

The New Century

TO PROMULGATE THE BROADEST TEACHINGS OF UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD

"TRUTH, LIGHT AND LIBERATION FOR DISCOURAGED HUMANITY."

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GREECE.

"Yet are thy skies as blue, thy crags as wild;
Sweet are thy groves, and verdant are thy fields,
Thine olive ripe as when Minerva smiled,
And still thy honied wealth Hymettus yields;
There the blithe bee his fragrant fortress builds,
The free-born wanderer of thy mountain air;
Apollo still thy long, long summer gilds,
Still in his beam Mendeli's marbles glare;
Art, Glory, Freedom fail, but Nature still is fair.

"Where'er we tread 'tis haunted, holy ground;
No earth of thine is lost in vulgar mould,
But one vast realm of wonder spreads around,
And all the Muse's tales seem truly told,
Till the senses ache with gazing to behold
The scenes our earliest dreams have dwelt upon;
Each hill and dale, each deepening glen and wold,
Defies the power which crushed thy temples gone:
Age shakes Athena's power, but spares gray Marathon."

—Childe Harold, canto ii.

Who can help loving Greece? Who does not owe something to her? What art and sculpture have excelled hers, what braver deeds were ever wrought than by her sons, what literature or philosophy of modern days that does not greet hers with reverence and gratitude? Homer, Solon, Pythagoras, Socrates, Plato, Sappho, Æschylus, we greet all. And the great heroes Perseus, Theseus, Hercules, Ulysses, sons of the gods, who have inspired our boyhood days with valorous and noble aims, we greet them too. Surely

there has been an omission from the education of one who has not been thrilled with the tales of the Greek heroes.

But, you may say, all that is true of ancient Greece; it is far different to-day, poor Greece, vanquished, impoverished, her finances controlled by others. Even so, but if you knew Greece to-day, though you might still pity her, you would also love her. For her sons, citizen and peasant alike, have strong hearts and her day of deliverance is not far distant. Is it not written in the stars—perhaps, yes—that Greece's former glory shall return? Even now the dawn of the new age approacheth, a light from the West shines forth upon her and upon her two older sisters, India and Egypt—a mighty triad—and a voice calls them to awake and bring forth once more their long hidden treasures of secret wisdom. Have we not already had the promise, and the beginning of the fulfilment of that promise, that the ancient mysteries should be restored to humanity? And with their restoration will come again



X89 A CITIZEN OF PATRAS, GREECE.

the awaking of those old lands, the ancient and sacred homes of the Mysteries.

The charm of Grecian scenery cannot be described, it can be realized only in Greece itself. Athens is almost like an American city in its spirit and activity, and were it not for the classic beauty of its architecture and the picturesque dress of the Greek one could almost fancy himself back in America.

At Eleusis, more than at any other place in this old land, that one can come into touch with the inner sacred life of ancient Greece, and it is there that one can almost feel the awakening throb of a new life which shall again lift up her people, restore her ancient Mysteries.

"The night is far spent, the day is at hand!"

"There is not any spirit, or matter, or creature—that is not capable of a unity of some kind with other creatures; and in that unity is its perfectness,—and theirs. So the unity of spirits is partly in their giving and taking, but always in their love. And so the unity of earthly creatures, is their power and peace, not the cold, sad peace of solitary mountains, but the living peace of trust,—and the living power of support, of hands that hold each other and are still."

PROGRESS.

"Let our unceasing, earnest prayer
Be, too, for light,—for strength to bear
Our portion of the weight of care,
That crushes into dumb despair
One-half the human race."

"Flowers are God's undertones of encouragement to the children of earth."

"The mightiest rivers are cradled in the leaves of the pine trees."—Confucius.

FOLLOWERS OF SOCRATES.

BY C. THURSTON.

"Hear me my brothers. There are three truths which are absolute, and which cannot be lost, but yet may remain silent for lack of speech.

"The soul of man is immortal, and its future is the future of a thing whose growth and splendor has no limit.

"The principle which gives life dwells in us, and without us, is undying and eternally beneficent, is not heard or seen, or smelt, but is perceived by the man who desires perception.

"Each man is his own absolute lawgiver, the dispenser of glory or gloom to himself; the decreer of his life, his reward, his punishment.

"These truths, which are as great as life itself, are as simple as the simplest mind of man. Feed the hungry with them."

—Idyll of the White Lotus.

Will this man again walk and teach, a man among men, on this earth? His friend and pupil, Astronicus, familiarly known to us as Plato, describes his daily life and habits as that of a most natural and companionable person; a well versed participant in the conventionalities of the business, political, and social life of that time; a frequenter of the market-place, the clubs, the gymnasium, and all places in which the men of the town congregated, and in all their pursuits he excelled.

These pursuits formed the surface life of the time and the man as similar pursuits do to this day. But there was an undercurrent in this man's life, and this current still flows on into and amidst the surface life of the men of to-day as it did then. And as then, so to-day, it is to be found only among the "Straight eyed"—the frank and sincere—men of affairs, the workers and doers of life's labors; just as Astronicus found and recorded it of Socrates who lived in the open, among men. Amid the rush and tumult of the city life he met his fellows without prejudice, with a toleration so broad that it compelled the hospitality of their inmost confidences; and thus he secured "the attentive ear," "the receptive mind" and "the faithful breast" that has kept in touch with the speech of men these eternal verities of life truths that can never be lost, "but yet may remain silent for lack of speech." Men there are who still follow this secret way of Socrates, secret only because it is so simple as not to be suspected.

In our great cities amid the towering modern buildings, men daily go in and out to office, mill, bank, exchange and club, following their daily avocations while all the while they are weav-

ing into the lives of nearly every person they address, or even meet, either a touch or a strong force from the undercurrent of their personal experience of the actuality of the great laws which they obey, and that those who know not oppose to their ultimate confusion and misery. Such men, and they are now many, are the friends and companions of Socrates now as they were then; they again teach in the marketplace, for the thin air of exclusiveness of whatever type cannot contain or restrain them. They are men who have learned that "Life itself has speech, and is never silent; and its utterance is not as you that are deaf may suppose, a cry; it is a song." They have "Learned to look intelligently into the hearts of men." They are the only real students and teachers of men, for they do not shrink from contacting every phase of human life. They are learned in the worldly wisdom Socrates gave to Phædo, to whom he said:

"Let us take care that we avoid a danger. The danger of becoming misologists, which is one of the worst things that can happen to us. For as there are misanthropists, or haters of men, there are also misologists, or haters of ideas, and both spring from the same source, which is ignorance of the world. Misanthropy springs out of the too great confidence of inexperience:—you trust a man and think him altogether true and sound and faithful, and then in a little while he turns out to be false and knavish; and then another and another, and when this has happened several times to a man, especially within the circle of his own most trusted friends, as he would deem them, and he has often quarrelled with them, he at last hates all men, and believes that no one has any good in him at all. I dare say that you must have observed this. And is not the feeling discreditable? Such an one having to deal with other men, had clearly no experience of them; for experience would have taught him the true state of the case, that few are the good and few the evil, and that the great majority are in the interval between them. If there were a competition in evil, the worst would be found to be very few."

Who that has this wide outlook on human frailty can possibly despair or encounter discouragement on the failure of his fellow-men to sustain in action their well-phrased expressions of devotion to lofty ideals. For such an illuminated one sees clearly that their failure is due to inexperience and ignorance of the law that they do but obstruct in its beneficent course.

Knowing this from having ordered his life in obedience to the law he cheerfully and courageously hails every wayfarer that will listen and offers him of the light in his own heart and mind to illuminate the darkness of his way.

He reminds them, to such as they belong the power and the glory to mould the present time, condition and place to the parentage of a happier future. "The Present is the Child of the Past; the Future, the begotten of the Present."

A DOG'S GRATITUDE.

BY HENRIETTA LATHAM DWIGHT.

In the Christian Scriptures we read how the Master told his disciples "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." The instances are indeed



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A GREEK TYPE.

rare where man has made that sacrifice. There has come down the ages to us, the story of the friendship that united Damon and Pythias, the pythagorean philosophers, and which so moved the heart of the tyrant Denys that he gave Pythias his life and liberated him. If it had not been for their unselfish devotion, their names would long since have been forgotten. But poet and artist have immortalized them, and wherever the tale is told, their fidelity to each other never fails to stir and quicken the pulses of the heart.

It is not uncommon for dogs to risk their lives not only for those they love, but for strangers. The noble animal will come up out of the water after rescuing a human being, shake his shaggy coat, and wagging his tail disappear as if he had done nothing to merit kindness from men. How are the creatures who possess the nobility and greatness of character which man alas, too often lacks, rewarded? We have only to read the heart-rending accounts of the brutal and brutalizing vivisections carried on in hospitals, schools and laboratories in our own land to have our question answered. Madame De Stael said: "The more I know of men the more I like dogs," and I doubt if she had ever heard of vivisection; how much more reason there would be for such a sentiment to be voiced to-day, only I should say *some* men. But I

want to tell your readers a true story of a dog's gratitude. In our wanderings during the summer, we met a young man who told us the following incident of his boyhood. In the far South-west he lived on a cotton plantation; one of his greatest pleasures was to watch the cotton presses at work.

One day on entering the building, the machinery was still, but he was at once attracted to a beautiful red setter with soft brown eyes crouching in a corner of the room. As the boy approached the dog snapped and snarled at him, showing his teeth forbiddingly. The cause of his unfriendliness was soon apparent, there was a gaping gun-shot wound in his side. It did not take the child long to get a basin of water, and a soft sponge; the poor animal seemed to realize that here was a friend, and he came out from his retreat whining piteously but perfectly docile. He quietly stood while the wound was washed and bandaged, and expressed his appreciation of the loving service in true dog fashion; before the work was finished that boy had won his

love and friendship for life. He was soon restored to perfect health and his devotion to his new master was unbounded, he was as constant in his attendance upon him as Mary's historic little lamb, and every night he slept by his bedside guarding his master as only a dog can. Years passed on, and one night the boy, now almost a man, felt something tugging at the bed clothes, he sleepily called out to know what was the matter, there was no response, and upon opening his eyes he saw a glare of light, and instantly realized that the house was on fire. He saw there was no time to lose, springing out of bed he aroused his sister sleeping in the next room, they made their way through blinding smoke to a window and thus out of the burning building. They sought refuge from the night air in an adjacent house, and in the excitement of the moment the dog was forgotten. When morning came he was not to be found, but it was remembered that during the progress of the fire the animal had been seen rushing wildly about among the crowd of by-standers, sniffing at each one, then turning away, and eagerly continuing his search, becoming more and more excited as he failed to find the object he was seeking. Finally he rushed into the burning house and was no more seen. In the ruins were found his charred remains: he had laid down his life for his friend.

EMERSON AND REINCARNATION.

BY WILLIAM SCOTT.

Emerson, in his essay on immortality, says: "We cannot prove our faith by syllogisms, the argument refuses to form in the mind. A conclusion, an inference, a grand augury is ever hovering; but to attempt to ground it and the reasons are all vanishing and inadequate. You cannot make a written theory or demonstration of this as you can an orrery of the Copernican astronomy. It must be sacredly treated."

"Not by literature or theology, but only by rare integrity, by man permeated and perfumed with airs of heaven—with manliest or womanliest enduring love—can the vision be clear to a use the most sublime."

From this is plainly evident that he, as well as all other great poetical writers had a deeply rooted conviction, not in the sempiternal, but in the *eternal* existence of the soul, that is, he saw plainly the illogicality of the belief that soul begins its existence at birth and continues eternally thereafter—an eternity with one end, so to speak.

In his oration on the "Method of Nature" he leaves no doubt as to his views on this point. He says: "We cannot describe the natural history of the soul, but we know that is divine. I cannot tell you if these wonderful qualities which house to-day in this mortal frame, shall ever re-assemble in equal activity in a similar frame, or whether they have before had a natural history like that of this body you see before you; but this one thing I do know, that these qualities did not now begin to exist, cannot be sick with my sickness, nor buried in any grave; but that they circulate through the universe: before the world was they were;" again in the article "Prospects" in his *Miscellanies* under the title of "Nature," he says: "The foundations of man are not matter but spirit. But the element of spirit is eternity. To it, therefore, the longest series of events, the oldest chronologies, are young and recent. In the cycle of the Universal man, from whom the known individuals proceed, centuries are points, and all history is but the epoch of one degradation," and he appeals to the great souls of the past to support him in this intuitional conviction. In his essay on "Immortality," he says: "The human mind takes no account of geography, language, or legends, but in all utters the same instinct. 'Yama, the Lord of death, says to Nachiketas, the son of Gautama, O, Nachiketas * * * The Soul is not born; it does not die; it is not produced from any one. Nor was any produced from it. Unborn, eternal, it is not slain, though the body is slain; subtler than what is subtle, greater than what is great, sitting it goes far, sleeping it goes everywhere."

"Thinking the soul as unbodily among bodies, firm among fleeting things, the wise man casts off all grief." Having so profound a conviction of the immortality of the soul, he was bound to speculate upon its probable past and possible future; accordingly, in his es-

say on "Experience," he says: "Where do we find ourselves? In a series of which we do not know the extremes, and believe that they have none. We wake and find ourselves on a stair. There stairs below us which we seem to have ascended; there are stairs above us, many a one, which go upward and out of sight," and he appears to have a definite idea of the evolution of the soul when he says in "Compensation," "Everything in nature contains all the powers of nature. Everything in nature is made of one hidden stuff, as the naturalist sees one type under every metamorphosis, and regards a horse as a running man, a fish as a swimming man, a bird as a flying man, a tree as a rooted man. Each new form repeats not only the main character of the type, but part for part, all the details. * * * The soul strives to live and work through all things. It would be the only fact, All things shall be added to it—power, pleasure, knowledge, beauty"; and in the "Sphinx," poem, he calls the soul—

"Known fruit of the Unknown;
Dedalian plan;
Out sleeping a waking,
Out of waking a sleep;
Life death overtaking;
Deep underneath deep?"

In his essay on immortality he gives a reason why the "fable of the 'Wandering Jew' is agreeable to men." He says it is "because they want more time and land in which to execute their thoughts.

"But," says he, "a higher poetic use must be made of the legend.

"Take us as we are, with our expe-

rience, and transfer us to a new planet, and let us digest for its inhabitants what we could of the wisdom of this. After we have found our depth there and assimilated what we could of the new experience, transfer us to a new scene. In each transfer we shall have acquired, by seeing them at a distance a new mystery of the old thoughts, in which we were too much immersed. In short, all our intellectual action, not promises, but bestows a feeling of absolute existence."

In the poem "Threnody," on the death of his child, he takes the position that the boy's soul was too far advanced for the present age of the world; and that it left in scorn not to return till the earth's inhabitants had reached a riper stage and become more congenial to its nature.

"For flattering planets seemed to say
This child should ill of ages stay,
By wondrous tongue and guided pen,
Bring the flown muses back to men.
Perchance not he but nature ailed.
The world and not the infant failed.
It was not ripe yet to sustain
A genius of so fine a strain,
Who gazed upon the sun and moon
As if he came unto his own,
And, pregnant with his grander
thought,
Brought the old order into doubt.
His beauty once their beauty tried;
They could not feed him, and he died,
And wandered backward as in scorn,
To wait an aeon to be born."

His conception of the soul was sufficiently definite to enable him to conceive of it leaving the body temporarily and returning to it again. "This path,"

says he, in his essay on Swedenborg, "is difficult, secret, and beset with terror. The ancients called it *ecstasy* or absence—a getting out of their bodies to think. All religious history, he says, contains traces of the trance of saints—a beatitude, but without any sign of joy, earnest, solitary, even sad; "the Flight," Plotinus called it "of the alone to the alone." The closing of the eyes—whence our word mystic. The trances of Socrates, Plotinus, Porphyry, Behmen, Bunyan, Fox, Pascal, Guion, Swedenborg, will readily come to mind." When one is able to entertain the conception of the ego leaving the body, thus, and returning to it again, it is only a short step to conceive of it reclothing itself in a new form when the old one has worn out. It is therefore no surprise to find Emerson giving support to the philosophy of reincarnation, and regarding it as the best solution of the phenomena of the soul. In his address to the senior students in Divinity College, Cambridge, he said:

"Europe has always owed to oriental genius its divine impulses. What these holy bards said, all sane men found agreeable and true," and in the essay on Swedenborg, he says, "What one man is said to learn by experience, as man of extraordinary sagacity is said, without experience, to divine. * * * If one should ask the reason of this intuition, the solution would lead us into that property which Plato denoted as *Reminiscence*; and which is implied by the Bramins in the tenet of *Transmigration*.

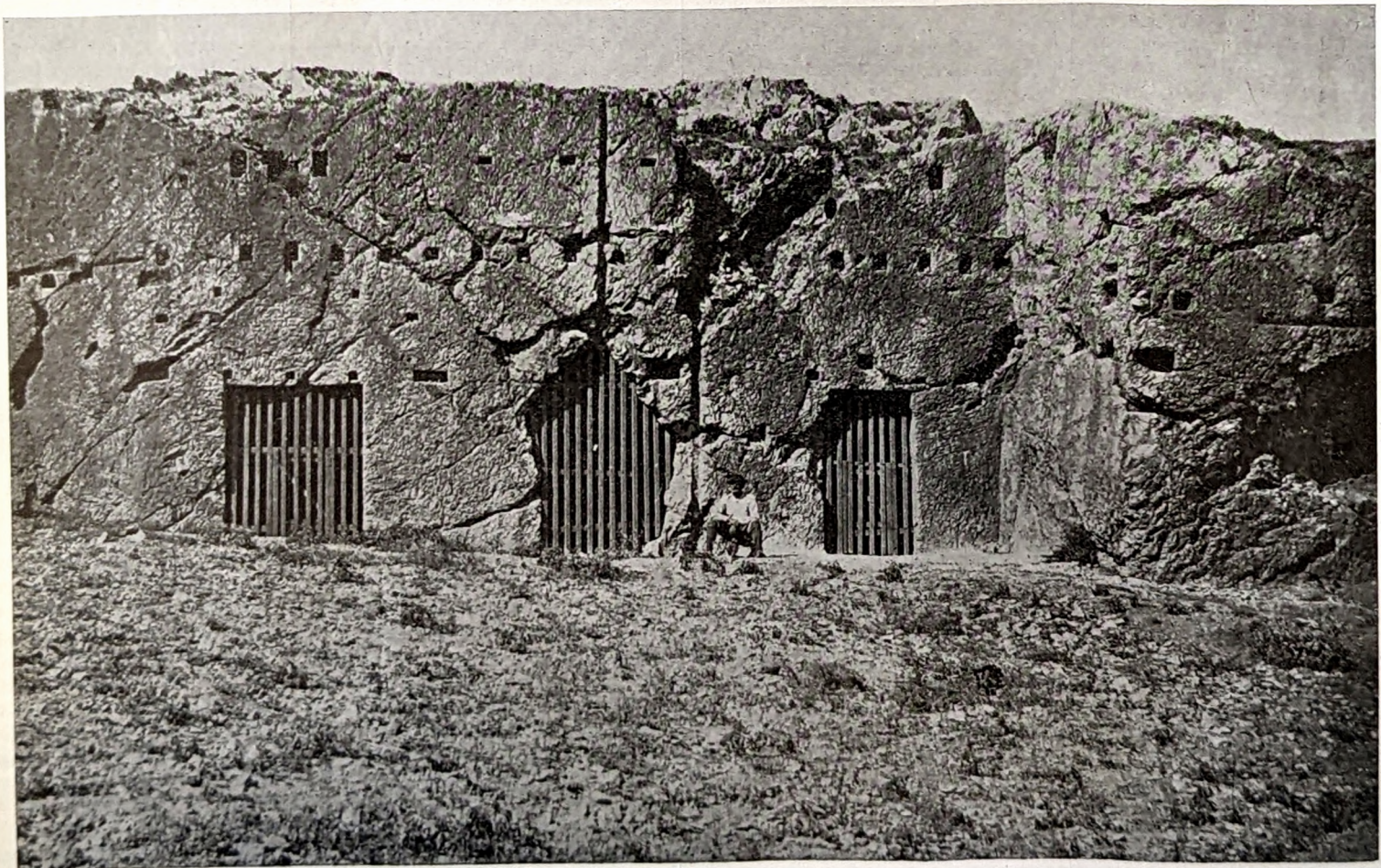
"The soul having been often born, or as the Hindoos say, 'Travelling the path of existence through thousands of

births,' having beheld the things which are here, those which are in heaven and those which are beneath, there is, nothing of which she has not gained the knowledge, no wonder that she is able to recollect in regard to any one thing, which formerly she knew. 'For all things in nature being linked and related, and the soul having heretofore known all, nothing hinders but that any man who has recalled to mind, or according to the common phrase, has learned one thing only, should of himself recover all his ancient knowledge, and find out again all the rest, if he have but courage, and faint not in the midst of his researches, for inquiry and learning is reminiscence all.' How much more, if he who inquires be a holy and god-like soul! For, by being assimilated to the original soul, by whom, and after whom, all things subsist, the soul of man does then easily flow into all things and all things flow into it: they mix, and he is present and sympathetic with their structure and law."

Never has the case been more clearly and pointedly stated. If one keeps in mind that this is Emerson's view of the soul he will readily understand his meaning when he addresses it in the "Sphinx," thus

"So take thy quest through nature,
It through thousand natures ply;
Ask on, thou clothed eternity.
Time is the false reply."

"Act always, so that the immediate motive of thy will may become a universal rule for all intelligent beings."—*Kant*.



THE PRISON OF SOCRATES.

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NOTICES.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The editor will endeavor to answer briefly inquiries on any subject directly related to the objects of the paper. All inquiries may not be answered, nor may answers be made in next issue after their receipt.

LETTERS of general interest on any of the subjects appearing in our columns will be inserted in our Correspondence Columns, at the discretion of the editor.

ALL communications must bear the writer's name and address, but not necessarily for publication.

ARTICLES in harmony with the aim of the paper are invited, but they should be accompanied by stamps in every case to defray return postage in case of rejection; otherwise they cannot be returned.

IMPORTANT.

Next week's issue will contain a report of the Theosophical Congress at the Nashville Exposition, with a group picture of the Theosophists who were present.

Theosophical Branches should order at once as large a number as possible for propaganda purposes. Copies for this purpose will be supplied at 3 cents each.

The Southern Branches recognizing the suitability of *The New Century* for distribution at public meetings of T. S. or I. B. L. have arranged for regular weekly supplies at the 3-cent rate. No doubt all T. S. Branches will see the wisdom of following the same course.

Reports of Children's Work, I. B. L. progress and Theosophical Activities will not be published every week, but as thought advisable.

MOTIVES IN RELATION TO EDUCATION.

BY SARAH ANNA COMAN.

What is your object? is the important question in any and all connections.

So few persons have a clear and intelligent understanding of the object which actuates them, but like "dumb driven cattle," they plod on, bearing the burdens of this heartless world.

Another class are hypocrites and slaves; they never face the truth if they can evade its searching light. Again, others are cowards and always inquire diligently, "What is the custom, and what will people say?"

Still others calculate carefully the financial situation, and into this class necessity drives many weak souls that otherwise would work for nobler objects; and they so often find themselves harnessed to those whose only object is self, those who are ready to trample upon the most sacred rites of humanity, if they can only minister to their own desires. But there must be, somewhere, a class, or, at least, the world must hold a few beings, that are actuated by a lofty and disinterested purpose.

From these souls comes the real advancement of the human race, and only such men and women are suited to be leaders, in educational matters, or, along any of the lines of progress.

The subject of education, in general, and in all its various branches, is the one, above all others, that can least afford the manipulation of charlatanism. Unless the object of the educator be of the highest character there can be no true teaching. I often wonder if the children of the civilized world were left wholly to nature, if their souls might not develop more harmoniously, and if, deep down in their inner selves, the divine spark of truth might not be better fed, by a savage life, than by a so-called, civilized and enlightened education.

Years ago it was my privilege to know a woman whose manners, at all times, and under all circumstances, were charming beyond expression. Her very presence, and the slightest word she uttered, would calm the most turbulent storm that ever swept my mind, and, even as I write, through the long weary past, I hear the soft echoes of her voice saying, "What will it matter by and by." This woman I studied from every point of view, and I found but one thing I could not understand; she had no personal ambitions, or ambition of any kind. She seemed young, she certainly was fair, and when the last night came, I could not, in that solemn hour even, forbear to study the beautiful casket that had so recently been her earth home, still striving to unravel the mystery of that calm indifference to the world.

Oh such a casket! I have never beheld its equal, it was pure parian marble mingled with pearls. Someone droned into my ears, "A life well spent." "But so short," said I. "You are deceived," replied my gossip, "she was very, very old." Ah! I thought,

my vigil is not in vain, at last, I have solved the mystery! You, dear soul, were not ambitious, because your blood was chilled with age. As the night drove on I stood alone beside the still form, and, during those long hours, I pondered how one so very, very old had always looked so young, been so agile, so gay and joyous, so free from selfishness, so intelligent and progressive. How could a woman, who never resorted to any artificial aids, and who was long passed her four score, retain at all times and under all circumstances, even in death, the appearance of only thirty years, and never betray, to the most eager student of her character, but one evidence of advanced age, and that lack of all worldly ambition? The midnight vigil was over at last, and the grey dawn crept stealthily through the draperies around her couch; softly I left her there, among the bending palms, like a pure white lily upon the breast of the water, in some sheltered nook, and I longed, as I gazed for the last time, upon her beautiful form, to solve the lovely mystery.

Many years of seeking, and striving, have passed, and now I wonder if it might have been, that the lack of worldliness, and freedom from self-seeking ambition, and the habit of doing everything from a lofty purpose were not, after all, the whole secret, and the entire solution, of what had seemed so profound a mystery.

As a teacher and friend of humanity, I long for the time, and place where unselfish motives will be the main-spring of action among teachers and pupils, where every subject will be studied, not only for its own sake, but paramourly for the harmonious development of the student.

Can it be that such a school will ever exist in this crude age of selfishness and materiality! Can there be found a corps of teachers who will not permit themselves, to take precedence of one another, in matters of power and rank!

We rail against the love of gold as being the root of all evil, but I think the love of power, and the love of rank, far transcend, in their extent, and batefulness, the love of gold.

Oh for a school where the highest good of each pupil is studied from every point of view! A school that does not sacrifice genius to mediocrity! One where the humblest and faintest cries of the soul, and mind, and spirit are heard and heeded; and where each subject in the curriculum shall be treated as only a means to an end, which end shall be the harmonious development of a human being!

Let us hope that at that distant "Loma," where the pure breath of ocean shall sweep every selfish, and self-seeking thought, far out upon the sea, until old Neptune can dissipate, and wholly neutralize its effects, giving in its place the love of truth and harmony; and under the leadership of one, whose every thought is for the highest good of humanity, there may meet teacher and pupil, guru and lanoo, all working from the greatest, and purest of motives, for the highest edu-

cation of the individual, and humanity to the whole world.

AMERICAN JUDAISM TODAY.

BY LEON KAUFFMAN.

There are at present three clearly defined classes of American Jews; the orthodox, the conservative and the reform. The differences among these classes are almost wholly matters of ritual and ceremony. The orthodox Jew adheres with fidelity to the traditional mode of worship. He believes that the proper medium for the utterance of Hebrew prayer is the Hebrew language, and repeats day after day in that language the time hallowed morning, afternoon, and evening prayer, and his entire devotional ritual is in this language. He obeys in detail the dietary laws of Moses, and holds sacred all the holidays and festivals that have, from time to time been established.

The reform Jew believes that in order to keep the fires of religion warm in the Jewish heart, the ceremonies should be divorced from whatever flavors of the archaic, and that prayers should be rendered in the language which the auditors most thoroughly understand; and with the exception of readings from the Sephar Torah, or Book of the Law, and some of the most impressive chants, the American Reform Jew conducts his religious services in the English language.

For the purpose of appealing to as many of the congregation as possible some congregations hold their hebdomadal services on Sunday, as all are able to attend on that day. In general, it is the endeavor of reform Judaism to adapt itself to what is conceived to be the religious needs of the present.—to cut off dead branches, and give full scope to the living.

The conservative Jew stands halfway between his orthodox and his reform brothers. Services are in Hebrew and English, and the traditional ritual, with some changes is used.

The sabbath, the holy-days and the holidays are observed by all Jews. Rosh Hashonah, the New Year and Yom Kippur, called together Yomim Noraim, the "Sublime Days," are the great holy days. The latter is the only fast-day universally observed.

There are three "Seasons of Convocation," Pesach, Succoth, and Shabuoth. Pesach, the Feast of Passover commemorates the delivery of Israel from Egyptian bondage. It lasts seven days, is introduced by the beautiful and symbolical seder ceremony and is characterized by the use of unleavened bread and abstinence from all forms of leavened food. Succoth, the Feast of Booths, was instituted as a reminder of the tabernacles in the desert during the forty years' pilgrimage. Shabuoth, the Feast of Weeks, is a memorial of the revelation of the decalogue on Mount Sinai, and for that reason confirmation exercises are held on this holiday.

Besides these, there are minor holidays in celebration of important events in the history of the Hebrew nation.

Purim, in memory of the deliverance of Israel by Esther and Mordecai, is observed by reading the Migillah or Book of Esther. Chanukah, in honor of the victories of the Maccabees over the Syrians in the time of Antiochus Epiphanes, of whom secular history relates such curious tales, is observed by the ceremony of lighting candles. The Ninth of Ab, a fast-day kept by the orthodox, is the anniversary of the destruction of the temple and other great national calamities.

The most striking feature of Jewish ceremonies such as the Sedar, the blowing of the shofar on Rosh Hashonah, the wearing of shrouds on the Day of Atonement, by the very orthodox, and the lighting of candles on Chanukah, is the beautiful and significant symbolism which was so potent a factor in the religious life of the ancient Jews.

Judaism has never had a system of iron-clad dogmas; it has never propounded inflexible "articles of faith" which the believer must swallow in toto. Jewish thought, religious as well as secular, has long been progressive and is even now in an important stage of transition, as is well illustrated by the existence of the "reform" element above mentioned. Apart, therefore, from dogmas we cannot search in the Bible or the Talmud for doctrines and principles of universal acceptance among the Jews, to-day. Such principles, however exist, and we shall endeavor to state briefly a few of the more important ones that are believed by the rank and file of American Jews.

An important phase of Jewish belief is Jewish non-belief.

The Jew does not believe in blind faith as a factor of temporal or spiritual well-being. He does not pray for rain or sunshine, or relief from disease, or eternal salvation, with the expectation of consequent realization. He has a conviction similar to the Theosophical idea of Karma, that cause inexorably follows effect.

He no longer believes in miracles and the divine virgin of the Bible as a whole, though of course many orthodox Jews still do.

In the conception of God there is a great diversity of opinion. The most general conception seems to be that of unincorporeal spirit whose attributes consist of various compounds with the prefix omni "Sh'ma Ysrael, Adonai Elohenu Adonai Eshod," "Hear! Oh Israel, the Lord, Your God, the Lord is One," has always been the Keystone of Judaism. God is the controlling, all-pervading power, and all the phenomena of nature, mind and soul are manifestations of his omnipotence.

Whether the Jews conceive a personal God depends upon the construction of "personal." If it implies unity of the Godhead, they do. If it connotes anthropomorphism, they do not. The Jewish Bible states that God created man in his own image. This refers to man's moral and spiritual constitution, not his physical being. "Ye shall be holy," the Jews are enjoined, "for holy am I, the Lord, your God."

Holiness connotes far more than sanctity, and the statement just quoted

implies that man's mission on earth is to attain perfection,—to develop the incorporeal powers and faculties with which he is endowed to their full, even divine possibilities. This induces the belief of many Jews that such perfection is achieved by successive lives on earth. The belief in some kind of future life is universal among the Jews.

The universal brotherhood of man has always been a prominent Hebrew doctrine. It was the Jewish Malachi, who first asked, "Have we not all one father? Hath not one God created us?" (Mal. II-10). And while the Christian was slaying his Moslem brother, while Catholic and Protestant were engaged in internecine strife and Torquemada and St. Bartholemew in the name of religion incarnadined the pages of history, the Jews consistently practiced the brotherhood which their truculent neighbors, as well, professed; and it continues to be one of their most cherished doctrines.

ETHICS AND OCCULTISM.

BY DR. J. D. BUCK.

Man's inhumanity to man lies to-day like an incubus on the social life of the world. This inhumanity is born of ignorance, and nothing but selfishness prevents its removal. It is man's ignorance and selfishness, the degree in which they exist in individuals, that in any case prevents the spiritual light within from illumining the whole nature of man. True occultism is just this illumination, nothing more. It is the normal growth of the soul, its higher evolution. Below this high plane lies the realm of superstition, incantations, etc., etc.; and this, since the popular creeds have begun to disintegrate, and fear of the devil has departed is popularly believed to be occultism.

That there are in this realm actual forces with degrees of intelligence is easily demonstrated, and that they are unwholesome and degrading, and that the church did well to condemn them and discourage the ignorant and curious from dabbling with them is well known to every deep student of the problems of life.

Modern science has not yet discovered the real truth lying back of Necromancy and Witchcraft, though it is making progress. Now the country is full of professed teachers of so-called occultism, and their victims are many. Often these victims conceal the fact that they have been duped and robbed if not worse, through shame or pride, and this concealment permits fresh victims to be found.

There is no occultism that is safe or desirable that can be communicated from without, none true, lasting and helpful, that is not an evolution of the higher nature of man.

There is no higher evolution of man that is instigated by selfishness. Even desire for personal advancement in knowledge may be the most subtle of all selfishness.

The only real school of occultism is the service of humanity. If one will study his own nature, ascertain the mainsprings of action, root out selfish-

ness, learn the meaning of altruism and *put it in practice*, his own higher nature will unfold and he will begin to understand the occult forces in his own being, and in the invisible world about him. In other words, true occultism is the power of the individual to apprehend the nature and functions of his own soul, and sympathy for his fellow-men, and unselfish work for humanity is the only occult school. A little reflection will convince any intelligent person that this must be so, and prevent him from being victimized by pretenders.

Brotherhood is the fundamental doctrine, and basis of work in the T. S. is based on the foregoing philosophy.

The society has been misjudged by the ignorant and superficial because it has dealt with these problems of the inner nature of man, but it has from the first, and now for a quarter of a century made Brotherhood, or the ethics of true occultism, the beginning and the end of its philosophy. It is only recently, since the society has grown to such dimensions, that it can begin to realize before the world its real aim in the amelioration of the sorrowful condition of humanity everywhere, that its relation to occult teaching is being generally understood.

The Esoteric Section of the society founded by H. P. Blavatsky, has been even more devoted and unreservedly committed to the ethical problem of Brotherhood than any other, and it is owing mainly to this fact that Mrs. Tingley has received that support without which the present work for humanity at large could never have been undertaken. The day is past when the occultism of the T. S. can be misunderstood or misinterpreted. It means Brotherhood, pure and simple.

"Scatter not rice,
But offer loving thoughts and acts to all.
To parents as the East where rises light;
To teachers as the South whence rich gifts come;
To wife and children as the West where gleam
Colors of love and calm, and all days end;
To friends and kinsmen and all men as North;
To humblest living things beneath; to Saints
And Angels and the blessed Dead above;
So shall all evil be shut off, and so
The six main quarters will be safely kept."

"True freedom is to share
All the chains our brothers wear,
And, with heart and hand to be
Earnest to make others free."

"God sleeps in the stone, breathes in the plant, moves in the animal, wakes up to consciousness in man."

"As large as is the unbounded Universe
So large that little, hidden spirit is."

WHAT SONG IS.

All deep things are song. It seems, somehow, the very central essence of us—song; as if all the rest were but wrappings and hulls! The primal element of us; of us, and of all things. The Greeks fabled of Sphere-Harmonies; it was the feeling they had of the inner structure of nature; that the soul of all her voices and utterances was perfect music. . . . See deep enough, and you see musically, the heart of nature *being* everywhere music, if you can only reach it.—*Carlyle*.

Earth own, at last untrod
By sect, or caste, or clan,
The Fatherhood of God,
The brotherhood of man.

—*Whittier*.

The path of a good woman is indeed strewn with flowers; but they rise behind her steps, not before them. "Her feet have touched the meadows, and left the daisies rosy." But it is little to say of a woman, that she only does not destroy where she passes. She should revive. You have heard it said, that flowers only flourish in the gardens of those who love them; you would think it a pleasant magic if you could flush your flowers into a brighter bloom by a kind look upon them, nay, more, if your look had the power, not only to cheer, but to guard; if you could bid the black blight turn away, and the knotted caterpillar spare. This you would think a great thing? Yet still a greater thing you *can* do for fairer flowers than these—flowers that could bless you for having blessed them; flowers that have thoughts like yours and which, once saved, you save forever? Far among the moorlands and the rocks, far in the darkness of the terrible streets, these feeble flowrets are lying, with all their fresh leaves torn, and their stems broken. Will you never go down to them, nor set them in order, nor fence them in their trembling from the fierce wind? Will you not go down among them?—among those sweet living things, whose new courage, sprung from the earth with the deep color of heaven upon it, is starting up in strength of goodly spire; and whose purity, washed from the dust, is opening, bud by bud, into the flower of promise; and still they turn to you, and for you. "The larkspur listens—I hear, I hear! and the lily whispers—I wait!"—*Ruskin*.

"I cannot find my way; there is no star
In all the shrouded heavens anywhere;
And there is not a whisper in the air
Of any living voice but one so far
That I can only hear it as a bar
Of lost imperial music, played when fair
And angel fingers wove, and unaware,
Dead leaves to garlands where no roses are.
No, there is not a glimmer nor a call,
For one that welcomes—welcomes when he fears
The black and awful chaos of the night;
For through it all—above, beyond it all—
I know the far-sent message of the years.
I feel the coming glory of the Light!"

"The grief which all hearts share
grows less for one."

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT

(LOTUS GROUPS)

OF INTERNATIONAL BROTHERHOOD LEAGUE

(UNSECTARIAN)

"HELPING AND SHARING IS WHAT BROTHERHOOD MEANS."

GEN'L SUPERINTENDENT, MRS. E. C. MAYER

Children's Page conducted by Miss ELIZABETH WHITNEY and Miss MARGARET LLOYD

"Take your needle, my child, and work at your pattern—it will come out a rose by and by. Life is like that, one stitch at a time, taken patiently and the pattern will come out all right like the embroidery."

JOAN OF ARC.

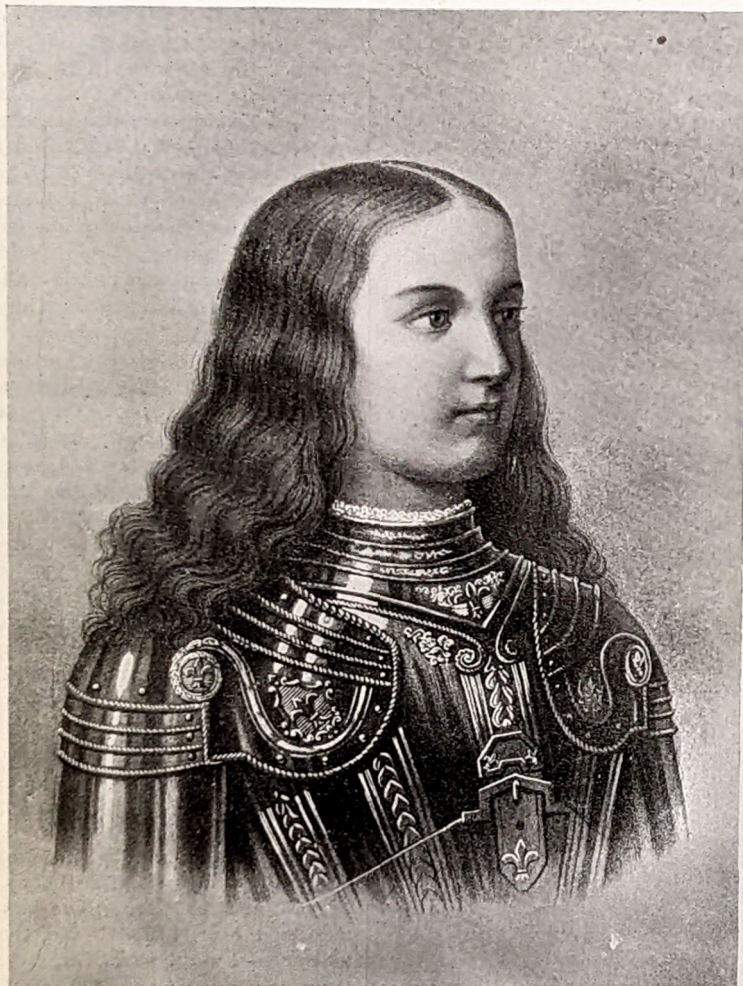
BY MISS E. WHITNEY.

In the hamlet of Domremy, long ago, was a beautiful Fairy Tree, a great wide spreading beech, under whose shelter the children played, for the fairies were their friends. They kept the spring cool and always full and drove away insects and stinging things and in return

birds, squirrels, to say nothing of cats and dogs. All outcast animals, homeless, unlovable, came to Joan, as well as the wild wood birds and timid things, for all knew her for their friend.

By a roaring fire, one cold snowy night, the family sat with laughter and song, eating their supper of hot porridge and beans, and meal cakes with butter, and appetites to match. There was a knock on the door, and a ragged road straggler begged for food.

Joan's father would have turned him out, saying, "rascals should have no bite nor sup with honest folk." But Joan only said "Father, he is hungry, I can see it. I know not if he is a rascal or no, but he is hungry,



JOAN OF ARC.

the children made wreaths of flowers as tokens of their love and left them for the fairies. Thus were the children of the town for 500 years known as the Children of the Tree.

Of all who loved it, small Joan of Arc, held it deepest in her heart. She was a maiden so winsome, so kind, so nice, so brave and yet so wee, she was like a white lily, sweet and pure that somehow grew in a great forest wild. The children's homes, just think, were like barns, with funny roofs overhanging; the windows were holes in the walls, the floors were made of dirt. Furniture, well, it would trouble you to find much of that. There were no schools to go to, no lessons to learn—only to tend the sheep and cook and spin.

Joan's house was filled with pets,—rabbits,

father, and shall have my porridge. I do not need it."

All children have nicknames, now hear what were Joan's, "the Bashful," "The Patriot," "The Beautiful," "The Brave." Once when the children were playing games, a face they all knew and feared, appeared from behind the Fairy Tree. "Ah, crazy Benoist has gotten loose from his cage and we are as good as dead!" This ragged, hairy and horrible creature gliding out from behind the tree, raised a threatening axe as he came. All screamed and fled, this way and that—no—all but Joan. She stood up and faced the man. He threatened her with his axe but on she steadily went until she was right in front of him, directly under his axe. Then she stopped and

spoke and soon she was seen walking by his side, toward the village, holding him by his hand. The axe was in her other hand. It was then that they named her "The Brave."

When asked by the children:

"Didn't you feel afraid?"

"No—at least not much—very little."

"Why didn't you?"

She answered simply, "I don't know."

"Why didn't you run when we did?"

"Because it was necessary to get him to his cage, else he would kill some one. Then he would come to the like harm himself."

For her own danger, you see, she had no thought. Her only desire was to save others from harm.

Remote from the wars, right peacefully and pleasantly flowed the children's days, till came that infamous Treaty of Troyes. That was a dismal year for France.

Now that the old mad king was dead, France, her children, her crown, were the property of an English baby lying in his cradle in London! All because of the base treachery of a base woman, Isabel of France!

Would the people of France submit? Who could save them?

How the children stormed in their rage. How they longed to go to the wars. Oh, to be men! What heroes they would be. Girls, poor things, could but sit at home and spin. But boys would some day be men, and then—Ah! like the knights in fairy tales of old, would they slay this scaly, fire-belching monster, this awful ogre, war, who for 91 years had been trying to kill France. Then would France, their beloved France, be free!

Yes, indeed, everyone of them was a patriot, even the girls. But of them all none so worshipped France, as sweet little Joan of Arc.

(To be continued.)

THE STORY OF NOUMA.

BY MISS MARGT. LLOYD.

PART II.

For many weary days Nouma travelled through the hot desert. She was footsore and very tired, and at times it seemed as though she would not have strength enough to finish her journey. Occasionally she came to a green spot in the midst of the sandy waste, and there she would find a tiny spring of cool water and a few shrubs of brown berries. Then Nouma would refresh herself and continue her journey.

At last she approached the city with its tall spires and temples and palaces. She approached a gate which barred entrance to it, and spoke to a man, a tall stern-looking guardian of the gate, and asked him might she enter.

"This is the City of Many Workers," the guardian answered, "and only those can be admitted who are willing to labor with all their strength, tell me your story and then I may be able to admit you."

So Nouma told the guardian her story. How she had lived in the beautiful house of King Kamus, and for years had tried to escape, until at last the Silent Voice helped her. Then she told about the Vision of the Shining One, as she had beheld it in the quiet room. When she had related this, the face of the guardian ceased to be stern and he looked at her in a kind and gentle way; he took her hand in his and said:

"You belong to us, little one. For those who have seen the Vision are blessed indeed. Many are the workers

in our great city, and all of them have visited the quiet room before they came here, but few are they who have beheld the Shining One. Welcome to our city."

And thus Nouma passed into the beautiful City of Many Workers. She walked along the wide streets, admiring the fine palaces and other splendid buildings.

She saw a number of people, all of them busy at their labors. There were men who were building beautiful white palaces, others who were busy painting lovely pictures, and thus on, all were occupied.

She caught sight of one man, who was walking thoughtfully along, a bundle of papers under his arm, and as he had a loving face, she touched him on the sleeve and asked him to help her find a place among the workers. He looked down at her very kindly and touched her purple robe; "Those who wear this garment belong to the temple," he said. He walked along with her until they came to a temple large and more beautiful than any Nouma had hitherto seen. It was built of a stone which appeared white in some lights, but which glimmered with all the lovely colors of a fire-hearted opal, when looked at from certain points of view.

It was splendid indeed, with tall white columns of delicate tracery and fine towers and domes. It stood on a hill, rising high above the city, and Nouma saw that it was the beautiful building she had seen from the desert. It seemed very familiar as she approached it, and she looked up to ask her companion the name of it, but he had disappeared, and thus she was left to enter the temple alone. So she went in and passed through many different halls. In one she heard a number of voices chanting beautiful music, to the deep tones of a great organ; in another hall the people were reading from rolls of manuscript which they seemed to regard as very precious. In still another hall Nouma saw many people standing and listening with rapt attention to the words of a great poet, who stood above the assemblage on a high platform, and poured forth words of fire and inspiration. Nouma recognized him as the man who had directed her to the temple, but now his face no longer looked sad, it was filled with hope and love.

She would have liked to stop and listen with the others, but the voice within, that she had heard so often, whispered, "Go forward," so she left the hall of the poet.

She then came to a large hall where there were many little children busy working under the direction of teachers. Some were carving beautiful figures, others painting lovely pictures; others were playing on different musical instruments, while many were engaged in deep study. These children all looked bright and happy. They were dressed in robes which were shaped like the one Nouma wore, but were different in color.

(To be continued.)

The first part of "Little Nouma appeared in our issue of Oct. 7th.

INTERNATIONAL BROTHERHOOD LEAGUE.

(UNSECTARIAN)

ORGANIZED BY MRS. KATHERINE A. TINGLEY.

SUP'T OF GENERAL WORK, MR. H. T. PATTERSON.

OBJECTS.

1. To help workingmen 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 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.

BROTHERHOOD.

BY BURCHAM HARDING.

Looking below the surface of events and studying the causes which have resulted in the varied history of the past, two great motives are clearly perceived. Sometimes a great hero, one of nature's noblemen, appears upon the scene, and for a brief period moulds the affairs of life in such a manner that happiness and peace are enjoyed. At other times history records naught but motives of vanity, personal ambition and aggrandizement, with the necessary train of wars, strife and misery. No fact stands out more positively than the sequence of events which follows from the practice of that which is for the general welfare, and that which results from personal selfish desires.

For many centuries the Western world has been dominated by leaders whose actions have been induced by narrow motives. If by chance one arose with lofty views as to bettering his fellows' surroundings, the acquisition of power marked the beginning of his downfall. The general tendency of thought and action seemed to be dominated by an inseparable load of selfishness, impossible to be overcome.

To-day we are upon the eve of a new century, full of promise of better things. The signs of the times point to the removal of strife and oppression from our midst, for the *vox populi* is indeed the *vox dei* when, as in the present time, it demands that wrongs be righted, that hardships cease, that poverty be abolished, and that the possibility of living be granted to all.

The desire for brotherhood is in the air, and although a hard battle lies before it, yet there is abundant evidence that it is rapidly gaining ground. The public press is ever standing with its finger upon the pulse of the people, noting every variation in the system. What better proofs could there be of the trend towards brotherhood, than

that the "people's" papers are insistent upon the exact fulfilment of duty by public and private officials, and upon the strenuous efforts made to protect the rights of the people. These newspapers are the servants of their readers, and but voice the public sentiment.

That brotherhood as a working factor in affairs is gaining a mastery over selfishness is apparent in the so-called charities. Enormous sums are expended in spreading free education, also in providing hospitals for the sick, and homes for the aged. So marked is this, that the recital of a case of downright suffering calls for a ready response from rich and poor alike.

Even our selfishness seems to take a coöperative form, which is doubtless operating towards a great end. The trusts and monopolies so bitterly complained of by their victims, are by their methods eliminating much personal competition, and by their organization obtaining results with less expenditure of human energy. They will become highly beneficial when the outcome of their operations is devoted to the public welfare, instead of to that of individuals.

There is a great hope in the world, which the new century promises to realize. Mankind is awakening to the fact that in the pursuit of money and possessions, they have been pursuing an *ignis fatuus*, a mere "will of the wisp," which ever eludes them. If money is the object of man's existence, life has few prizes, and the vast majority are failures.

It is true that we must sustain life, but to provide the necessary food has been so great a burden as to appear as the sole aim of existence to the army of day laborers. No wonder that this strife for self-preservation under arduous conditions, blots out from the memory the feeling of brotherhood. It seems so perfectly natural to make our own concerns paramount, and to gain our ends at the expense of others, that brotherhood is a stumbling block with many who are called upon to relinquish something to benefit another. But if the case be reversed, it is very easy to understand the duty of others to feed and care for us, when hungry and in want.

The law of brotherhood, that man shall help his fellow man, is the great rule for right conduct, it is the summation of morals, the only means for attaining peace and happiness. The breach of the law of brotherhood, or the practice of selfishness is the only sin, and is followed invariably by strife and suffering.

Man is a part of nature, the Great Unity, and it is one of nature's laws that every part shall render its aid to the development of every other part of her. When individuals refuse to conform to this law of mutual helpfulness,

but strive to gain the world for themselves, nature steps in and deals out suffering.

Analyze the growth of a plant from a seed. All the elements lend their aid. The water causes it to swell, the sun warms it, the soil gives it sustenance, and the air its gases. All were necessary; if a single element were absent, growth could not have taken place. The same coöperation is noted in all aspects of nature. To possess perfect health, each organ of our bodies must be sound, and performing its special function, otherwise the individual is unable to fully carry out his duty.

Identically the same law applies to mankind. If all work together for the general welfare, helping each other, peace, happiness and contentment result. The present conditions of strife and suffering have arisen from the selfishness of individuals, and will continue until this immutable law of nature, summed up as brotherhood be recognized and followed.

Outer nature has behind it a mighty energy, the life force which causes everything to evolve from form to form. It is seen to act with irresistible power in the lower kingdoms, bringing about growth and advancement by the mutual help that all parts of nature render each other. The position of human beings towards this force differs from that of the lower kingdoms, in that man can temporarily refuse to be subject to it. He can for the time decline to work with the great force of nature. He can be selfish, and instead of being an agent for carrying the helpful force of nature to those around him, he can live for his own puny and selfish purposes. By so doing, he throws himself out of the great beneficent stream of nature and enters a path where he becomes helplessly stranded, useless to himself and to others.

Refusing to be guided by nature's law which demands coöperation by all, he sinks into a condition of selfishly acquiring possessions for his personal gratification. His whole life is filled with futile endeavor to satisfy desires which grow by that they feed upon, and can never be appeased.

On the other hand, man can work with nature, copying her methods of brotherhood and coöperation, and thus become a mighty force in the world for assisting other and less advanced brothers.

Each one of us must determine for ourselves the course we will steer, and must be persuaded in our own minds of the necessity for the practice of brotherhood. Although at first glance, judged from the common standpoint, it seems foolish to give to another what may have been difficult for us to obtain, yet there is that within the heart of every one, that guiding star, which tells him it is right and best to be kind and helpful. This higher side of man's nature which instinctively prompts to brotherly actions should be studied and better understood, together with the great laws of nature. It is by living in accord with nature, following the promptings of the heart that man will learn to live in brotherly relations with his fellow man,

and such is the outlook for the new century.

FROM GEORGE ELIOT'S LETTERS.

"The divine yea and nay, the seal of prohibition and sanction, are effectually impressed on human deeds and aspirations, not by means of Greek and Hebrew, but by that inexorable law of consequences whose evidence is confirmed instead of weakened as the ages advance; and human duty is comprised in the earnest study of this law and patient obedience to its teaching."

"Know that there is no enlightenment from without; the secret of things is revealed from within. From without cometh no Divine Revelation, but the spirit heareth within. Do not think I tell you that which you know not; for except you know it, it cannot be given you. To him that hath it is given, and he hath the more abundantly."

"Truth is eternal, but her effluence, with endless change, is fitted to the hour."

Brotherhood is a fact to be recognized, and not merely a desirable condition to be attained. In the light of this principle we can understand a new meaning in the saying of the Roman poet: "I am a man, and nothing human do I consider foreign to me." No matter how degraded, how unfriendly, how full of enmity even, our brother—our other self rather—may appear to be, we must bear with him and yearn over him as if it were obviously, as it is essentially, our own self who is thus erring and degraded. Only by laboring earnestly and unselfishly to elevate the whole race can we climb the ladder ourselves; and he who goes about seeking to drag down his neighbor or to detract from the value of his efforts should be pitied—nay, should be loved,—but should not be able to draw us away from our own efforts to relieve and encourage and upbuild the whole family of man, and especially those most near to us, and, therefore most easily within our reach.

"I think that good must come of good
And ill of evil—surely—unto all—
In every place and time—seeing sweet fruit
Groweth from wholesome roots, and bitter things
From poison-stocks; yea, seeing, too, how spite
Breeds hate, and kindness friends, and patience peace
Even while we live; and when 'tis willed we die
Shall there not be as good a "Then" as "Now"?
Haply much better! since one grain of rice
Shoots a green feather gemmed with fifty pearls,
And all the starry champak's white and gold
Lurks in those little, naked, grey spring-buds."

A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another.—*Jesus*.

THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETIES.

CENTRAL OFFICE IN AMERICA: 144 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK.

MR. E. A. NERESHEIMER, PRESIDENT.

"There is no Religion higher than Truth."

THE USE OF A LITTLE THEOSOPHY.

BY B. B. GATELL.

Theosophy is the realization of one's ideals, the living out of the highest aspirations. It is not the simple knowing of high philosophy, even if that be about some aspects of the laws of the temporary reappearance of souls on earth in bodies of flesh and matter, or of the laws of cosmic compensation or man's make up of the seven principles. For the knowledge of all this does not seem incompatible with a lack of the realization of it. Hence there may be a belief in reincarnation under the law of Karma which is like the sounding brass declaration sometimes heard from sky-pilots about heaven and hell; hence an acting as if the fleshly frame were the vital centre surrounded by six ornamental but useless shells or sheaths; hence a knowledge of cycles which is not concerned with the cycles rounding out man's inner life.

An ideal simply represents the amount of light which is allowed to penetrate from the soul into the consciousness of daily life. The ideals of men vary with age and clime. Those of the New Century are the light of the teaching rescued from the rubbish of a glorious past and upheld against a world by the bravery of H. P. Blavatsky. To it may be applied the words of the poet-theosophist.

"Athwart a sky of purple dye

It flared and flamed, a beacon light,
A grand, weird beacon, set on high
To guide a drifting world aright."

A full realization of it would make of man a theosophist—an example of practical altruism. But even a partial acting on it elevates him from the field of pain and distress, from the worry and anguish of the world to a stepping stone which is nearer the truth.

The two greatest evils to which mankind is heir are death and disease. Theosophy takes the sting out of them. To realize the oneness of all being does away with the fear of death. To really know that the consciousness of physical life is a limitation of the powers of the soul, makes of death a liberator. A firm belief, that it is now and here that we are in the "House of Death," where all organs which are the gateways into realm of spirit are atrophied, must make us rejoice at the time, when the "living dead" shall be raised to a nobler state of consciousness.

If a working out of theosophical precepts in one's character enables one to greet with equanimity his own death, the terror of the ignorant, it further tempers the regret felt at the departure of friends and relatives. No words of consolation on the part of friend or priest can produce the calmness, which follows the shock, when, looking his

own nature in the face, the student of theosophy finds, that it was a more or less intense selfishness, a mourning for the loss he himself has suffered and will feel, which prompted the grief and lamentation for the departed one, no matter how close the physical relation. And in this inner fight the light of the ideal soon shatters the grief which is but an idol at whose feet man worships in his ignorance.

Next to death disease is a trial with which theosophy enables one to cope more successfully than any other religion or philosophy. Of course as a cure for physical ills all the physical means which a physician's skill can command on the physical plane are in order. But a warning is given not to resort to any of the methods which like mental or Christian science attempt to heal physical sickness by invoking means other than physical, because, though these mental scientists may produce a temporary disappearance of effects, they do not do away with the cause which brought the sickness about. They simply press back and store up the disharmonious energy which manifested itself as disease. It will out again at some other time on some other plane—with interest added.

The statement which is, however, offered by theosophy is, in the first instance, that every illness or disease is an effect of some previous act or thought. In the course of nature these will out and must out on the physical plane. Illness is one form in which past Karma presents itself. It is one of the methods by which men are taught in the school of life. The pain that comes with it is necessary and salutary, because it comes in accordance with law. In the second instance disease rests for a long time, may be many lives, in the invisible part of man, that is called his aura. While it is thus suspended, waiting for an opening, it is ready to burst through and manifest if favorable conditions come about on the physical plane. It is, as it were, an impurity in the aura. If it works itself out, a thing it must do sooner or later, it cleanses and frees the aura, making the prospects of future existences so much better. Lastly, a little self-examination will show the student that it is in very rare instances the actual pain that troubles us. Nature is kind to her children and watches over them that they suffer not more than they can stand. Our burden consists rather in anticipating what the future may have in store for us. Thus we focus into the present a good deal that does not belong to it. We think of the pain that is to come in the likely course of an illness, say cancer, of a lessened earning power, of a pauper ward in a charity hospital, and what not.

(To be continued.)

NEW ZEALAND ACTIVITIES.

The Waitemata Centre continue to hold their regular open meetings every Friday and Sunday evening in the rooms of the New Zealand Headquarters Marine Chambers. The interest has been well kept up and subjects fixed on the printed programme have been ably dealt with by members who have worked unitedly towards making the meetings a success. The Centre have secured a large lamp on which the name of the society is being printed, to hang outside the doorway. This will be visible from Queen Street and make it easy to discover our whereabouts. Maori Centres are all waiting the issue of the first pamphlet in their own language which is now in print and will be issued this week. A second edition will be probably printed on their own press at Manga-Kawa, where it is also proposed to print the "Ocean of Theosophy" in Maori, if they can raise enough type. Our Maori brothers recognize in Theosophy their long lost birthright and are so anxious to get our books translated into their own language and printed.

Thames Centre continues to meet regularly as also the Katherine A. Tingley Centre (Thames) and the boys and girls Lotus circles. Bro. Rev. S. J. Neils's Sunday evening lectures maintain their interest, and our Thames brothers are untiring in their efforts for the cause.

The Taranaki Herald recently devoted several columns to publishing a long article on the School for the Revival of the Lost Mysteries of Antiquity contributed by Mrs. St. Clair, and is open for more articles, which are in course of preparation, on what our American brothers are doing.

The Theosophical News is now filed in the Auckland Free Public Library reading room and finds constant readers. Another copy is to be found in the Devonport Free Public Library, where it is much appreciated.

CLIFTON BRANCH T. S. E. (ENGLAND).—During the past month there has been an increase in the number of visitors at the branch meeting. Subjects, "Theosophy and Christianity," by S. P. G. Coryn, and on "Seeking the Self," by Margaret M. Townsend. Bro. Greenep, who though a comparatively new member of the T. S., and young in years, is full of enthusiasm—he is a great help to us. We are especially busy at the present time preparing for a three days' visit from our "Home Crusader," Mrs. Alice L. Cleather.

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