

# 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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ANTON DOHERTY. - BY MURRAY.

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# The New Century

EDITED BY KATHERINE A. TINGLEY.

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NEW YORK, MAY 21, 1898.

## EDITORIAL.

OUR present national affairs are symbolic of the new order of things. We are the first people of modern times who have gone to war in the cause of suffering humanity. This is a long stride ahead and America has set the pace for the nations. May it help on the work to a just settlement of national difficulties. As long as nations must fight, let it be for peace and humanity's sake, instead of for plunder and territorial aggrandizement. Individual and national prosperity to be lasting, must be based on principles of honesty and unselfishness. Selfishness is the line of greatest resistance; why not choose the opposite and the easy road?—it is practically the unguarded and unoccupied.

\* \* \*

This century has many surprises for us. Greater exponents of art will be born among us; they will present higher standards and create grander ideals. Literature will gain a new impetus from the new creators who will come to serve the masses with "a feast of reason and a flow of soul" on new lines never dreamed of in modern times.

Science will have its great light which will astonish the age with its discoveries of some of nature's finer forces.

Our duty is to work harder than ever to prepare the way for these splendid possibilities, by teaching the great mass of humanity higher ethics, and encouraging a truer patriotism. Upon such a foundation as this we would have greater nations and lasting prosperity.

\* \* \*

Everything new under the sun meets with severe criticism and objection. Not many hundred years ago a man was seen on the streets of London with an umbrella, and he was nearly pelted to death for what was considered his folly. It is not fifty years ago that telegraphy was introduced in America by Mr. Morse, the inventor, and it was several years before he was able to convince the public that he was not insane, and his project useless. Strange as it may seem to some there are people in the world to-day who do

not believe there are any more stars in the firmament than they can see.

The "Universal Brotherhood" organization which was founded in 1898, "for the benefit of the people of the earth and all creatures," also has its denouncers. We heard the other day of a gentleman who pretends to know everything: he said that this organization could not live. Possibly he may be the reincarnation of the very wise man who in the time of Columbus declared that if a ship was sent to India it never could return, because the rotundity of the world would not permit a vessel to sail even if the winds were favorable. Poor man! he was willing to accept that it was round, but he could see no further.

After all, in spite of harsh criticism and opposition, we find that the *new* and the *useful* innovations have prospered, and the world has moved on in its great march of progress.

## ANTON SEIDL.

"O thou my friend, my genius, come along.  
Thou master of the poet and the song."  
—Pope.

MARCH has ever been a fateful month. Many of the great ones have left this plane of action during the bleak days of that dire month. Whether it is that the planetary influences during that period are more baleful, or whether it is something more prosaic, merely the critical atmospheric changes taking place, who of us can say? Certain it is that the fact remains in evidence.

And so, when March, that fickle Goddess, took her departure this year, she bore with her the great soul of Anton Seidl, one of this century's pioneers.

Born in Budapest, Hungary, May 6, 1850, he died in this city March 29, 1898, in the prime of life. He rose to the height of his fame when comparatively a young man.

It is the ripened soul, one that has been lit by the fire of genius many, many times that is able to break through the limitations of the flesh when the glow of youth is still enshrined there. When a man springs rapidly to the front as a Conductor or Leader of any kind, it is because he is in advance of those he leads. The Law puts him there by right of growth, power and knowledge. Other men quickly recognize this fact and are satisfied that it should be so.

When we look over the pages of musical history, we see in this century the name of one luminous above all others, that of Richard Wagner, Musical Composer and Dramatist.

Richard Wagner was unique. He followed no other musician's ideas save in the general laws governing all musical composition. Like all who have brought new teachings to the world, he was misunderstood. He was called a revolutionist and law breaker of the old school of music. That he dared to follow the leadings of his own mind and met with the success he did, shows the power of the master musician. The musical drama of the future, although not fully revealed, did find its first conception through the pen of Richard Wagner.

Just as the overtones respond when a certain keynote is vibrated, by power of the relationship existing between these tones, so do souls respond to the magnetic vibrations of a Master Soul with whom they are linked.

The most sympathetic connection exists between the master and pupil. Thus it is not at all remarkable that we find Anton Seidl, at an early age, becoming the pupil, private secretary

and close associate of Richard Wagner. An old tie resumed.

Seidl studied under the personal direction of Wagner and thoroughly mastered the art of conducting. He helped the maestro in his work of founding the Temple of Music at Bayreuth, and was chosen by Wagner to assist him in conducting the first rendition of "Parsifal." Any one who has heard this magnificent work as produced at Bayreuth will understand what it must have meant to Seidl. The well-trained pupil conducting the favorite creation of his maestro.

But it was not long before Seidl had become master of the art himself, and that meant his leaving Richard Wagner.

In 1885 he was called to America as conductor of the German Opera at the Metropolitan Opera House, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Dr. Damrosch. He gained at once the confidence of the public and established himself as the highest exponent of Wagner. In this field he had no rival, he was unexcelled. What breadth, power, and command were his! Every musician in the orchestra yielded to that strong guiding hand. The singers felt his sustaining power, and never were the beauties of Wagner's creations as fully revealed as when directed by Seidl's masterly hand. He possessed that unusual gift in a conductor of making his orchestra render a song to sound as though it were being sung.

Rarely does one find such an evenly balanced temperament as was Seidl's. A well controlled, self centred man, master of himself as well as of his art. No wonder is it that he was universally beloved and respected. The limit of his power had not been reached, for the true music of the future has yet to be revealed. Wagner gave us the first glimpse, and when the condition of humanity is suitable the real creators will appear.

The last thirteen years of Seidl's life were spent in America. He was busy upon his first opera, which had for its book an Indian theme, when he died.

"He has entered upon a great inheritance, which is not so much a compensation for these things surrendered, as a state which simply blots out the memory of them. He lives now not in the world, but with it; his horizon has extended itself to the width of the whole universe."

ELIZABETH C. MAYER.

## IS THERE DIVINITY IN MAN?

Yes!

So long as his breast heaves with pride at the sight of his country's flag; so long as his nerves thrill at every deed of heroism; so long as his heart expands with pity toward the unfortunate, shall we know that there is divinity in man. When man ceases to admire the beautiful in nature; when music fails to arouse the tenderest and most sublime sentiments, then possibly, will be found a God-forsaken creature from whom divinity has withdrawn.

But look not alone in the heights of fame, in the van of battle, or in the depths of distress for divinity in man—our common life is filled with its glory. It looks out of the eyes of each patient toiler; it rings from the forge in the crash and roar of machinery, in the shriek and hiss of steam and in the whirr and glare of electricity, for these—one and all—are debtor to that controlling force in man that has lifted him out of and away from his barbarous and simple past, on to the King's Highway, which he must tread whether he will or no, until he develops into the full stature of the perfect man.

JAMES WRIGHT CARY.



## GEMS FROM J. G. FICHTE'S WORK.

COLLECTED BY REV. W. WILLIAMS.

(Appendix to "Voices of the Century.")

THE following extracts from Fichte's work, "The Destination of Man," will speak for themselves. It is a book no one can read and remain unaffected and indifferent to its great teachings, which excite within us high and lofty thoughts and bring us into contact with that ever-flowing current of spiritual life and energy that streams all round the world. It is a work from the reading of which we rise up stronger and with clearer conceptions of our duty and responsible relationship to Humanity. Amidst the many discordant voices of the century its tones have sounded out clear above the din and noise of clashing interests, bidding us be loyal to duty, ever devoted to the pursuit of the *True* and *Good*, for in these he unfolded, as the fruit within the flower, all human virtue and happiness.

In bringing to a close this inadequate sketch of a great teacher and after witnessing the noble tragedy of such a life and career, we return to the great arena of life, to the narrow and restricted sphere of activity in which we live and move, impressed with a higher ideal of the dignity of Human Nature, strengthened to wage a nobler warfare with the forces of Selfishness, sustained and animated with an unalterable and unshakable trust in the ultimate triumph and spread of Universal Brotherhood—the outcome and manifestation of a regenerated humanity.

"Our philosophy becomes the history of our own heart and life.

"The reformation of the heart alone, conducts to true wisdom."

"Everything that occurs in this world conduces to the reformation and education of man, and by means of that, to the furtherance of his earthly destination."

"Not merely to know, but to act according to thy Knowledge is thy destination," so says the voice which cries aloud to me from my innermost soul, so soon as I collect and give heed to myself for a moment. "Not idly to inspect and contemplate thyself, nor to brood over devout sensations;—no! thou existest to act. Thine act and only thine act, determines thy worth."

"That which is denominated Heaven, lies not beyond the grave. It is already here, diffused around us and its light arises in every pure heart."

"To hearken honestly and fearlessly to the voice of the Higher Self and without useless speculation, to obey it;—this is our sole destination, this the whole aim of our existence. Our lives cease to be empty spots without truth or meaning. There is something to be done, simply because it must be done, that what conscience demands of us may be fulfilled; for this purpose alone do we exist. To perceive it, we have understanding; to accomplish it, we have power."

"Every advance which one man makes, human nature in its entirety, makes with him."

"Blessed be the hour in which I resolved to meditate on myself and my destination. There is now perfect harmony and clearness in my spirit, and a new and more glorious existence for that spirit begins. My breast is closed against all vexation on account of personal mortifications and affronts; against all exaltation on account of personal merits; for my entire personality has long since vanished, and been swallowed up in the contemplation of the end. Since my heart is thus closed to all desire for the earthly, since, in fact, I have no longer any heart for the perishable, the universe appears to my eye in a

transfigured form. The dead, inert mass which but choked up space, has vanished; and instead thereof flows and waves and rushes the eternal stream of life and power and deed; of the original life, of the Divine Life. Its life, as the finite can apprehend it, is a willing which shapes and represents itself by means of itself alone. This life, made sensible in various ways to mortal eyes, flows through me and from me downward, through the immeasurable whole of Nature. Here its streams, as self-creating, self-fashioning matter, through my veins and muscles, and deposits its fulness out of me, in the tree, in the plant, in the grass. One connected stream, drop by drop, the forming life flows in all shapes and on all sides, wherever my eye can follow it and looks upon me, from every point of the universe, with a different aspect, as the same force which fashions my own body in darkness and in secret. Yonder it waves free, and leaps and dances as self-forming motion in the brute; and in every new body represents itself as another separate, self-subsisting world;—the same power which invisible to me, stirs and moves in my own members. All that lives follows this universal attraction, this one principle of all movement, which conducts the harmonious shock from one end of the universe to the other. The brute follows it without freedom. I, from whom, in the visible world, the movement proceeds, follow it freely. Mine eye discerns this eternal life and motion, in all the veins of sensible and spiritual Nature, through what seems to others a dead mass. And it sees this life forever ascend and grow, and transfigure itself into a more spiritual expression of its own nature. The universe is no longer to me that circle which returns into itself, that game which repeats itself without ceasing, that monster which devours itself in order to reproduce itself, as it was before. It is spiritualized to my contemplation, and bears the peculiar impress of the Spirit: continual progress toward perfection, in a straight line which stretches into infinity."

## THE BROTHERHOOD OF LETTERS.

From THE FORUM.

Possnett, in his Comparative Literature, draws an interesting picture of what he calls The World Literature, as distinct from that of any separate class or nation; embracing the best efforts of all civilized peoples as well as the fundamental principles of Christian doctrine and faith. Just as church historians speak of the possible unity and federation of all religions on some broad basis of common agreement, and as Max Müller writes of the possible reduction of all languages to a few of the great historic languages of the world, so it is contended by some that the mission of literature will not be and cannot be fulfilled till this principle of federation or confederation is to some extent realized. Goethe, in some of his works, seems to be looking forward to it, as does Herder also. "Let us conceive," says Matthew Arnold, "the whole group of civilized nations as being, for intellectual and spiritual purposes, one great confederation, bound to a joint action and working toward a common result"—"an ideal," he adds, "which will impose itself more and more upon the thoughts of our modern writers." In a word, what is here meant is the spirit of fraternity in letters—the recognition on the part of authors as a class, of common relationships, common interests and aims, whereby literature, as a great world-force and civilizer, might more effectually do its beneficent work. We speak of the brotherhood of letters. This is not confined to

one people, but may have a range as wide as the brotherhood of men.

## EXTRACTS FROM THE WRITINGS OF WM. Q. JUDGE.

COMING down now to ourselves, it is almost axiomatic that each one's mind acts in a way *peculiar to itself*. There is a tendency that daily grows stronger after our earlier years for the mind to get into a rut, its own rut or mode of looking at things and ideas. This is of great importance. For the man who has freed his mind so that it is capable of easily entering into the methods of other minds is more likely to see truth quicker than he who is fixed in his own ways

We must then at once constitute ourselves our own critics and adversaries, for it is not often that any one else is either willing or capable to take that part for us.

The plain man of affairs is not attracted by the complex events of every day which have no relation to his business, whereas the student of Occultism knows that very obscure events point to other things yet in the future. In every stratum of society and every art or profession we constantly have it brought home to us that each man looks at any subject from but one or two standpoints, and when a well-balanced mind is found looking at events and men and thoughts freely from all sides, everyone sees at once a superiority in the person, albeit they may not be able to explain it.

But it is in Theosophic study especially that it is wise for us to constitute ourselves our own critics and to adopt as far as possible the practice of leaving our own mental road and taking up some other.

The influence is seen every day among those Theosophists who are seeking for more books to read upon Theosophy. . . . But if they read fewer new books and spent more time in re-reading those first attempted, meanwhile studiously endeavoring to enter into all of the author's thought, much more progress would be gained.

Take, for instance, the *Key to Theosophy*. It is full of all the main doctrines of the Wisdom-Religion, and of hints towards others. Many persons have read the book and then sought another. They say that they have mastered it. Yet . . . it is apparent that only that part of the work which in some way coincides with their own previous training and line of thought has been grasped. Now this is just the part they need not have dwelt upon, because, being like to themselves, it may at any time be understood. But if one will ever stand as one's own critic, then those parts which seem obscure will be attacked, and, being viewed from all sides, may be soon turned into a possession.

The Theosophist who delights to call himself practical and logical, an abhorrer of mysticism, should try to see what the mystical Theosophist means, and the mystic one should read carefully the words of the practical member to the end that he may counterbalance himself. A wholly practical or entirely mystical mind is not well balanced. And as long as the logical and practical man in our ranks scouts mysticism and never reads it, so long will he remain deformed and unbalanced in the eyes of those who see both sides, because he is wrapped up in ideas and methods that are only right in their own domain. The attitude of mind proposed is not to be observed only toward our literature and the philosophy studied; it is to be that of every hour and applicable to our dealings with our fellow-men.



## OF DEEPER BIRTH.

BY WILLIAM JAMESON.

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

## CHAPTER XXIV.

GERUTHA, RUNE-PELLER.

THE smith's daughter was in nature too frank to play the eavesdropper, so she at once made her presence known. Her father, or Gerutha, would plainly tell her if they wished their talk to be private. But no remark was made; and the scald, or seeress, motioned Agnes to her side, and took her hand.

"Alas! the twilight of the Gods grows deeper," said Heimer, sighing heavily.

Agnes Nimblefoot, whose fresh young life knew neither pain nor evil-bodings, wondered at her father's sorrow over the distant calamity. Why should he feel so deeply the fate of Ninevah, a place whereof she had not heard until that moment?

Gerutha did not wonder at his sorrow, though she seemed unmoved herself as she made reply:

"Tis amid the shadows, my brother, that the Helper may be seen by those who will not behold him when the Sun is high above them."

"Yet the pain of the world ceases not; whether Helper-Odin be born anew among men, or shine forth from His high seat far off in Asgard."

"Can pain cease, while there is aught to learn?"

The smith was silent for a moment: not that he felt unable to answer this question, but rather because he was fashioning into words a thought suggested by it. Heimer the smith "loved the gods"; that is, he was a student of the Wisdom-religion as interpreted by our Norse forefathers.

Said he; "Balder, the innocent, has been slain by the blind one Hoder."

"Loki, the light-bringer, planned Balder's slaying," answered Gerutha, quickly.

"Yea, and Balder knew not of pain until that hour."

"And Balder the painless god shall revive in that man alone whose whole body is full of light."

"Then must the world's pain go on till learning endeth. Yet how rede you the woe of Ninevah? Tell me, O, Gerutha, Rune-speller!"

"It is destroyed, methinks, because of the bad bodies its people had made for themselves. Generation after generation have the folk of Ninevah corrupted the forms wherein they dwelt, so that in the end these became useless for light-bearing. Therefore, when the hour struck, the forms have been utterly swept away. Thus the kind gods ordain; thus is the Path of the mighty Helper prepared."

"Know you aught of the manner of His coming, Gerutha the wise? Dwelleth he with thrall or ruler?"

"South and east must a man travel who would meet Him face to face! south and east, across vast desert lands and over mountains thrice higher than huge Sneehatten; then forth into plains where the sunlight burns almost as that furnace of thine, friend Heimer. 'Tis there, among an ancient folk of our own race—well-nigh our own speech, in a land called India\* is he seen at this hour—a prince to the multitude; Odin Single-eye, to them that know."

"And his name, that I may think upon it at

\* Artistic effect is perhaps spoilt a little by using modern and familiar names of places referred to in this part of our story. Yet if things are thereby made more vivid to the general reader, the blame of critics must be endured.

the hour of solemn brooding amid the pine trees?" asked Heimer earnestly.

"Prince Gotama is He called to-day."

"But is it in that far land alone—India named—that the hearts of men shall be thrilled with hope at the coming of the blessed One? How say you, Gerutha?"

"I trow not; when the logs blaze brightly upon thy hearth, the lonely traveller is cheered on his way, though he come not anigh thy dwelling. Beholding the light from afar, his thoughts fly homeward, and he forgetteth for a while the weariness of his path. Moreover, didst thou not wish to learn the name by which the light-bringer passeth now-a-days in order to muse upon it fixedly? Then, shall not the All-Knower spy thee out at thy task? And are there not other instructed ones, in lands old and new, now watching at this hour of *change*, for that mighty-Messenger who never faileth? Think you He will pass them by?"

"Yet meseems that not alone should those who are 'fond of ornaments' be gladdened. Shall not simple folk take heart likewise?"

"Assuredly. Listen and ponder, O Brother. Our shippers, who have sailed as far as the mighty, blue fiord of the south† have told us of a nimble-minded folk called Greeks. They have shapely bodies, but are not stout hearted; and they chatter overmuch to please those who hail from the silent north lands. Moreover, they are not apt at governing themselves. At a Thing-meeting they would talk for days and yet do nothing."

"I know, I know," said Heimer; "still report goes that they are so bright and pleasant in all their ways, that it is hard to become offended with them. My son Thorolf says that the words of the *Guest's wisdom Saga* oft comes to his mind when he thinks of those easy-going Greek folk: 'No man is as good but there is a flaw in him, nor as bad as to be good for nothing.' But what hath befallen them, O Seeress?"

They have gotten a Leader, a young merchant, yet a student withal; one who in sacred Egypt hath pondered the mysteries of man's life. He shall, at this auspicious hour, guide that wayward people, who have strangely submitted all their concerns to his judgment; he shall knit their hearts together, so that they become mighty for the uplifting of nations round about them, and likewise of those who follow after, even for many generations."

"And his name, too, I beg?"

"Solon is he called; Solon the wise shall men proclaim him for long ages to come!"

"And of Egypt—that ancient mother of sages and rune-masters, shall she also rejoice in the Light that now thrilleth the world?"

"Doubtless: yet, as an old man, who sitteth in the sun for an hour, is wearied by its burning rays, and falleth asleep eftsoon—even so shall Egypt, spent with the toiling of unnumbered years, rest in Slumberland ere long. Thus the Norns have doomed."

"And what, think you, is decreed for us at this season of uplifting? What lieth in store for the children of the Snow?"

[To be continued.]

"Thoughts are mightier than strength of hand."—*Sophocles*.

"The universe is change; our life is what our thoughts make it."—*Marcus Aurelius*.

\* Students of Occultism." So I venture to interpret a phrase used in the Sagas.

† The Mediterranean.

## CHORDS OF HARMONY.

FROM THE "FRIENDS IN COUNSEL."

(Correspondence Class.)

Headquarters, 144 Madison Avenue, New York.

DEAR COMRADES:

It seems to be the humor of the age to transpose old adages and to put old wine into new bottles. To some of the adaptations we have great objection as to the effort to replace the Golden Rule which we all know and love by the Silver one of "Do others or they will do you." A few are greatly improved by their change, and among them one which seems to fit into both our own affairs and the world's. The old battle cry ended with, "To the victor belongs the spoils," the new one says, "To the victor belongs the grace to give"—a first step to a Brotherhood of Nations. As long as there is separateness and selfishness between mankind, so long will the battle cry be heard; so long as there is pride of possession among us, we must fight not alone for our own safe guarding, but to free the wrongdoer from the thrall of his own pride and ambition. That is the "grace to give," having conquered on the lower plane to open wide the doors of his truer Self that the soul may sense its freedom and soar above its lower self. It is the voice of the Lodge calling on all to recognize their oneness, their Brotherhood; to "fight the good fight," and having conquered, to stand ready with open hand and heart to him who, having failed and fallen, re-awakens to his brotherhood and seeks to be free again.

But if, instead, he springs up to renew the fight, still blinded by the wrong and error, then continue the battle, knowing that such a soul is still bound and waiting to be free.

"Tis the glorious, unsought fight that only Fortune's favored soldiers shall obtain." For it is only the knight of the Grail that holds the trusty steel which alone can cleave the shackles of wrong and distress. And the sparks struck from that steel shall kindle into flame the new light of Truth and Brotherhood. EXPECTANT.

DEAR COMRADES:

We talk of the Golden Age being in the future, but recently I have been thinking there are many who have found it in the present—the eternal now.

Has it occurred to you that the tremendous arousing of trust and harmony among us this past year is now being felt by our country in many ways?

With all the vociferous war cry—it is of the surface only, for do you not feel that deep, steady undercurrent of *balance*, all the time holding the great mass from plunging into extremes?

There is such a restful, satisfied, comfortable feeling that "God is in his world and all's well."

I tell you, comrade, *it pays to trust*, and I believe the American people are developing that capacity so rapidly that nothing on earth but the U. B. will satisfy them.

Wasn't it a lucky thing that the "spring moving" occurred Feb. 18th?

There is plenty of room in the U. B., and faith, we need it.

Yours, STILL EXPANDING.

"In a tomb hewn in a rock in Southern Mexico, it is reported that there has been found a sword made of bronze and iron, which bears upon its blade, in rich inlaying of silver, characters of record and representations distinctively Grecian and Assyrian."



## PAREPA ROSA.

MANY years ago a poor widowed woman, leading a hard life of unending labor, was called on to part with the one thing dear to her—her only child. Mother and daughter had toiled together for fifteen years, and the only bit of sunshine falling into their dark lives was that shed by their loving companionship. But the girl had always been weakly. Under the heart-broken mother's eyes she faded and wasted away with consumption, and at last the day came when the wan face failed to answer with a smile the anxious, tear-blinded eyes of the mother. The poor young creature was dead.

For many months the pair had been supported by the elderly woman's sewing, and it was in the character of employer I had become acquainted with Mrs. C. and her story. By an occasional visit to the awful heights of an East Side tenement, where they lived, by a few books and some comforting words I had won the love of the dying girl. Her grateful thoughts turned in her last hours to the small number of friends she possessed, and she besought her mother to notify me of the day of the funeral and ask me to attend.

That summons reached me upon one of the wildest days preceding Christmas. A sleet that was not rain, and a rain that was not snow, came pelting from all points of the compass. I piled the glowing grates; I drew closer the curtains and shut out the gloom of the December afternoon; I turned on the gas and sat down, devoutly thankful that I had cut all connection with the wicked weather, when an installment burst in upon me in the shape of Parepa Rosa. She was Euphrosyne Parepa, and the operatic idol of the city.

And even as we congratulated ourselves on the prospect of a delightful day together, here came the summons for me to go to the humble funeral of the poor sewing woman's daughter. I turned the little tear-blotted note over and groaned.

"This is terrible," said I. "It's the one errand that could take me out to-day, but I must go."

And then I told Parepa the circumstances, and speculated on the length of time I should be gone, and suggested means of amusement in my absence.

"But I shall go with you," said the great-hearted creature.

So she re-wound her throat with a long white comforter, pulled on her worsted gloves, and off in the storm we went together. We climbed flight after flight of narrow, dark stairs to the top floor, where the widow dwelt in a miserable little room not more than a dozen feet square. The canvas-back hearse, peculiar to the twenty-five dollar funeral, stood in the street below, and the awful cherry-stained box, with its ruffle of glazed white muslin, stood on uncovered trestles in the centre of the room above.

There was the mother, speechless in her grief, beside that box, a group of hard-working, kindly-hearted neighbors sitting about. It was useless to say the poor woman was prepared for the inevitable end; it was cold comfort to speak to her of the daughter's release from pain and suffering. The bereft creature, in her utter loneliness, was thinking of herself and the awful future, of the approaching moment when that box and its precious burden would be taken away and leave her wholly alone. So, therefore, with a sympathizing grasp of the poor, worn, bony hand, we sat silently down to "attend the funeral."

Then the minister came in—a dry man, with nothing of the tenderness of his holy calling. Icier than the day, colder than the storm, he rat-

tled through some selected sentences from the Bible, and offered a set form of condolence to the broken-hearted mother. Then he hurriedly departed, while a hush fell on everybody gathered in the little room. Not one word had been uttered of consolation, of solemn import, or befitting the occasion. It was the emptiest, hollowest, most unsatisfactory moment I ever remember. Then Parepa arose, her cloak falling about her noble figure like mourning drapery. She stood beside that miserable cherry-stained box. She looked a moment on the wasted, ashy face, upturned toward her from within it. She laid her soft, white hand on the forehead of the dead girl, and lifted up her matchless voice in the beautiful melody—

"Angels ever bright and fair,  
Take, oh take her to thy care."

The noble voice swelled toward heaven, and if ever the choirs of paradise paused to listen to earth's music, it was when Parepa sang so gloriously beside that poor dead girl. No words can describe its effects on those gathered there. The sad mourner sank on her knees, and with clasped hands and streaming eyes the little band stood reverently about her.

No queen ever went to her grave accompanied by a grander ceremony. To this day Parepa's glorious tribute of song rings with solemn melody in my memory as the most impressive service I ever heard.—*From Our Dumb Animals.*

## NATURE RESPONDS TO THE NEW TIMES.

"TRAMPING, the other day, through a stretch of country which I have traversed every spring for several years, I noticed for the first time a flock of grassfinches or vesper-sparrows setting up a concerted song from the tops of a row of ash-trees. While I had frequently heard several of these birds singing together at sundown from the scattered boulders of a pasture, in what appeared to be plainly an antiphonal way, I had never before come upon anything at all approaching this unanimous burst or chorus, the contributors to which sang as if the general effect were the only thing in view, and not—as is their custom—as if each singer were intent on his own part solely, and contributed so much as he did contribute to the aggregate result as it were by the accident of simultaneousness. By habit the vesper-finch is little gregarious except at the time of his arrival and departure, and the presence of so many in one group was itself a matter of interest, seeing the singers comprised between a dozen and twenty birds. What struck me, however, as most unusual was the obvious determination of each performer to enhance the effect of the general volume of melody rather than to emphasize his personal contribution to it—two or three birds which were perched near together among the topmost branches being apparently the leaders of the chorus, and the rest taking their cue from them and turning in their direction. When we consider that nearly all our birds' songs consist either of soliloquy or are addressed as solos to the mate, and that the vesper-finch after the arrival of the females is in habit a rather solitary bird, the occurrence is certainly of interest, and points to the breaking down of what may be taken to be well-established traits in the presence of unusual conditions.

"For the first time in my remembrance I received, a day or two after my adventure with the finches, a new impression in connection with the high-hole or golden-winged woodpecker. The phenomenon, however, is a matter of psychology rather than of ornithological science—an experi-

ence of the subjective consciousness. This bird, arriving generally some days later than the robin and the song-sparrow, I had never until this season made the entry of my initial sight of him without turning back the pages of my note-book under the, generally very vivid, impression that I had put him down before. This impression is probably due to the presence with us of the spotted woodpeckers through the winter, and their increased activity and obtrusiveness in later February and March; so that, being accustomed to the general habits and the peculiar ascending and descending flight of the species, the mind finds something familiar in the appearance of the newcomer, and is a little bewildered by the necessity of revising its impressions and recognizing him as a new arrival. At any rate, and be the psychological explanation what it may, I had never come upon my first high-hole without the feeling that I had seen the bird before. This year, however, that impression was absent, and I recognized the well-known flash of gold and the white of the tail coverts with a feeling of distinct surprise."—*Independent.*

## PEARLS OF WISDOM,

"The only prayer for a brave man is to be a-doing. This is the prayer that is heard. Why ask God for a respite when he has not given it? Has he not done his work, and made man equal to his occasions, but he must needs have recourse to him again? God cannot give us any other than self-help."—*Thoreau.*

"What then, is man! What then, is man! He endures but for an hour, and is crushed before the moth. Yet in the being and in the working of a faithful man is there already (as all faith from the beginning, gives assurance) a something that pertains not to this wild death-element of Time; that triumphs over Time and is, and will be, when Time shall be no more."—*Carlyle.*

"The earth is every day overspread with the veil of night for the same reason as the cages of birds are darkened, viz.: that we may the more readily apprehend the higher harmonies of thought in the hush and quiet of darkness. Thoughts which day turns into smoke and mist, stand about us in the night as light and flames; even as the column which fluctuates above the crater of Vesuvius, in the day time appears a pillar of cloud, but by night a pillar of fire."—*Jean Paul Richter.*

"That this Nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

"With malice towards none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right."—*Lincoln.*

"Nothing can come out of nothing, any more than a thing can go back to nothing."

"Death, like generation, is a secret of Nature."—*Marcus Aurelius.*

"For of the soule the bodie forme doth take;  
For soule is forme, and doth the bodie make."  
—*Edmund Spenser.*

"Nor knowest thou what argument  
Thy life to thy neighbor's creed hath lent.  
All are needed by each one;  
Nothing is fair or good alone."—*Emerson.*

"Himself from God he could not free;  
He builded better than he knew;  
The conscious stone to beauty grew."  
—*Emerson.*



## UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD ORGANIZATION.



CENTRAL OFFICE,  
144 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK.

### WHO IS MY BROTHER?

BY CHARLOTTE ABELL WALKER.

TO the superficial thinker and observer, the Brotherhood of Humanity seems like a Utopian dream, a figment of the brain, utterly impossible of realization, and all the more so now that here in America, where is to be laid the great foundation of brotherly love for all mankind, we are at war with a neighboring nation.

But there are some who can see in the great movements of national feeling something more than the operation of selfish and sordid forces.

Our war with Spain is not for conquest nor dominion, but to put an end to the suffering of our brothers in Cuba.

America is the first of all nations to fight in the cause of Humanity. Her people are united as never before to work for a common end; the deepening sense of national responsibility has made the union of the North and South a fact, and this good feeling and fraternization between the lately belligerent sections is sure to bring about the highest form of unification of our republic, and in a crisis like the one which we are now facing, when the balance of power is oscillating to and fro, the true Leader is the one whose ears are close to the hearts of the people,—he hears every heart throb, he speaks their unspoken thoughts and leads the way to the goal of their highest aspirations, Universal Brotherhood.

But not only in America, which leads the vanguard of thought, has the bugle note of brotherly love been sounded, but slow, conservative old England is giving us her moral support, though she has not yet enlisted in our cause.

From her high officials come expressions of sympathy voicing the sentiment of her people, and through the smoke and din of battle the word Brother, flashes over the sea; we feel the Nation's hand, and it urges us on to a higher state of national evolution, though the full significance of the work we have undertaken is as yet comprehended only by the few.

We are fighting for "Truth, Light and Liberation" of all humanity: fighting to uproot the thoughts of selfishness which whisper loudly of material losses and naught to be won by our efforts in Mercy's name; we go forth to war strong in hope, strong in might, true to our nobler selves, that Peace may reign where turmoil has so long held sway.

Our national consciousness is developing; we no longer pass by on the other side, but, like the good Samaritan, we give of our time and substance to put an end to the cruelties and abominations which the misgovernment of Spain has so long inflicted on her unhappy subjects.

Is there not Brotherhood then in war fought on these lines, and should not America wave on high

the banner of Universal Brotherhood and every American heart beat strong with hope, even when the hosts of darkness crowd thick and fast around us, for are we not fighting for defenceless brothers, and is not right on our side and must it not prevail?

### TOUR AMONG THE WESTERN LODGES.

BY BURCHAM HARDING.

AS soon as the recent memorable Convention at Chicago was concluded, it was my good fortune to be sent to that happy land, the Pacific Coast, visiting several Lodges on the way thither, among them Kansas City, Denver, Salt Lake City, and Elgin. The first point on the Pacific slope was Portland, where winter weather is virtually unknown, for lawn mowers are in use all the year round, and the gardens were already bright with spring flowers.

From Portland the route was to Tacoma, Seattle, and the thriving Lodges on Puget Sound; Olympia, Fairhaven, Whatcom, Vancouver, and last but not least, Victoria.

The journey southwards by boat from Victoria of two to three days gave an opportunity for rest and preparation to meet our worthy brethren at the active centre in San Francisco.

As a little secret, and as a guide to others who may visit the Pacific Coast, I may mention, that the members of the Pacific Coast Committee are deep students of "The Voice of the Silence," and are strongly impressed that "inaction, is action in a deadly sin." Consequently in place of being allowed to enjoy their society I was at once despatched to visit the Lodges at Sacramento, Stockton, St. José, Gilroy, Santa Cruz, Soquel, Los Gatos, Alameda and Oakland. Truly that lovely country is a garden of Eden with its superabundance of roses and flowers, and its orchards of fruit trees.

Every-one of these Lodges, without exception, joyfully accepted the new order of things, and has enrolled in the "Universal Brotherhood." The restless activity of the members, which has carried them as far West as the ocean permits, led them at once to grasp the tremendous import of the proceedings at Chicago. Without cavil or delay, they took right hold, recognizing the Master hand of our Leader, who so ably steered the Society to victory.

"Well," said one of the members, "have we not been working all these years to form the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood, and shall we refuse it when good fortune has brought it? We telegraphed for a charter at once."

Some Lodges had sent their delegates to Chicago and had already been informed respecting the proceedings, but all were eager to learn more. They grasped very clearly, for each one felt it intuitively, that the "nucleus of brotherhood" is not an outer organization, but an inner change in the heart of each member, which irresistibly impels him to do the Master's work of helping others. That the past years of preparation have given an opportunity, to those who were able and willing to restrain the selfish nature sufficiently, to become "willing tools" for the future great upliftment of suffering humanity. Unless the inner change had been accomplished, the outer organization of "Universal Brotherhood" could have no sure foundation. The new organization is therefore the outer symbol and active body, for the real brotherhood which is in the hearts of its members. Questioning and cavilling about personalities, leaders and organizations are but the outer signs of the lack of inner preparation.

Our good brothers and sisters in the West are a sure and solid rock, closely united, and firm in resolve.

At this distance of three thousand miles, it may be safe to venture upon a slight criticism. The members are so terribly in earnest, and feel so deeply the great truths of life, that these excellent qualities have bred an over anxiety, which often raises opposition in the minds of an audience. Babies can digest neither strong food, nor large doses, without becoming nauseated. No doubt the more popular lines of work being inaugurated will obviate this, and the new literature in course of preparation by the literary staff of the Theosophical Society in America will further assist in teaching brotherhood to the masses in a more acceptable form.

As an instance of this, Mrs. Tingley's collection of stereopticon views, illustrating the American Crusade around the world, which were shown at several centres, created great interest among the public, and gave to the members a better idea of the real purpose of the Crusade.

We gladly welcome to our exchange list THE NEW CENTURY, a high grade weekly paper, which has for its mission the promulgation of "the Broadest teachings of Universal Brotherhood." It is quotable from each column of its attractive contents, and we trust it will have the successful circulation it deserves. It is published by The New Century Corporation, 144 Madison Ave., New York City, at \$1.50.—From *Hope Valley Free Press*.

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\* \* \*

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\* \* \*

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\* \* \*

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## 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.

(Continued.)

THE idea, that shuts out the truth from us and makes us fight against each other, is a rather deep-rooted belief in our separate independence. Vanity and selfishness are the great producers of this delusion, and pride strengthens and maintains it. The more narrow-minded and ignorant we are, the more we pride ourselves on what we call our manly independence.

Pride is a peculiar quality. People are proud of such queer things; indeed, it is scarcely possible to find any ordinary person who is not proud of some silly thing. Pride of some possession is very common. I have known people proud of money which they have not earned; proud of clothes which they could not make; proud even of possessing a big dog or tight boots; proud of their knowledge, proud of their ignorance; proud of being able to hate or to drink a great deal; proud of having a straight nose or being born in this or that country, no matter which; proud even of their own humility; some are proud of being in a state of salvation and on intimate terms with God and others are proud because they have got rid of God, as they think, altogether. Indeed, there is no conceivable thing which cannot be made an object of pride.

For, in reality, this pride is independent of all object and is just self-love finding excuse to justify itself to the personal self. But the quality, common to all sorts of pride, is the belief in the separateness and independence of the person who is the victim of the hallucination.

As the sense of fellowship and brotherhood grows stronger in a person and the bonds of this separateness are loosened, so does the vanity and pride melt away from the soul, leaving it free to vibrate sympathetically to the tide of life and thought in which it moves with all its fellows, as drops in one ocean of life.

So, of course, it is the egotism, the vanity and pride in us that holds up the wall of independence against the light of Brotherhood and makes us

fear to pass beyond the narrow limits of the personal self, or even to open a door in the wall of our minds, through which the light of love and sympathy might flow. It is this folly that makes us shut ourselves into our self-made prison of egotism and there boast that we are free and independent citizens of the world. This idea of separate independence is called, in the old teachings, the "Great Heresy." It is the great crime against humanity that lies at the root of all our social troubles and evils, and even of our own personal troubles too. It is, of course, stronger and harder in some than in others, and I think the degree to which we are able to free ourselves from it marks the degree of our own progress in wisdom and true civilization.

You touch the weak side of vain and weak people when you appeal to their independence, and people who want to get a following among the ignorant and unthinking members of a community, appeal to them as free and independent citizens or voters, and then, having persuaded them that they are quite free, they can lead or drive them where they want. But those, who have found their own path and know what they want to see done in the world, combine together with others of like aims and choose whom they shall follow, sacrificing this loved hallucination—their independence—to the greater desire of their heart for the welfare of their community or of their race.

What is it that really struggles for existence? Study yourself, your own states of consciousness. It is always with you and the nearest thing to you.

I think of myself, and see that I have a body and know that if I wish to remain in this state of consciousness, I must feed that body and take care of it, and I find that if I take care of it and give it plenty of occupation, it will let me be fairly happy; but, if I neglect it, or overwork it, or use it for purposes that it is not adapted to, it will give me trouble and cause me to suffer pain. So I see, that I have the use of this body for a time, and can use it in many ways, but that it is not me, only belonging to me for my use. Now I have ideas of life, I have notions of things I would like to do; I want to become something greater and I try to make my body do this for me, but my body has only the power to do what I have taught it to do, so that I find I am like a prisoner in my own house, not able to get out or to do the things I want to do because this body cannot yet answer to my call, as I have not yet trained it to be my friend and helper,—it is more like an unwilling servant and it seems to have caught the spirit of those free and independent people whose aim is to get all they can and do as little work as possible in return—and then, on top of all that, it (the body) continually wants to go on strike, and all because I have not trained it to do what I want nor learned to really understand its needs, but rather have tried to make it give me pleasure at my will and not in accordance with its nature and my real needs. So, when I want to express the higher ideas that are in my mind, or when I want to live a nobler life, I find this body has gone on strike, or is taking a holiday, or gone on the sick list, and I have to drop my high ideas and come down to the level of my body again. All the time I am struggling for the existence of my real self against the habits and needs of my body. I am struggling for existence, and my body does not seem to sympathize with my ideas and only wants to run in its old rut and follow its old habits.

Now look at the life of the people as a whole,

and see just the same thing going on. The body of the people only want to run on in their old rut and follow their old habits; while the Self of the race, the real heart and soul of the race, is constantly trying to make it alter its ways and live the better and wiser life, which the body of the people refuses to do, because it has been taught to do certain things in the past and it means to go on doing those things to all eternity and can't understand these new ways of thinking and living: so a struggle sets in between the advanced, progressive Self of the people and the unthinking *body* of society.

Each looks upon the other as an enemy to prosperity, and each begins to struggle for existence, just as in the individual the Self and the body struggle. You know how the world treats its real teachers and reformers. There is nothing in the least surprising in it, for the people are just like the body; they don't want to alter their ways even if they are miserable, and the Self keeps calling upon them to do more than they yet want to do. So it becomes necessary to educate the people and show them, more and more, the reasons of things, the necessity for progress and the worthlessness of the old ideas, in order that they may respond to the call of the Self and make an effort to rise out of their present state and try a new line. This fact has been recognized on all hands, and reformers to-day spend much of their energy in education for that reason. What is necessary for the body of the people is also necessary for the body of the individual; you must train it to help you in your thinking and you must not ruin it by violent opposition to its needs, nor destroy it by excessive use of its functions whether for pleasure or work, and then you may find that it will not stand in your way when you try to rise to higher states of consciousness or to live a better kind of life.

Now, what I am driving at in this is what I said before: You must educate the minds of the people, you must alter their ideal, you must get rid of the belief in the necessity for the struggle for existence, before that struggle can cease to make life hideous upon the earth. And to do this, you must, yourself, abandon the belief that this dead formula represents a law in nature; you must, yourself, no longer bow down to this wooden-headed notion that man must struggle for existence, and begin the work of blotting out that ideal from the mind and thought-sphere of the world, and this you can do by putting another and bigger idea in its place. Put in place of it the Universal Brotherhood, and dare to believe in it yourself.

[Concluded.]

### A MUNICIPAL OFFICIAL RECOGNIZES BROTHERHOOD.

The Hon. Thos. P. Taylor, mayor of Bridgeport, Conn., in the course of his opening address to the new Common Council of that city, spoke as follows:

"An ideal city government never existed—and never will exist until human nature undergoes a radical transformation or until we recognize the fact that we are all members of a universal brotherhood, wider and broader than the narrow partisan and political lines on which we are accustomed to act. There is, however, a general demand in all cities for better municipal government, for such intelligent action by city officials as will result in more and better permanent improvements and a decrease in the cost of running expenses and fixed charges."



## CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT

OF THE INTERNATIONAL BROTHERHOOD  
LEAGUE (UNSECTARIAN).

### LOTUS GROUPS.

GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT, ELIZABETH C. MAYER.

CHILDREN'S PAGE CONDUCTED BY  
MISS ELIZABETH WHITNEY AND MISS MARGARET LLOYD.

### FLAGS OF ALL NATIONS.

"How lovely it is!"

"What a lot of flags!"

"There's the Spanish flag; take it down, it don't belong here!"

Thus the children exclaimed on seeing the flags (given to the Crusaders on their journey around the world) with which the hall was decorated.

How this small group of ten-year-olds mirrored the feeling of the country! There was the vociferous small boy who was for war—to the gory end—"Down with Spain!" "Remember the Maine!" No sentimental nonsense about *him*—Brotherhood was all very well theoretically, but facts were facts—he could prove that Spain was too wicked to exist any longer.

There was also the vociferous boy's small sister who tried her best to carry the vigorous pros and cons of argument to a higher plane of a real spirit of compassion;

The sparkling, black-eyed girl to whom the flags had no suggestion but "regiment," and whose small feet beat time to an imaginary march with all the sensual gratification of the glitter and pomp of war;

The eager, wide-awake girl with a clean cut view of the situation, who explained that it was Spain's pride and false sense of honor and selfishness that was making the trouble;

The inert, phlegmatic small girl, whose pretty gown and spring hat absorbed her small, ease-loving mind to the exclusion of "great questions";

The negative, small minds that wobbled in any direction that attracted them for the moment;

The spirituelle, blue-eyed lad, oblivious of the heated arguments about him in his delight of color and symbolism which found expression in *light*. "The Light! oh, isn't it *beautiful*. I never saw such lovely Light."

To stem the tide of hopeless argument, attention was called to the color of the flags and a lesson in Brotherhood learned thereby.

Red and white were the most conspicuous, blue came next, then yellow, orange and green. Purple was the only rainbow color left out, but it was conspicuous in U. B.

White stood for Brotherhood, Unity, Purity.

Red for Fire, Courage, Love.

Yellow, for Light, Wisdom.

Orange for Life.

Green for Nature.

The form of the flags was next observed; bars, stars and crosses.

Points of agreement were looked for:

Most nations had some of the white—the ideal of Brotherhood—and most of them had some of the red—courage, etc. Those having no red had the blue of hope.

Points of difference were found the most marked in the flags of Ireland and America.

Most nations had either crosses or bars—five bars being the greatest number.

America had the red and white evenly balanced in its thirteen stripes (like a ladder), showing that each step taken with courage and love carried one to the ideal of Brotherhood, and this

gave fresh courage and love for the next step. (It was observed that most nations had used more of the *fire* and *courage* of the red than the quality of love, in their history.)

The blue of space, dotted with stars, showed that America had light from the heavens to guide it as a nation.

Ireland's flag showed that its nation believed in following Nature (green) in which the law of harmony (the yellow harp) is to be found. Although it had none of the white of Brotherhood, yet it had the idea more strongly than any nation except America; for by comparing the harp to the lyre of Apollo, the Sun god, with its seven strings, it was found that the seven colors of the rainbow which the lyre symbolized all blend into the one white light. So Ireland works for Brotherhood through harmony (color and sound in nature).

Cuba came nearest to America in its flag (they seemed like an older and younger brother). Cuba showed that the hope and ideal of Brotherhood (in its bars of blue and white) was being realized in its present struggle for freedom through the fire, courage and love (the red triangle), and from this would come the unity of Brotherhood (its big guiding star).

Spain's flag—the cause of controversy—showed two bars of red and three of yellow. Spain's great need is the white—the ideal of Brotherhood. Its five bars might represent the five senses, showing that Spain has not risen above the physical plane; but in this war its lower, material nature will be conquered and it will be shown the ideal of Brotherhood by America's help to Cuba, and then the light which it has will manifest itself, as its flag shows, threefold; then she will rise to great wisdom. So, instead of trying to "wipe Spain off the earth" and banish her flag from the other nations, should not we, who have the ideal of Brotherhood, help Spain to understand her own real nature and thus add greater power to the whole world?

Thus Brotherhood in the flags of all nations brought harmony to the Group and a feeling of peace and goodwill filled the atmosphere.

"Which is the *best* color of all?" urgently inquired a small lad.

"Which do you *like* best?" was asked.

"Purple"—"red," came the responsive chorus.

"Purple and gold is *our* flag, ain't it?"

"America has the best of all. We have the stars and stripes and the purple and gold."

"But the purple and gold is the flag of Universal Brotherhood. That doesn't mean America all alone, does it?"

"No, it means everybody—all the whole world."

"Well—can you children see what it is you have to do in the world? With the light from so many stars you have the help of the heavens—that means the Higher Self in you and me and everybody, the Power that works for the good of the whole world. It works everywhere, but just now it is stronger in America than in any other nation, as our flag shows, so you see that America is to help the rest of the world."

"Both Ireland and Spain have colors that are not in our flag; so if we help them, they can also help us, and then with all these things—wisdom, courage, love, hope, harmony, the light from heaven—Brotherhood will be understood by all. You children, by sending out this Light which America has, can make the perfect rainbow (the white light of unity) for the seventh color—purple—which no nation uses in its flag, will become the one color used by *all* nations in the great flag of Universal Brotherhood—purple and gold!"

511 N. ROCKWELL ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

APRIL 29th, 1898.

MRS. E. C. MAYER,

Gen. Superintendent Children's Department,  
144 Madison Ave., New York City.

DEAR MADAM AND SISTER:—

April 13th was celebrated quietly but in an impressive manner by Maplewood Lotus Group No. 1. Mrs. Westerland, in whose house we meet, aided by Mrs. Roth (our treasurer) had decorated the rooms very tastefully—streamers in all the colors of the rainbow ran from the centre of the ceiling to the corners, colored butterflies, and golden stars fluttered from above, while flags and an abundance of white, yellow and purple flowers were placed on a table in front of H. P. B's., W. Q. J's. and K. A. T's. pictures.

The children with their collarettes resembling flowers looked like fairies in a flower-garden. Unfortunately we had no music—audible—but the colors produced such a harmonious silent music, that we did not miss it much.

The children sang a verse from one of the leaflets, after which we had our usual silent moments.

The children then recited "The Will of the Wisp" with other verses from the leaflets, and did it very well.

Mrs. Morse, Asst. Supt., Miss Roth and myself told them the story of The Holy Grail from Lohengrin and of the three messengers sent out in this century, also of the heroes in our own souls.

After the singing of another verse the day was closed, but we feel certain that they will remember it till next year.

Whenever they hear of "The Purple Lotus Mother," as we sometimes call our Leader, their faces brighten, and I am sure they will be glad when they hear that I ask you to bring their love to "Lotus Mother."

Very fraternally yours,

ANDREW WITTRUP.

FORT WAYNE, Ind., May 1st, 1898.

Mr. H. T. PATTERSON.

DEAR BROTHER:

I desire to write to you in regard to the work that is carried on in behalf of children by Mrs. Tingley and her co-workers. It is of the first importance to them and to the country that the work in their behalf that she has inaugurated should be supported in every way possible. Any one who may be able to aid in any way in this work will feel amply compensated in the results to be achieved. The strength which the children will receive, the steadiness which they will largely acquire and the moral tone which they will unconsciously gain must make them good, self-reliant, self-respecting people. I know of no work more laudable and better calculated to build up every community where it is carried on than this.

I wish I were able to practically join her in the work and to aid her in a material way to forward the movement along the lines laid down. This work must be carried on in order to save this nation from destruction. Every one can do something; every one should encourage the movement in whatever way he may be able. I am quite busy holding court—and cannot say more at this time. Such thoughts occur to me often.

Fraternally,

EDWARD O'ROURKE.