

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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In Memoriam.

WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.—ENGLAND'S GRAND OLD MAN.

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The New Century

EDITED BY KATHERINE A. TINGLEY.

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NEW YORK, JUNE 11, 1898.

A GRAND OLD MAN.

EVERY DEPARTMENT OF LIFE has its heroes and many of them pass away unknown and unnoticed by their fellow men, although the stamp of their thought, activity and heroism is indelibly impressed upon the race. Such lives make possible the lives of others who voice the public needs and take rank as leaders of a nation or a party. The nation that does not revere its heroes or the party or organization that is without a leader is in a sad plight and its days are as good as numbered, for disintegration at once sets in and its strength wanes like that of a castle whose walls are crumbling under the ravages of time and weather.

William Ewart Gladstone, whom all English speaking people came to know as "The Grand Old Man," has passed away and England mourns his loss to-day, as do many hearts in other lands where his voice had echoed in stern denunciation of public wrongs and earnest pleadings for liberty on behalf of down-trodden humanity. From the Queen of England on her throne to the humblest cottager in the Black Country, who toils for his living in the very bowels of the earth, there goes up a sigh that, one so great of heart, so keen to sense another's woe, should have gone from their midst!

Born at Liverpool, Dec. 29, 1809, with kingly blood in his veins, Gladstone fairly ranks as one of the foremost men of this century—linking, as it were, the old order of things with the new in the political world as no other of his recent contemporaries could possibly do. His diligence in study won for him the highest honors at his university, and his peculiar aptitude to wholly concentrate his attention upon whatever he took in hand enabled him to grapple successfully with most difficult problems and contributed to his attaining and maintaining the eminent position he held in both social and political life.

Like all wise men who are also growing in wisdom, he exercised the privilege of changing his mind. His first speech in Parliament was made in favor of slavery, his last great effort as a

statesman was in behalf of Home Rule for Ireland. Between these periods, there was a steady development from the old fashioned narrowness of Tory insular thought and prejudice in matters concerning both church and state, to the broad toleration which succeeded in unshackling one church, many rack rented peasants and several European states from the burdens that pressed heavily upon them. His final public effort being to denounce the Sultan of Turkey for the wrongs inflicted on his Armenian subjects and to point with a finger of righteous scorn at the selfish unwillingness of the European Christian nations to stop the foul wrongs that were being so persistently committed in Eastern Europe.

Gladstone had the true warrior spirit; opposition and obstacles did not daunt him but the righteousness of his cause fired him with an enthusiasm and a power which carried all before it. When force was necessary to restrain what he thought was evil-doing he did not hesitate to apply it and his remarkable Mid-Lothian campaigns, his restraint of the Parnellites and his suppression of Arabi Pasha in Egypt amply display his versatile genius as a statesman. Richard Cœur de Lion was not more lion-hearted in the old Crusader days than the modern "People's William," and although every adventure was not a success, and even trusted comrades proved faint-hearted or some even treacherous, he did not turn from the course of action he considered best.

His private life shows him to have been intensely religious and he clung to the faith and traditions of his fathers with a conservatism that strangely vied with his more public career. His pastime of tree-felling also showed the deadly earnestness of his character, and a story is told that a woodman's son in Lincolnshire, wishing to judge for himself of Gladstone's capability in the art of felling trees, wrote to Mr. Gladstone requesting him to send the stump of one of the trees he had cut down. In a few days he received a postal card and soon the arrival notice from the railroad company and on inspection he avers the tree had been cut in the most expert manner and proved that as an amateur his skill was equal to that of a professional. Soon this critic had the stump cut up into numerous pieces which were turned and polished as rulers, etc., and sold at some local bazaar and many of them distributed among Gladstone's admirers all over the country.

As a reader of books, Mr. Gladstone was omnivorous and many are the interesting tales told of his purchases by the second-hand book store keepers of London and elsewhere. Promptness of action and brevity in response to the many correspondents he had are characterized by the numerous postal cards he sent out, while the subtlety of his thought and keen perception of the meaning of words caused him often to make his speeches full of long parenthetical remarks which caused his opponents to charge him with verbosity.

His great political opponent was Lord Beaconsfield and his most harassing parliamentary critic was Lord Randolph Churchill. The characters and careers of these two statesmen will be interesting reading beside that of Gladstone and will bring into relief the many noble qualities of his career.

Viewed in the light of reincarnation we may ask what contributed to the make-up of such a statesman as Gladstone and when and where will his next appearance on the great stage of life be? Surely so much force of character, kindness of heart and heroic endeavor on behalf of others cannot be lost to the world.

H. C.

WHAT CONSTITUTES BROTHERHOOD?

WHAT is practical Brotherhood? The dropping of a heavy dollar into the contribution plate with a calculated thud? The writing of a check covering life-membership in a charitable institution? The sending of old clothes or cold "vittles" to the poor? The endowing of a university? The building of a church? No! Such contributions to the "conscience fund" do not constitute Brotherhood.

Then, what is Brotherhood? It consists in cultivating and inculcating the practice of universal kindness. If the harsh word never dies, but ever comes again, so the kind thought and word will remain a permanent interest-bearing deposit to the credit of him who sends them forth. There's an old song that says: "Little deeds of kindness, little words of love, make our earth an Eden like to Heaven above," and this is true, as some of our dyspeptic readers can ascertain by experimenting upon their friends. It is the little deeds that go to make up the sum total of our happiness or unhappiness. (Take something for your torpid liver while you are waiting for a matter of sufficient importance to crop out somewhere that deserves your attention.) There may be no one in your block perishing for food, but some may be starving for want of a high impulse that will convince them that life is worth living, pie or no pie. Point out the way to the traveler behind you, staggering under a heavy burden, and as he passes you, take an armful out of his basket of troubles, that he may get on the faster up the King's Highway. Throw your selfish heart into the mill of loving-kindness and have its inherent cussedness ground out. Then some day you will be surprised to find your liver working like a charm, your brain no longer collecting gangrene, and your whole life a perpetual song of joy.

J. W. C.

CRUSADE ANNIVERSARY.

ON June 13th, 1896, the American Crusade left New York for its tour around the world, to carry "Truth, Light and Liberation to discouraged humanity." It successfully formed organizations for Brotherhood in England, Scotland, Germany, France, Austria, Greece, Egypt and India.

These branches have already accomplished a great deal of work, and each year will add to their advancement. On the 12th and 13th of June, the anniversary of this Crusade work will be celebrated in this country and Europe.

In New York City at the Headquarters of the "Universal Brotherhood" organization and the Theosophical Society in America, 144 Madison Avenue, great preparations are being made to make this a memorable affair.

Miss E. Whitney, Mrs. E. C. Mayer, Mrs. S. W. Cape, Mrs. S. Stern, Mr. J. H. Fussell, Mr. B. Harding, and Mr. Elliott B. Page are the committee of arrangements.

Sunday night, the 12th, the exercises will be for the public. Monday night, the 13th, will be a social affair for the members of the "Universal Brotherhood" only, who are cordially invited.

Mr. H. T. Patterson, Mr. F. M. Pierce and Dr. W. Williams, who were members of the Crusade, will be present on both occasions.

Mr. E. Aug. Neresheimer, President of the Theosophical Society in America, who had charge of the general Theosophical work in America during the absence of the Crusade, and helped so largely to make it a success, will also be present.

THE HIGHER LAW.

BY CYRUS FIELD WILLARD.

"COMPASSION speaks and saith: 'Can there be bliss when all that live must suffer? Shalt thou be saved and hear the whole world cry?'"

"In the 'Great Journey,' causes sown each hour bear each its harvest of effects, for rigid Justice rules the World."

This is the Law, the Good Law, and yet above it is the Better, the Higher Law, as set forth with rare poetry and clarity of expression by the Lion-Hearted Messenger in her "Voice of the Silence."

Karma is the Law, and Compassion is the Higher Law.

Karma is the law of cause and effect, while Compassion is the law of the solidarity of the race.

The apostle of Karma sees a fainting brother fall, and says: "It is his Karma; I cannot interfere," and thereupon walks away, forgetting, or not seeing, that it was his Karma that gave him an opportunity to assist the unfortunate.

"Inaction in a deed of mercy becomes an action in a deadly sin," is another way of stating this Higher Law. We hear of people who are essentially inactive in deeds of mercy, desiring to continue on in study of Divine Wisdom (Theosophy) and to keep up literary societies for metaphysical discussion of Sanskrit terminology.

The Higher Law predicates a conscious recognition of the unity of the Stream of Soul-Egos which poured forth at the beginning of this universe. Down, down they came into Matter, and now these Divine Individuals are encased and suffering in human bodies, but struggling upward in poverty and sorrow to their primal source.

It is our duty, as well as the common sense of the case, to recognize the Divinity in other persons as well as in ourselves, and in recognizing it to assist others through Compassion to higher levels.

Zola, in his new and spiritual novel, "The Brotherhood of Consolation," shows that consolation and peace can only come to the intellectual mind through unselfish devotion to others' interests and through general altruistic work.

Compassion is the recognition that the human units are the drops of this mighty stream, while Karma is the adjusting force that determines and adjusts the play and interaction of these drops within the mighty river whose banks are Time and whose source and emptying is Eternity.

The best that can be said by any one on this subject of "The Higher Law" is contained in "The Voice of the Silence." This wonderful little book contains all the law and all the gospel. If I were to consult my own heart I would say to all: "Here, take this book and study it carefully. You will find in it more than I could ever tell you."

This book was written for the daily use of disciples, that is to say, it was written for the daily use of those who desire to prepare themselves to help their fellow beings, and not for those who seek the selfish acquisition of abnormal powers.

When it says "for daily use" it means it is to be searched each and every day. It is only thus that the sheaths of the soul can unfold and allow the beautiful bloom of spiritual development to flower and bear its fruitage for the benefit of mankind and all creatures.

It is to this book that we must turn again and again for light upon the Higher Law. It is there we learn the reason for and necessity of Renunciation.

We are all Buddhas if we wish to be. We can

be Buddhas of Compassion or Buddhas of Selfishness. "The dewdrop may slip into the shining sea, but it cannot do so until the river empties into the ocean."

Karma is the adjuster and Compassion is the adjustment, or, as stated in a footnote of the "Voice of the Silence," "Compassion stands here as an abstract impersonal law, whose nature being absolute Harmony is thrown into confusion by discord, suffering and sin."

The disciples are the strings, mankind the sounding board, the master hand that sweeps the strings the Universal World Soul. Unless the strings are tuned in harmony to the Master's touch, they break and are cast away. So do the brethren of the shadow, those who kill their own soul.

These are they who have failed in their upward progress, through love of power, ambition, or in one of the many other ways in which the love of self or the sin of separateness manifests itself.

They have broken away, under the strain, from the Master's guidance and meeting others more advanced in darkness, retrograde and turn against the stream now flowing back to its primal source. The forces of darkness are constantly recruited from those who fail in the Theosophical work and who have not learned the lesson of Universal Brotherhood.

In the drops of the river there is no autonomy. Autonomy is separateness, the Great Heresy. It is against the Higher Law which recognizes the solidarity of the human race, the existence of the mighty river.

Listen to the "Voice" once more:

"Compassion is no attribute. It is the Law of Laws, Eternal Harmony, Alaya's Self; a shoreless universal essence, the light of everlasting right, and fitness of all things, the law of Love eternal."

Such is Compassion, the Law of Laws. This Higher Law is "Eternal Harmony."

Harmony is described as "*Shila*," one of the keys to the Seven Portals. "Harmony in word and act, the key that counterbalances the cause and the effect and leaves no further room for Karmic action."

"In the 'Great Journey' causes sown each hour bear each its harvest of effects, for rigid Justice rules the world. With mighty sweep of never-erring action it brings to mortals lives of weal or woe, the Karmic progeny of all our former thoughts and deeds." Through such suffering it brings about an adjustment to the Higher Law, to "Harmony in word and act that counterbalances the cause and the effect and leaves no further room for Karmic action."

When the adjustment of Compassion has been reached, that condition is attained which "The Voice" describes:

"So shalt thou be in full accord with all that lives; bear love to men as though they were thy brother pupils, disciples of one Teacher, the sons of one sweet mother."

"The candidate for light must attune his being to Humanity's great pain."

"Follow the wheel of life—follow the wheel of duty to race and kin, to friend and foe, and close thy mind to pleasures as to pain. Exhaust the law of Karmic retribution."

"If sun thou canst not be, then be the humble planet. Point out the 'Way'—however dimly and lost among the host—as does the evening star to those who tread their path in darkness."

"Let thy soul lend its ear to every cry of pain like as the lotus bares its heart to drink the morning sun. Let not the fierce sun dry one

tear of pain before thyself hast wiped it from the sufferer's eye. But let each burning human tear drop on thy heart and there remain; nor ever brush it off until the pain that caused it is removed."

JUSTICE OR MERCY; WHICH?

CONVENTIONALLY speaking, the accepted meanings of these words are as widely different as can be expressed, but when we remove the "husks of conventionality" and are thereby enabled to see their meanings uncolored, not distorted by their natural (?) coverings, does not the one seem to be synonymous with the other and is not the sympathetic harmony which unites the two at once a subject for meditation and a Truth proclaimed to all people?

But the task involved in demonstrating this Truth to those "who seeing, see not, and hearing, hear not," requires the relinquishing upon their part of so many pet "ologies" and "isms" that nothing but the steady pressure of convincing and illustrative arguments will enable the World at large to see in an acceptance of the Divine Law of Cause and Effect (Karma) a solution for all the vexing problems of life and a balm for every wound.

Is not the tendency to material things, to man-made "justice" or "mercy," coupled with the emotional impulses of the brain and the natural desire of the human animal to acquire all things good and desirable without suffering the consequences of mistakes, sins or ignorance, the barrier which must be surmounted ere the true man, the "God within us," can manifest Himself?

Imagine, for example, the utter paralysis of industry, of life, of the whole world, which would ensue, should the property of fire become an uncertain force and the water in our steam boilers and tea-kettles freeze when the fire was kindled!

"Unjust!" would be the universal cry.

Why? Because the world recognizes that there must be a natural and changeless Law for the very existence of all things, and when one in truth realizes this fact and sees that by means of this Law certain causes invariably produce certain and exact effects, he realizes that Justice is its most vital part, and that It exists everywhere, covers everything from atoms and molecules to suns and planets, that It has always been and can never cease to live and manifest Itself.

Admitting then, that this Law is Justice, because It is changeless and sure, can man be vain enough to imagine himself exempt from Its direction and care and is not Its very Justice a Mercy beyond conception?

Away then with pet fancies and cherished hopes for Mercy in the commonly accepted sense!

Look to the Law, which holds the universe in harmony, for a demonstration of Justice and Mercy, and in a knowledge of the Power of Nature find the means to a higher and broader life.

EDWIN H. CLARK.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT ABOLISHED IN OHIO.

The following resolution was carried amid enthusiasm by Youngstown Lodge:

RESOLVED: That it is the opinion of Youngstown Lodge No. 55 of Universal Brotherhood, that the thanks of all loyal members, as well as from all compassionate hearts the world over, are due to Comrade L. E. Mackey for her untiring and successful efforts in the interest of Non Capital Punishment.

N. B. ACHESON.

YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO.

MYSELF AND I.

Perchance you think myself and I are one—
 That's your mistake;
 My self is grievous sad and ne'er has done
 With her own ache.
 I have grown tired of her and thrown her off
 In righteous wrath.
 At every generous impulse she did scoff,
 And cross the path
 Of higher motives; interposed her form
 To hide the world
 From conscience that would help it in its storm.
 In wrath I hurled
 That path-obstructing self away and went
 Into the deeps;
 There hung'ring with the hungry found content,
 So she who weeps
 Not for herself but for her fellows finds
 The precious peace
 And more than priceless human love that binds
 'Til time shall cease.
 So, do not say that Self and I are one—
It is not so;
 Self was the cloud that blotted out the sun
 And stained the snow.

—V. V. VAUGHN.

OF DEEPER BIRTH.

BY WILLIAM JAMESON.

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

—Wordsworth.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THEY THAT GO DOWN TO THE SEA IN SHIPS.

THERE were others besides Agnes who beheld the incoming fleet. From many points around the fiord its arrival could be observed; and folk, newly awakened from their afternoon slumbers, were gathering in clusters to welcome the return of their kindred. Those whose dwellings were not too far from the township of Nidaros then began to make their way thither; some by land, some by water. Small boats put forth from all sorts of nooks and corners of the fiord where, ten minutes earlier, no sign of human life was apparent. In addition to those who came by boat, was a large number—chiefly young people of both sexes—who travelled by means of *water shoes*. This method of progression was simple enough for those who understood it. Two tiny skiffs, about eight or nine feet long, were bound together, and the boatman, if such he might be called, stood astride, with a foot in each. A paddle with a blade at either end served to propel this curious double-keeled craft. Or, if the wind were favorable, the cloak of the adventurous water traveller might be looped on to the paddle, and using the latter as a spar, an effective sail was quickly improvised.

A wonderful picture—a marvellous combination of human grace and physical grandeur had suddenly displayed itself that bright summer's afternoon in the land (almost) of the midnight sun. A picture framed by fir-clad mountains, with an outer rim of glittering snow! Here and there the sun seemed garlanded by glaciers—looking in the sunlight like great bands of shot-silk of many colors. But the picture itself was painted on and about the blue waters of the bay of Nidaros; a bay that has been aptly compared to the bay of Naples. In the distance were the homecoming ships, now a dozen in number, whose beautiful lines have not been excelled by shipwrights during the intervening twenty-five hundred years. Nearer the shore were the small boats with their eager crews; also, the folk using

water shoes, who, as they spread their cloaks to catch the breeze, must, to unfamiliar eyes (and there were such on board the distant ships) have looked like huge birds poised upon the water.

Then, on the shore itself, chiefly by the mouth of the river Nid, was a gathering crowd of Norse people, of all ages, their faces beaming with delight and expectancy. Young mothers were there, with babes in their arms, and in their hearts a budget of news for husbands and fathers—all about those infant prodigies; their doings and sayings during the months of separation. Old men were there, waiting for fresh stories of far lands, among other things. And lasses, with burning cheeks, whose thoughts were divided between the looked for eastern millinery aboard those ships and the lovers who were bringing it. Ah! human nature has some few qualities that remain constant throughout the centuries. But the human form changes. I doubt very much whether to-day there could suddenly be gathered, at any spot in Europe, a crowd of people so noble in feature, so splendidly built, as those waiting for the long-ships yonder. Scarce any of the adults were less than six feet in height, and there were no plain faces among those ancestors of ours!

On came the ships! As they drew nearer they opened out, and forthwith began a merry race for the entrance of the river, a race that was widely cheered by the crowds of friends on shore. But Heimer the smith, who together with his companions had joined the waiting throng, looked in vain for the long-ship of his sons among those that were racing. So did his wife Nanna, who was already there when he arrived. Her face was full of anxiety, and the glance she turned on her husband plainly said:

"What has become of our sons?"

"Trouble not, dear heart," said he, reassuringly. "There would be no racing among yonder craft, had they evil report to bring to any dwelling hereabouts."

The mother was not satisfied without first looking at Gerutha. The face of the seeress was undisturbed, so Nanna's peace of mind was restored, and she began mentally to scold her boys for loitering on their homeward trip.

As the foremost of the long-ships cast anchor, Heimer shouted to her skipper, whom he recognized as a neighbor:

"Greetings to thee, Kari Geston! What report of the 'Vanaheim'?" (His sons' vessel.)

The skipper made answer in nautical fashion by jerking his arm over his shoulder. Then Heimer looked in the direction indicated, which was down the fiord, toward the point where it opens out into the bay of Nidaros. There, sure enough, was a long-ship far behind all the rest. It was apparently, towing another vessel of a build certainly not Scandinavian.

Presently, when Kari had come ashore and was shaking hands with the smith, he explained that the stranger craft was a Phœnician bireme bound for the land of the West Brettans (Cornwall), to procure a cargo of tin. It had encountered a fierce storm, and was driven far out of its course; being discovered by the Vanaheim in a helpless condition off the coast of Scotland.

Heimer looked grave. He was *drottin* (leading man) in that part of Norway, and felt responsible for carrying out the public wishes. These did not encourage the visits of strangers. As a seafaring people the Norsemen—especially the youths—were every year becoming more familiar with the luxurious and corrupt notions of the Mediterranean. Emigration southwards was also

becoming a common practice, and with it the "knife and sword age," so mournfully referred to in the Sagas, became evident. Yet peace reigned in the Scandinavian peninsula itself in those remote times, when the Thing-meetings of each district (out of which parliamentary institutions have grown), were presided over by men or women who knew somewhat of the Wisdom-religion.

[To be continued.]

BELIEFS OF THE AMERICAN INDIANS.

(Continued.)

"NATIONALITY with Indian tribes is dated from the period of their assuming a separate council fire."

The Oneidas were the Tribe of the Light of the Council Fire and Council Stone.

The origin of the Iroquois the traditions ascribe to a place in the vicinity of Oswego, and from whence they dispersed over New York.

Canassatego, a venerable chief, speaking of the times of old, used the following words:

"When our good Owayneo raised a kanishio-geny out of the waters, he said to his brethren, 'How fine a country is this. I will make red men, the best of men, to enjoy it.' Then with handfuls of red seeds, like the eggs of flies, did he strew the fertile fields of Onondaga. Little worms came out of the seeds and penetrated the earth, when the Spirit who had never yet seen the light entered into and united with them. Maneto watered the earth with his rain, the sun warmed it, the worms with the spirits in them grew, putting forth little arms and legs, and moved the light earth that covered them. After nine moons they came forth perfect boys and girls.

"Owayneo covered them with his mantle of warm purple cloud, and nourished them with milk from his fingers ends. Nine summers did he nurse them, and nine summers more did he instruct them how to live. In the meantime he made for their use trees, plants, and animals of various kinds. Akanishio-geny was covered with woods and filled with creatures. Then he assembled his children together and said, 'Ye are five nations, for ye sprung each from a different handful of the seed I sowed, but ye are all brothers; and I made you all. I have nursed and brought you up.

"Mohawks, I have made you bold and valiant; and see, I give you corn for your food.

"Oneidas, I have made you patient of pain and hunger; the nuts and the fruits of the trees are yours.

"Senecas, I have made you industrious and active; beans do I give you for nourishment.

"Cayugas, I have made you strong, friendly and generous; ground nuts and every root shall refresh you.

"Onondagans, I have made you wise, just and eloquent; squashes and grapes have I given you to eat and tobacco to smoke in council.

"The beasts, birds, and fishes I have given to you all in common. As I have loved and taken care of you, so do you love and take care of one another. Communicate freely to each other the good things I have given you, and learn to emulate each other's virtues. I have made you the best people in the world, and I give you the best country. You will defend it from the invasions of other nations, from the children of other gods, and keep possession of it for yourselves, while the sun and moon give light and the waters run

in the rivers. This you shall do if you observe my words.

"Spirits, I am now about to leave you. The bodies I have given you will in time grow old and wear out, so that you will be weary of them; or from various accidents they may become unfit for your habitation, and you will leave them. I cannot remain here always to give you new ones. I have great affairs to mind in distant places, and I cannot again so long attend to the nursing of children.

"I have enabled you, therefore, among yourselves to produce new bodies to supply the place of old ones, that everyone of you, when he parts with his old habitation, may in due time find a new one, and never wander longer than he chooses under the earth, deprived of the light of the sun.

"Nourish and instruct your children, as I have nourished and instructed you. Be just to all men, and kind to strangers that come among you; so shall ye be happy, and be loved by all, and I myself will sometimes visit and assist you."

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It has been found that the Indians of the United States believe in the duality of the Soul. This ancient doctrine is plainly announced as existing among the Algonkins, in connection with and as a reason for the universal custom of the deposit of food with the dead, and that of leaving an opening in the grave covering, which is very general.

We should do great injustice to the Indian character not to mention by far the most prominent of their beliefs, so far as they govern his daily practices,—the doctrine of Manitoes, or Manitology. All the tribes have some equivalent to this. The word Manito, when not used with a prefix or accent, does not mean the Deity or Great Spirit. It is confined to a spiritual or mysterious power. The doctrine that a man may possess such a power is well established in the belief of all the tribes. All their priests and prophets assert the possession of it, but the possession is not believed by even the blindest zealot or impostor to be supreme or equal to that of the Great Merciful Spirit or demicurgic deity. A man may fast to obtain this power. The initial fast at the age of puberty, which every Indian undergoes, is for light to be individually advertised and become aware of this personal Manito. When revealed in dreams this purpose is accomplished, and he adopts that revelation, which is generally some bird, or animal, as his personal or guardian Manito. He trusts it in war and in peace, and there is no exigency in life, in or from which he believes it cannot extricate him.

It would seem that the superior will of the individual, as a spiritually possessed person, himself determines the form of his future life.

A COMPASSIONATE HEART.

BY MARGARET LLOYD.

BENEATH that strong personality known to the world as Helena Petrovna Blavatsky, there beat a heart responsive to all suffering. A nature that was touched by even the sufferings of a child. We usually think of H. P. B. as a Master Mind; colossal in her intellect, with a comprehension of life such as few recorded by history possessed. Yet, with her wonderful nature, which included all of a man's sense of justice, intolerant of wrong, scoffing at the make-believes and shams of the world, ridiculing hypocrisy, denouncing in no measured way wrong wherever she saw it, she was yet a true woman,

possessed of keen sympathy and loving kindness.

She was so perfect a vehicle that through her the soul of the universe flowed, and thus was bequeathed for all humanity those priceless volumes, the Voice of the Silence, the Secret Doctrine and Isis Unveiled. Students who have spent much time over these volumes grow more amazed as they proceed because of the erudition and the spirit of prophecy the writer possessed. To the world she remains the Sphinx of the Nineteenth Century. In the latest discoveries of science we see what H. P. B. pointed out years ago; in prevailing social conditions we mark the trend predicted by her and are thus prepared for the changes which are to follow the present order of things.

What would life have been to us without a knowledge of the Wisdom Religion? As we look back on what would have been empty years, empty because of the futility of ordinary pursuits, and when we consider the tangle existence would be without a knowledge of the truths H. P. B. taught us, we realize that we owe to that teacher a debt only to be paid by a life of constant effort for the suffering humanity she loved so well. Of those to whom much has been given, much is expected, and so we, to whom H. P. B. gave the very bread of Life have a responsibility in paying back the debt we owe her. How then shall it be paid? One can almost hear her voice answer, "pass it on." There are to-day many among us, who are sitting in the darkness of ignorance. As H. P. B. came and kindled in our hearts the divine fire, let us pass it on, performing the same work for our brothers. How we shall do our work will vary according to the individual, but as we make ourselves ready, the work we are best fitted to do will surely come. In H. P. B.'s time each one found his rightful place, and thus it has continued ever since.

We picture to ourselves H. P. B. working night and day on her great books, her mind filled with the most sublime thoughts the Self may register, and then we see her even at such times having a care for the poor little English children of the slums. In a letter of hers printed after her death she says, writing to a friend:

"My dearest—I have just read your letter to—and my heart is sick for the poor little ones. Look here, I have but thirty shillings of my own, of which I can dispose (for as you know, I am a pauper, and proud of it), but I want you to take them and not say a word. This may buy thirty dinners for thirty poor little starving wretches, and I may feel happier for thirty minutes at the thought. Now don't say a word and do it; take them to those unfortunate wretches who loved your flowers and felt happy. Forgive your old, uncouth friend, useless in this world!

"Ever yours, H. P. B."

The person to whom the letter was written says that whenever H. P. B. had a few shillings to spare she would slip them into her hands to "buy boots or anything for the children."

We members of Universal Brotherhood have been accused of hero-worship, and a very excellent thing it is of which to be accused. If we could not perceive in others those qualities which command our love and reverence we would all be in a pretty bad way. But, fortunately for humanity, "we needs must love the noblest when we see it."

To those who say that we are too much attached to persons, we answer, those individuals we so much honor are to us the incarnation of altogether lovely qualities. In H. P. B., for instance, we saw the flower of humanity, the result

of countless lives of effort. And knowing her, must we not have been compelled to love the noblest when we saw it? The recognition of the Divine in another, is, after all, the perception of our own potential divinity. In loving H. P. B. we loved and still love those qualities of the individuality which are immortal. To-day H. P. B. is as great an inspiration to us as she was when that wonderful spirit was inhabiting its worn and tired body.

Thus we have loved and still love her. For, as the babe to the mother, as the harvest to the earth, so are all those bound to her who enjoy the fruit of her life.

We consecrate a white lotus to her memory. The pure white flower, which, rising above the water, contains within itself the means of sustaining its own life and those lives which proceed from it; that blossom of inspiration, which ever has its eyes turned to the Sun.

THE TRINITY.

THREE Lotus Flowers grew in the world. The first was a White Lotus. The spirit in this flower looked forth and saw with clear eyes the hearts of all those who lived on this earth. Into every land she went; into far distant times she gazed; to her all the voices of the world came and resolved themselves into one great key-note of nature. This she sounded, and there came a dazzling light in response to her voice. The light was white. It was Truth.

There came another flower to the world—a Yellow Lotus. The blossom of spiritual power and of inspiration. "Courage," it whispered, "courage, brother!" And weary humanity listened and waited, waited. Steadfast and patient, the Yellow Lotus remained for many a weary year, and its fragrance made thousands glad. Its message was Light.

Then came the third flower—the Purple Lotus. And when this royal flower opened its leaves the whole world drew a deep breath. So long, ah! so long it had been waiting, but the opening of the Purple Lotus meant that the weary watch was over; Humanity should be free. "I am Harmony," breathed from the Purple Lotus. "Love shall rule all men and make them brothers. Love is Liberation."

Then came, as from the distance, the voices of the Yellow Lotus and the White Lotus: "Our sister completes the work. Oh weary ones of earth! it is written in letters of fire, 'Truth there shall be, and Light and Liberation for all discouraged Humanity.'"

FLOWER CRUSADE.

THE New York children are to celebrate June 13th, the anniversary of the starting of the Crusade in 1896, by each buying a small potted plant, and presenting them to one another. In this way each child will have given and received a flower.

Each day the plant is to be cared for by its owner, and loving thoughts are to be sent out to the world through its life, growth and fragrance.

Geraniums have been chosen, as even the leaves are pleasant to give away, while the rapid growth of the plant allows "slips" to be cut, replanted, and given away.

As the geranium illustrates forcibly nature's law—that to live one must give up life—it seems a very good symbol of Brotherhood.

UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD ORGANIZATION.



CENTRAL OFFICE,
144 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK.

A LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

TO THE EDITOR:

Yes, I am interested in, and an ardent admirer of Leo Tolstoi and the teachings he has, through his written works, given to the sons of men. He may not know it, nor the Theosophical Society have comprehended the fact, but in *reality* he is the leader of the true Theosophical thought and in his book called "My Religion," he has laid the foundation—as you will find it nowhere else—of a practical Universal Brotherhood. In my judgment it should be the Text Book for your Organization.

Is he not the one man who has understood and interpreted for others the true Teachings of Jesus Christ? If Jesus's Teachings had been understood and accepted by the people, he would have established—what he firmly believed he could—a *heaven upon earth*. He has failed up to the present time because his teachings were not followed *literally*. They were not and are not believed to be *practical* for this world. Tolstoi in his book, "My Religion," brings Christ back to earth—it is the second coming of Christ. Let us accept him this time. For eighteen hundred years the Churches have been traveling away from him, and have traveled so far that to-day a large majority of, the so-called, Christian Ministers are preaching War Sermons—think of it!

There is but one Country, but one family, and we are all equal members. We are the children of the same Father, and we must love and be willing to sacrifice for each Brother and Sister of the family, thus bringing harmony where now all is discord—but better let me quote a few paragraphs from Tolstoi's book, "My Religion":

"I now understood the words of Jesus: 'Ye have heard that it hath been said, An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth: but I say unto you, *That ye resist not evil.*' Jesus's meaning is: 'You have thought that you were acting in a reasonable manner in defending yourself by violence against evil, in tearing out an eye for an eye, by fighting against evil with criminal tribunals, guardians of the peace, armies; but I say unto you, renounce violence; have nothing to do with violence; do harm to no one, not even to your enemy.' I understood now that in saying 'resist not evil,' Jesus not only told us what would result from the observance of this rule, but established a new basis for society conformable to his doctrine and opposed to the social basis established by the law of Moses, by Roman law, and by the different codes in force to-day. He formulated a new law whose effect would be to deliver humanity from its self-inflicted woes. His declaration was: 'You believe that your laws reform criminals; as a matter of fact, they only

make more criminals. There is only one way to suppress evil, and that is to return good for evil, without respect of persons. For thousands of years you have tried the other method; now try mine, try the reverse.' * * *

"If we once admit the right of any man to resist by violence what he regards as evil, every other man has equally the right to resist by violence what he regards as evil.

"Believers listen to all this. They hear it in their Churches, persuaded that the words are divine; they worship Jesus as God, and then they say: 'All this is admirable, but it is impossible; as society is now organized, it would derange our whole existence, and we should be obliged to give up the customs that are so dear to us. We believe it all, but only in this sense: That it is the *ideal* toward which humanity *ought* to move; the ideal which is to be attained by prayer, and by believing in the sacraments, in the redemption, and in the resurrection of the dead.' * * *

"We have only to examine closely the complicated mechanism of our institutions that are based upon coercion to realize that coercion and violence are contrary to human nature. The judge who has condemned according to the code, is not willing to hang the criminal with his own hand; no clerk would tear a villager from his weeping family and cast him into prison; the general or the soldier, unless he be hardened by discipline and service, will not undertake to slay a hundred Turks or Germans or destroy a village, would not, if he could help it, kill a single man. Yet all these things are done, thanks to the *administrative machinery* which divides responsibility for misdeeds in such a way that no one feels them to be contrary to nature." * * *

"What is the law of nature? Is it to know that my security and that of my family, all my amusements and pleasures, are purchased at the expense of misery, deprivation, and suffering to thousands of human beings—by the terror of the gallows; by the misfortune of thousands stifling within prison walls; by the fear inspired by millions of soldiers and guardians of civilization, torn from their homes and besotted by discipline, to protect our pleasures with loaded revolvers against the possible interference of the famishing? Is it to purchase every fragment of bread that I put in my mouth and the mouths of my children by the numberless privations that are necessary to procure my abundance? Or is it to be certain that my piece of bread only belongs to me when I know that everyone else has a share, and that no one starves while *I eat*?" * * *

"Jesus said that we were not to be angry, and not to consider ourselves as better than others; if we were angry and offended others, so much the worse for us. Again, he said that we were to avoid libertinism, and to that end choose one woman, to whom we should remain faithful. Once more, he said that we were not to bind ourselves by promises or oaths to the service of those who may constrain us to commit acts of folly and wickedness. Then he said that we were not to return evil for evil, lest the evil rebound upon ourselves with redoubled force. And, finally, he says that we are not to consider men as *foreigners* because they dwell in *another country* and speak a language *different from our own*. And the conclusion is, that if we avoid doing any of these foolish things, we shall be happy." * * *

"The Church confesses the doctrine of Jesus in theory, but denies it in practice. Instead of guiding the life of the world, the Church, through affection for the world, expounds the metaphysi-

cal doctrine of Jesus in such a way as not to derive from it any obligation as to the conduct of life, any necessity for men to live differently from the way in which they have been living. The Church has surrendered to the world, and simply follows in the train of its victor. The world does as it pleases, and leaves to the Church the task of justifying its actions with explanations as to the meaning of life. The world organizes an existence in absolute opposition to the doctrine of Jesus, and the Church endeavors to demonstrate that men who live contrary to the doctrine of Jesus really live in accordance with that doctrine. The final result is that the world lives a worse than pagan existence, and the Church not only approves, but maintains that this existence is in exact conformity to the doctrine of Jesus.

"The Church has nothing left but temples and shrines and canonicals and vestments and words." * * *

"But the Church composed of men united, not by promises or sacraments, but by deeds of truth and love, has always lived and will live forever.

"Whether this Church be in numbers little or great, it is, nevertheless, the Church that shall never perish, the Church that shall finally unite within its bonds the hearts of all mankind."

In sympathy with all humanity, I remain, as of old,
Your friend,

GEO. C. BARTLETT.

NOTICE TO U. B. LODGES.



AN ELECTROPLATE OF THIS SEAL, for the use of U. B. LODGES, will be mailed, post paid, on receipt of \$1.00 and application, properly endorsed by Lodge officers.

The proceeds will be devoted to the advancement of the work.

Address, CLARK THURSTON, Manager, 144 Madison Ave., New York.

PUBLIC MEETINGS OF UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD LODGES.

LODGE, No. 10,
or the "H. P. B. Branch of the Theosophical Society in America,"
142 West 125th Street, New York.
Public meetings Sunday evenings at 8.15 P. M.

LODGE, No. 129,
607 East Fourteenth Street, New York.
Meetings every Sunday and Wednesday at 8 P. M.

LODGE, No. 49,
Forum Bldg., Cor. Gerrard and Yonge Streets,
Toronto, Ontario.
Meetings: Sunday, 7.15 P. M.; Wednesday and Friday, 8 P. M.

LODGE, No. 33,
206 Weybosset Street, Providence, R. I.
Meetings: Friday, 8 P. M.; Sunday, 3 P. M. Lotus Group,
7.30 P. M.—Public Lecture.

LODGE, No. 52,
Varuna Hall, 18 Court Street, Bridgeport, Conn.
Meetings every Thursday evening at 8 P. M.

LODGE, No. 66,
Room 26, Bolton Block, Sioux City, Iowa.
Public meetings Sunday at 11.45 A. M. and 8 P. M.

LODGE, No. 47,
Masonic Bldg., 912 Walnut St., Kansas City, Mo.
Public Meetings at 8 P. M. Sunday evenings.

LODGE, No. 2, ENGLAND,
49 Queen's Square, Bristol, England.
Meetings: Monday and Wednesday at 8 P. M.

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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.

PRISON WORK.

DURING his recent visit to Salt Lake City, Burcham Harding attended the Sunday class in Theosophy which has been regularly conducted in the Utah State Penitentiary for a considerable time. One or more of the T. S. members are present every week, having been much encouraged by the results attending their earnest efforts. The prisoners are obliged to attend an orthodox service every Sunday, several denominations occupying the pulpit in turn. Theosophy is there every Sunday. The warden has testified in the annual report to the excellent effect the Theosophical teachings have had upon the general conduct of the prisoners.

It was a lovely day when Brother Harding was there, making the open air very inviting, but as many as thirty-five prisoners remained when the long Mormon service was concluded. The president of the class is a life-convict, a bright young fellow, and there are two other life-convicts regular attendants. The deepest interest was manifested in the address, and many questions were asked at the close. It was evident that they were inspired with greater hope in facing the tediousness of prison life, and had full trust in our members. This confidence was manifested in several incidents observed by Brother Harding during his visit. One of the prisoners asked a number of intelligent questions, displaying a considerable knowledge of general literature.

There is a suggestion in this activity respecting the line of work under that object of the I. B. L. which relates to helping those who are or have been in prison. In gaining the confidence of prisoners, a part of the immortal soul is stirred, something of a permanent nature is made active in the character, which may be the basis for restoring the person to society as one who will have greater strength in the future to resist temptation. It may be the means of getting him to have confidence in himself, and inspire a wish not to forfeit the trust others have for him.

RECORDER.



X214

CHILDREN'S FLOAT IN MEMORIAL DAY PARADE.

AN EXPERIENCE WITH BROTHERHOOD FLOWERS.

TO THE EDITOR:

The article in the last number entitled "Brotherhood Flowers," appeals to me as a very beautiful suggestion, and I hope it will be carried out, as a past experience of my own enables me to see much real good can be done in such a work.

Last fall I had a window full of "slips," given me to root, which I did not care for at all, only taking them because they were offered to me. They rooted and grew, and one day I stood and looked at them (green they were but not a sign of buds), and I thought, "What shall I do with you? You do not bloom and it is so tiresome for me to carry you back and forth each day to be watered and tended!"

Then an inspiration came to me—I touched them and talked to them (mentally) telling them of some sick ladies to whom I would like to take them if they would bloom, and I unconsciously found a settled, expectant hope in my heart, which never left it, that it was only a matter of time—their blooming—and as the article said in the CENTURY, I dedicated those plants to whomsoever needed the cheer of their bloom, and having found a use for them I helped them in thought all I could and was rewarded *very soon* by seeing them bud and then bloom. And what seemed so strange, as soon as I could pick enough for a small bouquet I found an old lady who had been ill for several weeks to take it to, and they have not failed to supply me with blossoms.

Just one little word more. Aside from the practical use of the plants it was intensely interesting to note how *almost* like something human, they seemed to respond to the change of thought atmosphere, as if they too knew what their mission was. The One Life is seeking to find expression in all things, nothing therefore is too mean or small for us to help upward in its evolution.

On June 13th I shall start with a special plant and coöperate with the Comrades in the "Flower Crusade for Brotherhood."

Fraternally, KATE SCHOLFIELD.

WAKEFIELD, RHODE ISLAND,

May 30, 1898.

Activities in the West.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., May 15, 1898.

Miss Anne Bryce went to Santa Cruz on May 5, to assist in organizing a Lotus Group. Nineteen children were enrolled; Mrs. R. L. Cardiff was elected superintendent. On the Monday following Miss Bryce addressed the Conversational Club on the "Evils of Charity," giving a talk on Brotherhood in relation to altruistic work. She also visited Soquel where a Lotus group was formed with six children and as many more promised; Mrs. L. A. Russell of Santa Cruz was chosen superintendent. At Gilroy a Group of thirteen was formed and ten others promised to join; Mrs. M. E. Seay is superintendent. Miss Bryce was away one week on her trip, and letters received from the several centres, indicate that they have received much help from her visit.

General Grant once said: "Though I have been trained as a soldier, and have participated in many battles, there never was a time when, in my opinion, some way could not have been found of preventing the drawing of the sword."

"Spring is over the world, the seeds buried in the earth burst to flower, but man's heart knoweth not the sweet divisions of the seasons. In winter or summer, autumn or spring, alike, his thoughts sow the germ of actions; and day after day his destiny gathers in her harvests."

—Bulwer Lytton.

BEWARE.

I closed my hands upon a moth
And when I drew my palms apart,
Instead of dusty broken wings
I found a bleeding human heart.

I crushed my foot upon a worm
That had my garden for its goal,
But when I drew my foot aside
I found a dying human soul.

DORA SIGERSON.

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.

THE CHILDREN'S CRUSADE OF PEACE, HOPE AND HARMONY.

See picture on page 7.

TALKING OF CRUSADES!—the children had one on Memorial Day. No one thought of it beforehand, but it impressed one vividly at the time, in catching the efflorescence of the whole thing.

Looking up the street to see where the float was stationed at the start, the white, purple and gold banner of the I. B. L. floated above the glittering array of regiments in so inspiring a manner that it lifted one into another plane of consciousness.

Weeks of unprecedented rain and gloom, together with war disturbances, had rather dampened the ardor of New Yorkers. The head of the parade was composed of veterans, tattered flags, and all that was left of fame and glory—that hadn't gone to the war. A most pathetic sight—for it gave a sense of life's day being done, and what was it for anyway? There were an unusual number of children hand in hand with the veterans, and several brigades of women, which served to enhance the old age and decrepitude of "war," but there was such an absence of life and purpose in it all, that it began to be very depressing; when lo! a gay military band announced the sprightly Irish volunteers who marched right gallantly, with banners in brave array—the harp, the shamrock, and other emblems conspicuous in the breeze.

Then—like a radiant burst of sunshine—came the "Universal Brotherhood Float." Although a myriad of colors were in it, it seemed a mass of golden light, filling the atmosphere with vibrations that rayed in every possible direction. Its effect in the midst of soldiers was a marked symbol of the reign of the Peace of Brotherhood that is hovering and brooding over mankind. It seemed an actual embodiment of the ideals of peace, hope, and harmony that was indescribably beautiful.

Significant also, was the fact of its heading the groups of Kindergarten children and schoolboy brigades that participated. Under its influence, one felt these embryo warriors would develop into soldiers of peace, instead of war.

Through the constant applause along the way, that the beauty of form and color called out, one could catch an undertone of the stillness of awe and wonder that would occasionally stir groups of spectators into a sudden awakening to its deep meaning.

A large basket of wild flowers—the children's memorial offering which was placed on Lincoln's statue—was the cause of a most suggestive and charming symbol.

On the return the children were asked if they enjoyed it. "Oh, yes!" exclaimed a little blue-eyed lad, "there was a most beautiful butterfly that went all the way with us, on the basket of flowers!" Unconscious expression of immortality! The aspiring soul of the lad felt more significance in the butterfly's presence than in

the pleasure and excitement of the applause and exterior show of the parade.

Taken all in all, it was the most pronounced expression of harmony as yet manifested in the work. Several weeks were occupied in preparations. The pleasant pastime of making flowers spread to every environment of New York, carrying Nature's harmony with them. Members, and the friends of members, participated with unwonted energy. Every sentiment of brotherhood, and much music—patriotic and otherwise—were put into those flowers. Even the dignity of the "old Aryans" succumbed to the charm, and an evening meeting of "speeches" was transformed into a sort of social flower fête, the men proving as useful and ready in the art of flower making as the women.

The amount of harmonious force, put into the work so spontaneously, was sent radiating in vast waves throughout the world by means of the Children's Crusade, and one feels that the grisly demon War—the Old Age—has received a death-blow from the golden barbed spear of Hope—the children of the New Age.

E. W.



X215 A JUVENILE PATRIOT.

A PRACTICAL YOUNG BROTHER.

BY CHARLOTTE ABELL WALKER.

"O JACK! what have you got now?" exclaimed Mrs. Sheldon in a tone of despair.

"Only a puppy, mamma."

"Only a puppy! Last week it was,—only a pigeon."

"But, mamma, the poor little pigeon had a broken wing and I was afraid it would be killed if I left it in the street."

"Yes, I know,—but, Jack, only a day or two before that you brought home a kitten with a broken leg."

"It was such a little kitten, mamma, and cried so, that I couldn't leave it to die all alone. Could I?"

"No, I don't think you could Jack, dear," laughed Mrs. Sheldon, "but, Jack, not long before that you brought home a cat."

"But, mamma, the cat followed me home from school, and it was so thin and hungry that you said I might feed it."

"Yes, and it has stayed ever since, to be fed."

"You like Tom now, don't you, mamma, dear?" asked the boy in his pretty, coaxing way. "He is such a beautiful cat."

"All animals are beautiful to you, Jack."

"May I keep this little doggie, mamma? See how very thin he is,—I can feel every bone in his

little body. Please don't say no, mamma, dear," pleaded the boy.

"Where did you get him, Jack?"

"A man gave him to me, mamma, such a cross looking man, and the poor little doggie looked so miserable that I stooped down and patted him on the head. Then the man said, 'Here, boy, you can have that pup if you want him,'—so I picked him up and ran right home. May I keep him, mamma?"

"Jack, Jack! what shall I do?" exclaimed Mrs. Sheldon. "You have a small menagerie now to take care of, to say nothing of the neighbors' pets you volunteer to care for whenever you think they may be neglected."

"Oh, mamma!" said Jack, reproachfully, "it wasn't much trouble to take care of Mrs. White's birds while she was away. You know she told you that she was afraid the servants would forget to feed them."

"Don't look so reproachfully at me, Jack; you know that I think you are a kind and thoughtful little boy, and that I am always glad to have you love poor dumb creatures, but there must be a limit, dearie, to the number you bring home."

"I don't bring them all home, mamma. A man said I could keep some cats in his stable if I would feed them, and our milkman, who loves animals, gives me some milk for them once in a while."

"O you dear boy!" laughed Mrs. Sheldon.

"You will let me keep this puppy, won't you, mamma? I am sure he is a thoroughbred and would be a beautiful doggie if he wasn't so dreadfully thin."

"Jack, please don't ask me to let you have another animal in the house," implored his mother.

"Mamma," said the boy, an earnest look coming into his eyes, "do you believe in Universal Brotherhood?"

"Yes, my dear."

"Well, then, if Universal Brotherhood is for the benefit of the people and all creatures, how can you turn a poor, little, starved creature like this away from your door?" said Jack, as he put the little animal on the floor at his mother's feet, then with his hands thrust deep into the pockets of his knickerbockers, the boy stood waiting for his answer.

Mrs. Sheldon glanced from the dog, who was wagging his tail in a very hopeful and friendly manner, to her son's face.

"You may keep the dog, Jack," she said meekly.

"O you dear mamma!" exclaimed the boy, throwing his arms impulsively around his mother's neck and kissing her repeatedly. "You have made me so happy. What shall I name him, mamma?"

"Karma," replied Mrs. Sheldon in a doleful tone.

"All right,—come along, Karma, and you shall have a good dinner," said Jack, running out of the room with the doggie scampering at his heels.

And now Mrs. Sheldon would like the framers of the Constitution of Universal Brotherhood to furnish her with suitable answers for this practical young brother, who does not believe in theories, but purposes to make "brotherhood" a living power in his own little life, and to demonstrate this fact in spite of all opposing forces.

The price of "The Two Paths," which we noticed last week, should be \$1.00 retail instead of 75 cents.