

The New Century

TO PROMULGATE THE BROADEST TEACHINGS OF UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD

"TRUTH, LIGHT AND LIBERATION FOR DISCOURAGED HUMANITY."

EDITED BY KATHERINE A. TINGLEY.

VOL. I., No. 36.

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KAMEHAMEHA I.

THE CONQUEROR OF HAWAII AND ITS FIRST LEGISLATOR.

He put an end to feudal strife, consolidated the islands under one government, promoted agriculture, encouraged industry, and firmly supported the ancient beliefs and rites of his race

The New Century

EDITED BY KATHERINE A. TINGLEY.

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NEW YORK, JUNE 18, 1898.

A FRIENDLY RECOGNITION FROM INDIA.

THE Behar Times, published at Bankipore, India—Editor, Mahesh Narayan—has given a very friendly recognition to the International Brotherhood League. After publishing the Objects of the organization in full, and saying very kindly things of its Foundress, he says: "The Americans are undoubtedly a splendid people. They have last year founded a Society (International Brotherhood League).

"The objects are so noble and the necessity for a society like this so very pressing that it received a support of all classes of people, and there is none perhaps with a feeling of humanity in him who would fail to coöperate with the movement and assist the promoters with money, labor, or intellect. The need for such society is much more pressing in India where the people have not yet passed the stage of infancy. Some men are possessed of lofty ideas, but the number of those is infinitesimally small who have the pluck or the inclination to do some practical good. There are few societies in India which work regularly and with the exception perhaps of holding periodical meetings and reporting their proceedings to the newspapers, they can show little real work done during the period of their existence. It would therefore be better for the Indians to join such societies inaugurated by our American brethren and it would be only in their company and with their assistance, that some notable success in the shape of national advancement will be possible for them to achieve. We have a firm conviction that with all our education and pride of collegiate education we are much below the level of civilization attained by the Westerns. If we at all wished to do any act of patriotism or of philanthropy we only do it . . . through coöperation with the advanced nations of Europe and America."

A VICTORY.

THE fifth object of the International Brotherhood League is as follows: "To endeavor to abolish capital punishment," and we find that already a great victory has been won in this connection by Miss L. E. Mackey of Youngstown, Ohio, one of the active members in the Youngstown Lodge. Through her untiring efforts she has succeeded in bringing about the following result, which we quote from a report sent us. What a glorious work for humanity!!!

NON-CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

The case of The State of Ohio vs. Angelo Del Bello was the first case tried in Ohio under Section 6808 of the Revised Statutes as amended last winter, passed April 23, 1898. This was a case in the Trumbull County Court of Common Pleas tried before Hon. T. I. Gillmer and a jury.

This statute provides that where the accused is found guilty of murder in the first degree, that the jury may recommend him to the mercy of the court, and, if so, his punishment shall be imprisonment in the penitentiary during his natural life and there shall be no recommendation of pardon or parole except upon proof of innocence established beyond a reasonable doubt.

A jury in the above case returned a verdict May 20, 1898, of murder in the first degree and recommended the accused to the mercy of the court, which, in pursuance of this statute, leaves the court no discretion but to sentence him to imprisonment for life.

This statute practically does away with the death penalty in Ohio, and the friends of the abolition of capital punishment have succeeded by the passing of the above statute in accomplishing all they desire. The wisdom of this humane legislation will be determined in the future.

BROTHERHOOD.

BROTHERHOOD has been the watchword of all Reformers in all ages, and has been so talked about, and, alas, so garbled, that the world is almost inclined to smile derisively at the word, for alas! true Brotherhood in this era, seems as far off as ever; the idea of Brotherhood is Divine, but the application, so far as it has been tried, sadly human. I am minded to exclaim, "Oh! Brotherhood, what mistakes have been committed in thy name!" Now why is this so? Is it not partly because we are inclined to think Brotherhood consists of charity; do we not look upon that person, who, being blessed with this world's goods, nobly and unselfishly gives time and money, perhaps leaves a home of luxury and goes into the slums, helping and comforting the poor and needy, as a model of Brotherhood? It is indeed grand, it is indeed noble, and "verily they shall have their reward"; but is it Brotherhood? No! it is not. What would we say of two brothers—the one perhaps with abundance, the other in abject poverty, if the rich one should dole out every day to his poorer brother his daily bread; would we admire the rich brother; would we not more likely consider it disgraceful? For, if the rich one was a true man, he would find a position for his poorer brother where he would be able to make a living for himself and thus be independent, and he would do this for the honor of the family that it might not be disgraced.

Now right here, in my mind, is the keynote of Brotherhood. If Brotherhood means anything, it means that we are all one family, children of one

Father; what hurts one hurts all. If we could once realize this would our hearts not thrill for the honor of that family; would we not strenuously avoid anything that would disgrace our family? Oh! the great mass of brothers and sisters who are out of employment. Brothers and sisters just as well educated and cultured, and as brotherly as you or I. How can we help this great army? which, if it were in a self-supporting position, would in return help those poorer and more ignorant than themselves, and so the good work would go on.

It is one of the features of the Theosophical Society—and a very commendable one—that all work shall be done without remuneration. That is indeed a step in the right direction, but is there no other side to the question? Truly, as Jesus said to his disciples, "The laborer is worthy of his hire," and if there is any one who can afford to work for nothing, would they not be doing better work if they sought out some one of the great army of unemployed who was deserving and fitted for the work, and pay him to do it.

It is highly commendable for the rich to deny themselves and give to the poor, but, were I rich, I would think it my duty to live like a prince to create wants; there should be no poor that I could help, they should all have work to supply my wants. It reminds me of a remark I once heard from an old colored Auntie; they were all wishing for riches when she said, "No chilen, I don't wish old Susan was rich, spec' as how I could never larn how to behave no how, but I just wish Miss—were rich kase then wees would all be rich."

It makes my heart ache when I think how many are in despair of work, for some means of making an honest living, and how almost hopeless is the task, especially for the better classes—the woman of culture and refinement, thrown on the cold world with little strength and a limited knowledge of how to battle with adverse circumstances, and with others, perhaps, depending on her exertions, how few positions are open to her! Is it any wonder that her heart turns bitter when told of brotherhood? Or the man of education and brains, who has in some way been pushed out in the mad rush for life—how is he to obtain employment, how is he to support his family? Oh! how many of them there are, how many in our very midst, in our society, who cannot count at least one such among his familiar friends, sitting side by side with us while we prate of brotherhood, striving hard perhaps, to help others, the while their own hearts are hopeless, some of them positively needing the necessities of life, while they keep up a brave front and hide it from the world. This is a class of brothers and sisters hard to help. They will never ask help, they must be sought out with tact and kindness, and even then to offer them charity is to insult them; how, then, can we go about this difficult task? All they ask is work, a chance to live, to earn a home for themselves. Is it not a duty to make positions for as many of this class as possible? They would be a great power to help on brotherhood, had they but a chance, many of them are doing brotherhood work even now. It appears to me that every one who is filling a position and doing work for nothing that could possibly be paid for, is taking a livelihood away from some other brother or sister who sadly needs it, and while those who are giving time, money and labor for nothing are doing much good, would it not be more beneficial to a larger number if the needy ones were put into positions and paid for them? H. A. B.

SIGNIFICANCE OF THE TIMES.

THE following extract from an editorial in the *Outlook* reflects the significance of the events that are now transpiring:

"More righteous than the War of Independence, which was fought for our own liberties, more righteous than the Civil War, which was fought for the liberty of those whom we had ourselves helped to enslave, is this war for the enfranchisement of a people to whom we are bound by no ties except those of a common humanity. It is a crusade of brotherhood."

The analogy follows, of course, that as there were many in the T. S. organization who did not understand the meaning of the "Crusade of Brotherhood," so there are many in America who have no realization of the meaning of the present action of the Government.

Even the Government—one is fain to believe—does not comprehend *in toto* the meaning of its present action, any more than all the members of the Brotherhood Crusade were a unit in the understanding of their mission. That there is an omniscient power *behind* the action in both instances, all who have any faith in divinity, or any grasp on intuition, must of necessity perceive.

The self-seekers, those entering the arena for the sake of "promotion," are equally to be found in the present American crusade of brotherhood, as in that smaller, apparently insignificant one of two years ago. May we not look for the same results to follow? Of weeding out—attempts at disintegration—strenuous efforts to maintain personal power—the natural sequence of events. Has not "the nucleus" been through the whole process in preparation for the entire mass? England and America were prominently coöperating in the "First Brotherhood Crusade" (one plainly sees now the significance of "First"). At the present time, from all quarters one hears of the much-talked-of Anglo-American alliance. Again we quote from the *Outlook*:

"When this war is over, it may be found that the most important result of it will prove to be, not the emancipation of Cuba, but the creation of a good understanding between England and the United States, leading eventually to a real and definite alliance between them in the interest of the world's civilization."

In speaking of the same Alliance, Dr. Lyman Abbott, in the *North American Review*, says: "It would create a new confederate based on principles and ideas, not on tradition, and bounded by the possibilities of human development, not by geographical lines."

"It would give a new significance to the motto *E Pluribus Unum*, and would create a new United States of the World, of which the United States of America would be a component part."

Who says that this is not direct evidence of the constitution of the Universal Brotherhood organization being a practical need of the world? What the T. S. in A. did at Chicago on that immortal day in February—by expanding into the U. B. and yet remaining "a component part"—it is now suggested that the United States of America do, by expanding into a "United States of the World," the U. S. of A. to remain a component part."

One is also reminded of analogy again, in the policy of apparent isolation of the U. B. organization; that it is not to permanently ally itself with other organizations—and in the policy of Washington on International Isolation of United States in the rule formulated by that great

Leader, to the effect—that this country shall not participate in the ordinary vicissitudes of European politics and shall not make a permanent alliance with any foreign power.

May one not logically believe that this great Leader had a vision of "the course of human events" and knew that other nations would eventually coöperate with the U. S. on a *moral basis*, and that it must not be allied with other nations on the material basis of the policy of possessions—thus perverting its real mission in the world of a leavening power to elevate the mass?

Thus it is with the Universal Brotherhood. Holding the highest standard for the whole world, it unfurls the banner of "Truth, Light, and Liberation for Discouraged Humanity," that all may see and feel the inspiration, and eventually enroll themselves under its colors.

Peace to the World! E. W.

MUSICAL ANIMALS.

MOST people have heard of singing mice. They are not very frequently heard of in this country, but in some European countries, notably Germany and France, they are rather common. They are common mice that are supposed to have a disease of the throat, which makes them utter a noise like the note of a canary. They are not a distinct species.

A man while hunting in the woods near Dover, N. H., heard what sounded like the singing of a bird among the branches a short distance from him. The note was so peculiar that he turned his step toward the sound to find out what species of bird was making it. To his utter amazement he found that it came from a red squirrel, sitting upright on a bough, singing away as if in love with its own melody. At sight of him the little creature stopped, but as he remained perfectly still it presently piped again.

In speaking of the quality of the melody, he compared it to the single note of a canary unusually prolonged, with no variation except in rising or falling, and in increase or decrease of volume. He said it had nothing in it of the scolding character associated with the chattering of the northern red squirrel. There was no visible movement of the throat in the production of the sound. From time to time it would stop singing, and, after a lapse of two or three minutes, start up again, always beginning with a low note, increasing in volume until shortly before the next pause. It may have been a call to a mate.

There have been several well-authenticated instances of singing fish. Naturalists, however, have generally accepted Cuvier's view, that "the existence of fishes is a silent, emotionless, and joyless one, but recent observations tend to show that many fishes emit vocal sounds."

Living near Tarrytown, N. Y., is a gentleman who owns several dogs. It was his habit to go to the back of the house every morning and toot on a horn such as is used on a coach. The dogs would all gather around him keeping perfectly silent until he had finished, when they would endeavor to imitate him. After he had been doing this for some time he noticed that one of the dogs, in his attempts uttered several sounds that were really true musical notes. So he purchased a cornet and played on it before this one dog. After some time, he says, the dog would reproduce accurately any noise he played on the instrument. —*Philadelphia Times*.

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

NOBODY seems to know that our beloved Stars and Stripes started as a "Crusade" Flag. But it did and this is how it happened.

Many hundred years ago, when Richard the Lion-hearted went on the Third Crusade to recover the Holy City of Jerusalem from the Turks, he asked the aid of St. George, a famous Bishop.

St. George gave him a white banner with a red cross on it, and for five hundred years the "Red Cross of St. George" was England's flag.

The Scots were also in those wonderful crusades and their Crusade banner had on it the white diagonal cross of St. Andrew.

In the time of King James I., Scotland and England were united under one king, so the two banners were also united, and the two crosses, red and white on a blue field, became the "king's colors," or the "Union Jack," and this flag was brought to America by the Mayflower.

The Puritans refused to use the flag because it had been given to England by a Pope, so Massachusetts Colony used the Pine-tree flag as her symbol.

A story is told of how Washington and Franklin were staying in New England at the time they decided to make a flag for the colonies with thirteen stripes, and there was a very wise man also staying in the same house with them, with whom they had a great deal of conversation about the colonies and their flag.

So the first real United States flag—thirteen red and white stripes, with the Union Jack up in the corner—was raised on January 2, 1776, in Cambridge, Mass., by Washington, in honor of the United States with a salute of thirteen guns.

Then on June 14, 1777, the committee appointed by Congress, adopted the "new constellation"—the stars—in place of the Union Jack. You see, they already had *unity* in the stripes and so they added *harmony*, which was the meaning of the "new constellation of Lyra."

So we have always had a "Brotherhood Flag" representing Unity from the very start, and then harmony. No wonder we all love it! PATRIOT.

WOMAN'S INFLUENCE ON NATIONAL THOUGHT AND LIFE.

William Dean Howells calls attention to the potent influence on our national thought and life exerted by woman, in a back number of *Harper's Monthly*, in a paper on "The Modern American Mood."

"Shall I go a little farther and say that this American world of thought and feeling shows the effect, beyond any other world, of the honor paid to woman? It is not for nothing that we have privileged women socially and morally beyond any other people; if we have made them free, they have used their freedom to make the whole national life the purest and best of any that has ever been. Our women are in rare degree the keepers of our consciences; they influence men here as women influence men nowhere else on earth, and they qualify all our feeling and thinking, all our doing and being. If our literature at its best, and our art at its best, has a grace which is above all the American thing in literature and art, it is because the grace of the moral world where our women rule has imparted itself to the intellectual world where men work. When it shall touch the material world to something of its own fineness, and redeem the gross business world from the low ideals which govern it, then indeed we shall have the millennium in plain sight."

IF THOU'ST ENDURED.

BY EVA BEST.

Life's miseries are deep—
 Then weep!
 'Tis only thus thro' bitter tears
 The holy, higher vision clears,
 And thou canst see thro' eyes of pain—
 Grief-blinded eyes that looked in vain
 While earth's illusions held their sway—
 The light of everlasting day!
 Thus are Life's lessons learned and kept—
 If thou hast wept!
 Life's miseries are drear—
 Then hear!
 Thus only shall thy deafened sense
 Gain as a holy recompense
 The strength to listen to the strain
 That sounded to the soul in pain—
 Life's harmonies that throb and beat
 In cadences pure, high and sweet,
 That bear to grief-dulled ears the Word—
 If thou hast heard!
 Life's miseries are real—
 Then feel!
 Bear all thy sufferings patiently—
 The Chastening Hand is laid on thee—
 The Hand of Supreme Tenderness—
 To lift thee out of thy distress,
 And fill thy heart that hath been full
 Of woe with bliss ineffable!
 Before thy stricken senses melt
 Earth's grim, dark walls—
 If thou hast felt!
 Life hath but misery to give—
 Then live!
 Though every fleeting, labored breath
 Be as a throe of mortal death—
 Though every hour bring to thee
 Its sacrifice—its Calvary!
 Through ordeals by flood and fire,
 Through dreadful depths of dark desire—
 The cauteries that scorch and burn
 Into thy soul what thou must learn—
 By these alone is Truth secured—
 If thou'st endured!

OF DEEPER BIRTH.

BY WILLIAM JAMESON.

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

CHAPTER XXVI.—Continued.

NOW Heimer had heard enough about the enterprise of the Phœnicians to understand that if they once found it worth while, commercially, to visit a region, however remote, they would discover a way of getting there again. As travelers by land, their caravans had already reached the shores of the Baltic, to procure the much prized amber. In Cornwall their shipmen had established a colony. Scandinavia had remained a *terra incognita* to them; partly because of its long and severe winters, partly because of its iron-bound coasts. The winter drove them back on the Baltic side; lack of pilotage effectually shut them out of the North Sea. Indeed it is very doubtful whether the Phœnician adventurers could have got into the heart of Norway, even supposing they had sighted its western coast, since the fiords themselves constitute a sort of protective maze.

And into the maze of the Drontheim fiord a Phœnician vessel had been towed by his own sons! This was the disagreeable fact presented to Heimer as Kari Gestson spoke.

"Could not the lads have beached the vessel somewhere among the Orkneys, and put her in repair?" muttered the smith,

Kari shrugged his shoulders. "I think I should have tried that plan myself, Hersir* Heimer. Yet, it is hard to decide. 'Tis the custom of sea-folk to stand by one another in extremity. Moreover, many of our own ships have been repaired before now both at Tyre and Sidon; at Byblus, too, where there are very clever shipwrights and caulkers. However, thy sons no doubt will be able to justify their conduct. Gerd, especially, hath a steady judgment, as all men know."

"These are matters for a Thing meeting to decide," answered the Smith, somewhat mournfully, "I must call one without needless delay."

Kari grasped his neighbor's hand. "Thou art worthy to judge among the folk," was all he said further.

The Vanaheim and her strange consort were before very long well within sight of those on shore. The bireme might be likened to a gigantic dolphin with a box on its back. Its stern curled fantastically upward, and the bows sheered off into a point that was buried beneath the waves at every forward movement of the vessel. From the box-like arrangements there should have issued about twenty pairs of oars, in two rows, one above the other. Similar vessels with *three* rows of oars, which became common in the Mediterranean at a later period, were called triremes. The vessel now in the bay of Nidaros was a typical Phœnician craft of the age we are describing. She was broad in the beam and altogether what sailors would call a "tub." She usually carried a sail, but her mast was broken off short. This fact, together with another evident; namely that only about half a dozen oars were being plied to assist her on her way, sufficiently explained her helpless condition when in the northern seas.

In bold contrast with this ungainly craft were the long-ships of the Norsemen, when all were at anchor in the bay of Nidaros. None of them were less than eighty feet on the keel, and a few—the Vanaheim among them were at least a hundred feet long. The rudder was on the right side near the stern.

Hence the word "starboard."

In the stern, under the poop was the captain's cabin. In the bows, under a raised deck which exactly corresponds with our fore-castle, was a sleeping place for the crew. The lug sail which these vessels carried was of striped colored cloth. The hull was gaily painted, though there were signs of wear on the ships just returned. Both stern and bows were pointed, and rose high out of the water. It is admitted by experts, who have seen specimens of these long-ships (found buried in the blue clay in Norway) that the lines on which they were built are almost the perfection of ship-craft, both for speed and strength. Their timbers were of well-seasoned oak, naturally, not artificially, bent at bow and stern, and therefore elastic, as a ship's timbers should be. They were "clinker built" vessels; thus, I fancy lessening the risks of leakage, among other things. When the sail was furled, they were propelled by means of oars some twenty feet in length, of which there were usually between thirty and forty on a ship of average size. The crew therefore was necessarily a somewhat large one, considering the comparatively small tonnage of these ancient craft. Crew and craft however were of a sort ready "to go anywhere and do anything." The Norse discovery of America ceases to be a marvel, when we consider the

* Hersir—a title of respect. Possibly the German "Herr" and the English "Sir" have originated from the splitting up of this old Norse word,

means our forefathers had at command for conquering the waves. The wonder rather is how Columbus ever managed his business, remembering that the type from which the ships of the Mediterranean were developed, lies before us in yonder clumsy bireme!

All eyes were soon directed towards the novel Phœnician vessel, and interest deepened when it was observed that small boats were lowered from the Vanaheim as soon as ever she had cast anchor, and steered towards the stranger. In these boats were carefully placed the forms of several dark-faced men who were evidently either sick or wounded.

Boats from all directions of those that had put forth to welcome the fleet now crowded round the two late comers to lend assistance. However only some half dozen of the Phœnicians were in a helpless state so the task of getting both crews on shore was soon over.

All this time Nanna stood waiting to behold her sons. Her bosom heaved as at last she caught sight of one of them, who after landing a boatload of disabled easterns turned to look for his parents. It was Bil—red-headed reckless Bil, Nanna's third son, the spoilt darling of his mother.

(To be continued.)

CHORDS OF HARMONY.

FROM THE "FRIENDS IN COUNSEL."

(Correspondence Class.)

144 Madison Avenue, New York.

DEAR COMRADES:

It is with a great hope and a joy in my heart, that I send you a line of greeting from Headquarters.

I suppose every comrade all over this broad land and across the seas shares with us here this great *hope* for the future of humanity, which day by day grows larger as strength and inspiration are added unto it by the signs of Brotherhood near about us and far away.

As the channels for our work increase there springs up everywhere the new life and energy, awakening the love and sympathy of which the Golden Age is made.

It is truly a most gratifying as well as happy fact to observe how well the new practical efforts in our work and our studies go hand in hand; and it is becoming more evident every day that this practical side of life—together with our philosophy for the basis—make the blending of the harmony we hope to see and hear among the peoples and creatures of earth.

Taking our place among people and using similar methods to theirs in our practical work among them, all the time permeating our work with the new thought, draws them nearer to us and brings us nearer to them, thus naturally showing and demonstrating more clearly what we mean by Brotherhood.

Those whose ideal of human life is summed up in "Universal Brotherhood" have thrown such a wholesome enthusiasm into the work and so much love into the world, that the life of all humanity seems stirred, and certainly is touched by the nucleus of this ideal.

With love and fraternal greeting. Yours in the great cause. HOPE.

"Voices of the Century" No. VI., on I. G. Herder, by Rev. W. Williams, will be resumed in an early issue.

THE RESPONSIBILITY OF MOTHERHOOD.

BY CHARLOTTE ABELL WALKER.

"A SPEAKING CLUB for women," laughed Mrs. Grey. "What on earth have we to talk about except our worries and frivolities!" My husband says that women are talkative, but never logical, and that if 'speech is silver,' silence is surely golden."

"O, my dear, we have heard that so often that most of us are afraid to speak lest man should discover that we are even greater bankrupts in ideas than we look!" replied Mrs. Talbert, with heightened color. "But women would have something to say besides discussing their 'worries and frivolities' if they could step outside of self long enough to lose that self-consciousness which keeps them forever thinking of the effect they will produce as individuals, instead of the ideas they have to communicate."

"What sort of ideas?" asked Mrs. Grey, with a puzzled look.

"All sorts of ideas on the questions of the day, and particularly on the responsibility of motherhood," answered Mrs. Talbert. "Don't you think a sensible mother might have many ideas and suggestions of value to make to other women concerning the physical, mental and moral education of children, to say nothing of the counsel *she should be prepared to give to her own sons and daughters?*"

"O, yes, and I think most women do compare notes on the management of children," answered Mrs. Grey.

Mrs. Talbert sighed. "Obedience is an easy lesson to teach, but a mother's duty does not end there. Has it ever occurred to you, Margaret, that the most critical period in a girl's or boy's life is allowed to approach without much thought, and certainly without much talk either by or with mothers?"

"No, I do not think I ever thought very much about it, and I am sure my mother never did either," said Mrs. Grey, slowly. "You have queer ideas, Helen."

"Perhaps I have," smiled Mrs. Talbert, encouraged by her friend's look of increasing interest. "But, seriously now, Margaret, don't you think that self-knowledge would be a great safeguard of the chastity of youth?"

"Most emphatically, yes. I know, too, that this knowledge is usually gained from any source except the proper one."

"I have always felt," Mrs. Talbert went on, "that the unfolding and ripening of the masculine and feminine nature should be a matter of serious thought and study with both parents, and that both girls and boys should be carefully instructed in the mysteries of their own natures instead of being allowed to pick up a little doubtful, as well as a great deal of pernicious knowledge from each other."

"O, Helen!" exclaimed Mrs. Grey. "I simply could not speak of such matters to my children."

Mrs. Talbert laughed. "That is nonsense, Margaret, and is the fault of our foolish system of education. Maternity brings with it the gravest responsibilities, but, usually not one word of instruction is ever given to those who will hereafter be parents. Of course it is a delicate subject and should be handled delicately, and who is so well fitted as a mother for this duty? There are so many beautiful thoughts in connection with the reincarnating ego that can be explained in a very practical way. The mother love which awakens with the first pulsation of

life, in the little soul who is coming to her, for further help on its way upward and forward, can be talked of without much embarrassment to our girls who would soon learn to regard themselves as *temples* to be kept holy for the coming of the man-god."

"I admit, Helen, that there is something radically wrong in our education, or rather, lack of education, as future mothers. In the school-room our reflective faculties are scarcely ever called upon, we become simply wheels of memory. Then, too, most of us pass the time intervening between the school-room and our wedding day in party going, novel reading, practising a little music and doing fancy work. Not one word are we ever taught as to our real life work, or of the pre-natal influence we exert on our offspring. How my dear old mother would laugh if any one told her that a little knowledge of psychology would be an invaluable aid in the bringing up of children," laughed Mrs. Grey.

"The work should not be left entirely to the mothers," said Mrs. Talbert. "Fathers might find the study of Ethology worth looking into, and if our sons were thoroughly instructed in the laws of Karma and Reincarnation, they would soon learn to regard women as creatures too divine to minister simply to their physical necessities. I have observed, too, that men usually take us at just the estimate we put upon ourselves."

"I quite agree with you, Helen. As a rule, women are, I think, too conservative and fear to step out of beaten tracks lest they should be laughed at," said Mrs. Grey, thoughtfully.

"Yes, and I sometimes think we are afraid to speak the truth, lest the truth may do harm."

"Well, Helen, I think you have quite convinced me that women have something to say to each other besides the usual gossip, but how are we to deal with this problem?" asked Mrs. Grey.

"Very easily, I think. It seems to me that every woman with an enlightened conscience and a few grains of wisdom, should speak frankly and freely to her sons and daughters, knowing that falsehood and secrecy are only productive of evil in the long run, and that curiosity has led to many a downfall. Girls at least should be carefully instructed regarding the highest functions of their physical natures, and taught to look upon maternity as the crowning glory of womanhood," said Mrs. Talbert very earnestly.

"I think you may enroll me as a member of your Speaking Club, Helen. I have quite made up my mind to brave my husband's sarcasm on the subject," said Mrs. Grey, gayly. "When do you meet?"

"Every Thursday at four o'clock," answered Mrs. Talbert, rising to go. "I think you will find that our object is an eminently practical one, as well as instructive."

"I am sure of it. Good-bye, then, until Thursday."

"Good-bye, dear. Tell John we shall hope to win his approval some day," laughed Mrs. Talbert, as she went down the steps.

A HORSE DIES OF GRIEF.

"One of a span of fine horses was crippled and had to be shot. Gazing at his dead mate for a moment, the other turned away, refused to eat, and died in two days of a broken heart." —*Plainedealer.*

TOM MOORE'S WIFE.

MOORE was one of those who believed in the right of genius to enlarge the borders and kick over the traces at its pleasure. He maintained the doctrine of irresponsibility in action if not by formal profession; and took care that no sordid considerations of official duties, nor fettering shackles of home ties should vex his poetic soul or shorten his moral tether. He did what he liked to do, and he declined to do what he did not like; and he managed to escape opposition to the one and censure for the other. While the sun shone he was the marital butterfly, sporting in the free blue air, while his mate was laboring on a leaf over those eggs which had to be provided for. His resting-place was on every rose that "opened her bosom's glowing veil" to him and the nightingale, and as rarely as possible on the home cabbage, with the mother of the eggs and little maggots.

He was more at his ease anywhere than with wife and children, and he left them on the very smallest provocation—too happy to escape. But he wrote long letters and frequent; poor Bessy being mainly useful as a kind of sympathetic chorus to whom he partially confided the story of his triumphs, and who gave him back indulgence and consideration in return for those not quite exhaustive confessions. Meanwhile, she sat behind the close-drawn curtains of home and waited—watching the slow passing of the days and biding her time; like a hunter stalking the years for her quarry, and knowing that she would come up with them in the end. So she did. His powers failed; the world passed him by; his loves forgot him; his special roses had faded, and some were shattered; and the music which had charmed so many was as dead as that which lies in a broken lyre. Then she was happy, and time gave her her desire. "Now I have him to myself," she said, when he was a still courtly, still caressing and flattering, but childish and imbecile old man, given over to her sole care.

The lifelong jealousy of the loving, silent woman was at last appeased; and the grim patience with which she had watched and waited was rewarded. Better to her was this dimmed and plumeless wreck of all that former vagrant brilliancy, now in her own keeping, than the man as he had been, courted, sweet, seductive, popular—and shared with a dozen others. When he died, a mere wreck and shell as he was, mindless and decayed, she mourned him in the same intense way—as mothers mourn their idiot children for whom they have more tenderness than for the strong and capable. She drew down the blinds and let no light enter the room where her love had idealized that breathing clod and vitalized that living corpse. She could not bear to look on anything that he had loved. The sun, the grass, the flowers—the birds, nature and music—all were forbidden to her, because all were associated with him; and her own last days were even sadder than his had been. He at least had had the divine affluence of love about him; but she died in solitude, as she had lived—her dry and lonely path uncheered by any of that passionate affection which she had lavished so generously on others.—E. LYNN LINTON, in *Home Journal*.

O Reader! had you in your mind
Such stores as silent thought can bring,
O gentle Reader! you would find
A tale in everything.

—*Wordsworth.*

UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD ORGANIZATION.



CENTRAL OFFICE,
144 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK.

CRUSADE ANNIVERSARY.

A PUBLIC meeting was held at 144 Madison Avenue, N. Y., on Sunday, June 12th, at 8.15 P. M. The hall presented a striking and beautiful appearance. The flags of all nations, collected on the Crusade around the world, were tastefully displayed on the walls—a symbol of the time when peace and good will shall unite all peoples of the earth in a Universal Brotherhood. The platform was delightfully and profusely decorated with flowers, evoking thoughts of love, hope and joy in the minds of all present.

Sharp at 8.15 the Leader ascended the platform and surrounding her were Bros. F. M. Pierce, H. T. Patterson, and Rev. W. Williams, who so faithfully served on the Crusade; Clark Thurston, Robt. Crosbie, Burcham Harding, J. H. Fussell, and D. N. Dunlop. A number of "Lotus" children then sang an appropriate song, in which the words on the Crusade Banner, "Truth, Light and Liberation for discouraged humanity," were frequently heard. This contribution by the children was a thoughtful and pleasant feature of the evening. The Misses Fuller then rendered some beautiful music on the piano and violin, after which Mr. Harding made some opening remarks about the significance of the Crusade, and introduced Rev. W. Williams, who spoke on the object of the Crusade, what had been accomplished, and how the way had been opened for much work in the future. Bro. Robt. Crosbie was then introduced and spoke of Boston being the starting point of the Crusade, and how "The Theosophical News" had been started to give a weekly report of the Crusade doings and keep members throughout the world in complete touch with its spirit and what was being done. Here Bro. Crosbie but expressed the thoughts of many who learned to value "The Theosophical News," and the self-sacrificing work of the good members at Boston in connection therewith. After Bro. Crosbie followed Bro. Patterson, who related many of the narrow escapes the Crusaders had at different stages on their journey, and how by unique and wonderful guidance they had always escaped and succeeded in accomplishing their mission without any mishap, not even the losing of one piece of baggage.

Everyone present was then delighted when the Leader rose to speak. She had been somewhat seriously ill, and although not quite recovered, manifested much of that force which is peculiar to her and surmounts every obstacle. Her voice produces a wonderful vibration when she speaks at her best, and especially so on this occasion. She touched the hearts of the entire audience, who manifested their enthusiasm by prolonged applause. There was very much that could not

be expressed. The soul has ways of its own, and to the great soul, who knows something of nature's laws and the high magic evolved from the compassionate heart, much is possible that could not be brought about by other means. She indicated that some day the history of the Crusade will be written. Let us hope the day is not too far distant! At the conclusion of her address more music was rendered by the Misses Fuller, and then Brother Clark Thurston was introduced, and spoke of the heroic qualities of such men as Dewey and Hobson, which all Americans admired. He said a Crusader, altho' on a somewhat different mission, required just such qualities, and he hoped all would soon meet a Crusader and come to know him. Brother Thurston spoke also of the Crusade as a great and successful business undertaking, and that the way in which the Crusade of Brotherhood was carried out was a fitting illustration of the American spirit and genius.

Brother D. N. Dunlop was then introduced, and spoke of the Crusaders when at Dublin, Bray and Killarney. He drew a picture of the way in which the Crusaders and their friends gathered together in the evening at the foot of the Purple Mountain, with the stars as a canopy alone, singing, and speaking of the hopes in their hearts. "It was," he said, "an experience not to be forgotten." Brother Dunlop also referred to the change that had been brought about in Theosophical work by the Crusade and its spirit. Now, the daisy and the rose were more in evidence, and the metaphysician had taken his fitting place in the scheme of things. "The work done by our Leader" he said "indicated her greatness, and the work of the great should be judged only into the light of the eternal."

Bro. F. M. Pierce, whose work on the Crusade was invaluable, was next introduced and spoke of the practical nature of the work now undertaken by American Theosophists, what it had accomplished, and what it would accomplish. "We do not believe in a philosophy hanging in mid air," said Bro. Pierce, "we believe in bringing it down and making it practicable, here and now." He said it was this spirit, instilled into the Crusade which made it the success it was.

Bro. Charpiot, of Macon, Ga., then said a few words on Brotherhood, and our duty in making it a practical realization. "In building a cable bridge," he said, "one strand was put across the river, then another and another until the bridge was complete. The Crusade laid a strand of brotherhood round the world, and it was being followed by others, until at last Universal Brotherhood would be a thing accomplished."

Bro. Fussell followed briefly on the work done by the Home Crusades inaugurated and inspired by the Leader, and the work of the great Crusade. More music exquisitely rendered by the Misses Fuller concluded the exercises.

On the whole, it was a pleasant harmonious meeting in every respect. Everyone who was present felt happy. Some strangers remained, notwithstanding the extreme heat, and indicated their desire to join the organization of Universal Brotherhood. "They liked so much the feeling of the meeting," they said. OBSERVER.

A SOCIAL GATHERING.

ON Monday evening, the anniversary of the starting of the Crusade, the members met in a social way at Headquarters to partake of refreshments and witness some beautiful tableaux, made up of flowers as a setting, with the Lotus

children as figures. The effect was most striking and suggestive—flowers of the field and flowers of humanity. A short address was made by the Leader on the accomplishment of the Crusade, after which Brother Neresheimer was presented with a set of resolutions by the surviving members of the Crusade, in which were expressed their appreciation of his sterling qualities as a man, and their love for him as an officer, friend and comrade. The H. P. B. Branch, U. B. Lodge No. 10, also presented some beautifully framed resolutions to the Leader which we hope to be able to offer our readers next week, or in a subsequent issue.

Brother Hecht, who, as is well known, always labors quietly and unobserved, has been doing some splendid work, and on this occasion presented handsomely bound volumes of "The Theosophical News" containing a record of the Crusade, to the Leader and to our President, Mr. Neresheimer.

The success of the evening's entertainment was due to the ladies in charge; Mrs. Cape, Mrs. Waldheimer, Miss Whitney, Mrs. Morris, Miss Bernstein, and the Misses Fuller.

These social gatherings will be a feature in the future work of the Headquarters and, we hope, throughout the entire organization, as they will do much towards creating a closer unity between the members, especially the young people.

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ROY UNDERWOOD, LAKE CITY, MINN.

PUBLIC MEETINGS OF UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD LODGES.

LODGE, No. 10,

or the H. P. B. Branch of the Theosophical Society in America,
142 West 135th 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.

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Children's Work: Elizabeth C. Mayer, Supt., 144
Madison Ave., N. Y.

ON THE HEIGHTS.

BY MRS. BLOOMFIELD-MOORE.

(Addressed to Robert Browning, Easter Sunday, 1882.)

"Sympathy is more than silver or than gold."

"Friendship to natures large and comprehensive in sympathy, at once noble and tender, means attachment as warm and strong as life itself, enthusiasm of personal interest, trust unshaken through all things, faithfulness unto death. Whatever befalls, it is the solace, the light, the joy of life."

"Any one can love, but few have the capacity for friendship."—George Sand.

I cannot write for fullness of content:

Poems are born as thunders are; from out

The strife of elements to purify

The stagnant air. So high I stand, so near

To heaven, nor strife, nor passion's sultry breath

Can reach me here. When hearts are full as mine

Few are the words which break—as bubbles break

The quiet surface of an ocean deep

When cradled into calm—few are the words

I ween, that stir the sweet content when hearts

Are still; but, ere we met, one whom I loved,

Back from a new-made grave, had stepped to stab

Me in the dark; and all my wrongs arose

To sweep my heart-strings with their myriad hands.

As wakes the wild wind-harp, so woke my lyre,

And strain on strain escaped until the storm

Of tortured feeling ceased within the calm

Of thy blest presence. Lost my riches were;

And wrecked the barque which held my all in life;

I stood in terror on the rock-girt shore,

No voice to pity, and no arm to save—

Fearing the worst, nor hoping aught to man!

Anon, the darkness lifted, and I saw,

Riding at anchor, on the treacherous sea,

A noble ship, laden to edge with all

Which makes life sweet and strong. It brought thy hand,

Outstretched to which I clung:—with hungry heart

And famished soul eating the angel's food

Proffered in largess such as great souls yield.

There is no wealth like that which thou hast given

To me:—no riches like the treasure thou

Hast poured from founts exhaustless of thy own!

I who was poor am rich! I bring my lyre

And break it at thy feet; its need is o'er,

Since discord and despair can strike its strings

No more. Thou art my friend! no greater boon

Hath earth to give than friendship such as thine!

—Home Journal.

THE HIGHER LAW.

BY CYRUS FIELD WILLARD.

(Continued.)

THE necessity lies in the realizing of the fact that each of us is his brother's keeper; that we are united in fact and not separate; that our brothers who are suffering must be relieved since we are all like the stars on the American flag, white stars on a blue field, all on and a part of the same fabric, and what affects one is sure sooner or later to affect the rest.

The human race is homogeneous. It is the duty of its more advanced units—and we are in that position as regards those unenlightened to the truths of Brotherhood as the Elder Brothers are to us—to assist in helping forward and upward those who are less advanced.

We must help them forward or they will keep us back—such is the Law of Compassion which forces us through the Law of Compensation to assist our brothers or be punished by them and hence the Law of Love and Service is obligatory on the drops in the river, the motes in the sunbeam.

This Law of Love and Service is dependent upon the homogeneous Substance of the river and of the sunbeam which cannot be separated and which denominates separateness as the Great Heresy.

Either we must go forward and upward in this great River or else we hang back, insist on our own "autonomy" and independence, buck against the current at first unconsciously, then knowingly and willingly, then seeking to secure others opposed to the Great Current and the Divine Will, until finally we become Brethren of the Shadow, those who kill their souls.

When we take this broad view of the homogeneity of human Egos streaming as a bright river of light back across the horizon of time to the resting place of Eternal Life's dark bosom, we cannot fail to see the logic which demonstrates Compassion to be the Higher Law.

Compassion is above Karma, since the latter but adjusts the relations between the drops in that stream, while the former emphasizes the fact of the stream.

Sorrow first teaches us the meaning of Compassion. The friction of individual with individual in the stream brings Karmic adjustment with sorrow to the individual.

This means a pause in the selfish enjoyment of the lower self with an opportunity for the Higher Self to assert control.

H. P. B. taught that it was right to protest against unjust social systems as well as to assist the individual. Such is the Higher Law (as I conceive it and as I conceive my duty) to protest against unjust social systems.

It emphasizes and accentuates the necessity of recognizing the value of work for individual and collective good even at the sacrifice of oneself.

Thus "the Bible of the race is writ" for it is only through sacrifice and sorrow that it is done.

The renunciation of Nirvana and the becoming a Buddha of Compassion is not accomplished by a few only, any more than there was once simply a Christ and not also the Christ principle in the hearts of all men.

We can each and all decide to "don Nirmanakaya's humble robe" and consciously decide to become a helper of Humanity for all Time.

The more who consciously decide so to do, the greater the impetus we give the stream back to that glorious fountain of Light from which it first flowed. The more who so decide to live on

for Humanity, the greater will the Army, which is the Living Guardian Wall, become under its great Leader.

The more who so decide, the sooner will the Brotherhood of Humanity be recognized as a fact and the sooner will intolerance, selfishness and separateness fly and disappear until the gentle, tender, loving Law of Laws, Compassion, Divine Harmony itself, shall rule this world on this plane and on all planes until the whole manifest Universe itself shall be under the divine sway of the Higher Law.

THE REAL THING.

A CONVERSATION BETWEEN OLD FRIENDS.

"HOW do you like Mr. Harrison?"

"Like him? I love him! Who could help it, after hearing him say 'you—all,' with that indescribable Southern intonation?"

"Well, now, can you imagine a whole Branch just like him? More than a hundred people who are all as genuine? That is what Macon is. It is simply marvellous what a force there is at the South."

"They seem to have the *real thing*, genuine brotherhood, no question about that. It doesn't seem as though they would ever flop around, and turn upside down and inside out, just for the fun of seeing the way things look backward, as some of us have a mania for doing."

"No, indeed. They look straight ahead, eyes on the goal, no question of right or wrong. You can count on them every time. They are genuine. They have the real thing."

"I never thought of it before, but I've always noticed that the comprehensive little word 'all' is tacked on to 'you,' whether you are addressed as an individual or in a group."

"It seems to link one with the Universe to be spoken to as 'you—all,' and gives one a feeling of pervading space itself, and comprehending it."

"We have been struggling desperately with the words Universal Brotherhood—words, alas, 'too big' for most of us! We have been tumbling all over ourselves striving to get at the simplest meaning."

"Suddenly, with intuitive grasp, the South realized its own epitome of those 'big words' in its familiar linked phrase, 'you—all.' So it is blazing out with mighty power, that it may teach us how to say, with all our hearts, 'I love you—all.'"

COMRADE.

EPOCH-MAKING VICTORY.

"IT was a victory that crowned with success the work of nearly a generation of navy builders, the presidents and secretaries and the constructors who have pushed forward labor of preparing our country to fulfill her destiny; the ship builders who have proved that American mechanics and American material can be relied upon to serve when service is required: the navy's officers and men who have continued in their own persons the traditions of our navy's heroism."

"The epoch such a victory makes is the epoch of peace for this continent. We shall not have hereafter to fight in support of our declaration that on this continent the American will is law. Spain, had she been wise, would not have questioned our pretensions, and we are sure that no other nation will imitate her mistaken policy. Hereafter the rule shall be that so far as this continent is concerned government shall exist by the consent of the governed."—*The Register (Dem.), Mobile, Ala.*

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.

HELPING.

Let us help the little children
In this great big world of ours.
Of love the story tell them,
Of the soul's most wondrous powers;
How *ourselves* we all must conquer,
With loving deeds most kind;
We can give them truth and succor,
Feed the hungry, lead the blind.
Let us tell them God is living;
By kind acts and loving words,
Brotherhood is helping—sharing;
Truth's the steel of "flaming swords."
Darkness long o'er earth has hovered,
Souls have fallen in its waves.
Turn the light of truth, now covered,
On the lives of earthbound slaves;
Slaves of blinded superstition;
Slaves of error and of vice.
Let us work a grand transition;
Teach them how to pay the price,
That will purchase them their freedom
From the city of the dead,
(Brightest Gods in halo's golden
Once were clad in selfish lead).
We may help them up to heaven,
A condition rare on earth,
By applying nature's leaven
Through which comes the highest birth.
Sympathy, divine compassion,
Truth and power well applied,
Will soon slay the dragon passion,
Teach men to in love abide.

C. G.

A STORY FOR THE SMALLEST CHILDREN.

BY EDITH WHITE.

ONCE upon a time long ago, before white people had come to America, there lived in Milan a Duke called Prospero.

In those days the people looked up to their rulers as fathers, and depended on them for many things.

Now Prospero was an excellent Duke, but he loved learning so much that he sometimes left his dukedom to his brother Antonio to manage. By degrees he got more and more into the habit of staying with his beloved books, while his brother took his place in Milan. At last Antonio began to think that he would like to get rid of Prospero altogether and be Duke himself. Accordingly, with the help of the King of Naples, one night he seized on Prospero and his little daughter, Miranda, who was not quite three years old, put them both into a rickety old boat without sails or oars and pushed them out to sea to be drowned or starved to death. But one of the courtiers, who loved Prospero, had managed beforehand, to put lots of clothes, food and water, and some of Prospero's precious books of wisdom into the boat.

There they were in the middle of the night out on the lonely sea, and the waves might have upset the boat at any moment, or the wind might have driven it on the rocks. But Prospero was not a bit afraid because he knew that no harm could come to him unless he deserved it; so he showed his little daughter the white waves danc-

ing past and soon, when the sun began to peep up over the edge of the sea, she forgot all her fright in watching the beautiful colors of the clouds and the light shining all along the water, making a golden path for the boat to sail in. After two days they came to a lovely little island covered with trees, grass and flowers. The wind blew them right on to the shore, and Prospero tied up the boat while they went to explore the island. They found a fine big cave not far off, and Prospero thought this would be a good place to live in. So he left Miranda there and fetched up all the things out of the boat.

The next day they found a queer wild man, who was greatly afraid of Prospero at first, but he was so kind to him that he soon became his willing servant. He learned Prospero's language before long and showed him where to get nuts and fruit, also shell fish. They called him Caliban, and got him to carry in wood and water to the cave, for he was very strong. But it turned out that Caliban was really half an animal and Prospero could not teach him very much, and often had to force him to do his work.

The books that Prospero studied told him what great power men might have if they could govern their thoughts, passions and wishes. As Prospero did this, he at the same time got power over the spirits of fire, air and water. The chief of these spirits was Ariel. He was very clever and told all the other spirits what to do, though he was so small that he could sleep in a cowslip bell and ride on a bat's back into the sunset.

Ariel and his companions often floated about the island making sweetest music, so you may think what a beautiful girl Miranda grew up, hearing always these heavenly harmonies.

Her father taught her much that she wanted to know, but she learned even more by looking at the stars shining while the waves were breaking on the beach and the sea-birds were calling "good-night! sweet sleep!"

The flowers in the grass and the sun, shining through the leaves and glittering on the streams, whispered secret things to her. So the times passed quickly by till Miranda was quite grown up.

Now you remember how Prospero's brother, with the help of the King of Naples, had taken his Dukedom from him—well! just at this time it happened that the King and all the court were sailing near the island. Prospero knew this and thought of a plan by which Miranda and he might get back to their home, and that those who so cruelly had driven them away might be made sorry for what they had done. First he raised a great storm by his magic power, and the ship was dashed upon the rocks. But Prospero had sent word by Ariel to the sea-nymphs to bring them all safely to shore, and to land the king's son Ferdinand by himself at a place close to where Miranda was. Ferdinand, of course, thought all the others must be drowned and was wandering sadly about thinking of his father, when he saw Miranda in the distance with Prospero. He had never before seen a maiden so fair and beautiful and she felt sorry for his sadness, so at first sight they each loved the other very much.

Prospero then went away to where the king and his followers were wandering about tired and hungry, looking for Ferdinand, he made a magical feast appear before them and just as they were going to take some food, a dreadful figure arose up and flapped its wings over the banquet, which immediately vanished. Then in an awful voice this figure reminded them of their wicked treatment of Prospero and his little daughter.

After making himself known to them and showing them by casting spells on them that they were completely in his power, Prospero set them at liberty and forgave them all freely for what they had done, as soon as he saw that they really were sorry.

The King of Naples was so grieved about his share in the crime that he said he would give up his kingdom and let Ferdinand and Miranda be king and queen there. Antonio, of course, gave back the Dukedom to Prospero and he ruled long and wisely and made everybody happy; and the king and all his courtiers were united in love for Prospero.

"Hatred ceaseth not by Hatred."

CONFUCIUS IN HIS BOYHOOD.

A VERY pretty story of the childhood of the great Chinese sage, Confucius, is told (adapted from a German historical work) in a recent number of *Little Men and Women*. Confucius, it will be remembered, lived nearly three thousand years ago, and, for his time, was considered a wonderfully wise man. Here is the story:

"One day, when he was only six, the little Confucius was sitting in the garden alone with his book and his pet kitten. Just the other side of a low hedge which grew between the family garden and that of the servants, he saw the little child of the gardener kicking up its heels in the middle of the grass plat where its mother had left it. The little Confucius watched the pretty child a few minutes, then returned to his book. But all at once, as he glanced toward the baby again, he saw it making with all of its tiny speed for a huge china basin full of water, which was always kept there from which to water the flowers. In the space of a moment the little one crept to the very edge, spied its own face in the water, and popped heels over head into the basin before Confucius had time to realize the danger!"

"He sprang over the low hedge screaming for help. The little head was still above water, but in an instant sank, and only a tiny arm and the light dress were to be seen. The boy, still screaming, ran round and round the basin, bending as far as he could over the top, trying in vain to catch the little hand. Then he stretched out both arms toward the setting sun, as if asking help, and suddenly a thought came to him as if in answer to prayer. Gathering up some big stones lying beside the path, he dashed them with all his might against the china basin, which broke at once in pieces like so much glass. The water ran out in streams, and in a moment the child was safe, crying, to be sure, but only from fright.

"The little Confucius was leading him to his mother's house, when he met his own father coming to look for him.

"The boy had never been scolded in his life, but when he thought all at once how costly the great china basin which he had broken must have been, his heart misgave him; but he told what he had done, and instead of being reprimanded, he found himself in his father's arms, and his father said, 'I praise you, my child.'"

This boy afterward became the great philosopher and moral teacher of his people, honored by them through more than twenty-eight centuries.—*The Episcopal Recorder*.

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