymnasium. The length of each wall was ninety feet, and they were ninety feet high and twenty feet thick. Here it probably was that this ancient people congregated to watch the sports of their mightiest athletes, while under yonder raised disk the victors may have stood, flushed with pride, as they received their prizes from the judges' hands.

"Leaving the walls we next went to a great structure we had noticed looming up in the distance. It was the ruins of a great Quadrangle, which could very appropriately be called the Quadrangle of the Nine Gables. But the natives call it the House of the Pigeons, and in truth it did look as we slowly approached it like a series of monstrous pigeon lofts. These ancient builders

certainly did not lack originality and boldness.

MARVEL AFTER MARVEL.

"We found ourselves constantly encountering the marvellous, and pausing in amazement before structures that are destined to remain riddles for all time. Here was a great building of unusual construction and size, with an arch opening through the middle into a court, and bearing upon its roof a colossal masonry comb, built at an enormous expenditure of time and labor. The wall of this comb was very thick below and faced with cut stone. About four feet from the base was a moulding which extended the full length of the building. The wall below this was perforated by a row of upward of fifty doorlike openings. Above the moulding the wall was divided into nine sections, which rose in steps to some twelve feet in height, terminating in a row of points. Only eight of these pinnacles were left standing. Each of the gables were perforated with upward of thirty rectangular, window-like openings, arranged with varied spacing, in seven horizontal rows. From the face of these gable-like piles we saw projecting stones which were all that was left of what at one time must have been bold and effective groups of sculpture, and there can be little doubt that this colossal comb of masonry was built solely for the purpose of embellishing the building and holding aloft its sculptured ornaments.

"The court of this great quadrangle measured 180 feet from east to west, and 150 feet from north to south. The rear portion was in a very advanced state of ruin and was penetrated by an arch similar to the one in front. The greater portion of the structure was in very badly decayed condition.

GRANDEST OF ALL STRUCTURES.

"Beyond the quadrangle we tramped to one of the grandest structures in all that ruined city. It was the great truncated pyramid that we had seen from our camp. This magnificent work rose 70 feet in the air and was 200 by 300 feet at the base. At the top was a summit platform 75 feet square, with a narrow terrace extending all around the pyramid fifteen feet below the crest. We climbed to the top and looked with feelings of emotion over that vast expanse of decaying grandeur.

"There, before our gaze, stretched out the ruined city, majestic and supreme even in its desolation. There the ruined temples stood, as they had for unnumbered centuries, sullenly staring from age to age out across the changing land, mute reminders of what once was and what must be the fate of all things. And as we stood there the first shadows of evening began to creep up. Presently the pale gleams of the rising moon shone over the crumbling remains, and we sat down on the rocky ledge to enjoy the beautiful scene. Up came the moon from her star bespangled bower, shedding her silver sheen over pillar and court and shattered wall, hiding all their rents and imperfections in her transparent garment, and clothing their hoary majesty with the peculiar glory of the night.

DARKNESS CLOSES ON THE PICTURE.

"It was a wonderful thing to think for how many countless centuries the dead orb above and the dead city below had thus gazed each upon the other, and in the utter solitude of space poured forth each to each the tale of its lost life and departed glory. Softly the weird light fell, and minute by minute the quiet shadows crept across the grass-grown courts, like the spirits of old priests haunting the habitations of their worship. Minute by minute the long shadows grew, till finally the scene changed,

and there, in the full glow of the southern moon, the massive structure stood out in bold relief, telling more plainly than any words its story of fallen pride and stricken splendor.

"For a long time we sat there, and as we gazed a dense mist arose from the distant swamp. One by one it enveloped the tottering temples which in that intense gloom seemed nodding to each other, and they seemed to say:—'Behold us, undying and all sublime! Memory haunts us from age to age, and deep down in our depths are buried the secrets of this mysterious land. Many changes have we seen, and with sorrow have we made acquaintance, for long dead are the people that once called this dreary place their home. For untold centuries have we been here, but our day is not yet. From age to age are we destined to stand, watching over the changes of unborn time, and waiting for that hour when we, too, shall be gathered in, and our existence be but a tradition of the past.'

"We spent several weeks among these wonderful remains, and then moved on to Chicken-Itza."—*N. Y. Herald.*

MRS. E. A. NERESHEIMER.

Mrs. Neresheimer whose picture we present is well known to all Theosophists who have had the pleasure of being guests at Bayside, as an ideal hostess, and her bright, cheerful manner spreads an enlivening influence everywhere she goes. Wherever she has resided during the last twenty-five years, she has left traces of her strong incentive to work for others.

She never administers so-called charity by the mere giving of money only; in every case she acts on conclusions reached by most careful consideration of the case and of the person who seeks her help; a keen insight into human nature enables her always to find a remedy for the trouble within the person's own ability of reach. To very poor and to sick families she has devoted much time and attention, made them move from dirty quarters, provided for them clean furniture and household articles, down to the minutest details, so as to give them a fresh start, insisted on cleanliness, visited them frequently, thus exercising the pressure of supervision over them until she found that they could safely be left to themselves; thus showing that personal attention is indispensable for effective charitable work.

Very often she has entered a poor home and taken the children bodily, washed and dressed them, then arranged the furniture herself, hung some drapery, cleaned the range, placed a plant in the window, insisted on neatness, and thereby created an entirely new atmosphere in the household.

She is rarely imposed upon, but the poor and the distressed frequently come from far and wide to ask her advice on the all-important subject to them, "How they may help themselves." Such practical workers are much needed in our midst to-day.

Are you surprised at the plain practical efforts now being made to form the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood? Would you be better pleased if a few trifling articles were precipitated? The Psychical Researches still exist,



MRS. E. A. NERESHEIMER.

FORM AND COLOR.

BY SARAH ANNA COMAN.

(Special Teacher of Drawing, for twenty-three years in the Public Schools of New York City.)

The study of drawing may be considered from three principal points of view; the esthetic, the utilitarian, and educational; but each of these phases includes, in some degree, the other two. In this article I shall merely discuss the educational value of drawing.

Modern education, as yet, has no popular method of reaching the mind save through the senses, neither does it, to any considerable degree, attempt the training of the soul; but simply deals with the physical and mental development of the human being.

For the present we will accept the usual and popular methods, that of reaching the mind through the senses, and reserve for another time the discussion of more perfect and logical methods.

Considering the human being from an external and popular point of view—hence an altogether superficial point of view—there are but five avenues of approach to the mind, these are touch, taste, smell, hearing and sight.

In the matter of education great attention is bestowed upon two of these senses, sight and hearing, while considerable less training is required for touch, and no effort is expended upon taste and smell.

In drawing, the sight is the principal sense employed, requiring only the humble aid of touch.

The efforts of educators to reach the minds of children is confined to the use of three great vehicles, which are language, music and drawing.

I think few school men would seriously entertain the idea that any other approaches or methods are available,

and it is not my purpose in this article to anything do more than hint at what I believe to be their error in this regard.

Confining my statement altogether to the public schools of the United States, it is now about twenty-five or somewhat less than thirty years—I do not remember the exact length of time—since drawing has been considered as being a subject which could consistently form a part of the regular and required curriculum of our public schools. During that time the efforts to teach it have been largely in imitation of the methods introduced to us from South Kensington, by one of England's Art Masters. These methods being altogether geometrical, and conventional, are now beginning to fall into disrepute and more original, and I trust more natural methods are struggling for recognition.

It is not to sit in criticism upon our efforts in the past nor our hopes for the future that I write, but to call attention to the fact that upon the present basis of all school effort there are only three vehicles in which to approach the human mind, namely, language, under which head is grouped every known subject which can be expressed by words spoken or written, such as arithmetic, grammar, geography, history, astronomy, algebra, chemistry, and in short every subject expressed and explained by words has for its vehicle of conveyance to the mind language. A second and related vehicle for thought and feeling is music; related because it is a succession of sounds. It is only through music that the loftiest flights of feeling can find expression in sound. The third and only remaining vehicle of any moment, by which thought can be conveyed to man from the external

is drawing. I use the term in its broadest sense, including color which is of the greatest value in influencing the mind. This third and last external method of reaching the mind is almost totally different from the other two.

The three methods considered in the abstract resolve themselves into sound, and lines and planes in relation to each other, and color. Language and music in the abstract are one, namely sound vibrations. Drawing considered in the abstract is composed of two elements, form and color.

Form in the abstract is paradoxical, it is the limitation of the illimitable and divine principle, and color is a vibration of light. How can the highest aims in the education of the being, who is at the same time spiritual and material, be reached by material means alone? But the foregoing are thoughts which I have only intended to suggest.

To return to the practical consideration of our subject upon the basis now obtaining in the schools, drawing as a means of reaching and training the mind is, as we have before remarked, one of three methods, and is the last of the three to receive general recognition, which recognition has only been in part, the lessons in drawing having been confined to the study of form only, the subject of color receiving but little attention in the majority of the schools. But in my opinion the schools in thus ignoring color, have rejected the chief corner stone of success in an attempt to reach and inform the human mind. I have observed that children, and young persons generally, are more in harmony with their souls than with their mentality.

Now color, like music appeals directly to the soul of the child. I have seen thousands of boys, who were merely obedient to authority and their own good sense, treating their drawing lesson simply as one of the regular exercises, the results of which exercise were often somewhat indifferent; and then I have seen these same boys wrought to a pitch of enthusiasm and earnest, well-sustained effort simply by the introduction of color.

Color must necessarily be expressed by planes instead of lines, and I think there is something in this fact also, which reaches the soul with a degree of attractive force.

The words I have used to describe the influence of color upon the boys I have had the pleasure of observing, seem very tame to express the eager state of the half-starved souls that rushed to the work. I had never known the heart and soul of a boy until I gave him color with which to draw. They watched for my coming, class struggled with class for my lessons, they would go anywhere and do anything to help me and advance the lesson. They were the happiest and proudest public school boys I have ever known, and I have known many, many thousands of such boys, and the magic wand which touched their souls and created a fairyland for them was color, in their own hands, under their own manipulation.

Hence I conclude that color is a

nearer road to the soul than any other school subject. It certainly far outstrips music in its fascinations for the great mass of boys. The results of their efforts in color have been astonishing to me, and have in excellence far outstripped my most enthusiastic hopes.

Pure form, in black and white, is, for a child, too cold for the enlistment of his highest powers, although ninety per cent. of all children like this subject even better than the other subjects they are required to pursue.

Could I teach as I would color and nature in every guise and form, from every standpoint, laughter and love, love for one's fellows that would preclude the slightest tinge of emulation, that hideous motive which is now so powerful in our schools, love which would seek the welfare of all humanity, these five, color, music, nature, laughter and love, these should be the main-springs of my efforts with children, other subjects being introduced incidentally. Then this glorious, enthusiastic, generous boy that I have seen rush so suddenly from the background of indifference to the very extreme of vigorous effort would develop into something different from the cold, hardened man of the world.

Oh! the possibilities that are lost through ignorance and blind, bigoted adherence to the conventional.

NOTES ON INDIA.

The Manikaranika Ghat, one of the five noted places of Hindu pilgrimage in the sacred city of India, Benares, is said to be the most sacred of the many that are there. Once a year it is visited by thousands of pilgrims from all parts of India who travel hundreds of miles to bathe in the sacred water of the Ganges. Near by is the Temple of Tarkeshaia, "God of Salvation." Just below is where the bodies of the natives are buried.

The fire used in the ceremony must be brought from the house of a low caste native who is called the Dorma; he has the monopoly in this work and is very wealthy from the many rupees he receives from the high caste natives.

The Hindus are religious, affable, courteous to strangers; prone to inflict austerities on themselves; lovers of justice, grateful; admirers of truth and of unbounded fidelity. Their character shines brightest in adversity. The soldiers know not what it is to fly from the fire of battle. They believe in the unity of God and altho' they hold im-

ages in great veneration, they are by no means idolaters as the ignorant suppose.—*Abul Fazl (Mahomedan).*

The limited amount of crime attributable to private and individual motive that occurs in this country must be considered as highly creditable to the natural humanity, love of justice and forbearance of its inhabitants.—*Dr. Butler-1830.*

Benares, the sacred city of India, called Kasi by the Hindus, is one of the most ancient in India. As far back as the sixth century before Christ, it was a flourishing and important centre. There some of the first and best writers were born. The finest view of this unique and interesting city is from the

FRESH AIR AND HEALTH.

BY ROBERT A. GUNN, M.D., NEW YORK CITY.

A constant supply of fresh air is in the highest degree essential to health. Without it the lungs cannot supply to the blood the oxygen necessary for its purification, and all the tissues and organs of the body suffer in consequence. In short, pure atmospheric air is necessary to health, and all available means of supplying it should be adopted in every house.

In densely inhabited cities and in occupied rooms the atmosphere is never found in its natural purity. The emanations from the body which, is constantly going on, vitiate it in vari-

for the support of the vital functions and also poisons the system by again carrying impurities into the blood.

In order to avoid these evils the most perfect cleanliness of streets and houses must be enforced, and proper ventilation must be secured for our living rooms, school rooms, and places of public resort.

All houses should have windows front and rear, and the rooms should communicate so that by opening the windows a free draught of air may be made to pass through all the rooms. Every room should be provided with openings for the ingress and egress of air, and care should be taken to regulate the temperature of the room, so that it can neither be made too hot by neglect of ventilation, nor too cold by over ventilation.

(To be continued.)

"Divine moment,
—when over the tempest-toss'd soul, as
o'er the wild weltering chaos it is spoken
'Let there be light.'
Is it not, a miraculous God Announcement,
when the mad primeval discord, is hushed,—the conflicting elements,
bind themselves into separate Firmaments.
When the deep, silent rock foundations,
are built beneath, and the sky vault,
with its everlasting luminaries,
smile above."

—*Carlyle.*

"All manner of doubt, or enquiry,
about all manner of objects, dwells in every reasonable

mind; it is the mystic working of the mind, from whence, belief emanates, as trees, from their hidden roots."

"All deep things are song, the primal element of us, and of all things! It is a man's sincerity and depth of vision that makes him a poet; see deep enough and you will see musically. The heart of nature is music if you can only reach to it."

"When we walked under the Forest Aisles in Summer,—the foliage hid from us God's sweet sky; it was only when the desolating winds of winter had made the branches bare, that thro' those same naked boughs we could all the better discern God's guiding stars."

—*Richter.*

Every subsiding century reveals some new mystery we build on old structures. "The same objects seen from the three different points of view—the Past, the Present and the Future—often exhibit three different faces to us, like those sign boards over shop doors which represent the face of a lion as we approach, of a man when we are in front, and of an ass when we have passed."



X 83 "MODERN" METHODS OF CREMATION ON THE GANGES, WITH A HINDU TEMPLE IN THE BACKGROUND.

river Ganges on the banks of which are many temples and Ghats. All along the river from morning until night crowds of people can be seen every day on the steps of the temple at their devotion, while others are bathing or drinking the water.

One of the most curious places is the Durga Temple near by. The larger portion is supported by twelve curiously carved pillars; the building is stained red and the doors are covered with brass. In front of the main entrance the Priest of the temple beats a large drum three times a day.

A strange ceremony of blood and sacrifices is offered to the Goddess Durga. This temple is called the monkey temple by travelers for there are a great number of monkeys which live in the large trees near by.

About two miles from Benares (the site of old Benares) is the temple in which Buddha lived and taught a few of his disciples shortly after he had attained Buddhahood.

The article on "Practical and Theoretical Theosophy," by D. N. Dunlop, has been held over.

ous ways. The carbonic acid thrown off from the lungs and the effete material from the skin poison the air, while at the same time the oxygen is being consumed by respiration. The smoke and other emanations from factories of various kinds also contaminate the air with noxious products, while the germs from decomposing animal and vegetable matter become potent causes of disease.

In cities these impurities are more harmful in summer than at any other season, and it is largely on that account that we find more disease and greater mortality during warm weather. Thus the necessity of country air during the summer months, which must give strength and health to those who are forced to breathe the vitiated air of the cities for the greater part of the year.

In closed rooms, where the air does not have free ingress, the oxygen is soon exhausted by even one or two persons, and the air becomes loaded with exhalations from the skin, and overcharged with the carbonic acid gas given off by the lungs. In a short time this vitiated air must be breathed again, and it then fails to supply the oxygen

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NOTICES.

ALL communications connected with the editorial department and BOOKS and PERIODICALS for Review should be sent to Mrs. Katherine A. Tingley, at 144 Madison Avenue, New York, marked "Century." All business communications and subscriptions, should be addressed to THE NEW CENTURY, 1004 Havemeyer Building, 26 Cortlandt St., New York.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The editor will endeavor to answer briefly inquiries on any subject directly related to the objects of the paper. All inquiries may not be answered, nor may answers be made in next issue after their receipt.

LETTERS of general interest on any of the subjects appearing in our columns will be inserted in our Correspondence Columns, at the discretion of the editor.

ALL communications must bear the writer's name and address, but not necessarily for publication.

ARTICLES in harmony with the aim of the paper are invited, but they should be accompanied by stamps in every case to defray return postage in case of rejection; otherwise they cannot be returned.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Articles of much interest are being arranged for, and will appear in early issues. The editor has a large number of interesting pictures and photographs collected on the Theosophical Crusade around the world, which will be introduced from week to week.

ADVERTISERS will find our columns an excellent medium for world-wide publicity as the circulation of THE NEW CENTURY is international. Rates, which are moderate, will be furnished on application.

A Shillong telegram of the 19th states:—Several shocks of earthquake continue daily, but the severest since the 2d instant occurred last night.

VARIOUS TOPICS.

All lines are converging, and light is approaching a focus. As a blind man feels the coming dawn so the world feels the coming revelation and waits in awe to receive the key of the universe.

The child building blocks, in his play builds a word. He sees the letters he has aimlessly handled form themselves into a meaning. So man is building among the elements of the universe. Individually he knows them, but he is slow to learn that they are but parts of a whole, and rightly fitted have a new significance.

Unwittingly he is, spelling out the keyword. Some call it truth, some call it good; some call it law, some call it love; some call it nature, some call it God. 'Tis all of these, for all are one.

"That the 280,000,000 inhabitants of the continent of India should ever become one nation is so wild an improbability, and, even if possible, a matter of so many centuries, that its assumed realization cannot be made the basis of practical politics, for Hinduism and Islam show no signs of decay, and the antagonism between their followers is on the increase." Such is the opinion of a writer to the *National Review*, and perhaps on the surface his opinion may appear to be warranted. But to one who knows something of the inner life and the inner development of India the case is not so hopeless. On the contrary, there are many evidences of an awakening among the peoples of India to the realization that they have a common interest, a common hope, and in many instances a wider toleration is shown than is ordinarily to be found among the hundreds of sects of Christianity. These are times of rapid development and startling changes. So many changes have taken place in the scientific world that we have almost ceased to wonder at the marvellous developments or the new theories brought forward. And changes quite as remarkable are taking place in other directions, most certainly in the direction of tolerance and liberty of opinion among the so-called Christian peoples. It would indeed be arrogant for us to assume that only ourselves are progressing and that the rest of the world remains stagnant. Anyone, at all acquainted with Indian thought, knows that among the Indians, irrespective of religious belief, is to be found the greatest culture, and the keenest appreciation of the possibilities of the intellectual and spiritual life. The seeds of a Universal Brotherhood which, to be what the term implies, must include those belonging to the Islamic and Hindu and every other religion, have already been planted and have begun to blossom into that wide tolerance which recognizes all men as brothers.

India as a nation has great possibilities. The most careless observer of its people and their customs must admit that there are still many evidences of their having belonged to a mighty race.

One in getting into closer contact with them feels that the time is not far

distant when they shall regain their old prestige and glory.

This great cycle is nearly ended. After the dark clouds have passed away and error, bigotry and persecution have taken wings, then the new light will dawn, prosperity and peace will again bless the land and true Brotherhood will be a living power in their midst, the just reward for their sublime patience and trust in the universal law.

By studying the laws of matter the physicist has made discoveries that have transformed the material world. It is sometimes asked: Will the patient labors of the physiological-psychologist in studying the laws of mind produce a knowledge equally beneficial in the mental evolution of the human race? This is a question admitting no categorical answer; but in view of the many pessimistic predictions of science, it is agreeable to contemplate the hopeful belief advanced by Dr. K. M. Bucke, of London, Ont., at the recent meeting of the British Medical Association at Montreal.

In a paper read before that association on the "Mental Evolution of Man" the Doctor advanced the view that telepathy and clairvoyance are specimens of nascent faculties of the mind. The full development of these faculties "will depend upon the general laws of natural selection, and upon whether the possession of the nascent faculty is advantageous to the individual and to the race." But of infinite more importance than telepathy and clairvoyance is the fact that there is a nascent faculty capable of indefinite development. He remarks "that superimposed upon self-consciousness, a third and higher form of consciousness is at present making its appearance in our race." This higher form of consciousness usually occurs, when it appears at all, between the ages of thirty and forty. There are recorded several instances of the possession of this power during the past two thousand years, but at the present the phenomenon is of more frequent occurrence. "In the course of a few more millenniums there should be born from the present human race a higher type of man possessing this higher consciousness. The new race, as it may well be called, would occupy, as toward us, a position such as that occupied by us toward the simple conscious alalus homo. The advent of this higher, better and happier race would amply justify the long agony of its birth through the countless ages of our past."

Mr. Sully, in his book, "Children's Ways," just published by Messrs. Longmans, though his method of treating the mind of the child seems to us far too pedantic, or let us say scientific, gives some delightful stories which illustrate our contention that children are splendid logicians. The Greek philosophical riddler thought he had made a great hit in the region of philosophic puzzles when he asked "which came first, the owl or the egg?" A little boy known to Mr. Sully, by the use of his

logical faculty arrived at this difficulty at the age of five: "When there is no egg where does the hen come from? When there was no egg, I mean, where did the hen come from?" The ordinary man or woman would not have put the problem with half the same point. The correction is most remarkable, and shows how perfectly and logically the small brain was working. Think of this from a boy of three: "If I'd gone upstairs, could God make it that I hadn't?" Here his logical faculty had hurled the child headlong against one of the greatest mysteries of existence. Children, however, are not always logical in matters theological. Sometimes we get a taste of the natural man coming out, as witness the question, "If God wanted me to be good and I wouldn't be good, who would win?" The child apparently had a very strong belief in his own innate power of naughtiness. He could not feel sure that he would be beaten by anything if he once set his mind to not being good. The best story of all is the following. It is charming as "a score," and it is also a most excellent lesson to parents:—"A mother when reading a poem to her boy of six, ventured to remark, 'I'm afraid you can't understand it, dear,' for which she got rather roughly snubbed by her little master in this fashion: 'Oh, yes, I can very well, if only you would not explain.'" Mr. Sully has written a delightful book.

Mrs. E. K. Mundy writes from Syracuse that the effect of Mrs. Elizabeth C. Mayer's visit to the Women's Congress of New York State just held there, has been remarkable. Mrs. Mayer went as special delegate from the T. S. in A. and also as General Superintendent of the Children's Department of the International Brotherhood League. She had the strongest kind of opposition to meet, for although invited to give an address, it was evident that misconceptions prevailed among the delegates as to the nature of the Theosophical Movement. This feeling entirely vanished before Mrs. Mayer had finished her remarks. She outlined in a direct and practical way the teachings of Brotherhood and paid especial attention to what was being done for the children through the work of the I. B. L.

Mrs. Mundy says in her letter that it is wonderful to see the change in opinion that has followed Mrs. Mayer's visit, and that many people have expressed a desire to hear more such addresses and become better acquainted with what we are doing for the children.

Edison's account of the way in which he discovered the principle of the phonograph is very interesting:

"I was singing," says Mr. Edison, "to the mouthpiece of a telephone, when the vibrations of the voice sent the fine steel point into my finger. That set me to thinking. If I could record the actions of the point and send the point over the same surface afterward, I saw no reason why the thing would not talk. I tried the ex-

periment first on a strip of telegraph paper, and found that the point made an alphabet. I shouted the words 'Halloo! halloo!' into the mouth-piece, ran the paper back over the steel point, and heard a faint 'Halloo! halloo!' in return. I determined to make a machine that would work accurately, and gave my assistants instructions, telling them what I had discovered. They laughed at me. That's the whole story. The phonograph is the result of the pricking of a finger."

* * *

Miss Mary Kingsley contends that African law cannot be understood without knowledge of African religion. She quotes Spinoza's great words concerning the identity of the power in Nature and in man with God, and declares that, putting spirits for God, you have in Spinoza's definition the religion of the African. From her accounts religion seems to be much more of a practical reality in the life of the black than of the white man. "The thing that holds the society together and acts as the great deterrent to crime against the society" is "Fetish religion." The presence of the market-god ensures perfect honesty in trading, and a charm will amply protect goods totally unguarded. The Fetish spirits are practically the policemen of African society. No confidence can be put in the mere word of an African spoken out of oath; but you may stake your life on the truth of what is spoken under oath, even by "the wildest bush cannibal in all West Africa."

* * *

In one of his school reports Mr. Matthew Arnold mentions an amusing case that came under his own notice, illustrating the result of that kind of education which concerned itself alone with the imparting of items of knowledge, and neglected to relate the knowledge so obtained to the sense for conduct and the sense for beauty: "A young man in one of our English training colleges having to paraphrase the passage in Macbeth beginning: 'Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased?' turned this line into, 'Can you not wait upon the lunatic?' And I remarked," says Mr. Arnold, "what a curious state of things it would be, if every pupil of our national schools knew, let us say, that the moon is 2160 miles in diameter, and thought, at the same time that a good paraphrase for 'Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased' was 'Can you not wait upon the lunatic?' If one is driven to choose," he continues, "I think, I would rather have a young person ignorant about the moon's diameter, but aware that 'Can you not wait upon the lunatic' is bad, than a young person whose education had been such as to manage things the other way."

"Some critics are like chimney sweepers, they put out the fire below, or frighten the swallows from their nests above, cover themselves with soot and bring nothing away but a bag of cinders and then sing from the top of a house as if they had built it."

MR. E. A. NERESHEIMER.

President of the Theosophical Society in America.

The Theosophical Society is honored to-day by having Mr. E. A. Neresheimer as president. No one has sacrificed more for the movement, no one has stood more faithful at every crisis, sinking all personal considerations in love and devotion to the cause. He well deserves the loving esteem of all true Theosophists. During the Crusade around the world his oversight at Headquarters kept everything running smoothly, and when Mr. E. T. Hargrove resigned his office a short time ago, his prompt action in taking up the duties of the office, filled every member throughout the country with hope and courage, and evoked many warm and enthusiastic expressions of approval. His beautiful home at Bayside has always been open to Theosophists from all parts. His absolute sincerity, love of right and kindly genial disposition endear him to all who come in contact with him. Long may he continue to exercise his influence for the good of Theosophical Society.

ANCIENT IRELAND.

Ancient Ireland is still the only country which the true Irish acknowledge. On its account they have adhered to its religion and its language, and in their insurrections they still invoke it by the name of Erin, the name their ancestors called it. To maintain this series of manners and traditions against the efforts of the conquerors the Irish made for themselves monuments which neither steel nor fire could destroy. They had recourse to the art of singing, in which they gloried in excelling, and which, in the times of independence, had been their pride and their pleasure. The bards and minstrels became the keepers of the records of the nation. Wandering from village to village they carried to every heart memories of ancient Ireland; they studied to render them agreeable to all tastes and ages; they had war-like songs for the men, love ditties for the women, and marvelous tales for the children. Every house preserved two harps always ready for travelers, and he who could best celebrate the liberty of former times, the glory of patriots and the grandeur of their cause, was rewarded by a more lavish hospitality.

The poets of Ireland were persecuted because they excited hopes of national independence as the ancient minstrels of Spain sang her struggles against the Moor or the minstrels of Scotland the border-battles of the Percy and the Douglas. And, though the sweet strains of the singers did not crown the struggles of Ireland with success, they did not wholly fail, for they have embalmed her nationality to live throughout all ages.

Be one of those benignant, lovely souls, that without astonishing the public, and posterity—make a happy difference in the lives close around them,—and in this way lift the average of human joys.—*G. Eliot.*

UNIVERSAL LAW.

BY H. T. PATTERSON.

There are in nature two processes: progression and retrogression. They move onwards towards their goals, one by increase, the other by decrease. Everything must take part in one of these movements. Nothing stands still. Nations grow and fall away. Businesses do the same. The trees and plants are either maturing or decaying. The same holds true of human life. It is universal law. Man must expand or contract. The moon is always waxing or waning. There is an incessant reaching out towards the infinite—either the infinitely great or the infinitely small. Two paths are always before us.

Laws, the formulation of cosmic order, are beneficent. This may not be perceptible in small affairs. It is evident in the sweep of events. A trifling infraction of them leads to discomfort; a great one to misery. The discomfort and misery are remedial. They are proportional to the measure of the infraction. They thrust back the breaker of them into the normal path.

What are these laws which appertain to man? Accepting progression and retrogression as fundamental facts what application can be made to human life? How shall we ascertain that which is helpful to progression, that which conduces to retrogression? Growth is progressive; decay retrogressive. Growth is due to expansion; decay to contraction. That which causes expansion furthers progression; is beneficent to life.

In the past human beings have been forced, unconsciously, to live somewhat outside of themselves. The man, as husband, has had to live for the wife; as father, for the children. The woman, as wife, has had to live for husband; as mother, for the children. All this has resulted in a steady expansion of the nature. Through repeated incarnations the ego, manifesting in husband and in wife, in father and in mother, has gradually acquired the faculty of acting for many organisms whilst manifesting in one. It has gained a limited tendency to live for others. This instinct is now part of the human character. We designate it altruism. Heretofore, in the main, the altruistic activity has been exerted unconsciously. Now the race has reached a point in its evolution where the activity is becoming conscious. Amongst other things the common use of the word altruism proves this. Whatever helps on evolution is beneficent. If conscious living for others is a conspicuous feature of this epoch of human evolution then, whatever encourages that tends to good.

If the above be true, those best serve themselves who live for others. They are in the forefront of the evolutionary march. The altruistic existence is the one indicated by the highest self-interest. Helping and sharing have ceased to be duties; they have become privileges. It has become of vital necessity, for our own evolution, to learn to serve. He who does not is a laggard in the great race. The prize is not for him. How then shall we be most useful? How most serviceable?

Old formulations pass away. The cement crumbles from between the stones. The superstructure falls into decay. Men, in their different groupings, have some philosophy, some religion. The philosophy, religion, ideal—call it what you will—permeates the body, through it and the individuals, who compose it, finding its expression in acts. A poor philosophy leads to a mean life. High ideals are productive of nobility of action.

A new formulation is going on. According to its quality will be the deeds of the coming ages. If it be mean they will be ignoble. If it be exalted they will be ennobled. This formulation is being helped on in many ways—by fiction, science, investigation, promulgation. In no way, however, is it more helped than by the Theosophical movement. What this movement has done in a few years is apparent beyond question. Old philosophies have been brought before the people; followers of different faiths have been led to a mutual tolerance; the revelations of science have been studied; a broad synthesis established. Finally, they are all now being utilized and welded together through practical work. The poor, the criminal, the fallen are being reached. No word of condemnation is heard—only the voice of encouragement and love. There is no proselytism; no attempt at conversation; simply the effort to help and uplift. The college course has been completed; the work is now amongst men and women in their everyday lives. The third stage of the occult life has been reached. What then lies before us? What privilege is the most inestimable of them all? The answer is before us, the joining in the great work, the becoming sharers in the bringing of "truth, light and liberation" to "discouraged humanity," the helping of others. Thus shall we pass through the golden gates, the gates of our own limitations.

The one thing which we seek with insatiable desire is to forget ourselves, to be surprised out of our propriety, to lose our sempiternal memory and to do something without knowing how or why; in short to draw a new circle. Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm. The way of life is wonderful; it is by abandonment. The great moments of history are the facilities of performance through the strength of ideas, as the works of genius and religion.—*Emerson.*

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(UNSECTARIAN)

GEN'L SUPERINTENDENT, MRS. E. C. MAYER

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

"Take your needle, my child, and work at your pattern—it will come out a rose by and by. Life is like that, one stitch at a time, taken patiently and the pattern will come out all right like the embroidery."—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*



LITTLE NOUMA.

There once dwelt in a country far away a child whom you might have thought would have been very happy, because she lived in a nice house filled with beautiful objects and in the middle of a garden of rare flowers. Many children lived in the house, which was very large, and there were numbers of servants to wait upon them and give them pleasure in every way possible.

Now, though she had all these comforts to make her light hearted, Nouma, as the little child was called, was very miserable. The servants, the house and all in it belonged to a very powerful king, named Kamus. All the children with the exception of Nouma, loved the king, but she did not feel as though she belonged to him, and as far back as she could remember it seemed to her she had been trying to escape from the house. Kamus was kind to her, except when she spoke to him about going away; at such times he would look at her very harshly and his features would altogether change, becoming so horrible that Nouma used to hide her face until he left her.

As time went on Nouma longed more and more to get away. She would spend hours looking out of the windows wondering what lay beyond in the distance. Sometimes she would go through the beautiful garden, not caring to see the lovely flowers or watch the fountain which plashed water of many colors, but going as far as she could to the great bronze wall which surrounded the grounds. There

she would try to climb the high gate, but she never could get to the top, and the servants of the king would always find her and drive her away with harsh words. It was only at such times the servants were cruel, for usually they tried to amuse her in all sorts of ways.

The children in the big house thought Nouma a very silly child to wish to run away; for their part, they were quite content to stay where they were and eat all the nice things provided for them and play games and romp with the servants. King Kamus was pleased with these children and would urge them to make Nouma contented, and also to be sure to report to him if they saw her trying to climb the bronze gate. They did just as the king told them, so that Nouma was made very uncomfortable. The sad part of it was that the children thought the king and his servants very kind and Nouma a wicked little girl to run away, while she felt that the king was in reality very wicked and that all the children were in great danger. She felt the more sure of this, because all the time she heard a little voice inside her which kept saying, "Be free, be free." Each time the voice spoke to her it seemed to grow louder, so that the child thought all the people near her must also hear it, but they did not, for it was a silent voice.

Nouma had also observed that Kamus was not really kind to the children, for he did not care if they were naughty, so long as they amused themselves. She had noticed, too, that when any child was sick the servants of the king did not try to make him well, and if he grew very ill they would carry him away to a neglected corner of the garden, where there was a deep cave, and there he would remain, none of the children being allowed to go near him. Such a child would call for help until his voice grew weak and finally ceased. When a child had been thus missed by the other children and they asked questions about it, they were always told that he had "gone to the grey land," and that was all they found out.

Thus matters went on for a long time; as Nouma began to grow older she grew more unhappy, until one day when she was alone, she said to herself, aloud: "I am going to leave this place, no matter how great the danger may be." She had no sooner made this decision than the voice within which had so long said, "Be free, be free" began to sing a very feeble little song, but loud enough for her to hear: "Go into the quiet room, go into the quiet room." Now, the quiet room was a room in the middle of the house, which never was entered by the children. They had been told by King Kamus that a terrible dragon lived there and that if any child went into

the room he would never be seen again. So the door of the room was hung thick with cobwebs and no one ever went near that part of the house.

Nouma started for the room, and when she had reached the door she brushed all the dust aside and found a lock, which she had no sooner touched than the door opened. She walked into the room and the door closed behind her. At first everything was black before her, but in a little while the darkness passed away and the room was filled with a soft, bluish light. It seemed as though the room was empty, but as she grew more accustomed to the new light she caught sight of beautiful faces looking at her; these came and went and she began to feel more contented than she had ever been before.

After a while the lovely faces she had been watching vanished, and she saw standing before her the form of a beautiful and majestic Being. His whole figure radiated golden and purple lights, which filled all the room with brightness and was so brilliant that Nouma could not bear it, and covered her face with her hands. After a while she looked up, and gained courage to look in the face of the Shining One, and as she gazed she grew more and more strong, for the face was so loving and tender that all her fears vanished. The Shining One smiled very gently and said, "Nouma, do you not remember me?" And when he had said this, it was as though a little door had opened in Nouma's mind, and she remembered many things. Her face began to shine and she said, softly, "Oh, Shining One, I do remember! I knew you long, long ago, before ever I belonged to King Kamus. Please, please tell me how to be free!"

The Shining One answered, "Go through the bronze gate." This was all he said; he disappeared and Nouma was once more alone in the quiet room. There were no more beautiful

visions around her, everything was very still; she longed with her whole heart to see the Shining One again, but he did not appear, so she waited in the room and grew so peaceful that she felt strong enough to fight anything. Then she resolved to leave the quiet room and go through the bronze gate of the garden, as the Shining One had directed. The silent voice within her said, "Do not forget the key!" So she looked about her and discovered that a key was in the lock on the inside of the door; this she took, and went out, the door closing behind her, as before.

When she passed into the other part of the house once more, the children crowded around her and said, "Oh, Nouma, where did you get your beautiful purple dress? What has changed you so? Your face shines like a star. Where have you been?" Nouma looked at herself and for the first time noticed that she had on a different dress than that which she had worn when she entered the room. That dress had been red, but now she had on a soft purple robe. She answered the children that she had been in the quiet room, but they did not believe her. They said that no one had ever entered that dreadful room and come out alive and that she was deceiving them. So they began to ridicule and taunt her. Then Nouma stopped talking to them and ran out of the house, followed by all the children, and the king and his servants. They pursued Nouma through the garden, pulling at her robe and trying to drag her back into the house, but she reached the bronze gate in safety, and to her surprise saw that there was no lock on it. She gave one strong push and the big gate opened. She wondered why she never before had thought of opening it, but did not spend any time thinking of this. Those who had been pursuing her all drew back as she passed through the gate, as though they were afraid of seeing what lay beyond.



And now Nouma was outside at last. She looked back at the gate and to her surprise saw that it had vanished, together with the garden. She could see nothing of her former surroundings, so that even though she had desired to, she could no longer go back to the house of King Kamus, and must push forward.

She saw that she was in the middle of a great plain; back of her as far as the eye could see, there was nothing but stretches of dry sand, with here and there a stunted tree or a few blades of brown grass. Far in the distance before her she saw the cloudlike outlines of a great city, with towers and spires. She resolved that she would travel through the plain until she reached that city.

(To be concluded.)

The above story is what is called an allegorical story; that is, it contains a story within a story, and the story which is hidden is to be discovered, for it is supposed to teach about something true, which it will help children to know. So we want all the children who read this story to write and tell us what they think it means, who they think Nouma is meant to be, what was the name of the house she lived in and what was the real name of King Kamus. Also, where the quiet room really is, and who was the Shining One Nouma saw; and what was the key Nouma found inside the door of the quiet room.

We will publish the best answers to these questions.

"Love makes its record in deeper colors as we grow out of childhood into manhood, as the emperors sign their names in green ink when under age, but when of age in purple."

LOTUS GROUPS.

The children of the Lotus Group at Liverpool Lodge, in England, have written a long letter to the children of the Do Good Group, in East Fourteenth Street, New York. They send their love, so that the English and American children [can clasp hands across the sea.

Very good times must be enjoyed in the Liverpool Group, for the letter says that the children meet on a beautiful lawn every Sunday afternoon; there they have "short lessons, quotations, songs and marches, and by and by intend to give little plays and act stories in various ways. . . . The children all have flower names . . . and they sing with deep meaning and thoughtful intent: "We bless the Crusade and the Crusaders."

NEW ZEALAND.

Beach Road, Thames,
Auckland, N. Z., May 10, 1897.

To our Brothers and Sisters of the Lotus Circles in America from their Brothers and Sisters in Maoriland:

Dear Brothers and Sisters:

We have a Lotus Group at the Thames. Perhaps you would like to know what we are doing. You have a great many Lotus Groups in America. We hope that there will be a great many in New Zealand before long. We would like you to write to us and let us know what you do in your Groups. Would it not be nice if we could meet together and know each other. Perhaps we may some time,

We meet at Beach Road at 7 o'clock. We have such nice evenings and look forward to them. Our first meeting was held on March 29, 1897.

We spend most of the time in sewing for the poor people of our town, and while doing this we have talks on Brotherhood and short stories read to us. We all try to earn a penny a week by our good behavior for the Lotus Box, and our mothers are pleased to give it to us when we deserve it. We don't like to go without our penny as the other members can tell we have been naughty. This money is to be used in buying things for our sewing. Some kind friends have sent us parcels of stuff. We have already made a lot of children's clothes and have given some away. We all belong to the Brotherhood School in connection with Mr. Neill's Universal Brotherhood Church. We have now 20 members in our circle, and as it is not a city, but a mining town we live in, we think this is very good.

We are sending you a member's card. Mrs. Sanderson made them for us as we did not want to spend our money on ourselves. We like them and think the motto is a good one. Don't you? Have you member's cards? Do you have any pictures in your Group? Please write us a long letter and tell us all about your work in America. We all join in sending love and kind wishes to our dear comrades in America.

We are, dear brothers and sisters

Your loving sisters

SISSIE SANDERSON.

May Fleetwood (16)	Anna Gibb (14)
Ruth Sanderson (14)	Annie Crawford (13)
Ellen Fisher (13)	Ada Fleetwood (12)
Mary Green (12)	Eddie Gibb (12)
Susie Fisher (12)	Annie Edwards (9)
Violet McDonald (9)	Lionel Sanderson (12)
	Olive Sanderson (4).

NEW YORK CITY.

THE "DO GOOD" LOTUS GROUP in East Fourteenth Street, New York, reopened on 26th September. This is the group connected with the Katherine A. Tingley Brotherhood Centre and is a strong organization. It was a pleasant sight to see the children coming long before the time appointed and waiting eagerly for the doors to be opened. All the Lotus Home children were there, from fifteen-year-old Lena to "Little Pete," aged three. Annie, the little mother, was present with her two charges, one of them being Lily, the tiny sage with whose face many of our readers are familiar. And besides the children of the Home others were present, who were Lotus children also. When all had been admitted, to the number of forty, it did not take them long to fall into line, and the room quickly took on the appearance of a morning assembly at Lotus Home. There were one or two rebellious spirits but they were soon brought to order by the older children. The familiar Lotus songs, so dearly loved by the children, were heartily sung, especial pleasure being taken in:

"Happy little sunbeams
Darting through the blue,
Even little sunbeams
Have a work to do."

Mr. Herbert Croke, the new superintendent, Miss M. G. Loyd, assistant superintendent, Mrs. A. B. Leonard, the treasurer, and Mr. James Leonard, secretary, are the principal workers there.

East Fourteenth Street is a very harmonious centre and important work will be done there this winter. The children are the chief workers in this part of the city and without their help little could be accomplished. Among the members of the Do Good Group there are several who are a great power in

the neighborhood, influencing the thought of the grown-ups and already living as centres of love and energy.

SYRACUSE.

A charming reception by the children of Syracuse Lotus Group No. 1 was given Mrs. Mayer at the Royal Templars' Hall in the evening. The children are an unusually happy looking group; such bright faces and with so much talent, and no wonder—when one sees Miss Earl the superintendent of their work, so deeply sympathetic and constantly keeping their welfare in her heart. Recitations by the children were most entertainingly given; little Mollie Isaacs, who "once had a little doll," showing remarkable dramatic ability, in her gestures and many attractive ways. There were songs that put everyone into a gale of mirth, and lovely violin music that made them all feel happy and want to help everybody in the world.

Mrs. Mayer talked of the Lotus Home, telling all about the happy summer of the East side city children, of the many things they did, and how every night and morning they had a drill just like soldiers, a light which the children raised every evening, replacing it the next morning by the American flag—the light typifying the new dawn of brotherhood work for humanity.

NOTICE.

Lotus Group activities have commenced in earnest.

The enterprising Buffaloes were the "first on the ground." More than eighteen Lotus Groups will begin active work on October third, under the new régime.

Superintendents please observe that their work is not authorized until the certificate is signed. Will all of them kindly forward at once their applications to Headquarters?

The circular concerning the children's movement, recently sent out from New York, has met with the heartiest response from all sections of the country. All superintendents and teachers are now banded together to work under one system, directed by one head, and from events which have already transpired, it is evident that the Lotus work this winter will be controlled with a greater force and conducted with greater success than has ever before been possible.

All the Lotus children everywhere of course realize that they are members of one great family and that their teachers are just big brothers and sisters, who were once little children as they are now. We all, big and small, are working for one cause, have but one object in view, and that is, to help and share with all our brothers and sisters in the world, so far as we are able.

MOTHERS' CONGRESS.

The Mothers' congress of the State of New York, held its first convention in this State, at Syracuse, on September 30th in the Woman's Union Hall. Hundreds of delegates were present from all over the State.

Mrs. E. C. Mayer had been invited to represent the International Brotherhood League, and attracted considerable attention by her speech on "Child Culture in the International Brotherhood League." Many of the audience sought her later with questions and expressions of pleasure at the clear ideas given in regard to the importance of early training and the necessity of the soul

obtaining its freedom. Her account of New York Lotus work and the Lotus Home was of very great interest, being the successful result of practical experiments—no longer theories—but facts, and a solid foundation to build on, for the many anxious mothers.

* * * *

THE CHILDREN'S LOTUS BAND OF HOME CARETAKERS was organized at Lotus Home.

When the children first came to the Home it was discovered that few of them had the slightest idea of how to do housework or of how to keep their bodies in a healthy condition. They were, however, the most willing little souls, and Lotus Home being a place where everyone had his or her appointed work, they soon found their right places and learned, under the guidance of their teachers, to keep their bodies healthy and also how to keep in order the house they lived in.

Then, later in the summer, the Caretakers' Society naturally followed. The children decided that they wanted to carry back and put into practice at their homes some of the lessons they had learned; so, at Mrs. Tingley's suggestion, they banded themselves together for the purpose. A regular document was drawn up, setting forth the objects and rules of the little society, and officers were elected from among the children. The first meeting was held at the Home, being called by the president, Lena Power. None but members were admitted and the assembly was held with the greatest decorum. The president stated the objects of the society, and the secretary, Katie Henkes, read the formulated rules as to how best housework has to be done, and that they were all pledged to help their mothers in every way possible and bring sunshine into their homes. Then a number of three-minute talks by the children followed. Several spoke on Brotherhood, and one child took as her text "Cleanliness is next to Godliness," but the tenor of all the remarks was that, as they had been helped at Lotus Home, they must help make their homes cleaner and brighter, because helping and sharing was the only true way to be happy.

The society is now in a flourishing condition and will hold weekly meetings at East Fourteenth Street this winter. The symbol of the society is a broom, and each of the twenty-four members is the proud possessor of a fine new broom, given her by Mrs. Tingley.

* * * *

On this page every week we will print letters which our children may send us from all over the world. We want the children to think how the small brothers and sisters in other parts would like to hear from them and then they will be able to send little messages of love and cheer and also to tell of what is being done in their groups and what they best like to be taught.

An article entitled "From the Irish Hills," by George Russell (Æ), sent for THE NEW CENTURY will adorn instead the pages of THE UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD. We can spare this gem more readily when we know that Mr. Russell will probably become a regular contributor to our columns in the future. Mr. Russell's great ability as a writer and his wonderful poetic gifts we so well know that our readers will receive this announcement with as great satisfaction as it gives us to make it.—ED.

INTERNATIONAL BROTHERHOOD LEAGUE.

(UNSECTARIAN)

ORGANIZED BY MRS. KATHERINE A. TINGLEY.

"HELPING AND SHARING IS WHAT BROTHERHOOD MEANS."

SUP'T OF GENERAL WORK, MR. H. T. PATTERSON.

OBJECTS.

1. To help workingmen to realize the nobility of their calling, and their true position in life.
2. To educate children of all nations on the broadest lines of Universal Brotherhood, and to prepare destitute and homeless children to become workers for humanity.
3. To ameliorate the condition of unfortunate women and assist them to a higher life.
4. To assist those who are, or have been, in prisons to establish themselves in honorable positions in life.
5. To endeavor to abolish capital punishment.
6. To bring about a better understanding between so-called savage and civilized races, by promoting a closer and more sympathetic relationship between them.
7. To relieve human suffering resulting from flood, famine, war, and other calamities; and generally, to extend aid, help, and comfort to suffering humanity throughout the world.

Note the above objects and then go back in memory to what transpired from the thirteenth of June eighteen hundred and ninety-six to the fourth of April of the present year. See how all that took place in that time was a rehearsal in little of what is now being inaugurated. It was like the synopsis of a play, the prelude to an opera.

In the first place the poor were reached. A circuit of brotherhood suppers were held belting the world from West to East, running from the far North to the distant South. At these suppers the keynote of encouragement was sounded. The poor were called upon to recognize their own innate manhood, their possibilities, the hope in the future before them. They were treated neither in a patronizing spirit, nor one of aloofness, but made to recognize the unbreakable bond between themselves and all others whether more or less fortunate than they. Much the same thing was done in the prisons. The fact was emphasized by our Leader that within the walls in which they were confined was hope and a possibility of there and then beginning a life of helpfulness which would bring a brighter future.

Then amongst the races not within the recognized pale of civilization, the essential beginning was made. Think what it means for our future efforts that several of the most prominent and influential men of these different nationalities were bound together in sympathy for a common object—brotherhood. Few people dream of what this means; even tourists who visit these so-called savages in a spirit of curiosity rather than helpfulness find little of the true inwardness of their lives. There are some who, of course, are easily met, whilst others hold themselves apart for various reasons. The masses usually absorb the least desirable element the so-called progressive races have to give while all of their own that is of value is gradually obscured.

What does this Brotherhood mean to these people but to help them to recover their own power without discord or force of arms; not to take from them anything they already hold sacred, but to help them to revive the old spirit of their ancestors.

The same things are true amongst the Hindus, the Mussulmans, and the Cingalese. In other ways, at other points, a significant initiative was made. For instance, amongst the Greeks and the Austrians. They have been, it is true, within the group of European influences. The influence has been, however, more on the commercial and political lines, than on those of a common striving in a common cause for the achieving of a high ideal.

So much for these points. Then there are the rich, those of high social standing, of modern cultivation. They, too, have been reached. It may surprise some to learn, that not only were many bonds formed with such people in Great Britain and Ireland, but that through the efforts of "The Crusade around the world" last year, they were made with folk of the highest rank and standing in such countries as Russia and the like.

Thus has the first great crusade prepared the way for the giving of "truth, light and liberation," to "discouraged humanity." The International Brotherhood League and other organizations may start off with a good speed, heir to a wealth of helpfulness already stored up in the warehouses of the past.

THE RESPONSIBILITIES OF BROTHERHOOD.

BY GORDON ROWE.

Since the fabled days when Cain scornfully asked his God, "Am I my brother's keeper?" mankind has always recognized in some degree his individual responsibility to his fellow-men for their well-being. But it scarcely needs the saying, that Mankind has never realized to a sufficient extent the truism of mutual responsibility. Instead of following out such injunctions as "Do unto others as you would they should do unto you"; "Love them that hate you"; instead of following out these to the letter, we have generally been content to temporize, to love our friends and be contemptuous of our enemies, to do unto others as they do unto us. And hence it is that man is still crying out in his heart of hearts for a Brotherhood that knows no sophistry or cant; for a Brotherhood that is whole, hearty, universal, knowing no limitations of any kind.

Why is it that his heart-cry is echoed back to him unanswered and seemingly unheard? Because Mankind, to whom our fellow-man cries out, knows not the basic laws of Brotherhood. If men or women understood

that to hurt a fellow-man or woman was as injudicious and foolish as for the right hand of one's body to assault the left, they would not be unbrotherly. If men and women understood that "inaction in a deed of mercy is action in a deadly sin," and that to withhold their fraternal love from the great multitude whom they are indifferent to, was to starve their own spiritual natures and to retard the development of their entire race, they would light once more their heart-fires, stepping down from their frozen isolation, to walk along the highways and byways of life with flaming hearts and tolerant minds. But many know not these things. Therefore many suffer and oppress themselves.

Now to-day there are those who cannot plead the excuse of ignorance of the foundations of the Brotherhood of Man; they cannot do so for the reason that a new enlightenment has come over the social and intellectual and philanthropic circles of life. Learned psychologists speak now of thought transference; learned medical men speak of the interaction between body and body of disease germs; statisticians show us epidemics of crime and madness; students of Theosophy tell of the unity-soul, or mind, linking all self-conscious men and women one to another, saying that in reality there is no separateness among human kind, and that if we would be separate we must be content to pay the price for our vain folly—the price of sorrow and gnawing discontent; Evolutionists have lately said that while for the animal and lower kingdoms of life, Competition, "the survival of the Fittest," and brute strength and cunning, are the laws which are naturally followed, for man there are no such laws, but only the complement and opposite of these, namely, unselfishness, Love, Compassion; and the more recondite researches into Chemistry tend to show that all nature is living, that there is no such thing as extinction of life, but only ceaseless change of form.

These things concern all thinking people. If the mind in man is a unity, then all men and women are equally deserving of regard and respect as potential Gods, as beings who will in the course of time come to a great perfection. So there is no place in our hearts for contempt, for sects, for caste, for hate, for indifference. If thoughts are things and there is a transference of thought from mind to mind, then we must order our thinking carefully; and not alone our thinking, but our emotions and desires. In the light of this susceptibility of each to the thoughts and feelings of one another are we not as a nation, a race, an Humanity, responsible alike for the sins and the virtues of our fellows? We are, yet we act as though we were not. We brutalize those unhappy ones who act the evil which we think; sometimes we even murder them and regard the murder, inasmuch as it is done by the State and with State legalities, as Justice. Vengeance rather, and it is this same red-handed vengeance which actuates most of our treatment of criminals and social sinners.

As we are learning now to be careful of physical contagion, so must we learn to be circumspect in matters of moral and mental contagion. The former is powerful only to destroy bodies, the latter is powerful to destroy characters, to blight the very core of our fellows' nature.

Let those who understand Brotherhood and the laws governing it bear in mind their responsibilities. Let them calm and still the beast in them, that the God may have opportunity to manifest. When they have conquered their own natures and established Brotherhood in their own hearts, they will be equipped for the Work of this New Age that has dawned, and by the sheer compulsion of Love and honesty of character they will speed the Brotherhood of Man and be as beacon lights to those struggling in dark and fearful waters.

Man, the Brother of Man, must learn that it is a crime to even momentarily forget his divine equality.

The *Therapeutic Gazette*, November 16, 1896, in an editorial, calls attention to the fact that both the medical profession and the laity have been accustomed to the abuse of alcohol as a nervous stimulant. This excessive use has hardened some to its evil effects, while others go to the opposite extreme in condemning it. There is an ever-increasing number of substitutes for alcohol thrown upon the market, such as coca, kola, etc. Many of these substitutes contain a large quantity of alcohol, and the consumers of them become addicted to the alcoholic habit without being aware of the fact. The temporary changes for the better which the consumer notes after a dose of his favorite remedy are usually due to the alcohol that it contains. We are accustomed to consider the widespread use of nerve stimulants to the rush and pressure of modern life, but history shows that for many hundreds of years nerve stimulants have been used and abused much as they are to-day. The abuse of these remedies by the profession is rather the result of carelessness than of ignorance. They should be used only as temporary makeshifts, as in the vast majority of cases they materially increase the discomfort and ill health of the patient. All the so-called "strengthening remedies," which enable a man to accomplish more work when he is under their influence, do this, not by adding units of force to his body, but by utilizing those units which he has already obtained and stored away as reserve force. The result will be the same as in the case of a banker who draws upon his capital or reserve funds to supplement the money with which he could properly carry on his business. The result is in the latter case a pecuniary, and in the former a nervous bankrupt.

"Mighty of heart; mighty of mind—'magnanimous'—to be this, is indeed to be great in life; to become this increasingly, is, indeed, to 'advance in life,'—in life itself—not in the trappings of it."

BUILDING OUR OWN MAN-
SIONS.

"We do not realize how much the happiness of our *after years* will depend upon the things we are doing *to day*. It is our own life that gives color to our skies, and tone to the music that we hear in this world. The memories he makes along his years are the old man's heritage, his very home. He may change houses, or neighbors, or companions, or circumstances, but he cannot get away from *his own past*. The song or the discord that rings in his ear—he may think it is made by other voices, but it is really the echo of his own yesterdays.

What is true of our individual lives is true also of our homes. We are making their memories day by day and year by year, and what they shall be in the future will depend on the home-life we are living now. We may make our home a palace, filling it with delights, covering the walls with beautiful pictures, planting flowers to fill the halls and chambers with fragrance, and hanging cages of singing birds everywhere to pour out sweet notes of song; or we may cover the walls with hideous images and ghastly spectres to look down upon us, and plant only briars and thorns about the doors, to flaunt themselves in our faces when we sit in the gloom of life's nightfall."

"FOR WHERE YOUR TREAS-
URE. IS—"

BY PAUL GREGAN.

When I go to the land where my dear ones
reside in the silence afar,
To the land of their joy that my eyes may be-
hold not by day nor by night—
Not till time and eternity mingle for me will
I speed to their star—
Shall I know them, my dear ones, afar in
their beautiful city of light?
For I think that the breath of the Lord from
their brows will have blown all the care—
Though with care and with grief on their
brows do I see them at night in my
dream—
Not the brows that I knew will be theirs, nor
the eyes that I love, nor the hair,
But the eyes and the brows will be calmer,
the hair of a lovelier gleam.
I would weep for the thought, but my woe is
too tender for tears to condole:
O, beloved of my soul! will your souls be
the dear ones I knew them of old?
Should I miss you, my loves! then your
heaven were as hell to my soul,
For the cool of its twilight would scorch
me, its warmth would be cold.

"The man who cannot wonder,—
who does not habitually wonder and
worship—were he President of innumera-
ble societies, is but a pair of spectacles
behind which there are no eyes. Let
those who have eyes, look thro' him,
then he may become useful."

"We are, we know not what,—Light
Sparkles, floating in the ether of Deity.
The true Shekinah is Man."—*Carlyle*.

"Oh, at the eagle's height
To lie in the sweet of the sun,
While veil after veil takes flight,
And God and the world are one!"
A. E.

GRATITUDE.

A story which well illustrates the gratitude a bird may feel for a human being has come to us from Kentucky, and is vouched for by a young lady who is a close observer. The lady writes a Southern paper:

"Last week my brother, a lad of twelve, killed a snake which was just in the act of robbing a song sparrow's nest. Ever since the male sparrow has shown his gratitude to George in a truly wonderful manner. When he goes into the garden the sparrow will fly to him, sometimes alighting on his head, at other times on his shoulder, all the while pouring out a tumultuous song of praise and gratitude. It will accompany him about the garden, never leaving him until he reaches the garden gate. George, as you know, is a quiet boy, who loves animals, and this may account in a degree for the sparrow's extraordinary actions."

A LITERARY CURIOSITY.

The following proclamation, of which only one copy in now known to be in existence, is a literary curiosity. It is printed on coarse paper, in the old-fashioned type in use during the early days of this country, and with numerous erasures and interlineations in the handwriting of the author, and is signed by the hand of Symmes himself. A literal copy, interlineations and all, is subjoined:

Light Develops Light! "Ad Infinitum." St. Louis, Missouri Territory, North America, April 10, A. D. 1818.—To all the World: I declare the earth to be hollow and habitable within; containing a number of concentric spheres, one within the other, and that their poles are open 12 or 16 degrees; I pledge my life in support of this truth, and am ready to explore the concave, if the world will support and aid me in the undertaking.

JOHN CLEVES SYMMES, of Ohio,
late Captain of Infantry.

N. B.—I have ready for the Press a Treatise on the principles of Matter, wherein I show proofs of the above positions, account of various Phenomena and disclose Doctor Darwin's "Golden Secret."

My Terms are, the patronage of this and the New World.

I dedicate to my wife and her ten children: the six eldest being the children of a former husband.

I select Doctor S. L. Mitchell, Sir H. Davy and Baron Alex. de Humboldt as my protectors.

I ask one hundred brave companions, well equipped to start from Siberia in the autumn, with reindeer and slays, on the ice of the frozen sea; I engage we find a warm climate and rich country-land, stocked with thrifty vegetables and animals, if not men, on reaching about sixty-nine miles northward of latitude 82; we will return in the succeeding spring. J. S. C.

"The best teacher of duties, which still lie dim to us,—is the performance of those we have in hand."

THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETIES.

CENTRAL OFFICE IN AMERICA: 114 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK.

"There is no Religion higher than Truth."

Reports recently received from the Branches of the Indo-American T. S. at Benares and Calcutta show that the work is going on well in face of discouragement of all kinds. They are working for brotherhood in a practical way, alleviating distress caused by the famine. They eagerly await the arrival of news of the work in America, and are rejoiced to be brought in touch with their friends in this country through correspondence and every other available means.

A correspondence group called "Friends in Council" meets once a week at 144 Madison Avenue to write friendly letters to their brothers and sisters in other parts of the world, and keep them in touch with the work going on at headquarters, thus binding all closer together in the common cause. This is an excellent scheme and we have no doubt it will have great results.

At Headquarters everything is going on at full speed—Children's Work, I. B. L. Work, E. S. T., T. S. A., S. R. L. M. A., Publishing, Propaganda Bureau, Aryan Branch Meetings. The great development of the work necessitates changes, and system is being gradually established and order restored in all departments. How true it is that the movement goes on enlarging, notwithstanding every effort to retard it.

The magazine "Theosophy" will no longer appear under that name. "The Universal Brotherhood" has been chosen as the new title, with Mrs. Katherine A. Tingley and Mr. E. A. Neresheimer as editors. A new cover has been selected, and the reading matter will be considerably increased. New writers will, we understand, contribute to its pages, and the editors will spare no efforts to make the magazine attractive to a wide circle of readers. In November issue will be found articles by Æ, the Irish poet, Dr. Coryn, of London, Mr. Geo. E. Wright, of Chicago, Dr. Buck, Mr. Charles Johnston, Mrs. M. F. Lang, Miss Guild, Professor Wilder and others. A short article on Count St. Germain with illustration will be found interesting to many readers. A student's column to be conducted by Mr. J. H. Fussell, will be started. The report of the ceremonies at laying of the foundation stone for the School for the Revival of the Lost Mysteries of Antiquity will be published, with illustrations. We hear further new departments will be started with the December issue.

The Sydney (N. S. W.) Branch has sustained a great loss in the death of Mrs. Minchin. She was one of the oldest and best workers at that Centre, and exercised a unifying influence in all the work. She stood out faithfully by Mr. Judge, when he was attacked, and by her example she was a source of encouragement to others. We sympathize with her friends and co-workers in their bereavement.—(ED.)

Letters in great numbers have been received from all over the country rejoicing at the "luck" of the T. S. A. in having such a tried worker as Mr. E. A. Neresheimer as President. Everyone seems to feel happy over it and the work begins with renewed vigor after the summer vacation.

We have to thank many of our friends for their kind reception of THE NEW CENTURY. We have no doubt it will be well supported, thus enabling improvements to be made all along the line.

The Aryan T. S. meetings on Tuesday and Sunday evenings are now in full swing. The Tuesday evening meetings are open only to members of T. S. A., and are proving a good means of improving the speaking capacity of members. The Sunday evening meetings are open to the public, and efforts will be made to make them more attractive than ever.

The new Bureau for Branch Extension, of which Jas. M. Pryse is superintendent, has planned a number of propaganda committees covering the whole country. As proposed, these are as follows:

COMMITTEE.	HEADQUARTERS.	TERRITORY.
New England Committee	Boston	New England States.
Eastern States Committee	Buffalo	New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Canada.
Columbian Committee	Washington	District of Columbia, Maryland, Delaware, Virginia, West Virginia.
Southern States Committee	Macon	South of Ohio River to New Mexico.
Central States Committee	Chicago	All States North of Ohio River and West to the Rockies.
Americo-Scandinavian Committee	Chicago	
North Pacific Committee	Seattle	Oregon, Washington, Montana, Idaho, British Columbia.
Central Pacific Committee	San Francisco	Northern California, Nevada, Colorado, Utah, Wyoming.
Southern Pacific Committee	Los Angeles	Southern California, Arizona, New Mexico.

Additional "distributing centres" will be located at Victoria, B. C.; St. Paul, Denver, Salt Lake, Kansas City, Denison, Nashville and New Orleans. At each of the headquarters it is expected that the workers will organize for propaganda purposes. There will be no honorary or ex-officio members, but only active ones. A quorum of each committee is to reside in the city where its headquarters are located, and one or more members to be located at each of the "distributing centres." Members of committees are to be nominated and elected annually at about the date of the annual convention, T. S. A., and to be nominated and elected by the Branches through correspondence

(without delegates), each Branch having as many votes as it is entitled to have delegates in the annual convention. Each committee is to be kept as small as practicable. This new departure is by no means intended to interfere with the work of strong Branches, but is designed for general propaganda, building up weak Branches, and forming new Branches and centres.

The Bureau for Branch Extension has also suggested that Colorado, Wyoming and New Mexico be added to the territory covered by the Pacific Coast Theosophical Committee. This arrangement will put all of the States in communication with one of the general committees. The autonomy of Branches, existing committees or new committees will not be interfered with, but each centre is an executive one for all the work it is able to perform, while the Bureau will synthesize the work as a whole and render such general assistance as may be needed.

Branch Secretaries and others having news to report are urged to write to Secretary P. C. T. C. the 1st of each month, giving all information at hand, including names of speakers and titles of addresses. This report is made up on the 5th of the month, and unless reports are received by that date they cannot be utilized. Fraternally,

AMOS J. JOHNSON,
Secretary P. C. T. C.

Room 30, 819 Market St.,
San Francisco, Cal.

SEATTLE T. S., SEATTLE, WASH.—Frank I. Blodgett, Secretary, writes: The activities of the Seattle Branch have been in all respects up to full requirements of general propaganda work. One of our members is at Nelson, Neb., and has formed a large study class; a Branch is to follow soon. A San Francisco member now located at Foggie Tunnel, near Monte Cristo, Wash., in the mining country, is carrying on active work among the miners and has aroused serious inquiry; his books are in constant demand. Mrs. Elling, superintendent of our Lotus Circle, recently held an ice cream social at her house and secured a fund to start the fall Lotus work. The Circle will open doubtless with a large membership of children. Mrs. A. M. Sands is doing nicely with the inquirers class, Sundays, 1 P. M. Sunday and Thursday night meetings are well attended and everything as promising as could be desired.

SPOKANE T. S., SPOKANE, WASH.—The Branch is doing well, meeting held every Sunday evening, in room 14 Thurwood building; and a study class meets on Wednesday afternoons.

DANA BRANCH, SIOUX, IOWA.—During the summer public meetings have been held regularly on Friday evenings. On Sunday there is a Bible study class conducted successfully by Mr. J. M. Lamb. The Branch had a picnic early in the summer and voted to have it repeated before cold weather set in. The work generally has commenced with renewed vigor.

HARGROVE T. S., SACRAMENTO, CAL.—For the first time in the history of the Movement in Sacramento, regular Sunday evening lectures interspersed with "quiz" meetings, have been held through the summer months. This will give a greater impetus for the coming winter's work. Regular Branch meetings are held Friday, 8 P. M.; Beginners' Class, Wednesday, 8 P. M.; and a Ladies' Class, Thursday, 2 P. M., all at Headquarters, 1017 Ninth Street, a central location. Folsom Prison is also visited on the second Sunday of each month; on August 8 Alfred Spinks talked to the prisoners, and on the 12th inst. E. A. Woodward will address them on "Evolution."

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OLYMPIA T. S., OLYMPIA, WASH.—Meet-
ings were held regularly all summer, the
usual August vacation being omitted.

CLINTON, IOWA.—This Branch reopened
activities Sept. 1st. "Septenary Man" is
the subject of study. Suitable resolutions
were proposed and unanimously adopted re
deceased brother I. L. C. Rehboldt, point-
ing out his loss to the Branch. The work
opens with much hope of success in all its
branches. C. E. F.

BURLINGAME, KAN.—Miss Alice G. Her-
ring, Secretary of the Denver Branch, T. S.
A., made us a short visit last week, and
spoke to a much interested audience Saturday
night. All recognized in her a forceful
speaker and a lovable character, and it is
hoped that much good will come of this
visit.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.—During the past
month lectures have been given by H. A.
Gibson, A. B. Clark, Mrs. Frances Nellis,
H. B. Leader, Mrs. L. F. Weiersmuller, and
Miss Emma Bacon. In spite of the summer
weather our attendance is still good.

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