

“It is a glorious work, and those who take part in it are indeed fortunate. Their responsibility is great, and the calls made upon them often heavy. But they should know that they are working, with the tide of the world’s life working with them. They can afford to keep in their own hearts an immense courage, an utter fearlessness, an unshakable determination. For victory is ready waiting for them. They, for their part, have only to do their simple duty.

“May every Theosophist and every lover of the race press forward into the future, determined to play his part nobly in this work for the millions yet unborn.”

Katherine A. Tingley.

UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD

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THE COMING CONGRESS AT POINT LOMA.

THE vanishing point in the picture dominates the entire composition. To it all lines tend or center about. It synthesizes the work and gives it its character of unity. Without it the different parts would be more or less incompletely related one to another. It is like the keynote in a piece of music. In events there are those which are analagous to this. About them other events are grouped; to them they lead up; and from them the future spreads out as a fan, radiating in all directions from its center. That pivotal happening which to-day is the most momentous, to-morrow is but one of the many tending to bring about something else equally momentous.

Two years ago, at Point Loma, the cornerstone was laid of the School for the Revival of the Lost Mysteries of Antiquity.

One year ago, at Chicago, the convention was held in which the Theosophical Society of America became an integral part of the Universal Brotherhood, and the Universal Brotherhood organization itself was entered into by the members of the convention with nearly unanimous consent.

Each of these occasions marked the drawing aside of the curtain of time, and on each occasion a new picture was presented on the screen.

Nearly twenty-five years ago, H. P. B.

founded in New York “The Theosophical Society, or Universal Brotherhood.” Eight years ago she died.

In eighteen ninety-one, the year of H. P. B.’s death, Wm. Q. Judge became, as her successor, the leader of the Theosophical Movement.

Three years ago he died, and at that time Katherine A. Tingley, as his successor, became the leader.

Thus has picture after picture been unrolled. Thus has event after event focussed on itself other events and served again its part as a premise to lead up to some greater conclusion.

Now, shortly, we assemble at Point Loma. Loma, the dove, the bird of peace, has fluttered from leaf to leaf of the vast pages of history. It belonged to the beautiful goddess who rose from the sea. It descended from heaven at the baptism in the Jordan. It belonged to Venice, the queen of the Adriatic. From it that Christopher, who discovered America, was sur-named.

Does it signify nothing that the first congress of the Universal Brotherhood meets at a place so significantly named? Or, have the lines again converged, and are we at the vanishing point of the picture where the past, its potencies drawn into the minute, is dropped into the womb of time?

H. T. P.

The Brotherhood Congress at Point Loma will be a gathering of much significance and importance. It will be a foretaste of much to follow. It will be a symbol of America's future. This future has been seen afar off, not indistinctly, by many seers: some great, others obscure.

Charles Dudley Warner, writing in 1874, about his travels to Egypt, mentions incidentally meeting an interesting young person who comprehended the future, illuminated by an inner light. He related how there would be an end of armies, navies, and police, "of all forms of religion, of government," and that Universal Brotherhood would be established. This was in 1874, just as H. P. B. was preparing the way by carrying the old thought to the new world.

To-day we are approaching a new stage in the development of this work.

The Earth has its sacred places, its centres of force. Point Loma is one of these. It is a landmark of advancement towards a more perfect civilization. Its natural beauty has been written about in rapturous phrases; it is a region of inspiration.

The prospect that breaks upon the vision is one of the grandest. One looks down on immense groves of perennial green lemon and olive trees, all under careful cultivation. The lights and shadows as they creep over the water and the hills, the albatross as it floats serenely by, the meadow larks with their liquid song, the varied flowers and the curious cacti, all form an integral part of the scene.

Behind the manifold beauties there seems to shine a Universal presence, enfolding all with wonderful peace and tenderness. The bold cliff, the calm mountain-tops in the distance, the ripple of the waves, the soft grassy slope—here indeed one can catch for a moment the invisible powers at play. Here "visibly in his garden walketh God."

On this fair spot is to be held the first congress of the Universal Brotherhood. Comrades from many lands will gather to-

gether, and break the bars between life and life, "in spite of the mortal screen." Here they will mingle with the life of nature and get inspiration for the common hours of our common life. Here it will be possible to return to a simplicity of life even for a brief period.

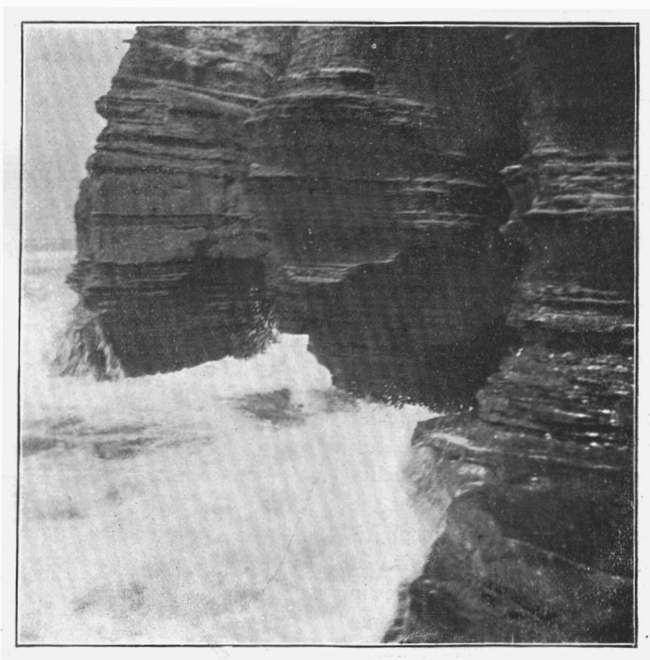
But the primary purpose of our meeting is to think of how best we can forward the work of our Brotherhood in the world of men. All lands cry out for help, all peoples are in need of the divine service of brotherhood and love, the ministry of light and joy. The "still sad music of humanity"—while it will not mar the scene of beauty and harmony, will evoke from the heart of each a new dedication. We shall return to our homes with new reverence for the divine light wrapped up in the squalid vestures of clay; consecrating our lives anew to its service.

A vast space will wrap us round. All our exercises will be pervaded with a sense of joy, vivid and real, for there will be nothing to disturb. The Leader and the Crusaders will be present to tell of their great work in Cuba and its possibilities. The developments of the work in all parts of the world will be considered wisely, and preparations made for taking advantage of the growing opportunities of the times. Everyone will rise to the occasion; everyone who has known the Compassionate heart of the Leader understands what it means, knows its place and value in this movement of Compassion, this Cause of Sublime Perfection. The Congress will bind us more closely to it, and to one another for all time.

D. N. D.

Two years ago the cornerstone of the School for the Revival of the Lost Mysteries of Antiquity was laid at Point Loma by our Leader, Katherine A. Tingley. This was at the completion of the Crusade around the world. On that occasion our Leader spoke as follows:

"You have witnessed the laying of the cornerstone of the School for the Revival



VIEWS OF POINT LOMA.



of Lost Mysteries of Antiquity. You have heard described the objects of the school. It remains for me to turn the thoughts of those present toward the future of the human race.

"Few can realize the vast significance of what has been done here to-day. In ancient times the founding of a temple was looked upon as of world-wide importance. Kings and princes from far distant countries attended the ceremonies of the foundation. Sages pregathered from all parts of the world to lend their presence at such a time; for the building of a temple was rightly regarded as a benefit upon all humanity.

"The future of this school will be closely associated with the future of the great American Republic. While the school will be international in character it will be American in center. This school will be a temple of living light, lighting up the dark places on the earth. And I appeal to all present to remember this day as one of great promise; for this new age must bring a blessing to all.

"Through this school and its branches the children of the race will be taught the laws of physical life and the laws of physical, moral and mental health and spiritual unfoldment. They will learn to live in harmony with nature. They will become compassionate lovers of all that breathes. They will grow strong in an understand-

ing of themselves and as they gain strength they will learn to use it for the good of the whole world. Rejoice with me then, and may you all share in the blessings of this hour and in the brightness of this future which contains so much of joy for man."

Since then two years have passed. There has been another crusade, the light has shone into the darkest of earth's dark places, the compassion and tenderness of the Mother have reached the hearts of many, many of the suffering, emaciated, diseased, hopeless and despairing and shed a glow of the warmth of her love throughout that unhappy Isle of Cuba—unhappy and wretched, but now blest by the touch of the Helper's hand, and strengthened by the love of that great heart of compassion.

Immediately following this second crusade is to be the second gathering at Point Loma, the first annual Congress of the Universal Brotherhood. Already our comrades from Europe are arriving to take part in the proceedings. Brothers Watson and Poole from London, arrived in New York March 11. Others on the way are our old friends, Mrs. A. L. Cleather and Basil Crump, also Col. Cleather, Miss Atkinson and Miss Townsend, from England, Brother Dick from Ireland, Mme. de Neufville, the faithful friend of H. P. B. and W. Q. J., and Brother Jasink from



Holland Brother Hedlund from Sweden and Brother Glückselig from Germany. From all over this continent, from Europe, from Australia, our comrades will meet on that sacred spot. Truly the day of hope has dawned for humanity and the sun of joy is dispersing the clouds of sorrow and despair that have so long oppressed the earth.

Think what it means—a Congress of the Universal Brotherhood organization, participated in by those who have vowed to make Brotherhood a living power in their own lives and in the life of humanity

Once again in hte cyclic course of the ages has humanity's opportunity come. Once again the light shines forth, once again the pathway that leads to the halls of wisdom is shown to men and the veil that hides the mysteries of life and death is parted for a moment. The word "Brotherhood" has been sounded throughout the land and around the globe. Men and women are awaking out of their long sleep to a realization that they are divine, that life is joy and that the joy of life is in serving.

The whole history of the theosophical movement has led up to this Universal Brotherhood Congress about to be held at Point Loma. Fitting it is that this first Congress should be on the site of the School for the Revival of the Lost Mysteries of Antiquity. Comrades! do not your hearts glow with enthusiasm, with love and devotion? What a glorious privilege and opportunity is ours to take part in this work for which H. P. B. and W. Q. J. sacrificed their lives, and to follow and serve our great and beloved Leader, whose every thought is for the good of humanity.

Once more the gates of the Temple of Light are opened to us; once more we may enter in and drink of the Fountain of Life and Wisdom; once more, ah, greatest privilege of all, we may, with all the strength that comes from our own divine natures, give our willing and loving service to the cause of Brotherhood following with loyal and devoted hearts, the guidance of that Great Heart, Mother and Leader, Katherine A. Tingley. J. H. F.

Note.—The illustrations are from photographs of the ceremony of laying the corner stone of the S. R. L. M. A. by Katherine A. Tingley, Feb. 22, 1897.



—Brotherhood, not as a theory, not as a sentiment only, but as a fact in nature.

For centuries and centuries men have sought the light, have sought for that knowledge which is their rightful heritage. That light and that divine knowledge the ancients had. Again and again the great Helpers of Humanity have sent out their messengers to lead men back to the ancient wisdom, to show them the way to true happiness. Again and again have the messengers been rejected and their words heeded by but few.



ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE.

ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE.

VI.—THE LAST TWENTY YEARS.

BY ALEXANDER WILDER, M. D.

LAMARTINE withdrew from political life with dignity, but not without regret. It had been the passion of his youth and the ambition of riper years. He had served his country loyally, and hurried to the rescue at the moment of her mortal peril. He had endeavored to make sure for France a permanent government with free and humane institutions. His failure, such as it was, came from his tenacious adherence to his moral convictions, his unwillingness to resort to the arts of the demagogues, and his refusal to grasp arbitrary power.

"I knew very well," said he, "that I was able to seize fortune with the dictatorship, and to keep it. In that case it would have been necessary to put five or six leaders out of the way in order to intimidate the rest. But for the gaining of a power that endures only a few years, while by perverting liberty by wicked example it sullies the conscience, a crime is too much. I prize blameless innocence more than power. I have often repented of being mixed up with such men in affairs, but never of having given the good example of voluntary humiliation in place of criminality. There are ungrateful men and mockers at goodness down here, but is there not a God above?"

He had been returned to the Chamber of Deputies by six constituencies, but the majority in that party was overwhelmingly opposed to his views. He perceived the fate awaiting the Republic, and that Imperial Government would again be established.

It has been affirmed of republics that

they are ungrateful to their benefactors, and that they develop tendencies toward arbitrary power and the curtailing of personal rights. Wealth dominates the councils, judges make as well as define the law, and what is denominated "police power" seems to be regarded as having no limitation. This was exemplified in the reign of the first Napoleon, as well as in later instances.

Lamartine now received his full allotment of ingratitude and calumny. His indebtedness which was incurred during his brief official term involved his entire fortune. To his application for reimbursement his adversaries replied that he had squandered his property, not for France, but in extravagant living, and especially in his journey to the East, and prodigal lavishing of presents on Moslem officials.

It answered no purpose to show that he had not diminished his property in the manner charged. He had been as prudent of expenditure as any traveler under like circumstance. While in Syria he had been modest in gifts and careful in other respects. His expenses, including those of his family, friends, servants, caravan and animals, did not exceed one hundred thousand francs; while the Arab horses and other property that he brought back were worth twenty thousand. He had also been paid eighty thousand francs by an eminent publisher for the manuscript notes of his journey.

He never ceased to feel keenly sensitive on this subject. He had inherited the estates of his family, and his uncle had desired him to occupy himself, as he had

done before him, with their management, making science and literature a diversion. His early literary publications had placed him in rank with the first poets of his time. "But," says he, "I was absorbed by politics. It has been a serious passion of my life, obstinate and productive of misfortune. Yet with me it was, in fact, only the passion of duty as a citizen. And would to God, that for my own good I had never had other passions than those for beautiful verses, for the shade of the woods, the silence of solitude, and the horizons of the desert. Would to God that I had never touched the hot iron of politics, which burns the hands of orators and statesmen. 'All is vanity,' the wise man says. But of all things vain, is not that the most vain to desire to sow upon the rock, to the breath of a people that will permit nothing of the sprouting and growing?"

Lady Hester Stanhope had predicted to him that after he had unwillingly mingled in the grand events that were to occur in France, he would return to the East with other thoughts. He actually planned to engage in the enterprise of developing the various industries of Syria to lucrative results. "I will die there," he declared; "at least I will do so in the wishing."

He was not free, however, to choose. His heavy obligations demanded his efforts. "The duty of saving my friends and creditors in France at every honest price, chains and keeps me in my Fatherland by a lien which God only knows. Nevertheless, the soul of Lady Hester Stanhope has passed into my mind; and to die in a desert of Asia contemplating God and Nature and far away from the men of Europe is my last wish!"

He began anew his political career by the publishing of a monthly periodical entitled "Le Counsellor Du Peuple"—The Counsellor of the People. It was philosophic and political in character, carefully avoiding sensationalism, reflections upon the Government, and jibes at individuals; but inculcating veneration, reverence for

religious institutions, love of peace, tolerance of opinion, practical Brotherhood. He was told that the people would reject such journalism, and choose prurient and filthy literature, phantasms, envy, hate and calumny. Yet in a few months it became "the manual of a hundred thousand peasants, artisans and workingmen."

He attributed the deterioration of public sentiment in France to the closing of the salons or drawing-room receptions, formerly so famous. "Let us return to the literary drawing-rooms," he pleads; "they are everywhere the sign of an exuberant civilization. They are also the sign of a happy influence of women on the human mind. Pericles and Sokrates with Aspasia, Michael Angelo and Raphael with Vittoria Colonna, Ariosto and Tasso with Elonora d'Este, Petrarch with Laura de Soda, Bossuet and Racine with Madame de Rambouillet, Voltaire with Madame de Defant or Madame de Chatelet, J. J. Rousseau with Madame d'Epinay or Madame de Luxembourg, De Vergniaud with Madame Roland, and Chautebriand with Madame Recamier—everywhere it is at the breath of a lettered woman, political or enthusiast, that there shines a century or that there springs up eloquence. Always a woman as a nurse of genius or at the cradle of literatures. When the drawing-rooms close, we may fear civil convulsions or declines of learning. *They are closed.*"

Lamartine also brought out large numbers of new publications, among them "Confidences," "Raphael," "Histories of the Revolution of 1848," of the "Restoration," of "Turkey," of "Russia," etc.

He describes his feelings while so employed: "I wrote in a continual fever, with a domestic catastrophe impending, which, if it took place, would bring misfortune to others and myself. My duty as a matter of conscience is that of struggling to the death against iniquities, humiliations, calumnies and injuries of every nature. France has beleaguered me with these in return for certain errors, perhaps, but for

a voluntary sacrifice for her of body, soul and fortune, which was not withheld in her days of trial. Every night I lay down desiring that that hateful day might be the last. Every morning I rose saying to myself: 'Take heart again, swallow thy bitterness, wrestle again. If you flag for a moment, or if you quit your Fatherland abandoning to your creditors the lands that nobody dares buy, you will by your cowardice destroy those whom you ought to save. You are their heritage; do not fly. Be Regulus* for their safety. France that rails at you, that is now outraging you, will perhaps understand you to-morrow. One more day!'

As his years advanced, he encountered the fortune incident to professional jealousy and the changes in the public taste. His works failed to yield him profit. Some also said, perhaps invidiously, that his mental powers were failing.

His wife died in 1863. She was like his mother before her, a noble, affectionate and devoted woman. She had brought him wealth, which was sunk with his own; she suffered with him and even more exquisitely in their poignant griefs, and she had shared his depressed fortune with unwavering fidelity.

He had now outlived all. His own family, wife, daughter, sisters, all had passed away before him; the friends with whom he had participated in ambitions, hopes, joys and disappointments, were also gone. A new generation to whom he was a stranger, was growing up with different impulses, wishes and expectations.

Considering his literary career as closed, he engaged in the supervising of a complete edition of his works. There were forty-one volumes in all, and five years were thus employed. We find interspersed

in them not only observations and reflections on various subjects falling under his notice, but pathetic allusions to his later fortunes.

In the early autumn of 1865, he records that all his goods were sold or bargained to the last centime of their value to pay his debts. He was staying at Monceau, the family mansion, provisionally and by the complacency of his creditors, till want of income, sickness, accident or other misfortune reduced his resources to nothing, and an official un pitying as fate should say to him as he had already said many times that he must pay or go. The Lamartine estates, Monceau, Villars Du Prat, and all were swallowed up.

He had been sturdy in his integrity. Always loyal to France, he had refused to serve under Bonaparte, to hold office under Louis-Phillippe, or to approve of the action and policy of Napoleon III. He had chosen deliberately the loss of wealth and a life of daily labor in preference to a waiving of convictions. His fidelity and honorable career had ennobled his name. At the instance of M. Emile Olivier, the grant was made to him by the Imperial Government of half a million francs to relieve his necessities.

Four years later, on the first day of March, 1869, he passed from the earth.

Lamartine's was an exceptional career. Whoever saw him seemed to have presentiment of his greatness. The prosecutor in the Reign of Terror in his infancy, the English Historian Gibbon, Lamennais, de Maistre and Talleyrand, as well as the visionary Lady Hester Stanhope, foresaw that he would become distinguished, that he would in her exigency be the savior of his country. His history extended through its great vicissitudes. He was born as the former France was disappearing; he lived during the first Revolution, the Empire of Napoleon, the Restoration of the Bourbons and reign of Louis-Phillippe, that second Republic of which he was the genius and principal member, and the Second

* Alluding to Regulus, the Roman commander, who, when a prisoner to the Carthaginians; and was sent by them to Rome to effect the negotiation of a treaty. Yielding himself to their vengeance, he procured the rejection of the treaty, losing his own life, but assuring the triumph of his countrymen.

Empire, dying just before foreign war again humiliated and impoverished his country. Of all these periods he was a souvenir; in some of them an actor. He was as great and distinguished in his public and official career, as it was possible for a man who was sensitively conscientious. With the sincerity of profound conviction, he joined the foresight of a sage,

the energy of a leader, the courage of a warrior, the readiness of a statesman, and the inspiration of a prophet. He introduced a new epoch in the literature of his people, and left his impression on his age.

Fitting and full of meaning was the modest tribute of St. Beuve:

"Lamartine is important to his countrymen."

SHIPWRECKED.

(Translation of Heinrich Heine's Poem, "Der Schiffbruchige.")

BY MARIE A. WATSON.

HOPE and love! both destroyed!
and I myself am like a corpse the
angry waves have tossed aside!

I lie upon the strand, the lonely, dreary
strand; before me the desert waste of
waters, behind me ruin and desolation;
o'er my head moves the cloud-world!

The gray daughters of the air are at their
endless task, dipping the water in their
phantom cups and dragging it wearily,
back and forth, up and down, pouring it
again into the sea.

A fruitless task, as dreary and fruitless as
my own life!

The murmuring waves, the pensive cry
of the night birds' song produce on the
sensitive brain their sound-pictures.

Shadowy pictures of love and hope re-
vived, rise slowly, sweeter for the pain.

One, more potent than the rest, lingers.
'Tis the image of a royal maid, robed in
dazzling white.

Her hair of raven black lies as night
upon the brow of heaven, and from the
sweet, pale countenance radiates her eye
of midnight splendor.

"O midnight sun," I cried, "how oft
from thee my soul hath drunk loftiest in-
spiration!"

Then a dove-like smile hovered o'er the
proud-curved lips, and from her sweet,
proud lips came speech tender as moon-
light, gentle as dew breathed by the rose.

And my soul winged its flight upward,
ever upward, beyond the clouds and moon
and stars.

The murmuring waves, the song of the
night birds ceased—vanished are the
dream pictures.

Hope and love are dead.

I lie upon the strand, the dreary strand,
a desolate shipwrecked soul, and press my
fevered brow upon the cool, moist sand.

THE TEMPLE OF THE NEW CYCLE.

BY ZORYAN.

GES are laboring for the larger hope, wheels of time revolve in its pursuit, even dark tenebrous cycles of failure, broken against phantom-marks of search, die with this sweet word upon their lips.

Then the phoenix-soul revives again, stronger and greater for its experience and its earnest search, and darts through a new wheel, feeling that the goal must be and that eternal peace must rest somewhere in its purity pristine.

Of the searchers some are cold, readily falling back, lapsing into despair, some are lukewarm and undecided, some are like eagles dashing to the sun.

The wheel of time has to each a word to say. It shows them naked truth even to the utmost, as much as they can see it from their selected points of view.

To the lukewarm it says: "Stop as long as you desire, yet I shall not stop my flight from one eternity into another. I have a great road to travel, a great purpose to accomplish. Eager souls accelerate my motion and liberate themselves from my embrace before my end. But those who linger, what do they mean? There is no middle point between despair and hope. Either the world is a mockery of all that is dear to life and truth and love, a toy of Power—cold, pitiless, insane—or it is an ever growing Promise, a blessed voice from the beyond—but both it cannot be. No! I cannot stop, and even before my end I shall spit out you from my mouth."*

To the cold and hard it has much to say with every surging billow, striking against their rocky selves: "I am your liberator whether you wish or not. Thunderous is

my sweeping surf, silvery is my eating and dissolving light. Had you been looking through me into the glory of my free and calling message, you would hail my every ripple, which breaks your empty forms. But you had rejected all. You are resisting your deliverer and friend; you had slandered me as your oppressor, as a messenger of despair and death. My breeze had you changed into dark clouds, and my touch had you interpreted as pain. Yet it is not so. That such mistake might not be prolonged, I shall withdraw my breeze from you and pass away into the night. Then your resistance will collapse, your empty forms will vanish. Let even your despair be dissolved, let your pain have an end, even if you do not wish to follow me into the joy of peace."

But to the pilgrims, who wheel with it into light, to those of eager heart, it opens windows of its high Cathedral dome. There through the seven tints of its peculiar number, through those which are messengers of the greater Seven, it admits the view of many aspects of this light. It teaches step by step, leading with tender hand to the Oneness, White and Pure, through its unbroken waves of self-same, yet variously-hued essence.

For those who open their hope's prison into the cycle's mighty structure, for the sake combined of the cycle's patient pilgrims, it swings also the door of the Cathedral open. Every open soul and the whole opened temple swell with sounds, as some mighty resonators, each in a different tone, sounding the glory of the same voice, which breaks so gladly in from the all-surrounding, ever-living ocean.

The Cathedral dome is a dome of unity

*"Revelation of St. John."

and brotherhood, towards which their hope has opened. The windows of Light and the door of Sound become their rewards and their mightiest surprise which they yet ought to have expected; for the greater hope, lifted towards the One Star of the whole of humanity and its appearing endless purpose, must necessarily be met by the approving and inviting Light and Sound of the Cosmic Soul. So it grows and blooms towards the roof, whose windows now are one with its bright transparent petals.

Let us now think of the temple's image on the earth. The blue truly "Pacific" waves are rolling forth at its feet their unending song. The echoes of the walls, and every rock, and every hill around are answering back. The returning majesty of the soul awakes the inner memory even of the stone.

When the new has come, the old appears also. The same undying light of heart is shining for them both. The cycle comes into itself. It becomes round, it shines as an undying star.

The new humanity appears. The new light is glowing in their hair, is coursing in their veins. Why is their look so bright, their step so easy, their demeanor so calm and full of cheer. Though their hope has gone into the farthest blue, yet it has not lost itself in endless vistas; lo! it is ever streaming from their hearts, and it does not vanish. What is then its radiating sun and center?

The center of their hope is indwelling Trust. Trust in the supreme, trust in its bright light in fellow-men, trust in the light-bearers, the dearest teachers! It is the inner counterpart of hope, and its abiding generator. It is the secret of their victory and calmness. It is the sunny answer to the highest, made possible only by the great fire of gratitude and devotion, which for the hope received burns with the holy will to give that hope to others.

This is why every stranger feels them as some new and wonderful beings, whose

forms are woven from the very sunbeams.

This is the victory of the doctrine of the heart.

What would they care about the outer labyrinth of happiness, if in their hearts they had found a source unlimited from which to give happiness to others. They blaze like fiery ever-flowing fountains, scattering their liquid sparks upon the creatures and the grass, illuminating distant valleys of illusion, cheering sad tenebrous dwellers of deep cañons and gorges. Verily, they now have become themselves windows of light for others, the flashing messengers and sons of the One Dark Father.

This is why all the nations of the earth are stirring, glowing and arising from their sleep of gloomy years of terror. Each one now has a message to deliver in sweet harmony with others, each awakes and says to other nations: "Greeting, sweet friends! oh! what awful dreams I have had. It had seemed that we were fighting among ourselves through all this dark and cheerless night of dread. O rising sun, dispeller of the phantoms, the common father of the glowing colors of our joy, accept the morning salutations of thy united sons!"

But that first-risen golden nation is their silent chief and leader; that wonderful, new-born of wisdom, that opener of the cloudy skies, that blazing fountain, through which the sun is pouring forth its bright splendor, piercing the heavens' fenestrations—who will explain what form she has; from what essence she springs?

Her form is a negation, a fiery embrasure in the cloud of selves, through which is threading the light impersonal of the beyond.

How was that embrasure achieved? Not by scattering of form, which was only one of many clouds, one of many personal obstructions, but by retaining hold on its confines and destroying its contents, so as to find the core invisible of compassion's heart. In such a way the window has been opened and retained.

The history of mankind is the history of the manifested God. Who can belittle it, who can refuse to take a part? And so a new divine chapter is to be written on the scroll of time.

The small personal interests and woes do not disturb its current in the least. They are too little even for a microscope, and are constantly swept off by merciful death, which is only death to them, and to nothing else. It is not for this that our inner self is dwelling in us.

Our inner self is concerned only in the divine results of the totality of evolution. From the silent infinitude of spirit it speaks through our small selves, and towards the vibrant infinitude of matter are its words directed. The confines of our personality are only a pinhole in this dark camera of transmission; and the personal contents are only an obstruction.

Though cameras and shadow-discs are many, the reality is one. And, one is the Divine Purpose of it all.

Let us then boldly break and widen the cloudy fenestrations between the glory of the sun and the shadows of the earth. Let us open them wide, that the one heart, our common heart beyond the windows may be seen and felt, luminous, golden, steady, immortal, sure.

This inner temple of the soul will react upon Nature and make of her an outer worthy house of life. And why? Because every rocky shelf and nook will be a bower of a joyous fellowship fraternal; because the loving thoughts will float like pink and golden strands above the valleys, hills and rivers; because the forests will become peopled with creatures of our mind and lakes will scintillate with ripples of our gladness; because the thought of the eternal will break the limits of time itself, and that which has been, will seem to be again, and that which we expect, is looming right in view, and parted friends seem nearer in the silence.

And Nature will turn also into a bower of strength. When fear and doubt and an-

ger and desire are absent, what will prevent and weaken the inter-currents between man and his surroundings. When Nature was thought to be an enemy—an enemy she was, distant, cold and menacing. Not so in the unifying daylight of the heart. Verily she will live around the man and she will speak to him and commune with him, as his companion and friend. And she will take him lightly up and float him in the air and carry him through her blooming halls towards his work for truth, enlightenment and further liberation of mankind.

And the human body? Unwise are they who blame this innocent tool, instead of the darkling phantoms of their minds. Pure air, clean water, a bite of simple, healthy food, some covering and some sunshine—surely these it needs, this our body for our temporal work—but what need for lucullian dinners, over-ornamented dresses, artificial surroundings, stone, and paint, and bric-a-brac, except in the fancy of that childish, playful mind, which among these toys lets the reality slip by. But the richer the soul, the more profit to the body and it will turn into a sacred temple with many halls and chambers, and in its precincts angel-wings will float, and visions will flutter, and Nature will be mirrored there, and the sunlight will enter into its exultantly pulsating life, and a halo will spread around it, and in it songs celestial, paintings rich and gorgeous, and in it all the powers of Nature will find their dwelling—light, and heat, and sound, and that electric vril of "The Coming Race"*; and it will not need a bodily contact in order to greet a comrade with a kiss of friendship, for it will send it surer and with a less mistake through dividing space, and will be rich with inner powers and treasures, though now invisible, beyond all dreams of modern avarice.

So many temples! One seems to stand, its stone aglow, on the strip of the sacred land on the Pacific shore. Who knows

*Bulwer Lytton.

what is a stone? Though a mineral, yet it floats and moves on the great bosom of omniscience. Ah! it keeps secrets so long, so long! And, though it does not answer to idle lips, it surely answers to the soul and helps the patient pilgrim. Thus the highest and the lowest meet. This is why ancient traditions and usages must be adhered to.

Speak about the stone! Perhaps for some philosophers the hardest nut to crack. But for the true and trusting it is the purest, steadiest, and in the end the most helpful friend. In truth, we do not yet know what real mineral is. Anything near to death? Let not a danger from this side be ever thought of. The farthest from it! And only just before the day of

final consummation, will the real nature of the mineral appear. Transparency is a step it reaches now; permeability will soon appear, and new characteristics we cannot even dream of. All we know now is that in the mineral the natural forces work with an unerring precision, at any distance (as attraction, etc.), and without a contact. Can we say so much of man?

Upborn upon invisible wings of spirit, fanned by its breezes, warmed by the power of its love, all this visible and invisible world, man, his soul, his body, and his surrounding nature, even to the boulders, which he so thoughtlessly steps upon, are a temple and a vehicle of that Self Divine, to whom every thought and word and deed let be for its eternal adoration.

EXTRACTS FROM "LES FRAGMENTS DE NOVALIS."

TRANSLATED BY K. M. LUNDBERG.

The numbers as the signs and the words are manifestations.

* * * * *

Their correspondences are universal correspondences.

* * * * *

The higher life is mathematic.

* * * * *

There may be mathematicians of the highest order that cannot count.

* * * * *

The real mathematician is enthusiastic per se. Without enthusiasm there are no mathematics.

* * * * *

The life of the gods is mathematic.

* * * * *

All divine messengers ought to be mathematicians.

The real mathematics are pure religion.

* * * * *

The mathematicians are the only happy beings. The mathematician knows everything. He could if he does not. . . .

* * * * *

All activity stops when science steps in. The state of science is *endemoine*, contemplative rest, celestial quietude.

* * * * *

In the Orient the mathematics are in their country. In Europe they have degenerated to simple technics.

* * * * *

. . . Could not God manifest himself in the mathematics as in all other science?

* * * * *

Nature is ideal. The true ideal is at the same time possible, real and necessary.

RICHARD WAGNER'S PROSE WORKS.

BY BASIL CRUMP.

Vol. I.—(Continued).

THE latter portion of "Art and Revolution" is mainly devoted to a comparison of Greek with modern public art: "The public art of the Greeks, which reached its zenith in their tragedy, was the expression of the deepest and noblest principles of the people's consciousness. * * * To the Greeks the production of a tragedy was a religious festival, where the gods bestirred themselves upon the stage and bestowed on men their wisdom. * * * Where the Grecian artist found his only reward in his own delight in the masterpiece, in its success, and the public approbation; we have the modern artist boarded, lodged and—paid. And thus we reach the essential distinction between the two; with the Greeks their public art was very Art, with us it is artistic—Handicraft."

This question of the motive with which work is done is just the kernel of the whole matter. Each one of us is face to face with it every day of our lives. It lies within our power to raise the most insignificant duty to the level of an art, by doing it as well as we know how, for the sake of the good it may do, and without thought of advantage or disadvantage to ourselves. In a little devotional book of golden precepts, "Light on the Path," there is a note which runs: "The pure artist who works for the love of his work is sometimes more firmly planted on the right road than the occultist, who fancies he has removed his interest from self, but who has in reality only enlarged the limits of experience and desire, and transferred his interest to the things which concern his larger span of life." In this essay

Wagner expresses precisely the same truth. He says that the true artist finds his joy and reward in the very process of creation, in the handling and moulding of his material; but the handicraftsman thinks only of the goal of his labor, the reward his work will bring, and hence his labor is joyless and wearisome. Thus he shows us that the slavery among the Greeks, which was the blot upon their civilization, was sin against his own human nature destined speedily to be avenged. Under the Roman Empire they learnt in deep humiliation that "when all men cannot be *free alike* and *happy*—all men must *suffer alike* as *slaves*. The task we have before us is immeasurably greater than that already accomplished in days of old. If the Grecian art-work embraced the spirit of a fair and noble nation, the art-work of the future must embrace the spirit of a free mankind." So it is not a Greek revival that is urged, but the creation of a new and greater art based on a universal, not a limited, Brotherhood: "for what the Greeks knew not, and, knowing not, came to their downfall; that know we. It is their very fall, whose cause we now perceive after years of misery and deepest universal suffering, that shows us clearly what we should become; it shows us that we must love all men before we can rightly love ourselves, before we can regain true joy in our own personality. From the dishonoring slave-yoke of universal journeymanhood, with its sickly money-soul, we wish to soar to the free manhood of art, with the star-rays of its world-soul."

Some have imagined that Wagner was an advocate of Socialistic theories because

of his constant insistence on the principle of Brotherhood. On the contrary he recognized therein a vital danger, a materialistic force which is a menace to true art; nothing less, in fact, than the raising of "man-degrading journeymanhood to an absolute and universal might. * * *

In truth, this is the fear of many an honest friend of art and many an upright friend of men, whose only wish is to preserve the nobler core of our present civilization. But they mistake the true nature of the great social agitation. They are led astray by the windy theories of our socialistic doctrinaires, who would fain patch up an impossible compact with the present conditions of society;" and he points out that behind the cry of the most suffering portion of our social system there lies "a deeper, nobler, natural instinct; the instinct which demands a worthy taste of the joys of life, whose material sustenance shall no longer absorb man's whole life-forces in weary service, but in which he shall rejoice as man." This will be recognized when it is understood that "In the history of man nothing is *made* but everything evolves by its own inner necessity," and also "when mankind knows, at last, that itself is the one and only object of its existence, and that only in the community of all men can this purpose be fulfilled." In other words when mankind learns to live intuitively in harmony with Nature's laws (e. g. cause and effect and brotherhood), instead of trying to mold outward conditions in accordance with intellectual theories. Many an earnest and unselfish worker in the "labor" or Socialistic field is already learning a bitter lesson; improved conditions, shorter hours, higher wages, have not altered human nature; on the contrary the effect in too many instances has been to encourage selfishness, laziness, and other vices. The *effect* has been tinkered with, but the *cause* has remained untouched. Wagner being a Mystic, saw behind the deceptive

appearance, and recognized that only by teaching mankind to be more brotherly, and to develop the ideal artistic faculties as a balance to the purely intellectual, could any real improvement be brought about. Hence we can see the immense promise contained in the dramatic work now being organized by our Leader and also her training of little children on artistic lines before their intellects are brought into play. In these two branches of Brotherhood work the Leader of the Universal Brotherhood organization is carrying out the work of reform which Wagner and many another true friend of humanity have longed to see accomplished. For them only a part of the great work was possible, but now the time has come for unfolding and putting into action the whole grand scheme.

Before bringing this wonderfully powerful essay to a conclusion, Wagner launches a scathing indictment against the condition of the modern theatre. If the sting of suffering to each true artist of to-day has been that "he must squander his creative powers for gain, and make his art a handicraft," what must be the suffering of the dramatist "who would fain assemble every art within art's master-work, the drama? The sufferings of all other artists combined in one! What he creates, becomes an artwork only when it enters into open life; and a work of dramatic art can only enter life upon the stage. But what are our theatrical institutions of to-day (1849), with their disposal of the ample aid of every branch of art—industrial undertakings: yes, even when supported by a special subsidy from Prince or State. Their direction is mostly handed over to the same men who have yesterday conducted a speculation in grain, and to-morrow devote their well-learned knowledge to a 'corner' in sugar. * * *

For this reason it must be clear to all who have the slightest insight, that if the theatre is at all to answer to its natural lofty mission, it must be com-

pletely freed from the necessity of industrial speculation." And then Wagner goes on to explain how both State and Community should see to it that the theatre be so far supported that both the management and the artists shall be freed from all care of commercial considerations in the carrying out of their lofty mission. "The judge of their performance will be the free public. Yet, to make this public fully free and independent when face to face with art, one further step must be taken along this road; the public must have unbought admission to the theatrical representations." Furthermore the artists are to be recompensed "as a whole, and not in parts," thus doing away with that abomination of our modern stage, the "star artist."

Hence it will be seen that those who are to undertake the art-work of the future must be prepared to do so from the standpoint of unselfishness and brotherhood, without thought of personal glorification, but standing ever ready to take the smallest or the greatest part with the one object of helping to produce an ideal performance—perfect in its every detail—in order to teach the people how to live better, purer, and happier lives. "Then will theatrical performances be the first associate undertaking from which the idea of wage or gain shall disappear entirely. * * * Art and its institutes, whose desired organization could here be only briefly touched on, would thus become the herald and standard of all future communal institutions. The spirit that urges a body of artists to

the attainment of its own true goal, would be found again in every other social union which set before itself a definite and honorable aim; for if we reach the right, then all our future social bearing cannot but be of pure artistic nature, such as alone befits the noble faculties of man.

"Thus would *Jesus* have shown us that we all alike are men and brothers; while *Apollo* would have stamped this mighty bond of brotherhood with the seal of strength and beauty, and led mankind from doubt of its own worth to consciousness of its highest godlike might."

With these noble words—containing within themselves the suggestion of a Brotherhood of Religions—the essay concludes. In the next essay, "The Artwork of the Future," we shall find the whole field of art in its relation to the drama examined in a most careful and instructive manner. Its consideration will probably occupy two or three more of these articles. Meanwhile I would suggest that the reader should study in this connection the valuable hints thrown out by "Madame Purple" in the discussions of the "The Sokratic Club" on the Drama, also what has been written in "The New Century" concerning the performances of the "Eumenides" and the Re-birth of the Mysteries. Those who have access to H. P. Blavatsky's "The Secret Doctrine" should also read the chapter in volume II., old ed. 411, new ed. 429, on the real meaning of Aeschylus' "Prometheus Bound."

(To be Continued.)

FRAGMENT.

A WORD ON ART.

BY ADHIRATHA.

IN order to be what people call an artist in our days, it is quite impossible to be anything else besides, because the public demands so much from an artist, that he has no time to devote to other things. He must, by disposition, be qualified for his art, work hard to become efficient and continue to work hard to maintain his efficiency. It is a pity that the public should be so very difficult to please and should look more to the way a work of art is executed than to the work itself, and thus push the artists off their true track and make of them slaves of public opinion. Would it not be better to listen to the composer than entirely to the performer? The execution must, of course, be rendered in a pleasing and comprehensible way, but it is after all only the garb in which the real thing is clothed. It is easy enough to talk about a singer or performer, but in order to understand the work of the composer a higher feeling and a finer taste are required. The aptitude for such an understanding constitutes the artistic disposition of the hearers. The same with painting and statuary, architecture and every art. Instead of looking at a picture as if it were a photograph, the harmony of color and form and the underlying idea should be studied. It is better to understand what a man says than how he says it; the external form is but the clothing of an idea.

In order to better understand the question it is well to try to define what art means. I consider it thus. It is the doing of a thing according to certain numerical proportions which are felt by the heart. It seems a daring proposition to exclude the

intellect, but it seems to me that the function of the intellect is more of the order of explaining, discussing and imitating, but not of creating. The intellectual part in a work of art is more for the purpose of rendering it comprehensible to the public, which being thus gradually led forward may gain little by little the feeling which the artist had. If the intellect is used by the artist for other purposes it becomes an artifice and disfigures what it should have simply explained.

How now can that real feeling of art be cultivated by people? Works of art are almost everywhere, but the people should feel them rightly. Then if this feeling is awakened, the taste for sham art will gradually disappear, and with no demand for it, sham art and artificiality will become things of the past.

As the feeling for real art resides in the heart, it is only by cultivating the latter that art can be reached. How can we reach the heart? Which is the first step in this direction? Into a cold selfish heart, art can never enter. What else can set up the first vibration in the sleeping heart of man, but—compassion! It opens the heart's door, and then, and then only, the higher feelings of art may pass in and out. Compassion and Universal Brotherhood are one and the same thing, and we thus see the all importance of holding high the banner of Universal Brotherhood to the world, not only for the physical welfare of man, but also for the development of those higher faculties which lie dormant in the spiritual heart of every man worthy of the name.

OPTIMISM AND PESSIMISM.

BY ARTHUR A BEALE, M. B.

HERE is an optimism that is despair, and a pessimism that is hope. For the optimism of this age is selfish, and the pessimism is the reaction from the hopeless state of society. Beware of the glamor of the pairs of opposites, for the man that would be happy, must be without fear and without hope; without fear for that which would overwhelm him, without hope for that which would subscribe to his comfort. We are the Universe, and he who would conquer the Universe must conquer himself. He who has risen beyond madness need not fear the lunatic; he who is above theft need not fear the burglar; he who is above cheating need not fear the fraud; he who would not injure another need not fear injury from another. For he who has conquered faults in himself has to that extent conquered them in others. Walk fearlessly before the Lord, for the Lord will recognize thy equity, and reward thee with his own strength, so that thou fightest his fight. But be thou also sure that he cannot give thee strength to do evil.

O ye people of the earth, would ye but open your eyes! The battle is already fought and won, if ye will but recognize it. The night is past, though ye know it not; already the sun has risen, but the long darkness of the night has blinded ye. Ye have so long learnt to see through the eyes of the flesh, and the flesh is blind. The spiritual eye of the soul awaits the magic touch of your will, and ye will not give it. Will, O men, will to be that which ye already are; and the golden garden of the Hesperides lies basking in the sun for ye.

This is the real optimism of which all other is the sham. The hope that all will be well, founded on the false illusion of

the senses, that have not yet learned to calculate that 2 and 2 make 4, is a vain hope, and so, too, bending under the yoke of Karma, the hope that the next day will be better than the last. The next day can never be better as long as we remain satisfied with the illusion.

"I deserve it; there is no justice in the universe because I have not had what I deserve; why will not my reward come; lo, these many years do I serve thee, neither transgressed I at any time thy commandment, and yet thou never gavest me a kid, that I might make merry with my friends." Notice how the optimism of desire sinks into the pessimism of thwarted ambition. Compare this with the gorgeous and dignified pessimism, so called, of Schopenhauer. Take that instance which Mr. Wallace gives in his delightful resumé of Schopenhauer's life. The essence and acme of his philosophy he gives as follows, quoting Helvetius: "Helvetius is the author of two works, in which, as was said, he let out bluntly the secret which all the world had agreed to keep. That secret was that human virtue, in its ordinary phases, was at best a graceful and tasteful selfishness. 'The virtuous man is not the person who sacrifices his pleasures, his habits, and his strongest passions to the public interest, since such a man is impossible, but the person whose strongest passion is so conformable to general interest that he is almost always necessitated to virtue.'"

We know there are some people who are only happy when they are intensely miserable, and others whose greatest and most indulged passion is to generally "rate" society and the universe, as others indulge in the passion of virtue for personal gratification, or for the hope of public esteem or

sanction, at the least. We might perhaps to some extent agree with the grand pessimist Nordau, that such people show the social taint of insanity, but then we might go further than this modern philosopher and say that all personalities are mad, as long as they remain the possible victims of the insane social systems of their times, that is in fact, part of that constituent of the world that is always mad. But the pessimism of Schopenhauer is not the pessimism of despair. There is another side to man's dual nature, that can defy Max Nordau and all pessimism, and it is the invocation of Schopenhauer to live to that, which redeems this worthy man from being an enemy of the race.

As our leader has told us, there are two ways to work; we must be either the servants of good or of evil. We must work for ourselves or mankind; we cannot serve God and the mammon of unrighteousness at the same time. And the optimism of the self is the pessimism of the spirit, as the pessimism of the lower self is the hope and optimism of the Self; the higher, spiritual Self.

We have been too long the victims of that optimism that blinds us to the promptings of the greater life, in which the miseries, trials, temptations and worries, and the blinding blasts of the fires of desolation and woe, are but the phantasmagoria of the lower man as the purgation proceeds; and even already can be heard the sweetest music of the higher life bidding us be strong, to suffer, for the glorious inheritance of the race is at hand. We want not surely the paradise of the fool, and the fool's paradise is the living playground of the senses

in the halls of illusion.

Wherein lies the difference? In this, that the pleasures of the one are finite and reactive; the happiness of the other is eternal and blessed. So deep are the wells of everlasting life, that we need never fear to thirst, for the satisfaction is supreme. Sow to the one and the fruits are disease, putrefaction and death; to the other and the fruits are one long drawn out harmony whose name is Eternal Peace. Distrust the optimist for "by their fruits shall ye know them." Distrust the pessimist for if he has not lost the sweet savor of sanctity he may be but the lamb in wolves' clothing come to frighten us, and tickle our intuition into activity. So deep are the paradoxes of life that within the tempting buds of innocence and beauty, lies the harsh taste that may be for us either poison on the one hand, or the unripeness of incipient growth on the other, according as we have power to perceive. But another lesson is at hand, the harshness itself may become the canker of the bud or the sweet scent of the full blown flower.

Thus the struggle goes on, and the bitterness of youth if it be true to itself and loyal to its source of light, may become that light in its time of fruition, or remain self-centered, hard and imperfect.

How true and how sweet is the note: "Be loyal!" for is there not associated with the very phrase a breath of Heaven itself, the romantic touch of our childish idealism, the fruitful assurance of our more mature experience. Be loyal! and I will give to thee out of the store of my kingly knowledge.

"A student without inclination for work is like a squirrel on its wheel; he makes no progress."

"Narrowness of mind causes stubbornness; we do not easily believe what is beyond that which we see."

Gems from the East.

A GREAT EXAMPLE.*

BY EL VIEJO.

TO bring about a better understanding between the so-called savage and civilized races by promoting a closer and more sympathetic relationship between them." International Brotherhood League. Object VI.

In the month of November, 1682, took place one of those events in history which has been placed on record and called again and again to memory, as one of the most momentous of the series which have placed the American continent in the van of human progress. It is commonly known as William Penn's treaty with the Indians.

The author of this treaty, and the founder of the State of Pennsylvania, was the son of Admiral Penn, an officer in the English navy in the days of Charles II. After the usual liberal education of an English courtier, and a subsequent tour through Europe, young Penn gave his father much anxiety by a refusal to join in the profligacies of the court life, and later, becoming convinced of the truths which lay hidden in the inner life, he joined the Quakers, who, in those days at least, represented in England the most advanced tenets of true human progress. His great work, "No Cross, no Crown," may be read with interest, by those who wish to study true religion, as it was understood by these good men, two hundred years ago.

Admiral Penn had loaned to the needy Charles II. the sum of £16,000 (\$80,000),

*Acknowledgment is due to Mr. Charles S. Keyser for his pamphlet, "Penn's Treaty," published in Philadelphia, 1882, from which copious extracts have been embodied in the above article.

which, needless to say, that monarch was both unwilling and unable to repay. This debt was inherited by the son who accepted in payment a large tract of country in the New World. Thither he emigrated with a number of his friends and their families to found the colony, which was named after him—the City of Brotherly Love (Philadelphia) for its capital.

No one was better aware than the founder, that in releasing his monetary claim upon the British government he received an empty title—a title based neither on conquest, nor occupancy, nor discovery. Indeed, this title was made wholly valueless within a century by the settlers themselves. He knew also that the title of the Indians to the land, was neither initiated by the exclusive occupancy of one tribe, nor completed by the expenditure of labor upon the ground; but existed only in the vagrant holding of whatever tribe held temporary advantage over another. Yet he finally succeeded in satisfying every one of these Indian titles.

Thus the land itself was without value until made valuable by the labor of his followers, to which heart and purpose was given by the humane direction of the founder. From which it resulted, as it does always in the most valuable work for humanity, that every one received compensatory advantages except the founder, who was himself brought to ruin by his wise and honest endeavor, and his whole establishment finally lost to his family.

Let us try and picture the scene of this memorable treaty. The place was Shackamaxon on the Delaware River, now a portion of one of the wards of the City of Philadelphia. It was then the site of an

Indian village and a noted place for conferences of the Indian tribes. An elm tree stood there, which was preserved thereafter by the Colonists and British soldiers throughout the Revolution. It was still standing, till the early part of the present century, and many are the relics which have been made from it.

Three nations of the aborigines had their representatives in the assemblage, the Delawares, the Six Nations, and the Shawanese. The founder was accompanied by members of his council and by his Swedish interpreter, Captain Lasse Cook. Some Swedish and Dutch settlers were also there, drawn either by their interest or by their curiosity.

In the center of a wide expanse of green sward stood the old elm tree. On one side was the sloping bank extending down to the sandy margin of the river, and near the shore lay the Governor's barge, its broad pennant lifting and dipping, only with the motion of the waves.

Behind was the forest, which covered what is now the site of the city, walnuts, chestnuts, oaks, elms, beech trees, cypress and pines reaching backward to the Western horizon—the forest walls of this wide amphitheatre. Near the great elm the council fire was blazing; its pillar of cloud rising through the hazy slumberous atmosphere, a witness between the heaven and the earth of the unbroken faith pledged there, and to endure.

Beneath the wide spreading shadows of the elm, the leaders of the tribes were gathered. No warlike weapons were in their hands. In front were the old chiefs and their councillors; behind them, the younger braves, circle after circle, widening outward towards the West, and with them aged matrons and children. In the center of the assembly was Tamanen, Sachem of the Delawares, who, tradition says "was in the highest degree endowed with wisdom, virtue, prudence, charity, affability, meekness, hospitality, in short with every good and noble qualification

that a human being may possess. He was supposed to have had intercourse with the great and good spirit; for he was a stranger to everything that was bad."

The Indians, dark to blackness, by their ruder intercourse with the weather, were gorgeous with various dyes upon their persons, and with feathers of the forest birds upon their foreheads, shimmering in the autumn sun. The Dutchmen with their pipes and imperturbable repose, in the well worn clothes of their voyage, and the Swedes in their frocks and trousers and moccasins of deer skins, formed an admirable contrast. The immediate followers of the founder were in the quaint costumes of their time—coats reaching to the knees, covered with buttons, most ample vests, trousers slashed at the sides and tied with strings or ribbons, perukes and low shoes. In the midst, the founder, his hair parting in many ringlets over his broad forehead and shoulders; the ruffles of the time falling over his fair hands, in his costume distinguished only from the others by a sky-blue sash of silken net, himself the cause and force of that event which should survive by his faith and confidence in humanity to the latest generations.

So they stood together, the passing and the coming race; the race that should perish and the race that should survive—upon this carpeting of the fallen leaves, whose crimson, green and gold arabesques were fading into the sombre dyes of the November days—beneath that tree, whose vast embrace and century growing arms were yielding insensibly as themselves to inevitable decay; the waning year, the dying leaves presaging the future of all their forest strength and painted glories. Of all these Penn alone survives in common memory. In stature, tall and athletic; in manner, courteous; in disposition, most resolute; "tender of every person and thing that had simplicity of truth or honesty for a foundation."

He advances toward the council fire with kindly, courtly dignity; his attendants pre-

cede him bearing presents which they lay upon the ground. The venerable Tamanen rises, advances a few paces, and puts on his head a chaplet into which is twisted a small horn, the symbol of his authority. By this custom of the Delawares, the spot has become sacred, the person of everyone there, inviolable. He then devoutly turns his Calumet to the heavens and the earth, seats himself on the ground and smokes awhile in silence. The interpreter announces that he will hear the words of the White Father. Penn addresses them in these sentences, some repeated as his language long afterwards by the Indians themselves, some as they appear in the stories of his life.

"The great spirit rules in the heavens and the earth. He knows the innermost thoughts of men. He knows that we have come here with a hearty desire to live with you in peace. We use no hostile weapons against our enemies—good faith and good will towards men are our defenses. We believe you will deal kindly and justly by us, as we will deal kindly and justly by you."

He read them the conditions of the league, which were preserved by his successors.

He then continued: "We will not be to you as brothers—brothers sometimes contend with brothers. We will not be to you as fathers with children—fathers sometimes punish their children. Nor shall our friendship be as the chain that rust may weaken, that the tree may fall upon and sunder. We will be as one heart, one head, one body, that if one suffers the other suffers; that if anything changes the one, it changes the other. We will go along the broad pathway of good will to each other, together."

They listen to the words in silence as was their custom, they consult among themselves, they deliberate.

Tamanen orders one of the chiefs to answer, and he rises and salutes the founder and takes him by the hand, and says that "he was ordered by the King to speak, and that now it was not he, but the King, who

spoke, because what he should say was in the King's mind." He then said that it was the King's mind that these pledges should be accepted, and kept by them forever—and that both races should live in love together, as long as the sun gave light in the heavens. He delivers into the founder's hands that Wampum belt, which was thereafter transmitted as an heirloom to his family, and may now be seen in the rooms of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania.

The conditions of the league—the pledges of that memorable treaty—the links of the enduring chain, that the fallen tree broke not, are preserved in the Archives of the State. The words of the final pledge are as follows:

"We will transmit this league between us to our children. It shall be made stronger and stronger, and be kept bright and clean without rust or spot, between our children and our children's children, while the creeks and rivers run, and while the sun, moon and stars endure."

And at every pledge, that great assemblage of kings and braves, standing amongst their women and children, repeated it in their language, shouted, "and in their way said Amen."

Yet there have not been wanting men who have questioned this inspiring story. They have said, as was said before, that humanity in its credulity and dependence upon such noble examples had created it out of their own imagination, and thus the unbelievers have sought to set aside the simple truth of the tradition, and its lesson has been lost to their narrower scrutinies. But none the less has the story been repeated from generation to generation and preserved "in the credence of our common humanity."

Voltaire speaks of it thus: "It is the only treaty which has not been sworn to, and which has not been broken."

Abbe Reynal in his *Historie Philosophique*, 1780, says:

"Never, perhaps, had virtue inspired legislation more conducive to human happi-

ness. Opinions, sentiments, and manners, corrected what was defective, and supplied what was imperfect.

"The prosperity of Pennsylvania was therefore very notable. That Republic without wars, without conquests, without effort, without any of those revolutions which astonish the eyes of the inquisitive and passionate, became a spectacle for the entire universe.

"His neighbors, in spite of their barbarity, were enchained by the sweetness of his manners, and strangers, in spite of their corruption, rendered homage to his virtues. Every nation wondered to see, *realized and renewed, the HEROIC AGE OF ANTIQUITY that the manners and laws of Europe had made seem fabulous.*"

Contemporary history confirms all this,

inasmuch as it establishes that throughout all the wars of retaliation by which the Indian braves sought to resist the oppression and injustice dealt out to them by neighboring States, the peaceful colony of Pennsylvania remained unharmed, and the Indians ever held in grateful remembrance the memory of "the good Onas," as they called the founder.

And so, once more, it is desired to call to our remembrance this great event of two centuries ago, that in these days of the dawning of the light of Brotherhood over the world, men may everywhere be encouraged by it to step forward without fear, and in confidence of that which is the common inheritance of our common manhood—the Heart of Peace and Good will to all mankind.

THE CZAR'S PEACE PROPOSITION.

BY H. A. ANDERSON.

The most stupendous proposition ever made to the world was made by Nicholas II. of Russia, when he proposed that all nations should live on a peace footing. The people everywhere are yet incredulous of the possibility of such a change in the attitude of the great Powers. Perhaps they are right, but what if they are, and this will only be talked of, approved and then shelved for the present. Is it a failure? It is wasted? No, indeed, for who can measure the force sent out by this peace wave? We all acknowledge the power of thought. Try, then, to imagine what it means to have the whole world—not a few people of one race; not even just one nation, but the majority of the people of all nations talking, thinking, dreaming for a time of universal peace! Surely, the wave

must have a positive, visible effect everywhere.

If the world has already reached the point where this peace among nations is possible, then though statesmen, diplomats, priests and rulers scoff, it will be carried out. If the time is not yet ripe, then it must wait, but even so we can look forward to the time when this will come up again to be acted upon, for what has come once will, nay must, come again. Then let us work for Universal Brotherhood, send all the force we can to help this great wave of peace and brotherhood dash up against the hard rocks of selfishness, that the Gibraltar of "desire for possessions" may be destroyed, and the "lion and the lamb lie down together," and peace reign over all the world.

THE ETERNAL IDEAL.

BY LUCIUS H. CANNON.

THIS question of brotherhood I sometimes talk over with my friend the minister. He admits all of it, and declares it is very, very old. He himself has been preaching it ever since he entered the ministry.

"Brotherhood on earth," I venture. "How about the brotherhood in heaven? How could hell exist if there were brotherhood in heaven?"

My friend looks at me wisely and shakes his head.

"There," he says, "is where spiritual law only is supreme."

He still fondly clings to the idea of hell as a post-mortem state. In speaking of this I do not do so for the purpose of cavilling, nor do I wish to seem captious, nor disparage my friend in the eyes of the world; for he is very wise.

Whether or not he believes in hell only as a means of disciplining the backslider here on earth, I do not pretend to say.

Sometimes I tell him there are many of us who have all the hell we care for right here on earth. Then he turns on me and impressively asks: "Where would the world be to-day if it were not for the dogma of hell, as you call it?" I am silent, for I know it has been used as a whip, for centuries, to keep the wavering in line.

"But how," I persist, "if you believe in brotherhood, can you separate yourself in the hereafter from those brothers who are condemned to eternal perdition, while you enjoy eternal bliss?"

"I will show you some day that it is true," he said evasively.

He has the gift of "prophesy" to a remarkable degree, and so far as my knowledge goes, he has never "peered into the

future" without disclosing something that afterwards proved to be true. His visions, too, are of rare beauty and deep meaning.

One day he telephoned me that he wished to see me that evening.

"I had a strange dream last night," he said to me when I was seated, "and as it directly concerns you I feel it my duty to tell it to you, much as you may grieve to hear it. I dreamed I died and went to heaven. After my first amazement had subsided at the wonders of that celestial abode, I looked curiously around at the inhabitants, and found to my surprise that every religion, every creed was largely represented. To my greater surprise there were many who had no creed or belief at all, singing hymns of joy and praise. All manner of beliefs and disbeliefs were there save one only. There was not one member of your Brotherhood in heaven. I marveled greatly at this, and inquired; but no one could give me any information. Finally I thought they might be holding an esoteric session somewhere up in the celestial clouds, so I asked St. Peter:

"Where are all the theosophists?"

He turned on me a gaze full of disapprobation and pointing a finger downward, said severely:

"They are all in hell!"

The minister looked at me with deep concern and tender pity, as he finished. His heart spoke in the pressure of his hand. My own heart was like a weight of lead within me, as I went homeward, although I carried with me the comfort of my friend's parting words. It was something more than an eternity of bliss to me. It was the race, my relation to it and the adjustment of the relation of the race to

the supreme, that troubled me. For a long time I could only think; but slowly, slowly I fell asleep, and, most strange to relate, I too dreamed I died and went to heaven. Its beauties, its flashing splendors of building, turret, tower and dome, and its marvelous architecture of gold and precious stones, passed all speech. No trouble clouded the faces of the fairest of women, and the noblest of men, and their voices blended into a melody that might have ravished the ear of Apollo himself.

I too found those of all creeds as well as those who had none whatever. But nowhere—nowhere could I find a theosophist! In great perturbation of mind I went to St. Peter and asked:

“Where are all the theosophists?”

He looked at me severely, as he had done at my friend, the minister, and said:

“There are none here.” And he turned away.

In a flash I saw it all. With the assurance of one who is making an incontrovertible statement, I said:

“They are all reincarnated—gone back to earth again!”

“No,” he said, emphatically, and he pointed downward. “They are all in hell.”

All my cherished beliefs then were false! And yet how my faith in them all surpassed any love I had ever had for life. A wasted life it now seemed. A life I had used to no noble purpose; but worse, to delude others into following the wild subtleties of the maddened fancy of the ancients! Desolation and despair seized me. I was faint. I leaned against a pillar of jasper. I was entitled to paradise. Its

bliss, all its glories were mine; but I was an alien, and a feeling of utter loneliness and homesickness came over me. I touched the garment of St. Peter as he was passing, and pointing downward, I whispered: “I do not belong here. I—I will go to hell also.” I whispered so that my unholy desire might not contaminate the pure senses of the inhabitants of heaven.

And I went to hell. Yes, the theosophists—the members of that small Brotherhood, who, while on earth had striven to make it universal, they were all in hell! But their souls shone with a great light, supernal—transcending anything I had seen in heaven. Each one was doing some service, some service for his unfortunate fellows.

“Why are you not in heaven?” I asked of one who was helping a poor being whose soul was crippled. He did not speak, but what he thought penetrated my mind without the intervention of words.

“No theosophist can go to heaven as long as there is a hell. Never, until we have lifted up every one of these struggling souls—aided them in finding a higher pleasure in right action, in unselfishness; in showing them that he who seeks only himself is lost, and he who forgetful of self, seeks to help all—only is saved—never may we know heavenly bliss until this task is done. For who—who could be happy in heaven while our brother—our brother by divine parentage, is in hell! Not until the last one shall have lifted up his head, and walking on, shall say: ‘I see,’ would a theosophist enter heaven.”

“The Artist, it is true, is the son of his time; but pity him if he be its pupil, or even its favorite! Let some beneficent deity snatch him, when a suckling, from the breast of his mother, and nurse him with the milk of a better time; that he may ripen to a full stature beneath a distant Grecian sky. And having grown to manhood, let him return a foreign shape, into his century; not, however, to delight it by his presence, but dreadful, like the son of Agamemnon, to purify it.”

SCHILLER.

EASTER EGGS.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE EGG.

BY M. J. BARNETT.

A CERTAIN archaic teaching gives us much of interest concerning the egg as a universal symbol. "The egg has been incorporated as a sacred sign in the cosmogony of every people on the earth, and has been revered both on account of its form and its inner mystery. From the earliest mental conceptions of man, it was known as that which represented most completely the origin and secret of being. The gradual development of the imperceptible germ within the closed shell; the inward working without any apparent interference of force which from a latent nothing produced an active something—needing naught save heat—and which gradually evolved into a concrete living creature, broke its shell, appearing to the outward senses of all, a self-generated, and self-created being—must have been a standing miracle from the beginning."

Among prehistoric races the "first cause" was pictured in the imagination as an invisible mysterious bird that dropped into chaos, an egg, that became the universe. Brahm was called the "Swan of Eternity." The egg was a symbol of not only the universe as a whole, but also of all its spherical bodies. The uniform shape of our globe must have been known from the beginning of symbology, for the Kosmos in the form of an egg, is a widely diffused representation of antiquity. It was a symbol among the Greeks, the Syrians, the Persians and Egyptians. With the Greeks the Orphic egg is described by Aristophanes, and was part of the Dionysiac, and other mysteries, during which the mundane egg was consecrated, and its signi-

ficance explained. In the Book of the Dead, the solar God exclaims: "I am the creative soul of the celestial abyss, none sees my nest, none can break my egg, I am the Lord!"

Among ancient peoples the sacredness of the egg was extended to certain feathered tribes. In Egypt, he who killed an Ibis or golden hawk could hardly escape death. Zoroaster forbids the slaughter of birds as a heinous crime.

(It is to be hoped that the shade of Zoroaster is never with us in our present civilized barbarism, to behold the head-gear of a woman of the period!)

Orpheus taught how to perceive in the yolk and white of the egg, under certain conditions, that which the bird born from it, would have seen around it during its life. This occult art, which 3,000 years ago demanded the greatest learning and the most abstruse mathematical calculations, is now only travestied by fortune-tellers for the benefit of maidens in search of husbands, by means of the white of an egg in a glass.

Engraved on an ancient Egyptian papyrus is an egg floating above the mummy. This is a symbol of hope and the promise of a second birth for the Osirified dead, whose soul after due purification will gestate in this egg of immortality to be reborn from it into a new life on earth. The winged globe is but another form of the egg and has the same significance as the scarabeus, which relates to the rebirth of man, as well as to spiritual regeneration. The egg was sacred to Isis; the priests of Egypt never ate eggs on that account.

According to mythology, from Leda's

egg, Apollo and Latona were born, as also Castor and Pollux—the bright Gemini. The Buddhists as well as the ancient Egyptians, and modern Brahmins, do not eat eggs lest they should destroy the germ of life latent in them, and thereby commit sin. The Chinese believe that their first man was born from an egg which a God dropped down from heaven to earth into the waters. This idea may well represent the present origin of human life and is a scientific truth.

Respect is shown to the symbol of the egg from the most distant past, by the Greeks, Phoenicians, Romans, Japanese, Siamese, North and South American tribes, and even the savages of the remotest islands. In Scandinavian Cosmogony, the mundane egg is again discovered, in the phantom germ of the universe, which is represented as lying in the cup of illusion, the boundless and void abyss.

The Christians, especially the Greek and Latin churches, have fully adopted this symbol as a commemoration of eternal life, of salvation and of resurrection. This is found in, and corroborated by the time-honored custom of exchanging Easter eggs. From the egg of the ancient Druid, whose name alone made Rome tremble with fear, to the red Easter egg of the Slavonian peasant, a cycle has passed, yet

whether in civilized Europe or among the peoples of Central America, we find the same, archaic, primitive thought, the original idea of the symbol.

At the present day even in humdrum, unimaginative, practical America, this symbol of everlasting life and of resurrection, receives its due share of attention, with the arrival of the festival of Easter as indicated to us by the church calendar, under lunar control.

The ingenuity of this most inventive age and race is taxed to the utmost in a bewildering variety of devices embodying the ancient symbol. Yet, how few among us realize its sacredness or its full significance.

Easter, the day on which the resurrection of a certain historical Christ is commemorated, may come home to us still nearer, as a day for the resurrection, or rising up into supremacy, of the eternal Christ principle within each one of us, divine and human followers of that great divine and human teacher.

Thus the Easter egg would become more than a mere bauble wherewith to enrich a feast. It would be a symbol, not so much of work that was once accomplished for us, as of work that we must repeatedly and unceasingly accomplish for ourselves, in rising up from a dead self to the living eternal universal self.

“DASA-PARAMITAS;” OR THE TEN VIRTUES OF PERFECTION

Dana—Charity—Giving up everything that one loves.

Shila—Leading a life of perfect Purity in deed, word and thought.

Naish-kram-ya—Renunciation of self, for the good of the world.

Prajna—Acquirement of spiritual knowledge.

Virya—Dauntless energy and persevering exertion for the accomplishment of one's duty to humanity.

Kshanti—Unswerving patience and forgiveness under the most trying persecution.

Satya—Truth under all trials.

Adhithana—Cultivation of will power.

Maitri—Unbounded compassion to all living beings.

Upeksha—Supreme indifference to praise and blame.

THE SOKRATIC CLUB.

BY SOLON.

(Continued.)

ONE evening I was present at the club when a very interesting conversation took place mainly between the Professor and Dr. Roberts. The Doctor could not understand how it was that some former members who had left the club seemed to have lost something, to have become different people in fact. He mentioned the names of a few, some of whom are known to my readers. He had been to hear one of them give a lecture lately, one who had formerly been known as a good speaker, but he was much disappointed and said he seemed to be weak-kneed somehow and to have lost all backbone. He then turned to the Professor with the question:

Dr. Roberts.—"How do you explain all this, Professor? Is it my fancy, does it happen only to the one or two whom I have mentioned, or is it invariably the case?"

The Professor.—"It is not fancy at all, Doctor. You have hit upon a fact, and upon a well-known law in occultism, that every one who deserts his teacher and breaks away from a living organization, such as this is, does lose something which did he but know it is more precious than life itself."

Dr. Roberts.—"But surely not all such would be affected alike?"

The Professor.—"No, indeed, the effect depends upon the closeness of the relations of that one to the center of the work and upon the opportunities he may have had of helping the work, and also upon the motive which prompts his leaving it."

Miss Holdey.—"Don't you think that sometimes this arises through a misunderstanding or misapprehension?"

The Professor.—"Sometimes, but if so, the misunderstanding is entirely due to that person's own attitude of mind, and is, more often than not due to lack of patience and trust."

Mrs. Miller.—"Yes, I have met some such people. They want to have all sorts of attention paid to them and letters written them when they, or at least, those who had entered upon full membership, did so with the express understanding of helping onward the work and not of receiving personal advantage or attention."

The Professor.—"And all the time, the whole movement was going forward, and they, if they had only trust and patience would partake in the progress made by the whole. But thank the gods there are very, very few such among us, and the one or two who have been a little impatient are fast realizing that if they will but do their part, perform their duty and trust, the rest is well taken care of and they are not forgotten. In fact, every true member partakes of the progress and the life of the whole movement, and this explains what you referred to, Doctor."

Dr. Roberts.—"How so, Professor?"

The Professor.—"This society, Doctor, is an organic body, with its various organs and parts. Each part and each cell adds its life to the life of the whole, but also partakes of the life of the whole organism. A member leaving the Society is like a cell leaving the body of which it is a part. If a cell leaves your body for example, you would suffer comparatively little, but for the cell, the loss would be irreparable, it might even die. The analogy is perfect. A member leaving our organization, cuts himself off from the life of the organiza-

tion, which in proportion to the sincerity of his efforts and work had become his life."

Dr. Roberts.—"Tell me, Professor, what do you consider to be the scope of the Theosophical Movement."

The Professor.—"Its very name implies its scope. It includes all efforts that are for the good of humanity and that tend to the unfoldment of the divine nature in man."

Dr. Roberts.—"How then in the case of anyone having once been actively engaged in that society which is part of the movement—one might say, its embodiment and representative—and then if such a one should drop out, leave the society, in fact, would the claim be justified that he is still working as heretofore and in the Movement. You see I am going back to my original question, and I ask it because this claim is made by some who have left the society. Then further, would such a person still derive the same benefit from the movement if he joined another society or belonged to no organization?"

The Professor.—"I suppose, Doctor, you refer only to those who had become full members of the club, and who had entered knowingly and voluntarily upon membership with full realization of the purposes of the club, and agreeing to help carry them out. As for others, members only in name, these might continue working—or rather not working—as heretofore, whether in or out of the club. But as for the full members, who professed to be members in deed and act, and not merely on paper, it cannot be said that, dropping out they continue working as heretofore. Such would be an impossibility. You might as well say—to revert to my illustration—that a cell of your body, having become detached from it, continues to perform the same functions and to the same degree, as when a part of your organism. Even supposing for the sake of illustration that it continues as a living cell, it no longer partakes of the higher life of your physi-

cal being as a whole, and can no longer receive the impulses that come from your heart and brain. As I have said, the analogy is perfect."

Dr. Roberts.—"But you said that the Movement included every effort that was for the good of humanity. Surely anyone leaving the society might then still belong to the movement."

The Professor.—"Yes, but in a very different sense from before. He would not even be in the Movement in the sense of a man who had never joined the society, but merely followed the impulses of his own higher nature as best he could."

Dr. Roberts.—"Why not? I don't see where the difference would be."

The Professor.—"Simply in this, the full member of the society voluntarily takes upon himself certain responsibilities. If he leaves the society he consciously evades those responsibilities and neglects them; in other words he tries to run away from them, but they will follow him wherever he goes. As a teacher once said: 'Having once taken upon yourself these responsibilities, never again can you force yourself back into irresponsibility. Resignation will not help you. Though you flee to the uttermost parts of the earth, and hide yourself from the sight of men, or seek oblivion in the tumult of the social whirl, the divine light of the soul which you have evoked will find you out and lighten your every thought, word and deed.' And the same teacher has said: 'Woe to the deserter.' It is a terrible thing, indeed, to desert from an army on the field of battle, but far more terrible to desert from the field on which is being fought the battle for the liberation of humanity and to desert the Leader to whom you have given your allegiance. How can it be said that such a deserter is still in the Movement. Oh, that they would awake and come back, take up again their responsibilities, open their hearts again to the Divine Light, join once more with their old comrades whose hearts long to greet them once more as comrades."

"How can you ask if they still receive the same benefit after having deserted—it matters not whether they join another organization or not. I do not say they can no longer work for good in the world, but they have crippled their powers of usefulness, they have shut themselves off from the light."

Mrs. Miller.—"But, thank the gods, the work goes on and will go on, and we will go on and on and on, following the example and the guidance of our great-hearted Leader."

Miss Holdey.—"Oh, what a joy comes over my heart to think that I can help even

in a very little way this work of Madam Purple in relieving the suffering and distress in the world. How anyone can desert at such a time as this, passes my comprehension. Why, here is just the opportunity everyone has been asking and asking for—to see our philosophy becoming a living power in the life of humanity."

Mrs. Miller.—"Well, we shall soon be meeting at Point Loma and another chapter will begin. A new hope has already dawned for humanity, and truly we are beginning to realize the truth and the inspiration of our Leader's words: 'Life is Joy!'"

THE PRAYER OF THE AGES.

BY E. H. C.

Through all the ages which have rolled,
Constant around the dial-plate of Time;
Echoing from Sun to Star,
Caught by the ceaseless tide of ebb and
flow
Circling each earth,
And by the restless wind, blown to and fro,
and everywhere,
Has lived a mighty Cry,
A Prayer, for Truth, for Light, for Free-
dom,
From the solitude of Life.

Breathed not alone by mind, nor man,
Nor held a thing apart from All,
But ever a vital part of each existence,
Whether rock, or tree, or beast, or man, or
ocean,
It has sounded deep in every atom of all
life
Which swells the Universe.

"O Thou, Whose sustenance gives
light and life,
From Whom all come, to Whom all must
return;
Unveil Thy face, now hidden
By a ray of golden light; that we may
Plainly see the Path, and seeing,
Know the Truth; then knowing,
Do our whole duty, as along that Path
We build our way, to Thy complete exist-
ence."

What means this mighty tide of Love,
Which, shining out and waxing stronger
day by day,
Lends to each Heart, each Life,
A lustre of Divinity?

What means this message, daily going
forth,
Of Brotherhood, of Truth, of Light,
Of Liberation, to the sore distressed,
But that THE LIGHT HAS COME?

IF, then, we start with the idea of the Godhead, which is never quite absent in any system of philosophy or religion, we may, excluding all polytheistic forms of faith, allow our friends, the Vedântists, to lay it down that before all things the Godhead must be one, so that it may not be limited or conditioned by anything else. This is the Vedânta tenet which they express by the ever-recurring formula that the *Sat*, the true Being or Brahman, must be *ekam*, one, and *advitiam*, without any second whatsoever. If, then, it is once admitted that in the beginning, in the present and in the future, the Godhead must be one, all, and everything, it follows that nothing but that Godhead can be conceived as the true, though distant cause of everything material as well as spiritual, of our body as well as of our soul. Another maxim of the Vedântist, which likewise could hardly be gainsaid by any thinker, is that the Godhead, if it exists at all in its postulated character, must be unchangeable, because it cannot possibly be interfered with by anybody or anything else, there being nothing beside itself. On this point also all the advanced religions seem agreed. But then arises at once the next question, If the Godhead is one without a second, and if it is unchangeable, whence comes change or development into the world; nay, whence comes the world itself, or what we call creation—whence comes nature with its ever-changing life and growth and decay?

Here the Vedântist answer sounds at first very strange to us, and yet it is not so very different from other philosophies. The Vedântist evidently holds, though this view is implied rather than enunciated, that, as far as we are concerned, the objec-

*Extract from an article, "A Prime Minister and a Child-Wife," by the Right Hon. Professor F. Max Muller, in "The Fortnightly Review," February, 1899.

tive world is, and can only be, our knowledge of the objective world, and that everything that is objective is ipso facto phenomenal. Objective, if properly analyzed, is to the Vedântist the same as phenomenal, the result of what we see, hear, and touch. Nothing objective could exist objectively, except as perceived by us, nor can we ever go beyond this, and come nearer in any other way to the subjective part of the objective world, to the *Ding an sich* supposed to be without us. If, then, we perceive that the objective world—that is, whatever we know by our senses, call it nature or anything else—is always changing, whilst on the other hand, the one Being that exists, the *Sat*, can be one only, without a second, and without change, the only way to escape from this dilemma is to take the world when known to us as purely phenomenal, that is, as created by our knowledge, only that what we call knowledge is called from a higher point of view not knowledge, but *Avidyâ*. i. e., Nescience. Thus the Godhead, though being that which alone supplies the reality underlying the objective world, is never itself objective, still less can it be changing. This is illustrated by a simile, such as are frequently used by the Vedântists, not to prove a thing, but to make things clear and intelligible. When the sun is reflected in the running water it seems to move and to change, but in reality it remains unaffected and unchanged. What our senses see is phenomenal, but it evidences a reality sustaining it. It is, therefore, not false or illusory, but it is phenomenal. It is fully recognized that there could not be even a phenomenal world without that postulated real *Sat*, that power which we call the Godhead, as distinguished from God or the gods, which are its phenomenal appearances, known to us under different names.

The *Sat*, or the cause remains itself, al-

ways one and the same, unknowable and nameless. And what applies to external nature applies likewise to whatever name we may give to our internal, eternal, or subjective nature. Our true being—call it soul, or mind, or anything else—is the *Sat*, the Godhead, and nothing else, and that is what the Vedântists call the Self or the Atman. That Atman, however, as soon as it looks upon itself, becomes *ipso facto* phenomenal, at least for a time; it becomes the I, and the I may change. This I is not one, but many. It is the Atman in a state of Nescience, but when that Nescience is removed by Vidyâ, or philosophy, the phenomenal I vanishes in death, or even before death, and becomes what it always has been, Atman, which Atman is nothing but the *Sat*, the Braham, or, in our language, the Godhead.

These ideas, though not exactly in this form or in this succession, seem to me to underlie all Vedântic philosophy, and they will, at all events, form the best and easiest introduction to its sanctuary. And, strange as some of these ideas may sound to us, they are really not so very far removed from the earlier doctrines of Christianity. The belief in a Godhead beyond the Divine Persons is clearly enunciated in the much-abused Athanasian Creed, of which in my heart of hearts I often feel inclined to say: "Except a man believe it faithfully, he cannot be saved." There is but one step which the Vedântists would seem inclined to take beyond us. The Second Person, or what the earliest Christians called the Word—that is, the divine idea of the universe, culminating in the highest concept, the Logos of Man—would be with them the *Thou*, i. e., the created world. And while the early Christians saw that divine ideal of manhood realized and in-

carnate in one historical person, the Vedântist would probably not go beyond recognizing that highest Logos, the Son of God and the Son of man, as Man, as every man, whose manhood, springing from the Godhead, must be taken back into the Godhead. And here is the point where the Vedântist differs from all other so-called mystic religions which have as their highest object the approach of the soul to God, the union of the two, or the absorption of the one into the other. The Vedântist does not admit any such approach or union between God and man, but only a recovery of man's true nature, a remembrance or restoration of his divine nature or of his godhead, which has always been there, though covered for a time by Nescience. After this point has once been reached, there would be no great difficulty in bringing on an agreement between Christianity, such as it was in its original form, and Vedântism, the religious philosophy of India. What seems to us almost blasphemy—a kind of *apothéosis* of man, is with the Vedântist an act of the highest reverence. It is taken as a man's *anatheosis*, or return to his true Father, a recovery of his true godlike nature. And can anything be godlike that is not originally divine, though hidden for a time by Nescience? After all, though Nescience may represent Manhood as the very opposite of Godhead, what beings are there, or can be imagined to be, that could fill the artificial interval that has so often been established between God and man, unless we allow our poets to people that interval with angels and devils? The real difficulty is how that interval, that abyss between God and man, was ever created, and if the Vedântist says by Nescience, is that so different from what we say "By human ignorance."

YOUNG FOLKS' DEPARTMENT.

CUBA'S PATRIOTIC DAY.

Called Lotus Children's Liberty Day.

The procession will start at 4:30 p. m. on Sunday, March 12, from the court yard of the Cuban headquarters of the International Brotherhood League, 18 Calle de San Tadeo, Plaza del Dolores, accompanied by the Band of the 5th U. S. Infantry.

Opening address by Mr. F. M. Pierce, superintendent of the International Brotherhood League in Cuba.

Address by Katherine A. Tingley, president of the International Brotherhood League throughout the world.

Music.

Address by General Wood.

Ceremony of the planting of the Liberty Tree by the children, procession headed by the Cuban Goddess of Liberty and the American Goddess of Liberty.

Singing of the Cuban National Hymn.

Think of it!

"Liberty Day," in the land that has known only oppression and slavery for 400 years!

Do you remember how Columbus came to discover a new country for freedom and liberty? And now America is sending out freedom in her turn, by her representatives in Cuba.

The International Brotherhood League means freedom for the soul of the entire world.

See how the Mayor of Santiago recognizes its work in Cuba.

The Mayor's letter:

City Hall, Santiago de Cuba,

March 7, 1899.

This date, I issue a decree which reads as follows:

In view of a petition presented by Mrs. Katherine A. Tingley, president of the International Brotherhood League, and recognizing the fact that all patronage and support is due the protection of the

children and the stimulation of patriotic sentiments, I have resolved:

First—To grant to the above-mentioned lady, subject to the approval of the residents of the vicinity, a space of ground on the Plaza del Dolores, to plant there a tree, as symbol of the liberty and patriotism of Cuba, which tree shall remain as an inspiration for the people and as a proof of the brotherhood existing between the United States and Cuba.

Second—To authorize her to use the ground necessary for this purpose; also cultivate the adjacent property of the Plaza for the purpose of public gardens.

Third—To declare the 12th day of March of each year as a holiday in this municipality, under the name of "Day of Liberty of the Children."

Fourth—To celebrate at 4 p. m. on Sunday next at the Plaza del Dolores a great festival under the direction of said lady to solemnize the holiday which is hereby established; this occasion shall be assisted by the children of all the schools of the city with their respective principals and teachers.

I take pleasure in conveying this information to you in reply to your letters of the 3rd and 8th inst., and, in making this communication, I am pleased to subscribe myself. Your obedient and faithful servant,

EMILIO BACAN.

(Seal).

MRS. KATHERINE A. TINGLEY,

Presidenta de la International Brotherhood League.

The young folks of America have a share to do in maintaining the liberty of the children of Cuba—by helping to plant the seed of Brotherhood, symbolized by the planting of the tree; the flowers of Freedom that belong to the soul, will grow in their full beauty of perfection. A PATRIOT.

STORY OF A MAGIC BOX.

BY E. W.

"M," said the box, as it rocked and swayed in the cabin of the old ship ploughing its way through the tempest of foaming sea.

"Play ball!" sang out the bottle with a warning cry, as it rolled with a fine "curve" over against the box.

"Oh, my golden rim!" exclaimed the box, "but this is a rough experience."

"Lessons of life," gurgled the bottle, "lessons of life—my friend—that's what it is—it teaches one to be adaptable—fluidic—don't you know," and the contents of the bottle gave a prolonged gurgle as it rolled easily over, and landed on a soft pile of blankets.

Chug—chug—went the box, with painful rigidity, back and forth against the hard boards. It was only a little white and gold box, and its mission was to carry My Lady's Shoes.

"What a hard fate is mine," moaned the box. "Oh, that I were round, like the bottle, and fluidic!"

"What would I do," said My Lady's Shoes, "without your protection, kind friend?"

"Clearly, my duty is with you," replied the Box. "Fear not, for so long as there is need, will I protect you," and it gave a strong brace as the ship plunged with deep groans into the heavy waves.

Several days passed, and the storm gave way to sweet peace, with radiant sunshine, and the sparkling blue of the freed soul.

My Lady's Shoes were called into action, and the Box tossed aside into the darkness of the corner of the cabin.

"Ah me!" sighed the Box, "my work is ended, how shall I ever be able to grow fluidic?"

The golden rim glowed in the silent

darkness and the white Box sent out gleams of light that one day brought it suddenly into notice.

"Just the thing," exclaimed the Secretary, "our letters can be packed in this nice little box, it is so clean and fresh!" And quickly the Box felt itself handled with a new sensation. How pleasant it was! A soft warm feeling pervaded it, for the letters were filled with light and warmth from the loving hearts of the Cuban Crusaders. The little box now found itself with a new mission—to carry greetings from the land of the oppressed, back to the home of the free.

When the family opened the box, out sprang the little messengers of joy, filling the room with radiance, and sixty-one letters, like threads of gold were speedily flying all over the world, carrying the message of joy from the heart, as the sunbeams carry the shine from the sun.

Ah—little Box—how happy it was! Lovingly cared for—a cherished possession, sacred, because of its glorified mission.

Then came a call from the aching hearts, the starving souls of the oppressed.

Ah—little Box—how quickly it responded! A doorway opened from its heart, and purple bands, emblem of the wounded heart, fastened close about it.

Filled with its transforming power of love, the little Box's mission became sublime. In a space of time the sun takes to wheel around once, coins were indrawn, till the sixty-one letters were replaced by sixty-one dollars.

"Now comrades, whence came it all?" was the amazed cry. "'Tis the Magic-Box," was the smiling reply.

Crystallized sunbeams, the gold had been; now, cast in this furnace of love it

became fluidic as sunshine and ten-fold in its power; increasing, as hour speeded hour, till the land was belted with bands of light, as heart responded to heart.

And so the little Box that had started out in life with such a common-every-day-task as looking after a pair of shoes, by fulfilling its own duty had made itself a center for the magic power of love which

shone forth from the letters it carried.

By this divine magic was coin attracted to coin, and the base metal transformed into the Elixir of Life, becoming a power to change the suffering cry into a song of joy.

For the heart-light that makes the world's sunlight is

FAITH IN THE POWER OF GIVING.

FOUR-AND-TWENTY BLACKBIRDS.

AT the I. B. L. Club the young folks were discussing symbols, and Jack said: "The other day in a paper, called 'The Humane Alliance,' I came across a Mother Goose rhyme that is all about the sun, and I copied it, to bring to the club. Want to hear it?"

"Oh, yes," chorused the group of girls and boys—"do read it, Jack."

Well, here goes:

FOUR-AND-TWENTY BLACKBIRDS.

"The 'four-and-twenty blackbirds' represent the four-and-twenty hours. The 'bottom of the pie' is the world, while the 'crust' is the sky that over-arches it.

"The 'opening of the pie' is the day-dawn, when the birds begin to sing, and surely such a sight is fit for a king.

"The 'king,' who is represented as sitting in his counting-house, counting out his money, is the sun, while the gold pieces that slip through his fingers as he counts them, are the golden sunbeams.

"The 'queen' is the moon, and the honey with which she regales herself, is the moonlight.

"The industrious maid, who is in the garden hanging out the clothes, is day-dawn, and the clothes are the clouds.

"The 'blackbird' who so tragically ends the song by 'nipping off her nose,' is the sunset.

"So we have the whole day, if not in a nutshell, in a pie."

"I say—that's great," exclaimed Tom. "Whoever thought Mother Goose taught lessons in Astronomy!"

"I always thought the jingles were very silly and stupid," said stately Alice.

"Well, I like Mother Goose," said merry little Polly. "I've got a name-sake in Polly Flinders, guess that's why."

And the club found symbology so interesting, it was decided on as the subject for discussion at next meeting.

SPECTATOR.

BROTHERHOOD ACTIVITIES.

CUBAN CRUSADE.

Most of our readers will have followed the doings of our Leader, Katherine A. Tingley, and her band of workers, in Cuba, as given in the pages of the *New Century*; but, as there are some who, perhaps, do not see that paper, some of the extracts of letters there given are repeated here. News of the starting of the Crusade on the U. S. transport "Berlin," was given in the last issue, and as may be imagined, we anxiously looked for the first news. This was written on board the steamer, and a great budget of letters was received at Headquarters, brought by a gentleman who came back on the steamer. What a day that was when they arrived! There were letters to be sent all over the country, and what a force of love and greeting they brought with them and then took with them wherever they went!

Then came letters of the commencement of the work; the hiring of the house, the long procession of army wagons bringing up the supplies, the opening of the cases—every article of food, clothing and medicine carrying with it some of the love and force of the sender—the sorting and arranging of these and then the distributing of them to the hundreds of sick, starving, diseased—but best and greatest of all, accompanying these gifts was the look from the Mother's eyes, the loving sympathy, the kind word that takes away the keenest heart pang.

Later came word that the food supplies were giving out and an urgent appeal from our Leader to send more. The very night on which this appeal was received, Brother Patterson sent telegrams to the principal centers all over the country and Miss E. Whitney wrote letters to the members. On the next day, Saturday, March 4, a meeting of I. B. L. members was held at headquarters, at which all those present volunteered to engage heartily in the work of procuring supplies in response to the appeal. A shipment of supplies was immediately arranged for to be sent on the next transport; several hundred dollars were contributed from New York, Boston, Providence, Meriden, Philadelphia, Bridgeport, Jamestown, Rochester and other places, also cases of supplies from Chicago, Macon, Kansas City, Boston, Buffalo, and promises of many more from the Pacific coast and other centers, which are expected to arrive in a few days.

The following extracts of letters will, however, show more clearly than anything I can say, the need of help in Cuba, the magnificent work that has already been done by our Leader and her comrades and the glorious opportunity that is given to each of us to help forward the evolution of the whole of Humanity.

18 CALLE DE SAN TADEO, PLAZA DEL DOLORES,

SANTIAGO DE CUBA, *February 19, 1899.*

The above is the imposing address of the house at present sheltering the members of the Cuban Crusade. It is a large building of about twenty rooms arranged on two sides of a court-yard. In width and depth it is about thrice that of the Headquarters at Madison avenue. The lofty whitewashed rooms, on two stories, open, the lower set on to the court-yard and the upper on to a corridor running from end to end, in its turn entirely open to the court. No glass is used, here or anywhere else in Santiago, its place being largely taken by Venetian blinds. By reason of size, situation, and construction, the house is perhaps the one in all Santiago most perfectly suited to our requirements. It had been the residence of Spanish officials, and was left by them at their necessitated departure in fairly good order. We fell across it by one of those "accidents" that occur as a matter of course in the work of our movement. Driving through the streets in search of a good location for our work, Mrs. Tingley indicated a passing stranger as one whom we should apply to. We applied accordingly and the man promptly took us to an acquaintance of his who owned the house we now occupy, and who was willing to accept a little over half the rent he at first demanded.

Another of the same class of "accidents" was our meeting with Maceo, nephew of

the great Cuban Leader, and son of the Cuban general of that name, within ten minutes of our landing in Cuba. He was greatly interested in the objects of our work, attached himself to our party, and, because of his connections, his intense patriotism and fervent desire to serve his country, his appreciation of the work of the League, and his knowledge of English and French as well as of his native tongue, will be of the utmost service.

We have an immense mass of stores, and hitherto, working all day, it has been impossible to do more than open and classify the garments, foods, medicines, and other articles for distribution. Santiago is in desperate need of them all, but if every article given out from the time we open to-morrow till the day when we leave be stamped with some subtle impress of the thought and brotherly feeling and sympathetic force of the one who made it or gave it to the work and of the little band of distributors at this end, we shall make a mark in Santiago that centuries will not obliterate, setting up a real union between Cuba and America which may be precursor of more important consequences than any of us have yet dreamed of. And we are at the same time throwing out a feeler towards Spain.

The work we shall do will among other things consist of:

The relief of distress among the people by the distribution of food, clothing, and medicines.

The education of children, especially in the English language.

The awakening among all whom we can reach of this long down-trodden people of the knowledge of their freedom as a nation, with all that that freedom implies in the way of duties as well as rights.

The teaching of them that they are divine souls, Gods, not human dogs and slaves.

In all that is done here under the direction of our Leader in the name of the International Brotherhood League, let us have the thought and good-will of all who hear of it.

THE FIRST UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD MEETING EVER HELD IN CUBA.

This took place in the great hall at 18 Calle de Tadeo, Santiago, on Saturday, February 18, the famous anniversary of the formation of the Universal Brotherhood Organization. Mrs. Tingley, the Leader, and the six other members of the Cuban Crusade were present, the undersigned being appointed secretary.

Though there was no formality, all spoke in turn upon the relations of the Movement and Organization to the welfare of humanity at large. The remarks of the Leader, which I give as nearly as possible verbatim, will perhaps best sum up the outcome of the discussion.

"The formation of the U. B. was necessary and timely, for there can never be Divine Wisdom in any complete sense till there is Universal Brotherhood. Real Theosophy was impossible till a first step had been taken. You only get a shadow of the real thing till all nations participate. We are taking the first step, at a pivotal point when it is possible to suddenly advance the work by years at one bound. The evil forces have been checked. In particular, the children's work was at a standstill for want of the step taken at Chicago last year. How, without the work among children could we pass on the teaching? A subtle selfishness was spreading through the ranks. It was always strange to me that the members could not understand the picture I gave of the successive circles radiating from the spiritual center and in the totality making up our movement. Our work must reach every department of life. You can never tell how far an apparently insignificant bit of good work may spread, for it is like a stone thrown into the water in the endless succession of its ripples. In the same way Theosophy is an advancing force. Be determined to reach every soul you are thrown alongside of. We have to pass on the energizing force, which the Theosophical Society had not done hitherto; the force was being lost in mere intellectualism. But at Chicago it was liberated and went out through the delegates all over the country. It is received and carried by all those who keep themselves in touch with the center. These pick up old connections of past lives, regain the place where, it may be, they failed before and

thus redeem that failure. They may easily see where this failure lay by noting in what particulars of self-conquest they now have most difficulty. Each of us represents the whole Theosophical Movement; each receives and is reinforced by, and in his turn reinforces the energy of all other members everywhere who keep loyally in thought-touch with the center. In that way, the energy of no single loyal member, even a bed-ridden cripple, is lost. It goes where it can be well spent. . . . We seemed the other morning to be wasting hours of good time in merely sorting over old garments. But our motive in doing so sent out a Light, so to speak, all over the city and endowed the garments with a something whose influence will never die away. Even now it is lightening the pains and troubles of many in Cuba whom we may never see and who can never know whence this alleviation (which they feel but cannot see) comes. In all this, our brothers in America and elsewhere aid us by their thought. In this Crusade we are really taking back to Spain something that Columbus brought to us when he finished his inspired voyage of discovery. Spain is really looking to America for help. Just as fast as we make ourselves ready to receive it can the light be poured into us."

February 21, 1899.

Just before posting I may add a final word. Yesterday we opened doors for the first time at 9 o'clock in the morning and found a large crowd there waiting our aid. By three in the afternoon, after six hours steady work, clothing had been distributed to an enormous number of the poor, patient people, and more than eighty have received medical aid and food. Their destitution is appalling. To-day a still larger number had collected from a very early hour in the morning, and all of us were again at it for some hours. After three in the afternoon to sunset will be devoted to visiting in their own homes those who are too ill to attend.

HERBERT CORYN.

SANTIAGO DE CUBA, *February 19, 1899.*

DEAR COMRADE:

The joy of living, of serving, fills my heart at this moment. I find myself in a land where terror has reigned and where suffering presents a most horrible aspect. The field is so large, the opportunities so great, the way so easy, that I rejoice and rejoice that our work is established in this land. Think of it, Comrade, we reached Santiago one week ago this morning barely able by night to find a shelter, this city was so crowded with visitors. Maceo, the son of the great Cuban general, was the first Cuban Mr. Pierce met, and from that moment he has been with us, entering into the spirit of the work like one of our own, acting as interpreter and serving in no end of ways as no one else on this island could. The second day, with Maceo and Mr. Pierce, I went out to hunt quarters, for another night under the roof that sheltered us one night would have meant fever and death, the place was so filthy. I hailed the first Cuban we passed, asking him where we could find a house and he directed us to the owner of this building. I saw the landlady, who is the wife of a wealthy Cuban coffee-planter. I secured the building, hired her furniture and by two o'clock we had moved into it with our personal baggage. A scanty supply of furniture made us fairly comfortable for the night. That very afternoon, before seven, twenty-four army wagons brought up our supplies and they were under shelter just in time to escape the big storm of that night, which threatened to blow the roof off our house. Since that time we have been very busy unpacking and arranging, giving employment to a number of starving natives. Yesterday we had unpacked our last box. Our supply-room is piled up with clothing properly marked and ready for individual distribution. Our dispensary is also arranged and the free dispensary work commenced to-day under Dr. Coryn. Our food supply-room is also ready.

The selfish and ignorant describe the Cubans as being low-minded and ungrateful; the humanitarian probes underneath the outward aspect of things and finds gentle, grateful, willing hearts among them, anxious to learn and willing to serve.

KATHERINE A. TINGLEY.

21 February, 1899.

DEAR COMRADES:

Your kind greetings reached the Crusaders to-day, just after they had completed their morning work in dispensing food, clothing and medicine to the sufferers from the war.

We were very glad to have you so closely in touch with us, and feel sure that your devoted thought has helped strengthen our hands through the trying experiences of the last few days. The suffering is appalling; starvation still exists among the people, and our hearts are aching because we have so little food supplies; yet we have much to be thankful for up to date. The people we have considered first are the sick. With our staff working constantly from nine o'clock until one, we have been able to give medical attention to about eighty-five a morning.

I have never seen in New York such cases of destitution as I have witnessed here, and you may be sure that the way our work is done is greatly appreciated by these unfortunate people.

Although many are helped by us every day, yet we turn away about a thousand we cannot reach, comforting them with the word "mañana," to-morrow. They turn silently away and go back to the wretched hovels in which they live, sick and hungry, but with never a word or even an impatient look in their great dark eyes, bright with fever and starvation. Oh, that we could be sure of supplies for the next two months to build up these broken down systems and to lift them up into the knowledge of true brotherhood. The heat is excessive as I write and very enervating. It generally lasts from nine to four. We have cool nights.

Dear Comrades, I should be utterly failing in my duty to you and this work in Cuba if I did not forward you a list of things which are urgently needed:

RICE, BEANS, SUGAR, DRIED FRUITS, *no preserves; no preserves*; they spoil before getting here.

MINERAL WATERS, AND ESPECIALLY GINGER ALE. CRACKERS AND BISCUITS OF ALL KINDS. *Very* useful here.

These things are needed not only in Santiago, but to carry up through the villages where there is the greatest destitution. There are many people in the woods now without shelter. Hastily,

KATHERINE A. TINGLEY.

February 23, 1899.

We have just come up from hours of hard work where we have faced suffering of all kinds, from the half-starved gentleman down to the homeless soldier with nothing to eat. The work that we are doing here must remove a great pressure from America, for truly the simplest act done here by us as representatives of the great Brotherhood work, tells enormously. We are holding out splendidly, but have come face to face with this fact that we have not food enough for those whom we know are positively starving. To-morrow I shall spend a few dollars in rice and medicines, but the prices of everything are so high that one can do but little here in the way of purchasing.

February 23, 1899.

A steamer sighted which may carry my mail to New York. We work until all strength goes, leaving hundreds outside calling for bread. Our food gave out to-day. Government rations given—many too ill to go for them—sometimes whole family down with fever. In here over one hundred special cases.

Dr. Coryn sleeps one hour and then goes with Pierce and interpreter to see the sick—there the real suffering is greatest.

KATHERINE A. TINGLEY.

SANTIAGO DE CUBA, February 28, 1899.

MY DEAR —

. . . It is now nearly 5 p. m. We have been at work since 6 a. m. to 3, and very hard at work, every one of us. We have each our duty early in the morning; at 7 we meet for meditation; at half-past we breakfast and then commence the tug of war.

Our house faces a fine park, and by the time we leave the breakfast table, the vast crowd of sick, in many shocking forms—the hungry, the naked, the despairing, have gathered, and the sound of their thousand voices comes to us as that of a moaning sea, tempest tossed and turbulent. O God, what a sight! we are soon in place—each on his post to dispense medicines, medical attention, food, clothing and above all the rest that look from the Mother's eyes, we all know so well, which takes away the sharpest pang, that touch of sympathy which makes the whole world kin. One hundred and eighty were thus comforted this morning, and if all who have given of their heart and substance could see the benediction that follows each and every offering, great would be the satisfaction and peace.

The long starvation and cruel tyranny of the Spaniards has left the lower class of Cubans in a state beyond the cure of rations from America; they are stripped and discouraged, gaunt and feeble. There is still left in them a great dignity of patience and a sweet and tender love for each other. The love is broad and sweet and smiles on the face of a mother who, clasping her fever-worn child to her heart, reflects the joy of the more fortunate one whose child has been comforted.

It is really awful—the filth, the vermin, the foul diseases. Enough of this—now to our party.

We are all well and as happy as our Leader could wish. "Spots" is my lord, the duke, and rules over us. We realize he is our mascot. We find the hours from two to four very oppressive, but soon after comes a cool breeze from the sea; then we gather on the veranda for refreshment and listen to the reports of the different doings of the busy day—then to bed—to bed! Perchance to sleep. O! the mosquito—and the flea! woe—o— woe—o— woe—ooooooooo! . . . I must not forget to say that the Catholic Cathedral is very near us. The priest sent a gift to our Leader of a Spanish sword. . . . We are beginning to look forward to our return; two weeks and a half more to do what we can. All are standing close to the Leader's heart. She should have thousands of dollars. She could use them easily and well. Good night. Love to all. Faithfully,

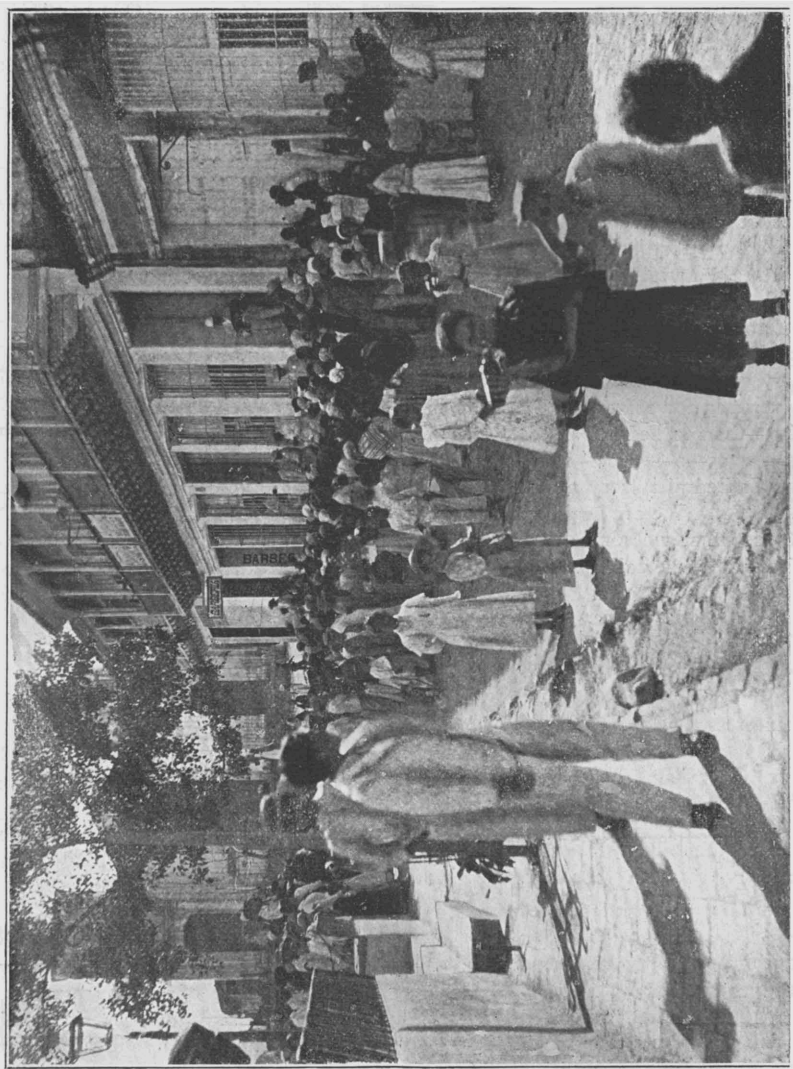
H. K. RICHMOND GREEN.

EXTRACT FROM A CRUSADER'S JOURNAL.

The following extract from the Journal of one of the Crusaders now in Cuba is so full of interest that an urgent request has been made to have it published in the UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD, with which I cheerfully comply. It is time to let such marvelous doings be known publicly. It reads like a story of the old days when the blind, halt, and maimed gathered round the Nazarene to be healed by his magical influence, and it makes one glow with enthusiasm to read it. There can be no doubt that we have entered upon a great work which will have far-reaching results, not only on Cuba, but on other countries. It is a privilege to have even a small part in such a sacred cause. Who can have a doubt as to the wisdom of the Leader who guides this movement to-day?

E. A. N.

Our house is very large and wonderfully adapted to our work. We are all very comfortable and happy. To see the Leader bring order out of chaos, regulate the family of seven, give each his bowl—and he becomes grateful for what he receives fortuitously—is worth very much. These studies by the way, are most helpful, preparing the consciousness to grasp something of the one whom for a time we are privileged to call Leader. This house is built on Masonic plan: the broad corridors surrounding the court-yard are fresh and breezy. Here our table is spread, and here we gather for more than earthly food. No matter how weary the Mother, no matter how much we realize the great expenditure of her force, she will come to the table—to bless us with her greatness in so many forms—we may not grasp them all. We note her endurance, forbearance, great patience; her unaltering face of love. A physical, mental and spiritual support to our faltering bodies; an expansive force, imbuing each mind with



HEADQUARTERS OF THE INTERNATIONAL BROTHERHOOD LEAGUE.
SANTIAGO DE CUBA.

new power to grasp—fusing and smelting our crude substance by finest alchemic into the pure flame of spirit. The lion is not more strong, the chameleon not more changeable. Never for one hour does she remain the same. It is the greatest of privileges to be near her and follow her great lead. Dimly we may discern, at the best. The key that may widen our locked and barred gates of discernment is obedience. If we obey and hold our instrument in perfect harmony, that "subtle perception, spiritual knowledge and right judgment follow" by which alone we may know.

The arrival of the army wagons laden with the I. B. L. boxes was a sight never to be forgotten. There were thirteen wagons—each with four horses or mules—and the entire park seemed surrounded with the I. B. L. The multitude called forth at the unusual sight—the vociferations of the teamsters—the snapping of whips—the bellowing of the police and the jibber of the noisy-tongued melee was unparalleled, save by Barnum's menagerie, when the entire happy family roar and squeal together. There was also a pathetic side, most touching. The up-turned faces of the gaunt and hungry crowd, eloquent with amazement and question, showed also a quivering hope, a gleam in the eye, as they seemed to catch the light of a possible blessing to Cuba enclosed in those most mysterious boxes.

The boxes were received February 14. The following days were full of the labor of preparation for the opening of the dispensary. On Monday the 20th the arrangements were completed. February 15 the I. B. L. signs were put out in front of our veranda and great was the interest shown by the passers. All were ready at 9 o'clock to attend to their special department. The Leader had ordered gallons of food prepared to feed the faint and weary. The deafening noises outside grew deeper, stronger each moment. From the earliest dawn they gathered before the house. Looking out upon that surging sea of human faces, the dregs of a sapped and blasted nation through tyranny and an impoverishment of both mind and body, groaning with hunger, disease and death. They were comforted, fed, clothed. Our Leader spread ointment upon bandages and with her own hands wound them about diseased legs and feet. Oh, then their faces would catch her tender loving smile of brotherhood and a brightness of joy unspeakable would gleam from their dark eyes. It was heart-rending to all, but we worked with a will to carry out the smallest fractional part of the wishes of our Leader. "So, giving ourselves with our gift, we fed three." We counted 1,600 and then gave it up, one morning. The lame, halt, the blind, starving men and haggard children answered the bugle call of the I. B. L., and thousands have thus far been cared for. There were especial cases. High over the heads of the multitude the police would lift some forlorn old woman, half naked, all starved, withered and hopeless, guided by the watchful protection of F. M. Pierce, who stood at his post at the entrance to the dispensary. The fever-stricken crowd, leprosy marked, syphilis damned in its thousand sickening forms, were cared for by all. Disinfectants were poured around us and over us. We were told to go back, yet, we dared to follow where she dared to lead. Our fear was lost in a new courage—the courage of a warrior who is implicated by the body but careless of it.

Santiago de Cuba feels this great tidal wave of compassion and the air is palpitating with new life. Blessed higher vibrations encompass and enfold the people of Cuba, this night as our Leader from her balcony sends forth her thought force to embosom with brooding Mother-love the children of the earth and all creatures. Tell us of the night that promises a dawn. What are the signs of the dawning? Can it be that of those who have shared the immeasurable privileges of the Theosophical Society there be still those who dare speak of "ephemeral charities." All else may die and pass into oblivion: the seven rounds, and the seven races, mulaprakriti, and the seven planes be lost to the mind of man, but this charity of love, of mercy, of compassion, of brotherhood, shall endure forever and forever.

SANTIAGO DE CUBA, *March 1, 1899.*

DEAR COMRADE :

Not a moment is wasted here. We dispensed medicine, clothing and food. The latter I bought from commissioners at reduced rates, and distributed to two hundred people yesterday. My system of dispensing permits of very little imposition, and no end of good is done. The I. B. L. is known all over the city and out in suburban towns. One woman walked six miles from the woods, where she had been driven by the Spaniards with her two children, one dying of hunger. We have the child down in a hammock in the court-yard, gently tended, and it is interesting to see it gain strength. The press fail to give real facts. Besides little is said of the good in these people which portends so much for Cuba in years to come.

Am making preparations for Liberty Day for the Children of Cuba; shall have Liberty tree planted in plaza. General Wood has offered all possible assistance. It will be made a holiday. Must help us to sow Brotherhood seed in Cuba. Military will turn out, speeches by General Wood, Municipal Governor, and yours truly. Many Cuban ladies are assisting. Already have three hundred applications of children for a school which I will establish.

All our room is taken up with supplies. We are constantly giving out garments, yet they seem to increase in number at night.

We could not exist a week here if it were not for the cool nights and mornings.

My workers are doing so well; are so united and very enthusiastic. They never dreamed that they could have such a field to work in. It is said by some of the natives that we are performing miracles and that the Plaza del Dolores (sorrow) in front of the Headquarters should now be called La Plaza de Jove (joy) because so much joy has come to those who had been in sorrow.

I am making a close study of the conditions of the Cuban people, their new possibilities and how best I can serve them. I find hundreds of children orphans, homeless; parents killed by Spanish—sleeping in the park and on hotel steps. Many families who can provide quarters take in children; yet, as I said, there are very many unsheltered. They come to us for meals and beg "Americano lady" to take them to America.

This land is a paradise to these poor things. So many of these are fine types of intelligence and will learn quickly. I could make a Lotus Home here and the children could be prepared for workers. Already I have plans started which time will develop. Ever yours,

KATHERINE A. TINGLEY.

18 CALLE DE SAN TADEO, PLAZA DE DOLORES,

SANTIAGO DE CUBA, *March 2, 1899.*

DEAR COMRADE :

The mail leaves at 3 o'clock, and I must send you the day's greeting. We are well and happy, thank the gods. More and more satisfied with the work, aiding a larger number each day, getting close to their hearts and homes and receiving striking evidences which would read like New Testament stories. To-day, through sheer exhaustion, we have let up on the work for twenty-four hours, and have put outside the door "Mañana!" (to-morrow). Very busy mentally, however, formulating further plans for the great Liberty Day. Work among our soldiers up at the old Spanish fort, and, for the first time enjoying a cool breeze that sweeps in from over the hills and the sea.

Letters pour in from all parts of the country, showing the great interest in the new work, which is bound to bring fresh courage to the dispirited Cubans. And how the contents of the boxes tell in this work. Dear, dear Comrade, it would do your heart good to see it. Often a paper of needles, some old rags and a bit of salve will bring out many a "gracia" from some poor soul. Every thought and every stitch and every penny has counted for tenfold in this work. The medicines—every drop has been as precious as gold. We lack food, but in everything else, we give, give, give, and think at

night, "Well, to-morrow we will have no more to give of that!" But the next day, lo, a fresh supply comes from somewhere in the most astonishing manner. It is truly wonderful.

I want to tell you one little story, out of the many interesting cases we meet almost every day. A Cuban woman who came in yesterday walked six miles to Santiago, and waited three consecutive days out in the plaza to see "American lady" and get medicine. She was all alone in the world. Her three sons were killed before her eyes just outside Santiago by the Spaniards, who hunted her and the boys from her hut, and attempted to kill her. Seeing that her sons were endangering their own lives by trying to save her, she fell into the bushes and played dead, but before her sons could save themselves, their throats were cut in her presence. She had lived for sometime on berries and leaves, but, recently, through the kindness of some of our soldiers, she had been able to mend her hut. With the food they gave her, she managed to live. She was a gentle soul and above the average of her class. When I said to her "What is your religion?" Throwing her hands in the air, gesticulating and looking disdainfully, she said, "Me no like Spanish god." She believed in the one Great Power, and pointed upward to show what she meant. It took me only a few minutes, through our interpreter, Maceo, to give her simplified Theosophy. And she drank it in like one who had been hungering all her life for it. She forgot all about the pile of clothing and food I had just given her; and crouched before me, her hands clasped as one receiving a vision. I knew it was an experience I had to have, to help this poor woman, and it was a revelation to me. When I had finished talking to her, with the tears rolling down her cheeks, she picked up the big bowl of rice soup, which all this time had been waiting her, and began to eat it as one who had been hungry for weeks. I told her about the Helpers, and described them as watching over and caring for all the unfortunate and unhappy, and who specially protected this Movement. She understood it all, and I could see she was filled with the consciousness of what it meant. When she left us, she was joined by several other people, and I saw her telling them about what I had told her, and about the Helpers who care for poor Cuba.

So these people are receiving the Truth, you see, and I perceive that they are to be touched in a peculiar way. I must tell you about her head handkerchief. You know the old colored "mammies" down here think a lot of their head-dress. And when I was choosing the clothes for her, away down in the box, oddly enough, I found two bandana handkerchiefs, a red and white and a purple. I offered her her choice, and she chose the purple. She was keenly delighted with it. When she left us loaded down with food and clothing, she bade me good-bye with such sweet gratitude and so many blessings that I was deeply touched. Surely such work as this is worth while. Comrade, and, as I tell my workers, one such person helped is worth coming to Cuba for, if we did nothing more. And, bear in mind, that this dear old soul I have just described is only one of the many pathetic and beautiful experiences which fill my life in Cuba.

Well, my heart is filled with gratitude, for those who by their courage and devotion have made possible this work in Cuba; their gifts of clothing and every supply, down to the smallest article, have proved priceless here. And the courageous warriors who have strengthened my hands, to them I give my love and gratitude, but above all, to him the blessed, blessed unseen Helper, who has led my feet to Cuba and who is filling this land with the great Force and with new light.

Adieu, Brother. As I have said before, we shall meet again. With abiding faithfulness,

KATHERINE A. TINGLEY.

Enclosed is a letter from the Mayor of Santiago de Cuba to me, recognizing my plan for Children's Liberty Day, naming it and declaring it to be celebrated every year as a festival day or day of the Liberty of the Children of Cuba. We have already found the trees; men are busy preparing the ground in the Plaza; extensive decorations about finished.

LETTER OF THE MAYOR OF SANTIAGO TO MRS. TINGLEY.

ALCALDIA MUNICIPAL DE SANTIAGO DE CUBA.

CUBA, 7 de Marzo de 1899.

Con fecha de hoy expido el decreto que a la letra dice: En vista de una solicitud presentada por la Sra Katherine A. Tingley, Presidenta de la Internacional Brotherhood League, y considerando que debe fomentarse y apoyarse cuanto propenda a la proteccion de la infancia y a estimular los sentimientos patrioticos, re resuelto. 1°. Conceder a dicha Sra, a reserva de la Aprobacion de la Asamblea de Vecinos, un espacio de tierra en la Plaza de Dolores, para sembrar un Arbol, simbolo de la libertad y el patriotismo Cubana, que ha de Permanecer alli como una inspiracion para el pueblo y una prueba de fraternidad entre los Estados Unidos y Cuba. 2°. Autorizarla para andar y fertilizar los lotes que se destinen para jardines en la referida plaza.

3°. Declarar en este servicio municipal dia festivo el 12 de Marzo de cada ano, con el nombre de "Dia la Libertad de los Ninos."

4°. Celebrar, bajo la direccion de la mencionada, Senora, en la plaza de Dolores y a las cuatro de la tarde del Domingo proximo, en solemnization de la festividad que se instituye una gran fiesta a que asistiran todos los ninos de las escuelas de esta ciudad con sus respectivos Directores auxilares.

Tenge el gusto de trasladarlo a Vd. para su conocimiento en contestacion a sus cartas de los dias 3 y 6 del actu. l y al comunicarselo, me complazco en suscribirme su atto. y S. S.

EMILIO BACAN.

Signora KATHERINE A. TINGLEY, Presidenta de la Internacional Brotherhood League.

TRANSLATION.

CITY HALL, SANTIAGO DE CUBA, March 7, 1899.

This date I issue a decree which reads as follows:

In view of a petition presented by Mrs. Katherine A. Tingley, president of the International Brotherhood League, and recognizing the fact that all patronage and support is due the protection of the children and the stimulation of patriotic sentiments, I have resolved:

1st. To grant to the above mentioned lady, subject to the approval of the residents of the vicinity, a space of ground on the Plaza de Dolores, to plant there a tree, as symbol of the liberty and patriotism of Cuba, which tree shall remain as an inspiration for the people and as a proof of the brotherhood existing between the United States and Cuba.

2d. To authorize her to use the ground necessary for this purpose; also cultivate the adjacent property of the plaza for the purpose of public gardens.

3d. To declare the 12th day of March of each year as a holiday in this municipality, under the name of "Day of Liberty of the Children."

4th. To celebrate at 4 p. m. on Sunday next at the Plaza de Dolores a great festival under the direction of said lady to solemnize the holiday which is hereby established; this occasion shall be assisted by the children of all the schools of the city with their respective principals and teachers.

I take pleasure in conveying this information to you in reply to your letters of the 3d and 6th inst., and, in making this communication, I am pleased to subscribe myself, your obedient and faithful servant,

EMILIO BACAN.

(Seal.)

MRS. KATHERINE A. TINGLEY, Presidenta de la Internacional Brotherhood League.

The following is a copy of a letter printed in the Santiago papers:

Through the courtesy of General Wood and the Mayor of Santiago it has been possible for me, in the name of the International Brotherhood League, to inaugurate a Children's Liberty Day for Cuba. The ceremony will take place on March 12th at the Plaza del Dolores, at 4:30 p. m. This day being declared by the Mayor a festival day, is to be celebrated every year by the citizens and children as a festival or general holiday, and I appeal confidently to all citizens to protect and maintain this day as a memorial one, and to also protect the trees which will be planted in commemoration of Cuba's freedom, and the bond which unites her with America. I feel sure that the public spirit of the citizens will see that these trees are constantly and duly watered. Thus they will serve as they grow from year to year to remind children now unborn, of the fight their ancestors made for freedom, and of the glorious duties such freedom entails on all the sons of Cuba. For upon the children, their inborn patriotism and the training they receive in this century, depends the future of Cuba. Faithfully,

KATHERINE A. TINGLEY,
President International Brotherhood League.

Our Leader asked for supplies for two months, and appeal is made to all readers of the UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD to assist in this glorious work of relieving their distressed brothers and sisters in that unhappy Island of Cuba. The American newspapers have not told one-tenth of the suffering that has been caused by Spanish oppression and the horrors of war. It is a blessed privilege and a glorious opportunity to have even the smallest share in this work. Everyone can spare something, can make some little sacrifice.

All supplies should be sent addressed to the International Brotherhood League, 144 Madison Avenue. Contributions of money should be sent to Mr. E. A. Neresheimer, treasurer, or to Mr. H. T. Patterson, general superintendent, 144 Madison Avenue, New York.

J. H. F.

UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD LODGES.

TORONTO, CANADA.

U. B. Lodge No. 49, Toronto, holds its regular lodge meeting Wednesday evenings; I. B. L. open meetings, Friday evenings; also public meetings Sunday evenings in the main hall; the Lotus Group meets Sundays at 3 p. m. On Saturday, February 25th, the children gave a supper to their friends, with music, recitations, etc. The Group is prospering under Miss Jones as superintendent. The children sometimes enliven the evening meetings with their Lotus songs. At a meeting on Wednesday evening the lodge usually considers some article in the Universal Brotherhood Magazine or other Theosophical literature. Following the suggestion given in the U. B. Magazine, June, 1898, we have extended our study to the masterpieces of literature and history, and have been illustrating the mystic teachings of Shakespeare from "The Tempest" during the last month at the Friday evening meetings, this course proving of great interest to strangers and a good training for our younger members. Our own Mr. A. E. S. Smythe spent a few days with us before starting on his tour around the country, and, of course, we profited and were inspired by his zeal for the cause. The lodge work as a whole has a steadily growing influence in the city; the members are thoroughly in sympathy with the Leader in her work.

S. L. BECKETT.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

During the month of February, U. B. Lodge No. 86 held a "Crusade Meeting" as usual on the first Saturday in the month, at the Athenæum Hall, with a good attendance. Dr. C. J. Lopez lectured on the "Animal Nature of Man," and aroused a number of questions from the audience. At the lodge meetings there is always a number of

visitors interested in the Movement. Our method of carrying on the meetings is as follows: Reading correspondence and news from the U. B. Magazine and the New Century; half an hour's study of the "Secret Doctrine;" then an original paper or talk from some member. After that a general chat takes place. At most meetings we have good music, which greatly helps the proceedings, contributed by Prof. Buscowitz and Miss E. Kirsch, Mr. C. A. Lopez and Mr. Henry Barbier—tenor of the Cathedral. In connection with the I. B. L. work, of which Mrs. Louise Lopez is the local superintendent, we are preparing a Brotherhood Bazaar to be held on March 19 at the French Union Hall. Everything so far is working very smoothly and promisingly, with plain hints of a great favorable force behind it. Mr. Barbier is also preparing a concert to take place in April; the proceeds of the endeavors are to be used in paying for "meal tickets," which are distributed to the poor. We have made a contract with a restaurant centrally situated to furnish a good, substantial meal and receive our tickets in payment. Brother Duval makes a weekly settlement at 10 cents a ticket. In this manner we can be sure that our help is not wasted or misemployed. Thus, our faithful band keeps on working.

C. J. LOPEZ.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

The activities of Universal Brotherhood Lodge No. 81, located at Minneapolis, during the past winter have been many and varied. The tea and rest room carried on by the ladies has met with a varying success, but now bids fair to become a very helpful factor. It is a large store, well located and handsomely decorated. In this room are the headquarters of the various departments. First the U. B. Lodge has its meetings here on Sunday afternoons, and various members bring forward their ideas of the Philosophy which are afterwards discussed, furnishing both members and audience much food for thought. During the past month we have been given a new incentive to continued endeavor by the coming of Brother Albert E. S. Smythe, of Toronto. Although his stay was all too short, he made the best of it and spoke three times. His public lecture here on Sunday afternoon was so thoroughly enjoyed that about twenty of the members went to St. Paul to hear him again in the evening.

We also have a study class which has been under the leadership of Louise Jewell Manning. This meets every Wednesday evening, and has made good progress.

Much local I. B. L. work has been done, Brother Leffmann making an able and earnest chairman of the committee.

Miss Stanchfield's efforts among the children have been ably seconded by other members, and it can be truly said the Lotus work among the poor is a great success.

Much work which does not appear on the surface has been done by some of the older members in the way of correspondence, asking and answering questions and in outside work by which means many are brought into contact with the philosophy who will not read or study.

Altogether we have reason to feel much encouraged, as our members seem to be united and earnest in working for the good of the cause.

FORT WAYNE, IND.

March 13, 1899.

The month of February, with its intense cold and blizzards, has not succeeded in freezing up the enthusiasm of the members of Fort Wayne Lodge. The beginning of year "two" of Universal Brotherhood has seemed to infuse new energy into our members.

On February 2 we had an excellent meeting with questions from strangers, which were answered by Judge O'Rourke. On February 9 the meeting was postponed, owing to the intense cold and low gas pressure.

The meeting of February 16 was well attended and was addressed by Mrs. Mahurin on the subject of "What Can Theosophy Do for the Children?"

February 22 we had removed to our old hall which we occupied before the "unpleasantness" of last year. The hall is very large, will seat about two hundred, is well lighted and carpeted and is on the second floor, which is a great advantage. The meeting of this date being the last in the month, was devoted to questions which were answered by Mr. A. A. Purman and Judge O'Rourke. S. MILTON McFERRAN, Secy.

MACON, GA.

Macon Lodge No. 13, U. B., is tremulous with vital energy. We are like true Arab horses, willing, eager, anxious for the race, the chase or the charge, yet docile, quiet, and high strung, throbbing with conscious accumulated power. "A big river is not so because it has a deep bed, but because it has volume." Brother Hanson has been doing great work for several months in directing a class which was organized "For the Practice and Study of Common Sense." The class has been conducted in line with its title, and as a result quite a number of the members thereof have determined to go to the Convention at Point Loma, in which act they both practice common sense and also avail themselves of an opportunity to pursue their studies further. At the present time Lodge 13 is engaged in obtaining supplies to be sent to Cuba.

With best wishes for all and full of confidence and hope for the future and with love for each Comrade, I invite every member of the U. B. to give three cheers in his heart for the Leader. IYERSON L. HARRIS.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

The regular public meetings of U. B. Lodge No. 33, held on Sundays, have shown a great increase in attendance during the past month, due to the return of our worthy president, Clark Thurston. We have also had visits from Brothers Crosbie and Ayers, of Boston, and Mrs. Elizabeth C. Mayer, of New York. Our members' meetings are also well attended and show an increased interest on the part of all. We have adopted a new method in these meetings which has proved highly satisfactory. Five members volunteer to speak or read papers for five minutes each, and they then answer questions at the close. This has resulted in bringing many on the platform who have heretofore been too diffident, and it bids fair to develop some good speakers who perhaps otherwise would never have been heard. On Saturday, February 18th, Mrs. E. C. Mayer gave an address to women only, before a large audience, who greatly appreciated the lecture. The press gave a splendid account of this meeting. On the evening of the same day, Mrs. Mayer held a reception for the members of the lodge at the residence of Mrs. Thurston. On February 16th a musical entertainment was given in the rooms, followed by dancing by the young people. A very enjoyable evening was spent. Of the proceeds it was voted to send \$30 towards the Cuban Work of our Leader. All the members are a unit in support of the Universal Brotherhood and our great Leader.

WALTER K. MUNSTER.

REPORT FROM SWEDEN.

The Theosophical activities in Sweden are constantly gaining in strength and momentum. Not hurricane-like, however; not in fits and starts, but with a clear, undimmed vision concerning the great aim. Deliberately and firmly—even if slowly, does the Theosophical movement of this country safely approach its great ideal—the moral conquest of the race.

The International Brotherhood League, with Congressman M. F. Nystrom as National President, has made its name and purpose respected by all classes of society, and passionately loved and revered by the laboring class. A very encouraging change of front has taken place among the more influential of our newspapers, who open their columns for "I. B. L." press notices without a murmur. Even more extensive Theosophical articles have appeared in the newspapers. This is truly a sign of the times, that cannot be misunderstood.

The Lotus Circle work under the presidency of Mrs. Lindgren-Myhrman, is making an astonishing headway. New insights and discoveries in the child-nature are immediately brought to bear upon the didactic methods of the school. The teachers proceed to their important work with a fervor and interest only possible where the entire undertaking is founded on love for humanity. The Lotus School in Sweden has already passed its mere initial stages and commenced to enter upon a field of scientific methods by which are assured a careful unfoldment of powers latent in the childmind.

The "Isis Lodge" of Stockholm, No. 1 of the Universal Brotherhood Lodges of Sweden, arranges public meetings the first and second Sunday of every month, when lectures are given upon standard Theosophical subjects, followed by answers to written questions. Major Henry Cederschild is the warm-hearted, highly esteemed and beloved president of this lodge. An attempt by him, at the last election of officers, to withdraw from his position on the plea of no longer being able to cope with the growth of the movement, was immediately frustrated by the firm and resolute refusal of the lodge to accept the resignation. Deeply moved by the demonstration, the Major yielded and remained in office.

The "Brotherhood suppers" for the poor people continue to be given once a month as usual. The untiring managers of this special kind of "U. B." work are Mrs. Cederschild and Mrs. Ellsén. The latter is an eloquent speaker who never fails to stir her audience to the very depth of their souls. But it is not only through the power of speech Mrs. Ellsén paves her way to the human heart—she is tireless in her efforts, visiting the old and the poor, and relieving suffering in all its guises. These Brotherhood suppers are veritable oases in the poor people's life. They look forward to the time for these gatherings with joy and hope and carry the gems of thoughts to their homes to make them fruitful in the dealings of their daily life.

The 10th day of February was the tenth anniversary of the organized Theosophic movement in Sweden. The day was celebrated at the Headquarters by a large gathering of U. B. members. The rooms were beautifully decorated by flowers from Mrs. Piltz's hot-houses. Dr. G. Zander, the president-founder of the Swedish Society and its untiring guardian ever since its first beginning, was the central figure of the feast. Speeches, poetry and music were made to his honor. Mrs. C. Scholander opened the proceedings by a beautiful oration, which held forth in glowing terms the virtues of our revered president who so unselfishly and sacrificingly devoted his entire life and energy to the furtherance of the movement. After this followed Mr. M. F. Nystrom with a speech on "I. B. L." activities, and Mrs. Lindgren-Myhrman on the Lotus work. Dr. Zander was thereafter presented with a luxuriantly bound copy of a Swedish translation of the Bagavat Gita, besides a large sized portrait of W. Q. Judge.

Dr. Zander, who was deeply affected, thanked his comrades. Music followed, whereupon Mr. Torsten Hedlund, from Gothenburg, spoke in glowing terms of the U. B. movement, its character and possibilities, and of that great soul at present incarnated in our midst—Katherine A. Tingley—whose untiring energy and unselfish efforts made of the Theosophical ideal a palpable, living reality. At the suggestion of Dr. Zander a telegram was sent to the Leader stating the character and purpose of the celebration.

The sum-total of the Theosophic life and work in Sweden is the ever present expression of an unshakable faith in the capacity of the Leader to guide the Theosophic ship through all the hardships of a rough and perilous navigation. As the "U. B." work constantly grows dearer to us, so in a corresponding ratio increases our appreciation and love to her, through whose extraordinary insight in the possibilities of human nature and power to turn those possibilities into living, pulsating realities has to every true lover of the race given a new hold on life and destiny. The name and character of Mrs. Katherine A. Tingley shall never cease to be revered and loved by all, for whom the emancipation of the human race from ignorance, selfishness and brutality has any significance.

A. E. G.