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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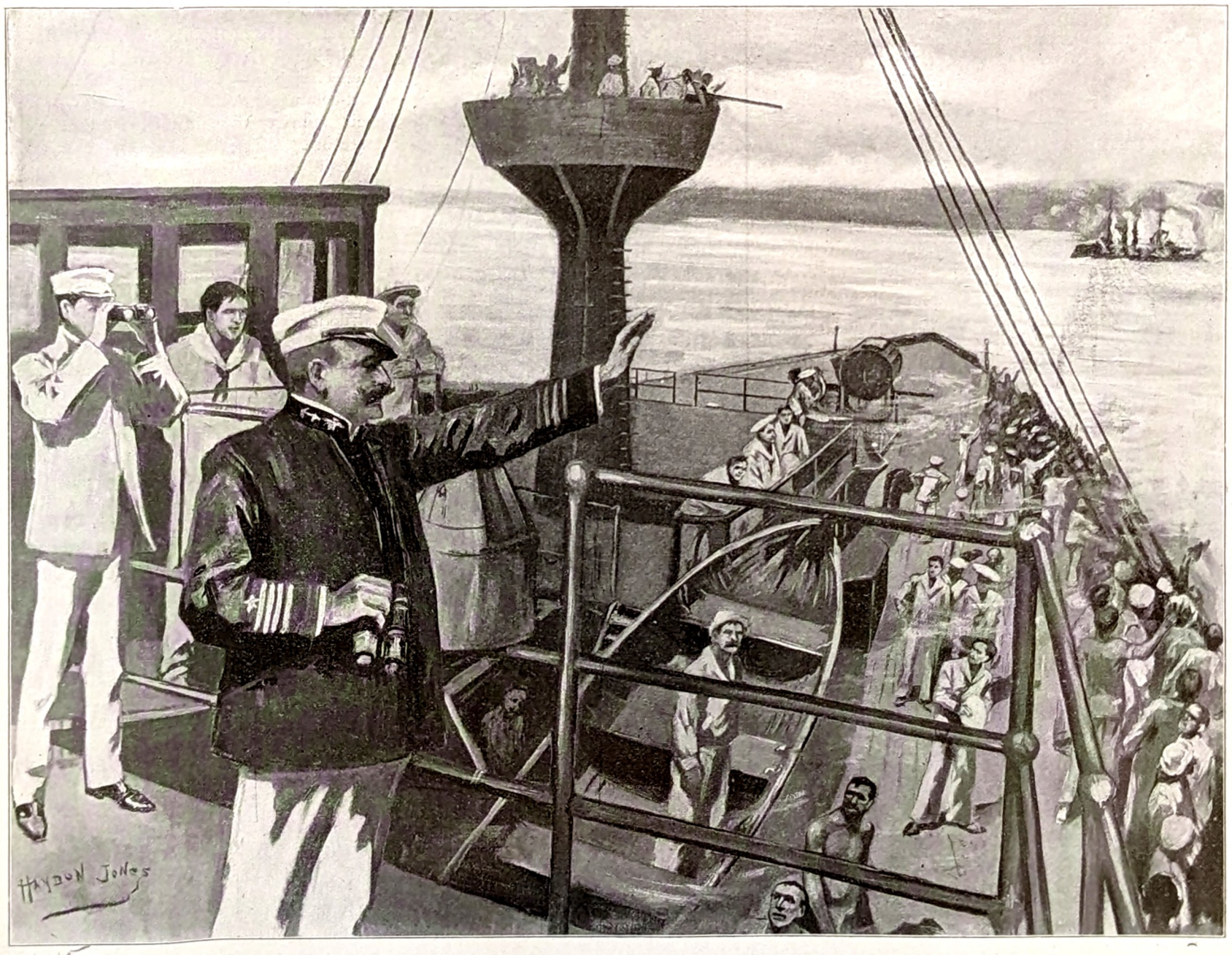

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"DON'T CHEER! BECAUSE THE POOR DEVILS ARE DYING."

These were the words of Captain John W. Philip of the Texas on Sunday morning, the 3d of July, when the Almirante Oquendo was going ashore after striking her colors. This incident is one of many examples of the spirit that pervaded the recent war—a spirit of brotherhood, of sympathy for the suffering of one's fellows and of humanity, and of a greater unselfishness that is arousing all mankind.

The New Century

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NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 3, 1898.

FROM THE OLD RACE TO THE NEW.

THE more enlightened thinkers of the Old World look to America as a land wherein a new race is destined to fulfil many great ideals and noble aspirations which have not been realized in the Old World. That new race is still only in process of formation, nor do we as yet know how much of the continent it will occupy; but the people of the United States stand out most prominently among American peoples in the field of view presented to a spectator in Europe. Such a spectator, too, must be pardoned if he takes what may seem to be too much of a bird's-eye view of a nation which to itself must doubtless appear diverse and territorially scattered. He sees the United States more as a whole, and, though he may err in regard to details, he has a very distinct appreciation of those characteristics which distinguish the people of the States from those in Europe—characteristics which he usually terms "American." Again, this paper is written more from an English than a Continental point of view.

The United States is, as it were, a son of old Europe, born from a warm and ardent mother-soil, from which it inherits the fire and nerve that characterized the bygone progeny of that soil. The effect of that warm and impetuous motherhood has been to force into rapid growth the faults and failings derived from the European ancestors; and we find young America suffering in acute form from maladies which in Europe have long grown chronic. I refer to the exaggerated commercialism, wealth-seeking, and love of material comfort, which are so conspicuous in the United States as viewed from Europe. These should, I think, be regarded as a kind of youthful distemper due to hereditary contamination; and there is no reason whatever to doubt that they will be lived down before the race is much older. Many of the narrow insular prejudices peculiar to Britain have already disappeared, as, for instance, much of the caste-prejudice and religious bondage.

To an Englishman the American people appears as a very vigorous and nervous race, generous and open-hearted; and there is a feeling of yearning hope such as a father entertains for his promising son. We feel sure the race has a great and worthy future before it, because we cannot fail to recognize and appreciate the strong and noble qualities which it exhibits. Think, then, what must be our feelings when we hear sensational stories of money-grabbing, press-corruption, social inequalities, and other misapplications of this marvellous energy and resource. Our only comfort is that these evils are temporary, and that they do not go down deep into the character, and that their insufficiency will soon be abundantly recognized. They are mistakes of a hot youth, and the great mass of the people does not sympathize with them, and means to supplant them with something more worthy.

And now, what is the ideal which the new race has to work out, as an example to the world, in place of the corrupt old ideals of personal gain and personal ambition? *It is the realization of man's divine nature.* We want to see a few real men and women produced; we want to see a harmonious community. We are sick of the pigmies of to-day and have long ago exhausted all the possibilities of their cramped natures. Hence we do not want to see greater wealth, greater destitution; more complicated machinery, more luxurious railroad cars. We do not care to have all our old abuses repeated on a larger scale, nor to see in America merely a microscopically enlarged England. We want to see men and women. Old ideals we had, which have hopelessly run to seed—ideals of chivalry, honor, poetry, courage, nobleness. All are strangled by commercialism, and generations of drink and toil and sport. In England the past binds us down, freezes us up. In America, there is expansiveness and room for expansion. The lost stature of mankind can be restored; *character* can be regained; nobility can be sought.

"The harp that once thro' Tara's halls
The Soul of Music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
As if that Soul were fled.

So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory's thrill is o'er,
And hearts that once beat high for praise
Now feel that pulse no more."

What man needs more than anything just now is that Soul of Music. It has departed from our dull prosaic life, because human society is so out of tune that the Soul can no longer play upon it, nor awaken the divine melodies and harmonies of yore. That music thrills not in any single and isolated human breast. It needs a harmony of breasts ere its chords can resound. This rapture shall no man enjoy in secret. Money shall not buy it, poverty shall not deny it. It is the heart-beat of humanity, the mass-chords of many souls attuned to harmony. It is for ever lost to that ignorant fool who has doomed himself to eternal prison in the carapace of selfishness.

What can man attain by harmonious coöperation, by brotherly love, by sympathy and sharing? Two hours' work a day, three square meals, state-control of public concerns, leisure, luxury? More, far more than these. He can regain his soul. There are in man powers, faculties, which would raise him to the Gods, if he would but recognize them. But they cannot be monopolized. They are the gifts of the Soul, and no personal soul can share them. They are bestowed on communities which have learned the lesson of harmony. For the selfish are the poisoned cups of pleasure, the dull, prosaic, atmosphere of the bored recluse.

At times, when, in the contemplation of some solemn scene of natural beauty, we lose for the moment our sense of *personal* existence, we feel this higher life of the Soul, and are *happy*. The moment we lapse back into our wonted sense of isolated existence, all is gone. We feel it too, when we contemplate the monuments of a glorious past, or surrender ourselves to ennobling music. These brief experiences should surely serve to show us that there is a larger life we have somehow unaccountably missed—missed because we have preferred the life of the turtle in his shell to that of the free bird.

The United States will have to go through a severe crisis which will purge it of its economic short-comings. And after that it will turn its attention more seriously to its sublime work for the future. It is going to show the world what man can become, when he realizes that he has a divine nature and a common Soul. There is already much study of such questions as the higher powers in man and the forces of mind, but these studies will prove curses unless they are based on the idea of the Self or Over-soul. Any attempt to appropriate such powers brings destruction on the attempter.

Brotherhood is the key-note of success in all our efforts, whatever they are. Whether we study antiquity, or the higher powers in man, or politics, or social economy, or therapeutics—all must be based on this key-note of Brotherhood. Let us all coöperate in ridding the race of this insane nightmare of individualism and personal gain.

Henry T. Edge.

GREAT TRUTHS OF THE CENTURY.

BY REV. W. WILLIAMS.

Hail! Holy Light. (Anon.)

(*Continued.*)

LIGHT! More Light! were the last words of Goethe, preëminently the great poet and thinker of the last century. What did he mean? In that most important part of a man's existence, when we have to let go our hold of the world and walk alone that mediterranean which separates two worlds, when our works do follow us, how was it that Goethe gave utterance to such an ejaculation? Were they notes of despair, or words of prophecy? What is the explanation of them? At the time of his exit from the world's stage whereon he had played a great part, he was the cynosure of the world of letters, his genius acknowledged by all; his primacy amongst the sceptred sovereigns of the mind undisputed. No one had ever exhibited a profounder knowledge of human nature than he. He had penetrated into all its secrets, and dived into and understood its mysteries. Yet he lacked a something, a one thing needful, a glory which would have made him a sublime character, which if he had possessed, the world besides admiring him, would have loved him, would have cherished his name and memory in its great heart. It looked up to him as a great leader in the realm of thought, as one who could lead it out of the wilderness of

doubt and unbelief in which it had wandered so long and bring it into a land of light. They waited, expecting to hear him speak the word, the *open sesame* of a higher life. But it remained unspoken. It never escaped his lips. He knew what the world wanted. It was crying for bread. He gave it a stone. It was craving after the *lux vitæ*, the light of life. He had seen it in his childhood's dreams. It had come to him when standing on the threshold of youthful manhood. It would have placed on his brow, an *immortelle* of unfading glory. Alas! he treated it only as a plaything, toyed with it as a bauble, then heartlessly discarded and flung it aside. It left him to become a great intellectual thinker, a cold sensualist, a polished man of the world. He made his name famous, but his life was not sublime. It lacked a something. What was it? It was the radiance of that holy light of love which shineth in darkness, but the darkness comprehendeth it not. It is the light of life, the life of men, the light of light.

There is an old aphorism attributed to the Egyptian Hermes Trismegistus, *as above so below*. What does it mean? A great deal to all of us. It enfolds a secret word which when we know how to use it, admits us into a new realm of knowledge. It furnishes us with a key to all transcendental knowledge and enables us in some measure to understand the great symbol of the Universe, to divine its laws, and adapt ourselves to their operations. That word is *analogy* which when rightly used, we can enter at will into the metaphysical and spiritual world of ideas and see things as they are in themselves. By it and with its aid, we can bring down Truth from on high and clothe her in the garment of human speech and thought, whereby she can be embraced and made our own.

One of the most ancient teachings is, that beyond our external phenomenal life, there is another of a higher and diviner character, which becomes known and manifested to us by what may be termed a process of inward illumination. It begins when the higher self has acquired the dominancy over the lower nature, resulting in the unfolding of latent spiritual faculties and senses which, through ignorance of their existence, have lain dormant and undeveloped. Hints and notices of them are to be found in the writings of sages and great thinkers in all ages. They were known to Confucius and Gotama the Buddha of the far east, and amongst the ancient Persians through the teachings of Zoroaster and the Guebres or fireworshippers. References to them are met with in old Kabbalistic works such as the Zohar or the Book of Light, the Bahir or Book of Splendor, in which they are unified and described as the *Luminous Mirror* by which Moses acquired his great wisdom and occult knowledge, and the prophets and seers were able to foresee and prophesy of things to come. In the pages of the Old Testament they are designated collectively as the Holy Spirit, by the early Christians as the Holy Ghost, and the new birth and the subjects of them termed children of the Light. This light was known to Plato, as also to Socrates who spoke of it as the dæmon by whose aid he acquired that knowledge and wisdom which made him a philosopher and guide to the youth of Athens. In the works of the Neoplatonists, Plotinus, Proclus, and Iamblichus, we find accounts of it. The last words of Plotinus were "I have striven to bring the divine thing which is in us, to the divine which is in the Universe." St. Augustine, the African Bishop, in his confessions gives us a most vivid and interesting account how he attained unto it. Amongst the Mystics of the Middle Ages such as Eckhart, Francis d'Assisi, down to Madame Guyon and the good bishop Fenelon, we find in all their works this that is common to all of them, that they describe and refer to this state of spiritual development as an inward light.

The ILLUMINATI, the enlightened ones—this term like a great flashlight pierces the gloom and darkness of past ages, and for a moment we catch a glimpse of great brotherhoods, secret societies, student fraternities composed of members from all parts of the world, who, in the words of a great sage, lived and walked by the same rule and minded the same things, for they were graduates in the great school of divine wisdom and knowledge. They all had one common teacher, NATURE, who taught them by her symbols and by the principles of analogy, those secret truths which she reveals only to those in whose souls have dawned the rays of that Holy Light which is primeval with creation and eternal in duration. And this same light is beaming yet and entering as a great factor in the regeneration of humanity, mirroring itself in all phases of human life and character. There is a remark by Victor Hugo which is a very true one, you can find it in his *Les Misérables:* "Of all things God has made, the human heart is the one which evolves the most light." This is the field of its operation; the kaleidoscope in which it reflects itself in an infinitude of beautiful forms, making our fleeting and transient existences radiant with light, as lustrous as the glow-worm's, as bright as the firefly's, gorgeously splendid as that of the Sun, the only fit emblem of that Holy Light which lights us up the golden stairs of Time to the higher and diviner life which knows no ending.

LOVE IS SACRIFICE.

WE must lose our life to save it: we must sacrifice to grow. The heart yearns for love. The bigger the heart the more intense the yearning and the greater the sacrifice. How sweet, inexpressible, is pure love? Yet the human is not willing to pay the price, without a murmur! To love a soul is to sacrifice for it. In loving, we assume, as it were, a part of the destiny of the loved one. Great anguish of mind and body may result in our enjoying the Godlike pleasure of Love. What a privilege and what a growth comes to those whose intuition shows them that love and brotherhood is helping and sharing. Oh! what an awful sacrifice it is for one, at this dark period, to love and work for Humanity. What awful pangs and terrible sacrifice to be called "the friend of Humanity"! Such a consciousness as this great Love bestows, taking in good and evil, is beyond the conception of the ordinary mind. Such a grand Love fills all space and is beyond pleasure. But the higher vibration is sure to excite the correspondingly lower vibration, and the quickened consciousness is brought to realize the price it pays for Love. The real sweetness and purity of Love is the price paid for it—the sacrifice, pure and holy.

This material and semi-material universe lives and exists through Sacrifice. Realizing that Love and Sacrifice are one; that pain is the price of pleasure, who of us hesitates to pour out the oil of Love, and who does not yearn to Love and so aid every soul we see upon the street? Who would hesitate to pour out the Love of the highest realm on any child of Nature and ask or think "what is the load I am lifting?" All of us are willing to be burned in the fires of Hades day and night in order to lift the souls of humanity by love to that plane of Peace and unselfishness where Love reigns purified by the sacrifice of a few Great Souls, visible and invisible.

NED.

THE TRIADS OF WISDOM.

The three chief actions of wisdom: to look at everything, to endure, upon occasion, everything, and to keep one's self free from everything.

From three things a correct judgment may be obtained: from knowing the truth, from discerning necessity, and from generous love.

The three principal instructors of man: sense from nature, in its discernment, reason from exertion, in its consideration, and conscience from impulse, in judging; and without the instruction of these three there can be nothing complete or correct in the knowledge of wisdom.

Three things, which are but one in their original derivation: truth, justice and mercy; that is, from the same love do these three proceed, for love is the summit of wisdom.

The three foundations of the understanding: the knowledge of tendency and counter-tendency, the knowledge of event and counter-event, and the knowledge of opinion and counter-opinion. And from these comes the understanding; for the understanding is comprehension of being and counter-being according to possibility.

Three things which bind the good to a man: the doing of it once himself, the request of it once from another, and the commendation of it once in another, or in the hearing of another.

Three ways, by which good may be instilled into a man: the commendation of good done by him in the hearing of another good person, the performance of a good action in his presence, and silence as to a fault he may possess.

From three counsels combined, one good counsel may be obtained: from the counsel of a friend, the counsel of a foe, and the counsel of one's own conscience.

From three languages may be obtained the language of truth: from the language of Nature, the language of reason, and the language of conscience.

The essence of all morality: instruction, reason, and conscience.

The three characteristics of wisdom: prudence, equity, and tranquility derived from amenity.

EACH HAS ITS OWN MISSION.

"Each has its own mission. Germany is predominant in abstract thought; France in literature, art, and grace. But we and you have among our best men a higher conception of moral sense and public duty than is to be found in any other people. Now, these are the two qualities which are needed for directing a weaker race. You can't help them by abstract thought or by graceful art, but only by that moral sense which will hold the scales of Justice even, and keep itself free from every taint of corruption. That is how we rule India. We came there by a kind of natural law, like air rushing into a vacuum. All over the world, against our direct interests and our deliberate intentions, we are drawn into the same thing. And it will happen to you also. The pressure of destiny will force you to administer the whole of America from Mexico to the Horn." . . . *A Desert Drama.*—A. CONAN DOYLE.

OF DEEPER BIRTH.

BY WILLIAM JAMESON.

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

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE DREAM OF AGNES NIMBLEFOOT.

AGNES NIMBLEFOOT had a dream. She dreamt that she was gliding over the waters of the fiord in search of something. Suddenly she beheld the mast of the Phœnician ship sinking between two rocks that projected from the shore. The hull of the vessel had already disappeared. At once she found herself at that spot, and steadying herself in the water-shoes that she wore, she peered down into the blue depths of the fiord to see if Thorolf, her brother, had sunk with the bireme. As she looked and looked, there slowly appeared reflected in the water the vast mountains lying behind Nidaros eastward. She saw herself climbing those mountains staff in hand. And another was climbing with her. It was but a shadowy form, and she could not identify the climber. As they rose higher and approached the region of the glaciers, she felt the air was becoming colder. Suddenly she became aware that the companion was no longer with her. Then terror fell upon her. She wept disconsolately; and the tears seemed to freeze upon her cheeks, so cold was it. She awoke sobbing bitterly.

Now all recollection of this dream was swept from her mind by the events of the next day. For, scarcely had the dawn broken, when a young man whose duty it was to carry the day's provisions to the old *Skali* where the slaves were put up, came flying to the house of Heimer with the news that those slaves had disappeared!

Quick upon this came tidings that Yakinlu and Thorolf were not to be found; and next, some one discovered that the Phœnician vessel was missing.

But the whole truth of the matter had not yet been grasped by those who began to collect in groups round the dwelling of Heimer the priest. That there had been a sudden and secret flight was plain enough. Yet what was the reason for it? What was the reason for it?

Neither the speaker of the law, Helge Sigurdson, nor Heimer himself, nor any of the wiser ones were better able to solve this problem than the youngest and simplest present. Then cried the smith to his daughter Agnes:

"Ho! run thy smartest, nimble one; run to the dwelling of Gerutha rune-speller. Mayhap she shall unravel this puzzle for us. Bring her back with thee!"

When, half an hour later Agnes returned alone, the grim facts of the case became apparent. The old couple with whom Gerutha dwelt had just discovered that she was not in her bed (nor had been through the night) when Agnes arrived.

Agnes, poor girl, told her father, as soon as she had gotten breath enough, about the talk in Heimdal's grove the previous evening, and of Merbel's share therein. It was to clear the latter of any suspicion that she mentioned this point.

"Thou needst not fear, my daughter," said Heimer smiling sadly. "The young man is as one of ourselves. Our sorrow is his sorrow, I ken."

Then Heimer stood silent for awhile, his head drooping upon his breast. Clear enough was it to his mind what had happened. Thorolf, the rejected lover, had followed the practice of the ruder folk who dwelt in those southern regions beyond Scandinavia. He had carried off the woman who had publicly refused his betrothal gift! The presence of the Phœnician bireme, and the aid of that wicked fellow Yakinlu (whose character was better read by his hosts than he suspected), had made such a daring attempt possible.

While Heimer was thus brooding, the crowd gathered round his dwelling, by a common impulse, talking about the flight. All hearts felt for that strong man—their natural leader, their wise friend. Sorely had he been tried by the judgment of the Thing meeting on his sons, and now—!

Presently Heimer the priest beckoned his eldest sons, Gerd and Hamlet, toward him. His face was fixed and stern as he said to them:

"Launch forth the Vanaheim quickly; and let all my sons that are left me (his voice faltered) busk themselves for fighting."

"And (he added, crying aloud) let all who love the commonwealth do likewise with their ships."

Saying this, Heimer strode towards the private chambers of his *skali* to put on his war gear. Long years had passed since he last wore it; for the peaceable folk of Nidaros armed themselves only when they took ship for foreign regions.

As he looked upon his armor, Heimer groaned; and he beat upon his forehead, crying:

"Woe is me that such a son was ever born unto me!"

No sooner had he spoken than he became aware, by the sobs that broke forth, that his wife had followed him into the room.

"I did not mean that saying for thy ears, sweetheart," said Heimer tenderly, stretching out his arms.

"Alas, it matters not! Thou hast spoken justly, O husband," wailed Nanna as she threw herself on his breast.

It was no easy matter making ready those longships, for many of them had been laid up for the winter. However, by noon they had all set sail. There were nearly forty of them altogether. The reason why so many ships started on this vain quest can be understood by examining the map of Norway from Drontheim southward. A number of islands, great and small, lie scattered all along the coast. It will be necessary that some of the ships explore these, while others sail forth into the main. Thorolf's skill as a seaman is undoubted. He may (so it is opined at the short council of shipmasters held before starting), he may dodge among these islands and afterwards slip away, instead of making sail for Valland at once.

Merbel, who had been doing good service at the launching of the ships, would fain have sailed along with them. But Heimer gently held him back, saying:

"It is not our custom, friend Merbel, that they who are guests of the people should share in any public business. Be thou guardian of my wife and daughter. Such is thy fitting part, O wise comforter. Farewell!"

Some fitful recollections of her dream came to Agnes Nimblefoot's mind on the morning after the ships had sailed. Only the first part of it vaguely floated in her memory. But this was enough to impel her to the shore. Then she braced on her water-shoes, and spreading her cloak, let the winds drive her as they pleased. In some twenty minutes time the cleft rocks of her dream came in sight on the shore of the fiord. When she reached them she peered down into the waters confidently.

There, sure enough, lay the missing bireme, fixed between the rocks, in about seven fathoms of water!

Her impulse on making this discovery was to hasten back to the township and proclaim the fact to all she met. But it so happened that the first person she met after reaching the shore was Merbel. When she told him what she had seen he exclaimed:

"I might have known that any scheme wherein Yakinlu had a part would be cunningly planned. 'Twas because of his craft that my father Hanniel sent me also on this last fateful voyage, so that I might overlook him."

These words touched Agnes keenly. Was not her brother equally crafty?

As they hurried homeward it occurred to both of them almost at the same instant, that before spreading the news further, it would be wise to explore Heimdal's grove. On reaching this spot, the footprints of the abductors were discovered without difficulty trending to the southeast, as the reader is already informed.

"My mother must first know of all this," said Agnes, mournfully, when they were on their way back.

A little later she again broke silence: "Art thou at all experienced in climbing hills?"

"My boyhood was spent on the slopes of a mountain called Lebanon."

Agnes Nimblefoot said no more till she told the story of that morning's discoveries to her mother. The smith's wife was not one who could give much advice on the scheme that Agnes then began to unfold. For matters outside the region of domestic thought she had little faculty. However, good wife Nanna did not oppose what the girl suggested—which was something unusual. The plan of Agnes was that she and Merbel should forthwith start in pursuit of the fugitives—crossing the fjelds by mountain paths which would enable them to overtake the heavily burdened party which Thorolf was leading. The start of about thirty hours which the latter had gained would not count for very much, since they must necessarily have taken an easy rather than a direct road to the eastern seaboard. And, further, Agnes knew of many a point along the route she intended to travel, from which a wide stretch of the lower highlands—if one may so describe the fjelds—was visible: therefore it was quite possible that those whom they sought might be seen long before they could be overtaken.

Her voice trembled and she looked sadly at Merbel when she got to this part of her plan. He understood full well what was in her mind. She was thinking of that solemn talk with Gerutha in Heimdal's grove, about seeing more as we rise higher.

Agnes went on bravely with her plan. In the simplicity of her heart she said (what she firmly believed), that she was sure Thorolf would listen to her—his sister whom he loved so much; she would tell him—she would tell him—

The poor child broke down and wept bitterly. In truth she knew not what she should say to this *new* Thorolf, this lawless scoundrel, who had acted so evilly towards Gerutha the beloved.

After Agnes and her mother had dried their eyes, Merbel put fresh hope into both of them by the practical remark that in the sight of the slaves who had been wrongfully taken away by Yakinlu, he, Merbel, was sole master. They would not go a step further if once he reached them.

So the end of this talk was that Nanna gave her daughter her blessing and bade her go forth

with Merbel their friend on this quest. Without her mother's leave—her father being away—Agnes Nimblefoot would not have gone on such a serious business; for filial obedience has ever been a marked characteristic of the Norsefolk.

Now had Nanna been a wiser woman, she would at least have asked herself what her husband would think of such a project as this to which she agreed so readily. But she was merely a fond mother. "Oh that Gerutha may be restored to us, while Thorolf escapes punishment!" Such was the drift of Nanna's thought as she hurried away to get a supply of oatcake and smoked reindeer meat for the two wanderers.

Four days afterwards, some of the long-ships were seen coming up the fiord of Nidaros. On the fifth day the Vanaheim returned. Heimer and his followers had thoroughly searched along the coast for the missing vessel, and three of the swiftest vessels had sailed for the south direct. These would return later. But since the slowest of the long-ships that put forth could easily outsail the Phœnician bireme, it quickly became evident to those Norse mariners that the vessel they were in search of could not be ahead of them. Then the truth of the case began to dawn upon them. They realized that the disappearance of the bireme was probably a mere subterfuge, planned in order to gain time.

Heimer was both weary and downcast as he came ashore. So indeed were his sons and all those who had gone forth on that bootless chase.

There were none waiting to greet them. All was strangely quiet. The township seemed as empty as if it were the time of harvesting.

Then as he made his way to his house, a neighbor woman ran forth from her dwelling and stopped him. Said she:

"It grieves me to tell thee, Heimer; but thy daughter and the young stranger have been missing these three days past."

"Missing?"

"Yea, and thy wife when asked about them said: 'They have gone on mine errand.'"

"Gone on mine errand?"

"Nothing else hath she said; and she looketh like one distraught."

"Has search been made?"

"All the lads and maidens of the place have mounted to the fjelds to look for them; for Agnes is dearly loved by the young people."

Of this there was proof enough when an hour later the bodies of Agnes and Merbel lay side by side in Heimer's guest house. The weeping of the young folk was pitiful to hear.

On a ledge of rock beneath which roared a mountain torrent were these hapless ones discovered. Merbel had evidently fallen over, and been killed. Agnes must have clambered down after him, for her body was uninjured. With her arm around his neck, she had frozen to death.

Priest Heimer met his sorrows with the stern fortitude of the wise. With his own hands he prepared the good ship Vanaheim for her last voyage. With his own hands he—robed in the mystic garb of his office—applied the torch to the long-ship in which the bodies of Merbel, son of Hanniel, and Agnes Nimblefoot were reverently laid.

Then, as the flames burst forth the Vanaheim was cast adrift. Far away down the fiord the folk of Nidaros watched that moving pillar of fire, till it slowly died away.

There was night once more; but the stars shone brightly in those northern skies when Agnes and Merbel rested in Slumberland together.

[*To be continued.*]

TOLEDO'S FOUR HUNDRED.

BY C. W. DAILEY.

(*Continued.*)

A NUMBER of the boys were concerned in some robberies and burglaries. Some of them were boys that were in our charge on parole, and in spite of our efforts to help them were determined to do wrong. There was but one thing to do, for their own good if for nothing else: they had to be placed under restraint, as they would not restrain themselves. So seven of them were sent to the Reform Farm. We opposed this as long as we consistently could and gave them every chance to do better; but when they would not improve and only used the Union as a cloak by which to demoralize better boys we had to let them go. There has been no disturbance in the Union since they left, which is good evidence that no mistake was made in sending them away.

Another boy was found on the street one evening who did not dare to go home because he had lost his job. We took care of him until we could get into communication with his parents, and at last got him back at work at his old place. There was never more uncomplaining suffering than among these children. Another boy was found with a great boil on his face. Following up his case we found the address he gave as his residence was a cheap store and his interest in it consisted in sleeping in a drygoods box in the back yard. He said he ate at another address, and this proved to be a low saloon and free-lunch where the barkeeper told us he *sometimes* gave him what was left for cleaning up. No wonder he had boils! His clothes were so bad he wasn't fit to be seen out of doors. We got him a new suit of clothes, a place that was decent to board cheap, and a steady position to work.

We can often find boys that the police cannot locate, and out of those that are caught, can discover which are guilty when no one else can. This has been the case several times. One day a crew of the boys ran away to Cleveland with their blacking kits because they were told there were a great many soldiers there and they could make "all kinds of money" shining their shoes. The police in two cities were looking in vain for them, but as fast as they strayed back here they were brought to us by their comrades, and we stood between them and the parents to whom several of them were afraid to go home.

One morning, early, a gang of the bad ones stole several bundles of the morning papers. Neither the newspaper men nor the police could tell just who the guilty ones were, nor locate them all. In fact, the police had part of them and let them go again. The ones who took the bundles were not the real bad ones. They stood back and pulled the wires, and then divided the plunder. When they found the police were hunting them they took a vacation and went to Sandusky on the trucks of a freight train. Two days later they came back and were in the police station within two hours. They never knew we landed them there. In fact, the police did not know why the boys were brought in, as the officer who brought them said we had ordered them in for "safe keeping." The two who were ringleaders in the trouble went to the Reform Farm and the others are behaving themselves.

Another of the boys sent us word at one o'clock Sunday morning that he had been arrested for fighting but could clear himself, and asked to be released so he could attend to his shining stand and not lose all day Sunday. We secured his release, and at his trial on Monday morning he was discharged, as he proved he had been assaulted and had defended himself effectively, although he had but one arm. On this same Monday morning there were nine of our boys in the station. At this time we found where many of the boys put most of their earnings, and that is into the pockets of a few older ones who run crap shooting and card games. One boy said he could save three or four dollars per week if it wasn't for these games. We took a hand in breaking them up and would not ask for the release of any one of the boys, except on his promise to report to us regularly and stop gambling. Of these nine boys, two were discharged, six were placed in our charge, and one was sent to the Reform Farm. Of the six boys, we had to send one to the Farm, not so much because he was vicious as because he was killing himself smoking cigarettes. This commitment we secured through the probate court instead of the police court, because a boy is rated better who does not come on a criminal commitment. This was a case where the boy's family was much to blame in his going wrong. It was a most difficult case to get to the bottom of and we had to have help of the same nationality and religion as the family in question. We finally found just the right party and learned where the fault lay. Then we knew just how to act. These various cases are given to show what differing lines of action we have to follow. We frequently get to the real inner life of the family and see the skeleton in the closet. Often we are protecting the boys from injustice but sometimes we have to help protect society from the little rascals that are as keen as they are wicked, but it takes great patience to get to the bottom of the facts and not do injustice. Through our working with the police, we have secured their perfect confidence for they know they can depend on our aiding them to get the real culprits, and so they help us in every way they can. We have been asked by the chief of police and by the chief detective several times to help out in cases of young girls who have been brought in to the station, and we have done so. Mrs. F., our Pres., disposed of two cases in one week of these girls, and another morning, when at the station to see about one of our boys, she dressed the arm of a woman brought in very badly scalded as the result of a fight. The police officials would be glad if we would take up this work among the girls as we have among the boys, and have asked us to do so. There is no end of opportunities for work here, and we hope soon to be able to start the girls' work.

One day one of our boys was very roughly arrested by a newspaper man for taking a paper that had been delivered at a house. Our boy told us he did not do it but bought it from another boy. His case was continued and subpœna issued for the other boy. We looked up the other boy and he said our boy *did* take it, and on the day following he went into court and so testified, but by that time we had found another boy who told the court that the second boy told him he took it himself and sold it to our boy, who was thereby cleared. The great necessity in all these cases is to be sure we are at the bottom of them.

[*To be concluded.*]

UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD ORGANIZATION.

CENTRAL OFFICE,

144 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK.

THE BROTHERHOOD OF HUMANITY.

AN open-air meeting was held on Sunday afternoon on the Southport shore under the auspices of the Universal Brotherhood Organization. There was a good assembly in spite of the strong westerly wind and threatening rain. Mr. Crooke, lately of New York, presided, and explained the objects of the organization, which, he said, was established by Katherine A. Tingley "for the benefit of the people of the earth and all creatures." Its principal purpose is to teach brotherhood, demonstrate that it is a fact in nature, and make it a living power in the life of humanity. Its subsidiary purpose is to study ancient and modern religion, science, philosophy, and art; to investigate the laws of nature and the divine powers in man. Katherine A. Tingley is the leader and official head, and is aided in her duties by a cabinet of twelve members chosen by herself. The central office is at 144 Madison Avenue, New York City, and that for Europe is at 3 Vernon Place, London, W. C. There is a literary department and also a department for practical humanitarian work called the "International Brotherhood League," with the following eminent objects:—"To help men and women to realize the nobility of their calling and their true position in life. 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. To ameliorate the condition of unfortunate women and assist them to a higher life. To assist those who are or have been, in prisons to establish themselves in honorable positions in life. To endeavor to abolish capital punishment. To bring about a better understanding between so-called savage and civilized races, by promoting a closer and more sympathetic relationship between them. 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." The League had done much active work in the United States, establishing homes for slum children, visiting penitentiaries and prisons; it has relieved human suffering in many of its most direful forms, such as the Indian famine, the victims of which last year received our Leader's special attention. Mr. Cropper, of Liverpool, afterwards addressed the meeting on "The Brotherhood of Humanity," stating that although brothers in fact, as could be proven by careful inquiry such as was made in their lodge meetings, men did not know their true relationship, and hence they had warfare, and tyranny, and social distinctions founded upon the most utter selfishness. Mr. S. Rigby, of Preston, followed with a few remarks, and said that often the meanest and most abject of our fellow creatures even in their misery were able to demonstrate this relationship, as was instanced by Thomas Carlyle when he referred to a miserable beggar woman who, rejected and despised, had died of fever but not before communicating the disease to others in her neighborhood, until 27 persons also died of the same complaint. The Chairman concluded the proceedings by urging upon those present the importance of studying the problem of life, recognizing that there is justice in the world, notwithstanding appearances to the contrary, and that man in many lives builds up his character and attains to wisdom. He invited all who were interested to communicate with the local secretary at 34 Park Avenue. —Southport (Eng.) *Journal.*

A LETTER TO THE FRIENDS IN COUNSEL.

DEAR COMRADES:

My mind has dwelt upon the "Friends in Counsel" for some time this evening. I have been thinking of the change of events—a constantly moving panorama passing before us consisting of souls, human souls, each seeking a destiny; many, many knowing not where to find it. It seems to me I can see the impress of the new cycle and can feel the weight or burden lifting, lifting little by little off the hosts of souls, that amidst all the rough and tumble, suffering and pain, I can sense an inward joy out of the change about to be ushered in by the new cycle. I believe that the great human heart has been touched, and is being brought into tune by the great Master-soul. Witness how the great heart of America has responded to the cry of distress and pain, as soul after soul, plunging into the great ocean that wipes out physical pain, beckoned us to come over and save their people—and we went.

My inward vision sees the dawn of a new age which is to be a glorious one for humanity. It will be a golden age for those who can enter it. It is the impact of this golden age that has stirred the heartstrings of all humanity—and it seems to me that this impact brings up all latent characteristics of every soul—begetting a great unrest. Some it sends into the wilds of the far north to seek for gold in the frozen bowels of mother earth; some to war, "wielding their swords for defenseless widows and orphans," and distressed humanity; some turn their gaze inwardly and endeavor to unfold their diviner nature; while multitudes, as in the past, seek rest and pleasure. While the roads seem different, yet in fact, under the impulse of the new cycle, they all lead to the same centre, Universal Brotherhood.

Brothers, Sisters, Comrades! let us arise; let us enter the new golden age at its dawn, while the light is still pale in the east, for soon we will see—aye, those from the height already see—streaks of rosy and golden light ushering in the new day. Let us, Comrades! keep our eye constantly on our guide, who is well up on the height, and can see the Light.

"Now I know humanity will be saved."

J. H. S.

The Hope of the Human Race.

"It does not lie in the 'Progress of the Intellect,' or in the conquest of fresh powers over the realms of nature; not in the improvement of laws, or the more harmonious adjustment of the relations of classes and states; not in the glories of Art, or the triumphs of Science. All these things may, and doubtless will, adorn the better and happier ages of the future. But that which will truly constitute the blessedness of man will be the gradual dying out or his tiger passions, his cruelty and his selfishness, and the growth within him of the godlike faculty of love and self-sacrifice. FRANCES POWER COBBE.

"The beast makes no demands upon you. His affection and loyalty are complete, he has no sinister motives, he holds nothing back. The proud, strong horse that carries me over the miles and responds with his entire nature to my slightest wish, rests me as no man who argues ever can. My dog whines piteously if left behind, and only asks to go that he may be near me; he runs ahead and then barks for an encouraging word, and, getting it, leaps and quivers in pure joy; and I lift up my heart in gratitude for the privilege of life and health and conscious oneness with the life that is universal. —The Boston *Globe.*

The Song of Universal Brotherhood is a little poem, profusely and beautifully illustrated and gotten up, to which we wish every success. Its authoress, Nellie E. Dashiell, is fully alive with the new spirit of Universal Brotherhood abroad among men, and as the poem is well adapted for music, we expect that it will have the success it deserves. Its price is 30 cents and it may be obtained from

THE THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING CO.,
144 Madison Avenue, New York.

Universal Brotherhood Seals, for the use of U. B. Lodges, sent, postage prepaid, on receipt of $1.00. Address, MANAGER, NEW CENTURY CORP.

HAVE YOU AN U. B. BADGE?

Arrangements have been made for supplying the new U. B. Badge to Lodges and members at the following prices:
All Gold @ $5 00, all silver @ $2.50.
Where members have T. S. Badges they may be sent in and applied to the Seven Pointed Star and Hands in Gold at $3.50 each, or in Silver at $1.50.
For the present all orders and correspondence may be sent to

W. A. STEVENS,
95 WEST GENESEE ST., BUFFALO, N.Y.

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. 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. 1, AUSTRALIA.
16 Carrington St., Wyn. Square, Sydney, N. S. W., Aust.
Lectures: Sundays, 3 P. M. at I. O. O. F. Temple, Elizabeth St.

LOTUS SONG BOOK.

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

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.

THE WAR RELIEF CORPS.

To attempt to give an adequate description of the work of this particular department of the I. B. L., which is only one department of many, would require more ability than I possess and more space than you can give. Imagine thousands of soldiers in one camp, with the thousand needs necessarily incidental to the conclusion of a war which has been waged without the real experience which European nations would have brought to bear. Add to that the intolerable heat of August and then imagine typhoid and malaria rampant in the ranks already weakened by exposure, starvation and fighting. If the I. B. L. ever had a worthy work to do, it was here in the Camp at Montauk, when this particular work was started a few days ago, there were virtually no funds and virtually no stores. But there was a Leader and there were workers who knew that obedience and success were necessarily knit together—Cause and Effect. At the moment of writing, the I. B. L. has already planted a camp of hope within the camp of despair. Tents have been erected and the I. B. L. flag is waving from them. I. B. L. doctors are in these tents and I. B. L. attendants are ready to hand out to every suffering soldier just that which he physically needs the most, whether it be medicine to check the disease or nourishing and special food to prevent the disease or to repair its ravages. Only those who have seen the camp can understand what this means. Only those who have seen the hundreds of men so exhausted that the gangway walk from ship to shore becomes a toilsome and a painful journey, can appreciate what the I. B. L. must mean at Montauk and how the memory of its services must be carried to every quarter of the continent and live greenly in the hearts of those men for ever.

It has been my peculiar privilege to witness the despatch of the I. B. L. contingent to Montauk. I have seen the cases of supplies from the Lodges unpacked at the rooms in Madison Avenue. I saw garments which seemed to have been snatched haphazard by quickly compassionate hands from treasured household stores. I saw the work of little children, and to each garment was pinned a written message of hope and sympathy from the young hearts that were yet so wise and old in pity. And I wondered where lay the balance of the benefit—with those who gave or with those who received, and I felt full sure that Madison Avenue and Montauk Camp were connected by a stronger line than a railway and were not quite so far apart as a five dollar fare would have us believe.

Fraternally,
SIDNEY G. P. CORYN,
An English Crusader.

BROTHERHOOD HOSPITAL—WAR RELIEF WORK AT MONTAUK POINT.

I. B. L. CAMP GROUND, MONTAUK, L. I.,
AUG. 28, 1898.

No language can fitly describe the pictures seen in this great camp of sixteen thousand soldiers. When one reaches the railroad station the first sight which catches the eye is the crowd of soldiers, regulars and volunteers, clustered about the wooden buildings; then the congestion of supplies intended for the commissary department; men hurrying here and there vainly endeavoring to extricate from the general melée some stores specially needed. Some idea of the delay in having goods transported may be gathered from the fact that it took nearly a week for some supplies sent from New York to reach the I. B. L. headquarters here, although the distance is but 5 hours' ride from New York City.

It is a busy place. All day long and far into the night the trains of army wagons go by, transports laden with the sick and wounded arrive, and line after line of soldiers, half fainting and in the different stages of exhaustion, pass the door. Poor fellows! they are so eager to keep up with their company that they trudge along in the dust and heat, never complaining, but halting frequently, until at length many fall prostrate by the roadside.

Our camp is situated near the main road and where it is accessible to all who need help. When the transports come in they are greeted by long lines of ambulances, and a common sight is that of the ambulance train slowly winding along the road on its way to the hospital.

They all pass our tents, and so far, two of the workers have been kept busy supplying glasses of lemonade and beef tea to the convalescent, and offering rest for awhile to the boys too weary to walk any farther. Two men to whom we gave refreshment to-day expressed a childish delight at the sight of bread and butter. "Why, that's something we haven't seen since we went to Cuba! We did once have a cup of beef tea while on the transport, but we only got it by stratagem." One of these men weighed one hundred and eighty-five pounds when he left home; he now weighs one hundred and fifteen. Fever and privation have done their work in his case, as they have in thousands of others—only he still lives, while the hundreds of others, not slain in war, lie dead in unknown graves.

To hundreds of such boys—not to speak of our hospital work—the I. B. L. tents have proved a blessed resting place. We watch as the troops go by and when, as often happens, a man falls down from exhaustion, Dr. Coryn, Mr. Lundberg, or Mr. Harding, with other workers, rush down and carry him to the tent where the necessary treatment is given him. Some have gone so far in suffering that they can retain no food and present a pitiful picture of shocking emaciation and weakness. All that can be done to help them is done by our people, and in a number of cases, the nursing given, and the sympathy, have coaxed back into strength the spark of life nearly extinct.

Men who have lived for weeks or months without a change of underclothing, worn with sickness—what must it mean to them to be given the loving care they would otherwise find but in their own home? Taken in and bathed and rubbed, fresh underclothing put on them, a quiet bed given and such delicacies and medicines administered as are suited to their weakened condition—all these are the means used to win back to life men who in their suffering seemed to have lost all interest in life.

Many sad pictures might be recorded and probably will be in future issues of this paper.

No sadder sight can be seen than the frequent one of an army wagon driving past with a gaunt and haggard shadow of a man lying back in the arms of some faithful wife or sister, who has come to take him home on furlough. Those gaunt faces haunt one everywhere. Think of our brave boys who at Santiago found themselves without food for three days. "Pitiful! pitiful!" as our Leader says. Ah! whose fault was it? Whose fault is it that neglect has killed hundreds where actual war caused the death of so few? No facilities for cooking, forced to exist in the hot climate of Cuba with only fat bacon and poor hardtack for food, with filthy water as their drink!

Marching over sandy hills covered with cacti; marching again under blazing sun; then sleeping on the ground with the rain falling, and no shelter. One man told us to-day of a comrade who lay on the open ground with the sun burning him, when he was in a fever registering 105, and said there were many in the same plight.

Ah, what a work is this that is being done at our camp! How the heart exults at the great privilege of being here with our boys, permitted to help them. We are full of hope and courage, conscious of the great force directing the work, inspired by the presence of our Leader,—a true leader indeed, not only directing the work in the smallest as well as the greatest details, but sharing the heat of the day, working the hardest of all, and setting the example, as she says, of "living as near hardtack as possible," not eating even the smallest portion of the precious delicacies intended for our boys.

We glory in the privations, glad to share in the roughing it of camp life, sometimes too busy to eat or able to snatch but a mouthful, we begin to understand a little of what the boys have gone through. Now, as far as can be, all is changed for them and we have made our tent a home. Coming over on transports formerly used for cattle, what must it be to men who have not had a bath since they left Cuba, to come into such an atmosphere as this? We have no red-tape as yet, but only loving sympathetic hearts and untiring attention.

At the beginning we worked under the greatest disadvantages, with many obstacles, all of which, however, our Leader overcame.

Transportation is so poor that it has been with the greatest difficulty that we could get down necessaries—even sufficient canvas as protection against the rain. One stormy night the rain came through the tent and it was with the utmost difficulty that we kept it from our invalids, let alone caring for ourselves, standing half the night holding up the canvas. And while this was being done, one poor fellow, as far as we could see by the dim light of a candle, appeared to be dying. This poor fellow we picked up just outside our tent the first day we arrived. He had

been given a furlough and had collapsed on the road on his three mile walk to the depot in the hot sun. He was reported as missing at Santiago and afterwards found in a ditch. Since he came under our care, good nursing and nourishing food brought back his strength that he determined he was well enough to start for home and we were obliged to let him go. His constant talk in delirium and in his sleep was: "I must get home, I must get home and see my dear Mother."

Another one we have cared for is O. Gardner, of the 12th Infantry. He collapsed just in front of the I. B. L. tent, falling on his face in great agony. He was one of the heroes who had helped to take the block house at El Caney. Mrs. Mayer ran out to help him but was unable to bring him into the tent, so his own comrades carried him in. He was taken in hand just in time and is now considered by the Doctor out of danger.

We have a number of the regiment called McKinley's own from Canton, Ohio, the 8th Vols. They were brought in, stragglers from the march, picked up by the roadside with the exception of two who were afterwards brought in from over the hills on stretchers. Others, who were prostrated while on their way to get home on furlough, stopped to recuperate at our tents, get refreshments and under-clothing to serve them on the way home. Many workers have been kept busy giving help to soldiers on the road. For five days our Leader and Mrs. Mayer had in all not more than six hours' sleep, working night and day. In fact, the first few nights the workers did not sleep at all. All have had their special work to do; Burcham Harding looking after the supplies, transportation, putting up tents, etc.; Kurt Lundberg is invaluable, always ready to help the sick or attend to any work that may be on hand; Dr. Herbert Coryn, who came at our Leader's call, has already found the place which needed him. It seems as though he had always been with us, always so cheerful and making the best of the situation; Miss Lloyd and Miss Morris have since joined us and are rendering splendid service in nursing the sick. The chief of the kitchen is William McCormack. All cooking at first had to be done on tin plates, but now other utensils are available. McCormack came into our work through the East 14th St. Mission. Help was once given him and now he is in turn helping the work, and is indefatigable.

It is indeed a reward to see the gratitude of the soldiers; they are all so patient and uncomplaining. At first we were short of pillows and one poor fellow would turn and say "Oh, take mine," and would even try to get up in bed to pull it off, to give to another.

It was indeed a sight to see Brother Patterson take off his coat to care for his soldier brothers. Mr. Pierce divides the time between his duties in the City and work here in camp, always cheering the boys and keeping up their spirits. Many of them have not been able to write home and were desirous to send word to anxious mothers, sisters and sweethearts, and many letters have been written for them and even telegrams sent. The boys who are not too ill to read are much interested in the NEW CENTURY, and read it with much pleasure.

One day one precious peach was left here by one passing by and it was divided in the hospital ward, though the cry of each of the boys was "don't give me a piece." In fact, every day we find how much true Brotherhood exists among these heroes in the ranks.

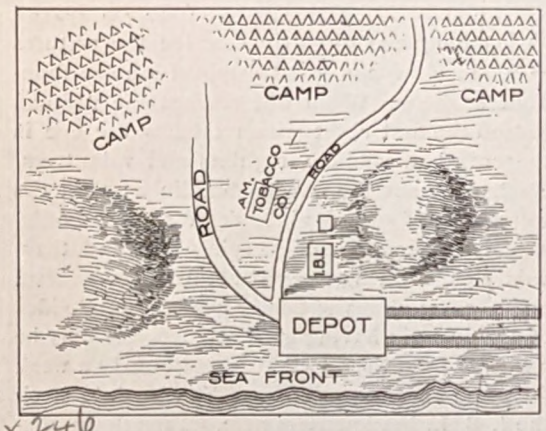
It was most interesting to see our Leader express her joy at finding that just what she needed had been sent by so many of our members and friends throughout the country, especially the blankets sent by Bro. H. P. Pettigrew, of Sioux Falls, S. D.

While all this work is going on at camp there is the greatest activity at the New York Headquarters, the getting ready of necessary articles and sending them off have kept all busy. Our ministering angel, Mrs. Kramer, has been indefatigable; Mrs. Cape, as ever, has been untiring in her efforts; J. H. Fussell has attended to the packing of cases and expressing them to the camp; Mrs. Deen Hunt has worked night and day—indeed, every one has been doing his and her share.

Every day brings more men to camp, either a train load from the South or a transport crowded with them. More help is needed, for each train or boat-load means so many exhausted and broken-down soldiers who need caring for.

Surely the horrors of war have been sufficiently demonstrated to the people of the earth. Surely there must be some other way to settle the differences between nation and nation than by bloodshed and the sacrifice of noble lives.

It is the work of the International Brotherhood League to bring about this better condition of things and to show that true Brotherhood can and must exist among all peoples. This is the ideal our Leader sets before us. How can we help her? for she must have our help. Each can assist in some way; each has ability and capability in some direction; let him then put these to



MAP SHOWING LOCATION OF I. B. L. WAR RELIEF CAMP.

use in the service of humanity. Oh that some of the men and women who have amassed or inherited vast stores of wealth would use them in this cause! Yet, if we do our part, our influence will reach them and awaken their hearts and their sympathy to aid us in our work.

To-day if we had more tents, beds, blankets, and money for transportation we could probably save the lives of a thousand soldiers—our own soldier boys, sufferers not from actual war, but from neglect after the war. We have the workers, we have the force and energy; what we need is money and we need it at once.

* * *

AUGUST 31.

Since writing the above our Leader has been able to reach General Wheeler, and all her letters, for such assistance as she has asked for, that has been in his province to grant, have been promptly and courteously answered. Yesterday we received from the Commissary Department three large hospital tents, which are now being put up by Bros. W. A. Stevens of Buffalo, R. Crosbie of Boston, and B. Harding; and by night there will be in all six tents, the largest of which will accommodate thirty-two patients, as well as leave ample room for our hospital supplies and delicacies.

We have at present three dangerously sick; the others are on a fair way to recovery.

One sight which the writer saw was a soldier boy on the station platform late at night with four or five comrades, not knowing where to go to sleep. We found that the others could stay in the station, but this boy was too ill to be left. He had been ill for over six weeks, but just able to drag himself along. Two of us helped him to the tent, where he utterly collapsed and needs great care and attention, especially to prevent him from eating too much, as he had been starving so long. His name is William H. Pinkston, Troop M, 1st Cavalry; he is 19 years old, and comes from Hollow Rock, Tennessee.

The names of the Ohio boys whom we are caring for and who require constant attention day and night, are: Walter S. Cook, East Liverpool, O.; John E. Taylor, Steubenville, O.; Charles Craver, Akron, O.; Marion M. Murphy, Canton, O.; William Joseph, Akron, O.; Edwin S. Murphy, East Liverpool, O.; Corp. L. Sager, Canton, O.; Preston C. Freed, Canton, O.; Joe Estten, Canton, O.; Dr. Guy Kosht, Canton, O. All of these belong to the 8th Ohio, called "McKinley's Own."

OBSERVER.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF GOODS RECEIVED BY THE WAR RELIEF CORPS.

Olympia, Wash.: Aug. 11th, 1 pkg. containing 12 nightshirts.

Detroit, Mich.: Aug. 22, 1 box of 19 useful articles.

Williamstown, Mass.: Aug. 23, 1 box from Dr. Abbie Hinckley, containing 279 articles, many of which consisted of medicinal supplies, the receipt of which was acknowledged in the last issue.

San Francisco, Cal.: Aug. 23, 1 large case containing 212 useful articles, the receipt of which was acknowledged in the last issue.

Macon, Ga.: W. T. Hanson, Bibb Mfg. Co.: Aug. 24, box, 12 doz. pair men's half hose.

Pittsburg, Pa.: Aug. 24, 1 case containing 193 articles.

Wilkinsburg, Pa.: Aug. 24, 1 box of 23 assorted articles.

Anonymous: Aug. 24, 1 pkg., 7 articles,

Mrs. S. W. Cape, 144 Madison Ave., N. Y. City: Aug. 24, 4 boxes Anker's bouillon capsules.

Sioux City, Iowa: Aug. 24, 5 bolts, about 200 yds., fine flannel from H. P. Pettigrew. Through the courtesy of the American Express Co., the box was franked through.

Washington, D. C.: Aug. 24, 1 box containing 69 articles.

Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis. Mo.: Aug. 24, 1 case containing 100 bottles of Listerine, accompanied by the following letter:

"WAR RELIEF COMMITTEE,
144 Madison Ave., N. Y. City.

"GENTLEMEN:—

"It gives us great pleasure to comply with your request as far as possible, and we are sending you one hundred small bottles of Listerine.

"Whilst this donation could be larger, we have been forced to cut it down, owing to the unusual demand made upon us from the Red Cross and other Societies, and the heavy war tax which we are paying ourselves.

"The Listerine is sent by express, prepaid, and we trust it will prove a benefit.

"Yours very truly,
"LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO.
(Signed) "O. B. LAMBERT."

These hundred bottles, sent with such a good-will, will do the good of one thousand.

Bridgeport, Conn.: Aug. 24, 1 box containing 90 articles.

Mount Vernon, N. Y.: Aug. 25, 1 lot of groceries consisting of 36 cans of soup, 12 cans of roast beef, 12 cans boned chicken, 12 jars jelly, 13 pkgs. rolled oats, from S. A. V., who sent them to the War Relief Corps to be shipped along with its goods so as to avoid the delays that had been encountered in shipping through other societies.

Denison, Texas: Aug. 25, 1 box of 142 useful articles.

Amesbury, Mass.: Aug. 25, 1 box containing 119 articles which were donated by eight individuals of Haverhill and Amesbury. They say: "We are very glad to be of service in this work, and send many loving thoughts to our Brothers and Sisters in Cuba and elsewhere. Respectfully, The Eight."

Mr. Weiner, 214 Willis Ave., N. Y. City: Aug. 25, 1 pkg. consisting of 10 medicinal articles.

B. C. Kraft, 234 Alexander Ave., N. Y. City: Aug. 25, 1 pkg. containing 7 medicinal articles.

Clinton. Iowa: Aug. 25, 1 case containing 70 articles.

Clifton Springs, N. Y.: Aug. 25, 1 box of 16 articles from Mrs. C. F. Aber, Miss A. T. Simmons and Miss B. Collins.

Boston, Mass.: Aug. 26, 1 case containing 168 articles, comprising donations from Boston, Somerville, Cambridge, Malden, and Roxbury members. A second box is to follow later.

Anker Mfg. Co., 255 Greenwich St., N. Y. City: Aug. 26, 1 pkg. Bouillon capsules. More to follow later, when a new supply arrives.

Providence, R. I.: Aug. 26, 1 cot-bed and 6 boxes containing 420 large articles and many smaller ones, the nature of which does not admit of enumerating. Additional articles were ready when the above were shipped, and others have been promised, all of which are expected daily.

T. A. Slocum Co., 98 Pine St., N. Y. City: Aug. 26, 6 cases of Ozomulsion, obtained through their agent, C. Frank Richardson, 206, 211 Temple Court, City.

Wakefield, R. I.: Aug. 27, 1 box containing 22 useful articles donated by Mrs. Frank Terry, and Miss Kate Scholfield and family.

Mariani & Co., 52 West 15th St., N. Y. City: Aug. 27, 1 case of 2 doz. bottles "Vin Mariani," as "a donation for the sick and wounded soldiers."

Anonymous: Aug. 29, 18 lbs ground coffee sent through the H.P.B. Branch.

Mrs. Dockstetter, 281 West 118th St., N. Y. City: Aug. 29, 1 pkg., 4 useful articles.

[*To be continued.*]