

# The New Century

TO PROMULGATE THE BROADEST TEACHINGS OF UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD

"TRUTH, LIGHT AND LIBERATION FOR DISCOURAGED HUMANITY."

EDITED BY KATHERINE A. TINGLEY.

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THE NIGHT WATCH.

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# The New Century

EDITED BY KATHERINE A. TINGLEY.

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NEW YORK, MAY 7, 1898.

## STILL ANOTHER DISCOVERY IN EGYPT.

IT seems as though the Sphinx, "the eternal emblem of mystic silence," has passed its period of silent waiting and is yielding its secrets one by one as humanity is ready and prepared to receive them. The following which appeared in a recent issue of *The London Times*, is a report of the important discovery of the tomb and mummy of Amenophis II. by M. Loret:

CAIRO, April. 4.—As a sequel to his discovery of the tomb of King Thothmes III. at Thebes, M. Loret, Director-General of the Antiquities Department, has discovered and opened the tomb of Amenophis II., a king of the eighteenth dynasty, who reigned some 1500 years B. C. The find is among the most interesting ever made in Egypt, as, although the jewelry, etc., were rifled from the tomb probably during the twentieth dynasty, the mummies of Amenophis and of seven other kings are intact.

The tomb is entered by a steep inclined gallery, which terminates in a well of some twenty-six feet in depth, and, this obstacle surmounted, the entrance to the king's sepulchre is reached.

In the first chamber the body of a man is found bound on to a richly painted boat, his arms and feet tied with cords, a piece of cloth stuffed as a gag into his mouth, and marks of wounds on the breast and head. In the next chamber are laid out the bodies of a man, a woman and a boy.

None of the four bodies has been embalmed, but owing to the dryness of the atmosphere, are all in the most complete state of preservation, with the features perfect; although they evidently met with violent deaths, they have the appearance of being asleep. The hair upon each is luxuriant and the features resemble to a marked degree those of the fellaheen of the present day.

The king's tomb is a chamber of magnificent proportions, in perfect preservation. The roof, which is supported by massive square columns, is painted a deep blue, studded with golden stars, and the walls are entirely covered with paintings, the colors of which are as vivid as if laid on only yesterday. At one end of this chamber, in an excavation sunken several feet below the level of the rest of the floor, is the sarcophagus of the king, placed upon a massive block of alabaster. The sarcophagus is of sandstone, artificially colored a bright rose hue, and contains the mummy intact, with chaplets of flowers around the feet and neck.

In a small chamber to the right are nine mummies, two of them bearing no name, and the others those of the Kings Thothmes IV., Amenophis III., Set Nakht, Seti II. (supposed to have been the Pharaoh of the Exodus), Rameses IV., Rameses VI., and Rameses VIII., who all reigned between about 1500 and 1150 B. C.

The tomb is that of Amenophis II., for whom it was built and is supposed to have been opened later to receive the mummies of the other kings, probably to save them from violation.

The floors of all the chambers are covered with a mass of objects—statues, vases, wooden models of animals, boats, etc., requiring immense care in sorting for removal.

The whole constitutes one of the most impressive sights that can be imagined. For the first time on record, the body of an Egyptian king has been found in the tomb prepared for him, as previously discovered royal mummies had been removed from their tombs and secreted for safety at Deir el Bahari.

Possibly this discovery of the bodies of murdered victims in a King's tomb may throw some light upon the vexed question of human sacrifices which now divide Egyptologists.

The Public Works Ministry has requested M. Loret to remove only the smaller objects, and to leave the mummies and bodies in their present place. The entrance to the tomb will then be built up until next winter, when iron railings may be placed to prevent injury from touching by visitors, while affording them the unique sight of the lying in state of a king who reigned over 3400 years ago.

## BROTHERHOOD AMONG NATIONS.

THE Rev. Dr. Joseph Silverman delivered an address on "Brotherhood" recently before Centennial Lodge, F. and A. M., at the Temple Emanu-El.

Among other things he said:

"It may seem a little out of tune to speak of brotherhood when the great nations are arming for war. Think of the bitter feud between the Japanese and the Chinese, and there is the incipient, if not already crystallized, animosity between Spain and the United States, as there is between Spaniard and Cuban. But just as communities and cities are interdependent one upon another, so nations are also. There is a new era coming when the Brotherhood of Nations will exist. Then we will recognize that what occurs in Armenia is of vital interest to us. If Turkey can butcher Armenians with impunity, why cannot Spaniards do the same with Cubans? If injustice can prevail in France and Russia, why not also in Germany and England? No government can afford to isolate itself and say, 'I attend only to my own affairs.' All the Powers of the world should combine to frown down barbarity.

"And finally the Universal Brotherhood must recognize and teach the true relations between war and peace. I will not say war is never justifiable. War is better than dishonor; war is better than slavery. But among brothers war should be impossible. The brotherhood of nations, as of man, is the great ideal before us. It is the greatest temple of humanity of which we are the builders under the direction of the great Architect and Master of the universe."

## FOR CIVILIZED AND UNCIVILIZED.

LESSONS THE HIGHER MAY LEARN FROM THE LOWER CLASS OF HUMANITY.

THE topic considered at the meeting of the Universal Brotherhood yesterday afternoon was our relationship with uncivilized nations and the discussion considered how the principle of brotherhood, the watchword of the society, might be conveyed to them.

In making a contrast between civilized nations and those usually considered uncivilized, Lucien B. Copeland, President of the society, expressed a doubt whether there was much advantage on our side. He said that Europeans and Americans are engaged in individual struggles for life and that each man is obliged to put forth every ounce of strength to live among his fellows. If one fails, few are the tears that are shed or the helping hands held out to him. There is little feeling of kinship in our so-called civilization,

he said, and duty to one's fellow man occupies little space in our thoughts. Among untaught races, on the other hand, the speaker said that sincerity, honesty and chastity were generally observed until these qualities were destroyed by their relations with their civilized brothers. They are simply called barbarous, Mr. Copeland said, because their intellectual development is low, and we are considered civilized without reference to our humanity or our duty to our fellow men. Mr. Copeland thinks that our moral and intellectual faculties should be equally developed and that we might be benefited as much through contact with the simplicity of savage nations as they could learn from the knowledge of a scientific age.

"We are apt to call a race uncivilized," Mr. Copeland added, "simply because its methods in religion are different from ours. For instance, if they worship the sun we set them down as idolators without a thought of the meaning back of the act. Such a worshipper may bow to the sun as the symbol of light and life as Christians reverence the figure of a dove or a lamb. The truth of a man's devotion lies in the thought behind it and not in the manner of its performance. But if we become iconoclasts and criticise existing forms without effort to make things better it is worse than useless. We should make our work practical and try to show races in intellectual darkness that we feel toward them as brothers and that we can get a like benefit from them in return for what we attempt to give."—*Omaha Bee of May 2, 1898.*

## VOICES OF THE CENTURY—NO. V.

(Continued from No. 27.)

J. G. FICHTE.

BY THE REV. W. WILLIAMS.

THE star of Fichte had now begun to rise and shine out bright and clear. He had waited long and patiently, and success, which often spoils more than it benefits, dawned upon him; but he had learned to labor and wait, and from the elevation to which he had now attained he could look down with calmness and appreciate at its true worth the popular applause which greeted him from all quarters. This was not what he had struggled or cared for. He felt he had a mission to accomplish; to mould and fashion a career of usefulness and duty to his country and mankind in general, out of the unshaped possibilities of his life, and thus become a member of that great band of noble souls, likewise a co-worker with that invisible Brotherhood who have toiled and still are working for the ultimate enfranchisement of Humanity from the powers of error and ignorance, and the moral and spiritual evolution of mankind.

The position in which he was now placed was by no means a pleasant one, and would have dismayed a soul less strong than his. Those who know anything of student life in Germany will readily appreciate the difficulties, the trials of patience and endurance he was doomed to undergo. To be brought into personal contact and run the gauntlet of criticism, and to become the butt of the witticisms and practical joking of five hundred roystering and uncontrollable youths whom no authority was able to restrain from deeds of turbulence and violence, such was the prospect that lay before Fichte, and the great problem which in the very inception of his professorship he had to solve was, out of these wild elements of disorder, how to evoke order, to



awaken within these undisciplined youths ideas of true manliness, and train them to yield a willing obedience to that inward and oftentimes slumbering sense of duty which constitutes the basis of a true society, as also the chief essential in the formation of moral character. Others before him had attempted the difficult task and failed, but Fichte, gifted with indomitable perseverance and strength of character, aided and sustained by his faith in human nature and its amenability to lofty ideals when clearly and forcibly displayed, set himself to work and by a course of *Academical Discourses* succeeded almost beyond his hopes, and effected what all the university authorities, armed with the rigor of law, had failed to accomplish.

But Fichte was doomed to experience the fate that has frequently followed in the train of greatness. The reformation in the lives and conduct of these lawless students brought him envy and jealousy from his co-professors, who did their best to nullify the good work which he had effected. He is accused before the High Consistory at Weimar as a sabbath breaker by delivering lectures on a Sunday, from which eventually he was exonerated by the Duke, who fully acquitted him, commending his wisdom and prudence, and assured him of his continued good will and support.

And now, from that fertile brain of his, emanate works which won for him the respect and admiration of every one; such as his *Doctrine of Law*, the *Doctrine of Morals* which, unlike so many of his predecessors, he so expounds as to make them applicable to all the details of life and every department of knowledge. Thousands, wandering lost in the intricate mazes of life's labyrinth, subjected to the opposing influences of duty and interest, perplexed with its dark enigmas, bewildered with its unaccountable anomalies, eagerly yet vainly searching for the clue that shall lead them into a region of light, learned to regard Fichte with feelings of love and gratitude, for he taught them the true law of life which consists in implicit and unquestioning obedience to the promptings of the *Divine* within them and an unswerving adherence to the dictates of their duty to Humanity.

The forces of envy and malice are again working covertly and secretly for his downfall, and now Fichte has to endure being branded and stigmatized as an Atheist. It was a paltry and dastardly charge against one whose life had been a continuous adoration of the Divine, to whom the immeasurable universe had been but as a vast and solemn temple wherein, with all the earnest spirit of a great prophet, he had mused and worshipped, whose heroic sentiments and lofty contemplations tend permanently to inculcate and exalt a faith in the God-like, and to make it manifest in the consciences and visible activities of men.

This, however, has been the lot of those who outstrip their contemporaries in spiritual discernment, resulting in misconception and denunciation of their expressions of truths which do not accord with established opinions. The records of History and Literature are filled with accusations of Atheism and infidelity hurled against those whose names are revered by posterity. The charge was based upon misapprehension and ultimately caused Fichte to leave Jena and retire to Berlin, where he wrote a remarkable book on *The Destiny of Man*, extracts from which we shall give, in order that our readers may become acquainted with a writer whose lofty thoughts charm our minds and ex-

cite within our hearts aspirations after all that is manly and divine. His was a mind that fully understood and appreciated what Shakespeare meant when he wrote "There is a soul of goodness in things evil, would men observingly distil it out"; and this is what Fichte in all the trials and vicissitudes of his checkered career managed to do; to distill out those useful lessons of philosophy which, when rightly assimilated, make us strong to endure and outbrave all the fardels of life and develop a nobility of character which needs no kingly prerogative for its acknowledgment, no royal letters patent for its escutcheon, its title coming *jure divino*, by Divine Right.

### THE DREAM.

BY SARAH ANNA COMAN.

"And dreams in their development have breath,—  
And look like heralds of eternity;  
They pass like spirits of the past—they speak  
Like sibyls of the future; they have power."

COMING back through the mist of years, that have long since vanished, is a vision of lovely green meadows and a purling brook, over whose banks the weeping willows droop their graceful branches to the streamlet's edge, fondly mingling their dewdrop tears with its pure, sweet waters.

How oft have I stood upon the bridge and watched the clear stream, as it softly rolled along its bed over the brown sands and past the clumps of bushes just beyond, meandering onwards, seeking always the lowliest places, but still on, on, ever on to the sea. Little did I realize that those clear running waters must, at some time and somewhere, mingle their sweetness with the salt brine of the ocean. Still less did I foresee that I, too, was rushing forward to the great ocean of worldly life, whose waters would be as a salt brine that, in the quaffing, could only consume me with an intolerable thirst.

Those were dreamy days, I can see now the white farm houses dotted here and there with their neat barns and out-buildings, and the white picket-fences in front of the houses by the roadside; back of the fences in the yards are the lilac bushes, the roses, the hollyhocks and pæonies. Tall elms and stately oaks, with here and there the beautiful sugar maple, shade the dusty road leading up the mountain side, for everywhere, look which way you will, the fair vale lay encircled by those glorious mountains.

As Memory turns her pages, I seem to hear that soundless voice of long ago; it came so near that it fell upon my brow as a cool and gentle breeze, and yet I knew it was from such a distant clime. It took my soul away from my body. We floated in mid air; we followed wherever the all-compelling eye drew us. Strange it would seem, could I tell of that which we saw and realized. But the delicate thread that bound us to earth life, so subtle in its power, held us still in its mesh, and with a sigh we returned.

Through every dark and surging tide of life comes that nameless one. When the waves rush high and the ship almost sinks, the soundless voice whispers in my sleep words of comfort and strength, paints pictures and shows me a vision. Never once has this nameless one failed; never once has the faintest trace of error appeared, or the least false note been struck.

Just at the time when the late Convention at Chicago was in session, came such a vision. I saw at my right, three immense tablets of white marble fitted together so perfectly that they seemed as one stone; fitted together with the everlasting perfection which characterizes the workmanship of the interior of the Great Pyramid,

for not so much as the edge of a sheet of note paper could have been introduced between the tablets. Traced upon and covering these tablets was one beautiful harmonious design, a bas-relief; designed, traced, and half cut in all its parts, perfect in its workmanship, perfect in its conception. The pure white stone gleamed and radiated light. Standing by these tablets was the present leader; they were her handiwork, or at least, she was their custodian. I scanned the design and the stones earnestly. All were perfect and pure white, without one spot, blemish or flaw of any kind. The whiteness was so unusual in its intensity and radiating brilliancy! She was offering these tablets to a few people who stood at the left and looked dark and forbidding. They were strangers to me. They shook their heads, turned away, and would have none of the beauty, whiteness, purity, and enduring strength of those tablets. Over her face came one of those peculiar expressions, which, to me, says, "I have done all I could; I wash my hands. Be the sin upon their own heads."

I was so surprised at the rejection of the tablets by those dark ones, that I looked again at the tablets with all my soul—my soul never deceives me—and I said to myself, "not one flaw, not a spot, not the slightest blemish, white as the whiteness of the robes of purity," and then my dream was passed, and as I opened my eyes, I knew there were some poor souls at the Convention in Chicago, who had lost their way, and heard not the Shepherd's voice.

"My dream was past; it had no further change.  
It was of a strange order."

### APHORISMS.

NOTHING is godliness, but compassion towards all life and being;  
Nothing is wisdom, but a refraining from worldliness;  
Nothing is a blessing, but reason and health;  
Nothing is love, but equity;  
Nothing is equity, but what may be willed to be had by another;  
Nothing is truth, but what is known without hearing it from another;  
Nothing is falsehood, but what one's self knows it cannot be true;  
Nothing is folly, but the believing and disbelieving implicitly of what another may say;  
Nothing is a delight, but a conscience devoid of guilt;  
No one is prudent, but he who knows how to support himself from himself;  
Nothing is generosity, but the enduring of every hardship for the good of another;  
Nothing is happiness, but rationality;  
Nothing is rationality, but godliness;  
Nothing is godliness, but compassion towards all life and being.

### IN MEMORIAM.

Our departed sister, Mrs. Anna M. T. Leidy, of Kansas City, who died in the knowledge of and with belief in the Theosophical philosophy, was a woman of splendid and venerable character.

She grew up with the usual teachings and belief, but when she found that this faith could not satisfy her ever broadening and searching mind, she became a religious free-thinker, until about five years ago, when she heard of Theosophy and its gospel of "Truth, Light, and Liberation for discouraged humanity," she at once became a sincere and eager student and follower of its philosophy.



## OF DEEPER BIRTH.

BY WILLIAM JAMESON.

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

— Wordsworth

## CHAPTER XXII.

AGNES NIMBLE-FOOT.

AMONG the many benefits conferred upon our age by H. P. Blavatsky, not the least are her contributions to the science of History. For, she has given the world a fresh standpoint from whence to survey the records of its Past. I, for one, do not hesitate to call her the Copernicus of History: while conventional historians, no matter how great their fame, can only—by reason of their defective outlook—be regarded as in the Ptolemaic stage of thought on this most important subject. Regarding this earth as the centre of the solar system (to go no further), medieval astronomers became hopelessly bewildered by their own discoveries. Similar confusion characterizes History, as hitherto written. Why? Because of the exaggerated importance given by historians, either to the century in which they live, or to the civilization to which they belong; or, to both.

Little wonder, then, that the relative value of epochs in the life of Mankind cannot be understood by people who tacitly make of their *present* age an ideal standard of historic values.

Little wonder that human origins have either been abruptly limited to a fanciful six thousand years, or, if extended, made to resolve into a uniform savagery, somewhere about the Neolithic age, seeing that those who write our histories have not the faintest conception of the Cyclic laws governing the family of man:—laws which demand vast sweeps of time as the field of their action; and, what one might call a *permanent minimum of intelligence*, in the race for their orderly fulfilment.

Now it is perfectly true that H. P. Blavatsky does not supply us with any distinct text book on the science of history. What she chiefly does is to place acknowledged facts in new relations. With the acceptance of this fresh arrangement, is necessarily involved a reconstruction of historic method. By the application of the reorganized method, other facts are disclosed, and so on; until it dawns upon the student that the Past (or at any rate the surface thereof) lies before him in natural and sequent array. Ptolemy yields to Copernicus.

The above reflections may, perhaps, indicate to readers of this story some of the reasons for my boldness in inviting them to settle with me in Norway, at a period (600 years B. C.) of which there is no written record, and there watch events. In imagination, however, I have already spent three or four months in that delightful country. This happened nearly twenty years ago, when I was writing a serial story for boys, of which King Olaf Tryggvason was the hero. I mention the circumstance, not to justify our present wild excursion, but merely to indicate that I know a little about the roads leading to pre-historic Scandinavia. Yet, crude as were the experiences then gained, I do not think I should have felt easy in making the present journey but for that preliminary trip.

Well, King Olaf, who travelled a bit in his time, lived and reigned nine hundred years ago. Tacitus, writing almost at the commencement of the Christian era, describes the people of Scandinavia as being "rich in ships." So that we may reckon ourselves to be more than two-thirds of our journey towards the period to be discussed,

without sight of those ignorant barbarians who figure in popular history as ancestors of the English speaking race! Let us take heart then for the rest of our way.

Agnes nimble-foot, daughter of Heimer the Smith, lay among the flowers one afternoon in June, her eyes fixed upon the blue waters of the Drontheim Fiord. From time to time a familiar cow would draw near to the girl, just to have its nose scratched, giving fair exchange for this enjoyment, however, in the sweet perfume of its breath. Other interruption there was none; for her mother, she knew, was then sleeping the sleep of the thoughtful housewife. The Norsefolk have ever loved to slumber on summer afternoons, so that they might enjoy unwearied the glorious calm of the midnight hour.

Agnes was the smith's youngest child and only daughter. She was spoilt somewhat, I fear, by her father, and over-chidden perhaps by her mother. 'Tis the way of mothers sometimes, after the training of a crowd of turbulent boys has fixed their natures in vigilant sternness, to lose touch of tenderer methods.

Yet there was often occasion that Nanna, the smith's wife, should be sharp with her daughter; for Agnes nimble-foot had earned her name daringly. She had long been the leader of the maidens belonging to the township of Nidaros in all manner of wild exploits. And those Norse girls of two thousand five hundred years ago were well able to challenge their brothers to contests of skill or courage. Especially bold was the smith's daughter in all manner of water sports, whether swimming or boating, or sailing across the Drontheim Fiord on water-shoes. Yet her mother was not so very fearful after all about the risks of these water frolics, since Agnes, being born under the influence of the god Niord (Neptune), was—so said Gerutha the scald—not likely to die by drowning. On hearing this, our reckless lass badly wanted to go seafaring along with her brothers, but her mother made answer by boxing her ears soundly, so the subject was dropped.

It was about those brothers of hers (four out of the six of them at least), that Agnes was thinking as she looked far away down the fiord. They had sailed quite early in the year for eastern seas, carrying with them some of their father's handicraft among other goods. They hoped to win as far as a port called Tyre, whence a race of bold seamen now and again had found their way even to the Scandinavian coasts. Now, these brethren were Gerd, the eldest (who was married and dwelt at Lade), Hamlet, Bil, and Thorolf. All of them joined their father in spoiling her; but Thorolf excelled the others. He was certain to bring back some bright raiment for her from the markets of the east. So of course, Agnes thought a little more about Thorolf than his brothers, while watching for them all.

However, no sail came within sight that afternoon; and Agnes nimble-foot being but eighteen years old, and not given over much to meditation, grew weary of lying still.

She rose, and with one last look down the fiord, turned, and running across the meadow where she had been resting, and scattering the feeding cows as she ran, came shortly to a hill path. This would lead her to the plantation of fir trees where her two youngest brothers Egil and Ulf were busy wood-cutting. Her notion was to help them in bringing home the fuel that was needed for her father's forge.

But as she climbed the hill she heard a sound that drew her back again. It was just the 'ting, ting, ting'—slow and melodious, that marked the downfall of the smith's mighty hammer. So Agnes left her poor brothers to do their own wood bearing—for that day at any rate; and five minutes later was watching with expectant curiosity a glowing mass of metal that Heimer the smith was hammering into definite shape. Agnes always felt a kind of awe when she beheld her father at his work. She never knew beforehand what would happen to the ruddy metal hissing upon the anvil, as that big hammer attacked it. Yet presently the marks, clear and intelligible, of her father's mind would begin to show themselves in the outlines of the shapened mass. How was it that he could effect these wondrous transformations? Did the Divine smith, Volund, guide the strokes her father made?

[To be continued.]

## THE WISDOM OF CATWG.

(Continued.)

THE NULLITIES OF CATWG.

WITHOUT a teacher, without instruction;  
Without instruction, without knowledge;  
Without knowledge, without wisdom;  
Without wisdom, without piety;  
Without piety, without God;  
Without God, without everything.

## INTERDICTIONS.

SEEK not Heaven through thy perjury.  
Seek nothing where thou oughtest not.  
Seek not confidence from pride.  
Seek not to become highly exalted lest thou come lower.  
Seek not to attain above self-attainment.  
Seek not to repeat a request to the obdurate.  
Seek no secrecy about what many know.  
Seek no benefit from vain boasting.  
Seek not to throw credit on thy falsehood.  
Seek not warmth under ice.  
Seek not to contravene thy equal.  
Seek not to contend with thy better.  
Seek not to confide in him, that shall threaten thee.  
Seek not welcome under a frown.  
Seek not gladness without a smile,  
Seek not to play with the infirm and old,  
Seek no benefit from idleness.  
Seek not wealth from inattention.  
Seek not to jest with thy foe.  
Abuse no one, of whom thou art in fear.  
Cast blame on no one, for the fault, that may belong to thyself.  
Fight not with the silly.  
Spend not the penny until thou gettest it.  
Sell not heaven for earth.  
Stand not on cruelty.  
Seek not to consult but with the wise.  
Sojourn but with the fortunate.—Taken from the CAMBRO-BRITON, published 1820.

"It has more than once occurred to me that many dreams are real, and that it is some deficiency in our perceptions that causes us to think them unreal."—Alexis Krause.

"In the spaces of thought are the reaches of land and water, where men go and come. The landscape lays far and fair within, and the deepest thinker is the farthest travelled."—Thoreau.



## CHORDS OF HARMONY.

FROM THE "FRIENDS IN COUNSEL."

(Correspondence Class.)

144 Madison Avenue, New York.

DEAR COMRADES:

I came across the following lines recently, while reading from my favorite author, Thoreau—nature's friend:

"We could not help contrasting the equanimity of nature with the bustle and impatience of man. His words and actions presume always a crisis near at hand, but she is ever silent and unpretending."

How very true of the present time, not only in location, but all the world over.

Humanity is swayed back and forth, pulsating like a pendulum, moved by a great unrest. Every nation has its supposed cause for uneasiness; so it is with communities, societies and individuals. Even our beloved movement has been somewhat drawn into the vortex of excitement. However, the deflecting force was not strong enough to draw it sufficiently far out of its orbit to endanger the cause, and it has again returned to its beaten track to resume the old time equanimity. One point strikes me as being significant, and that is: by far the majority of our old members—those "tried and found not wanting"—have been self-possessed, silent and hopeful, confident of right conquering in the end. Is this not an indication that the faithful ones, who have followed the dictation of their higher natures and the instructions of their recognized Leader, are closer in touch with nature and nature's God? Does it not mean that Humanity is being lifted upward and onward on the Perfect Way; that

"The times are not degenerate—  
Men's faith mounts higher than of old."

and

"God's great primeval plan  
Is fast unfolding in the soul of man?"

Let us follow Nature! "the kind old nurse," for we could not have a better guide, and the sooner we come in touch with Nature and Nature's laws, the better will it be for us.

Yours, A LOVER OF NATURE.

DEAR COMRADE: *Anno Fraternitatis Universalis.* How do you like the appearance of it; how do you like the sound of it? In other words, how do you feel, as a pioneer of the new century?

It seems to bring a thrill of joy, an awakening to a new life, and it rouses all the patriotism in one's nature. Speaking of patriotism, we had an interesting talk about it at a dinner, recently. Our host, a man of science, was inquiring whether one could feel as patriotic toward other countries, as that of one's birth. Two Americans present had been educated abroad. A foreigner, who had known little of America until middle age, declared that the sight of our flag roused more patriotism than his national one. The argument, that Brotherhood is the basis of Patriotism and that one can feel "the thrill" in any country, was disputed by our host, who gave a neat description of Brotherhood in declaring that, "Patriotism seems to be the result of man's gregarious instinct and the necessity that a community feels for unity."

"I was born an American; I live an American; I shall die an American." And yet—comrade—"the world is my country."

What we need is a world-Patriotism.

And some day—perhaps in A. F. U.—? Humanity will have "one country, one constitution, one destiny."

With deepest trust, PIONEER.

## THE OUTLOOK.

ONCE again we have come to the "parting of the ways." It has happened many times, and each time it has served its purpose and inculcated its lessons. The great Brotherhood Movement of the ages has ever progressed by a series of periodical shocks, which are absolutely necessary to its healthy continuance and development. A sifting process takes place, and those are thrown out whose real inspirations are not along the true lines of the Movement. In the present case nearly all those who have rebelled against the step taken by the Movement could have been named long beforehand by their fellow workers. It has been a gradual and quite evident process with most of them, and it will not help the work to lament their loss. Prominent among them are the objectors, the critics, the self-constituted judges of the Leader's methods.

One is speechless at the insolence of the thing. By their works shall ye know them! Let one of these knowing persons evolve anything to compare with, for instance, the Crusade, and then carry it to a successful issue. But genius has always had its ignorant critics and enemies, who presume to judge its work by the existing standards, forgetting that the function of the leaders of the world's thought is to draw men and women onwards out of the established order into wider and nobler fields of action.

\* \* \*

Let us feel thankful that the Leader now has sufficient power placed in her hands to enable her to deal effectively with these dangerous forces in the future. The actual leadership of the Movement has always been a pure dictatorship. H. P. Blavatsky's word was always final. It was the same with W. Q. Judge. They never abused their power; nor need we fear that the present Leader ever will. But the whole thing is protective to the members and the Movement in the highest degree. This will very soon be clearly recognized, and it will be found that membership in the UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD ORGANIZATION will be looked upon as a privilege by all who are bent on altruistic work.—*From The Crusader.*

## IMPORTANT NOTICE TO U. B. LODGES.

AS there exists a desire on the part of several U. B. Lodges to advertise their meetings in THE NEW CENTURY, we make the following offer:

It is recommended first, that all Lodges carry in this paper a standing weekly advertisement of three lines, setting forth the location of their rooms together with the day and hour of meeting;

Secondly, that a certain number of copies be bought every week at a reduced rate. Each Lodge can then bracket its ad with a colored pencil and distribute these marked copies at meetings, send them to persons interested in our work and likely to affiliate themselves with the Movement, or dispose of them by many other efficient methods.

The objects to be attained as a result of this advertising are fourfold:

First.—The attendance at public meetings will be greatly increased, as this provides an interesting and attractive form of invitation, one that will appeal to people who can be reached in no other way; for, whereas a poster would be passed by and a handbill or printed invitation be cast aside, a person after receiving a copy of the paper and reading a few of the articles would become sufficiently interested of his own accord to attend the

first meeting on seeing the notice of your Lodge on the last page.

Second.—Through an increase in attendance, a consequent addition to your membership.

Third.—A material increase in the circulation of THE NEW CENTURY.

Fourth.—And last, though not least, through this means, the advancement of the Cause, for which we all are striving, by making it more universally known, and in promulgating the principle of Universal Brotherhood and its kindred teachings.

We give below a sample of an ad, such as we propose inserting:

UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD LODGE NO. 80,  
95 WEST GENESEE STREET, BUFFALO, N. Y.  
Meetings: Sunday, Tuesday and Friday Evenings at Eight.

The nominal charge of \$1.50 per month will be made for such an ad, payments to be made in advance.

Papers for distribution will be furnished at three cents per copy. These can be kept on sale, as well as distributed gratuitously, thus covering all expenses in many cases.

It is important that prompt action be taken on this, in order that we may know the amount of space required so that the necessary arrangements may be made; also the number of papers that will be taken weekly should be known as early as possible.

We strongly recommend the adoption of the above, knowing as we do, the many advantages to be gained, and for the reason that it is endorsed by the Leader.

"Every being, every society, every institution has work to do. It is in the finding of that work and in the doing of it that the welfare of the man or of the institution lies. This is the universal principle of the whole creation, alike on its material, its moral and its spiritual sides."—*Principal Millar*, in "The Outlook."

"There is, however, this consolation to the most way-worn traveller, upon the dustiest road, that the path his feet describe is so perfectly symbolical of human life,—now climbing the hills, now descending the vales. From the summit he beholds the heavens and the horizon, from the vales he looks up to the heights again. He is treading his old lesson still, and though he may be very weary and travel-worn, it is yet sincere experience."—*Thoreau.*

## THE PACIFIC THEOSOPHIST,

A monthly Theosophical journal devoted to the practical realization of Universal Brotherhood. Edited by DR. JEROME A. ANDERSON. Subscription, \$1.00 per year. Address:

THE LOTUS PUBLISHING CO.,  
1170 MARKET STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

## UNIVERSALER BRUDERBUND

(Universal Brotherhood.)

A sixteen page bi-monthly magazine of our members in Germany. Subscription 75 cents for ten numbers.

Address: PAUL RAATZ,  
Königsgrätzerstr. 67,  
Berlin, S. W., Germany.

## ONLY 125 PRINTED.

A series of reprints from the writings of Wm. Q. Judge. "Wandering Eye," "Skin of the Earth," "Tell-Tale Picture Gallery," "A Weird Tale," "The Hollow Globe." This latter probably from the pen of H. P. B. All of these articles are linked together in a very significant manner. Handsomely bound. Sent post-paid on receipt of price, \$1.50. Address, W. W. Harmon, Chamber of Commerce, Boston, Mass.



# INTERNATIONAL BROTHERHOOD LEAGUE.

(UNSECTARIAN)

FOUNDED APRIL 29TH, 1897.

## OBJECTS.

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

## OFFICERS.

### ON INTERNATIONAL BROTHERHOOD LEAGUE MATTERS address

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

## THE STRUGGLE FOR EXISTENCE.

BY R. W. MACHELL.

THIS phrase, the struggle for existence, is expressive of the life of the majority of beings on this earth, if looked at in the ordinary materialistic way, and it is supposed by some to be an explanation of all the problems of life that trouble men's minds to-day. For there is a strange tendency among the unthinking masses to catch hold of a phrase, repeating it whenever they are in difficulties and pretending that it explains something. But the real use of such phrases is to enable the lazy ones to avoid thinking. The same mental lethargy leads people into fatalism and makes them pretend that the habits of their race are a foreordained destiny which can not be altered; the next step in self-deception being to call these acquired habits not merely destiny, but laws of nature. This phrase, "The Struggle for Existence," describes just such an old habit of the human race, and is now believed to be a law of nature not to be changed by man. This view of the matter is, of course, strengthened by the observation of other forms of life than the human family, for we can see the struggle for existence reaching an acute stage in some of the animals and insects.

Most of you are probably familiar with the house that Jack built, in which the struggle for existence is naïvely described, when "the cow with the crumpled horn tossed the dog, that worried the cat, that killed the rat, that ate the malt, that lay in the house that Jack built." This is just what goes on in the kingdoms of nature between the vegetable and the human stage, and, indeed, there are certain plants that catch flies and insects and suck out the life blood of their victims; while, in the human kingdom, the struggle for existence assumes its worst form, for human beings, although conscious of the law of love, sympathy and altruism, yet allow the struggle for existence to become an excuse to them for preying upon each other like vampires and parasites of the race, fighting to snatch the means of subsistence from one another's hands. And man, in his folly, imagines that this is the normal condition of affairs through which he must

pass before becoming fit to enjoy some paradise that his crimes and follies have fitted him to adorn. I do not believe that this is true; I believe that it was man who first brought this evil thing into the world and made a hell of the fair garden of earth, wherein the "Joy of Life" alone should reign; I believe that it is man who is the creator of thoughts and ideas, that is to say, that he stamps the mark of his ideals upon the vibrating ether of the world-mind, and then all the lower kingdoms of nature unconsciously build up their existence on the model of the ideas thrown out by man into that world-mind, in which they too have their being.

All ancient legends speak of a golden age long past, and some tell of a golden age to come, when peace and love shall take the place of the struggle for existence. I believe these legends are right in a sense, and that the time is coming when humanity will no longer consent to be the slave of its own dead ideals, and when it will dethrone this superstition—the struggle for existence—which it at present worships as a divine dispensation, or a law of nature. You may think this fanciful, but I believe that the mind of humanity is the mind of the earth and that all beings share in it to some extent; also, that man is the *thinker* and makes the mould of ideas for the rest of the world to follow in, so that, if one turn to the lower kingdoms of nature to find explanation of the evils that beset the human family, we find there only the reflection of our own vices, fully developed in one or another species of animal life.

But what is the real struggle? is it a natural fight of humanity against the elements of nature? That certainly goes on all the time. We have to make efforts and struggles to keep ourselves warm, to protect ourselves from the weather, to make the earth yield crops for our use. Yes, man has to contend with difficulties in nature all the time, but that kind of struggle is a joy, not a grinding misery, for man learns that to live, he must work *with* and help Nature, she, in turn, helping him, thus both rejoice and are glad, and the struggle for existence in such a case becomes a sport and a joy; that which makes life a curse and a long drawn misery is the struggle of man against man for the control of the means of subsistence, not for mere existence. To say that the suffering in the world is caused by the struggle for existence, is to state but one part of the truth and to ignore the real cause of the struggle. This latter is the fight for power, the struggle for supremacy, for wealth. And what is wealth but the power to control the means of subsistence, the power to interfere with the natural work of Nature and Humanity, and by getting possession of the means of subsistence of the race to force them to fight with one another for bare existence? So, I hold it is the scramble for wealth that produces the struggle for existence.

Now this is well known to plenty of people, and we are all familiar with the abuse of the rich by the poor, of the parasitic class by the workers, and we are also familiar with the retort of the rich that if a poor man can become rich he will do so and stick to his riches and be as tyrannical as any other rich man. The retort is true, and in that lies a real reason for the difficulty in altering the existing state of things. The desire for wealth, the wish to hold power, the hatred of

work, are not confined to one class of the race; they are the vices of all classes. But the vices can be cured, for they are due to ignorance and superstition; ignorance of the true nature of man, of his true place in Nature, and a superstitious belief in the sacred and unchanging nature of that cursed formula "the struggle for existence." We have come to believe that it is natural and proper for some men to be rich and some poor, and for all to compete, one *against* another, for their existence. So we go on, creating this idea in the thought-sphere of the world and binding our minds with fetters of our own making.

[To be continued.]

CLINTON, IOWA, April 15, 1898.

EDITOR OF THE NEW CENTURY:

Clinton Lodge, No. 71, U. B., held anniversary exercises April 13th, at the residence of Mr. Henry Edmunds, in memory of William Q. Judge.

Mr. Edmunds delivered a short address on the life and character of Mr. Judge, his successor—our present Leader—the Theosophical Movement in general, and the Lotus Circle organization in particular, which was followed by some fine selections, accompanied on the organ by Miss Peterson, a leading musician.

Selections from "The Voice of the Silence," "Two Paths," and remarks on Universal Brotherhood by Mr. Freeman, interspersed with the children's exercises, consisting of vocal music and recitations, also a dozen pieces on the graphophone, closed the programme.

After which a light lunch was served by the hostess, Mrs. Edmunds, assisted by several of the ladies present.

There was a large number in attendance. After a vote of thanks had been given to the host and hostess, Mr. Edmunds replied, thanking all those who had participated in making it a success. CHAS. E. FREEMAN, *Secretary*.

ROCKLAND, ME., U. S. A., April 25, 1898.

EDITOR OF THE NEW CENTURY:

Rockland Lodge, No. 141, U. B., was organized on the evening of the 24th, and made choice of the following officers: Augusta C. Mathen, President; Edward S. Stearns, First Vice-President; P. McNamara, Second Vice-President; A. I. Mathen, Secretary and Treasurer; Harry A. Mathen, Librarian. Meetings are to be held weekly. The members of this lodge have access to one of the best stocked occult libraries in this section of the State.

## THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHIST,

A monthly magazine devoted to UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD and the work of Katherine A. Tingley. Published at Dublin, Ireland, and edited by Dr. H. A. W. Coryn and F. J. Dick.

Subscription, \$1.00 per year.

This magazine is practically a continuation of THE IRISH THEOSOPHIST. It has many excellent features, and is well worthy of the support of all members of U. B. and T. S. A. The low price brings it within the reach of all. Address:

F. J. DICK,

13, EUSTACE STREET, - DUBLIN, IRELAND.

## The Crusader,

devoted to the cause of UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD, edited by Basil Crump, and published on the 13th and 27th of each month. Subscription, 75c. per annum. Address:

THE CRUSADER PUBLISHING CO.,  
3, VERNON PLACE,  
LONDON, W. C.

## Australian Theosophist.

A MONTHLY AUSTRALIAN JOURNAL devoted to UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD, THEOSOPHY and ARCHAIC SCIENCE. Edited by T. W. Williams. Subscription, \$1.00 per annum for all countries in the Postal Union. Address:

MANAGER, "AUSTRALIAN THEOSOPHIST,"  
Box 1292, G. P. O.  
SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA.



# CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT

OF THE INTERNATIONAL BROTHERHOOD LEAGUE (UNSECTARIAN).

## LOTUS GROUPS.

GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT, ELIZABETH C. MAYER.

### THE STORY OF THE PILGRIM-PRINCE.

BY M. G. F.

THERE was once a beautiful little prince who lived in the Kingdom of Light, where everything about him was shining, and bright, and happy.

The birds sang all day for him, the flowers talked to him, the soft little breezes kissed his cheek, and he never knew from the beginning of one sweet day to the end what it was to be unhappy. Indeed, he had never even so much as heard of unhappiness or pain.

But he was not a very wise little prince. He knew only the things in his garden, for a great hedge with shining star-like flowers grew all around it, so high that he could not look over it.

One day, he grew tired of the birds and the flowers, and sitting down on a bank to rest, he began for the first time in his life to wonder what was outside the great hedge. "I wish it were not so high," said he, "then I might climb over. Perhaps if I hunt I may find a little hole to peep through."

He walked slowly around the garden, but the branches were thick and strong everywhere, and he was just ready to give up his search when he spied a little white stone door nearly hidden by the leaves and flowers of the hedge. "Why!" said the little Prince, "I never saw *that* before." He came closer to it and, brushing the leaves away, he saw, written over the top, "The Pilgrim's Door." "What is a pilgrim?" wondered the Prince. "There are none in the garden, I'm sure." Then he pushed more flowers away and read this, "Who passes here cannot return, save by the path of Lives."

"The path of Lives! how strange," thought the Prince, "I never heard of it. I should like to try it."

He laid his hand on the door and pushed gently. "Cannot return," he read again. "Why not? if I leave the door ajar I have only to come right back, and anyway, I'm tired of the garden; I want to see what is outside." Another push, and the little door swung softly back and the Prince found himself in a mossy path with great shady overhanging trees, such as he had never seen before. New flowers of a deeper color and with strange shapes looked up at him from the moss and he began plucking them here and there. But they withered in his hand almost as soon as he touched them, so he threw them away and went farther in search of new ones. Presently he thought of the little door and turned to look at it, but it had disappeared entirely. "Never mind," said the little Prince, "it is there in the hedge, behind the trees, I can easily find it when I want to go back; but I must first get some flowers that do not fade and catch that great red bird on the bush down there." So he ran after the bird which flew on, from bush to bush down the mountain side, and when he finally caught it would not sing like the birds of the garden, but pecked him till he let it go. He darted off after another and another, till the day passed and, as it began to grow dark, he thought of his own garden again, and turned to go back. Then how astonished he was to see the mountain covered with dark forests towering up so high behind

him. "I can never find the way back," he said, "I must wait until it is light in the morning."

So he ate some berries, drank from a little stream near by, and then lay down to sleep on the moss. When he awoke the sun was shining brightly and he laughed at his fear of the night before. "There's no use in going back just yet," he said, "I have all the day before me."

So he ran on and on, more and more eagerly, not noticing that the path grew rough and stony, till suddenly night came again. The great rock seemed no nearer, and he had lost the path entirely. Day after day he wandered on, his little feet scratched with thorns, his fair white clothing torn and soiled, till he grew to look more like a little beggar than a prince. He had left the forest and the mountain far behind now and was in a great valley with high rocks on either side. At the far end of the valley he came finally to a great wall of rock, with a cave in it, over which was written in huge black letters, "The cave of Illusion." "I think this must be the way out," said the poor little prince, and he groped his way along in the dark passage, till he struck his head against the rock, and blinded and stunned with pain, he fell down, down to the bottom of a great cavern.

Bye and bye he came to himself, and lying there in the dark on his back, he cried bitterly to think that he should never again see his beautiful home, and his father, the great King Atma. Presently he fell asleep and dreamed that his father stood over him and gently touched him, saying, "My son, remember *your tools*." When he awakened Manas remembered a little golden box that had always hung around his neck, locked fast. "Perhaps my tools are in that," said he. "I never opened it to see." He felt in his bosom and drew the little box forth. There was a queer spring on the lid which he pressed hard, and after a second the cover flew up, and there lay a silver wand with a tiny star-shaped flower, like those of the hedge, carved on its tip. A little jewel was in the centre of the flower, which shone with such a bright clear light that Manas could see distinctly. Cut in the handle of the wand was just one word—*Love*.

By its side in the casket lay a stout little chisel of steel with a sharp edge, and on the blade Manas read again—*Will*. "*Love and Will*," said the prince, "I wish I knew how to use them." The little jewel flower in his hand seemed to glow and burn brighter as he looked at it, and made a spot of light around him in the dark cave. As he watched it, suddenly it occurred to him that he might climb the walls of the cave. He looked up, and, far, far above him, he could see a tiny speck of daylight no bigger than his hand.

"No, I can never, never do it," sobbed the poor prince. But the little jewel shone away brightly as if to say, "*Try it!*" So, bye and bye, he got up and holding the wand before him, he groped his way to the wall, and began to search for a foothold. But the stones were all smooth and slippery, and he was ready to cry with disappointment again when he thought of the chisel. "Why that must be to cut steps with," he exclaimed, and he jumped up at once and began cutting away at a rock with might and main.

Oh, how hard it was! and the chisel was so

tiny that it would only cut a bit at a time. After a while, however, he had a little step just large enough to put his foot in. As he lifted himself up holding the little wand, the light from the star fell on a word carved in the stone. Slowly he spelled it out—*p-r-i-d-e*. At either side the stones were bare and smooth. "That must be a sign-post to the right way up, I think," said Manas, and he began cutting harder than ever, till he had risen quite above the stone.

Once more he lifted his wand, and this time the little star showed him another word higher up—*anger*. This stone was harder than the other and he worked a long time to cut a niche in it. After a while he found that the rays from his little star were warm, as well as bright, and that if they fell steadily on the hard stone they softened it for his chisel. Indeed he learned many things as he toiled on up the side of the dark cave.

There were so many, many stones, and it seemed that those with the signs, were the hardest of all. Often he tried to cut his way through others; but they always crumbled away under his feet, and after falling once or twice and nearly losing his tools, he gave it up and worked steadily on cutting through one sign-post after another—*malice, envy, greed, impatience, disobedience, hate*—and with each stone left behind, the little star grew brighter and the chisel, strange to say, sharper and stronger, while all the time the spot of daylight above grew larger and larger.

Now and then, came a broad ledge on which he could lie and rest for a little while, but he found even this dangerous, for once, as he slept, a great black bird, whose name was Magic, flew down from her nest on the walls and lit upon his breast, pecking at his face and nearly throwing him from the ledge before he could strike her off with his chisel.

As he came nearer and nearer the top, the light from above dazzled his eyes, so that he could scarcely see to cut—and one of the last great stones, a huge block of granite, named *Desire*, was so hard that his little hands were bleeding and sore with working upon it.

Only the warm bright star *Love*,—now like a great seven-pointed sun, kept his courage from failing.

At last he reached the very topmost stone and, weary and spent, he climbed out into the beautiful sunshine, to find himself by his Father's side in his own beautiful garden, a thousandfold more beautiful than before.

"But, my father," said the prince as he looked around him. "What has happened? It is surely our beautiful garden but it is changed too!"

"See," said the father, pointing. "The hedge is gone. Each day a flower gave its life that your jewel wand might be warm and bright in your hand, and with the last one you returned. You need it no more, my son, for you have passed the Pilgrim's door, and trodden the long 'Path of Lives.' Now you are free to come and go as you will." Manas looked, and far, far down the mountain he saw the valley nestled among the great rocks glistening white in the sunshine. "I'm glad I went, my father!" he replied, softly, "for I should never have really known *how* beautiful it is here if I had not been in that dreadful dungeon."



# UNIVERSAL



# BROTHERHOOD

KATHERINE A. TINGLEY,  
FOUNDERESS.

CENTRAL OFFICE,  
144 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK.

## ORGANIZATION.

### A LAW-GOVERNED UNIVERSE.

BY JEROME A. ANDERSON.

IF one puts his hand in a flame it is burned; if he falls into water, he sinks; if he mistakes arsenic for cream of tartar, and eats of it, he dies; if he becomes a drunkard, his face soon proclaims the fact; if he commits sins or crimes, he benumbs his conscience. This is a law-governed universe; there is no effect without its preceding cause; there is no cause which is not inevitably followed by its appropriate effect.

Looking about us, we see a world filled with injustice. Looking a little closer, we observe that this is man-created, entirely. Nature deals with men with the severest impartiality. All are born in the same manner; all must obey her laws or suffer the penalties; all must die at the end of their life.

What are the man-created causes, then, which have produced this almost universal prevalence of evil in the world? Why are the great majority of mankind suffering and unhappy? Why are some rich, others poor; some healthy, others diseased or deformed; some virtuous, yet wretched; others vicious, yet apparently enjoying at least a temporary happiness? For unless we can find the answer to these questions, what hope is there for us? Unless we dig evil up by the roots it will grow again; unless we know where the roots are, how can we know where to dig? What are the CAUSES which have produced these EFFECTS?

The shallow reasoner will reply, "human selfishness." He who thinks more deeply will answer, "human ignorance." Ignorance of the laws of nature; ignorance that man is a soul; of his origin, power, destiny. For so-called selfishness is but an example of force taking the direction of the least resistance, which law expresses a deep, far-reaching truth in nature. Happiness is the motive which prompts all human action; selfishness is but the attempt to attain this with the least personal exertion; the perversion, through ignorance, of the law that force must follow the line of least resistance. All evil is force misdirected. Therefore, those who are acting selfishly are neither vicious nor criminal; they are ignorant. They are selfish in that they desire their own happiness whatever may befall others; but when they take that which seems to them the quickest and easiest road to happiness, they are only obeying blindly and ignorantly, the same law which makes physical force choose the direction also of the least resistance.

\* \* \*

Since it is right to seek happiness by the easiest and most direct method (or nature would not set us the example), and since most men are unhappy, it is evident that for each to seek his own happiness, regardless of that of others, is a mistake, for the causes thus set in action have brought about, under the greater law of cause and effect, the present unhappy state of affairs. Each for himself is not a law of nature; on the contrary, it punishes action of this kind most severely. Each for himself is thus shown not to be the easiest road to happiness, but to lead in

the opposite direction, for its fruit is always increasing unhappiness.

So, by the simplest logic, we have arrived at the truth that the shortest road to human happiness lies in working for others. There is a reason for this being the law, and we must find it.

Why cannot happiness be attained by each seeking it for himself? Because men are not independent of each other; if they really were, each struggling for himself would certainly be the easiest method. Each would have to preserve all his energies for his own use; none might work for others without risking his own happiness.

But nature rebukes this doctrine. She shows that to work for self is to sow the wind whose reaping is the whirlwind. She compels men to recognize that they are brothers through and by the law of cause and effect—which is thus seen to be the active, all potential, and ever-present WILL of GOD.

The happiness of any and every unit, then, depends upon the whole of humanity, and not upon itself at all. Isolate man from his fellows, and he will be sorely put to it to maintain life; civilization would be impossible. The true object of civilization is to enable men to more effectively aid each other. Our present civilization, while primarily intended to accomplish this, has become so perverted that it is distinctly individualistic; each for himself, each an Ishmael, with his hand raised menacingly against all other men.

This is the error whose results are selfishness. Correct it; teach men that their interests are one; that the wrong of one is the concern of all; that criminals are but diseased cells in the body of humanity. But correct it in the right way. It cannot be done by the poor railing against the rich, nor by the rich despising the poor. When the rich become poor, they are the most bitter railers; when the poor become rich, they are the most heartless of taskmasters. The present evil system is perpetuated solely because it offers hope of even the poorest rising, by some chance, to conditions of ease or affluence. The poor do not honestly desire the present unbrotherly system changed; they hope only that fortune's wheel will turn them out a prize in the end.

Poor and rich desire no change because they are ignorant. Their ideals are alike wealth, power, ease. Intellect is only valued as it becomes a power to force success in attaining these ideals. The desire to build up a strong, compassionate character; to become merciful, just, Christ-like—what place have these in the thoughts of men? And they have no place because men have been taught to believe that they live upon this earth but once, when the simplest reasoning shows that, no matter what conception of God men may have, they must recognize that having placed them here once, Deity, or the Divine law, is able to do so again; and that the purpose of life evidently not being accomplished by one life, it would only be a reasonable presumption that souls should return here to complete their unfinished lessons.

When men realize that they are here upon earth to learn some god-like lesson, that this can

only be done by mutual help; that for the individual to try to gain happiness for himself alone results in increasing unhappiness, even that which we now miscall selfishness will cause them to take the really shortest method—to work for the whole and not for self.

When Nehemiah desired to rebuild the razed walls of Jerusalem, he set to each man the task of restoring that portion which lay in front of his own house, and, lo, the wall arose as if by magic! So, if we would teach and reform humanity, let us each take the task which lies directly before us—let us begin with ourselves. Let us see to it that we think no evil, selfish thoughts; let us learn to recognize in each man and woman the same benumbed, but still divine, soul which is hidden in our own breast. One by one the fires of human love will thus be lighted; the whole earth will soon become a flaming sea of love before whose fervent heat sin, sorrow, wrong and injustice, will melt like frost in the warming sun.

This is the true method—to reform ourselves. Reformations cannot be accomplished by human laws, but by thinking right thoughts. For man is like God in that he creates and that thought is his tool. By compelling himself to think compassionate, unselfish thoughts, he can make himself compassionate, helpful, godlike. Thought moulds character; character is brought over, life after life, and hammered upon the forge of thought until there is at last, after many lives and much toil and suffering, the Perfected Man.

Happiness can only be brought about by obedience to nature's laws. These show that a force once set in action can only be made to cease by opposing another and equal force moving in an opposite direction. The cause of sorrow is force exerted in the direction of selfishness and hatred. "Hatred ceases not by hatred; hatred ceases only by love," said one Christ, thus showing that a counter force must be applied; not force moving in the same direction, for that would be only adding to, not taking from. So long as men seek their personal happiness regardless of that of others, so long will the destructive forces of envy, hatred, and revenge be generated; so long must human unhappiness continue, and increase. Let us first learn to tolerate each other's religious beliefs. Then the way will open to love each other irrespective of those beliefs. Then we will be able to see clearly that each man is a part of ourselves, whose happiness or unhappiness is our happiness or unhappiness. For the day will then have come when to know that our brothers are unhappy or suffering will be to make us also unhappy and cause us to suffer. Love one another, work for one another, think for one another—this is the way to banish hatred, strife and injustice from the world, and to make it again the Eden which it was intended to be, and which it will be again when men shall do these simple easy things. Brethren, be not deceived; God is not mocked; this is a law-governed universe; whatsoever a man soweth THAT (not something else) shall he reap. Then let us cease to sow hatred, envy, anger, selfishness; let us obey nature's command—to live for one another.