

# 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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## REST.

Rest is not quitting  
The busy career;  
Rest is the fitting  
Of self to one's sphere.

'Tis the brook's motion,  
Clear, without strife,  
Fleeing to ocean  
After its life.

'Tis loving and serving  
The highest and best;  
'Tis onward, unswerving;  
And this is true rest.

—Goethe.

## EGYPT.

BY KATHERINE A. TINGLEY.  
(Continued.)

The Sphinx still held my attention while my heart pulsated to the vibration of those magic words, and as they seemed to die away in space there was a sense of a deeper silence, a more subtle touch—such as one may feel but once in a life-time.

Surely, thought I, if the great throbbing mass of humanity could understand—if they could once grasp the real meaning of life, and perceive the eternal golden thread of divinity that binds all in all, then their souls would be unbarred, and no longer would they be content to live on a material plane of selfishness and error, for the white light of their souls once freed, would illumine the world and the glory of a departed peace and a true spirituality would return again.

The intense heat of the scorching sun and the voices of my comrades

caused me to awaken from my reverie, and with my companion I moved on over the shifting hills of sand to the temple where the rest of the party were dismounting from their camels.

We soon found a shady corner in one of the halls of the temple and gladly sat down to rest ourselves. Just outside, the camels lay crouching in the sands, with the attendant close beside them, standing in an expectant attitude, ready to spring into action at a moment's notice.

The Sheik and two of his companions moved off a short distance and sat down in the shade of one of the lofty columns. Through the opening side of the temple the sun threw its soft golden light in upon the granite and alabaster walls. A few hundred yards away could

be seen the stately Sphinx and majestic Pyramid, the river Nile and the wide stretch of green fields, forming a striking and magnificent picture—making an impression not soon to be forgotten.

Just at that moment we all were affected by the solemnity and beauty of the scene as we sat gazing in wonderment and silence. Even the group of the three who sat near seemed to take part in our thought and to enter into the spirit of the occasion with us.

There was one among them, whom I had first noticed at the Pyramid, he was strangely unlike the rest of his companions, even in his dress, though his skin was dark and he was a Bedouin. His face was interestingly handsome and its expression peculiarly subtle and spiritual. He did not make the slight-

est effort to intrude himself or seek to impress us with his importance by assuming a mysterious air as is often done by those who pretend to possess some special inner knowledge.

It was plainly seen that he was vastly superior in intellectual and spiritual attainments and I was not surprised to find that he spoke English fairly well and knew a great deal about subjects such as interest only the thinking and scientific mind.

When I asked him where it was that he had gained his knowledge, his face lit up with a curious and knowing smile and he said, "I go away some time to my Teacher and I come back again when my people need me."

"Luncce for the Kusady," called out our Arabian attendant, the dragoman,



THE SPHINX.



as he flourished about with the air of a prince, and he looked it every inch too—he was almost a perfect type of a young oriental in his gorgeous and rich dress of pale yellow and purple silk and red velvet fez.

Without formality we sat down to our lunch spread on the rock floor of the temple with no end of tempting things before us and ate heartily for we were very, very hungry, filling in the time between courses with talks of home and Crusade experiences.

One of our members, the jolliest of all, with a sandwich in one hand and a bunch of bananas in the other, sang "America" until the walls of the temple resounded with the patriotic air. The Bedouins smiled, they did more, they grinned—evidently for the first time in their lives—and the expression of

which seemed to be a reality in his mind at that moment. This brought about the desired effect, for the poor terrified fellow hurriedly mounted his donkey and disappeared round the nearest corner.

The next thing that demanded our attention was the interior of the temple, its many halls and burial chambers. The temple itself is constructed of granite and alabaster and was no doubt, in the remote ages, used as a place of worship or assembly where the people made sacrifices in honor of their dead.

The architecture was a marvel of simplicity and showed a perfection in the art of working the hardest kind of stone not attained at the present day.

We went through the long halls, passage-ways and burial chambers the in-

## OF DEEPER BIRTH.

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

BY WM. JAMESON.

### CHAPTER III.—MAKING FRIENDS.

On board the steamer that brought him from Aberdeen to Lerwick, Mr. Cutt remarked with some surprise that a considerable number of his fellow passengers were English people both in appearance and manner. On the other hand among the travellers by the Scotch Express, when it left Edinburgh, Scotch characteristics became very pronounced. At Aberdeen he found Scotland in full favor, so to speak—as every visitor from the South to the granite city will have realized.

He was about to comment on this somewhat odd contrast to one of these

introduce you to one or two of my friends? I am certain they will confirm my opinion about you. My name is Gilbertson—Christie Gilbertson."

"And mine is Hosea Cutt," said the American, wondering to himself what would be the next surprise.

"Now you belong to Orkney, Sir; not Shetland," exclaimed Mr. Gilbertson, with a puzzled look.

"I was never out of the States until this year."

"But, your father—surely."

"My father also was Hosea Cutt, and he was decidedly a New Yorker in his characteristics."

The young man was tempted to be more explicit, not about his father merely, but as to the object of his present quest. It flashed into his mind, however, that to be thus confidential after an acquaintanceship barely three hours old, was scarcely wise. American caution came to his rescue and he was silent.

"Well," said the Shetlander, with a twinkle in his eye, "if I can't annex you as a fellow countryman; at least I can introduce you to a namesake."

"A namesake!"

It was only natural that Mr. Cutt should feel utterly bewildered, for it happened that at the moment there were no men on the saloon deck, where this conversation took place. A lady, however, had been pacing the deck for some time. On either side of her were two girls, just big enough to place an arm within hers. He had watched them with keen admiration while talking to Mr. Gilbertson, for all three were very beautiful and evidently very happy. They were discussing Aberdeen and the wonders of the cattle show. He gathered so much from a word or two that caught his ear as they passed and repassed. I say a "word or two," advisedly, since most of what he heard was unintelligible to him. The fact, however, proved that they were not English, but Shetlanders.

As Mr. Gilbertson spoke of introducing his companion to a namesake, they were passing once more. He therefore rose from his seat and said, with emphasis:

"Miss Hoseason, may I introduce to you a gentleman who has come a long distance to see the 'Auld Rock'—Mr. Cutt, of New York?"

Mrs. Hoseason bowed, and said earnestly:

"It is really good of you to come to such an out of the world spot as this. We must all try to make you feel at home, mustn't we, Mr. Gilbertson? But," she added, with a keen glance at the American, "perhaps you have kindred in the Islands?"

"There! what did I say?" exclaimed Mr. Gilbertson, gleefully clapping his hands.

"This gentleman has claimed me already as a fellow-countryman," said Mr. Cutt, smiling. "Indeed, he spoke of you as a namesake of mine. I now understand, for my Christian name is Hosea, and I am also Hosea's son. But I am afraid I am nothing better than a Yankee after all."

"That is not so bad as being a Scotchman," said Mrs. Hoseason,



THE GRANITE TEMPLE, NEAR GIZEH PYRAMID.

their faces showed that they were wondering what manner of people we were. If not Christians, where did we come from? For they look upon all white-skinned people as their enemies, yet here were these Arabs laughing with us and even going so far as to forget they were there for "backsheesh."

In spite of our hurry to finish our meals that we might inspect the temples, for it was past midday, we found time to listen to brother Williams' story of his humorous and exasperating experience that morning with a donkey man, who persisted in pursuing him every step he took through the many zig-zag streets of Cairo.

A most amusing and unique experience which wound up with our dignified clerical friend suddenly turning upon his pursuer, glaring, howling and gesticulating to frighten him away. Not succeeding he made a bold rush at him and with arms extended, in broad Yorkshire English, he consigned the poor donkey man to the dark regions

terior of the latter was finished with alabaster, the transparency of which was very plainly seen by the light of the torch, which our guide carried to show the way through the dark passages.

In the floor of one of the halls is a deep well said to have been connected at one time with the Nile. In it was found no less than nine statues of Chephren.

(To be continued.)



THE STONE SENT FROM SWEDEN FOR THE FOUNDATION OF THE SCHOOL FOR R.L.M.A.

English looking people—a gentlemanly man of about fifty—with whom he had begun a traveller's acquaintance, when the latter startled him by saying:

"I suppose you are going home like most of us. But you don't belong to Lerwick, I should think."

"I belong to New York. I am an American citizen," replied Mr. Cutt, quietly, but his heart throbbed as he spoke.

"Well, that is strange. I should certainly have taken you for a Shetlander."

"And I was just about to ask what was the especial attraction that drew so many English people to these remote regions."

"There isn't an Englishman on board, this trip, to my knowledge," replied his companion. "Most of the passengers are returning from Aberdeen, where there has been a cattle show this week. But, anyhow, we pride ourselves on being rather cosmopolitan in our sentiments. May I be allowed to



quickly. "Our fisher-folk have a saying that nothing ever comes from Scotland but bad meal and needy ministers."

"Yes," added Mr. Gilbertson, with warmth, "Shetlanders have little occasion to love the Scotch. They have been robbed of their heritage by them—and that without the excuse of rebellion, and in defiance of a treaty with Norway by which the islands were simply pledged more than four hundred years ago. They were never parted with, remember; so we are not only Norsemen by blood, but strictly speaking, subjects of the Norwegian Crown at the present day."

"Still," interposed Mr. Cutt, not sorry that the conversation should drift away from himself, "I should call an arrangement made four centuries ago, somewhat out of date, shouldn't you?"

"Ah! but that isn't all," exclaimed Mrs. Hoseason, eagerly, "England itself acknowledged our position only two hundred years back at the peace of Breda. That is surely more modern?"

"Yes that is modern enough for practical purposes among European nations, I should judge," replied the American, thoughtfully. His mind was not altogether engrossed by the subject they were discussing. He was partly thinking of the conspiracy of circumstances that had hurried him away from the "squalid village" of London, with its expressionless crowds, into this weirdly beautiful region—where sky and sea every instant were spreading forth, in peaceful rivalry, some fresh color picture. He was thinking, too, how thoroughly the fair woman before him was in harmony with such surroundings. She might have been the wife of some Norse chieftain—her patriotic earnestness at that moment well suited the character; for this earnestness brought from the depths of her grey eyes something like to the flashing of steel, and it reddened her cheeks, and their glow seemed to add by contrast to the brightness of her "corn-golden" hair. And then there was in her manner, an old-world frankness that was new to him, and peculiarly charming. The quality is sometimes to be found among high-bred English women; but these he had not yet encountered. His own country women, it is true, were frank enough in many cases, still, with an emphasis so to speak, not altogether attractive. Their candor seemed to suggest a little too much that their eyes were open as well as their hearts.

These reflections were put an end to by an exclamation from Mr. Gilbertson. "We are getting home rapidly," said he. "Yonder is Fair Island." He pointed to a mass of rock that loomed out of the sea, far on their starboard bow.

"Fair Island," echoed Mr. Cutt. "Is that a place of any interest?"

"Why, surely. Every Englishman who loves his country can talk about that spot where Medina Sidonia's galleon was wrecked, although he has generally the vaguest notion where it is to be found. But, I beg your par-

don, I forgot your nationality for the moment. Perhaps you are not keenly interested in the events of the Spanish Armada?"

"Not very keenly, but some Americans are. There are men in Virginia, I believe, who boast that their ancestors were among those who fought the Spanish ships."

"Indeed, indeed! That is most—"

"Now, Mr. Gilbertson," interposed the Shetland lady, severely, "I will not permit such a breach of hospitality." Then she explained to the American that Mr. Gilbertson was the acknowledged authority in the Islands on all matters of antiquarian and archæological interest, and as a result, a perfect terror to his friends when his enthusiasm was aroused.

"That is just a woman's way of attacking her husband," interposed the antiquary with sly humor. "Mr. Hoseason is as guilty as I am."

"And my sister Marjory is worse, than either, when anything ancient is mentioned, and—"

"Under those circumstances, then we must call her an 'old' maid."

"I shall tell her what you say. But, now (addressing Mr. Cutt) you can, perhaps, forgive my rudeness in checking this gentleman. I am just a plain, homely woman, only fit to nurture bairns, and chatter with auld wives; but whenever Mr. Gilbertson pays us a visit, that sister of mine and my husband forget all about me, and—and the house simply reeks with wisdom. Married women are not treated like that in America, I am sure."

"That is a statement which requires grave consideration," said Mr. Cutt, who was thoroughly enjoying this merry attack. "You see, I am a bachelor, and your sister is, I gather, a single lady, and ought to be very nice; (here he made a stately bow to Mrs. Hoseason) so, altogether I think I'll exercise American caution, and not commit myself at present. Besides, I have a slight weakness for archæological studies myself."

At this Mr. Gilbertson laughed boisterously, while the lady, throwing up her hands in mock despair, exclaimed:

"Was ever a poor woman so baffled! I was on the point of asking you, Mr. Cutt, if you were going further north than Lerwick, since in that case we at Burravoe are not forgetful to entertain strangers, for, for—well-known reasons."

"But, as an archæological angel, I shouldn't suit?"

"Oh! you would suit my husband admirably; so I think I shall throw all further responsibility upon him."

Then Mrs. Hoseason turned and beckoned to a gentleman who was standing on the bridge of the steamer, talking to the captain. He was a man of almost olive complexion, with crisp, black hair, in fact, there was nothing Scandinavian in his appearance whatever; rather, he looked like a native of the sunny south. Still, Mrs. Hoseason's two little girls, who had slipped away from their mother a few minutes before, were now busy helping themselves to sweeties from the jacket pockets of this dark man, and thus af-

forded some indication of his fatherhood.

After a playful struggle, he, with the captain's assistance, tore himself away from the children and hastened down to the saloon deck, and was at once introduced to Mr. Cutt by the vivacious Shetland lady as: "My husband, Mr. Magnus Hoseason."

The two men, as they shook hands, could not help eying each other curiously. Mr. Hoseason evidently shared the opinion of Mr. Gilbertson as to Mr. Cutt's appearance. The American thought of the Moor of Venice while contrasting this swarthy Shetlander with his wife, who was Desdemona-like in her fairness.

"Magnie, my lamb," said Mrs. Hoseason, after mentioning Mr. Cutt's nationality, "this gentleman has confessed to having a taste for things ancient. Now don't you think he ought to see the Giants' grave?"

"Undoubtedly, my dear." Then addressing Mr. Cutt, he added: "If you can put up with our simple fashions at Burravoe, Sir, we shall be delighted to entertain you. The monoliths of which my wife spoke are about a mile from our house, and are really most interesting. Tradition associates them with the scene of a Pictish battle. But it struck me one day that I would take their bearings—there are two of these stones, each of them is about twenty feet high, and they are some fifteen yards apart. Well, I found to my surprise that they lay due north and south. So they were clearly placed there for some purpose, by civilized people and not by semi-savages, and—"

Mrs. Hoseason unceremoniously placed her hand over her husband's mouth, and at the same moment the dinner bell rang. "Sir, I order you below," she said solemnly. "Mr. Cutt, you must allow me to protect you from this man, at least until you meet him at Burravoe."

The rest of the day, after dinner, was spent in admiring the sea and landscape; for, two or three hours after they reached deck again, Fitful Head loomed in sight far away to the northwest. But the necessities of navigation hindered any near approach to that fearful promontory from whose summit, a thousand feet above the sea, the mystic Norna looked upon the stars. For the Roost of Sumburgh, although almost hidden at first by an embankment of foam, was slowly coming into view on the steamer's larboard bow, and in the then state of the tide it was prudent that the vessel should stand off well from this terrible ocean current. Presently, as Sumburgh Head was neared, the solemn grandeur of the Roost could be realized more clearly. The expressions "foaming billows" and "rushing waves" slip easily from the pen. But foam was not visible upon any of those hills and dales of blue water stretching away westward towards the Atlantic, and while moving at the rate of twelve knots, there was yet no sense of hurrying or agitation suggested by that leaping mass of sea. No, there was the orderliness of majestic power impressed upon it.

But—God help all mariners who get a-near the Sumburgh Roost in winter time!

The fascination of this remarkable tide-way was presently succeeded by another—not less powerful, although not so stern. The daily retreat of the sun behind Fitful Head had commenced, and he was flinging a purple robe over that grim promontory as he went. Slowly the purple tint changed to grey, and as this deepened, Fitful Head began to wear a crown of gold.

Half an hour afterwards, when the good steamer *St. Clair*, having got clear of the difficulties of Sumburgh Roost, was steadily making her way alongside the Shetland mainland, all the hills westward were fringed with gold. Eastward, there lay upon the sea a calm mass of neutral tints, the beauty of which my pen cannot picture. Indeed, the glorious atmospheric effects revealed towards the close of a summer's day in Shetland are simply beyond description. They can only be felt. But this I say boldly, there is nothing like them to be seen elsewhere in Britain.

Hosea Cutt, as he mused in bed that night in a Lerwick hotel, wondered what the people could be like for whom Nature painted such glories as he had recently beheld.

And were they his people?

He had parted with his Shetland friends on the quay. Mr. and Mrs. Hoseason had renewed their invitation as farewell was said. They were not staying in Lerwick, but were transshipping to a smaller steamer that would leave for the northern isles in the early morn. Mr. Gilbertson, however, who was Lerwegian, claimed the first right of entertainment.

"I won't ask you home to-night," he frankly said, "for my sister who keeps house for me, will just break her heart over the question of defective hospitality. Besides, you having traveled so rapidly, ought to get to sleep with the least possible formality."

The American had no great difficulty in acting on this kindly advice. And he slept long (as though he were a Shetlander born). It was noon next day before he was again in Lerwick High Street. There he experienced another surprise. At a little distance from him stood his learned acquaintance. He was at the door of a shop, over which was written, "Gilbertson & Co., General Drapers."

(To be continued.)

"Some men spend their lives in picking off dead leaves from the tree of their being. They think they are growing better because they now and then take out their will, like a pruning knife, to cut off this and that bough. They imagine they are self-denying because they dust themselves with unpleasant sulphur, forgetting that at the root the worm of selfishness is working."

"Our life is like a curious play  
Where each man hideth from himself.  
'Let us be open as the day.'  
One mask does to the other say  
When he would deeper hide himself.  
And so the world goes round and round  
Until our life with rest is crowned."



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### NOTICES.

ALL communications connected with the EDITORIAL department and BOOKS and PERIODICALS for Review should be sent to Mrs. Katherine A. Tingley, at 144 Madison Avenue, New York, marked "Century." All business communications and subscriptions, should be addressed to THE NEW CENTURY, 1004 Havemeyer Building, 26 Cortlandt St., New York.

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.

### ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The editor has a large number of interesting pictures and photographs collected on the Theosophical Crusade around the world, which will be introduced from week to week.

ADVERTISERS will find our columns an excellent medium for world-wide publicity as the circulation of THE NEW CENTURY is international. Rates, which are moderate, will be furnished on application.

### NOTICE.

*Universal Brotherhood* for December will be found an interesting issue, judging from the advance pages we have seen. Reference is made in another column to the contents generally, which we think will serve to indicate the attractiveness of the number. In addition to the articles there referred to Mr. Neresheimer writes a significant résumé of the work during 1897, and touches on the prospect for the future. One of the happiest omens for the future is the way in which Mrs. Tingley and Mr. Neresheimer cooperate together for the good of the work in its various branches. The same unity existing throughout the entire Society will inevitably carry it forward "into the next century and beyond" with daily increasing momentum.

### EDITORIAL NOTES.

Almost every one of the great Reformers has at first been greeted with disbelief and even ridicule. Galileo was regarded as a promulgator of false doctrine, yet to-day we honor him. When railroads were first proposed in England, the proposition was regarded as absurd and impossible, the inventor was looked upon as weak-minded and visionary with the result that he worked without success and died in poverty. At the same time, the legislative committee of New York reported the project as altogether impracticable. To-day the whole of Europe and America is covered with a net-work of railroads. Even the desert and the mountain have yielded to the iron hand of progress.

That one man should communicate in a moment of time with another on the other side of the earth was, a few years ago, not even dreamed of. Morse, the inventor of telegraphy, year after year was opposed by difficulty and discouragement before he could gain an intelligent attention to his great invention. Yet to-day the earth is all but completely encircled with telegraph wires.

What would people have said twenty-five years ago if they had been told of the marvels of the X ray, and what would be said to-day if the wonders of the next fifty years were unfolded before men's eyes? Yet, great as have been the discoveries of the past century, still greater are those to follow. The marvellous inventions of the next fifty years, would at the end of this enlightened Nineteenth Century, be regarded as utterly impossible, dangerous to the established order of things; and our so-called wise thinkers would probably consign the inventors to the insane asylum.

But the greatest development is not to be looked for only on the material plane and in physical science and inventions, but more marvellous still will be the unfoldment of the nature of man on spiritual and mental lines. The possibilities that lie before man in these directions would, if presented to-day, meet only with incredulity and condemnation, for in this material age man cannot understand the heights that may be attained through self-mastery.

That, however, is no reason why we should not undertake the work that lies before us with a still greater energy and determination, but let us make sure of the first step; let us start on a firm basis and then, step by step, we may mount the ladder which reaches up to the perfection of divinity.

This is the time, for at the end of the century is an opportunity given to humanity that it has not had for thousands of years. The cycle has reached its point of swiftest momentum; an effort made to-day has greater effect than at any other point of the cycle. It is like the ninth wave on the seashore that the fisherman waits for, that he may bring his smack safely to land. To-day a small effort brings great results; to-day sudden progress can be made that could not be accomplished

before in months and even years. To-day is the great opportunity to enter upon the Path. But this cannot be accomplished unless men realize the essential divinity of their natures. This is the first step above referred to, true progress begins with this step alone. Too long has poor humanity been living on the outer edge of truth and light, too long has help been sought from without, too long has the inner divine nature been obscured and forgotten and the shadows of external life been mistaken for the reality.

"There is no purifier in this world to be compared to spiritual knowledge; he who is perfected in devotion findeth spiritual knowledge springing up spontaneously in himself in the progress of time."

An incident connected with these last days, an incident of the utmost pathos, is told in *Temple Bar* (August) by Alice Quarry. We reprint it as follows:

"He had been deaf for twenty-five years, nearly half of his life, when, in 1827, a letter reached him at Baden from his nephew, the being dearest to him on earth. The young man wrote from Vienna, where he had got into a scrape from which he looked to his uncle to extricate him. Beethoven set out at once; but his funds were so low that he was obliged to make the greater part of the journey on foot. He had gone most of the way, and was only a few leagues from the capital, when his strength failed. He was forced to beg hospitality at a poor and mean-looking house one evening. The inhabitants received the exhausted, ill-tempered looking, dark, gruff-voiced stranger with the utmost cordiality, shared their meagre supper with him, and then gave him a comfortable seat near the fire. The meal was hardly cleared away before the head of the family opened an old piano, while the sons each brought forth some instrument, the women meantime beginning to mend the linen. There was a general tuning-up, and then the music began. As it proceeded the players, the women, all alike, were more and more deeply moved. Tears stole down the old man's cheek. His wife watched him with moist eyes and a pathetic, far-away smile on her lips. She dropped her needlework and her managing daughter forgot to find fault. She was listening too. The sweet sounds left only one person in the room unmoved. The deaf guest looked on at this scene with yearning melancholy. When the concert was over he stretched out his hands for a sheet of the music they had used. 'I could not hear, friends,' he exclaimed in hoarse tones of a 'ology, 'but I would like to know who wrote this piece which has so moved you all.' The piano-player put before him the 'Allegretto' in Beethoven's symphony in A. Tears now stole down the visitor's cheeks. 'Ah,' he exclaimed, 'I wrote it; I am Beethoven! Come and let us finish the piece.' He went himself to the piano, and the evening passed in a true delirium of pleasure and pride for the dwellers in that humble musical home.

When the concerted music was over he improvised lovely songs and sacred hymns for the delighted family, who remained up far into the night listening to his playing.

"It was the last time he ever touched an instrument. When he took possession of the humble room and couch allotted to him he could not sleep or rest. His pulses beat with fever. He could not breathe. He stole out of doors in search of refreshment, and returned to bed in the early morning chilled to the heart. He was too ill to continue his journey. His friends in Vienna were communicated with, and a physician was summoned, but his end was at hand. Hummel stood disconsolate beside his dying bed. Beethoven was, or seemed to be unconscious. Just before the end, however, he raised himself and caught the watcher's hand closely in both his own. 'After all, Hummel, I must have had some talent,' he murmured, and then he died.

In a library of two thousand years before Christ, there was catalogued the stars and the names of the constellations, showing the course of the sun's path in the heavens, which was evidence that the Egyptians understood the motion of the heavenly bodies. It was then that the sun-dial was invented, also the water-clock, which describes certain conditions of the heavens, which showed they used the telescope.

They also understood the manufacture of glass at a very early period; this is proved by relics found with the mummies more than three thousand years ago.

They consisted of richly-carved vases and urns, painting on glass, and artificial gems in which amethysts, emeralds and other precious stones were imitated. The work was so skillfully done as to deceive the most practised eye.

As a worker for the cause of humanity Mrs. Elizabeth Purman of Fort Wayne was perhaps best known.

A member of one of the most prominent families in Fort Wayne, possessing a very beautiful home and a family to which she was devoted, she yet had time to be one of the leaders of philanthropic work in the city. Her special work was in helping fallen women, and many a discouraged one has had reason to remember Mrs. Purman's name. She was a prominent supporter and worker in the "Door of Hope" at Fort Wayne. Mr. Purnam is one of the founders of the Theosophical Society at Fort Wayne and Mrs. Purman was one of the very active members there. She was a charming hostess and received those who were her guests with a graciousness never to be forgotten. Much might be said in memory of one who was a noble woman in every relation in life, but her remembrance will best be held by those who owed her so much—the poor and the unfortunate women of Fort Wayne.



## POINTERS.

BY D. N. DUNLOP.

The evolution of human thought presents an interesting study. It has been said that the three habits of thought—the poetic, the scholastic and the scientific, are well marked in the development of the race, and of the individual. When we look back over the various schools of thought, we find that there has been a continual conflict in the endeavor to bring about adjustments in one standard of thought to another. Witness the warfare between science and religion! Where such antagonism has existed the fact has been lost sight of too frequently, that it was a matter of interpretation. People measure truth by different standards of thought, and conflict is the inevitable result. In the long run there emerges forth from the struggle a broader, clearer idea of truth. The old doctrines about God, heaven and hell are fast passing into the sea of forgetfulness; people are beginning to realize the fundamental Unity which exists "beneath the plurality of persons and things, beneath the multiplicity of time and change," and so as time goes on we find that the heterodox becomes orthodox, and we are brought face to face with new limitations. It is at such a point that a New Deliverer comes upon the scene, with a still larger and broader view of truth. Those who can adjust their ideas to the new standard of thought are the Pioneers of progress. There is no final revelation, but a gradual and progressive unveiling of the Divine Idea. All organizations are too small to contain it.

There has been within recent times a tendency to run too much after Hindu Metaphysics, which has developed certain phases of thought not compatible with the peculiar field of Western civilization. To transplant conditions which are eminently suited to the civilization, climate and soil of the Orient, is sure to be attended by a certain amount of danger. The elements which go to make up civilization in our Western Hemisphere, are conducive to a rugged discipline and energy. We must without doubt make the best use of the environment in which we find ourselves.

Herbert Spencer in his essay on education, calls it the subject which involves all other subjects, but puts it last in his course of studies; science, trade, the care of the body, are all put before literature and art. The great field that literature opens up to the young mind is not given its full importance. The three epochs of school education—the elementary, the secondary and the higher, all play an important part in the widening of the horizon, and the great moral influence that is gradually being brought to bear upon each of these departments, is one of the happy omens of our times.

Theosophy is one of the great pioneering influences preparing the way for the adoption of a more healthy and natural system of training the young, based on a lofty conception of the true nature of children and the needs of the race.

## WAITING.

Serene I fold my hands and wait,

Nor care for wind, nor tide, nor sea;  
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,  
For, lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays,  
For what avails this eager pace;  
I stand amid the eternal ways,  
And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day  
The friends I seek are seeking me;  
No wind can drive my bark astray,  
Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone?  
I wait with joy the coming years;  
My heart shall reap where it has sown,  
And garner up its fruit of tears.

The waters know their own and draw  
The brook that springs in yonder heights;  
So flows the good with equal law  
Unto the soul of pure delights.

The stars come nightly to the sky,  
The tidal wave unto the sea;  
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,  
Can keep my own away from me.

—John Burroughs.

## WILL.

BY M. S. LLOYD.

Will as the thing in itself, says Schopenhauer, is the foundation of all being. It is part and parcel of every creature, and the permanent element in everything; all things are overflowing with will.

We will certainly agree with this statement if we contemplate the whole manifested universe as being the expression of a central will. God willed and everything was, says an ancient mystic.

In ordinary language, what is will? Perhaps there is no term more difficult of analysis. In a room full of people take each in turn without previous preparation and ask him to give his definition of will and probably no two answers would entirely agree. Many would perhaps find it impossible to correctly define what they think they understand. It is like many other words in daily use; they slip glibly from the tongue, but they defy analysis. Thus, as regards will, you will find that many confuse it with desire. In a loose sense, according to metaphysicians, will is desire, but there is a distinct line between the two. Desire ordinarily means the expression of the physical senses for any longed for object and the endeavor to gratify the inclination. In this sense desire and appetite are synonymous terms. Take a man controlled by desire and another who consciously directs his will, and they are as though beings of different worlds. Will may be called the central power in man, that which may become the master and make desire its servant. It is common enough to hear a person called the slave of desire but rarely do we hear one called the master of will.

Mind is termed that which thinks, feels, wills; also the mind is termed any state or act of will. These definitions, modern though they may be agree with ancient philosophy and religion.

Will may be distinguished from desire thus: In desire there is an un-

reasoning, spontaneous activity of mind and body, inherent in animal organisms. This desire stimulates to activity, dependent on sensation, as revealed by the five senses. Desire is chiefly awakened by some nervous excitement, the term nervous being used in its widest meaning. The animals lower than man experience desire.

The elements of will are, choice, purpose, executive or directive volition. The will determines itself. It is the faculty of deliberate action; desire on the contrary, is unreasoning. Self-control and attention are special forms of will. Says a learned man: "Appetite is the will's solicitor and the will is appetite's controller; what we covet with the one, by the other we often reject." This Will, this wonderful power inherent in each one of us, is susceptible of the highest cultivation; it is the assurance of our divinity; without it, we are nothing; by means of it we become gods.

Control of the body is the first expression of the existence of will in the human being; according to the exercise of it we can correctly estimate the development of the individual. It is the I am I in us. The man who is a thinker, who has learned to direct the energy he possesses to high uses, differs even in his physical appearance from the man influenced by desire and appetite. Mark the resolute bearing, the deep eye, the firm mouth. There is a look of courage and determination in the one, and even his firm, direct walk expresses will. Now see a man ruled by his desires. He has the weak tremulous mouth, the undecided expression, the wavering mind, the irregular walk. His whole appearance denotes that he is dominated by sensation; there is no evidence here, as there is in the other example, of a mind governed by one supreme quality, with all its powers directed in harmony with one great purpose.

As a man wills to think, that he is. And our wills educate us into perfect obedience with the purpose of the soul. This education proceeds by means of self-control exercised daily in the small details of life.

In his sermon at the Church of the Messiah at Park Avenue and Thirty-fourth Street, on Sunday, October 24th, Dr. Minot J. Savage said: "The fundamental principles of the philosophical Socialist are indisputable, the only difference between him and the Socialists of the present time being in the advocacy of certain methods. After you have admitted the principle, it becomes only a question of expedients as to how it is best to serve the public. But although the principle may be correct, Socialists must not expect us to give up the settled order of things in attempting to realize some object only on paper. The history of the past growth of civilization shows it to be slow. We must be pretty sure that something is better before we try it."

Look not on life as a grey mist but rather as a bright opalescent air, in which the buildings of the future shine far away—yet not indistinctly.—W.Q.J.

## AN INDIAN LEGEND.

Many are the eyes that are turned daily to the picturesque statue that stands hundreds of feet above the busy village of Georgetown, encased, as it were, in a chiseled vault and placed there in a most mysterious manner. With a silent vigil it looks down upon the busy populace, a sentinel of noiseless guardianship. Yet how few of the many who look upon the fair picture know the legend connected therewith, and the sorrowful tale of bygone times that is interwoven by Indian history with it. It was related to a pioneer of Georgetown some 30 odd years ago by an Indian with whom he camped in Middle Park. The Indian's story, as near as the frontiersman, who still lives there, could remember it, is as follows:

There was gathered in the valley where Georgetown now stands in the early part of the century a great meeting of the numerous tribes of Indians on the plains and mountains that had been at war as far back as the old chiefs could remember. A general desire for peace had been shown by the various tribes, and the council was for that purpose.

The plains Indians had elected a powerful chief of the Cheyennes named Cor-nu-co-ya, while the mountain tribes had for a leader Tu-se-now, noted far and wide for his excellent qualities in settling difficulties. Tu-se-now brought a beautiful daughter with him, whose name was Tah-ki. She was the pride of all the mountain tribes, and was known far and wide for her wonderful beauty. For six years the parley lasted and broke up in a row.

A battle was fought and won by Cor-nu-co-ya, during which Tu-se-now was killed and the beautiful maiden captured. The dead plains Indians were borne to the plateau at the head of Leavenworth cañon and buried. A number of years ago a prospector driving a short tunnel in from the banks of the creek encountered the remains of some of the warriors and numerous arrow points, which goes to verify the tradition.

After the battle the maiden, refusing to become a slave to her captor, was sentenced to be burned at the stake. This sentence was duly carried out. They not only burned her until life was extinct, but until every vestige of her body was consumed; and as the small cloud of ascending smoke left the spot of suffering there was a terrible convulsion of nature. The mountains trembled for a moment, and the whole eastern face of what is now Republic mountain was hurled into the valley, burying every plains warrior beneath the mountainous rock nestled in the heart of the town and known as Chimney rock or Bunker hill.

The captive mountain prisoners, who witnessed the cataclysm from a distant point, cast their eyes to the mountain that had hurled destruction upon their enemies, and in the face of the broken cliff saw the beautiful maiden looking down upon them, and for many years after they paid annual visits to this beautiful valley to worship at the shrine of Tah-ki, the beautiful Indian Maiden.—*Denver Republican*.



## 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."

## THE LITTLE NEW YEAR.

"Oh! here comes the little New Year, oh, ho!  
Here he comes tripping it over the snow,  
Shaking his bells with a merry din,  
So open your hearts and let him in!

Blessings he brings from each and all  
Big folks and little folks, short and tall  
Each one from him a treasure may win  
So open your hearts and let him in.

For here comes the little New Year, oh, ho!  
Here he comes tripping it over the snow,  
Shaking his bells with a merry din,  
So open your hearts and let him in."

## JOAN OF ARC.

BY MISS E. WHITNEY.

(Continued.)

What a hurricane of excitement it made. The king himself ordered her suit of armor made of finest steel, heavily plated with silver, richly ornamented and polished like a mirror. Joan's Voices told her of an ancient sword hidden behind the altar of St. Catherine. No one knew of the sword, but upon search it was found and Joan always carried it in battle. But only as a symbol of authority, for she never killed anyone. Then a most splendid standard was made and she chose one of her peasant friends for Standard Bearer, though many noblemen sought the position.

Everything was humming, you may be sure. Drums and music and marching men filled the streets, and Joan was kept busy seeing the crowds of people and planning out her campaign. Some of her famous Generals proved very troublesome, for they were sure Joan couldn't know as much as they, with all their military experience. But in the end, they knew Joan more than they did.

For Joan had the "seeing eye," rarest of all her gifts, and very few there be, who have it. It reads men with infallible judgment; by intuition it sees what each one is good for, and it appoints each to his right place and wins. Every military genius must fail, if he has not the "seeing eye."

Joan's eyes were deep and rich and wonderful. They spoke all languages—they had no need of words. They produced all effects—

and just by a single glance; a glance that could convict a liar of his lie, and make him confess it; that could bring down a proud man's pride and make him humble; that could put courage into a coward, and strike dead the courage of the bravest; that could appease resentment and hatred; that could make the doubter believe and the hopeless hope again; that could purify the impure mind. Thus it was that Joan conquered her generals, produced order among the low, drunken soldiers, selected her body guard of peasants as well as noblemen and at last had the vast army in readiness for their first war-march—to raise the siege of Orleans. It was an imposing spectacle indeed.

At the head rode Joan, the fair spirit clad in white armor, with her brilliant escort, then came a body of priests singing, then followed the glinting forest of spears, curving itself in and out of the crooked road like a mighty serpent. Admiring crowds cheered them all along the march. Nothing that Joan did, escaped notice, you could hear the remarks going all the time.

"There—she's smiling—see!"

"Now she's taking her little plumed cap off to somebody—ah, it's fine and graceful!"

"She's patting that woman on the head with her gauntlet."

"Oh, she was born on a horse—see her turn in her saddle, and kiss the hilt of her sword to the ladies in the window that threw the flowers down."

"Now there's a poor woman lifting up a child—she's kissed it—oh, she's divine!"

"What a dainty little figure it is, and what a lovely face—and such color and animation!"

The fringe on Joan's banner caught fire from a torch. She leaned forward and crushed the flame in her hand.

"She's not afraid of fire nor anything!"

they shouted and gave such storms of applause that everything shook, for they were now in Orleans. What a sight it was! Joan on her white horse—the dainty velvet cap with white ostrich plumes, the white armor, the sacred sword in her hand—the beautiful banner carried in front of her, as she forged her slow way through the solid masses, her mailed form projecting above the pavement of heads like a silver statue! Such a whirlwind of welcome, such booming of bells and thundering of cannon! It made one's heart leap. Then Joan's proclamation to the English was sent, to warn them to leave France, or do battle. And then—the battles! How splendid they



X113 JESSAMINE ANDERSON.  
A SAN FRANCISCO "LOTUS BUD."

were. Joan, with the battle-light in her eyes, and her inspiring battle-cry "Forward, French hearts,—follow me!"—carried all before her. Those dreaded bastilles, St. Loup, The Augustines, The Tourelles—all were taken and Orleans was free. Then you should have seen the people! They were in a fury of joy. They and the bells went mad. Joan was their darling now and the press of the people to see her was so great, she could barely get through the streets. The city claimed her for its own, giving her that immortal name, the "Maid of Orleans." "Welcome! welcome to the Maid of Orleans." "Welcome to our Maid!" was the cry, a hundred thousand times.

No other girl in all history has ever reached such a summit of glory as Joan of Arc reached that day—the memorable eighth of May. And do you think it turned her head? Ah no—she had worked three days and been wounded, and instead of sitting up to enjoy that delicious music of homage and applause, she went straight to bed like any tired child. And the people stood guard themselves, the whole night through that her sleep should be undisturbed. Orleans will never forget the 8th of May nor ever fail to celebrate it. It is Joan of Arc's day—and holy.

POINT LOMA, CAL., Nov. 13, 1897. Dear Miss Lloyd: I am going to try to answer the questions to the story of Nouma.

The story of Nouma means to teach children to be free from the lower self, from the impure. Nouma is meant to be the soul or real self.

The name of the house she lived in was the body.

The real name of King Kamus was the lower self.

The quiet room is really in the heart.

The Shining One Nouma saw was the higher Self in each one.

The Key Nouma found inside the door was the Aum or word or true Love. Your friend, CHARLIE PARTRIDGE.

POINT LOMA, Nov. 10, 1897. Dear Miss Lloyd: At Point Loma we learn the truth about many things. The school teaches us to learn to know the Real Self. We must listen and see if we can hear it. When we want to know something, if we listen it will speak to us and it will tell us right, just as it did Carlo when he played his "Remember Game."

When I go for the milk very early in the morning there are ever so many lizards and rabbits with their soft little white tails, quail, road runners, and big, big jack rabbits all running about getting their breakfast, and that makes me hungry for my breakfast and hurry on, Your little sister, WILLAMETTE P.



X114 IVY ANDERSON.  
A SAN FRANCISCO "LOTUS BLOSSOM."

POINT LOMA, CAL., Nov. 11, 1897. Dear Miss Lloyd: I am going to describe the Theosophical school grounds:

There is about a half-mile of beach where the breakers are very large, and cliffs about fifty feet high rise from the beach. There are many small points that one cannot get around except at low tide. One cannot get on the beach except where the cliffs are low and these are few. From the cliffs you see the hills of the grounds covered with brush and sweet flowers. A cañon leads near to the corner stone of the School and the flagpole.

Each night a light is raised and it means the light within us. There is also a flag which is raised on clear days. The colors are purple and golden-yellow. Purple and yellow stripes and a purple background in the upper left-hand corner with a yellow serpent in the shape of a circle and five-pointed star in the centre.

The School is not like other schools but is the School of Ancient Mysteries where we may learn everything about the real man. Also to be unselfish that we may know the truth and hear the still voice within our hearts.

From the flag pole there is a road leading to the main road of the grounds, at one end of which is a large white gate. At the other end is a white house and a large eucalyptus grove and little round pebbles called "magnetic pebbles," which are scattered everywhere about two feet deep. They are only found on Point Loma. Your little friend,

CHARLIE PARTRIDGE.

POINT LOMA, Nov. 12, 1897. Dear Miss Lloyd: The story of Little Nouma is to teach little children about their Real Selves. Nouma is the name of the Real Self in all. The house is her body. The real name of King Kamus is the lower nature. The quiet room is in the heart. The Shining One is Nouma's higher Self. The key is love. Your little sister Willamette.

YONKERS, N. Y., has a Lotus circle of forty-three children. They meet on Sunday afternoons at the T. S. hall, in that city. Last Sunday Mr. Donnelly, president of the Branch, visited the children and read to them the story of "Only a knitted Shawl," from the CENTURY. The children were greatly pleased with it and afterward two of them, a boy and a girl, repeated it in their own language in a manner which showed that they had well comprehended the lesson of love embodied in the story. Miss Margaret Towers is superintendent of the circle, which includes many very bright children.

"The art of teaching is no shallow affair, but one of the deepest mysteries of nature."



## INTERNATIONAL BROTHERHOOD LEAGUE.

(UNSECTARIAN)

ORGANIZED BY MRS. KATHERINE A. TINGLEY.

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

## OBJECTS.

1. To help workingmen 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 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.

## THOUGHTS ON THE INTERNATIONAL BROTHERHOOD LEAGUE.

BY E. A. NERESHEIMER.

The first object of the International Brotherhood League is: "To help workingmen and women to realize the nobility of their calling and their true position in life"; its purport touches on the highest truths of Universal nature. To put it into practice requires a deep knowledge of the philosophy of life.

Students of Theosophy will understand more readily than others what lessons can be drawn from occupation and devotion to duty. In order to help others to realize what nobility there is in one's calling, it is necessary to teach the fundamental doctrine that each human being is an integral unit of the aggregate whole of the Universe, and that the particular work one is engaged in is the outcome of concatenation of causes which have converged to the point where certain duties devolve upon us as effects.

A certain class of society have come to look upon certain work as almost disgraceful; this is less so in America than in other countries. The workingman himself in thoughtless plodding finds nothing very elevating in his occupation; his inclination tends rather toward finding fault with his lot than realizing its noble purpose. Were it not for the happy absorption of mind which occupation affords, some kind of work might almost lead to despair in the absence of knowledge which relates it to universal laws and justice. Aside from the fact that ordinary toil-work is almost always creative, adding to the sum of the wealth of the world, it is an expenditure of energy which has an evolutionary bearing on the individual performing it.

No human being is for one moment inactive, and each thought and deed has its retroactive effect upon us. We

should learn to use this force in the performance of right action. If the act is right and in accord with duty, it will produce good results; if wrong, it will produce the opposite.

Nothing is lost in the Universe, no force nor matter, and nothing can be added to it. As human beings we are affected by events and things as we permit ourselves to be attached to them, either in pleasure or in pain, and so long will we be involved in and with them as that attachment may last. We have reached the point in evolution where both the above and the below are reflected in man, each is in a place and position in consequence of an orderly procession of events which brought him there.

This concept must be well grounded before the problems of life can be understood. Each to himself is the centre of the Universe, a reflection of the Great Self, the One Consciousness,—That!

"Thou art That" of the Hindoos is nothing short of "God" reflected in man. The world exists only for the cognizing consciousness and for the experience of the soul. It does not matter so much what one does as how he does it. The attitude of mind determines the merit or the demerit as well as the experience which is to be gotten out of it.

If a duty is approached without prejudice and performed with cheerful but intense application and without attachment, we will soon learn the lesson which it has to teach and we will rise out of that occupation into a higher one like the blossom from the bud into the sunshine; if duty is performed unwillingly we shall stay the harmony that results from the coöperation of forces. Ergo: Learn to like your duties.

Whatever is, is well as it is; pleasant or not we have made it so by our past.

Finding fault with God and ourselves leads to nothing. Not one human being who does not wish for something else than what he has. Temporal things have no stability. Having painfully acquired the things finally which we once thought desirable we want them no longer when we have them. This will always be so as long as we seek to obtain the things whose nature is changeable. Only one thing is real: The inner man, who in last analysis is—God! To say that one kind of work is nobler than another is to state a one sided truth only. All work is noble, or none is noble for, think of the highest work, and he will be a poor logician who cannot conceive of a higher; think of the lowest and there will still be a lower; it is all relative.

So far, so good. But there is a higher aspect to man's calling. Nature itself teaches that. The higher king-

doms of nature are subservient to the lower, inasmuch as they provide the vehicle for advancement to the lower. The vegetable kingdom absorbs the mineral, it transmutes the atoms into its own higher form of consciousness; the animal kingdom does likewise with the vegetable—and the human kingdom the same with the animal.

Humanity stands at the apex of material evolution, all that is below it is awaiting the uplifting at its hands. What is more natural than to turn to our fellow-traveler—who happens to be a little behind in the journey through life—and help him up.

It is a law of nature that the more love we give the more love comes in. With each act of self-denial for the benefit of others, a portion of the grosser vehicle falls away, letting in more light from our divine nature.

The nobility of the calling of all mankind, therefore, is the duty to help in the establishment of harmony throughout nature. The beginning is to be made at our own door with our fellow man first, and doing that is to realize our true position in life.

The inauguration of the I. B. L. is surely the grandest movement that has as yet opened up a path for practical, concentrated work for thousands whose hearts have been touched with the sorrow of others, and have long been full of earnest desire to help suffering humanity, but who so far have found no definite line of work to follow, till grown restless, if not indifferent, have almost feared there was no place for them in the ranks. The years of study and preparation are passing into practical expression of how much has been assimilated of the grand ideals H. P. B. came to give anew to the world, which William Q. Judge developed and trained till now the golden opportunity for demonstration has been brought about through the heart of our Leader, Katherine A. Tingley. Let us at once avail ourselves of this privilege to work with this great force and turn the long pent-up desire and energy into this channel for practical work for our fellow sufferers, and with the great force behind this movement bring into the homes and lives of the whole world new ideals for the sweet fragrance of unselfishness will permeate everywhere, and we shall understand each other better because this spirit will reveal our true nature to ourself and the golden thread of oneness will then be felt by all.

Awake, brothers and sisters to the grand possibilities awaiting us—and like true soldiers in the ranks keep step with each new impulse, and with each other looking upward, neither to the success or failure of others in criticism, but to our Leader who has made the present work possible march on to a victory that shall have a solid foundation upon the broad basis of Universal Brotherhood.

A. G. HINCKLEY, M. D.

"Man most man with tenderest human hands, works but for man—as Christ in Nazareth."—E. B. Browning.

## L. B. L. ACTIVITIES.

In International Brotherhood League work there is "a boom on." From Tacoma, Washington, comes an enthusiastic report, accompanied with newspaper clippings from which we have the pleasure of quoting thus:

"Much interest in the proposed International Brotherhood League was shown by the excellent inaugural meeting held Wednesday night at the hall, No. 1004 Tacoma Avenue.

E. O. Schwagerl presided, and made a brief introductory address. He said in substance that old dogmas, creeds, superstition and tolerance are diminishing. New ideas and methods are rising from the buried debris of the ancient monuments of metaphysical philosophy. The ignorant must be illuminated from within. The suffering and oppressed saved from their misery, and humanity as a whole led to recognize the divine brotherhood of all men.

This is the work of this league, whose numbers should equal the numbers contained in all humanity.

Short and earnest addresses followed, by Judge McMurray, Rev. Dr. A. W. Martin, Judge Parker and Fred G. Plummer, all bearing on the broad purposes of the brotherhood."

From Buffalo, N. Y.,—where they always do the right thing at the right time—Mrs. Stevens writes:

"We have held three general meetings—two women's—all well attended. Have had good music and, as we close promptly at nine at general meeting, we invite all who wish to remain to do so and chat and drink coffee, or tea, and eat buns. This makes it very social and gives us a chance to talk more brotherhood

The same at the women's meeting. We think in time these meetings will grow quite popular as every one enjoys them so that they "don't want to go home until morning," almost.

We mean to make money at our Bazaar and I enclose two supper tickets—of these we hope to sell five hundred—as the entertainment, to say nothing of the supper, will be good.

Mr. Brown will give us a 'Dickens' and 'Shakespeare' evening with good music.

We will have booths representing the various nations the Crusade visited.

We will have an Egyptian Sphinx who will tell past, present and future, a real phrenologist in the Italian booth . . . a palmist and a dolls' booth for little girls—Lotus children—and a five and ten cent counter for boys.

We are preparing an eight-page programme similar to yours (the one in New York), will get as many ads. as possible and advertise all our various schemes in it.

The 'Merry-go-rounds' are getting in their deadly work and are carrying out their reason for being.

In fact we are right in the swim and hope to make lots of money."

Just think of it! The work of the League had its inception only about two months since and yet such things as detailed above are going on over the entire country. The most amazing account which has reached here is, perhaps, the one from Macon, Ga. A few weeks ago, two days were devoted to Theosophy at the Nashville exposition. Amongst the members present were some of our members from Macon. They there received a titanic impulse the effects of which are now becoming apparent. This present seven days they have set aside as Jubilee week. They are holding meeting after meeting; have crowded halls; every one interested and the newspapers giving no end of space and attention. Their attitude is not only most friendly, but they—that is their representatives—have become personally and individual intensely interested. On Thanksgiving Day two thousand invitations were sent out to a Brotherhood Supper. This is a pretty big straw. Perhaps it may be appropriately called a bundle—but anyhow whether a single straw or bundle they all point in one way.

H. T. PATTERSON.



## THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETIES.

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

MR. E. A. NERESHEIMER, PRESIDENT.

*"There is no Religion higher than Truth."*

## FROM AGNOSTICISM TO THEOSOPHY.

BY A. C. F.

The writer of this article began his religious career believing in the infallibility of the Bible, and the Church as its interpreter. But being a rational as well as a philosophic thinker, his investigations led him towards Agnosticism.

Having to some extent investigated the phenomena of Spiritualism, the conviction that there is a realm of consciousness beyond the range of the ordinary senses became so fixed in his mind, that he undertook in his own way to investigate the entire phenomena of nature from the purely philosophical stand-point.

After a thoughtful study of the problem extending over a period of seven or eight years, the question resolved itself into two propositions, namely:—The Materialistic and the Ideal.

The Material or Scientific view is, that the Universe is formed of matter, "Cosmic Dust," on the same principle that a cannon ball is shaped from material at hand; further, that matter is self-existent and is real, the tangible. This being so, it is evident that a super-reality is an absurdity. The potentiality of all evolutionary progress, must be inherent in the Cosmic dust.

Contrary to the Materialistic view, the Ideal holds that matter,—or more correctly speaking,—phenomena, is an effect, and an incomprehensible intelligence is the cause. Or, that the Universe is a thought of God, expressed in another form, we might say, that the entire domain of nature is the mind of the Infinite, and all the forms comprising the Universe are his thoughts.

Taking the cannon ball as an illustration, the planets were formed of Cosmic Dust,—Intelligence being within itself, the Ideal asserts that the source of the Intelligence is outside the planet; that the planet is thought only, that there is no such a state as matter; that Ideality is form, power, and motion; that these three constituents of Ideality are sufficient to account for all the phases of matter as they are presented to the senses.

It is well to bear in mind, that Ideality is a reality transcending this which we call real.

When we attempt to discuss a question of this nature, almost every one will put the question: Do you mean to say, that this table I rap with my hand is not substance. That if I bump my head against a post, I do not feel there is an impediment, etc.

It is evident from these two propositions that it requires a hand and a head to demonstrate the fact of a table and a post. So it is with all the various aspects of matter. The senses are the agency through which its existence is comprehended.

The argument will attempt to prove

that the senses are entirely unreliable as an agency for expressing the truths of phenomena.

First, what is this we call I or self? Self is an object having three decided characteristics, namely, the senses, the intellect or understanding, and conception or intuition.

Now, when we say, I know this and I know that to be a fact, which "I" do you mean? The "I" pertaining to the senses, or the "I" of the understanding? As for instance, the senses insist even now, that the sun rises, that the moon and the sun are about the same size, and the stars are infinitely smaller, that objects have color inherent to them, also weight, hardness, etc.

It can be shown that all the aspects of phenomena which are presented directly to the senses, as weight, texture, hardness, heat, cold, light, color, odor, taste, etc., are effects; the causes being an intelligent, incomprehensible force; that all these so-called aspects of matter, are thought vibrations of this unknowable force.

The true age of Materialism dates before the time of Galileo. Sense facts were at that time the basis of reason. Then came the discoveries of Sir Isaac Newton, who demonstrated that objects have not weight inherent to them. The theory of gravitation proves that all the forms comprising the universe are held in the embrace of a power, having the forces, attraction, and repulsion; Centripetal and Centrifugal, each of these forces exactly counterbalancing one another.

The only inference to be drawn from this fact, is, that the universe is as light as a feather, so to speak. Newton also demonstrated that color is an illusion of the senses.

These demonstrations to the understanding are all contrary to sense reasoning, and as we accept as an axiom every day; a liar is not to be believed even if he speak the truth, why should not the same rule apply to the senses, if they have interpreted one or more aspect of phenomena wrongly, why may they not be wrong in all the aspects of phenomena?

As weight and hardness or solidity are the great bulwarks of Materialism, and as it has been demonstrated that weight is a force, there still remains the quality of solidity or a weightless solid.

We all know that solidity is a relative term, and that usually we measure the hardness of an object, by the strength of our muscle and the softness of our hands. Very uncertain means.

The simplest manner to dispose of the element of solidity is to scientifically resolve it into the nebulous state that it was at one time and will probably be its future state. The Cosmic dust of the scientist is an ether without weight or hardness.

The argument thus far has been conducted on the intellectual plane of self,

resolving phenomena scientifically into a state where the intellect ceases to fathom its mysteries, consequently, we are obliged to have recourse to the third constituent of self, conception.

Any conception is true to which you can apply the law of necessity and economy.

As the universes are Infinite thought forms, it is conceivable there are innumerable forms not manifested to the senses as at present organized. It is conceivable that the nebulous state is a lower rate of vibration than that which preceded it; consequently, this previous condition would not be manifested to the senses. The nebulous state then is the primary sense manifestation from the unknowable reality.

As the nebulous state evolves in the formation of a planetary system, the rate of Atomic vibration becomes slower and slower, till a cold crystallized earth is created.

Ever since primitive man picked up a stone from which to shape an arrow-head, matter has always been considered an individual substance, having no relation as far as its existence is concerned, to any outside influences. It has always been considered, the Infinite in the creation of the universe, needed material to construct a sphere in precisely the same manner as we need material to construct any object of our fancy.

It has been demonstrated here that thought; or form, power, and motion is reality, and matter is the necessary creation of the senses in order to comprehend the existence of Infinite reality.

UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD for December will offer its readers a rare collection of fascinating and interesting articles, among them: "The Mystical Temple of King Solomon" will capture the attention of masons. "Pentaur" continues the series "Neglected factors in the Educational problem." Basil Crump upon "Wagner's Music Dramas," illustrated by the celebrated artist R. Machell. Dr. J. D. Buck contributes a scholarly article, "Nordau and Degeneracy." Dr. Williams, "Gotama, the Buddha." Prof. A. Wilder, "Philosophic Morality." Mr. A. Opperman, "The Real." Mr. G. A. Marshall, "Karma." E. Barker, "A Glimpse of Yesterday." Mrs. F. F. Gordon, "The Genius of the Collective Masses."

Other writers contribute "The Larger Womankind," "The Kindergarten of Theosophy," etc., etc. A new feature is The Children's Department, "The house I live in." The December number will carry out the original plan, displaying great improvements in form, as well as daintiness of illustration and finish. It will be an excellent number to mail to friends. To avoid disappointment orders should be sent at once to 144 Madison Ave., New York.

FONTANELLE, IOWA.—Last week two very successful meetings were held at a country post-office called Williamson, by one of our Branch members. There are three brothers there for whom the place is named. They are braw Scotchmen, great admirers of Henry

Ward Beecher, and loyal to their countryman and poet Bobbie Burns. It was at their invitation that the meetings were held. The settlement is made up largely of intelligent, thinking Bohemians who have thought themselves away from dogmatism. I do not believe you city people know or can appreciate the eagerness with which people in the rural districts, who are thoroughly wearied with the hollowness of the average teaching, seize theosophic ideas. We are trying to use our opportunities. If any of your surplus workers want to give us a lift occasionally, the McDermid latch string is always out and the McDermid home will furnish its best to workers for humanity. Our Branch is not very active just now, owing to sickness and various other reasons, but we never for a moment lose faith and hope, for we know our cause is right. A steady growing interest is now and then made manifest to cheer us.

Fra. yours,  
A. H. McD.

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NORTHWEST THEOSOPHICAL COMMITTEE is now duly organized body, with headquarters at Tacoma, Wash., and is under the guidance of the following officers: President, J. H. Scotford, of Portland, Ore.; treasurer, F. I. Blodgett, of Seattle, Wash.; secretary, R. H. Lund, of Tacoma, Wash. The Committee represents all the Branches now existing in Oregon, Washington, Montana, Idaho and British Columbia, and proposes to pursue a regular and systematic Theosophical propaganda within that territory, and especially to form new centres and assist all newly formed and weak Branches. Work has already been begun on this line by members of the Committee, and plans for the work during the fall and winter are being prepared. The Secretary invites correspondence from all Branches in the territory mentioned, and desires that monthly reports be made to him of doings and activities in the line of propaganda work.—R. H. Lund, Secretary.

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KATHERINE A. TINGLEY BRANCH, N. Y. The weekly meeting of this Branch was held on Wednesday, Nov. 17th, in the Branch rooms on E. 14th St. There was a good attendance of members and visitors. After the usual opening exercises, the subject of the evening, "The Power of Silence," was discussed, Mr. Stern and Miss Stabler of the H. P. B. Branch, Harlem, Mrs. Gordon of Boston, Mr. Harney of the Aryan T. S., taking part. The value of "Silent Moments" was indicated, and a story from the life of a Quaker illustrated the thoughtfulness and kindness which are characteristics of those who formerly were called quietists.

Live not for selfish aims, live to shed joy on others. No joy is given freely forth that does not re-echo in the giver's heart.—Ward Beecher.

We are born to aspire skywards; our native home, like a mother's face, never frightens its children.—Balsac.

"The wheel of sacrifice has Love for its nave, Action for its tire, and Brotherhood for its spokes."

"Let every man first become himself that which he teaches others to be."

"Nature suffers nothing to remain in Her Kingdoms which does not help itself. The genesis and maturation of a planet—the bended tree recovering itself from the strong wind, the vital resources of every animal and vegetable, are demonstrations of the self-suffering, and therefore self-relying soul."