

# The New Century

TO PROMULGATE THE BROADEST TEACHINGS OF UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD.

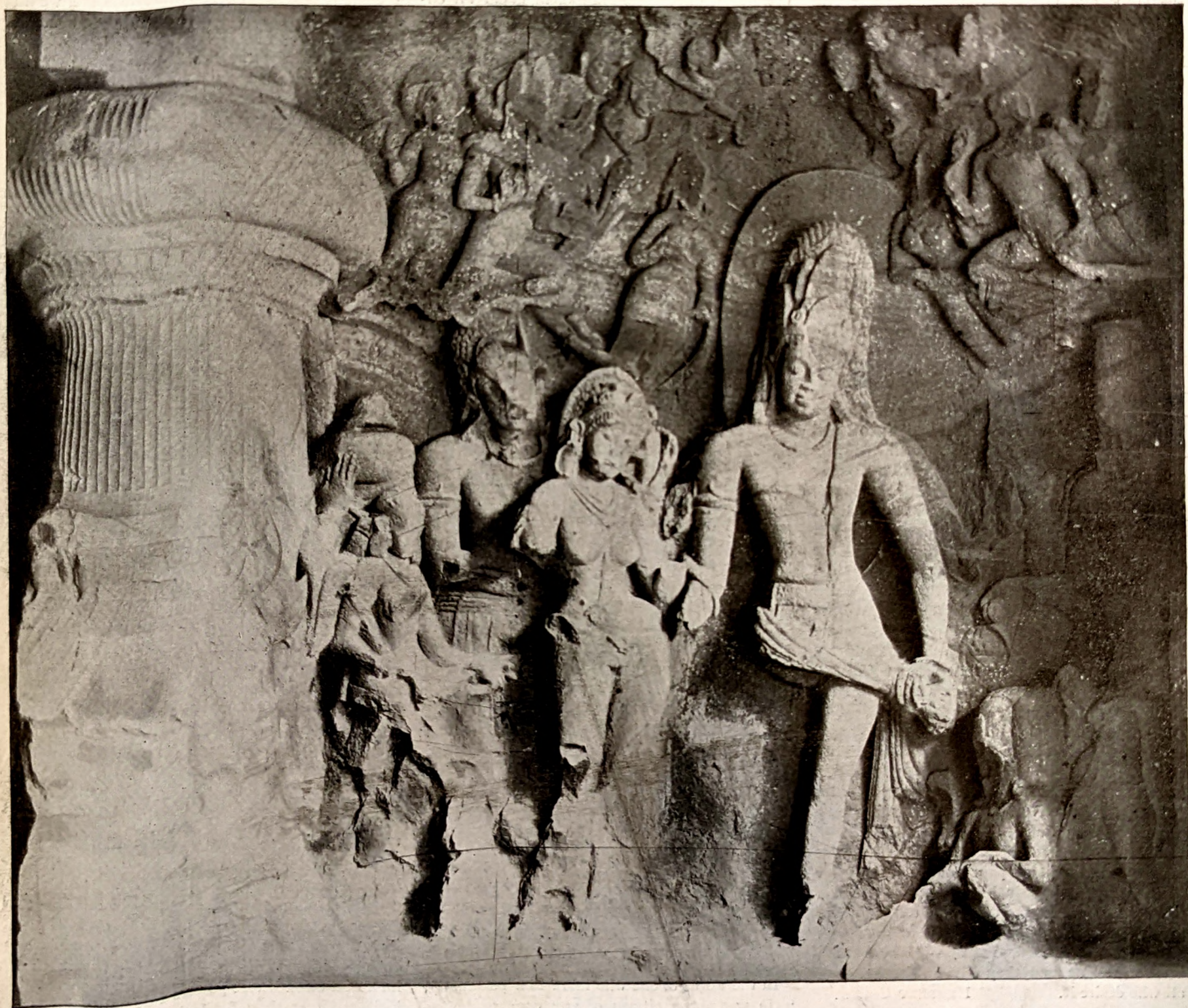
"TRUTH, LIGHT AND LIBERATION FOR DISCOURAGED HUMANITY."

EDITED BY KATHERINE A. TINGLEY.

VOL. I., No. 40.

NEW YORK, JULY 23, 1898.

YEAR, \$1.50; COPY, 5C.



THE INTERIOR OF ONE OF THE LARGEST CAVE TEMPLES AT ELEPHANTA, INDIA.

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EDITED BY KATHERINE A. TINGLEY.

Published every Saturday by

THE NEW CENTURY CORPORATION.

CLARK THURSTON, Business and Financial Manager,  
144 Madison Avenue, New York City.

Entered as second-class matter in the New York Post Office.  
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SUBSCRIPTION per year, including postage, \$1.50 for the United States, Canada and Mexico; \$2.00 for other countries in the Postal Union, payable in advance. Single copy, five cents.

COMMUNICATIONS intended for the Editor, manuscripts, reports of work, books and periodicals for review, should be sent to Katherine A. Tingley, Editor, THE NEW CENTURY, 144 Madison Avenue, New York.

BUSINESS COMMUNICATIONS, subscriptions, etc., should be sent to Clark Thurston, Manager THE NEW CENTURY, 144 Madison Avenue, New York.

CHECKS AND MONEY ORDERS should be made payable to THE NEW CENTURY CORPORATION.

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NEW YORK, JULY 23, 1898.

## BROTHERHOOD IN NATURE.

WE say sometimes that "Brotherhood is a fact in Nature." What do we mean? It must mean that that force which sustains, or rather is, the life in Nature, is also that which wells up in our own hearts, and is known then to us as the feeling of Brotherhood. Krishna says of himself in the Gîtâ, "I am endless Life and Boundless Love, whose power sustaineth each." Power, Life, and Love, are here bracketed together as the same thing in different aspects. The mother who broods over her child is actually giving it life, using the power which is love, the same power that makes the seed become a tree. It is the same power, the same stress of life-giving, that makes a man help his comrade, that makes the real teacher teach. In both cases, and wherever love is felt, it is the use of the one great force, the one real magical agent, arising in the heart of the giver, felt there as a power, as love, as will-to-give or create in and for another; and it becomes added life for that other. Let every man find in his own heart the heart of Nature, for by no other instrument can it be known. When found, he has at command the forces of Nature as manifestations of this one force. It will destroy pain for himself and for those who come within his touch, and a few of those who had achieved this could roll back, acting everywhere unitedly, half the world's evil. Love, life, brotherhood, joy, will—all these are in some sense one, and they arise in the hearts of all who desire it.

HERBERT CORYN.

The Cave Temples of Elephanta are a short distance from Bombay, India. The largest of the three is one hundred thirty-three, by one hundred thirty and a half, by twenty feet high.

Huge pillars support this magnificent structure. See cut on first page.

## VOICES OF THE CENTURY.—NO. VII.

R. W. EMERSON.

BY THE REV. W. WILLIAMS.

GREAT men on their appearance in earth life, form an epoch in the history of humanity. They come as messengers from the great invisible brotherhood, who are watching over and protecting human destiny, in order to discharge certain functions and, having accomplished their mission and finished their work, they retire, leaving behind a name and memory which become enshrined in the great pantheon of teachers and saviours of mankind. The adverse circumstances attending their advent into the world, the trying conditions under which they had to struggle and toil, together with the cold discourtesy and heartless neglect they had to endure here, such, that had it not been for the divinity within, sustaining them under all circumstances, their mission would have proved a failure and their lives disastrous and useless. Strange the destiny, hard and harsh the inexorable law that dooms great souls, as Shelley observes, "To learn in suffering what they teach in song."

Such an one was Ralph Waldo Emerson, the one amongst American writers and thinkers who has attained to cosmopolitan fame, and become a beacon whose steady and brilliant light will flash down through the coming centuries. On the fair escutcheon of his life rests no stain, as in his character was found no blemish. Amidst all the sorrows and privations of life, domestic and otherwise, and they were not few nor trifling; under the severe discipline of a literary career, the emolument from which was never such as to place him above the necessity of constant labor; writing in summer, lecturing and speaking everywhere, west and east, in the trying and dangerous winter season, he worked on for years unnoticed and unappreciated, save by those whose intuitions enabled them to perceive the great soul that, like a lustrous jewel, lay hidden and unobserved in a matrix so frail and unpretentious. There is no need to enter into the details and incidents of his biography, as they are widely known. His works are his life and his life thoughts have blended as indestructible elements in the spirit of the age which is leading humanity to a higher goal of existence. In an age when the popular mind had become indurated against the sweet spiritual influences of Nature and her lofty teachings, and lost in the bewildering mazes of lifeless creeds and forms of belief, then the voice of Emerson, prophet-like, was heard crying:

"Why should we not in this nineteenth century like preceding generations, enjoy an original relation to the universe? Why should not we have a poetry and philosophy of insight and not of tradition and a religion by revelation to us and not the history of the past?" These words went out to the ends of the world and proved to many the golden key which opened for them the palace of eternity, animating them to create a new world for themselves, through introspection of their own souls.

In the words of one who knew him personally, "He was not a citizen of any country, he belonged to the human race. He was a brother and a friend to all who acknowledged and were sensible of the beauty that beams in universal Nature and who seek by labor and self-denial to approach its source in perfect goodness."

Though coming into contact with those who were altogether opposed to him in their religious views and opinions, yet his gentleness of life and character won from them their heartfelt expressions of admiration and goodwill, so much so, that an old staunch Methodist on being reproved for his intimacy with Emerson, was heard to declare: "I am sure of one thing, that if ever Emerson goes to hell he will so change the climate there, that emigration will set that way at once."

Well, he has left us and returned whence he came, and from his lofty and bright abode and like one who was himself a great teacher, he sees the travail of his soul and feels satisfied that he lived not in vain; and as we leave him there, we can well imagine that if the great prophet of Nazareth, he who knew what was in man, had wandered from door to door in New England as he did of old in Palestine, that one of the thresholds which "those blessed feet" would have crossed to hallow and receive its welcome, would have been that of the lovely and quiet home of Emerson.

The following extracts will enable us to form an estimate of Emerson's teachings and at the same time understand how he came to be so beloved by all those who heard him;

"Thou shalt not profess that which thou dost not believe."

"Thou shalt not heed the voice of man when it agrees not with the voice of God in thine own soul."

"Thou shalt study and obey the laws of the universe and they will be thy fellow servants."

"Thou shalt speak the truth as thou seest it, without fear, in the spirit of kindness to all thy fellow creatures."

"Nature shall be to thee as a symbol. The life of the soul in conscious union with the Infinite, shall be for thee the only real existence."

"This pleasing show of an external world through which thou art passing, is given thee to interpret by the light which is in thee. Its least appearance is not unworthy of thy study. *Let thy soul be open and thine eyes will reveal to thee beauty everywhere.*"

"Go forth with thy message amongst thy fellow creatures, teach them they must trust themselves as guided by that *inner light which dwells with the pure in heart*; to whom it was promised of old that they shall see God. Teach them that each generation begins the world afresh; that the present is not the prisoner of the past, but that to-day holds captive all yesterdays, to compare, to judge, to accept, to reject their teachings as these are shown by its own morning's sun."

"To thy fellow countrymen, thou shalt preach the gospel of the New World, that here, here in our America is the home of man, that here is the promise of a new and more excellent social state than history has recorded."

"Man begins to hear a voice that fills the heavens and the earth, saying that God is within him; that *there* is the celestial host. I find this amazing revelation of my immediate relation to God, a solution of all the doubts that oppress me. I recognize the distinction of the *outer and inner self*, the *double consciousness*; that within this erring passionate mortal self sits a supreme calm, immortal mind whose powers I do not know, but it is stronger than I. It is wiser than I. It never approved me in any wrong. I seek counsel of it in my doubts. I repair to it in my danger; I pray to it in my undertakings. It seems to me the place which the Creator uncovers to his child."



## AFTER-THOUGHTS ON PATRIOTISM.

BY LUCIUS H. CANNON.

THE 4th of July has come and gone. It is the day of the fire-cracker, the sky-rocket, and the small boy.

We older and more staid members of society anticipate this day with a horror it would be treasonable to express. We have been surprised, when memory has forced us to recall how enthusiastically we hailed it, and with what demoniac glee we startled our father from his early morning slumber and made him retreat under his bed clothes, as we besieged him with fire-crackers! How mighty and threatening was his voice! How helpless he was; and fearless were we! And how, finally, we agreed to cease hostilities upon agreement that he would abundantly replenish our vanishing stock of ammunition. We know now he thought it a relic of barbarism. We know now we were little barbarians. We deny ourselves the right even to think this, as unworthy of our citizenship in this "great and glorious country."

So, upon the advent of the dreaded day, we fling our flag to the breeze, if there be a breeze, and supply the young members of our families with a line of fireworks such as Roman candles, tops, snakes, grasshoppers, spinning wheels, besides guns and cannon. This patriotic display leaves no room for the merited scorn our critical neighbor would heap upon us, did we but follow our own inclinations in the matter.

We listen to the "orator of the day" with a warmth that is more than merely mental appreciation; we applaud his peroration with a heartiness and enthusiasm that wholly disarms the suspicions of the ever-present captious neighbor; we return to our homes with sincere gratitude that the day and its noisy duties are done, and with a comfortable feeling of having served our country faithfully in the eyes of the world. Thus does custom make cowards of us all.

This passes for patriotism. It is a part of the pseudo-patriotism most common to-day. There are false patriots, who warm themselves in the glory of the deeds of their fathers, who mourn loudly at their biers, and call all to witness their loyalty to the dead. They are watchful for offense at home and abroad; they talk volubly of their adherence to the principles of old, and are unmindful of all interests save their own. These self-styled patriots are the most subtle and dangerous foes their country can have.

In a great nation, the true patriot recognizes that he is one of many, that his Country's interest is his own, and that all forces tending to destroy the unity or harmony of action, whether within or without its borders, are inimical to its growth, and should be resisted—even at the point of the bayonet, if need be.

The surgeon, seeing the devitalizing little lives in battle array against the other little lives that make up the body of man, seeing the destroyers, as they are called, pulling down faster than the little builders can reconstruct, finds that his highest duty is to cut off the limb, or cut out that part that refuses to perform its function. He may regret to do this, and use subterfuge that this final action may not be obligatory; but if he be truly a benefactor of his race, when he finds subterfuge fails, he will unflinchingly perform his duty, neither being swayed by the cries of heartlessness and cruelty on the one side, nor affected on the other by the tears of a false sentiment that appeals only to the personality. He will do this, not to destroy a member of the

body, but to aid the little builders—to reinforce them, that the entire organism may be sustained and kept alive.

Hence the patriot does not wish to paralyze action when action means strength, to kill out freedom, but to quell the turbulence within the body politic, and so to harmonize differences that, having conquered its own body, the united forces may be directed to the enemy without its borders.

For the patriot recognizes the power of concentrated effort, and the weakness and ineffectiveness of scattered force. Was it not said of old that he who conquers himself is greater than he who taketh a city? And in fighting the destructive forces within himself, if he be observant, he will learn a lesson that he can patriotically apply; for he will learn that the greatest enemies are oftenest within one's own country, within one's own ranks, within one's self. He will learn that the spirit of contention nurtured within, must finally break out; that the feeling of bitterness, of enmity, of hatred, must find expression on the physical plane; and that this expression comes not from the forces directed against him from without, but from the warring elements within.

It is needless to flaunt the flag in the face of the hero, of the true patriot, to awaken him to heroic action. He has a higher inspiration than that. The cause that thrilled those revolutionary patriots who "fired the shot heard round the world," of Cushing, of Hobson to-day, was Humanity's cause. Few of them went to schools where the emblem of the country waved above them, or had cannon, or fireworks, or, later, delivered patriotic addresses on the 4th of July. These are tinkling cymbals and sounding brass, and have to do with a patriotism that needs bolstering, and is not wholly sincere. All of these methods of creating a love for our country may be well in their way; but they are not enough to constitute patriotism—to make the patriot.

It may be the highest patriotism to teach children to love virtue, to learn to live and work unselfishly, and thus be able to give to the service of their country a heart untainted by the lust of power, a mind free from all prejudices of politics or religion. In short, a magnanimity that bars no man because of his belief or disbelief, whether he be native-born or alien. For unselfishness is the key-note of the true patriot. Why is it we read of the deeds of heroes, not of our own country alone, but of the world, with eagerness, with bated breath, with admiration? It is because that under all these great deeds is the spirit of self-sacrifice, self-abnegation, that appeals to that which is highest in us, and aids us in raising our aspirations above the glorification of self to the deification of Humanity.

But patriotism has existed from time immemorial, and in its broadest sense is limited—restricted. It does not tend to the healing of nations, for it carries a gun in one hand and the emblem of the native land in the other. It does not answer the eternal question of the sphinx of existence. It does not allay prejudices, smooth difficulties, or quell animosities of the personal life. It does not lift up the down-trodden; or if it seeks to do this, it is the medicine that palliates and not restores. If patriotism does not do this, what will do it? Where will we find the balm that will heal the wounds that are sapping the strength of nations? The ills we suffer as individuals, as races, as nations, are the result of selfishness, of unbrotherliness. Their cure is not in war, although war may be temporarily effica-

cious in many instances. Their cure is only in brotherhood and its promulgation among men.

Spain has carefully silenced this teaching within her borders. Hatred, cruelty, extermination, have been her record for centuries. She has discredited or disregarded the inexorable law that one day must reduce her to the abjectness of that woeful portion of humanity constituting her dependents. For lack of brotherhood she has not progressed, for brotherhood is the *open sesame* to all true progress. It goes below the surface of things and arrays the heart in an armor as invulnerable as the soul.

This simple truth has been preached in all ages, and in all ages the worldly-wise have consistently rejected it with scorn, calling it "stuff," "nonsense," "platitude," "idle talk." Its teachers have suffered martyrdom down the centuries, even to our own day,

"While the hooting mob of yesterday in silent awe return

To glean up the scattered ashes into History's golden urn."

But brotherhood is the foundation of all true patriotism. For truly, love of country is greater than love of family; love of race greater than love of country; but love of mankind is greatest of all. And possibly he is a divine patriot—a patriot of God's country, who, while loving well his own country, extends the boundaries of his humane concern, of his compassion, so as to include all mankind and all creatures.

## WHEN MODERN SCIENCE CHANGES.

Many things seem to indicate that what is called inanimate nature is produced from living beings. Lime and coral are secreted; and snails, wandering away from their cast off shell, soon develop a new one of mineral substance. The ants secrete formic acid. Mr. Leatter, a member of the Entomological Society of London, has been observing the "long-tailed moth," the *Dicranura Vinula*. The grub encloses itself in a silken bag, incubates for a season, and then emits a fluid which softens the tissue of the envelope, enabling it to come out in the new form. Mr. Leatter procured some of this fluid and found it to be a pure solution of caustic potash. The vital operation appears to be a genuine transmutation, a producing of a chemical substance of one nature from some element considered as entirely distinct in character. In such case, we will be justified in the belief that the mineral and inorganic world, instead of being the nidus or source from which the living creation was evolved, is instead itself the product of living substance. Philosophy anciently taught this, and forebore to seek the living among the dead. When modern science becomes also thus wise, it will more certainly approximate a genuine knowing.

A. W.

Brotherhood is the practice of unselfishness with one's self and his fellows. How can I be selfish and brotherly?

So long as I lean on a crutch, shall I be a physical cripple, or on a friend, shall I be a mental cripple,—so if I lean on a God or a Christ outside of myself, shall I be a spiritual cripple.

Heaven and Hell are mental conditions, not places, and both are momentarily within our easy reach, right here and now.

"As often as one comes near a human heart one's own heart finds a little room."

—From *What's Mine is Mine*.



## THE PILGRIM'S JOURNEY.

ALBERT E. S. SMYTHE.

I hear the hail of the pilgrims  
 As they travel along the road,  
 And I see the dust of their tramping  
 As they stagger beneath their load.  
 And the road winds brown and sullen  
 Across a weary plain,  
 And the westward hillsides darken  
 With a sudden dash of rain.  
 The pilgrims pass forever  
 Beyond that far hill-bar,  
 And hill and plain are changeless,  
 And sun and moon and star.  
 But the songs of the mighty singers  
 Have words of the plains beyond,  
 And the mountain barriers rising  
 Where the heavy hearts despond.  
 But the songs are for on and upward  
 Till the plains grow fair with flowers,  
 And the valleys smile from the conquered heights  
 Through all the pilgrim hours.  
 So the joys of the pilgrims' journey  
 Are the summits that never cease,  
 The crests of renewed endeavor,  
 And the valleys of rest and peace.

## OF DEEPER BIRTH.

BY WILLIAM JAMESON.

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

## CHAPTER XXX.

## RICH GARMENTS FROM TYRE.

I THINK the higher nature of Thorolf Heimer-son prevailed, when he sought to bear the penalty imposed upon his brothers in addition to his own. And had he forthwith quitted the shores of Norway, it is possible that his sacrifice would have had one effect in ennobling his character.

But it was in accordance with custom that he, as a "self-doomed" man, should be allowed an interval of grace—so to say—before he was called upon to leave the country. In fact he might remain at Nidaros through the winter until early spring. Then, he could claim a passage on any of the long-ships sailing southward. On the other hand, the *Vanaheim* could safely carry him across to Orkney or to Shetland, or to one of the Norse colonies in the north of Scotland before winter set in.

In this case the Phœnicians might have been his companions. Their bireme—already repaired—could have been escorted by the *Vanaheim* to a point whence the coast of Valland (France) might be made without serious risk. Thus, by promptly acting in conformity with the Thing-meeting's decision, not only would Thorolf have done a wise deed for himself, but he would at once have relieved the folk of Nidaros of one difficulty created by the imprudence of his brothers and himself; namely, the continued presence of those Eastern traders.

True the Phœnicians, supposing them willing to sacrifice their ship, could be guided homeward by another route. That is, it was possible to take them across the Doore Fjild to the Swedish coast facing the Baltic; and thence by ship to the opposite shore. There they could join the caravans of their countrymen, that were wont to visit these regions to obtain the amber which was so highly prized by the eastern world.

But no true Norseman, of the period with which we are dealing, would have dreamt of thus giving up the secret of Scandinavia's eastward entrance to the Phœnicians generally. So, on grounds of public safety, it was imperative

that Merbel and his associates should return to their own land by the way they came.

Yet, unless they sailed at once there would be for them the hardships of a Norwegian winter to encounter. And these men were Asiatics, who could only sit shivering at the fireside while their hosts were revelling in the pleasures of ice and snow, after the manner of hardy Norsemen.

Now, Thorolf, and Thorolf alone, could solve the many problems involved in the presence of those Eastern traders at Nidaros. He could solve them by simply doing his duty to kin and country.

But alas! the vice of "easy-goingness" had been slowly destroying the fibre of his character for many a long year. Instead of taking action, he loitered about his father's homestead until the winter begun to close in, and a voyage southward became impossible.

And by way of excusing his tardiness, he began to criticise the judgment of the Thing-meeting. Unhappily he found support in this attitude. He was his mother's favorite. Nanna did not at all like the idea of losing her boy for four years, and more than once gave Heimer a bit of her mind on the subject. Then some of the younger men of the district began to take sides with Thorolf, until it looked as though he would have many companions when he *did* leave his native shore. In that case it was probable that none of them would return, but would permanently settle in one or other of the southward colonies of Norse people.

"'Tis for Gerutha to settle that matter," muttered Thorolf to himself, as one evening he made his way home from a gathering of the young men, his champions. "And, methinks, the wench shall be forced to tell her mind ere long," he added.

His plan for effecting this was simple enough. He would, in the presence of others, offer her some gift. Her acceptance of it would be an indication—as the custom stood—that she consented to their betrothal. Her refusal would mean—well, Thorolf drove the thought from his mind, but there was a fierce gleam in his eyes as he did so.

All the while this self-willed young fellow was in a state of mutiny against his fate, the wiser ones of Nidaros could only watch with sad hearts the course of events. For who should bid Thorolf hasten from the land? His father? Heimer the smith looked upon his three sons who were spared from exile by their brother's act, and his tongue was tied. Helge Sigurdson? The Speaker of the law fully realized that, should he interfere, he would be hoist on his own petard by the query:

"Is there aught *unlawful* in my lingering, O, Speaker?"

No, wrongheadedness can never be made a legal offense, however evil may be its results.

Then, least of all could Gerutha tell Thorolf to go away. It would have been worse than useless for her to make the attempt. For him she was no teacher, but simply a comely lass, whom he wanted to make his wife—some day. It had not always been thus, as hinted in a previous chapter. But now, he was travelling downwards; she was climbing higher. It would be hard enough to tell Thorolf as kindly as she could that their marriage was impossible. It would be hard enough to inflict this wound upon one whom she could never forget, when the hour came (as she knew it would) for him plainly to speak his mind. She clearly saw that evil only could result to him, if she anticipated this hour

(for that is what it would involve) by urging him to depart.

No, Gerutha's duty in this matter was to act upon the maxim that Thorolf's father had accepted from her own lips, on that fateful night when the long-ships came home. Her duty, she clearly realized, was "*to wait and serve.*"

Now it so happened that Thorolf's purpose, to offer Gerutha a betrothal gift, could be realized the very next day. It happened thus: For some time past he had been hinting to the Phœnician traders that they would do well to hold a sort of auction of their famous purple cloth. He pointed out that it would be well to do this before winter separated the folk living in the surrounding country. I am not sure that he was altogether disinterested; for Thorolf had a notion of making a hard bargain with the distressed traders, if he saw the chance. Anyhow the elder partner, Yakinlu, very politely refused to trade. There was nothing he wanted in exchange. He could do better by selling his cloth to the Cornish folk for tin, when the bireme got back to her original course. He was too politic to say as much; but he managed not to *understand* Thorolf, who addressed him in a *lingua franca* that had grown up among seafarers of those times.

Well, suddenly the wily old trader changed his mind; and this was how it came about.

Two belated long-ships cast anchor one evening in the bay of Nidaros. Their arrival brought joy to many hearts, since these ships had been away nearly eighteen months on a voyage round the North Cape. It was not a trading voyage; but one of exploration and adventure, amid the perils of the Arctic Ocean. Yet it so happened that these vessels brought back an exceedingly rich cargo; and it was this fact which caused Yakinlu, son of Baal-uzur, to change his mind.

But had those fur-clad voyagers been aware that foreigners were dwelling at Nidaros—especially Phœnicians—it is probable that they would have kept the nature of their cargo a secret, although they were but imperfectly acquainted with its value to Eastern traders. However, Yakinlu himself beheld the first boatload of ivory as it was piled upon the shore, and at once withdrew from the crowd gathered there, lest he should betray his delight. He was a judge of ivory, having travelled both to India and to Africa, in his day, to purchase it. Yet never before had he looked upon such magnificent tusks—some of them being fully ten feet in length! O, what would not a pair of these be worth, sold in the imperial city of Babylon, or in Nineveh? The trader trembled with emotion as he imagined himself the owner of a *score* of these tusks!

Now it will be seen why Yakinlu yielded—with a show of reluctance, of course—to Thorolf's wishes respecting the auction. And during the conversation they had on this matter, the Phœnician learned that the ivory came from a desolate island far east of the North Cape. The island seemed to be built up of the skeletons of the huge beasts to whom those tusks belonged. So said the Norse adventurers who discovered it. As the reader will have guessed, they had come across remains of the *Mammoth*, which along certain parts of the shore bordering the Arctic Ocean, have been discovered in modern times.

[To be continued.]

Soul, thou must work, though blindfold!

—From *Saint's Tragedy*.



## "A PIONEER."

BY ELEANOR DUNLOP.

WHITMAN has been declared, times without number, to be nothing but a purblind egotist, a tramp—loafer, anything under heaven but a man worthy of respect—much less a poet inspired with a message. Let those who think so, hold for the present their own opinion—they are welcome to it, for Whitman has taught us the utmost toleration for all opinion and belief. It is not at all to be wondered at, that would-be poets and critics should stand aghast at this new comet which had appeared to upset all previous calculations—a poet without rhythm, or technique, was a monstrosity which could not be allowed to live. They cackled and croaked, flapping their wings, wasted much good material but all to no purpose. The intruder had come to stay. Like an avalanche, Whitman swept all recognized standards from his path, accounting them futile to express the latent impulses which sprang to life without their aid.

Anyone who in the world's history has evoked a torrent of criticism, whether adverse or otherwise, is an individual who, having a message to deliver or deed to accomplish, has acted from intuition alone without fear of defeat or hope of reward. Pioneers are they who work for future generations, making crooked paths straight and rough places plain—throwing open to the pure light of day all the hidden things of darkness—seeing in the distance a new race advancing to take up the work which they had begun—a race of Godlike men and women bound together by the "Dear love of Comrades."

Such a brave Pioneer was Walt Whitman, who nobly lived the life he would have others live. His words were torches lit at Truth's high altar, held aloft in the strong hand of a man who called on his comrades throughout the world to follow where he led.

He says, "What others teach as duties, I give as living impulses." All things in the universe were to him equally sacred and divine, man's body—his soul's fair counterpart.

The chief objections raised against Whitman, were what were called "his colossal egotism, his love for the vulgar and gross, and his cataloguing form of treatment, for which no English words could be found strong enough to condemn." Words fail us also in attempting to justify Walt Whitman, for he is greater and vaster than speech. Spoken words are an affront when soul communes with soul—only on equal terms can we hope to understand this valiant Pioneer—and even then he says himself, "I will elude you."

By the magic force of sympathy he entered into his race—passed through every experience, from thence emerging to sing "The song of Myself." From this standpoint Whitman's "colossal egotism" disappears utterly; he stands a representative man speaking for his race. By the aforesaid power of sympathy Whitman felt the strokes of the knotted whip which fell upon the slave's back, he also held the thongs and inflicted the blows. He felt the mother's untold joy, as she gazed into the eyes of her firstborn; the sad restless feelings of the exile were his also. The lover's embrace, the sailor's joy on sighting land, the soldier's pride in a hard fought victory, he knew and felt them all, and from that knowledge he wrote his book, "The Leaves of Grass." Is it any wonder we go to that book when tired of counterfeits and shams.

"Agonies are my changes of raiment,  
I do not ask the wounded person how he feels,  
I myself become the wounded person  
Not a mutineer walks hand-cuffed to the jail,  
But I am handcuffed to him walking by his side."

As to his inclining to the vulgar and low, he says to one fallen:

"Not till the sun excludes you, do I exclude you.  
Not till the waters refuse to glitter for you,  
And the leaves to rustle for you,  
Do I refuse to glisten and rustle for you."

With conventions and social requirements Whitman had nothing whatever to do; as the Americans say, he had "no use for them." These things exist not in the Absolute, they are but the veneer and varnish, which too often cover our uncleanness. The soul takes a long range view, and so our polite manners and æsthetic culture gets woefully overlooked. Whitman's French critic Gabriel Sarrazin calls him an apostle—"The apostle of the idea, that man is an indivisible fragment of the Universal Deity. The final value of his works lies in their personal appeal"; Dr. Symonds said they made a man of him; Stevenson wrote "They dispelled a thousand illusions"; Mrs. Gilchrist said, they "enabled her to find her own soul." Whitman is a life giver; "a wound healer," as his latest work is called. He touches us on our weak spot and says "be clean."

John Burroughs in his "Study of Whitman" has seemingly exhausted all there was to be said about the poet, but that is not so; to every heart he appeals from a different point of view; we must read him for ourselves if we would know him.

Burroughs says of him, "In Whitman the Cosmic takes the place of the Idyllic; the begetter, the Adamic man, takes the place of the lover; patriotism takes the place of family; affection and charity take the place of piety; love of kind is more to him than love of neighbor." The poet and artist are swallowed up in the seer and the prophet. Hence, while the message of Tennyson and his kind is the message of beauty, the message of Whitman in a still fuller sense is the message of life.

Says Whitman,

"Listen, I will be honest with you.  
I announce a man or a woman  
Coming, perhaps you are the one.  
I announce a great individual,  
Fluid as Nature, chaste, affectionate,  
Compassionate—fully armed.  
I announce a life that shall be  
Copious, vehement, spiritual, bold,  
And I announce an old age  
That shall lightly and joyfully meet its translation."

Like Michael Angelo, Whitman conceived of Godlike men and women, until they stood forth—not in marble or frescoed remains, but vital with the fiery breath of life.

"Not to chisel ornaments I come,  
But to chisel with free strokes the  
Head and limbs of plenteous, supreme gods."

Like his Italian brother, his works startle us with their life-like effects; the marble breathes—the words leap forward to meet us. When the passion for human brotherhood is strong within, he is balked by nothing. Even to Satan himself he holds out the right hand of fellowship,—all that men do and are guilty of attracts him, "jealous only lest he should be thought better than other men, lest he should seem to stand apart from any."

[To be continued.]

## DO BIRDS HAVE SOULS?

In a recent sermon, Rev. Hugh O. Pentecost said: "From twenty-five to thirty million dead birds are annually imported into England to supply the demands of fashion. The supply for Europe is not less than 150,000,000, and that for the United States 50,000,000. Many species of song birds and birds with bright plumage are being exterminated. It is not that women mean to be heartless. They do not know the facts, or do not stop to think about them. To preserve the brilliant coloring, the wings of some birds are torn from their living bodies.

"If God had meant women to wear feathers, He would have feathers grown on them. Women are beautiful enough without feathers. Their beauty should be of the mind, the character, the soul. Some of our recent Presidents have been bird-killers and one or two Christian ministers of this town have been arrested for shooting birds against the law. But some persons do not believe in killing things for sport, nor is vivisection for scientific purposes without anæsthetics justifiable.

"Birds are our brothers and sisters. If we are children of God, so are they. The same intelligence, life and love that is in us is in them. If we have souls, so have they. The difference between us is not in kind, but in degree. Any cruelty practised on the birds we feel, although we may not know it. They are part of us. We came up through them. We were once birds. They will some day be men."

## ON THE EVE.

(April 22, 1898.)

America! dear brotherland!

While yet the shotted guns are mute,  
Accept a brotherly salute,  
A hearty grip of England's hand.

To-morrow, when the sulphurous glow  
Of war shall dim the stars above,  
Be sure the star of England's love  
Is over you, come weal, come woe.

Go forth in hope! Go forth in might!  
To all your nobler self be true,  
That coming times may see in you  
The vanguard of the hosts of light.

Though wrathful Justice load and train  
Your guns, be every breach they make  
A gateway pierced for Mercy's sake,  
That Peace may enter in and reign.

Then, should the hosts of darkness band  
Against you, lowering thunderously,  
Flash the word "Brother!" o'er the sea,  
And England at your side shall stand.

Exulting! For though dark the night,  
And sinister with scud and rack,  
The hour that brings us back to back  
But harbingers the larger light.

—W. A., in the *London Chronicle*.

DEAR EDITOR:—

It would not seem necessary in this hour of great success in all branches of your noble work, that so obscure a member should add her voice; yet her heart urges the privilege of telling how the interest deepens each day, and the desire to do more increases, and the hope grows that in time all its energies may be given to the work when the duties now imperative are cancelled.

Yours for success.

Fraternally,

A SYMPATHIZER.



## UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD ORGANIZATION.



CENTRAL OFFICE,

144 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK.

### THE COMMON LAW.

Law—like everything else in the universe—seems to be capable of being degraded to the basest use, as well as serving the highest purpose.

Appeals to the Common Law for justice have brought many poor souls to perdition through the injustice granted them instead.

Accustomed to intellectual prostitution of the law, legal quibbling and chicanery of all kinds being openly used—especially in connection with corporations, trust funds, etc., where enormous issues are at stake—one's respect for the Common Law of the land suffers depreciation; particularly when one hears lawyers themselves, with bare-faced disregard for principle, acknowledge that it is often a case of "sharp practice"—a pitting of wit against wit—as to who comes out ahead.

The method of the ordinary corporation—the banding of individual interests that the *individual* may thereby profit—is a perversion of the real principle of Brotherhood, where individuals unite for the benefit of the *whole*. It shows that the basic principle of Brotherhood is recognized in the world, but deliberately perverted by those who are sufficiently clever.

This fact alone we might suppose a sufficient one to keep an organization upholding the real principle of Brotherhood out of the Common Law court.

But the minority, abandoning principle for all time and with reliance on the methods usually applied to corporations, thrust the matter into the hands of the law for individual ends—and were defeated!

The result shows that the *Organization was protected*. It, being founded on a vital principle, could not be reached by the methods used in attacking its most prominent members.

The sweeping verdicts given synonymously on four different occasions by four different judges was a most remarkable instance of the working of the law for righteousness.

The question arises—What is law?

Is it not Nature's adjustment of discordant elements into perfect harmony? One is justified in admitting Harmony to be the law. Watch its workings:

The Organization of U. B. representing the Law—Harmony—was assailed through two of its central members, in the attempt to get possession of several of its departments (no attack, mind you, was made on the U. B. itself—which would have been the *legal* action—but *individuals* were assailed?).

How did the Law act?

In the first place, the real harmony in the organization operating through its members,

brought such unity and force to bear upon the matter that the whole situation was clearly apprehended. No one was in doubt as to the result; full reliance was placed on the Law.

The lawyer selected for the necessary defense, proved to be a vehicle that was able to *synthesize* this knowledge of the individual members, so that this man—an entire stranger with absolutely no personal interest in the organization and moreover handicapped by a prejudice against Theosophists, from hearsay—was yet able to actually embody the Organization, spirit and all for the time being. There is no other accounting for his marvellous grasp of the situation. The clear, succinct manner in which he presented the history of the T. S.; his vivid realization of the fulfillment of its mission in expanding into the U. B.; his convincing proof of the entire illegality of the proceedings of the minority in every detail—not alone in technicalities of the Common Law, but in ethics of the higher law—Harmony.

To all, who were so fortunate as to listen to this lawyer's Brief, the whole lawsuit was depicted as a marvellous and most beautiful demonstration of the workings of Harmony. Cause and effect—cause and effect—evolved in smooth succession, a fitting of part to part with absolute unity.

As a piece of literature alone—this lawyer's Brief deserves immortality.

As a lesson in ethics—all corporations might well, with profit, read—mark—and inwardly digest.

As an expression of the Common Law—it elevates and thus rehabilitates to its true and rightful place that which man has tried to pervert and degrade.

The Common Law—vehicle too often for trickery and abuse—is in reality but a mirror of the One Law of the universe—Nature's Law of Harmony—Karma!

As a whole—this lawyer's Brief is a masterly production of Justice swift and sure, and has the keenest appreciation and gratitude of every individual member who works for the uplifting of the race.

Believing as one must, if he believes at all in the philosophy, that the whole plan is held secure in the Law of Harmony—victory is but the result of the actual *following* of the Law *faithfully*.

Those who failed to follow—the Law itself has placed where they rightly belong.

Thus, what threatened to be Evil, the Law has transferred into Good, and the U. B., in all that is connected with it manifests its real nature—to raise and elevate every mortal thing to the highest point of evolution—Godhood.

The greatest lesson among the endless ones taught by this lawsuit, is that of Trust—absolute, eternal, boundless Trust—in the Law; Harmony.

A LOVER OF JUSTICE.

### LITTLE EVERY-DAY INCIDENTS.

DEAR COMRADES:

How easy it is to see symbols of the larger life in simple, little every-day incidents. This morning a little incident brought a helpful thought to me. I have a few window plants, such as will be content in city life. One I noticed growing so rapidly from the little slip I planted that I was quite proud of it. All at once it stopped being so active and seemed to be sluggish. The little buds I noticed did not blossom. I looked at it anxiously, but could discover no trouble. I watered it just the same, had it in the same place,

yet it would not grow. It did not droop, but I knew that something was the trouble. All at once it flashed upon me that it was cramped for room, that it wanted more space to spread its roots. I bought a larger jar and transplanted it, and it almost seemed as if the leaves looked up and smiled a "thank you." This morning, on rising, lo! the buds had burst into blossoms in a glad greeting to the morning sun. And the little sermon came home to me that in our own life and work was not the discontent and trouble and depression we felt about us but the desire for more room in which to work? For now in the larger field that has been given us we can grow down and out and all around, and soon in some glad morning of this new day that is ours we will burst into blossom of joy and peace. Mother Nature is ever teaching us, if we have but eyes to see. Go to her and she will surely show us

"Tongues in trees,  
Books in the running brooks,  
Sermons in stones,  
And good in everything."

The Law of Love rules everywhere, and as each branch lives in thought and work as One of a great Unity, its roots will strike deep and true in the larger field of Universal Brotherhood that has been given it, and from its blossom will spring the fruit of the Wisdom-Religion of Theosophy and Truth. Fraternally,

ONE OF THE FRIENDS IN COUNSEL.

Manchester, England.

DEAR EDITOR:—

The Manchester Branch "U. B." (No. 5 Eng.) held a special meeting Monday, June 13th, to commemorate the starting of the Great Crusade in 1896. A condensed account of the Crusade, with the report of the laying of the foundation stone of the S. R. L. M. A., were read by members. The deeper aspect of the Crusade, and our gathering were dwelt upon.

The meeting was rich in Heart-Quality.

Fraternally,

WALTER J. RENSHAW, Sec.

### FOR THE ATTENTION OF LODGE OFFICERS.

There is no cheaper or more effective way of advertising your Lodge, than the distribution of marked copies of **THE NEW CENTURY** containing an announcement of your meetings.

A notice, similar to those below, will be inserted for \$1.50 per month, and papers can be obtained at the wholesale rate of three cents.

### PUBLIC MEETINGS OF UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD LODGES.

#### 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.



## 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.

H. T. PATTERSON, Genl. Supt.

### WAITING.

BY A. G. HINCKLEY.

"THEY also serve, who only stand and wait." The great lessons of helping and serving are daily taught and practiced by those whose faces are turned hopefully towards the practical realization of Brotherhood, and many are the workers in the broad field, sowing golden truths and loving deeds, cheering on the heart-sick, enthusing the laggards, making strong centres that radiate Light and Truth in waves all along the lines.

To some, the opportunity for work has not yet come—at least not outwardly—and to those whose portion it is to stand and wait, these lines may bring comfort, to know that, while seemingly idle, unable to accomplish great deeds, even though their hearts are filled with longing to work for Humanity, they have not yet found a place. To these, the way in which they stand and wait is their great test of devotion. Like the obscure brooks and rills on the distant hill-side—small and insignificant as they appear, their waters sweet with the odor of mosses and wild flowers—at last reach the ocean, making again a part of the vast whole from whence they came; so in the lives of those who stand patiently waiting the Master's call for some great work, may be gathering the aroma of sweet, loving acts and thus are now a part of the great Movement, for by their longing desire to help, the current is sent along, possibly striking those whose environments and fitness permits the carrying out of the impulse, and the real act is done.

The soldier is first trained to serve, and waiting the command of his general to march on—longing to enter the battle for which he has left home and loved ones—to fight for liberty—he is not less brave, true and loyal because he finds his place of duty is only to stand and wait, while his fellow comrade, ordered to the front and in the fiercest part of the battle, forgets himself and follows his Leaders on to glory or death. So in the battle of life, to all comes the privilege of serving—either helping on the field of battle to teach the causes as well as to ameliorate the effects of Humanity's great pain, or in the silent helpful waiting to learn one's whole duty.

Who, at times, has not felt weary and often filled with passing regret, when enthusiasm wanes and we seem to be left behind in the great rush onward? Yet it is not so. Perhaps we

have not yet earned the right to serve, or our time is not yet come? Being in this, our present place, proves we all have work to do in the silent waiting, and we can be more helpful here.

If our hearts are loyal, our thought pure and helpful, it does not much matter where our place in the ranks may be, for the growth from within will still go on, fitting us the better for future work. Besides, all pure thought and strong desires help on the work. Make then a radiant centre in your hearts, that the Light may help all those about you to find peace and Truth! Then may come to your ears the sweet words of encouragement:

"They also serve who only stand and wait."

### CHORDS OF HARMONY.

FROM THE "FRIENDS IN COUNSEL."

(Correspondence Class.)

144 Madison Avenue, New York.

DEAR COMRADES:—

Not long ago, one of our comrades said that the motto just at present was the old one transposed into "While we are at war, prepare for peace," and those of us who turn our thoughts to the hidden current flowing steadily beneath all human life and action, are feeling just that. It is, that underneath the destruction, the seeds of regeneration are sown. Watch for its signs and you will note them in the broader life of nations as well as in Nature, in the concentrated effort of an association as well as in an individual. Think a moment of a single life known to you, and you will recall how at each of the crises in that life, when everything seemed to be going to pieces, the foundation of strength for the after years of new work was laid in that very quivering. For how can any sure foundation be laid without an upheaving of earth and a blasting of rock to make ready for the placing of the harmony of stone and structure? Then turn from that personal thought to the building up of a work, an industry. Hand work gives place to machine to do the same more quickly and profusely. The simple mill is transformed into a mighty manufactory, giving employment to thousands and resulting in greater, more numerous results. If that is so in all that pertains to natural and physical life, how much more must it be true, on higher planes of social and spiritual well-being. Does not the same law hold good, for is not Law Universal? applicable on all planes?

And just here in our own work, we are seeing how truly the law fits, for with the building of the larger house to hold the work too large for the child's frame, we perceive the new branches springing up almost spontaneously. Theosophy had to become universal, had to live and grow in every walk of life, realm of thought. How could it when its teachers were training its roots only in the line of school and pulpit? What was there to be done with the World of Science, of Art, of Society, of every-day drudgery and physical labor? Are they not all a part of universal life and needing Theosophy for humanity to grow? Had we not to make room for them too? Try to cramp even one finger and see the result. Perhaps a spasm or two of a moment's duration, but I think you would soon cry out, "Freedom to all parts for one to be truly free and great." So said they who gave life to the T. S. "Make it free that the Universe may work therein; not alone humanity but all creatures and the T. S. responded with the only answer it could give, "We are yours in Universal Brotherhood, for by that alone can all be held,"

as they rallied round the Standard Bearer who unfurled the banner to the breeze.

Fraternally yours,

ONE OF THE FRIENDS IN COUNSEL.

### OLD GLORY.

Hurrah for our banner Old Glory!

It waves in the air

So free and so fair.

We are proud of its wonderful story.

We thrill with a fervid emotion,

For thoughts it inspires

Are the heav'nly fires

Of the patriot's unwar'ring devotion.

In war waged by heroes 'twas born,

And came from the hell

Of shot and of shell,

As the sun comes from night into morn.

For Old Glory led father and son,

In thickest of fight

A "pillar of Light,"

Until freedom through conflict was won.

Then hurrah for the red, white and blue!

An emblem on earth

Yet of heav'nly birth,

Of a loyalty constant and true.

Its blue is of wisdom the token:

Its red and white bars

And five pointed stars

Are Life, Truth and Faith still unbroken.

Its meaning is grand and inspiring:

"Protection and care"

For all, ev'rywhere

Who have hearts toward freedom aspiring.

Hurrah for the flag and its story!

Shout out strong and clear

A right ringing cheer

And a hearty God speed to Old Glory.

"PAUL."

### IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE IN DREAMS WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THIS ONE?

"THE dream of the American naval officer has come true," said Osman. "Twice was he made to witness the terrible hell in far Santiago harbor. In his dream he saw the naked sailors, drunk with fear and old wine, slip on the blood-stained deck of the Vizcaya and wrestle in agony. He saw them plunge from the burning ship into the high waves, and find a less hideous death by drowning or a shot from a Cuban's rifle, just as the tiller-strained arms were about to embrace the shore. The actual scene took place just as Uncle Sam's officer dreamed it. He even placed the captured Spaniards about his deck in just the positions in which the sleep-closed eyes had seen them.

"When a soldier, a man in the best physical condition, a man who has not the time to allow his imagination to run away with him like a romantic school-girl, sees his dream fulfilled in every detail, it is time for scoffers to cease to jeer at dreams and to realize they are to our profit if we know how to interpret them properly."—*New York Journal*, July 9.

It matters little how many years

We count in our lives, unless we grow better,

And give to the world more smiles than tears,

Dying at last with the world our debtor.

Ever remember that little things

Round up life's most acceptable measure,

That every right action surely brings,

Some gain to increase our hoarded treasure.

—M. H. COBB.



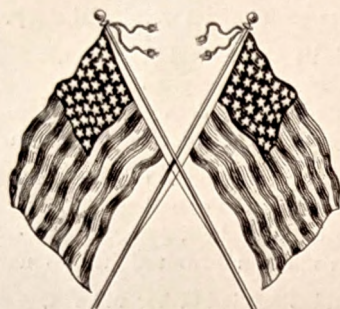
## CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT

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.



### LOTUS WORK.

AUSTRALIA.

**G**OOD harvest seed is being sown out in Australia.

At Auckland, two groups are under the active direction of Mrs. St. Clair.

In Leichhard—one of the suburbs of Sydney—the Lotus Buds were given a charming entertainment, which you must hear about, from Mr. E. I. Willans:

"The room was a veritable bower of foliage and beautiful white flowers. All the little 'Lotus Buds' and 'Blossoms' looked so smiling and sweet in their snowy frocks and sashes. One tiny Bud seemed to find herself in fairy-land and pointed with wondering glee to the flowers decorating the walls.

"The portraits of our three beloved Leaders smiled at us through a garland of flowers, and maybe our present dear Leader—the 'Lotus Mother'—sent us along an extra wave of love from her great heart that evening, for it was Harmony personified.

"The children recited short verses from the *Voice of the Silence*, and little poems expressive of the powers of loving kindness and helpfulness that lie within us.

"It was a pretty sight to see child after child add their distinctive mite to the general harmony.

"Two little ones played a duet and the Lotus Song Book came into requisition, and all the fresh young voices blended in an anthem of praise to Brotherhood in 'Brothers We' and 'Happy Sunbeams' and 'Tiny Buds.'

"Several of the visitors spoke briefly, or sang and played; then came coffee, cakes and tarts, and all the good things that children like; after which 'good-byes' were said, hands shaken, and 'grown ups' and children alike thanked their kind hostess for the happy evening spent."

BUFFALO, N. Y.

The Buffalo Lotus Groups expressed Brotherhood very strongly on July 4th by showing how patriotic they were.

They helped to make the most beautiful part of the citizens' parade.

"The Battle of Flowers"—a large float, garlanded with flowers, from which the children threw out flowers to the people—showed that the children believe in fighting with something different from guns and cannon. Flowers represent aspiration—the battle with one's self, to rise to something higher, then people will not want to kill each other.

And that is what these Lotus children are going to do—to fight with cross words and the desire to get things only for themselves.

The flowers teach them how to do this—by sending out love, purity and sweetness to the whole world.

### TWO CITY SPARROWS.

**B**ILLY was a true philosopher, for he would remark as he shouldered his boot-blackening outfit: "'Tings evens up. De day I only makes twenty cents is made all square by de next day, when I makes forty-five cents, an' de forty-five cent day is pretty reg'lar. I aint grumblin'."

Which latter remark was the simple truth—he never did grumble. An average of thirty-five cents a day met all Billy's necessities, and in spite of the competition of the city, he generally managed to earn that sum, which entitled him to three meals a day and a place to sleep at the Boys' Lodging House. To be sure, Billy never succeeded in earning enough to permit of his becoming a patron of the savings bank which was a feature of the lodging house, and in which his friends deposited stray nickels and dimes, but, as he tersely said: "I've got me helt"; I makes a livin', an' I aint kickin'. See?"

Twelve-year-old healthy boyhood sees no farther than the next twenty-four hours, and is blest by Nature with the same exhilaration she gives to the city sparrows.

A blithe whistler, Billy, and happy as the day is long. Shoves and blows and curses were often his portion, but he usually succeed in dodging the blows, and the curses he was indifferent to. He could pour forth as rich and varied a vocabulary of slang as any of his fellows, but the filth of the street had not hurt him. It all blew away, as the dust does from a green plant.

There was just one crumbled rose leaf in Billy's lot. It was Micksey. Poor little misshapen Micksey, scarce ten years' old, yet so morose and sullen that it seemed sometimes to Billy that Micksey's hump must be filled with all the troubles of the world. It is hard to be happy when one's body is a narrow house of pain, cramped and aching in every part. Those deep set eyes of Micksey's looked as though they knew all the sorrows heart can feel, and many a person who stopped to buy a paper of the hunchback, went away, haunted by a sadness he could scarce account for. It was the spirit of suffering in Micksey's eyes.

But oh, what chums the two boys were! There was something in Billy's love for Micksey that resembled the mother-love, which the poor child had never known. The boys were called "de twins" by all the other inmates of the lodging house, and inseparables they were indeed.

Every morning the two started out together—Billy went to the bootblack corner, which he shared with another boy, and Micksey went to the stone steps of the big building in City Hall Park, where he managed daily to sell a few newspapers. He was too feeble to compete with the more active boys, but did fairly well. And Billy—honest, happy Billy, who was loved by Micksey with his whole fervent little heart—stood always ready to meet any deficit in the newsboy's board bill, so Micksey never had to worry about finances.

"It's gettin' awful hot dese days," said Billy one summer morning as the boys started out.

Micksey sighed. His small white face was looking pinched and drawn, and he moved more feebly than usual.

"Say," continued Billy, "don't yer tink it would be nice if yer wuz ter go up de country? I've heard its jest great dere."

"Me go ter de country! I'd like ter know how I cud go? Dey's no one to send me dere, Billy. Youse jest mockin' me."

"I aint makin' fun of yer, yer ought ter know me better'n dat. Aint I alwuz stood up fer yer? But dis country bizness is straight. I'm goin' ter find er way fer ye ter go. Yer jest trust me."

Micksey's face brightened and he walked forward with more animation. The beautiful, beautiful country! It was a hundred times more lovely than the Park, he had heard. Oh, if only he could go! Perhaps he would get so well there that his back would stop aching; perhaps, even, his hump would drop off.

"I didn't mean ter be cross wid yer, Billy, for we're friends for keeps. Yer must jest 'scuse me. I aint up ter de mark dis mornin'."

Billy gripped Micksey's hand for reply, but said nothing, only: "S'long, got ter leave yer now."

All that day Billy was making plans of how to get Micksey to the country. He did a flourishing business, and when evening came was about to start for home, when a gentleman with a bundle of papers under his arm came along in a great hurry to have his boots blacked. Billy put an extra shine on the boots, and, as he pocketed the nickel, he screwed up all his courage and said: "Say, mister, aint youse on de 'Planet,' wot sends de childrun to de country? Say! how kin I get Micksey sent?"

The reporter paused in surprise, but a few words drew forth all Billy's longing to help Micksey.

"My boy, you want to write a letter to the Fresh Air Fund of the 'Planet' and they will investigate the case. If worthy, your friend will be sent to some pleasant place in the country by them, free of all charge." Then he hurried away.

Billy gazed after him in bewilderment. "Me write a letter!" He pondered a little longer. "Well, its got ter be done, for Micksey's got ter go to de country. Dat's sure! I'm goin' ter blow in five cents an' do de ting up in style." So thereupon he purchased a stamp, a yellow envelope and a magnificent sheet of note paper with a spread eagle and a big flag in colors on it.

"Dat's a nobby paper," he thought. "It'll fetch 'em sure!" He then went for Micksey, and the two went to the lodging house together. That night he went to the boys' reading room and sat down to write the important letter, about which he had said nothing to Micksey.

[To be continued.]

### POST OFFICE.

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

Address:

POST MISTRESS,

"FRIENDS IN COUNSEL,"

144 Madison Ave., New York.

### LOTUS SONG BOOK.

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