

The New Century

TO PROMULGATE THE BROADEST TEACHINGS OF UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD

"TRUTH, LIGHT AND LIBERATION FOR DISCOURAGED HUMANITY."

EDITED BY KATHERINE A. TINGLEY.

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The New Century

EDITED BY KATHERINE A. TINGLEY.

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NEW YORK, JUNE 25, 1898.

A CHANGE IN RELIGIOUS THOUGHT.

ACCORDING to the New York *Sun*, the Rev. Lyman Abbott, in a recent sermon at Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, took as his subject the change in religious thought and theological conceptions in the last thirty or forty years.

"Nobody," he said, "can deny that in the last thirty or forty years there has been a change in religious conceptions. Many men have changed their views. I know that I have, and, although we cannot attack those who hold to the views which we think we have outgrown, the change must be illustrated by our own experience.

"God, I now think, is not apart from nature, but dwells in nature. That He made this world and is not the engineer of it I cannot now believe. There are no forces; there is but one force, God. There are no causes, for there is but one great underlying Cause. Natural and supernatural are the same.

"I have come to think that creation is a continuous process, with God Himself in the process always. Every spring, every year, every day, every hour is a new creation. Imagine Him gone and the universe is gone. He is the Ruler, not over the universe, but in it. Is that not pantheism, you ask? No, for there is a difference between 'the all' and 'in all.'

"I can no longer believe in special Providences, unless all are special. He did no more in guiding Moses than in guiding Gladstone. He was no more the leader at the Red Sea of old than our emancipation leader in the red sea of blood.

"Revelation is a continual process, with God showing himself to man more and more as the years go by. He is disclosing just as fast as we are able to comprehend. God rules the human race from within, as does the teacher or the father or the pastor.

"I no longer look forward to a great day of resurrection. The resurrection is continuous, as that of the plant from the seed."

VOICES OF THE CENTURY.—NO. VI.

J. G. HERDER.

BY THE REV. W. WILLIAMS.

(Continued.)

THE following extracts from Herder's works will enable us to form some idea of his greatness as a writer and teacher in an age of mental and spiritual chaos. Systems of philosophy hoary with antiquity, religions which had degenerated into mere formulas of belief, political and ecclesiastical institutions united and blended by a common interest, all had been shaken to their foundations, and society like a rudderless vessel was drifting hither and thither, hopeless, faithless and Godless. Theology clinging despairingly to a dead past, repeating its lifeless and meaningless shibboleths and failing to recognize the law of progress and interpret the logic of events, precursory of great impending changes, had lost its hold over the popular mind through sheer inability to solve the great problems of human life and destiny which for ages, banned and anathematized by priestly despots, had now again loomed up in the human horizon, like portentary comets exciting feelings of doubt amounting almost to despair in the existence of a Divine Being. Whither are we going? What is the trend of events and where will it land us? Is there really any moral order of the Universe by which out of all the seething and foaming elements of national and moral disruption now prevalent, a higher order of things shall evolve? These were the universal cries and questions of a distracted and bewildered world, until from out of the ranks of that great invisible Brotherhood, watching over and protecting the interests of humanity, and from whom have proceeded and come forth in all ages great teachers commissioned and sent by the Silent Watcher, whose mission has been one of Light, Liberty and Truth for discouraged humanity, Herder came and guided the drifting barque of human existence into the current of a new and higher life of faith in the Divine and laid the foundations of a new and regenerated Society, the Messianic and Universal Brotherhood of Man. The great truths, to which he gave utterance, have sounded throughout the century, and having germinated had become manifested in that silent yet profound feeling and desire for light and truth which is now throbbing and pulsating in the hearts of nations throughout the world. Herein lies the great mission of all true Theosophists, to give form and shape to the teachings of the great souls that have been sent; to embody and express in our lives and deeds and thoughts, the voices that have reached us and are sounding in our ears. Then will Theosophy, like a pharos, radiate its cheering and guiding rays to higher realms of life and thought.

The following extracts are from one of Herder's most beautiful and finished productions entitled *Metempsychosis* in three dialogues. Whether we regard its beauty of diction, the lucid arrangement of ideas, or the lofty views of Man's evolution and ultimate destiny, expressed in language forcible yet persuasive, eloquent yet logical, it will always remain a magnificent brochure enjoyed and appreciated alike by student and general reader.

"Imagine for a moment, that our star-fabric is

as closely connected in regard to the moral condition of its inhabitants as it is in its physical circumstances,—that it is a choir of sisters praising the Creator in various tones and proportions, but with the harmony of a single power. Imagine that from the farthest planet to the sun, there are gradations of being as of light, of distance, of masses, of forces (and nothing is more probable); imagine the sun to be the *rendezvous* of all the beings of the system which he rules as he is the king of all light, of all warmth, of all beauty and truth which he communicates, in various gradations, to the creatures. Behold here the great ladder by which all ascend, before we arrive at the centre and fatherland of that which, in our star-system we call Truth, Light, Love!

"Have you never had remembrances of a former state, which you could find no place for in this life? In that beautiful period, when the soul is yet a half-closed bud, have you not seen persons, been in places, of which you were ready to swear that you had seen those persons, or had been in those places before? And yet it could not have been in this life, as you can satisfy yourself on reflection. Whence, then, are those reminiscences and memories? Whence can they be, but from some former state? Therefore are they so sweet, so elevating! The most blessed moments, the grandest thoughts, are from that source.

"Do you suppose that great souls, rare as they have been in all centuries, became what they were and what, in all time, they will be, by mere industry, by pains-taking, of which every mechanical mind is capable? Or by Nature alone, by a kind of native sense, by an inspiration which they did not give to themselves, which never deserted them, which no one could imitate, and which every one who attempted to imitate failed? They appeared like Genii, they vanished like Genii, and men could only say: 'There he was, there he stood; he is no more; where is there another like him?' Do not these great characters appear, for the most part, all at once? Like a cloud of celestial spirits, they descended from on high; like men risen from the dead, born again, who, after a long night of sleep, brought back the old time, and stood forth as youths in new and celestial beauty. Does it not seem as if the wheel of the times must revolve in order to produce the human race anew, to waken the understanding, to renovate virtue? What if these revolutions in the visible world are, what the name imports, revolutions also in the invisible,—the spirit world,—a coming again of old, noble spirits and races of men?

"Purification of the heart, the ennobling of the soul, with all its propensities and cravings,—this it seems to me is the true *palingenesis* of this life, after which, I doubt not, a happy, more exalted, but yet unknown metempsychosis awaits us, and therewith I am content."

General James Bentliff, our comrade in the U. B. and an old member of the T. S. A., has sent a very interesting letter to the Friends in Council which is published in this issue.

The Brotherhood Congress, which is to convene early in the spring at Point Loma, San Diego, California, will doubtless bring many of our comrades from different parts of Europe, and it is expected that it will be largely attended by members of Universal Brotherhood from America.

Point Loma rises from the ocean to a height of five hundred feet, and is one of the most beautiful spots in the world,

HOT AND COLD.

THE GAME OF HIDDEN THINGS.

THE present condition of the world recalls vividly the game of "hot and cold," where an object is hidden in the room by one person; the seekers enter at a given call, and are told when far from the object, that they are "cold"—"freezing"; on a nearer approach they are "warm"—"very warm"—"hot"—and when on the point of finding it, they are "burning up."

In reading the papers and periodicals, and conversing with all classes of society, one is impressed with the amount of "inside knowledge" the American nation seems to have of the situation; its half realization of the whole thing being a game; its awakening sense of the *only reality*—its own Higher Self—its hidden nature—that is slowly being revealed to itself; the fact that is dawning, of its having a mission to perform in the world; the need of coöperation; the necessity for high motive; in truth, the American nation is *beginning* to "find itself." It has been playing the "game of hidden things" with itself and it begins to get "hot" in its approach to the hidden object—"brotherhood"—(unity).

While all the world joins in the game, some nations are "very cold," others "freezing" and many of them *like* "warm." Ireland, little Hawaii, and Cuba are "very warm" indeed, Italy, Switzerland, Holland and Sweden also are decidedly "warm"—(the little ones, and young people, are usually the most enthusiastic in playing a *real* game). Even the dignified, majestic England is actually unbending and getting quite "warm" in the search.

Truth is, England has always seemed like a very wealthy, haughty relative, so impressed with his own greatness that he took it as a matter of course that his clever, but unimportant, little cousin America could not have a more worthy occupation in life than to sit in humble admiration of His Highness, and copy his greatness to the extent of his ability.

The clever little cousin, asking no odds of anybody, has forged steadily ahead on its own account, tending strictly to business—its *own business*—with the result that the haughty relative awakes suddenly to the truth, that the clever little cousin is becoming a great Leader in the World, and it behooves His Highness to change his attitude of condescension to one of comradeship, in order to maintain his prestige.

Note the significance of the following extract from a letter by Sir Frederick Pollock on "International Relations:"

"It would be a superfluous and left-handed compliment for England to offer assistance to the United States, but the time has arrived for an Anglo-American *entente* or alliance which would do away with any necessity for arbitration treaties. . . . such an alliance would make wholly for peace. . . . but, if offense did come, the first shotted guns fired by the combined Anglo-American fleet might be the beginning of more ends than the objectors contemplated."

Also, in connection with the policy of open door and free commerce for the whole world in China, the expression of Mr. Balfour in the House of Commons urging coöperation between England and America in order to "build up in Europe and not least in America, a body of public and international influence," etc.

England's policy of "possessions" is too deeply rooted to be readily changed, but, in spite of its holding the Alliance pretty much on the

material plane, it yet reveals the acceptance of the principle of Brotherhood—which of course operates on *all* planes.

How different the moral basis on which America considers the Alliance!—as mirrored in the speech of our minister to England, Colonel Hay:

"The good understanding between us is based on something deeper than mere expediency. All who think cannot but see that there is a sanction, like that of religion, which binds us in partnership in the serious work of the world."

"Whether we will or not, we are associated in that work by the very nature of things, and no man and no group of men can prevent it. We are bound by ties that we did not forge and that we cannot break. We are joint ministers in the same sacred mission of freedom and progress, charged with duties which we cannot evade, by the imposition of irresistible hands."

E. W.

THE RELIGION OF THE FUTURE.

Thou shalt see greater things than these.

—John i., 50.

THREE things are necessary to a good soldier. First, he must have confidence in the cause for which he is to risk his life—must be convinced that it is worth the sacrifice he may be called upon to make. Second, he must have confidence in his leader, his commander—must be sure that he will be sent where his courage is most needed and where his mettle will accomplish a high purpose. Third, he must have confidence in himself—must know that he is ready for any emergency and will not flinch when the hour of trial is at hand. After that his country can trust him and his uniform will become him.

The battle of life is severer than any field on which the storm of shot and shell rages. It requires a higher order of courage to face the experiences which God sends than to take the chances of ordinary warfare. Almost everyone has known days or weeks or even months when it would have been easier to die than it was to live. For that matter I think this happens rather frequently. The three requisites which I have enumerated, however, will enable a man to wrest from fate not wealth perhaps, nor fame, nor a large measure of personal happiness, for these are all minor concerns to the soul, but success, honorable success, in its broadest and profoundest sense.

First, confidence in our Leader! If Napoleon's soldiers had doubted their general he would never have been master of Europe. Their devotion to him was the equivalent of victory. They asked no questions, did not criticise his plan of battle, took no responsibility on themselves, but went where they were ordered to go, believing that their chief had good reason for his methods, though they as privates were not able to understand them. Faith in their commander gave them thews of steel and hearts of iron. Into the very jaws of death—it made no difference.

Give the world the same faith in God that Napoleon's rank and file had in their general and the millennium would be here in the twinkling of an eye. Our faith is too refrigerating, and our trust is so much like distrust that it is hard to tell whether it is the one or the other. Enthusiasm for the Almighty! You may not like my phrase, but you need what it represents.

Second, confidence that your life and everybody's life is part of a plan! You are not the creature of chance, but you have a place and a

work to do. The place may not be to your liking and the work may be tiresome and hard. You do not have the kind of fortune which you would apportion to men like yourself if you were Deity. There are obstacles in your way—poverty, sickness, bereavement—and these are discouraging.

A dark background is sometimes necessary in a fine canvas, and a dark experience in a noble life. The question is not how you can avoid these things, for in discussing that matter you waste your time, but how you can use them to your advantage. Some can make better use of ill fortune than others can of good, and get more from it. It lies largely with yourself. If you take what comes, believing that God has put you at school and is teaching you a hard lesson, you are in the proper mental attitude and will graduate with honor. A harp with loose strings and a soul at odds with God resemble each other very closely.

Third, confidence in yourself! That kind of confidence is not conceit—it rather sits by the side of humility. It is not you by yourself alone, but you with God in your heart that can do great things. Let me give a very simple illustration. In some central locality in the city a vast amount of steam power is stored which is conducted by means of pipes to whomever desires it. You have an engine but no steam. Get into communication with this central company and you can drive your engine with the company's steam.

There is also a reservoir of omnipotence in heaven, and you can have as much of it as you can use. You can do anything, bear anything, suffer anything if you can borrow from the Almighty the requisite power. If God were niggardly we should have a hard lot, but those who have made the largest drafts on Him tell us that they have never exhausted either His patience or His generosity. Confidence in yourself, therefore, really means confidence in Him. You are a poor sort of creature in and of yourself, but filled with the Holy Spirit you are master of a human life, and can give it a shape that will command the approval of the angels.

We cannot at present conceive of the man who perfectly enjoys this threefold relationship, because we are hampered by our ignorance, our prejudices and our doubts. But the process of evolution will produce that man some time in the future, and we shall look down on him from our place in the other world with surprise and admiration. The man of to-day is a child, feeble, almost helpless, crying for power, but not knowing how to get it. The man of the future will be a giant, and his daily life will be filled with what we now call miracles. He will be like the divine Christ, his feet on earth, his heart in heaven. He will bear the burdens of the present, cheered by the certainties which the future offers. And when the time comes to depart he will be like a tired traveller who has reached his resting place, who throws the pack from his shoulders with a sigh of relief and crosses the threshold with unspeakable gladness and joy.—GEORGE H. HEPPORTH in *New York Herald*.

Notwithstanding the arrival of Summer, there has been a considerable increase in subscription receipts, showing that the public has awakened to the realization that THE NEW CENTURY constitutes an agreeable companion, whether by the sea-shore, among the mountains, or at home. Its circulation is world-wide, and is increasing and extending daily.

OF DEEPER BIRTH.

BY WILLIAM JAMESON.

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

—Wordsworth.

CHAPTER XXVII.

HOME ONCE MORE.

BIL lounged towards his parents, looking for all the world like a young sailor who had just stepped ashore at Wapping; only he was too tall for us—six feet nine, an inch more than his father! He nodded carelessly at his father, just as though they had seen each other before half an hour earlier, instead of some six months. Then turning to his mother, he hoisted his slacks (sailors throughout all time, have done this on ceremonial occasions), and gave her a hearty kiss on the cheek. He then slapped her on the back, regardless of the fact that the smith's wife was a dignified woman by nature, and addressed her in words that in the old Norse tongue may be taken to mean:

"Well, how are you old lady?"

For some hours after the arrival of the fleet, intense activity prevailed among the household of Heimer the smith. It fell to him, as chief man, and wealthiest, of the district, to entertain those of the seafarers who chose to accept his hospitality. Many, whose homes were within reach, preferred to spend the first night of their return among their own families. However, the guests anticipated were numerous enough to fully tax the energies of his wife Nanna, and of the woman folk who hurried to her help. Gerutha was among these. It may shock our modern notions that a spiritual leader should have homely aptitudes; but—the truth must be told—Gerutha, rune-speller, was an excellent cook, and none in the Drontheim country thought less of her in consequence.

At nine o'clock, the usual hour of the evening meal, quite two hundred people were assembled in the Skali, or hall, which Heimer had erected for festive purposes at a little distance from his dwelling house. The walls of this chamber were richly panelled, and decorated with carvings of that elaborated spiral character in which the ancient Norse folk delighted. Some day, perhaps, it will be discovered that such designs, finished with an accuracy scarcely possible without knowledge of geometrical drawing, have definite meaning as nature-symbols.

Evidently one of the Phœnician traders was impressed by these carvings. As he sat with his companions in the place of honor reserved for strangers to the right of the host, his dark flashing eyes were from time to time fixed upon the walls of the Skali with earnest attention. Gerutha, who was seated opposite to him, observed this fact. A little later, when their eyes met, she quietly pointed towards one of these symbolic carvings. The Phœnician scanned it carefully for a moment, and then, after looking round the hall once more, gazed earnestly at another design in a different part of the hall which in no way resembled that to which Gerutha had directed his attention.

Presently, Heimer the smith, with whom the seeress had in some way communicated, managed unobserved to clasp hands with Merbel of Tyre. When next the Phœnician looked at Gerutha she smiled as would an old and familiar friend.

Then Merbel, son of Hanniel, being of the kin of Hiram Abiff, that skilful builder, bethought him that there was good purpose in the storms that drove his vessel northwards, since comrades

of the heart were awaiting him even in this land of strangers!

Let us turn now and take note of other folk assembled. They were seated at two long tables running the whole length of the Skali. There were no distinctions of rank in those days; but men and women sat where it pleased them. The only spot reserved in any way was to the right of the master's seat. Here, as has been said, were placed the stranger-guests—three in number—whose dark Hebraic features and oriental garb made them especially conspicuous among that throng of fair Scandinavians. On Heimer's left was his wife Nanna—radiant with motherly joy, since her sons were safe home again! The two eldest of these, Gerd and Hamlet, whose sunburnt faces told of their recent travels, sat by her side. Bil and Thorolf sat elsewhere, beside friends of the opposite sex whom they believed to be somewhat keenly interested in their return. Egil, Ulf and Agnes—being juniors—were with other young people from the houses round the fiord, engaged in waiting on the guests; for such was the simple custom among the free-born people of olden time, where domestic servitors were unknown.

Now the "friend" by whose side Thorolf Heimerson elected to seat himself that evening was no other than Gerutha, rune-speller. It was natural. They had grown up together; they were of about the same age, and the gossips of the mothers of Nidaros had long ago decreed that they were "made for each other"—as we should say.

And looking at them as they sat side by side chatting about events that transpired since they last met, one might at first be inclined to endorse the above verdict. The features of Gerutha were regular, and her features being somewhat darker than is usual among her countrywomen, the beauty of her face gained a sort of distinction thereby. But some people when in Gerutha's company, forgot every charm of form and feature as they looked into her eyes. Memories, hopes, large-hearted resolves, tender yearnings, patient efforts, wisdom, humanity—all were expressed in turn as the theme of talk varied. Yes, there was a wealth of spirituality in those wonderful eyes of Gerutha's; eyes whose color no two persons could agree about—it changed somehow with the moods of the soul within.

Thorolf's eyes had very little mystery in them; they were just the frank grey eyes of a careless sailor—one who was disposed to take life as it came. He had his father's face—without its thoughtful determination. In stature he was slightly less than Heimer the smith. Altogether, as I see the man, with his abundant corn-golden hair hanging down over his broad shoulders, and with the rich tint of travel on his comely features—I have the feeling that he is just one of those fine attractive young fellows whose future largely depends on the sort of wives they get. The world has had plenty of Thorolf's type from time immemorial, outwardly strong, inwardly dependent. Their physical power, assisted by their easy good nature, carries them through so many difficulties that they may grow grey ere it is discovered how weak they are in the qualities of helpful manhood.

Needless to say, Thorolf had no idea of the depth and richness of his companion's character. For some years he had gone voyaging, and each time that he returned there was additional evidence of her spiritual progress—for one who could appreciate it. Thorolf was not that one. On the contrary, he became more and more a ma-

terialist with each annual adventure into what was then known as the "civilized world." The Phœnicians, who almost monopolized the carrying trade of that civilized world at the period with which we are dealing, recognized Thorolf as a "smart fellow" when, as occasionally happened, the Vanaheim put into their flourishing port of Gades (Cadiz). The Phœnicians themselves were materialists almost to a man!

It was quite natural, therefore, that this smart fellow should have settled in his mind to marry Gerutha during the ensuing winter. So he did his best to make himself agreeable now that they were together again.

"There is pleasure in store for maids," he whispered, looking towards the Phœnician traders, seated opposite to him.

"How so?"

"Why, a whole cargo of Tyrian stuffs lies aboard the ship of yonder eastern folk. Rarely can the Norse shipmen buy such cloth. It is too costly. I have been told that each of the shell fish from which comes the purple dye the cloth is steeped in, yields but a single drop of that wondrous fluid."

"Yet; tell me, Thorolf, how shall we be better able to buy now than in former times of this costly stuff?"

"Trouble not thy head about that matter, Gerutha."

"Wherefore? Is it not our wont to protect shipwrecked folk—both body and chattel?"

Thorolf laughed. "Oh our guests will sell their purple cloth. It shall not be stolen from them; but—"

"Twere ignoble to take advantage of their misfortunes," said Gerutha quietly.

Thorolf shrugged his shoulders, and his face at that moment wore an expression familiar in modern market places. It suggested the well-worn phrase, "business is business."

"Now tell me about yonder men," said she, not wishing to talk further about those costly raiments. "Who is the one with grizzled beard and small eyes?"

"Yakinlu, son of Baaluzur, who owns half the cargo of the ship we saved."

"And the younger one; he who is beardless and of franker look?"

"Merbel is his name, he is son of Hanniel, a merchant—one of the wealthiest in Tyre. His father owns the rest of the cargo and the ship likewise."

"The third stout man, who is he?"

"The skipper, Peridar of Byblus, and a lubberly seaman in my judgment."

[To be continued.]

APPRECIATION.

DEAR COMRADES: The NEW CENTURY has been such a comfort and an inspiration to me that it makes joy in my heart to tell you of the courage it has given me on my way.

Every page has brought the Breath of Life, every thought has been so high and lofty that if I become discouraged by the ocean of evil within, the Voice breathes from its pages "and what I longed to be and was not comforts me" yet a little while. For the "New Century" by the great minds, or rather the great hearts who speak through its pages, says to me: "Arise! Shine! Put off the garment of darkness and enter into the Light."

Blessings upon thy way, O Radiant New Century!

KAIS.

HIGHLY DEVELOPED SENSES IN INSECTS.

CAN it be that bugs are endowed with a wonderful sixth sense? Prof. C. V. Riley thinks he has discovered satisfactory evidence of telepathy among insects—that is to say, a sixth sense, by which they are able to communicate ideas from one to another at great distances. The power, as illustrated in the case about to be mentioned, evidently depends not upon sight or smell or hearing. The fact that man is able to transmit sound by telegraph almost instantaneously around the globe may suggest something of this subtle power, even though it furnishes no explanation thereof.

Once upon a time Prof. Riley had two ailanthus trees in his front yard. They suggested to him the idea of obtaining from Japan some eggs of the ailanthus silkworm. He got a few and hatched them, rearing the larvæ and watching anxiously for the appearance of the first moths from the cocoons. He put one of the moths in a little wicker cage and hung it up out of doors on one of the ailanthus trees. This was a female moth. On the same evening he took a male moth to a cemetery a mile and a half away and let him loose, having previously tied a silk thread around the base of his abdomen to secure subsequent identification.

Prof. Riley's purpose in this performance was to find out if the young male and the female moth would come together for the purpose of mating, they being in all probability the only insects of their species within a distance of hundreds of miles, excepting only the others possessed by Prof. Riley himself. This power of locating each other had previously been remarked in these insects. In this case sure enough the male was found with the captive female the next morning. The latter had been able to attract the former from a distance of a mile and a half.

Concerning the ordinary senses of insects comparatively little is known. Most of them certainly see well, the eyes of many species being far more elaborate than those of human beings. The eyes of common house flies and dragon flies are believed to be better fitted than the human eye for observing objects in motion, though those creatures are short-sighted. It may reasonably be supposed that insects possess taste, judging from the discrimination which they exercise in the choice of their food. That they have smell is a matter of common observation, and has been experimentally proved by Sir John Lubbock and others.

Most insects seem to be deaf to the sounds which are heard by human beings. At the same time there is no question that they produce sounds and hear sounds that are entirely beyond our own range of auditory perception. Sir John Lubbock has said that we can no more form an idea of these sounds than we should have been able to conceive a notion of red or green if the human race had been blind. The air is doubtless often vocal with the sounds made by insects of so high a pitch as to be entirely out of range of man's power to hear.

Certain senses in insects appear to be beyond comprehension. The neuters among the ants known as "termites" are blind, and can have no sense of light in their burrowings; yet they will reduce a beam of wood or an elaborate piece of furniture to a mere shell without once gnawing through to the surface. An analogy is found among mammals. A bat in a lighted room, though blinded, will fly in all directions with great swiftness and with infallible certainty of avoiding con-

cussion or contact with any object. It seems to be able to feel at a distance.—*From the Washington Evening Star.*

THE INDIANS.

THE total Indian population of the United States, exclusive of Alaska, is 249,273, but it must be understood that these are not all in the native wild state, neither armed with bows and arrows nor caparisoned with feathers, red blankets, and beads, nor provided with tomahawks and scalping knives. Indeed, very few tribes remain to this day in the garb and habit of the typical Indian. The encroachments of the white race have narrowed his wild hunting-grounds to the tame reservation, and deprived him of the energy and the ambition of his forefathers. Contact with the whites has either elevated him, by the agency of the missionary, into intelligent citizenship, or degraded him, by the contaminating influences of the vicious adventurers, into a degraded and treacherous creature.

It is well, at the outstart, to consider the various classes into which our Indian tribes have been segregated by the various influences that have been at work among them. We can arrive more speedily at a fair conception of the Indian question at the present day by considering them in eight classes.

1. The Six Nations, St. Regis, and other Indians of New York, number at present, according to the United States census, 5,304. These have been so long removed from wild and savage life as to be tractable, and but little removed from the simpler life of our poorer whites.

2. The five civilized tribes residing in the Indian Territory, namely, the Cherokees, Chickasaws, Choctaws, Creeks, and Seminoles, number in all 66,289. Among these tribes the Gospel has been preached and schools have been maintained for several generations, so that among them are seen to-day few traces of the native Indian habit of life.

3. The Eastern Cherokees of North Carolina, who refused to go westward with the great body of their tribe sixty years ago, and remained among the mountain homes of their forefathers. This remnant numbers at present 2,885.

4. Indians who are self-sustaining citizens, taxed or taxable, living almost exclusively away from the reservations, and generally owning land in severalty. These number at present about 34,567.

5. Indians on reservations under control of the Indian Office, not taxed or taxable, numbering 131,382.

6. The Pueblos of New Mexico, descendants of that ancient and remarkable people, who are neither warlike nor migratory, dwell in houses, which they or their ancestors have built, of adobe bricks, after a style of architecture peculiarly their own. They number at present 8,278.

7. Apaches who are under the control of the War Department, prisoners of war, 384.

8. Indians who are in state, territorial or national prisons, numbering, according to the recent census, 184.

This classification gives some intimation of the progress which has been made by the various agencies for the elevation of the American Indians. We cannot go very fully into a discussion of the various theories of dealing with this people, but we can confidently affirm that the great problems that now confront us are their civilization, education, and religious training.—*The Christian Endeavor.*

LETTERS OF GRATITUDE TO THE FRIENDS
IN COUNSEL AT 144 MADISON AVE.,
NEW YORK.

WINDSOR PARK, CHICAGO, June 10, 1898.

DEAR COMRADES: Yours of the 7th inst. was duly received and its words of kindly greeting and encouragement were read with much pleasure. Scripture encourages us to have faith in the coming of a time when all good people should become kings and priests unto God and I have not known of a more significant token of the speedy coming of that time than the present, when with joyful acclaim all the peoples of the earth greet the proclamation of the Universal Brotherhood of Man as being the only correct rule of action for promoting the best interests of the human family. After the great Civil War in this country, when the people were greatly agitated in considering the best mode of resuming specie payments, Horace Greeley said: "The way to resume is to resume." So the best and only way to introduce Universal Brotherhood is to commence the practice of it. One of the Masters once said: "He who would see perfection must himself become it." And in this direction I know of no more potent bud of promise than the Friends in Counsel. It does not require the aid of a vivid imagination to see this bud putting forth many vigorous branches which in due time will blossom and bring forth fruit that will crown with blessings those who have nurtured it. All hail then to this organization and may the blessings of the Masters who are never ungrateful to those who work for the cause ever accompany your labors!

DEAR FRIENDS: The letters written by two of your number—the two beautiful silk flags—one the symbol of the Union of the American States—the other the symbol of Hope for the recovery of the lost state of Knowledge from which man descended since the commencement of Kali Yuga, together with the box of flowers bearing in their bosoms the odors and auras fresh from nature's laboratory, were duly received. For these natural expressions of brotherhood please accept my grateful thanks. It is interesting to note how naturally and gracefully these fruits of brotherhood, scattering blessings alike upon the giver and the receiver, flow from hearts devoted to this work. When your time comes to exchange bodies may you not die but be translated and borne aloft by angel hands! Such is the hope inspired by the nature and spirit of the work in which you are engaged. That you will be richly blessed among the children of men, I could not entertain a doubt.

Fraternally, JAMES BENTLIFF.

SAD NEWS.

We have just received the following news of a comrade's bereavement, sent by Brother Henry Behrens, of Rapid City, S. D., dated June 11th: "Mrs. Myrtle Rice, wife of Mr. Wentworth Rice, one of the members of our Lodge in this city, died suddenly last night. Brother Rice is at this time on his sad mission to accompany the remains of his loved one to the last resting place. Our hearts are full to overflowing with sympathy for him."

May our Brother realize in his sorrow that in the truest sense there is no separateness, that the Eternal and Just Law careth for all.—Ed.

"Joy is the companion of Love, and they may always be found together."

UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD ORGANIZATION.



CENTRAL OFFICE,
144 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK.

A MATTER OF SELF-RESPECT.

WHY should a man believe in reincarnation? As a matter of self-respect, if for no other reason.

According to the old ideas all things save man were perishable, but he, somehow, had a particular arrangement with Divine Providence whereby he came into being for the first time, in this life, and was to live forevermore. An impossible arrangement, as immortality necessitates, as a matter of logic, something without beginning as well as without ending. Observation seems to confirm however, logic or no logic, that the one to whom the suggestion of immortality does not come as a long sought revelation of the truth, had better be left to the density of his unbelief. He either believes it spontaneously, intuitively, or not at all. Science, too, with a slow persistency, is bound to make it uncomfortable for a certain class of "unbelievers" with its reports on the "indestructibility of matter," "life in crystals," and other matters equally interesting and significant.

But such is the constitution of some brains that their possessors somehow prefer to believe in a mushroom existence; a belief that horrifies a brain otherwise constituted, for there is nothing inviting in the idea of annihilation. The average man prefers to regard himself of more consequence in creation than a fly, a flower or a breath. The immense self-esteem of the race comes in here as a saviour possibly. So it follows that if you believe in immortality—really believe you are an immortal spirit—you are self-confessed to pre-existence; hence to reincarnation. Where you were before you came here, or whether you have any recollection of "your past lives," has nothing to do with the case, for there are a lot of things charged up against your account in this life of which you haven't the remotest recollection. Acknowledgment of this great fact should serve to broaden out a man's life tremendously; make him realize the importance of living, and of living well. The body used by each ego is swarming full of myriad lives. It is in a very vital sense the custodian—the guardian of them. They, too, are traveling the progressive spiral toward perfection, and depend upon the ego (which is none other than you yourself, my brother) to help them onward. The question is often asked: "Why, if the ego is the Divine spark in each of us, is it necessary for it to pass through this long series of incarnations?—an emanation from the Divine must be perfect." Why? For the very purpose of caring for these lives that have been placed in its charge. They are our brothers and we are each our "brother's keeper," and are under the most solemn obligations to so guide

and control their lives that their upward progress be not retarded. Better think this over. The body was given to us for something more than our selfish use, you see.

IT IS NECESSARY TO REINCARNATE.

Now then, to demonstrate the practical side of reincarnation. The Ego re-incarnates because it is necessary. It is necessary because no one in his senses will claim to have developed to a perfect state. We may admire, nay reverence, a man on account of his great endowments and attainments, but such a man will still look forward with eager longings to the unscaled heights of knowledge and opportunity that constantly unfold before him. You know such men. How much more need therefore, my friend, that you and I should return again and again to earth that we too, may approach nearer that perfect state in which Illusion will have been conquered, and Truth alone perceived.

J. W. C.

THE CRUSADE.

Who can attempt to limit the results of the Crusade? Only the narrow-minded, or those antagonistic to the work for Brotherhood, would undertake even to criticise. It is marvellous, when we consider the amount of work done, that it was accomplished with so little expense. Not only did travelling expenses—railway and steamboat fares and hotel bills—have to be paid, but halls had to be hired, printing done, advertisements put in newspapers, hand bills gotten out, music obtained, suppers given to the poor in several of the principal European cities, and other substantial aid extended to the suffering, such as helping to clothe the Armenian refugees at Athens, Greece. That so much was accomplished with comparatively so slight an expenditure was due primarily to the Leader, and then to the skill, care and constant supervision of our beloved comrade, Mr. F. M. Pierce, the business manager.

As time has gone by we have seen more and more the timeliness of that movement. Suppose it had been started now, while we are at war? Suppose it had been started before it was? No, its inception and execution were at exactly the right moment. Much, very much is still untold. The leader, in her wisdom, refrains from reporting all until some future time. After she has left us, a wonderful book will be given out and then it will be realized, as before is impossible, what in its fullness the Crusade really meant. Who should know this better than one who was on the Crusade and worked with Mr. Judge for years?

H. T. PATTERSON.

NEW YORK, June 19, 1898.

CHORDS OF HARMONY.

FROM THE "FRIENDS IN COUNSEL."
(Correspondence Class.)

144 Madison Avenue, New York.

DEAR COMRADES:

Regarding the U. B. Organization it seems to me all ends are met by the present three-fold plan.

First the U. B.: This is the representative of the Theosophical movement on the physical plane.

Secondly the T. S. A.—the World's Literary Department of the U. B.: As the mind in the body, representing the movement on the intellectual plane.

Thirdly the Eastern School: Having the other two as its vehicles, represents it on the spiritual plane.

I fail to see how any other method of organization could be equally perfect or efficient.

Note the analogy of Nature in the order of development: The movement began in spiritual manifestation through H. P. B. and the other Leaders; then it descended onto the intellectual plane by the formation of the T. S.; now it has taken on "coats of skin" in the U. B. From this broad basis the movement will work back on the ascending arc to the highest spiritual conditions, taking with it all the material—that is, all the humanity—that it can bring and hold within its influence. Yours fraternally, SUPPORT.

AFTER LIFE'S FITFUL FEVER.

Edward Parker Cutter, one of the youngest members of the Universal Brotherhood, but one of its most enthusiastic and earnest workers died suddenly on the evening of June 11th, at the residence of his father in New York. He was twenty-three years old and a graduate, with highest honors of the University of Pennsylvania. Since leaving the University he had devoted himself to music. He was a member of Dr. Warren's choir at St. Bartholomew's, and was also studying organ playing. He was considered a most talented and promising pupil and had really overworked in his practice and study. He was ambitious to be master of the art and the strain of his incessant work in this line overtaxed his constitution.

He joined the organization this year and was especially helpful in the children's work. All the children loved him, as indeed did all who met him, and his bright boyish disposition and his energetic but sweet nature endeared him to all. On April 13th, Children's Day and the anniversary of William Q. Judge's birthday, he took the part of Uncle Sam at the celebration at 144 Madison Avenue and described to the children the magic lantern pictures. He also helped to decorate the I. B. L. float for the parade on Decoration Day and rode on it to take charge of the children. He would often come to Headquarters and was always ready and anxious to help in any way possible.

We mourn his departure and all the children miss his happy face and smile. Yet there are those to whom his loss is sadder, harder to bear, and to his mother and family we extend our heartfelt sympathy in their sorrow.

A COMRADE.

PUBLIC MEETINGS OF UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD LODGES.

LODGE, No. 10,
or the 'H. P. B. Branch of the Theosophical Society in America,'
142 West 1 5th 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,
19 Queen's Square, Bristol, England.
Meetings: Monday and Wednesday at 8 P. M.

INTERNATIONAL BROTHERHOOD LEAGUE.

(UNSECTARIAN.)

FOUNDED APRIL 29TH, 1897.

OBJECTS.

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

OFFICERS.

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

THE SPIRIT OF '98.

At heaven's gate two spirits stood
And earthward turned their eyes;
They searched Columbia's vale and wood
And where her cities rise.

Their eyes the seal of love affix,
As thoughts in memory run—
The spirit this, of Seventy-six
And that of Sixty-one.

"Dear land," quoth one, "when Freedom
woke,
I trod thy eastern shore;
'Twas I who to the fathers spoke,
'Twas I who went before."

"And I," the second spirit said,
"Inspired the noble free
And through a hundred battles led
To save their legacy."

"Yea," quoth the first, "amid the throng
With glory crowned we stand;
We fought for right against the wrong
Within our chosen land.

"But, see, another spirit comes,
A holier than we!
With bugle blast and blare of drums,
It even rides the sea!"

"With us there was no thought of self—
'Twas union, liberty;
With this one, 'tis not e'en for self.
But for humanity."

"True!" quoth the righteous Sixty-one,
"Here let us stand and wait,
To meet and greet our holier son,
The soul of Ninety-eight!"

—Exchange.

THE DOUBLE TRAGEDY.

'T WAS in the bright, sweet month of May,
when all nature seems glad and smiling,
that a little mother-bird was seen flitting to and
fro in happy expectation of a coming event. A

callous observer could scarce escape the joyous
spirit that radiated from this mother and her
happy little family.

"Wake up, my dears," said she; "'tis what
we call Dawn, the loveliest time of all. It is also
the proudest time of all my life, for now I am to
impart to you my little store of wisdom—the lit-
tle message intrusted me by the Master of us all.

"First, stretch your little wings, to be ready to
go into the beautiful world when I have finished
speaking.

"The Master of all creation has given me to
say this:

"Thou shalt ever raise to Him a glad, sweet
song, that by it you may give Joy to childhood,
Peace to the weary, Strength to the afflicted, and
Comfort to the broken hearted. It is this wise
that the tiniest of God's creatures can praise Him
for this beautiful world He has given us to dwell
in.' This was the message, but I will add a lit-
tle of the wisdom that I have gleaned for your
good.

"This world is filled with many, many won-
derful things and beings, but the most wonderful
of all is man, and, I have heard, the most Godly.
This should be a source of everlasting joy, but in
my travels I have met many whose heads were
bowed and from whose lips no song was raised.
To such as those, my children, I would that you
sing your sweetest the song that I will teach
you; if you fail to touch the keynote of their
souls, it is given you to mock the songs of other
birds and even approach the human, hence your
name—Mocking-bird.

"Listen well! this world is what we make it.
Come forth into the glad sunshine. Now work
your wings back and forth like this—'twill give
you strength while I hasten away to get your
breakfast."

So saying, the mother-bird spread her wings
and was lost to sight.

Almost immediately a little "bare-foot boy
with cheeks of tan" stole cunningly upon the
little birds and slipped them in a cage. They
screamed with fright, which soon drew the
mother-bird home. Frantically she beat her
breast against the cage and against the boy, as
if she would make him feel her agony. He was
not a bad or cruel-hearted boy, but he was poor,
and a lady had offered to pay him for some young
mocking birds. The lady was delighted with
them, as was also her little child, who lay very
ill with fever.

'Twas the decline of day. A weary little bird
was seen to light upon a cage and engage in
earnest conversation with its inmates. Two or
three times she was seen to make distant trips,
and to return with something which she gave to
them.

"Mother," said they, "did you not say this
world is what we make it?"

"Yes, my dears! listen while you yet have
life, for I have given you that which will soon
buy your freedom. Once, long before you were
born, a blue-jay and myself chanced to build our
nests almost side by side, a branch thick with
leaves hiding our nests from each other, so that
our eggs were hatched before we became aware
of our proximity. You may imagine my con-
sternation when I discovered this nest full of ene-
mies. I knew it meant the death of my young,
should she discover us, and the secret could no
longer be kept as mine were beginning to chirp.
So, one day, I stole to the nest and killed them
all. Never will I forget the agony of that
mother-bird on her return. Catching sight of
me and my young, she shrieked. I knew she

meant revenge, so maddened with fear, I dealt
her also a death blow."

It is the dawn of another day. A lady is
weeping her heart out beside a dying child.
Once her eye lights upon a cage, the chord of
sympathetic motherhood is struck, for upon it
lies with folded wings a poor little heart-broken
mother breathing her last—"this world is what
we make it" to her young, who have long since
departed to aid eternal justice in—a life for a
life.

LOUIE.

DAYS AND MONTHS TO GROW LONGER.

Prof. G. H. Darwin lectured last night in Hunt-
ington Hall to a Lowell Institute audience on the
subject of tides in the earth. He showed with the
aid of diagrams that the frictional retardation of
the earth's revolution by the action of the tides
is to lengthen the period of the rotation of the
earth, and at the same time to lengthen the
period of the moon's rotation round the earth—
that is, to lengthen both the day and the month.
But the lengthening of the day will be much
more rapid than the lengthening of the month,
and thus it will come about that when the
change has reached its maximum the earth and
the moon will each revolve once in a period of
fifty-five of our present days, the moon having
always the same face toward the earth.

A similar cycle of changes had been gone
through by moon and earth in the past. There
was once a time when the moon revolved very
near to the earth's surface, moon and earth going
round one another in from three to five hours.
The total period of the change was estimated at
from 5,000,000 to 6,000,000 years.—*The Boston
Herald.*

RELIEF FOR THE CRIPPLED.

Hereafter there are to be no more hunchbacks.
At least there need be none in the future if chil-
dren afflicted with that terrible spinal curvature
are submitted to the treatment which the French
doctor, Calot, has so successfully plied in the
course of his practice in the Rothschild hospital
at Berk-sur-Mer. Dr. Calot's process, in broad
general terms, according to an exchange, consists
simply in pressing down the curved hump of the
backbone until the vertebrae resume their normal
place with reference to each other. It takes great
force to do this, and assistants pull vigorously
at the shoulders and feet of the subject while the
doctor with his hands bears down heavily upon
the hump. The sound of bones cracking as they
come into place is distinctly audible, but the pa-
tient is under the influence of chloroform and is
not conscious of pain.

For several months, or until the vertebrae are
firmly in their places, the child is kept in a plas-
ter of Paris mold, but he is allowed to go abroad
after a time with only the support of a tight-
fitting corset. About ten months are required
for complete cure. Dr. Calot has performed
thirty-seven operations of this kind, all of them
without accident and all resulting in the complete
obliteration of the hump, leaving the back as
straight as anybody's.—*Literary Digest.*

PROFESSIONAL CONTEMPT.—"I hyahs-dat de gem-
man you wucks foh is er fine picture-painter."

"Yaas," replied Erastus Pinkley, "he kin paint
pictures good 'nuff. But yoh orter see de way he
done slop de whitewash aroun' when he tried ter kal-
samine de ceilin'."—*Washington Star.*

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 BIRD'S STORY.

I once lived in a little house,
And lived there very well;
I thought the world was small and round
And made of pale blue shell.
I lived next in a little nest,
Nor needed any other;
I thought the world was made of straw,
And brooded by my mother.
One day I fluttered from the nest
To see what I could find.
I said: "The world is made of leaves,
I have been very blind."
At length I flew beyond the tree,
Quite fit for grown-up labors;
I don't know how the world is made,
And neither do my neighbors.

—Educational Gazette.

LOTUS WORK.

THE "Order of the Thread and Needle," as conducted by the faithful Mrs Kramer at East Fourteenth Street, shows the most satisfactory results. To quote:

"The class is well attended every week and is making very good progress in sewing. Quite a number are now able to baste for themselves, and are learning not to be in such a hurry to get the garment done, but think it better to take a little more time in the first place rather than have to rip it out and do it all over again. This has been rather a hard fight, for they were so eager to get the article that everything else was lost sight of.

"We have used up all our goods and now commence with great pride to make white aprons from goods bought with their own money. They each bring one cent a week, and with a little assistance from me they have enough for an apron apiece.

"Several of the older girls are now working on garments to 'put into the closet for poor children.' They proposed to do this themselves, which I think shows that they are learning something of what Brotherhood means.

"There are sometimes three and four little ones with their sisters, and they all have 'a piece to sew' and they also make things quite lively in between times."

Chicago L. G. No. 1. will hold its summer meetings in the parks, where they expect to have a beautiful time talking about Nature. This Group has been especially active all winter. Reports of its work have radiated back to Headquarters with an inspiring freshness and vigor that makes one believe "the city of breezes" is well named.

Violet L. G. No. 1 of Portland, Oregon, sends a strong wave of harmony across the continent. One of their number has the ability to transpose the verses in the Lesson Leaflets into musical form, and their hour of meeting seems to be filled with song and sweetness.

Manchester, England, has a strong nucleus of Brotherhood work in the "slum district," and their Group of children are taken out into the country to hear with "seeing eyes" of the wonders of fields, flowers and birds.

Bridgeport, Conn., L. G., is discovering that the Rainbow Fairies are in children's hearts, and they show that they believe it by a little verse they say:

"Helping and sharing through life may we go,
Happy ourselves to make others so."

New York L. G. No. 1., had a combined celebration of "Crusade Day," and "Flag Day" on June 12th.

The opening march was "Brothers We" as the children came to the platform, each to receive the linked "School Flag" and "Stars and Stripes." Then they talked about the flags. By tracing the history of the "Stars and Stripes" back to Richard the Lion Hearted, they found it was a genuine "Crusade flag," having been given to Richard on the famous Third Crusade.

At the close of the meeting the process of evolution was again brought out by a little flower ceremony.

To the song of the Crusaders the children marched to the platform where they formed into a semi-circle. The "Flag Girl" stepped forward with a basket of daisies, saying:

"In the midst of our garden of Lotus children, seeds of Brotherhood have been sown. With these flowers we send out from our hearts the blossoms that the Crusade thought of 'helping and sharing' has brought forth."

Each child was then given a small package of seeds with which to start another year of crusade work, with the idea that as Brotherhood is a lovely flower blossoming in the children's hearts, these little seeds, when cared for and warmed with the heart-light of their love, would grow into blossoms that would send out into the big garden of the world the fragrance and radiance of Brotherhood.

The spirit with which the closing song "Star Spangled Banner" was then sung, revealed that Patriotism is "Young America's" present expression for Brotherhood.

THE GOLDEN AGE.

THE Cambridge L. G. No. 1., began to learn about the different religions of the world, by starting with the Golden Age when all the world had one religion, which we now call Brotherhood.

A series of ten questions followed by a story in which the answers were to be found, brought out these ideas:—

The Golden Age was ruled by wise kings in whom the people had so much faith, they called them Gods.

To understand what made these ancient kings so great, it is necessary for us to try to become pure, true and wise, and we can learn to do this by loving not only our friends, but our enemies, and the whole world.

No sorrow or misery were known in the Golden Age because the religion of the people taught that each one was part of every other, and when one was hurt all must suffer.

The people studied Nature and learned about the great power in the beautiful sun that gives life to everything.

The divine teachers of the Golden Age could speak to the hearts of people and teach them to understand the heart in everything in Nature—birds, flowers, animals, and even minerals.

This great Heart-Self is in every child and if we learn to listen to its voice, it will always tell us what to do, and we will learn the difference between right and wrong.

When we listen to the Heart-Self and are told

how to do right, that is our Higher-Self guiding us. But when we don't listen, and try to smother the voice because we wish to do something wrong, that is our Lower-Self guiding us.

We want to learn to be strong and say:

"I will live in the heart. I will obey the Heart Self. I was alive long before I had this body. I am a soul and I have lived forever in my heart life, and I always shall live there. My body is only a house I am staying in. I must learn to keep it clean, sweet and pure, so that I can look out of the windows (which are my eyes) and see my friends, who will then come to see me through the doorway of my heart.

"My brain is the library in my house, and I must keep only the kind of books that will be of value to my friends.

"If my house is unclean, it will attract unclean visitors, but if it is clean and sweet, then wise and noble people will be able to come and stay with me.

"My hands are servants that by doing little deeds of kindness can learn how to open the 'heart entrance' for my brothers and sisters. My feet are also servants who can go to those brothers and sisters who do not yet know of my home and invite them to visit me.

"I must teach all my servants to work together in harmony, so that I shall have a home where people who are sad may come to find love, hope, and comfort."

In this way we can learn to understand the great Heart-Self that speaks in everything in the world, and then the wise teachers of the Golden Age will again come among men as Divine Kings, to teach the Heart Doctrine that will make all the world happy.

C. H. H.

POST OFFICE.

Ten cents will procure a letter from
"THE FRIENDS IN COUNSEL,"
to any member of Universal Brotherhood, desiring to hear from them.

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"FRIENDS IN COUNSEL,"
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The Two Paths, by Marie Watson. An interesting novel of every-day life interwoven with occultism.

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Orders for **Lotus Song Book** (price 35 cents) may be sent to General Supt., Children's Department, 144 Madison Avenue, New York.

WANTED: BACK NUMBERS.

LUCIFER, Vol. I, Nos. 1, 2, 3; Vol. III, Nos. 18, 19; Vol. VII, No. 41. PATH, Vols. I and II, complete. NEW CENTURY, Vol. I, Nos. 21 and 22. Parties having any of these and desiring to dispose of same, correspond at once with

ROY UNDERWOOD, LAKE CITY, MINN.

THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHIST,

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

Subscription, \$1.00 per year.

F. J. DICK,

13, EUSTACE STREET, - DUBLIN, IRELAND.

The Crusader,

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