

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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REMBRANDT.

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The New Century

EDITED BY KATHERINE A. TINGLEY.

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NEW YORK, MAY 14, 1898.

EDITORIAL.

WHATEVER may be the termination of our present transitory period in spiritual and national affairs, it behooves us as builders of the age, to commence all new lines of work on a solid basis of principle. Through the bitter experiences of the past, we should learn how to discriminate and realize that nations and true organizations are born as well as men. They are the outgrowth of our past experiences; they have had the struggle of childhood and youth, and have attained the age of manhood.

* * *

The School of Antiquity is safely guarded. The corner stone is laid, and at the expiration of the six years, the time mentioned when the larger work would be commenced, Point Loma will be a beacon light—the very rocks will send out radiations of force that will stir the world to higher aspirations and grander efforts. The work for this School is going on quietly but forcefully, as time will prove.

* * *

Members throughout the country have sent us such encouraging reports of the benefits they have received from reading articles in our paper, and of the use they have made of them in the Branches, that we have deemed it best to crowd out reports of activities sent in from different centres.

* * *

Every day brings to us greater proof of the wisdom of the Delegates in Convention, in accepting the organization of "Universal Brotherhood." It appears to be the parent organization of the World; it is recognized as such by many eminent people who heretofore have considered Theosophy crankism. It has cleared the path for the years to come and made sure our future work for humanity. It has brought out from obscure corners of the world new workers, who come to us like old friends; not a few but many we can count who have enrolled their names in our organization. And above all, it has brought about a larger trust in the higher law and unified our great body of workers.

A TRIBUTE.

TO MADAME HELENA PETROVNA BLAVATSKY.

Madame Blavatsky's work is sufficient to show the glory of her splendid efforts for Brotherhood. She will ever live in the hearts of her pupils as the Royal Mother of Compassion for the great orphan, Humanity. Her life was an example of heroism, noble service and martyrdom,—a grand inspiration for all who love to serve in the Master's Cause.

W. Q. Judge, her colleague, whom she cherished as the most faithful of all, pays her a most fitting tribute in the following article, which we republish for the benefit of those who have not read it.

Reprinted from a memorial to H. P. B. published by Theosophical Publishing Society, London, 1891.

"YOURS TILL DEATH AND AFTER, H. P. B."

SUCH has been the manner in which our beloved teacher and friend always concluded her letters to me. And now, although we are all of us committing to paper some account of that departed friend and teacher, I feel ever near and ever potent the magic of that resistless power, as of a mighty rushing river, which those who wholly trusted her always came to understand. Fortunate, indeed, is that Karma which for all the years since I first met her, in 1875, has kept me faithful to the friend, who, masquerading under the outer mortal garment, known as H. P. Blavatsky, was ever faithful to me, ever kind, ever the teacher and the guide.

In 1874, in the city of New York, I first met H. P. B. in this life. By her request, sent through Colonel H. S. Olcott, the call was made in her rooms, in Irving Place, when then, as afterwards, through the remainder of her stormy career, she was surrounded by the anxious, the intellectual, the bohemian, the rich and the poor. It was her eye that attracted me, the eye of one whom I must have known in lives long passed away. She looked at me in recognition at that first hour, and never since has that look changed. Not as a questioner of philosophies did I come before her, not as one groping in the dark for lights that schools and fanciful theories have obscured, but as one, who, wandering many periods through the corridors of life, was seeking the friends who could show where the designs for the work had been hidden. And true to the call she responded, revealing the plans once again, and speaking no words to explain, simply pointed them out and went on with the task. It was as if but the evening before we had parted, leaving yet to be done some detail of a task taken up with one common end; it was teacher and pupil, elder brother and younger, both bent on the one single end, but she with the power and the knowledge that belong but to lions and sages. So, friends from the first, I felt safe. Others I know have looked with suspicion on an appearance they could not fathom, and though it is true they adduce many proofs, which, hugged to the breast, would damn sages and gods, yet it is only through blindness they failed to see the lion's glance, the diamond heart of H. P. B.

The entire space of this whole magazine would not suffice to enable me to record the phenomena she performed for me through all these years, nor would I wish to put them down. As she so often said, they prove nothing but only lead some souls to doubt and others to despair. And again, I do not think they were done just for me, but only that in those early days she was laying down the lines of force all over the land and

I, so fortunate, was at the centre of energy and saw the play of forces in visible phenomena. The explanation has been offered by some too anxious friends that the earlier phenomena were mistakes in judgment, attempted to be rectified in later years by confining their area and limiting their number, but until some one shall produce in the writing of H. P. B. her concurrence with that view, I shall hold to her own explanation made in advance and never changed. That I have given below. For many it is easier to take refuge behind a charge of bad judgment than to understand the strange and powerful laws which control in matters such as these.

Amid all the turmoil of her life, above the din produced by those who charged her with deceit and fraud, and others who defended, while month after month, and year after year, witnessed men and women entering the theosophical movement only to leave it soon with malignant phrases for H. P. B., there stands a fact we all might imitate—devotion absolute to her Master. "It was He," she writes, "who told me to devote myself to this, and I will never disobey and never turn back."

In 1888 she wrote to me privately:

"Well, my only friend, you ought to know better. Look into my life and try to realize it—in its outer course at least, as the rest is hidden. I am under the curse of ever writing, as the wandering Jew was under that of ever being on the move, never stopping one moment to rest. Three ordinary healthy persons could hardly do what I have to do. I live an artificial life; I am an automaton running full steam until the power of generating steam stops, and then—good-bye! * * * Night before last I was shown a bird's-eye view of the Theosophical Societies. I saw a few earnest, reliable Theosophists in a death struggle with the world in general, with other—nominal but ambitious—Theosophists. The former are greater in numbers than you may think, and they prevailed, as you in America will prevail, if you only remain staunch to the Master's programme and true to yourselves. And last night I saw * * * and now I feel strong—such as I am in my body—and ready to fight for Theosophy and the few true ones to my last breath. The defending forces have to be judiciously—so scanty they are—distributed over the globe, wherever Theosophy is struggling against the powers of darkness."

Such she ever was; devoted to Theosophy and the Society organized to carry out a programme embracing the world in its scope. Willing in the service of the cause to offer up hope, money, reputation, life itself, provided the Society might be saved from every hurt, whether small or great. And thus bound body, heart and soul to this entity called the Theosophical Society, bound to protect it at all hazards, in face of every loss, she often incurred the resentment of many who became her friends, but would not always care for the infant organization as she had sworn to do. And when they acted as if opposed to the Society, her instant opposition seemed to them to nullify professions of friendship. Thus she had but few friends, for it required a keen insight, untinged with personal feeling, to see even a small part of the real H. P. Blavatsky.

But was her object merely to form a Society whose strength should lie in numbers? Not so. She worked under directors who, operating from behind the scene, knew that the Theosophical Society was, and was to be, the nucleus from which help might spread to all the people of the day, without thanks and without acknowledgment. Once, in London, I asked her what was the chance of drawing the people into the Society in view of the enormous disproportion between the number of members and the millions of Europe and America who neither knew of nor cared for it. Leaning back in her chair, in which she was sitting before her writing desk, she said:

"When you consider and remember those days in 1875 and after, in which you could not find any people interested in your thoughts, and now look at the wide spreading influence of theosophical ideas—however labelled—it is not so bad. We are not working merely that people may call themselves *Theosophists*, but that the doctrines we cherish may affect and leaven the whole mind of this century. This alone can be accomplished by a small earnest band of workers who work for no human reward, no earthly recognition, but who, supported and sustained by a belief in that Universal Brotherhood of which our Masters are a part, work steadily, faithfully, in understanding and putting forth for consideration the doctrines of life and duty that have come down to us from immemorial time. Falter not so long as a few devoted ones will work to keep the nucleus existing. You were not directed to found and realize a Universal Brotherhood but to form the nucleus for one; for it is only when the nucleus is formed that the accumulations can begin that will end in future years, however far, in the formation of that body which we have in view."

H. P. B. had a lion heart, and on the work traced out for her she had the lion's grasp; let us, her friends, companions and disciples, sustain ourselves in carrying out the designs laid down on the trestle-board, by the memory of her devotion and the consciousness that behind her task there stood, and still remain, those Elder Brothers who, above the clatter and the din of our battle, ever see the end and direct the forces distributed in array for the salvation of "that great orphan—Humanity."

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE, F. T. S.

THE SOUL'S PILGRIMAGE.

THERE is a legend, which is to be found in some form or other in all the religions and mythologies of the world, that man, long ere he became man clothed with a garment of skin, was born out of the star-depths, as were the solar systems, stars, suns and planets. He had no garments of flesh or matter to trammel him, no strong passions or desires to chain him, for he—the soul, divinity itself—was free as was the pulsating light that filled all space. Of the essence of pure flame, his nature was to shine, and the shining forth of the hosts of souls was an effulgence that filled the universe with glory.

Then the star mist began to take on form and condense into nebulous masses, and then suns and fiery worlds came into being. The legend is, that the stars of heaven and the suns and planets and all the forms of nature were built by the hosts of light to be their habitations. And the bright spirits built for themselves dwellings of light, in which their inmost natures and divine powers were mirrored and expressed.

Thus was the building of the Universe, and this building was all in accordance with law, with the law of the soul's own being. For it is the own nature of the individual soul, as of the great world-soul or Over-soul, to seek to express itself outwardly, sending forth its powers, seeking to mould for itself its own image in the world of matter and create a mirror, wherein its own divinity may be revealed, and then alternately to indraw again its powers into its own divine unmanifested essence. And this law of their own natures being put into operation, the hosts of souls began to weave for themselves radiant vestures and to build habitations. And the bright hosts descended through all the three realms, even into the fourth, and entered into the world of physical matter, that they might go out to the utmost bounds of their powers and seek experience in all the realms of Nature.

So the garments of the soul, which at first were a radiant glory and of flashing rainbow hues, gradually became denser and darker, and

the star mist condensed into suns, the suns became cold, the bright planets lost their effulgence. Many veils enwrapped the soul, so that its inner light could scarce pierce through the darkness. The soul's bright powers became fettered, its glorious freedom as a being of light became a mere dream. It descended into the darkness and forgot its own divinity and power. Yet, though it forgot, there was still an inner power within, an inner longing for the brightness and freedom of the celestial spheres, and when the utmost limits of its wanderings were reached, this power and longing awoke a new energy in the soul and turned it on its course that it should ascend again the pathway of life.

Slowly, with infinite toil and pain, the ascent was made. Faint dreams, dim memories of its own glory awoke within the soul. And as the consciousness of its divine possibilities awoke within it, the struggle became fiercer, for it then began to realize how strong were the chains of matter which it had bound around itself, how strong were the passions and desires born of its contact with the material world that had enslaved it.

Yet ever and ever again came the whisper of hope, ever and ever again came the renewal of the fight. Slowly step after step has been gained, slowly the veils are being torn away that shut us in; the glory is beginning to shine once more in the hearts of men and the brightness to gleam from their eyes.

A glorious song is sounding in the world of men, a clear sweet note is ringing in the heavens—some catch it in dreams; some can hear it waking; yet it touches the hearts of all, whispering hope and joy and peace, for the new day has dawned. The night of ignorance is past; the path leads on through realms of light to final liberation.

VICTOR.

VOICES OF THE CENTURY.—NO. V

J. G. FICHTE.

BY REV. W. WILLIAMS.

(Continued.)

WE must reluctantly pass over many interesting details and incidents in Fichte's life and come to his election as Rector or Principal of the New University of Berlin which had been built by the Prussian Government as a new school of higher education, free from the imperfections of the old universities, from whence as from the spiritual heart of the community a current of new life and energy might be poured through all its members.

It needed a great mind to draw out a constitution and elaborate a system of education which should develop that German independence of life and thought which had been shattered in pieces by the invasion of the Fatherland by Napoleon. All eyes turned to Fichte, the only one strong enough and able to carry out successfully this great project. He was therefore unanimously chosen and at once entered upon what was to be the great work of his life; the construction of a plan of instruction founded and based upon the spiritual elements of humanity and which, since then, has caused the University of Berlin to become regarded as the best regulated, as well as one of the most efficient schools in Germany. The results of Fichte's teachings became manifest in the year 1812 when Napoleon a second time invaded Germany. On the proclamation of the Prussian monarch calling upon the young and active to arm themselves for the defense of their country and the restoration of their liberty

and independence, it was the voice of Fichte that sounded trumpet-like and roused Germany to obey the summons and march to the defense of their country. Great numbers, imbued with the manly courage and patriotic spirit of the great orator, enrolled themselves as volunteers. And now he announces a course of lectures on the imposing subject of Duty. A vast audience assembles to listen to him; like a lion in its unconscious lordliness, Fichte faces them. All voices are hushed, all eyes are fixed upon him and every ear is strained to catch his every word. With his usual calmness and dignity, he commences his discourse, rising at intervals into fiery bursts of eloquence, but always governed by a wondrous tact of logic such as few men could equal. From the subject of Duty in the abstract he passes to the present state of national affairs. On these he glows and expands with animation. He paints the desolation of his country—the ravages and ambition of the foe; he swells with a sublime indignation against oppressors, and passionately enforces it as the duty of every one before him to consecrate his individual strength and faculty to the rescue of his native land. "Gentlemen," he finally exclaims, "this course of lectures will be suspended till the end of the campaign. We will resume them in a free country or die in the attempt to recover her liberties." The hall resounds with loud responsive shouts. The rolling of the drums is answered by the clapping of innumerable hands and the stamping of a thousand feet, and every German heart there present is moved to resolution as Fichte descends from the platform, and passing through the crowd enrolls himself in the ranks of a company of volunteers then departing for the army. It was his last great public act, and forms no inappropriate finish to a life and career such as his.

The war went on in the neighborhood of Berlin, which became a general hospital for the sick and wounded who were nursed and ministered to by ladies of all classes of society, chief amongst whom was the good wife of Fichte. In the distribution of clothes, food and medicine—in the exercise of pious offices around the beds of the dying and unknown, by generous and womanly sympathy in many ways, she daily contributed to the alleviation of no inconsiderable amount of pain and suffering. After laboring thus for a period of five months she was herself prostrated by a violent nervous fever which had been prevalent amongst the wounded. It became so dangerous that little hopes were entertained of her recovery. On the very day of her greatest peril, when the dread crisis had arrived, Fichte was called to deliver the first of a course of lectures which he had previously announced. For two hours and with wondrous self-command he spoke on the most abstract subjects, scarcely hoping on his return to find his wife still alive. Nothing can describe his emotions on learning the news of the favorable turn of the crisis, but alas! as she became convalescent, Fichte himself caught the infection. For eleven days he battled and struggled bravely with the insidious complaint but succumbed at last on the 27th of January, 1814. His last words were, "I feel that I am well." He died in his fifty-second year, while his bodily and mental faculties were as yet unimpaired by age; his fine black hair unshaded by any signs of gray; his step still firm and his whole appearance vigorous and well sustained. So robust an intellect—a soul so calm, so lofty, massive and commanding, the world will not see again for many days.

OF DEEPER BIRTH.

BY WILLIAM JAMESON.

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

—Wordsworth.

CHAPTER XXIII.

HEIMER, THE SCALE-MAKER.

HEIMER the Smith, whatever might be the secret of his skill, was in many ways a remarkable man. To begin with, he was a giant in size, being six feet nine inches in height. His sons also were, each and all of them, above the average of these modern days in stature; the shortest being six feet two, and the tallest, Thorolf, just an inch less than his father. Agnes, too, was tall—nearly six feet high at the age of eighteen; but whether she grew any more I cannot say. Curiosity must remain unsatisfied on this point; it should be content to learn of other matters, more important, concerning the folk of the North who lived twenty-five hundred years ago.

Let us, then, hark back to the mighty smith of Nidaros. His features—long, oval, broad-browed—bore the stamp of power, intellectual and spiritual. His large grey eyes, full of tenderness for all frail creatures, gleamed with masterful energy as he smote the stubborn metals into substance and form convenient for human uses. And at those times, when he stood amid the shadows of his forge, his red-gold hair sparkling in unison with the waves of light as they came and went, folk who gathered to watch Heimer the smith at his work, beheld the man with feelings of awe. At such moments, some of them could not help but think of the great god Thor, fashioning Chaos into Worlds!

Ignorant barbarians! Yet, perchance, those very ancient Norsemen had a notion of the Divinity of work—of concentrated, selfless effort to change things into higher forms—that we moderns but faintly understand. They revered the mechanic; we the machine. Herein, possibly, lies the secret of our spiritual dullness. Anyhow, it is worth noting that *pari passu* with our failure to recognize that "work is worship" (with all this recognition involves), has grown that concept of present-day science—of a sort of *machine-made Universe* which has somehow been fixed up and set going without the aid of Mind!

Heimer of Nidaros knew better; for was not the sacred symbol, the *svastika*, in prominent outline within that smithy of his? Was it not also to be found over the entrance to his warehouse—the long building made of beams of red fir that would last for centuries—standing away down on the shore of Drontheim fiord, convenient for all seafarers?

Now we might do worse than turn aside for a moment and have a peep inside that warehouse. For, if it be true that a man is to be known by his work, we may understand a little more about Heimer by glancing round at some of his workmanship. Well, first of all, we notice a variety of articles used in his own craft; iron hammers, sledges, pincers and anvils. These were serviceable for people living in remoter parts of Norway, who found it necessary to do their own smith-work, yet could not start without a stock in trade as it were. Likewise, these implements were for exportation, since Norse colonies were already beginning to form themselves in other parts of Europe. Then there was a good stock of carpenters' and woodmen's tools; planes, saws, files, borers and awls. Some of these were iron, some bronze. There were also to be seen ploughshares and sickles for the husband-

man; bolts and nails and iron sockets for the shipwright. We may turn from these to inspect the more delicate products of Heimer's skill, such as needles, small knives, gold tweezers, gold and silver bracelets and finger rings—most of these spiral in shape, and ending in a serpent's head. There were also plenty of locks and keys for the use of cautious housewives, and, very curious to remark, were some samples of *patent safety pins*!—known to the learned as *fibulæ*. Who can say that there is anything new under the sun, seeing that the mothers of ancient Scandinavia used, for holding together their children's garments, a pin identical in form with one regarded as a novel boon to the nursery, when patented in England about thirty years ago?

But among the contents of Heimer's store are articles still more noteworthy, as an evidence of civilization in the north twenty-five centuries ago. These are some sets of bronze scales, very much in appearance and size like those used by bankers at the present day. A singular feature, however, about these scales is, that the balance of each pair is *jointed* in two places, so that it can be folded up and placed in the scales.*

It is a familiar fact that eminent naturalists, like Richard Owen, have been able to build up correctly the entire skeleton of some extinct animal from inspection of a single bone. With the aid of common sense, one should be able as readily to build up the skeleton of Norse society in antique times out of such a significant fragment as those jointed scales. For the idea in thus jointing the balance clearly was that the scales should be packed into as small a compass as possible; which is just the kind of thing that travellers always desire. *Multum in parvo* is the explorer's motto all the world over. Common sense, then, will at once assign these scales to the use of the navigator-merchants of old Norway. *Merchants*, mark you; not robbers, nor pirates. The "pirate theory" of historians respecting the ancient Scandinavians, has simply to be weighed in that jointed balance before us, to be found wanting! I guess that lawless Vikings would not trouble much about weighing their plunder, especially if it were gold. No; but peaceable merchants would naturally weigh the gold they received in exchange for their wares. This implies organized commerce and a standard of values. Now, 600 years B. C., our hardy Norsemen could not find such conditions (outside their own country) nearer than the ports of the Mediterranean sea. So, the using of those scales involves traffic with Greece and Phœnicia, and possibly Egypt, on the part of the merchant adventurers of Scandinavia. About the change of ideas also involved, it is scarcely necessary to say much. What has been already remarked, in the earlier portion of this story, concerning the general knowledge of the far-travelling Shetlanders, will obviously hold good for their sailor ancestors. Especially if the latter had, in the character of their basic religious ideas, a passport for use in foreign lands such as very few possess in these highly civilized days. But of this later on. Altogether, those jointed scales have helped us to some truer concepts of old Norse society than volumes of the patchwork stuff called "early history" will afford.

However, it is time to leave that warehouse and get back to its owner, Heimer the scale-maker, once more. On that July afternoon when his daughter Agnes turned into the familiar forge to

*NOTE—All the articles enumerated in this list have been found among the remains of prehistoric Scandinavia. As a general rule, the more ancient they are, the more skill is evident in their construction.

watch her father at his craft, the smith was busy at a task more easy than the making of scales. He was getting ready a fresh stock of bronze sickles against the time when the seafarers would have returned and all the folk of the Drontheim region would be giving themselves up to the joy of harvesting.

But the hammering of the smith had ceased when Agnes Nimblefoot entered. He had a visitor, whose voice the young girl recognized as that of one whom all whole-hearted people loved for miles round Nidaros. It was Gerutha who was speaking. Yet in tones of sorrow, such as Agnes seldom heard from those dear lips, these words fell on her ear:

"Once more, O Brother, the Norns* break up the fields of man's life for a fresh sowing. The hour has struck for that proud city of the east whereof our seafarers have spoken. Ninevah is fallen! and shall be *forgotten* like the evil places of old!"

[To be continued.]

PEARLS OF WISDOM.

"The soul is the perceiver and revealer of truth. We know truth when we see it, let sceptic and scoffer say what they choose. Foolish people ask you, when you have spoken what they do not wish to hear, 'How do you know it is truth and not an error of your own?' We know truth when we see it, from opinion, as we know when we awake that we are awake. It was a grand sentence of Emanuel Swedenborg, which would alone indicate the greatness of that man's perception—'It is no proof of a man's understanding to be able to confirm whatever he pleases; but to be able to discern that what is true is true, and that what is false is false, this is the mark and character of intelligence.' In the book I read, the good thought returns to me, as every truth will, the image of the whole soul. To the bad thought which I find in it, the same soul becomes a discerning, separating sword, and lops it away. We are wiser than we know. If we will not interfere with our thought, but will act entirely, or see how the thing stands in God, we know the particular thing, and everything, and every man. For the Maker of all things and all persons stands behind us, and casts His dread omniscience through us over things."—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

"There are many men and women who are a law unto themselves, who follow right paths, and forsake crooked ones, not from any compulsion of the law or fear of social displeasure, but from the dictates of their own consciences and the general purity of their own desires. Their self-respect is dearer to them than any praise that could be showered upon them; their self-disapproval is harder to bear than society's frown or the law's penalty. Without disregarding or despising either the one or the other, they have a higher standard than either, and they cannot be content when they fall short of that."—Great Thoughts.

"Wisdom and sight are well, but trust is best."—A. A. Procter.

"Happiness is a road-side flower, growing on the highway of Usefulness."—Tupper.

* Karma.

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THE ARITHMETIC OF ANIMALS.

BY ISABEL SMITHSON.

Taken from Our Animal Friends.

ONE day the celebrated ornithologist, Audubon, came out of his cottage with four of his friends to go for a walk. The next instant they saw a parrot fly in at a window. Audubon and one of his friends returned indoors, and immediately the bird flew out in a fright and went circling about overhead. Audubon came out again, but the bird refused to reënter until the other gentleman had also left the house. It seemed to remember that two persons had gone in and only one had come out. Curious to discover how far the parrot could count, he returned indoors with his four friends and made them go out, one at a time, while he himself remained inside. In a few minutes the bird flew in again. It was evident that its powers of arithmetic ended at the number four.

A Russian doctor named Timofieff tried the same sort of experiment a few years ago with birds, cats, dogs, and horses. He declared that the crow is capable of counting as far as ten, and is in that respect superior to many tribes of men in Polynesia, who comprehend hardly anything of mathematics. Doctor Timofieff's account of the behavior of his own dog is amusing. This dog never buried several bones in one spot, but always hid each one away separately. One day his master presented him with twenty-six large bones, which he immediately proceeded to bury in twenty-six different places. On the morrow Doctor Timofieff did not feed the animal at all. In the afternoon he let his pet out into the garden and from a window watched him attentively. The dog set to work at once and dug up ten of the bones. Then he stopped, seemed to reflect for a minute, and began digging again until he had found nine others. Here he stopped to consider as before, and then returned to work, scratching perseveringly until he had unearthed six more bones. This seemed to satisfy him; he sat down and began his dinner. Suddenly he raised his head, stopped eating, and looked around with a thoughtful air. Then, as if quite sure that he had forgotten something, he started up, trotted round the garden, found the twenty-sixth bone, and returned, with a look of satisfaction, to his meal. The doctor believed that the number twenty-six was too much for the canine mind to grasp, and that the dog had therefore divided the provender into three groups, counting the bones in each lot separately, but that the mental process was so complicated that he had made a miscalculation and only rectified it after prolonged reflection.

The same writer tells us that the cat is less expert in arithmetic than the dog, not being capable of counting farther than six. He used to hold a piece of meat to his cat's nose and draw it away suddenly, always repeating the action five times before allowing the animal to take the morsel. Puss soon grew accustomed to the performance, and waited with dignity and calmness until the sixth offer was made, when she sprang up and seized the piece of meat with her teeth.

For some weeks the doctor repeated this experiment, and the cat did not make a single mistake. When, however, he tried to increase her knowledge by making four more approaches and retreats before letting her take the meat, she lost the count completely and jumped at the wrong moment.

Proofs of the horse's power of counting are even more curious. Dr. Timofieff mentions a

peasant's horse which, when ploughing, invariably stopped to rest after the twentieth furrow. It did not matter how long the field happened to be, nor how tired the animal might feel, it never stopped until the twentieth furrow had been made, and so exact was the count that the farmer could tell the number of furrows by noting how many times the horse had halted.

In another village there was a horse which reckoned distances by posts, and knew what hour it was by the striking of the clock. Dr. Timofieff was driving from one town to another, and at the twenty-second verst (two-thirds of a mile) one of the horses stopped suddenly. The driver got down from his seat and gave the animal a measure of oats, at the same time explaining to the passenger that the horse was accustomed to being fed after every twenty-fifth verst. This time it had made a mistake, but it could not be blamed, as it did not judge of the distance traversed by its own fatigue or hunger, but by counting the verst posts along the road. It had mistaken for some of these posts three others which greatly resembled them, but which merely served to mark the boundary of the state forest.

This same horse was always fed in the stable at noon, and Dr. Timofieff himself observed that, whenever a neighboring church-clock began to strike, the animal raised its head and listened attentively. When the strokes were less than twelve, it put down its head sadly, but it displayed every sign of joyful expectation when it heard twelve strokes, and knew that dinner-time had arrived.

DIED FOR HIS MISTRESS.

A FINE instance of canine devotion comes to us from Kansas, through the columns of the *Topeka State Journal*. Samuel Dodge, a ranchman, living southwest of Topeka, went to Vinita, Indian Territory, on business, and shortly after he had gone, Bessie, his five-year-old girl, wandered away from home in an attempt to follow him. Mrs. Dodge discovered the child's absence about two hours after Mr. Dodge's departure. She made a search of the premises, and failing to find the child notified the neighbors of her disappearance. They turned out in force, and scoured the prairie all day, and all that night and all the next day, searching for the little wanderer. Late the following evening an Indian came upon her fast asleep just south of Post Oak creek, in an old road known as the "whisky trail." Across her body stood a Newfoundland dog, which had always been her companion about the ranch. The dog was torn and bleeding, and near his feet lay the bodies of two wolves. Although the little girl's cheeks were stained with tears and covered with dust, she was quite unharmed. She and her protector were taken home, a distance of twelve miles. The dog died that night. He received a decent burial, and his master at once ordered a marble monument, which will be placed at the head of the faithful animal's grave.

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.

HELPING AND SHARING.

BY ELIZABETH WHITNEY.

"Do animals know what Brotherhood means?" The children were talking about it and a visitor told this story:

Once upon a time, a doctor while walking through a street near where he lived, in a country town, saw a poor dog, very dirty and starving; and feeling very sorry for him, he took him home and washed and fed him, and attended to his wounds, and made a nice warm bed in the woodshed for him, and took care of him till he was all well, and of course expected to keep him.

So you may be sure his surprise was very great on getting up one morning to find the dog gone.

"Well!" said he, "I never saw a worse case of ingratitude in my life. After all I have done for that dog, he has got all he wanted and now he has left me!" And feeling very cross, he tried to forget him.

Great was his amazement on opening the door early in the third morning after the dog had left him, to find him sitting waiting for him, accompanied by another poor dog with a leg hanging useless at his side, broken! and the poor thing in a dreadful state of hunger and dirt; and the first dog seemed as if he had had nothing to eat since he went away.

Well, this act of brotherly love pleased the good man so much, that he doctored this second dog as he had done the first, until he was quite well.

In the meantime, the first dog had brought him several more patients and in the course of six months, the first two dogs that were cured, brought over twelve dogs with broken legs, bites and other troubles.

So I think you will agree with me that Brotherhood exists in the animal kingdom, as much as in the human kingdom.

This same visitor said when she lived in the country, she had two beautiful Maltese cats. One liked to stay home at night, and one liked to go out.

So one night, one stayed in and one went out, and on going to look for him early next morning, she found him sitting beside a dreadful dirty lean looking grey cat in the yard, and when she called him to her, he brought the grey one along, and would not come and eat his breakfast till the grey one got some too.

So there was nothing else to do but clean and feed the poor thing; and then put him out, not wanting more than the two she had (the weather was warm, so he would not be hurt).

But a great surprise was in store for her, for the next morning there was Mr. Grey, and he had brought Mrs. Grey, who was not in much better condition than he was the day before.

So food and milk was given them, but Mr. Grey would not touch a bit till Mrs. Grey had had as much as she wanted, then he took what was left.

And so in a little time they brought so many cats to be fed, that the Lady on going out in the yard was greeted on all sides with "miaou" in all keys. One little fellow used to beg for his food by rolling over and over like a ball in front of her feet, and would not stop till she took him up and gave him something.

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 END OF THE WAY.

Where the rough road turns there's a valley sweet—
Where the skies are starred and fair;
We'll forget the thorns and the noonday heat
And rest in the roses there.
And the dark of the dreary, weary night
Will be lost at last in the morning light.

Where the rough road turns there's a haven blest
Where the ships at anchor ride,
And the sea-winds sing sweet songs of rest
Over the dreamless tide
Where the tempests fade from a silent shore
And the sails are furled forevermore.

O rest in the beautiful valley sweet,
And rest in the haven still,
What though the storms on the brave ships beat—
Though the thorns are keen to kill?
Let us dream that the dark of the dreary night
Will be lost at last in the morning light.

—*Atlanta Constitution.*

THE STRUGGLE FOR EXISTENCE.

BY R. W. MACHELL.

(Continued.)

IF men began to realize the power of their thoughts to influence others, they would see that before any good reform can be brought about, the minds of the people must be changed to the new ideas, and that this is impossible so long as the reformers themselves cling to the old ideas, nursing in their minds the superstitious belief that the struggle for existence is a law of nature and the proper state of all beings.

It is for this reason that the religions of the western world have failed to help on the progress of man in the world. They have all set themselves to uphold the existing social and economic condition and become the agents of the rich against the poor, preaching brotherhood but upholding "capital." And they have done this in all honesty, because they have accepted the condition of riches and poverty as a divine arrangement and an unalterable law of nature or God. In this belief, they have the support of the vast majority of people even now. Even earnest and ardent humanitarians nurse this delusion and make all their reforms subservient to their belief

in the divine nature of the struggle for existence; and so they take up all sorts of little fads and local remedies, such as bimetallism and other things, that might perhaps afford temporary relief to a part of the world, while carefully leaving the root of the evil untouched.

"Ye suffer from yourselves; none else compels," said a great Teacher two thousand years ago. We suffer to-day because of the false idea that human beings are by nature made to fight against one another and against nature, and it is hard to get out of the old "rut," the old habit of thought, and see clearly the great truth that men must work *with* each other and *with* nature if they would be happy and fare well once more. Our separate minds are not so free as we sometimes imagine. We are moving and living in an atmosphere of thoughts and ideas, and our own minds are colored by the thoughts and ideas existing in the mind-atmosphere around us. And this is the reason that new forms of thought take so long to get a start. A strong and earnest soul, fired with a noble enthusiasm, preaches a doctrine of human love and brotherhood, and the hearers of the new gospel listen and are pleased; but, as soon as the influence of that strong and earnest soul is removed, they fall again under the influence of the old cloud of superstition and say wearily, "Oh, yes, it is very beautiful, but it's impossible, you can't alter human nature"; and so they knock another nail into the coffin of human hope and sink back into the old pessimism.

But what is it that makes it impossible? It is that you and I, and the rest of the world, are afraid to venture out of our old rut of dull despair; we have seen a ray of light when some strong and enthusiastic soul held open the door of Truth for a moment and let us see what life might be like if we would but open wide the door and pass through into the light of the Great Brotherhood, but we either turn away and let the door close again, or else we approach it, and holding it tight, we cry out that it is impossible to open it. We hold tight in our minds the belief in the necessity for the struggle for existence and then cry out that the Brotherhood is impossible. We, ourselves, create and maintain the impossibility by refusing to even hope for the light that alone can brighten the hearts of humanity. We, ourselves, make the darkness and keep it around us all by our own despair and by our superstitious belief in these dead things, these half true phrases, such as "the struggle for existence."

But there is hope in the world to-day; the enthusiasts who believe in the great Universal Brotherhood are no longer few and scattered, their numbers are growing and the union among them is approaching its realization; the nucleus is formed and the idea is growing strong and vibrating now through the thought-world, so that the old stagnant atmosphere of despair is being stirred up; and a man now, who dares to believe in the Brotherhood of man, is no longer an isolated unit, but his mind will vibrate in sympathy with the minds of thousands and his one mind can add its force to theirs and draw strength from the Great Universal Brotherhood, so that his relapses into pessimism and despair will be fewer and shorter, and his hope greater and more lasting. This growing thought-force will soon

become so strong that all will feel its force and adopt the new idea almost unconsciously to themselves. Then the old evils will be near their end, for men will not remain slaves to a dead idea when the new Hope is alive in their hearts.

Therefore, I say, if you have ever for one moment felt the meaning of the Brotherhood idea, dare now to recall it! dare to *hope* even against your old habit of mind, which has made you a pessimist so long.

We have been taught so long that the *battle of life* is a fight against the world, against our fellows, and against Nature, that we almost instinctively act on this idea in our daily life, even while trying to make Brotherhood our ideal. We have to do more than make an ideal; that is a pleasant enough way of fooling ourselves, but it does not help us, or the rest of the world, much if it is only an ideal. We have to *realize* that the union of humanity is a *fact* and harmony amongst all beings a *law* in nature, and that our troubles come from ignoring facts and fighting against laws of nature.

[To be continued.]

ON TRUTH.

DEAR COMRADES:—Lessing says, "Had I the choice between truth and the love of truth, I would rather have the love of truth." And Phillips Brooks,—"Truthfulness is better even than truth."

It is like saying that it is better to be Godlike than to be acquainted with God. If we have in our hearts the love of truth, if we try to possess truthfulness and live to be Godlike without thought of whether we know anything about them or not, "all these things shall be added unto us." For the others are but the names, the letters of which the name is spelled, and because the letters are few the spirit is too mighty to be held by them and disappears, leaving in our hands but a few empty shreds.

TRUTHFUL.

A THIRD EYE.

The professor of physiology and vertebrate zoology at Cornell University declares that human beings have three eyes. He admits, however, that only two are useful, since the third eye, commonly called the pineal gland, hangs idly in the skull. He insists, however, that it is a true eye and was once used as such.—*National Intelligencer.*

"Michael Angelo, that supreme master of sculpture, had a pupil who was nervously anxious about the shadows that fell upon his marble. Angelo bade him be at rest, for he assured him the light in the public square would soon test his work. All our work has to submit itself to the fierce light of experience. Nothing is secret long; nothing is hidden; and if our spiritual life is immature and unhealthy; if our standard of manhood is no higher than that outside; if our interpretations of facts and events of life are superficial and material; if we fail to expel what is called the 'secular,' but what ought to be described as the bad, the low and the mean, from our policies and aims, and not enthrone the spiritual, then nothing can save us from weakness and decay."—*Dr. Clifford.*

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT

OF THE INTERNATIONAL BROTHERHOOD LEAGUE (UNSECTARIAN).

LOTUS GROUPS.

GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT, ELIZABETH C. MAYER.

CRUSADERS.

A MARCHING SONG.

Hark! The bugle call is sounding
From the purple heights above.
Listen, Comrades! 'Tis the signal
Of the Lords of Light and Love.

Chorus:

Close the ranks! Unfurl the banner!
Bear its message far and near.
"Truth and Light and Liberation,"
So that all the world may hear.

Downward through the darkened ages,
Earth has wound her weary way:
And the Watcher, watching vainly,
Waited for the Coming Day.

Chorus.

But the mystic hour is breaking,
Hour foretold in æons past.
East and West the Light is waking—
Lo, the Dawn has come at last!

Chorus.

"Comrades! Listen to that signal!
Know ye not that bugle call?"
Aye, we know it, and its echo
Stirs within the hearts of all!

Chorus.

Aye! we know it—and our Leader!
Pass the watchword on again:
"Truth and Light and Liberation,"
For the burdened sons of men.

Chorus.

Close the ranks! Unfurl the Banner!
Bear its message far and near.
"Truth and Light and Liberation,"
So that all the world may hear!

ANONYMOUS.

MAY DAY.

THE Sunbeams were in despair. March was so cross and April cried so much of the time, that they had set the children a bad example, and now they were growing very disagreeable. This would never do. So the Sunbeams went to consult Mother Nature. Right away, she said: "A lesson in mildness and good manners is what the children need. Go find the Quaker Ladies."

Now the Quaker Ladies believed in Light, and so did the Sunbeams; this made them the best kind of friends. So, when the Quaker Ladies had heard all about it, they said: "What the children want is a party. That brings all together, with lots of light and brightness. Send them to us. But first April's tears must be changed into smiles."

Then every day, going and coming, on the way to school, and at recess, the Sunbeams whispered to the children:

"A party—there's to be a party."

"May I go?"

"Oh, may I go?"

"May I—may I?" said all the children.

"You may," said the Sunbeams, "when April's tears are changed to smiles."

The children all began at once to smile until April began to stop crying and soon smiled with the children. Then it grew so warm and beautiful the Quaker Ladies sent word by the Sunbeams:

"They may have the party now."

Together they went in a merry troop, led by the happy Sunbeams.

How sweet the Quaker Ladies were in their lovely lilac-blue gowns, and yellow caps with soft white frills! What charming manners they had when they said "How-do-you-do?" and shook hands! How happy the children were! What lovely little cakes and marmalade and strawberry lemonade they had!

Well—this was a real party, and the children never forgot it. They learned from the little Quaker Ladies how to look *inside* of things for Light; and that a real true heart makes one *always* polite. And they learned a verse about the Quaker Ladies:

The lilac and blue
Mean faithful and true,
The yellow and white
Mean gladness and light.

When it came time to go home, the children said to the little Quaker Ladies, "Please, May we come again?" And the sweet little Quaker Ladies smiled and said, "You may."

Then the Sunbeams led the children away and all night long they dreamed of May Day.

E. W.

THE CANDLE.

THERE was once a candle which had a very strange experience. It was taken by the Master and put into a very dark and gloomy room and left alone. It felt sad and out of place as it had never been used to living in such gloomy surroundings and never so alone.

But the Master had said, "I will come again, you have now only to burn. When other work is to be done and you are needed, you will know."

So it knew that to burn was its only duty; it tried therefore to be cheerful and succeeded in forgetting the surroundings by keeping constantly at work, remembering who had placed it there. It had its own radiance which the Master always saw and knew and which could reach him anywhere, so it was not afraid and worked on.

At last it began to feel at ease in its new home and looked about to see what other things there might be in the room.

It had worked so well and its flame still burned so steadily that its rays were filling the remote corners of the room, and it could now see some distance into the darkness, and could distinguish other objects.

Many of these objects it found were other candles, but they had no light. They had not been lit by the Master hand and knew not of the love which made work seem easy and light when done for him.

This made the lighted candle feel very sad, as it longed that they also might burn, and that they too might know. So it began to talk to them and to try to find out why they did not burn.

Each had a sad story to tell of the experiences it had had.

One said, "I had a light once but a strong wind blew it out and I have never had any one come to light me since."

Another said, "a big black beetle flew at me and knocked my light out with his wings."

Others said, "I used to fuss and fume and splutter so that I was kept from being strong when my misfortune came upon me. No one has come to help me since."

They had all had something of this kind befall them, had not had strength enough to stand the shock, and knew not how to find the Master as they had no light. And by light alone could he be reached.

These sad stories affected the candle very much. He thought about it a great deal, until at last he could stand it no longer.

The Master saw how bright the light that shone from the candle and, knowing what it was that it desired so sincerely, he came to help.

Imagine the joy of the candle when it looked up and beheld—the Master!

As though he did not know, the Master asked, "What is your wish?"

"Take me, Master," the candle cried, "and light these others whose flames are out. They cannot burn unless some one touches them with flame, but if they are lit I think that they will burn."

Then the Master took the candle, and as it had been lit by him it had his life and fire, and so made a fitting instrument to use in lighting others. Going to each candle, he lit it and said to each some words of comfort and help, and told them to go on with work till he should come again.

With what exquisite joy the candle now saw the light shining from each sad face. It had been the means of lighting each, but the Master hand had done it. Never again could they be without his care and love, for they too, had his life and fire.

When the Master said to the candle, who had been the instrument in this good work, "Come, I have yet other work for you to do, but before we part I give you power to do this without my special care."

They talked together and the candle grew more bright and shone with greater radiance, as the Master told it many things.

What they said no one could tell. But as they passed out together the Master was heard to say, "The Heart is the key to it all."

A. M. S.

SPRINGTIME.

All the children, far and near,
Prance, and dance, and skip, and cheer.
Ring and sing their voices clear,
In great joy, for—Spring is here!
Life is one glad song.

MAYING-TIME.

Month o' May gives a merry call.
And boys and girls flock round, *one and all*.
You guess why?

[Sure! Mayin'time—Goodbye.]

UNIVERSAL



BROTHERHOOD

KATHERINE A. TINGLEY,
FOUNDRRESS.

CENTRAL OFFICE,
144 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK.

ORGANIZATION.

LAW OFFICES OF
DILL, SEYMOUR & KELLOGG,
27 and 29 Pine Street.
NEW YORK, May 10, 1898.

MRS. KATHERINE A. TINGLEY,
144 Madison Avenue, New York City.

DEAR MADAME:

I have received the notice that you forwarded me, purporting to have been issued by Mr. A. H. Spencer to various branches of the Theosophical Society in America, inquiring whether they intend to be represented at the alleged convention which it is the intention of Mr. Spencer and his associates to assemble.

My reply to your inquiry as to Mr. Spencer's legal status and right to issue any such notice, is that the decision of the Court in the suit brought by Mr. Spencer against yourself and Mr. Neresheimer, was that Mr. Spencer has no right to claim to be the Vice-President or Treasurer of the Theosophical Society in America, and that the action taken at the Convention of February 18th, in Chicago, with regard to the formation of the Universal Brotherhood, was legal and proper.

It therefore follows that Mr. Spencer has no legal status as an officer of the Theosophical Society in America, and that any notices purporting to be issued or acts purporting to be performed by him in any such official capacity are without effect. I remain,

Very truly yours,
(Signed) FREDERIC R. KELLOGG.

THEOSOPHICAL ACTIVITIES.

"We are always delighted to hear news from Headquarters," the members write. They seem to look to the centre for detailed information.

In former times many of the staff kept up an extensive personal correspondence, but now they are too busy to do so. Activities are growing all the time. Work in the UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD department is of a most gratifying nature. Mrs. Mayer, who acts as Assistant Secretary and for the present has charge of that work, finds no let up in her duties. She reports applications for membership coming in almost every day, sometimes five and six from one centre. The membership of the "U. B." is now much larger than the T. S. in A. has ever been. Twenty-five new lodges are reported up to date. These are not included in the regular U. B. Lodges.

Sunday and Tuesday evenings, the meetings of the Aryan are kept up as usual and are well attended. Brother Neresheimer, Mr. Patterson, Mr. Pryse, Mr. Fussell and Mr. Dunlop are always present, and assist to a very large extent in making the exercises interesting.

Mr. Neresheimer has, within the last two weeks, assumed control of the Theosophical Publishing Company, and already we have evidences of the new life that is put into the work. As soon as the retail store for the sale of Theosophical literature is opened in this great centre our books will have a wide circulation, and the work of the Theosophical Society in America, in connection with the literary movement for the world, will give a great impetus to our philosophy.

Many new workers in the International Brotherhood League have reported that they have found it difficult to reach people whom they would like to help. The new work of the Flower Mission, established in the crowded district of lower New York, will prove an excellent means for reaching the homes of many gentle people who will not make applications for help. The ladies of the Aryan Society, who have undertaken this project, should have all the encouragement and help possible—their work is a mission of love.

Brother Neill writes us from New Zealand of the joy of the new day—the realization that the "Universal Brotherhood" organization is ours.

In Auckland, the branch there has taken the new work up with great zeal. Mr. and Mrs. St. Clair, Mrs. Cooper, Mrs. Parsons, and many others are most energetic.

Australian members send report through Brother Willans that the news of the "Universal Brotherhood" organization was most acceptable to them.

News from Sweden says that the very large majority there are thoroughly in accord with the new work; the few, who are not, have not had ample information, such as the "Search Light" affords.

The English members have proven themselves "worthy and well qualified" for the great undertaking of the future.

And Ireland, the birth place of our dear old "Chief," is not behind in enthusiasm for and loyalty to the cause which he (one of the martyrs of the 19th Century) laid down his life for.

Most enthusiastic reports come from the Pacific Coast. Members there did not hesitate when the call was sent out. They found their places quickly and are serving faithfully, working as never before to make our glorious Theosophy a living power in the hearts of men.

White Lotus Day, the anniversary of the departure of H. P. Blavatsky from this plane, was celebrated in this country and many parts of Europe on May 8th. Appropriate exercises were held last Sunday morning at 144 Madison Avenue, in which Bros. Patterson, Fussell and Mrs. Mayer took part. Flowers were in abundance and the whole spirit of the meeting seemed to express a larger love and appreciation for our "Lion Hearted" H. P. B.

Universal Brotherhood Lodge No. 10, or the H. P. B. branch of the T. S. in A., had a most enthusiastic and interesting meeting Sunday night, May 8th.—White Lotus Day. The room was beautifully decorated with flowers, as is the custom at the branch on that day, being not only in memory of H. P. B. but as the anniversary of the founding of the branch—the very day of the departure from this plane of H. P. Blavatsky in 1891. As it was the seventh anniversary, there was, of course, a great feeling of rejoicing that the branch had passed successfully over its seventh year and had come out as true to the principles which a Leader represents as it had started with, and one of the speakers said that this would almost seem to be the real power back of the branch, that had made it as successful as it had been.

The President, Mr. D. N. Dunlop, presided and called on Dr. E. B. Guild to speak in the absence of Mr. Pierce, who had hoped to be present but was not well enough to attend. After reading the Voice of the Silence and parts of the Gita, Mr. Crooke from East 14th Street spoke. Some others spoke of the work of the branch, and Mr. Dunlop closed with a most beautiful tribute to H. P. B., W. Q. Judge and Mrs. Tingley, as Leaders, who came to bring great truths and were so simple in their greatness that many were deceived, but that the greatest souls often appeared to men as so human in their greatness and so near to the heart of man that they were not recognized as Leaders or great souls until they had passed from view. With music interspersed, the great heart force over all, the flowers, the old memories, and new light shining in upon us, we all felt that "it was good to have been there."

A visit to our Leader's office gave the writer an opportunity to see the hundreds of letters of congratulations from Australia, India, Europe and everywhere, expressing not only joy for the new time but determination to stand by the principles of our organization with unflinching loyalty.

None of our faithful members need to be urged to do their duty, they are doing it. They are learning to stand alone and fight heroically for principle, "with charity to all and malice toward none." We have seen this quotation often misapplied to cover subtle thrusts of the enemy, but the record of our work will some day be written and the coming generations will learn lessons from our patience and fidelity in defense of the great Cause of Brotherhood.

OBSERVER.

CHICAGO, May 7th, 1898.

TO MEMBERS OF UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD:—

The notable Convention held in Chicago, February 18th and 19th last, was to all of us a most glorious and memorable occasion. The action there taken and the wonderful enthusiasm and spirit of the hour, will long linger in our hearts. Added to this is the memory of the faces of all the friends who participated in this Convention, which can be best retained, by having the group Convention photograph, taken in Handel Hall before adjournment. To those who were there, this picture will ever be a pleasant reminder of the event, and to those who were not so fortunate as to be present, it will be the next best thing, and bring them face to face with our fellow Comrades. A limited number of these photographs are now ready and will be sent to those first ordering, on receipt of customary prices of \$2.00 each. Size 17¼ by 22 inches.

Would advise shipping by express and will do so unless otherwise ordered.

The entire proceeds of these pictures will be devoted and paid over to the Central Office of the Universal Brotherhood, for such fund as most requires it.

Faternally yours,

ALPHEUS M. SMITH, *President*,

Lodge No. 70, U. B.

511 Masonic Temple, Chicago.