

MARCH, 1899.

# UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD

A MAGAZINE

DEVOTED TO THE BROTHERHOOD OF HUMANITY

THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT.

PHILOSOPHY · SCIENCE · AND · ART.

FOUNDED · IN · 1886 · UNDER · THE · TITLE · OF · THE · PATH · BY ·  
· WM · Q · JUDGE ·



VOLUME XIII. NO. 12.

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# UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD

DEVOTED TO

*The Brotherhood of Humanity, the Theosophical Movement, Philosophy, Science and Art.*

FOUNDED IN 1886 UNDER THE TITLE OF "THE PATH," BY  
**WILLIAM Q. JUDGE.**

KATHERINE A. TINGLEY { EDITORS.  
E. A. NERESHEIMER }

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UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD is a Magazine devoted to the promulgation of the principles of the Brotherhood of Humanity in the widest sense. It is an organ whose aim is to show that the Unity or Brotherhood of Mankind is an actual fact in nature. If this principle were better understood by the multitude or even by certain classes of Society there would be less strife and competition and more sympathy and co-operation.

The demonstration of these broad ideas from the Ethical, Scientific and Practical points of view will prove that there is much agreement between these systems on this topic, and that it is an underlying groundwork by means of which all Religions and all Philosophies agree also.

This magazine endeavors to show the great similarity between the Religions of the world, in their fundamental beliefs and doctrines, as also the value of studying other systems than our own.

A sound basis for ethics should be found.

Those who would assist the cause of Brotherhood should realize that it is of the first importance to discover as much as possible concerning the nature of man and man's relation to the world around him. The laws that govern his physical, mental, moral and spiritual being should be studied and investigated.

It is hoped that every sympathizer with the cause of Brotherhood will endeavor to assist us in enlarging the circulation of this magazine. Subscribers will greatly oblige by sending us the names and addresses of individuals known to them as willing to investigate liberal ideas.

All writers interested in the above objects are invited to contribute articles.

It is in the hands of our readers to push the circulation of UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD to an almost unlimited extent.

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*Amartiny*



## H U M

"The being of the Gods, and their concern in human affairs, is beyond dispute."  
"Cut out the love of self, like an autumn lotus, with thy hand! Cherish the road of peace."—*Gems from the East.*

# UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD

VOL. XIII.

MARCH, 1899.

No. 12.

## ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE.

V. STATESMAN AND SAVIOR OF FRANCE.

BY ALEXANDER WILDER, M. D.

**W**HILE journeying in Mount Lebanon in April, Lamartine had received letters from home informing him of his nomination to the Chamber of Deputies. He had presented himself as a candidate before leaving France, and did not now feel at liberty to decline. The death of his mother and now the loss of his daughter had withered his ambition. "I will accept it and go back," he wrote in his journal. "I have none of those aspirations for glory and fortune, which constitute the impulsion of other men. The only interest which I still take will be the common interest of the country and humanity. How can the calm and impartial voice of philosophy be heard in the tumult of conflicting facts and contradictory opinions? No matter; man chooses neither his own path nor his own work. God assigns him his task according to his circumstances and his convictions; it must be performed. But I foresee for myself only a moral martyrdom."

He remained in Pera two months. He had sent his Arab horses forward from Bayreuth overland, and waited for their arrival. M. Turqui, the Sardinian Ambassador, placed his house at Buyukdéré at the service of Lamartine, and lavished on him innumerable attentions. The other Ambassadors were also assiduous in their

courtesies, and the Turkish Court bestowed on him many friendly offices.

He visited the Mosques of Constantinople, the bazaar and slave market, and was even permitted to go into the Seraglio itself. The Sultan did not now inhabit the place, never doing so after the slaughtering of the Janisaries. The Kesnedar or Imperial Treasurer did the honors, showing him all around, and exhibiting to him the wealth and jewels in his charge. This officer invited him to be the guest of honor for the night, but Lamartine declined, pleading that his wife and friends knew where he was and would be in painful apprehension.

"You are indeed the first Frank who ever entered here," replied the Kesnedar. "And that is a reason why you should be treated with special attention."

Count Orloff, who was about to go away with a Russian expedition, and M. Turqui, his entertainer, visited him often. He also met the Prince Royal of Bavaria, brother to Otho, newly made King of Greece, at the Embassy. The Prince asked his opinion about the selecting of a capital. "Where a thing is revived," said Lamartine, "it should be restored in form as well as name. Athens, with its ruins and memories, is the emblem of the existence of Greece. That city must be the point of

her regeneration, or the Greeks will never be anything but what they now are, a wretched population spread over the rocks and islands of the Peloponnesos."

Finally, his horses arrived all but one. They were in bad condition and required care and opportunity to recruit. He disposed of several and was finally enabled to fix his time for departure on the twenty-third of July.

M. Turqui continued his attentions to the last, accompanying him for several hours on the way, and finally parting from him with the warmest demonstrations of affection.

The Ottoman Government also extended its courtesies while he journeyed in the Turkish territory. He was furnished with an escort which at times numbered from sixty to eighty, and in Adrianople, Sophia, Philippoli and other towns he met with a princely reception and a generous hospitality. He was greatly pleased with the Turks, only deploring their fatalism in belief, and convinced of the hopeless instability of their dominions.

At Wenikeni, a wretched village in Bulgaria, he was prostrated by fever. For twenty days he lay between life and death, in a hut having but a single apartment, without a window; his bed a mat. His wife was his physician and nurse, and he tells us that for fifteen days and nights she did not close her eyes. It was no cheerful thought for him that in the event of his death, she would be left there desolate, in the heart of the Balkan mountains, four hundred leagues from home. A Greek gentleman from Philippoli, learning that a Frank was dangerously ill at that village, sent a physician to him with medicines. He arrived on the sixth day, but Lamartine was then out of danger.

The Pasha of the province was likewise unremitting in good offices. He supplied the party daily with provisions, and kept five or six men on horseback near the house, to execute every command. Madame de Lamartine was thus enabled, with

her botanic knowledge, to procure the necessary remedies.

The inhabitants of the village did all in their power for the sufferer and his friends; and when he set out again on his journey, they accompanied him a league on his way and invoked benedictions on him as they bade him farewell.

On the first of September, four days later, Lamartine and his company approached the village of Nissa. He was riding half an hour in advance, and came to a tower which glistened like marble. Weary with the heat he alighted for a brief repose in its shade. He found it composed of human skulls cemented together with mortar. Fifteen thousand Servians had been killed at this place by the Pasha in the last revolt, and their heads piled up in this ghastly monument. On some of them the hair yet remained waving in the wind, and the breeze as it penetrated the numerous cavities of the skulls sounded like mournful sighs.

He had now arrived at the boundary of Serbia, and the Turkish escort took their leave to go back to Constantinople. Henceforth Lamartine and his party were with Europeans whose ways, customs and modes of thinking were like their own.

He was enthusiastic in praise of the Servians. "The history of this people ought to be sung, not written," he declared. "It is a poem that is still being accomplished." He adds a sketch of their leaders, Black George and Milosh, their contests for independence with forces many times their own number, and their unparalleled daring. Serbia and Bulgaria, he affirmed, are the basis of a future dominion.

The son of a nephew of Milosh is now King of Serbia, but the prediction of Lamartine is not yet realized.

#### SOCIAL PARTY AND EUROPEAN POLICY.

Lamartine had been absent eighteen months when he arrived in France. The old Chevalier still lived to greet his son

and others came to welcome him. He resumed his literary labors, and during the next five years published the following works: "Jocelyn," "Chute d'un Ange," and "Recueils Poétiques." The first of these contained a tribute to his deceased friend, the Abbé Dumont.

He divided his years into three parts. The Winter was devoted to political duties, the Spring and Summer to agriculture and literary work, and the Autumn to traveling.

He took his seat in the Chamber of Deputies in the Winter of 1833-4, and acted with the conservatives of whom M. Guizot was leader. At the next election he was chosen to represent Mâcon, his birth-place. He now became a leader in his own behalf. His views were neither distinctively aristocratic nor democratic. He announced them himself: "I am a partisan of whatever will better and perfect mankind as a whole, whether at the summit or foot of the social scale."

He now criticized severely the course pursued by the King and Ministry, arraigning them for their want of faith, their resistance to progress, their ignorance of the wants of society and their refusal to make timely concessions to the wishes of the people.

As the head of the new "Social Party," he insisted upon the necessity of the study of the classics as part of liberal education, advocated the abolition of the penalty of death, and proposed a new diplomatic policy for Europe which should contemplate a broader liberty, a more general civilization, and of national coöperation to promote the welfare of all mankind.

"The French Revolution has been the tocsin of the world," he declared. "Many of its phases have been accomplished; but it is not ended. Nothing of those slow, internal, persistent movements of the moral life of the human race is ever ended. There are times of halting; but during these halts the thoughts themselves are matured, forces accumulate and make ready for a new activity. In the progress of so-

ciety and ideas, the aim is always only a new point of departure. The French Revolution will yet be called the European Revolution; for ideas, like water, find their level. It is not merely a political revolution, a transfer of power, one dynasty in place of another, or a republic in place of a monarchy. All that is only an accident, a symptom, an instrumentality, a means to an end. The work itself is so much more grave and exalted that it can be accomplished under all forms of political power. It can be monarchist or republican, attached to one dynasty or another, partisan of this or that constitutional form, without being less sincerely or less profoundly revolutionary."

"I am not of the number," he says again, "who see in the present movement only the movement itself—the tumult of order and ideas; nor do I believe that the moral and political world is in the final convulsions of death and dissolution. This movement is plainly a double one—a dissolving and an organizing in faith. The creative spirit is at work in the same degree that the destructive spirit is destroying; one faith replaces the other. Wherever the past is overthrown, there the Future, all prepared, appears behind the ruins. The transition is sluggish and rude like every transition in which the passions and interests of men have clashed as they went, in which classes in society and in which different nations go at unequal pace, and some try obstinately to hold back while the mass is advancing. For some moments there are confusion, dust, ruins and darkness; but from time to time the wind clears away the cloud of dust that hides the way and purpose, and they who are on the heights above distinguish the marching of the columns, observe the ground of the Future and see the day yet coming to illumine the vast horizons."

"I hear said around me," he said again; "men no more have creeds; everything is delivered to the individual reason; there is no more a common faith in anything,

neither in religion nor in politics, nor in good-fellowship. 'Creeds, a common faith, is the mainstay of nations; this stay broken down, everything is dissolved; there is only one way to save the peoples: it is to give them back their creeds.'

"To give back creeds, to resuscitate dead popular dogmas in the conscience of the people, to make anew what the time has unmade, is a preposterous notion. It is to attempt to struggle against the nature and spirit of things; it is to govern in another direction than that of Providence, and away from the events which are its footprints. The course of time will never go back. We can guide ourselves and guide the world along an irresistible current, but we cannot arrest that current and make it flow back."

"If the world had no more any idea in common, or faith, or creed it would never more be moved; nothing produces nothing—*mens agitat molem*—mind moves the mass. On the contrary, there is an unbounded conviction, a fanatic faith, a hope confused but undefined, an ardent love, a common creed although not shaped into words, which pushes, crowds, stirs up, draws on, condenses and causes to gravitate together, all the intelligence, all the consciences, all the moral force of the epoch.

"The revolutions, the tossings of tempest, the falls of empires, the repeated and gigantic motions of all the members of old Europe, the echoes of America and Asia, this thoughtless and resistless impulse, which in spite of individual wills, keeps up so much agitation and collected force—all this is not an effect without a cause. All this has a meaning, a deep and hidden meaning, but a meaning evident to the eye of the philosopher. This meaning is precisely what you are complaining of having lost, what you are disowning to-day. It is a common idea, a conviction, a law of society, a truth which having entered involuntarily into all minds, and even into the mind of the masses, unknown to them-

selves, operates in these events to produce itself with the force of Divine Truth—that is to say, an invincible force.

"This faith is the general reason; its organ is speech, its apostle is the Press. It is spreading over the world with the infallibility and the vehemency of a new religion. It is seeking to make anew in its own image the religions, the civilizations, the forms of society, the results of legislative action, which are imperfect or have been altered by the errors and ignorance of the Dark Ages through which they have passed. It seeks to place in religion for a dogma, God one and perfect; for a creed eternal morality; for a worship pious adoration and fraternal charity. In statecraft it desires to place human nature above all nationalities; in legislation, man the equal to man and brother of man—Society as a brotherly exchange of services and reciprocal duties regulated and guaranteed by law—Christianity legislative.

"It wills this and it is effecting it. Say again that there are no more creeds, that there is no common faith in the men of this time. Since Christianity there was never so great a work accomplished with so feeble agencies. A Cross and a Printing Press are the two instrumentalities of the two great greatest civilizing movements of the world."

Lamartine described the progress that had been made and its results. The general diffusion of instruction had generated a superabundance of capabilities demanding employment in society. The transition alone is dangerous, he declared, "till the balance shall be adjusted by those multiplied, creating each for itself a proper mode of activity." The manufacturing stimulus withdrew the population from domestic feeling; over-excited labor, by the sudden rise of profits which as suddenly and irregularly fell back, accustoms by the luxury and vices of cities those who can never fall back to the simplicity of country life, and accumulates masses of population, to-day insufficient for the demand, to-mor-

row deprived of employment and by their deprivation, a prey to destitution and disorder.

He recognized the fact that property at all periods of human history has existed as the absolute necessity of society; and that without it there is neither home life, industry nor civilization. But he adds the imperative command of Charity to the owner: "Thou shalt remember that the right of property was not instituted for thee alone, but for mankind at large. Thou enjoyest it only on the conditions of justice, utility and distribution to all. Thou shalt, therefore, supply thy brother from the superfluity of thy possessions with the means and elements of labor necessary to his acquiring of possessions in his turn: thou shalt, therefore, recognize a right superior to the right of property—the right of humanity!"

The revolution that all things were undergoing involved all Europe in imminent dangers, so great that unless a preservative should be devised, the ruin of the whole social world, he insisted, was inevitable. But Providence never creates wants without at the same time creating the means to supply them. A crisis was taking place in the East which offered the field and opportunity.

"The Turkish Empire is crumbling to pieces, and threatens from day to day to leave to anarchy and disorganized barbarism, territories devoid of inhabitants, and a people destitute of rulers."

Every part of the dominion in Africa and Asia was substantially detached from the Ottoman rule. Asia Minor, once the seat of seven powerful kingdoms and innumerable towns, now consisted only of fertile solitudes. Constantinople, like all the capitals of the decaying people, alone presented an appearance of population and life. In proportion as the vitality of empires recedes from the extremities, it concentrates itself in the heart.

He deprecated the European policy, therefore, that sought to preserve Turkey

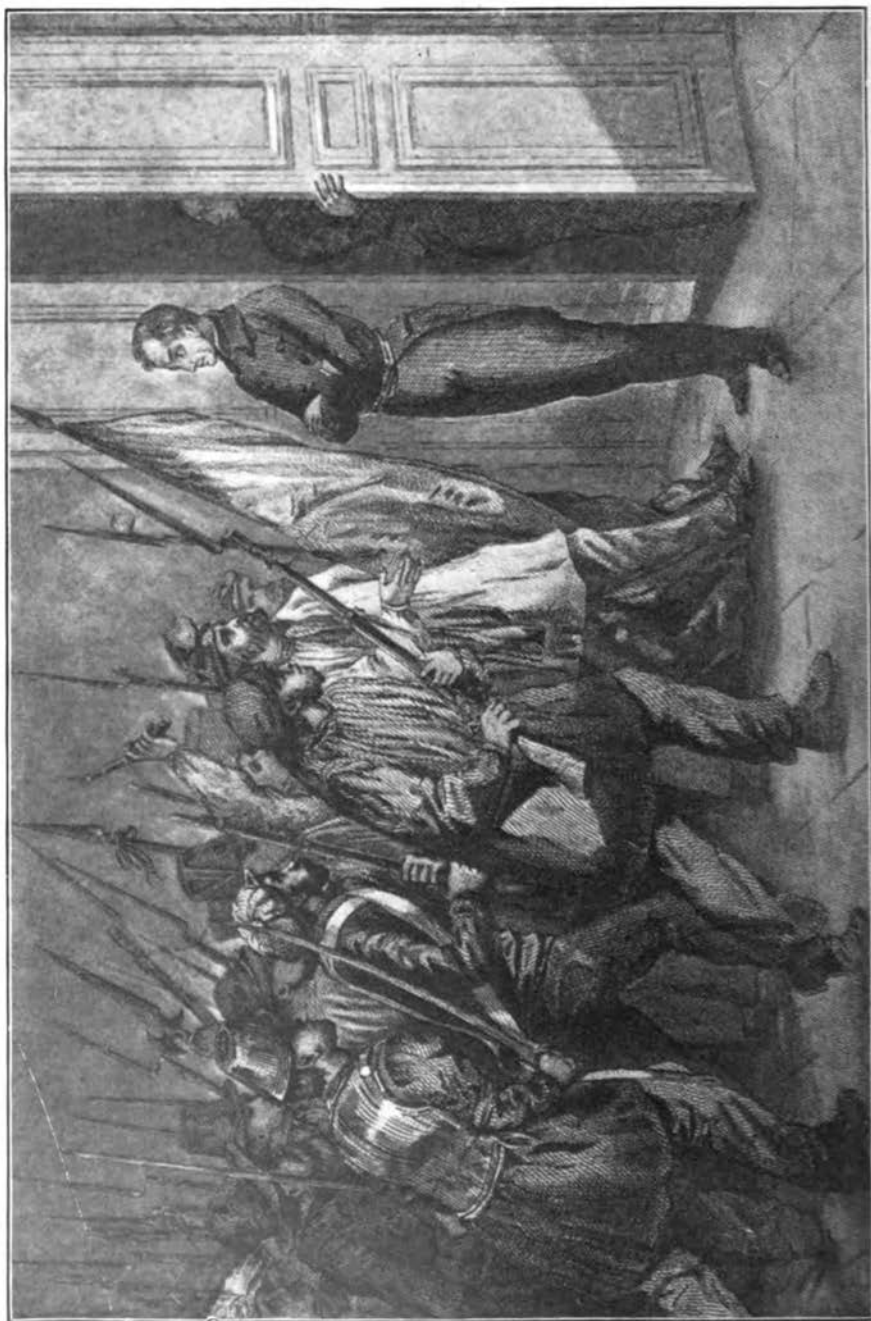
as a counterpoise to Russian power in the East. "The Ottoman Empire no longer exists but in name; its life is extinct, its weight no longer sways the balance; it is nothing but a vast void which this anti-human policy wishes to leave vacant instead of filling it with a healthy and living population."

He proposed to wait the event, and as the Turkish Dominion fell to pieces the European powers should establish protectorates and found free cities and European Colonies. But all pre-existing rights should be recognized, all sorts of worship equally protected in perfect freedom, only interdicting polygamy and slavery.

"Did this plan," says he, "which I have conceived and proposed, depend for its execution on violence, or the expatriation and forcible dispossession of this wreck of a great and generous nation, I would regard it as a crime." The Turks, he insisted, are incapable of governing their present territories; they had depopulated the countries and destroyed themselves by the slow suicide of their government. Yet they are as a race the first and most worthy of all in the empire. With better laws and government they will yet be one of the greatest of peoples. "They are a people of patriarchs, of thinkers, of worshippers, of philosophers; and when their cause is that of religion they are a people of heroes and martyrs."

Europe, Lamartine insisted, has the right to assume this work. It was not the right of power that he invoked, but the right of humanity and civilization. Capability constituted a right and duty. No war was necessary; no violence, confiscation, proscription, violation of religion or morals, was authorized. Europe had a population, industry, intellectual forces, all seeking space and employment, and here was their opportunity. "Europe wants only just opinions and generous sentiments to realize this picture: A word will suffice to save herself while preparing a glorious future for the human race."





LAMARTINE REFUSING THE RED FLAG.

Lamartine also combated vigorously and with success the proposition of M. Arago that the classics should be omitted from the course of a liberal education.

His great work, "The History of the Girondists," was written in illustration of his sentiments. He was in Italy while compiling it, and the place where he made his residence commanded a view of the Island of Procida, the home of Graziella. The work was issued in numbers and finally published entire in 1847. It has been repeatedly translated and criticized, but its impartiality, thoroughness and care to deal justly with every individual and measure are generally acknowledged.

Lamartine believed that the French nation in the first Revolution would have succeeded in establishing a liberal Government without the violence and bloodshed that took place, if the European powers had not interfered. They certainly paid dearly for their intermeddling. In later periods they left France to shape its own policy.

#### LAMARTINE AND THE REVOLUTION OF 1848.

The administration of Louis-Philippe became daily more unpopular. Its arbitrary policy estranged its supporters, and the corruption which was sedulously employed to sustain it finally lost its power to corrupt. Dissatisfaction existed everywhere. A series of Reform and Workingmen's banquets was set in operation. Lamartine, Ledru-Rollin, Louis Blanc and other popular leaders delivered addresses at these gatherings, preparing the public minds for the impending Revolution.

The Government itself precipitated the event. It had been arranged to hold a Reform Banquet at Paris in February, 1848. An order was issued forbidding the affair. M. Odillon-Barrot was the leader of the Opposition in the Chamber of Deputies. At his instance the prohibition was disregarded. There were ten thousand guests invited from all over France. It was contemplated that they should walk in procession, and

that ten thousand members of the National Guard, unarmed, should line the route. Barrot was to deliver an address, and the assemblage disperse.

It was his purpose to bring about the forming of a new ministry with Adolph Thiers or Count Molé at the head. The Prefect of Police again interfered, and the Government brought troops to Paris to the number of one hundred thousand.

The banquet was given up, but the train was fired. The populace rose in arms on the 24th and unfurled the red flag of the Commune of Paris. The King now offered to form a new Ministry, but this resource failed and he abdicated. Slaughter, pillage and riot prevailed in the streets. The palace of the Tuileries was sacked, the throne brought out, carried in triumph, and finally broken in pieces and burned. The King fled in disguise, and the Duchess of Orleans, fearing for her life and still hoping to save the fortunes of her son, made her way to the Chamber of Deputies.

A scene now occurred, resembling that of the appearing of Louis XVI. at the National Assembly to escape from the mob, and there witnessing his own dethronement.

Odillon-Barrot proposed that the Duchess should be appointed Regent during the minority of her son. The reply came from every side: "Too late! too late!"

Then came one of those periods when immediate action is necessary and no one knew what to suggest. Speeches were made without defined purpose, to pass the time, while rioting and bloodshed reigned in the city.

Lamartine, impelled by a certain inspiration, came into the Chamber. He beheld with pity the unfortunate Princess and her children, now repudiated by their countrymen and in mortal peril. The fate of France was likewise in the balance.

Taking the tribune, he proposed an appeal to the whole nation. The acclamations in the Chamber, he insisted, were not to be accepted in place of the voice of thirty-five millions of the people. A Pro-

visional Government should be created at once to meet the emergency, to put an end to the carnage, to establish order and to call for the decision of all France.

The populace at this moment broke into the Hall. The Hotel de Ville had been sacked and now the Deputies were assailed. The Duchess and her little group fled for safety and the Hall was abandoned.

The next morning the new Provisional Government, with Dupont l'Eure, was proclaimed from the Hotel de Ville.

The populace hastened thither to dispose of this new claimant for authority. Lamartine was the only man able to get a hearing from the assembled multitude. When he had appeased one crowd, a second would come inspired with a new fury. In this way he was engaged for sixty hours without opportunity for rest. On one of these occasions he stood in the balcony for more than an hour with folded arms waiting for the clamor to cease, that he might speak. His firmness and courage finally succeeded, and he was heard. He spoke of the ideas involved.

"Down with ideas!" was yelled in reply.

"The first necessity of the Republic is order," Lamartine insisted.

"Down with order," was screamed in chorus: "we will have no order."

Lamartine did not cower, and he would not yield. He stoutly affirmed that the establishing of a Republican Government at their demand, the demand of a part of the people instead of the whole French Nation, would be a usurpation. He would not accept the claim of Parisians to act for all France. "To-day," said he, "you require of us to adopt the red flag in place of the tricolor. Citizens! for my part, I will not adopt the red flag. The tri-colored flag has made the tour of Europe under the republic and under the empire, with our liberties and our glories; but the red flag has only made the tour of the Champs de Mars, trailed through the torrents of the blood of the people."

The day following Lamartine announced

in behalf of his colleagues the result of their deliberations. The royal authority was abolished in France and a Republican Government proclaimed in its place with all political rights vested in the people. National workshops were likewise promised for those who were destitute of employment.

The punishment of death was also abolished. "This," said he, "is the noblest decree that has ever issued from a people, the day after a victory."\*

Plainly, he anticipated a triumph of the principles which he cherished.

The new government, to confirm its authority, appointed a grand rally and review of the National Guard and citizens on Sunday. As a preliminary proceeding, the last shreds of the red flags were detached from their fastenings that morning, and lowered one by one from the balconies and windows of the houses opposite to the Hotel de Ville.

At the same time an immense crowd had congregated at the Place de Greve. It now came rushing to the place where the members of the Provisional Government were in session. Lamartine quickly perceived that there was no criminal act contemplated, and ordered the doors to be thrown wide open. All pressed in that could find room filling the hall and staircase.

Lamartine quietly placed himself behind a large table to keep from being overborne, and waited till the crowd had become so dense as to be incapable of moving about. He then asked the leaders, who were standing in the front ranks, what they had come to ask.

\*As Lamartine was proclaiming "on the very spot where stood the scaffold of the old revolution, the abolition of capital punishment," and striving to gain approval from those who heard, the body of a youth was borne along on the way to the funeral. His mother was following. The Secretary of Paris placed her for safety on the platform between himself and Lamartine and told her of the decree. Standing on tiptoe and lifting her hands toward the sky, she spoke aloud: "If my son could have lived long enough to have heard of this decree he would have been happy when he died." The multitude at once accepted the decree with loud acclamations.



"The organization of labor, or else nothing at all," they replied. A shout of approval followed from the multitude.

"Will you explain," Lamartine asked, "what the organization of labor is?"

"It is labor organized in such a manner," they answered, "that competition will be destroyed, and no more lower our products and our wages."

"But," demanded Lamartine, "if competition is destroyed, what becomes of the most valued right of the worker, the liberty of work?"

This was a hard question. One clamored one thing and another said something different, making a chaos of confused and contradictory answers, so absurd and revolting that tumultuous protests came from their own ranks against the bizarre attempts at solution.

Lamartine finally demanded their attention. He declared that the secret of a perfect organization of labor, complete from the foundation, and of a perfect organization of society, denominated Socialism, in which there should be neither inequality, nor injustice, nor superfluity, nor poverty, was a secret that nobody possessed. Such society would not be earth, but paradise. Equality of goods, he insisted, was a dream impossible in our human condition. Whenever an equal division should be made in the morning, another would become necessary at night. For there would be a change of conditions during the day, because of virtue and vice, sickness or health, the number of old men or young children in a family, talent or ignorance, the diligence or idleness of each individual: "unless," said he, "they were to adopt an equal wage for all who received wages, whether they were at work or idle, earning their bread or not earning it. Idleness and vice would live at the expense of labor and virtue, unless free labor does not become changed into labor forced from all in the society, unless those who pay wages are authorized with whip or sword in hand to make everybody work, and unless the

society of whites is not reduced to a horde of slaves driven every morning from their community-houses to regular labor by the drivers of white negroes."

After the laugh subsided which these remarks had occasioned, Lamartine went on: "Are you conscious of what you really want? it is this: that capital which appertains to all, and which is only what has been saved out of what is necessary and what is superfluous with everybody, shall be as free as labor. If it is not free it will be hid away, it will show itself no more, it will consume no more, and in that way it will cause the laborer to die of famine. \* \* \*

"You do not wish, and you are in the right not to wish that there should be incurable and undeserved misery, such as society, badly organized, abounds with. You do not desire that the father and the mother who are sick, who are over-burdened with young children and confined by sickness to their garret, should see their offspring abandoned to chance, perishing without care, without milk, without bread, without fire, without shelter."

Lamartine then pointed out the sufferings to which the families of the poor were liable, which a government of the people should mitigate and rectify. He then concluded:

"You now know that there is only one form of socialism practicable. This is the Brotherhood, willing and active in behalf of each individual. It is a Religion of Poverty; it is the affection of the country framing its duty into laws for helping. In short, it is what the higher intelligence of the nation will give you when all classes, all capitals, all salaries, all rights, all duties, being represented in legislation by suffrage fairly proportional to all, shall have chosen by universal suffrage in several degrees for the general welfare. But it is what every rational and conscientious man will withhold his consent from giving you in what you call the 'organization of labor' or Radical Socialism, such as you have

been persuaded to clamor for here without understanding the execrable nonsense."

The explanation was warmly applauded as satisfactory. The multitude speedily withdrew from the Hotel de Ville, and went back to the Place de Greve, shouting: "Vive Lamartine!"

"It was not therefore," says he, "a triumph of three days over the demagogism of the Red Flag, but the triumph of common sense over a false idea."

The members of the Provisional Government then made their way to the Place de la Bastille. Two millions of the men of Paris and other cities and villages were waiting for them. The President, Dupont l'Eure, addressed them, explaining the purpose of the Government and what had been done. There was a general response of approval. The new rulers were thus duly inaugurated.

Lamartine was everywhere recognized as the apostle of this new epoch, and Lady Hester Stanhope's augury was fulfilled.

In the distribution of portfolios by the new Government, Lamartine received that of Foreign Affairs, which M. Guizot, as leader of the Cabinet, had held before. It was necessary for him without delay to make sure of the safety of the diplomatic archives. The office had been guarded for the time by a body of unknown persons armed. He set out on foot but was recognized, and the enthusiastic multitude pressed around him with cries of "Vive Lamartine!" He was only able to reach the house of Victor Hugo and gain admittance as his friend. The porter admitted him and a carriage was procured to convey him to the place of destination.

The driver called his attention to his whip. "I broke it on the night of the twenty-third," said he, "I was driving M. Guizot through the thick fog. He was stealing away from the Office of Foreign Affairs, to which I am bringing you. I do not ask you to tell me your name. Perhaps you are Lamartine. So goes the world. The most beautiful days always

have a moral; and affairs roll like my wheel, a little while in the rut, and a little while up atop on the path."

Lamartine was deeply impressed by this occurrence. That to Victor Hugo, whom he had just displaced as a peer of France, he should apply to be protected from an enthusiastic populace and be enabled to escape under the shadow of his wall and name, seemed like an augury. Was it not the misled genius of one revolution going unwittingly in quest of another? "Mock the poets you men of prose, but fear them; they have the word of destiny, and not knowing, they utter it."

Hugo had been far from taking a lower part in the social revolution, while Lamartine was occupied at the risk of his popularity, of his fortune and life, in restraining and regulating another. His sons took places in the Office of Foreign Affairs, and he himself issued a declaration of sentiments, conservative in its tone, opposing alike the demagogues of the street who thirsted for war and bloodshed, and the other demagogues of Utopian ideals.

"I remember as yesterday," says Lamartine, "when the handsome Duke de Rohan, then musketeer and afterward Cardinal, said to me, when coming to take possession of me in my barrack at the Quay d'Orsay: 'Come with me and see a wonderful individual that promises a grand man to France. Chateaubriand has already surnamed him *Enfant Sublime*. You will also be proud some day for having beheld the oak in the acorn.' \* \* \* This was Victor Hugo, whose pen is to-day the charm or the dread of the world."

Lamartine and Hugo began their careers about the same time, and their political life was of similar duration. "When individuals have sailed together a certain number of years," Lamartine remarks, "they become friends from a likeness of destinies, from sympathy of views, from similarity of places, times and moral living together in the same ship sailing to an unknown shore. To be contemporaries is al-

most being friends if they are good; the earth is a household, life in common is a kindred relationship. One may differ in ideas, in tastes, even in convictions, while they are floating, but we cannot keep from feeling a secret tenderness for the one who is floating with us. Such are my feelings for Hugo; I believe that his for me are the same. We are diverse; I do not say equals, but we like each other."

"Every one," he says again, "every one has an atmosphere which environs him, and which sheds around him good or evil influences, warmth or coldness, according as his soul is more or less turned above and more or less reflects the divinity in him. The repulsion or attraction is only the impression of that atmosphere upon us. Some attract like the lover, others repel us as the serpent, without our knowing why. But nature herself knows; we should mind these repulsions or these attractions as impressions and cautions of the soul-sense. Almost always the attraction reveals a hidden virtue, the repulsion a vice buried in the beings who inspire it in us. Souls have also their physiognomies; one does not analyze them, one feels them. Who has not said when approaching certain individuals: 'With that person I feel that I am myself better?'"

"It was in 1848, while I was submerged by the masses of excited citizens—at one time at the Hotel de Ville at Paris, then at the tribune at the Chamber of Deputies or of the Constituent Assembly—the 24th of February; the 27th of February; the 28th of February, which was the day of the Red Flag; the 16th of April, the day of the grand attacks of the factions against the men of order; the 15th of May, the day when the new Chamber was isolated by the Poles, the eternal ferment of Europe; the decisive days of June, in which we fought against the senseless frenzies of demagogism, and in which we gave blood instead of speeches, I was struck by the countenance, beautiful, grand, honest and intrepid, of a man of goodness and virtue,

whom I had not known, but whom I had time to observe near me, by the lightning of his look. This look of an honest man, falling calm and serene upon the crowds around, seemed to hold them, to illuminate them, and to calm them, like a bright ray of the sun upon the foaming waves of the sea and the equinox. I spoke to him; he spoke to me; we understood one another without half a word; but I did not dare ask his name for fear of seeming to be ignorant of what I might be supposed to know. It was not till a long time after that that I ventured to ask one of the witnesses of those scenes what was the name of the man so devoted and so calm. He answered:

"'He is Barthlemy St. Hilaire, the translator of Aristotle.'"

All eyes now turned to Lamartine as the first man of the French nation. The true motto of a party is "Measures in Men." He appeared to represent that ideal. His official acts exhibited a strong instinct of justice and a superior order of statesmanship. Noble and enthusiastic individuals came to his support, confident of a political regeneration, a honeymoon of liberty without spot or stain, a new dispensation in the world. Pens were active, everybody was eloquent in predictions of general emancipation. Lamartine was indeed the foremost man in Europe.

The impulse of liberty extended to the other countries and revolutions followed. It appeared as though the arbitrary rule of dynasties must give place to republican and representative government. Even in America fresh courage was exhibited in the opposition to human slavery.

The new administration in France had next to encounter the rebound from the former enthusiasm. The elections were held in April, and while the revolution and republic were promptly accepted, a Constituent National Assembly was chosen with a majority of Moderate and Conservative Republicans. This body appointed an Executive Commission of five members

with Lamartine at the head, and began the framing of a constitution.

A large majority of the rural constituencies opposed the National Workshops, and disapproved of supporting in this way one hundred and twenty thousand unemployed workmen. The proposition to close the shops was entertained by the Assembly. The clubs and factions immediately assumed a hostile attitude. An uprising on the 16th of April was quieted by Lamartine; but another on the 15th of May was more formidable and threatening. The National Assembly placed General Cavaignac in command of the troops employed to protect the sessions.

Early in June, Lamartine foresaw that a conflict was imminent between the Assembly and the Parisian Communists and other supporters of the Workshop Policy. At his demand seventy thousand troops were ordered to Paris to coöperate with the hundred thousand National Guards. He counselled that these forces should be distributed in detachments and prevent the erecting of barricades. General Cavaignac, however, adopted the more common military course of concentrating the troops and bringing them into action in great masses. This gave the insurgents their opportunity to select and fortify every point of advantage.

The insurrection began on the 22d and the Parisian populace speedily demonstrated their proficiency in their mode of defense. Barricades ten or twelve feet high crossed the principal streets, and the houses were fortified against attack. The carnage exceeded anything of the kind occurring in former uprisings. When the insurgents were driven from one point, they quickly rallied again at another.\*

Lamartine has recorded an adventure of his own on the second day of the conflict corroborating his view of affairs. He in-

sisted that only an inferior number had begun the disturbance. "A handful of anarchists had constructed barricades," he declares. "They laid siege to Paris, surprising it while asleep. I say a handful," he again affirms, "and I will say it to the end. Among the fifteen hundred thousand citizens of Paris and its vicinity, I am convinced that there were not fifteen hundred homicidal muskets from the tops of the roofs and behind the barricades against their fellow-citizens."

He with Pierre Bonaparte and others had accompanied General Cavaignac in the attack against the barricades near the Temple. It lasted three hours. It worried him that he had seen none of the soldiers engaged that had been brought to Paris. He resolved that he would ascertain for himself the disposition of the innumerable multitude that thronged the boulevards near the embouchure. M. Duclerc, the Minister of Finance, Lachard of the Garde Mobile, and Pierre Bonaparte, his own kinsman, went with him.

The little party set out on horseback, leaped the enclosure and rode to the middle of the cause-way. The crowd, astonished at their boldness, fell back to the two sidewalks, but when it was learned that Lamartine was there, an eager throng gathered densely around him.

These, he declares, were not the unemployed men that of nights attended the socialistic meetings. There were citizens belonging to the shops, honest mechanics, the very marrow of Paris, young men, women and children belonging to the faubourg of St. Antoine. They had come out on hearing the thundering of the cannon. He remarked that they were characterized by a gentle expression, a patient countenance, pale face, and lips that trembled with emotion. One could see by their scanty dress and emaciated appearance that they had been short of work and for months had rarely tasted bread.

Several of them cheered for the "Republic Democratic and Social," and shouted:

\*In the rebuilding of Paris under Napoleon III, the streets and avenues had been changed, rendering this mode of offense impracticable. This made it possible for the German army to occupy and leave the city safely in 1871.

"Mort à Lamartine!" Instantly a million throats of loud applause drowned these utterances. One man stepped forward and took his frightened horse by the bridle.

"Fear not, fear not, Lamartine," they cried. "We are not seditious, we are not *scelerats*, we are not assassins. We will neither murder nor pillage. We are honest workingmen that have come out of our houses at the noise of the cannon, and like yourself, we detest those who would shoot down their brothers.

"We ask only for order, for work and bread. Look at our wives, our daughters, our little children, here with us. See them trembling, crying, pale, emaciated and scantily clothed. We have been put on allowance to contribute to liberty, and we do not repent, but liberty must feed the people. Dissolve the National Assembly. Govern us yourself all alone; yes, yes, yes. Take the government into your own hands. Govern us yourself alone!"

Whether at this period such a step would have been practicable is a matter of grave doubt. It would have averted the Empire, the German War and its miseries. But the Revolution had not been with Lamartine a project for his own aggrandisement. He remonstrated that it would be treason for him to make such an attempt. "The National Assembly is France," he declared to them. "Give it time; it cannot make a Government at a single session."

An uproar of protests came up in reply.

"No, no, no. It does nothing, understands nothing, knows nothing. We will obey you. Did we not obey you the three nights in February when you made us guard the rich men's houses against pillage? Did we not obey you when you refused to have the Red Flag? Did we not obey you when you had suppressed the punishment of death for our enemies? Did we not obey you on the 16th of April when you were besieged by the Communists, and appealed to us to defend the Hotel de Ville? Did we not obey you on the 15th of May, defending the National Assembly

and marching with you against the Hotel de Ville, which was then occupied by the insurgents?

"When have we not obeyed you? We are poor; but we are good citizens, we are good children. We will always obey you, but do govern us yourself all alone. A true government is bread, bread, bread—bread and peace, not bloodshed. Dissolve that Assembly of talkers; make the fighting cease, and silence the cannon."

Lamartine asked whether Paris and France were to be murdered without defending the men, brave like themselves, who were contending against a handful of criminals.

The response came up at once unanimous: "We do not approve of them; we will not go with them; they are bad citizens. But make an end of this matter quickly, or we cannot answer for ourselves."

They appealed to him for mercy to the conquered, for humane treatment for every one. "We are Frenchmen," was the plea.

In his "Souvenirs" Lamartine contrasted this multitude to a populace of Ancient Rome. "The circus and servitude made the Romans ferocious," says he; "liberty and literature carried down among the masses for thirty years has humanized, softened and ennobled the French people. It may have twenty Revolutions, but there will never be a social deluge. It owes its kind heart to Nature; it owes its good sense to liberty and the platforms."

But French republicanism was again on trial and once more it sadly failed. The next morning the battle of the barricades was renewed with greater fierceness. At eleven o'clock the National Assembly proclaimed General Cavaignac dictator, with unlimited powers. The members of the Executive Committee immediately resigned. The contest lasted four days; the killed and wounded exceeded eight thousand, and there were many more who perished of whom no account was taken. The Archbishop of Paris was among the slain.



The National Assembly afterward appointed General Cavaignac President of the Executive Council, with power to name his colleagues. It abolished the National workshops, and adopted a repressive policy. A draft was made of the Constitution, and it was provided to elect a President by universal suffrage.

By this time the reaction had become general. The votes for President aggregated seven and a half millions, of which more than five and a half millions had been given to Louis-Napoleon Bonaparte, about one and a half millions to General

Cavaignac. The vote for Lamartine fell short of eighteen thousand. His moderation and self abnegation were thus rewarded. "I was elevated by accident," says he, "and overthrown by caprice."

Similar reverses occurred in other countries. The standing armies were put in requisition, and the attempts to establish free and liberal administration were forcibly suppressed. The decadent French Republic appropriately added its contribution to this work by overturning a second time the Republic at Rome.

## THE CYCLE OF LIFE.

BY MARY KONOPNITSKY.

(Translated from the Polish by V. A. H.)

(Concluded.)

X.

He who into the realm of truth aspires to enter, must from the limits of time and space with his spirit grow, and overstep the boundary line of illusions and perishable shadows. When consciously in him the free primeval light shall burn, the hundred doors of the labyrinth will open before him, as those of his own native home.

XI.

Harden not thyself into a stunned and deadened log, O my spirit! Let the ever-living essence percolate through thee, and the fountain of the spring eternal! For a day will come when the Lord\* shall rise to smooth thee and to apply his ax where thy

\*Higher Self.

bark is hardened; and thy wounds will bleed and the chips will lie scattered around thee, that thou of a new life mightest shoot forth the twigs.

Harden not thyself into a flinty rock, O my spirit! Be as fresh clay in life's soft fingers and let the pattern of the spring work easily in thee. For a time will come when thy God shall rise to pulverize thy torpor, and roaring waves shall he send out upon thy hardened rocks, across the silvery threshold of the sea; and the sea will shatter thee and crumble thee into powder, and leave thee as a furrow of the field before the plow of God.

XII.

With nature work, my spirit, if thou wouldst be the herald of freedom! To her

purposes, to her tasks, lend thy living labor. Thy home, thy workshop make from her, but not a pleasure-dwelling for thy idle visits. Burn with the rose, shine with the sun, and with the bud expand the future's wrapping petals; fly with the lark, as though thyself a lark; swell with the grain, buried in the field; sculpture the crystals with the block of salt; propel the lightnings with the storm; groan with the earth beaten by the wind and calling for the silence; help the river her icy crust to break, and when the skies are blue and still, let thy soul hear in the great ocean's hymn eternity itself.

Climb with the mist-wrapped summits of the mountains up to the roof of heaven; strive with thy pinions with the eagle's flight towards the sun; on the ledges of the rocks sparkle in rainbows and in the purity of the spray, leaping over the mountain's crest; and in the valley of brooding peace keep stillness with the boulder of the field. \* \* \*

Then only shalt thou be free.

### XIII.

Be thou all in all, through the battles of life, O my spirit! For every shape be ready, for the master has merged into deep thought, and changes will he make, before which the opposing forces will vanish as the wind-blown chaff. As a breeze be thou immeasurable—as the earth be thou merciful, be as radiant as fire and as bottomless as the ocean.

Be thou all in all, through the labors of life, O my spirit! For every change be ready, and to every form of being, whether that of the day or of the night, say: It is I! For from the sunbeams even to the grave-worms, the thread of life shall not be broken; and death's spindle will carry it back again inviolate to the silvery web of the milky way, of which thou art a shuttle, and thy God—the weaver.

### XIV.

Vainly I flee to deserts, vainly I rear temples, while potent is the world's evil, I am one with the world's spirit; when into

the gulf 'tis sinking, my lights are also paling.

'Tis useless on bright pinions to hover in spheres of splendor—I may not depart from nature.

Downward the chains will drag me, which hold the groaning spirits, though ev'n should I be groan-deaf.

Should I say: "I am not guilty," the evil snakes will issue, their slime will spit upon me.

And the storm in a foe's dwelling, and the litter upon his threshold, it is my dirt and my terror.

The sinful robe inglorious covers us all together, blood-stained and contagious.

'Tis mine, world's leprous ailment, whether on sea or mainland; I shall not escape the judgment.

As long as my brother is crooked, myself be just I shall not, nor I nor any one living.

Rust of the guilt and excrescence are staining virgin bodies, and the white lily knows it.

The footsteps foul of a murderer infect with blood my ankles, when I return from the altar.

Shame on my face is hailing for those abandoned damsels who walk the streets so openly.

And infamy on the forehead, ev'n that of a passing stranger, tarnishes in me the Angel.

Thus share we the bed of mire, the shame of souls and bodies, just as we do the life's breath.

The soul which in me is burning has stood at the flogging pillar, was touched by an executioner.

And with a secret murderer she took a hot-iron stigma; she was branded with blood-red letters.

On a block her neck she was laying, listening how a dog was howling, how soldiers their drums were beating.

None carries his guilt apart; the human kind is a plant-stalk from which upshoots the black flower.

The giant reek of sinning I breathe in every movement, whether I cry or smile.

The giant root of evil tangles the human garden into deep jungle thickets.

If a pure soul I desire, I must cut with an ax in the jungle, till I move the great root of evil.

No lofty tower rises above the world sin-covered, into the heavenly azures.

The tower-men carry it with them, their souls sick and life-thirsty; they burn with a secret fire.

No cell of Thebais of desert secludes a lonely anchorite from this dread conflagration.

And only he is holy who in the common world's guilt, upon the cross is bleeding.

#### XV.

If from sharing common life I may not break away, it is not possible for me to avoid the sharing of the treasures; and one way have I open: to desire neither gold nor silver, but to gather such possessions, as will enrich the common life's unfading Spirit, for it is my Ego and my real Self.

In labor, in tears, and in burning heat I

have to desire—peace. In the day's twilight and in the darkness of the night I have to desire—power; and through the ways of earth I have to endlessly fly: into the light, towards the sun.

#### XVI.

Upon the golden stalk of the sunny ray of omniscience, upon the azure line which divides light from shadow and day from night—I see unfolding the Flower of Power, which will not drop its petals in any storm.

It is the dawning rose of Love and Universal Brotherhood.

#### THE MESSAGE.

Whether I shall enter the Path, or remain alone, the seed throw I into my furrow. Bloom ye with flowers, my well-tended plants, towards the spring, which it is not destined for me to see.

Whether I shall enter the Path, or remain alone, the seed throw I into my furrow. Glisten ye golden ears of harvest and give the bread, which it is not destined for me to break in sweet companionship with my brothers.

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"You cannot build a temple of truth by hammering dead stones. Its foundations must precipitate themselves like crystals from the solution of Life."

*Gems from the East.*



## DIVINE FIRE.

BY HATTIE A. BROWNE.

 **COULD** we let our inner sight sink down deep into the recesses of our own hearts, we should, I think, see a tiny spiral flame. Imagine this flame steadily ascending, forever keeping its spiral motion, and at the same time sending out an impalpable silvery vapor, which penetrates, through and through, every portion of our body, and finally emerges, but it is now no longer a mere vapor, for behold: it has taken on a form divine, it is our Soul; and then if we could extend our mental vision, we would see these Soul forms all around us, and, looking deeper, we would see the same tiny spiral flame in the heart of each one, and in the heart of every tree of the forest, every flower of the field, and in fact we will see it hidden down deep in the heart of the whole created universe, and everywhere the same silvery vapor, and the same though varied, soul forms.

This flame is a spark of the Divine Fire, the universal life, within all nature, animate and inanimate, it is the great "Over Soul," it is you, it is I. The "Secret Doctrine" declares: "It is life and death, the origin and end of every material thing, it is divine substance, the creator, the preserver and the destroyer—the Soul of things."

Each flower of the field is the embodiment of the divine thought, an expression of the Divine Fire, hence its beauty and this is why the sight of a flower speaks to every heart, no matter how deeply stained with sin the heart may be. There is something in nature we all feel, and yet cannot express. As we gaze on a beautiful landscape, we cannot bring ourselves to believe it is made up of merely grass and trees, sunshine and shade. There is something more, something no artist, be he ever so

proficient, has ever been able to reproduce. That something is the Divine Fire; it flows into us and around us; it mingles with our Soul. Often we may gaze at the landscape and go away apparently unmoved, yet often do we find we have carried something of the beauty with us, and it comes back to us, to cheer and comfort, when we least expect it. It may be on a bed of sickness, a picture of a beautiful scene will come before us, although scarcely noticed at the time of beholding it, and perhaps long ago forgotten. How account for this unless we are one with it! I think Keats meant this when he wrote the following verse:

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever.

Its loveliness increases, it will never

Pass into nothingness; but still will keep

A bower quiet for us, and a sleep

Full of sweet dreams, and health, and  
quiet breathings,

A flowery band to bind us to the earth."

We often hear the remark, "live near to nature," and we are apt to think that to do this, it is necessary for us to dwell far from the "madding whirl," of city life. But this is not always necessary, for we have nature within us, and to live close to the Soul of nature, and to vibrate in harmony with its great heart-throbs, we have but to follow up this little spiral flame, to keep it alight, and to try to feed the flame, and to clear away the rubbish, that it may shine out more brilliantly as it does in the great nature around us. If our personal thoughts are held in abeyance so that the Divine thought may shine through we shall, like the flowers, help the world by our presence, and we shall radiate a glory as far surpassing that of the flowers, as man surpasses the vegetable kingdom in range of consciousness. We all know how absolutely

perfect is the beauty of even the humblest flower; "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these," but could the very meanest of mankind let the Divine Fire radiate through him as does even a little blade of grass the world would be dazzled with its brightness.

But how are we to do this? we may say. We all know we have this Divine flame, burning steady and bright within, but alas it is so covered up and darkened by dense physical matter, that we cannot see it; many even doubt its existence, and so they go on piling up around it selfish thoughts, animal desires, and unbrotherliness until it is no wonder it cannot be seen. It is a greater wonder it can shine at all. It is truly, "A light shining in darkness, and the darkness comprehendeth it not." "Blessed are they who not having seen, yet believe;" who diligently set to work to dig away the rubbish, to purify the shrine, and to build an Altar in their hearts for the Sacred Flame, and who make a daily pilgrimage to that shrine and reverently feed the fire, laying as fuel upon the altar, first, "The sin that doeth so easily beset" and then all selfishness, greed and unbrotherliness and vanity and desire of worldly advancement. The fire will in time consume them all, one by one, and transmute them into purest gold, the virgin gold of love, and in this way we shall so strengthen this flame and it will burn so brightly, that the physical matter which surrounds it will not be able to hide it. The casket will become so transparent, that the rays of the jewel within will shine forth in gentle deeds, and kind actions, in forgetfulness of self, and love for mankind. This is not a fancy sketch, for I think we all are acquainted with such characters who really appear to radiate light. Wherever they go they are welcome, their very presence brings cheer and comfort.

But it is so easy to talk; so easy, that we are apt to turn away and say with Hamlet, "words, words, words." How shall we begin to act, and having begun, how shall

we keep it up? "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith;" it is the one who believes, and who has faith, who will conquer. And love and brotherhood are the weapons with which we fight. The Divine Fire is like a stream for all mankind to drink; it rises clear and pure in the mountain tops of Divinity—the nearer the source, the clearer and purer the stream, but as it flows down through material existence, it becomes more and more clogged and impeded with rubbish. The stream itself always remains pure like a pure mountain stream, though at times it may flow underground or be covered with a thick slime, or refuse. Each may drink from the pure stream if he will or from the foul waters which cover it up, but each is responsible for the condition in which it is passed on to those below; and again we have the privilege of drinking of the pure stream, close to its source, or taking but the polluted washings of others.

It is easy to love humanity in the abstract, but when we begin to particularize, and say, it means to love such and such a one for whom perhaps we may feel a special antipathy, how can we do it? Shall love and brotherhood be but names to conjure by, leaving for each a loophole through which we can get rid of our special enemy, and of all who rub us the wrong way? Or shall it be a live coal taken each day from off the altar within, and carried with us through all the long day—but it must be taken daily from the altar, for if the coal be dead, how shall we light the fires of love around us?

It was once my chance to realize what seemed to me total darkness. I was obliged to pass through a wooden glen at night; the darkness was complete, it seemed to rise up like a wall of black marble all around me. What a comfort it was to have hold of a friend, and what a comfort even a lighted candle would have been! How many men and women are groping through the darkness continually—through spiritual darkness, which is far worse than

physical—groping all alone, stumbling from the pathway, and all the time they have within themselves a light hidden, and have it in their own power to choose whether this light shall be as a tiny rush light which will show them but one step of the way, and make the surrounding gloom more profound, or a glowing, radiant light illumining the whole landscape.

We read in the "Voice of the Silence," "Step out of sunshine into shade to make more room for others," and how often the silent voice of conscience tells us this, step out of sunshine into shade to make more room for others; make self secondary, be unselfish! We are all so quick to see the "mote that is in our brother's eye," while the beam that is in our own eye remains unnoticed. So often we think every one else, except ourselves, is selfish, yet we, each of us, more or less, keep the sunshine for ourselves and add our shadow to the gloom of others' lives. If only we could all live so as to never let our shadow cut off the sunshine of another, what a happy place the world would be.

The Soul again and again clothes itself with a body of desires, again and again floats in the ocean of life, building up a more and more perfect pattern, and attracting to itself purer physical atoms. "The enemies we slew in the last battle, will not return to life in the next birth"—every effort we make to live a better life will give us renewed strength and new courage at our next coming. It is ever worth while to try. "If thou hast tried and failed, O dauntless fighter, yet lose not courage, fight on," says the "Voice of the Silence." But how many, alas, grow weary of the fight and long for rest, but that rest is not for us until the battle is ended, and the victory won. In the meantime, it is the duty of all, Theosophists especially, to keep cheerful, to add not one word of gloom, yea, not one thought of

gloom to the already overwhelming load of sorrow and misery, under which the world is groaning; does not each one of us know that there is a "Place of Peace," and that we may reach it even now in the midst of the turmoil of life. A person who gives way to gloomy thoughts or goes around with a sad countenance, is most decidedly adding his shadow to the gloom and taking away the sunshine from some one else. Surely, there is no room for pessimism, rather let us lift our standard high, that all may read the message, "Truth, Light and Liberation for discouraged humanity." What a glorious thing to live for! But only as each of us helps to purify himself by letting the Divine Fire flow unimpeded and unsullied throughout his whole nature can we hope to make this message a living reality.

It seems to me if we once realize that every effort towards true Brotherhood is a distinct help to the world, we cannot help being encouraged, for half of our pessimistic repinings are caused by the thought that we are of so little good to the world. We want to do so much, and we think we are doing nothing, and so many of us go on fostering a sadness, which we think is very much to our credit. We feel very superior to some one else, who perhaps is always cheerful and happy, saying as I have often heard remarked, how can you be happy when there is so much unhappiness in the world, forgetting that their remark shows how unhappiness spreads, and why should not happiness also spread. Let us then strive like Prometheus to ascend to heaven, and light our torch at the chariot of the sun, and bring down to all mankind the sacred gift of Fire, but let us use the fire to purge and purify our own Soul, so we can offer to our brother, the clear stream, unpolled, as we have received it.

## THEN AND NOW.

BY D. N. D.

**A**T one time the relationship of H. P. B. to the Society was openly discussed among the members, and one addressing the others said: "Sternly determine that neither open foes nor treacherous friends shall shake your loyalty for all time to come to the great cause and leader, which twain are one." That was good advice then, and it is just as good now. Later, when further attacks were made on H. P. B., instead of more steadfastly supporting the assailed Teacher and defending her to the utmost, very many members adopted the policy of minimizing her position in the Society, and declared that the teaching remained impregnable, whether the Teacher was trustworthy or not. Attacks were ignored rather than refuted. What happened as a consequence of the adoption of such a policy of expediency? The Society was exalted at the expense of its Founder, and left to go its own way in India. H. P. B. went to Europe; there the work flourished under her personal supervision, but in Hindustan it practically died, or, at least, ceased to be any longer an active force. Wherever H. P. B. was, especially when she was supported by those who recognized that the Leader and the Cause were one, there appeared signs of new vitality in every direction. The fact was apparent to all: that where H. P. B. was, she was the centre of energy, and where she was not physically present the progress made was in proportion to the loyalty shown towards her. Stagnation, death and decay were found to follow unfair criticism of or ungenerous carping at her. It was said by many at that time that her "knowledge was ill-digested, that she arranged her materials badly, that she was misty, involved,

and self-contradictory." It was said, too, that she was hasty, that she "shut up" inquirers, that she repelled would-be disciples. All this, and a great deal more, was said, not by "outsiders," but by those who heard of the philosophy they professed to believe, from her, for the first time. Little wonder she wrote to W. Q. J. that the T. S. was a "fiend" and that it needed a soul if not a spirit to incarnate into it to save it from destruction. The experience of the past should surely prove of some benefit to us to-day; and it is for that reason that it is well sometimes to look back over the pages of our history and realize its full significance in the light of our later and more recent experiences. H. P. B. varied with the people who approached her. To the honest inquirer she was gentle and patient, and her more immediate pupils spoke of a patience that knew no limits, a strength that never faltered, an insight that never erred. She was the test of the members. Whatever substance was present was precipitated by the test. Honest and sincere inquirers and members were attracted and not repelled. She was abrupt, sharp, and repellant to the merely curious, even if disguised under polite forms and false courtesy. The hostile feeling, masked under smiles, found itself pierced by a keen sarcasm, or "knocked itself against a wall of ice."

Well, Comrades! history keeps repeating itself. It is easy to avoid the mistakes of the past, if we only keep our eyes open. Loyalty and trust saved our movement in past years, and the same loyalty and trust will carry us through every trial which a growing movement must inevitably encounter. Did you not pledge yourselves voluntarily to carry on this work of which

humanity stands in so much need to-day? This is really all you care about. You are not seeking for "powers." If you do the main thing, and above everything else hold faithfully to your sacred obligation, you know that the "powers" will be all right. All our Teachers have said that is the right attitude, and by this time you are sure of it yourself. Well, then! Has our present Leader lessened your opportunities in any direction? You will answer: No. So that if you don't happen to understand everything, you will go right on and work

mightily, caring only for the success of the Cause. You will not make the foolish mistake of resorting to the policy of expediency which proved such a sepulchre of dry bones in the past.

One can catch the glimpse of the dawn of the day of hope and joy without too much straining of the eyes. Comrades, it is good to be alive, for the privilege of working, working, working; "for he who does what he can does enough for THEM." And perhaps you can do more than you think.

"Let us not imagine that the Lodge names actual agents, to abandon them, or for temporary purposes. If we judge these agents by our lesser lights we do but confuse ourselves. There will be but one in visible authority at a time—the senior one; the others, if there be others, are his junior brothers, acting under him and with him, for such is the evolutionary hierarchy, and law provides for the orderly re-emergence of its servitors. The juniors may fall away, but not the senior, who is senior because of this inability. This does not mean that his soul is sinless while still human. It means, whatever his oscillations, he has evolved in his sphere a "holding centre" from which he cannot break away. He is never more perfect than the age, the na-

tion, and, above all, those with whom he works admit of his being. When we are more perfect, then we have more perfect helpers. The helper is always in advance, of those he leads; their greater attainment promotes his own. There is no waste of energy in that centre of conservatism called the Lodge; this is why the perfect souls dwell not among us. Hence the occult crime of uncovering the fault—if fault there be—of the teacher or agent of this plane; it is in large part our own, for we have not as yet made it possible for the pure and perfect to dwell among us. We demand the greatest and are not ourselves the least. We judge not as the Perfect Ones judge."

# THE THOUGHT WORLD.

BY H. W. GRAVES.

THE welfare of Humanity turns upon the evolution of the Thinking Principle. It is here that the springs of action lie. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." All that I am is the result of what I have thought, it is made up of my thought. Hidden behind the veil of physical matter is the subtle machinery of thought—just as the real, vital, as scientifically arranged as the machinery of the living body.

And the activity of every human brain is as closely related to it as the physical body is related to the surrounding air in which it lives and moves. In this thought-world the real inner man has his proper home, and uses his physical vesture merely as an instrument to contact the physical world in which so many problems have to be solved.

The aspect which every man's environment wears to himself depends directly upon the quality of the thoughts which he himself evolves.

And as man is part and parcel of Nature, embosomed therein at every moment of his life, it follows that his thinking acts directly and momentarily upon Nature as surely as it does upon himself. Modern science has demonstrated nothing more clearly than the fact that the atoms of matter are forever bound together by a thousand unseverable ties, reciprocally active, and maintaining a marvellous equilibrium throughout the manifested universe. Not less deeply united is humanity, and the breath of its inner and mental life is this living, all-pervading sea or breath of thought, to which, consciously or not, every human being constantly contributes, for evil or for good. Precisely how thought acts and reacts incessantly on man

and on Nature, science has never clearly shown. But Eastern Philosophy long ago solved the problem of mind, and to-day throws a bright light on the question of human responsibility.

"Every thought of man upon being evolved passes into the inner world, and becomes an active entity by associating itself, coalescing as we might term it, with an elemental—that is to say, with one of the semi-intelligent forces of the Kingdoms.

"It survives as an active intelligence—a creature of the mind's begetting—for a longer or shorter period proportionate with the original intensity of the cerebral action which generated it. Thus, a good thought is perpetuated as an active, beneficent power, an evil one as a maleficent demon. And so man is continually peopling his current in space with a world of his own, crowded with the offspring of his fancies, desires, impulses and passions; a current which reacts upon any sensitive or nervous organization which comes in contact with it, in proportion to its dynamic intensity.

"The adept evolves these shapes consciously; other men throw them off unconsciously."\*

The mind, working on its own plane, generates images, thought-forms. Imagination is literally the creative faculty. Responsive to our thoughts are the Elementals which ensoul the forms so created. An Eastern Sage speaking of the part played by sound and color in the psychic world says: "How could you make yourself understood, command in fact, those semi-intelligent Forces, whose means of com-

\*"The Occult World."



municating with us are not through spoken words, but through sounds and colors, in correlation between the vibrations of the two? For sound, light and color are the main factors in forming those grades of intelligences, those beings of whose very existence you have no conception, nor are you allowed to believe in them—Atheists and Christians, Materialists and Spiritualists, all bringing forward their respective arguments against such a belief—science objecting stronger than either of these to such a degrading superstition.”\*

Elementals are addressed by colors, and color-words are as intelligible to them as spoken words are to men.

The hue of the color depends on the nature of the motive inspiring the generator of the thought-form. If the motive be pure, loving, beneficent in its character, the color produced will summon to the thought-form an Elemental, which will take on the characteristics impressed on the form by the motive, and act along the line thus traced. This Elemental enters into the thought-form, playing to it the part of a soul, and thus an independent entity is made in the astral world, an entity of a beneficent character.

If the motive, however, be impure, revengeful, maleficent in its character, the color produced will summon to the thought-form an Elemental which will equally take on the characteristics impressed on the form by the motive, and act along the line thus traced. In this case also the Elemental enters into the thought-form, playing to it the part of a soul, and thus making an independent entity in the astral world, an entity of a maleficent character.

For example, an angry thought will cause a flash of red, which is a summons to the Elementals, which sweep in the direction of the summoner, and one of them enters into the thought-form, endowing it with an independent, destructive activity.

Men are continually talking in this col-

or-language quite unconsciously, and thus calling round them these swarms of Elementals, who take up their abodes in the various thought-forms provided. Thus it is that a man peoples “his current in space with a world of his own, crowded with the offspring of his fancies, desires, impulses and passions.”

Angels and demons of our own creating throng round us on every side, makers of weal and woe to others, and to ourselves.

The life-period of these thought-forms depends on the energy imparted to them by their human progenitor. Their life may be continually reinforced by repetition; and a thought which is brooded over, acquires great stability of form. So again thought-forms of a similar character are attracted to and mutually strengthen each other, making a form of great energy and intensity.

Not only does a man generate and send forth his own thought-forms, but he also serves as a magnet to draw towards himself the thought-forms of others.

He may thus attract to himself large reinforcements of energy from outside, and it lies within himself whether these forces that he draws into his own being from the external world shall be of a good or of an evil kind.

If one's thoughts are pure and noble, he will attract around him hosts of beneficent entities, and may sometimes wonder whence comes to him power that seems so much beyond his own.

Similarly a man of foul and base thoughts attracts to himself hosts of maleficent entities, and this added energy for evil commits crimes that astonish him in the retrospect.

William Q. Judge wrote: “Can we, then, be too careful to guard the ground of the mind, to keep close watch over our thoughts? These thoughts are dynamic. Each one as it leaves the mind has a force of its own, proportionate to the intensity with which it was propelled.

\*“The Occult World.”

"As the force or work done, of a moving body, is proportionate to the square of its velocity, so we may say that the force of thoughts is to be measured by the square or quadrupled power of their spirituality, so greatly do these finer forces increase by activity. The spiritual force, being impersonal, fluidic, not bound to any constricting centre, acts with unimaginable swiftness.

"A thought, on its departure from the mind, is said to associate itself with an elemental; it is attracted wherever there is a similar vibration, or, let us say, a suitable soil, just as the winged thistle-seed floats off and sows itself in this spot and not in that, in the soil of its natural selection. Thus the man of virtue, by admitting a material or sensual thought into his mind, even though he expel it, sends it forth to swell the evil impulses of the man of vice from whom he imagines himself separated by a wide gulf, and to whom he may have

just given a fresh impulse to sin. Many men are like sponges, porous and bibulous, ready to suck up every element of the order prepared by their nature. We all have more or less of this quality: we attract what we love, and we may derive a greater strength from the vitality of thoughts infused from without than from those self-reproduced within us at a time when our nervous vitality is exhausted. It is a solemn thought, this, of our responsibility for the impulse of another. We live in one another, and our widely different deeds have often a common source. The occultist cannot go far upon his way without realizing to what a great extent he is 'his brother's keeper.' Our affinities are ourselves, in whatever ground they may live and ripen."

Earnestness, said Buddha, is the path of immortality, thoughtlessness the path of death.

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"Self-knowledge is unattainable by what men usually call 'self-analysis.' It is not reached by reasoning or any brain powers."

"Real self-knowledge is the awakening to consciousness of the divine nature of man."

*Gems from the East.*



## THE SOKRATIC CLUB.

BY SOLON.

(Continued.)

SEVERAL of us had hoped to continue the discussion of the Greek Drama and elucidate the meaning of the Eumenides, by Æschylus, and the inner teaching which that great writer intended to convey in the guise of a Drama to those who had eyes to see and ears to hear. But Madam Purple, whom we all wished to hear on this subject, had with some of her devoted workers gone away for a time to carry on her practical work of relieving the distressed and giving aid and comfort and hope to the sorrowing who had been left destitute and hopeless by the late war. At a meeting of the club held specially to bid the voyagers good-speed, many of the members spoke of the grand work. All those going and those who were remaining behind to carry on the work of the Headquarters realized that this expedition was no child's play, no holiday excursion, but that it meant facing perils, hardships, perhaps even death. But it was glorious to hear our leader's inspiring words, to witness her love, compassion and willingness to endure all, to suffer all, for the sake of poor, suffering humanity. Speaking of the necessity of practising Brotherhood as well as of preaching it, she said:

"How can we, if we are sincere in our professions, if our philosophy is not a mere name, how can we expect to bring about a condition of Brotherhood in the world if we are not willing to hold out the hand of compassion and fellowship to those who are suffering, to those who are hopeless and despairing, to those who are weighed down by their sins and failings. Of what value is it to say to the poor woman of the street that there is within her heart a

spark of the divine if I am not willing to hold out my hands to her and let my love and compassion express itself in loving deeds of kindness—not of charity, but of heart-felt sympathy. Only by touching her heart can I truly help her and mere philosophy will never do this. It was for this that H. P. B. and her true comrade and fellow-worker, William Q. Judge, worked and gave up their lives, and if we would carry on their work, if we would follow in their footsteps. We, too, must make our Brotherhood practical, we must make our Theosophy a living power in our lives, we must be willing to spend our lives, our strength, our all, for suffering humanity.

"Oh, the pity that any should remain satisfied with mere philosophy! Oh, that I could open their eyes to see that by remaining content with philosophy alone, they lose even that which they think they have. So much awaits each one of you if you will only seize this glorious golden opportunity. Each one of you can do so much if you only will. Humanity, Earth, Nature herself is calling out to you! Will you not hear? Will you not see the Gates of Life and Peace standing open wide before you, if you have but faith and trust to enter in. But none can enter alone, each must bring in with him the sad and sorrowing. None can cross the threshold alone, but must help to bear the burdens of the overburdened, must aid the feeble steps of those who are discouraged, must support those who are bowed down with sin and despair, and as he sends out the radiation of his own joy and strength which he receives from his aspirations and devotion to his own Higher Self, joy and strength and power shall enter into the

lives of those others, and together they shall pass through into life.

"The picture is too wonderful for words, could I show you what can be accomplished in ten years if you will but go forward with hope and faith and trust, and what will be accomplished. Oh, that I had a thousand lives that I might devote them to the hastening of that day when hope shall once more thrill the heart of every man and woman and child! But you, too, may share in this glorious work; on your shoulders is the responsibility of hastening or retarding the day of liberation for discouraged humanity. I and my beloved comrades who go with me are willing to lay down our lives for this, but it is for you who remain behind to send forth that power, that sympathy, that devotion and loyalty to the Cause, that shall sustain our efforts and be a support and strength in our loving service for mankind."

Many of the members made short addresses. One helpful thought presented was that it was for us to send out a "phalanx of thought and sympathy that should support and reinforce our Crusaders." One comrade said:

"The phrase has been running through my mind all evening:—'The Hosts of Light are out and the Hosts of Darkness are fast fleeing before the radiance of their countenances.' Already it seems as though a light were glowing in that unhappy island to which our Leader and comrades are about to carry Truth, Light and Liberation, and I doubt not that such a light shall be lit there that will shed its radiance over all humanity. Is it not the beginning of a new chapter in the evolution of the race? Where is our help more needed than there? It is there that exists the most intense suffering in the world to-day, and if we are to help the whole of humanity, surely our help should go where it is most needed. And in this we see the wisdom of our beloved Leader, who as a wise physician, sees and knows where is the greatest need for the healing remedy, and, we, as comrades,

will give our devotion, our trust, our energies, our very lives, that they may further this glorious work and lighten the burdens of discouraged humanity."

Many of us went down to the steamer to give a farewell greeting to the Crusaders, and we could not fail to see that their hardships would begin at once and that many privations would have to be endured even on the voyage.

Bon voyage! beloved comrades! 'Tis an errand of love and mercy on which you speed! Bon voyage! The light in your hearts shall irradiate your path, and from that light, many a light shall be set aflame in the hearts of men and women and little children, where for so long the darkness has reigned! Bon voyage! beloved Leader, the loving and faithful hearts that you have left behind will faithful be in the work you have entrusted to their keeping and from their very souls shall flow forth a mighty power of loyalty, devotion and sympathy to be used by you in your glorious work and to be a support to uphold your hands in raising aloft the torchlight of hope!

At the next regular meeting of the club, the subject of conversation was naturally the Crusade. Mr. Turner, who had been with our Leader on a previous Crusade spoke of the difficulties which they then encountered, and of those which inevitably must be met in the present one.

Mr. Turner.—"It was only by implicit faith in our Leader and by obedience in following her directions that the work was carried through and that against obstacles which we then could not fully realize, even if we dimly sensed them and which arose from the faithlessness of some of our party, though this was fully known to our Leader."

Mr. Berger.—"And at that time the members all over the country, though most enthusiastic in support of the Crusade were yet not harmonious and united as they are to-day. Many then were seeking personal glory and position as has since been fully proved and although we cannot but regret

for their sakes that they did not realize their opportunity and so have been left behind because they could not keep up with the onward march; yet we cannot fail to rejoice that to-day our Body is united, harmonious and strong to a degree it has never reached in the past."

*Mrs. Wilding.*—"That surely must make the possibilities of the present Crusade great beyond conception, and also our own opportunities of helping. When I hear our Leader talk of the glorious future which we have the privilege of hastening, it thrills my very soul, for I know in my heart that what she says is true, and I know that each one of us, the least as well as the greatest, has this blessed opportunity to help."

*Mr. Turner.*—"Yet, even with this before them one or two have turned their faces away, and like all the others who have gone that road before, must write letters all over the country explaining their action, or issue a new circular. One poor fellow writes: 'Let us do something, for heaven's sake let us do something! Let us hold a convention!' And humanity is calling out for light, and hope and help. He says 'there must be no leaders,' but presumes to call a convention; 'there must be no personal advertisements of any individual,' but he issues a circular, signs his name and invites correspondence."

*Mrs. Thomas.*—"That is what I wrote him. He asked for correspondence, so I just gave him a piece of my mind. He headed his circular by saying that so long as there were 'three in the society who were worthy, it couldn't be destroyed.' I certainly am glad that he recognizes that fact, but I wonder whether he sees the bearing of it on his own actions. He must know then that his own efforts to destroy the society are absolutely futile and that he must be creating for himself an awful Karma, by seeking to overturn it. If he believes what he writes, why wasn't he willing to stay in the Society then and be with the 'three.' Or does he think that

he took the Society and the three with him when he left it. Maybe he would have us infer that he is one of the three, so perhaps we owe him our thanks for calling attention to it, and advertising his great discrimination."

*Solon.*—"I would like to see him just for a minute and ask him to read a sentence in the 'Voice of the Silence,' beginning 'Self-gratulation, O disciple, is like unto a lofty tower, etc.'"

"It may be a good thing from one point of view that at last he has awakened to the necessity of doing something. Though to hear the words, 'let us do something,' come from his lips, is a little incongruous."

*Mrs. Thomas.*—"What do you mean?"

*Solon.*—"Simply this, that for years he has been in the habit of appearing at his work at any time, say ten, eleven or twelve o'clock, though his work-day finished at five or five thirty in the afternoon. But what do you think of his saying there must be no pretenders to Occultism? He once asked H. P. B. for advice, just as others of us have, as to study and the conduct of life, and incidentally in the course of it she expressly disapproved of consulting astrologers, clairvoyants and people of that class, yet he spent a great part of his time and energies in running after such people. Oh, John, John, well may you say, 'let us do something,' even if it is holding a convention. But I pity his blindness that he couldn't see his opportunity of really doing something and his privilege of serving a Leader. Poor fellows! No Leader! Sheep without a shepherd! Oh! these poor would-be chelas who have so longed to be permitted to serve a Teacher, how sad that they cannot recognize when the opportunity of service is offered them! Yet it is their privilege to accept or reject. No one is ever forced, but must enter the path of his own free-will."

*The Professor.*—"What a contrast! We are forced to notice it, and it is our duty to show it to others, for so many in the world and some even among our mem-

bers go on from day to day with half-shut eyes and know but little of the conflict in the world between the opposing forces of good and evil. Yet they must be roused. They must have these things pointed out to them, lest like a mariner sailing on calm seas and failing to see the approaching storm should find his ship caught in the blast, driven out of her course and perhaps capsized. Would you not be failing in your duty if, having the power and the opportunity of warning him, you did not arouse his attention to the conflict of the elements so soon to catch his ship in their pitiless grasp. And the conflict of the elements is as nothing to the conflict between good and evil. No one thinking himself safe can afford to cease his vigilance. Remember 'Eternal vigilance is the price of safety.' But it is not vigilance for oneself alone, but for the sacred trust confided to each of us, and that means vigilance for all our brothers, our other selves.

"He that saveth his life shall lose it," wrote one of the Elder Brothers of humanity. How sad it is to see here and there one or two seeking to save their little pride, to live out their little ambitions, and to persist in a course of action which they know to be wrong because they have not the courage to confess themselves wrong. They do not know the love and the joy of renewed comradeship that awaits them and the greater strength and knowledge and peace that may be theirs if they will but dare to take their places again in the ranks and renew their sacred service to the Higher Self.

"So I say it is our duty to notice the contrasts, to hear the feeble cry on one hand, 'let us do something, let us hold a convention,' and on the other to see the actual work done and being done by our beloved Leader."

I do not think I have before spoken of Mrs. Cromer, who had the general charge of the Club Headquarters. We usually call her Mother Cromer, and that designation

better than any other expresses the feeling we have towards her and the kindly interest she takes in all the workers. She is one of those rare, sweet natures, always radiant, always hopeful, yet endowed with plain practical common-sense. She is always helping some one, and many and many a poor family have taken heart again and renewed the battle of life through the help and sunshine brought into their midst by a visit from Mother Cromer. One of the most charming sights is to see and hear her tell stories to the children, always in the simplest language, but in such a way as to almost make the children see what she is telling them and actually experience it. But in the meetings of the Club she hardly ever took part in the discussions. Some little time ago she had had a remarkable dream and the Professor asked her if she would not relate it, which she did as follows:

*Mrs. Cromer.*—"I dreamed I was in a large room at the Club Headquarters among a crowd of workers, all intensely busy and directed in our work by Madam Purple. It seemed to me that the Headquarters was in the center of a long, long street, so long that one could not see the end or a turning in it and on either side were tall houses, very straight, without stoops. It seemed that at some time long ago, corn had been planted close to the houses, and it had grown up so high that the tops reached to the roofs of the houses. Then I thought that some one was sent to see if there were any corn to be gathered, but there was not a single ear of corn to be found the whole length of the street, only stalks and leaves—the stalks were green, but the leaves hung down, yellow and withered.

"I dreamed that the work we were engaged in at the Headquarters had seven branches, like a seven-pointed star, so to say, and workers were sent in every direction from this center to carry on the work: the activity and work going on were something wonderful. The room was very

large, very long, and very wide and there were groups of workers in different parts. Madam Purple was in the center of the room working very hard and giving us all directions as to what we should do. There were benches all around the room up against the walls and two or three large tables in the center, with crockery and cooking utensils and materials for garments, and garments already made—all belonging to the work. Every now and again bands of workers were sent out by Madam Purple in different directions. I should have said that on looking up and down the street not a soul was to be seen, the houses were all closed up and everything was desolate.

"All the workers seemed to carry a force of life with them to awaken and arouse the people; some were sent out to lecture, some to work in dramatic and musical work, some to visit the sick and poor and needy. There were seven great divisions and it all put me in mind of a seven-pointed star revolving and throwing out radiations all the time.

"Then I dreamed that across the room I saw a beautiful, large Maltese cat, and I crossed over the room to make friends with him, as I usually do with all animals. He was very friendly and inclined to be sociable. He arched his back and purred when I stroked him. Then I saw two such lovely little birds come into the room from somewhere; they were very sleek and fat, about the size of large sparrows and their plumage was beautiful. One was nearly all yellow with a little reddish brown on the wings, the other was nearly all reddish brown with a spot of yellow on the breast. They were so bright and intelligent and seemed to understand all we would say to them and we understood them, too.

"At last we grew very weary and tired

and we all lay down to rest, Madam Purple on a sort of couch with cushions a little to the left of the center from where I was and the others lay down on the benches all around the room. I thought the birds nestled near Madam Purple and went to sleep, too. Then very early in the morning we were all roused up to work again and the little bird with the yellow plumage came and told me he was hungry and thirsty—I can see the little fellow as plain as possible, and he was so fat—so I got some water for them and gave it to them from a spoon, and looking for something to eat I saw on a shelf, high up, two beautiful white loaves of bread, all fresh and new and woolly-like—a baker will know what I mean. I pulled some pieces from the side of one of the loaves and fed the little birds. They ate and drank as much as they needed and seemed to thank me and then they flew away and I awoke."

*Dr. Roberts.*—(Who had come in just as Mrs. Cromer was beginning to tell the dream). "Well, Mother Cromer, that is a dream indeed, and I suppose you would say it has some special meaning."

*The Professor.*—"Yes, Doctor, and I think the meaning is not difficult to see, but \* \* \* No, I am not going to interpret it. It will be good for you to think it out yourself. If there is any meaning there for you, and I think there is, you can get it yourself if you try. The broad application is at least not hard to see. Just ask yourself what the long street and the desolate houses and the corn without any fruit mean, and as for the seven-pointed star and the work being done, surely that needs no explanation. I am sorry, Doctor, you came in so late, but just in time to hear the dream fortunately. However, I hope you will join us earlier at the next meeting."



## "WHAT GOD WOULD."

BY ELEANOR DUNLOP.

ONCE upon a time, so the story runs, this old world of ours was but a mass of molten fire, cast off as refuse from the sun. Within this refuse vibrated the mysterious Force called life. The primeval law of attraction drew atom to atom, until the formless and void became transformed into a fitting home for man. Thus, as an old book says: "The world was made by the Word of God." That word has not yet been declared to mankind; it is the riddle of the Sphinx, the mystery of the ages. The Great Artist of the Universe has carefully hidden his designs, and in order to do this He has had to be His own Architect and Builder. Many will remember Matthew Arnold's conception, in his poem called "Revolutions." God took a heap of letters, which He gave to man, telling him to make of them the word he could. So man tried many times, made Rome, England, France, and still was restless and dissatisfied, feeling that he had not yet discovered "The word God would." Empire after empire drooped and died, but man kept hoping that the word God meant would in time appear. The poem concludes thus:

"Ah, we shall know that well, when it draws near;  
The band shall quit man's heart; he shall breathe free."

Nations, as they reached the zenith of their power, called out "Eureka." We are what "God would"—Babylon, Egypt, India, Rome. Ah, cruel mockery of fate which ever hurls the cup of repletion from humanity's lips, dashing the red wine of life to mingle with the dust of oblivion. No, the word, the order, that the Great Architect designed, has not yet appeared. Cruel bonds of oppression still bind men's hearts, and freedom beckons from afar.

This century has also heard the cry "Eureka." Democracy is the word "God would." Democracy—"The government of the people, by the people, and for the people." Democracy, proclaiming the divine rights of man, was taught in Gallilee 1900 years ago; Love being then, as now, the fulfilling of all laws. But the spirit of Christ's teaching was smothered completely with dogmas and creeds, with ritual and shams, and so the simple teaching of the Master was replaced by the theology of the church. Before Christ, came Confucius, and behind him, walked Buddha, and so on down the ages, each great teacher taught the same old truths under different forms. America has taken up and assimilated the fundamental truth of existence, which some men call Democracy, and others Brotherhood. The birthplace and home of this new Democracy is in this glorious land of America, where every man is accounted worthy of his hire. John Stuart Mill, in his famous essay on "Liberty," writes: "A truly great nationality demands two main constituents; first—a large variety of character and secondly, full play for human nature to develop and expand itself in numberless directions, and even in conflicting ways." Where can a more fitting playground be found, for full and free expansion, than in this Republic, where over seventy million souls have found not only a refuge, but a home. Fifteen times larger than England and France, with a shore line, including Alaska, equal to the entire circumference of the earth, surely this is an ideal playground for the coming race. Five hundred million acres of land have clamored for hands to come and till them. Hoary forests have beckoned, till the sound of

falling timber has reverberated, from the quiet shores of Maine, to the Rocky mountain regions of the West. America teems with wealth; gold, silver, copper, lead, and iron, have been hid so deftly by mother nature, that it will take centuries to unearth her stores. Here, if anywhere in God's fair earth, is scope, accommodation, wealth, for any desire which man can possibly conceive of. And who are the people who take up this vast inheritance? From every land they have gathered; representatives of every race meet on one common platform—"The brotherhood of humanity." J. S. Mill has demanded scope and variety of character, for his great nationality. Are his requirements not fully met within the United States of America? But is America a truly great nation? we pause, and falter, when we would fain give a glad assent. America, it seems to me, has not yet reached her majority. 'Twas but yesterday she celebrated her birthday by signing "The Declaration of Independence;" since then, how rapid has been her growth, only The Wise Ones know. The latent powers waiting to be released are truly immense. She has power to become the greatest nation upon earth. Will she rise to the occasion and abolish the slavery of greed; greed for place, for power, and wealth, which is slowly eating into her vitals? How far the disease has spread, we cannot now say, but this we know, that America will never become a truly great nation until within her borders ignorance and vice are unknown. Until a unique literature interprets the deepest convictions and highest aspirations of her citizens. Until Democracy has sung songs unheard before, and her artists have had their imaginations fired with the genius of Democracy. Until the liberated impulses of the soul have been caught in meshes of harmony, whose vibrations no musician has ever yet evoked, Democracy, standing for the spirit of the American people, will not have become "The Word God Would." Democracy, like a mighty mountain tor-

rent, would sweep from its onward course old and valued institutions, Kings and priests, dukes and earls, monopolies and endowments, ecclesiasticism and all that is contained in the term Feudal rights, are relentlessly swept into time's background. A breaking down must necessarily precede a building up, and, in the interim, the foundations have to be laid. 'Tis on this that America is now engaged; and according to the foundation, will be the endurance of the superstructure. Democracy has begun well, with free education. This gives to every child the chance to belong to the earth's true nobility. A vote for every man is another step in the right direction. A free press—this means that the world's history, past, present and future, lies like an open scroll at the feet of every mortal who has eyes to see the miracle outspread before him. But above and beyond all, Democracy has brought home to the hearts of mankind the living truth that they are brothers. Environment, with its countless illusions, strives to make us forget, and ignore, this fundamental truth of existence; but, again and again, in the world's history, as in the life of the individual, it reasserts itself as the supreme hope of the future. Humanity is indissolubly knit together by the ties of birth and death. United by the surging sea of emotion, which beats restlessly at every heart, be it of prince or peasant, seamstress or millionaire, all have known the kindling touch of love, and there are none whom sorrow has passed by unnoticed. Humanity exists only through the individual. As the individual, so will be the community, the State, the nation. This being so, any government which exists not wholly to benefit the people, must die a natural death.

True Democracy strives to implant the fructifying seeds of self-reliance and interdependence, for, without these qualities as a subsoil, no harvest can be gathered. These seeds have been sown broadcast over the Western world, have taken root

in countless lives, and will assuredly bear good fruit; but as nature yields her golden harvests, intermingled with poisonous weeds and useless stubble, so Democracy has been degraded by even its foremost champions; its standards lowered by bribery, and worse.

Walt Whitman wrote in 1883 a just estimate of affairs as they stand to-day. Whitman lived an open-air life, mixed with all classes of the community, followed in the wake of those who fought and died for their country; nursed for years the wounded soldiers and triumphed in the nation's triumph, when the union was established and slavery overthrown. From such a witness, we get the truth at first hand, and a sad and serious truth we find it to be. While the submerged tenth exists; while men and women starve for lack of work, and children die before they live; while these conditions exist—Humanity's joy will be drowned in sorrow. The new Democracy is divinely human, all embracing, robust, and vigorous, as are the eternal forces of the soul. From its heavenly home, in the lofty imaginations of the good and true, it wends its way earthward, and there is confronted by the ancient foes of all advance—avarice, deceit, and cowardice, which continually draw men down. Is it any wonder that, in such a soil, Democracy does not flourish? It would give to every man a fair start in life; it would clear the air of shams and humbugs; it would inspire the toilers of the earth with new hope and courage, and unfurl the flag of freedom until despots quailed and tyrants shrank out of sight. This Democracy wills to do for the people of the earth, but the people are not ready *en masse* to accept their freedom. Here and there the divine seeds have sunk into good soil, and then what sheaves of promise have been garnered by the reapers—slavery abolished, a vote for every man; public schools; parks and playgrounds, volunteers who rush to arms in order to aid a weaker people to assert their rights. Ah, these

are but the first fruits of the true Democracy—the brotherhood of man. Afar off, we, with Whitman, catch glimpses of the future; with him, we announce that the identity of these States is “a single identity” only.

“I announce the union more and more compact, indissoluble,  
I announce splendors and majesties, to make all the previous politics of the earth insignificant.  
I announce adhesiveness, I say it shall be limitless, unloosened,  
I say you shall yet find the friend you were looking for.  
I announce a life that shall be copious, vehement, spiritual, bold,  
I announce an end that shall lightly and joyfully meet its transition.”

Democratic America is doing pioneer work for the future race; here, amid life's rush and jar, souls are gaining a knowledge of themselves, are becoming self-reliant, filled with a just pride which will enable them to throw overboard worn-out creeds and dogmas, along with everything that is mean and despicable. Men are discovering that vice is too heavy a cargo to take with them, as they sail life's perilous sea; they are preparing for themselves charts, in order to sail clear of the numerous whirlpools and quicksands into which the unwary fall. The average American is wise enough to see that honesty pays best in the long run, and that truth never turns on us, as a lie is sure to do; so from practical experience, he chooses the path of least resistance, which when followed to the end leads to bliss. This is but the beginning, the acorn, from which the oak will grow. A new order of things demands new methods, and these must be as complete and as varied, as man himself. But, for a sure foundation, a rock, which the downfall of Empires, or the crash of worlds cannot shake, will be laid the foundation stone of a Universal Brotherhood. Every land, every nation under heaven, will contribute to that on which future generations must build. Mankind are being shaken together whether they will or not. Science, invention, art,



literature, have drawn the nations of the earth, ay and the little Isles too, so close together that we not only feel, we know, we are at one with every being. With such

we hail the morn when from North, South, East, and West shall resound a triumphal note of victory at the finding of "the word God would"—"A Universal Brotherhood."

## PEACE ON EARTH.\*

BY MARTHA SHEPARD LIPPINCOTT.

Peace be on earth, good will to men,  
Oh! let us now, Christ's lesson teach,  
Love, charity and kindly deeds  
Are what dear Christ would ever preach.  
War, wealth, and strife, he loveth not,  
And they can never be his cause;  
But peace, forbearance, charity  
Have ever been our Saviour's laws.

To shed the blood of others' lives  
Will never help to make wrong right;  
It but increases earthly woes,  
Puts Christians in a wicked light.  
War is the fruit of hate, revenge,  
Or else the greed for others' wealth,  
In private life we e'er would call  
It murder, robbery and stealth.

Then why should it, at wholesale rate,  
E'er be considered to be right,  
When in an individual case,  
'Twould drag a soul to darkest night?  
To kill men in revenge is wrong,  
So killing nations is a sin,  
'Tis wholesale murder in God's sight,  
His favor, war can never win.

'Tis horrible and worldly strife,  
A nation slaughtered for a gain,

That while the winning ones rejoice,  
How many hearts are filled with pain?  
While purses some it will enrich,  
It is degrading to the soul,  
And many mother's sons are lost,  
Far worse than when sad death bells  
toll.

'Tis not Christ's way to right a wrong,  
Nor man's way either should it be,  
Far better, love and kindness rule  
Than bitter animosity.  
War stirs up in the human heart,  
But hatred, jealousy and greed,  
For spiritual and better life,  
It does not sow a single seed.

Peace be on earth and live for love,  
That will develop the lost soul;  
In God's great army let us now  
For love and mercy, all enroll:  
Live as he bids and raise the world  
Above a realm of care and strife,  
And teach mankind the better part,  
Preparing for Eternal life.

\*Sent to the Editors by a Quaker friend and published with great pleasure.—Editors.

# HARMONY.

BY AMY N. WHARTON.

THE dictionary informs us that Harmony is the just adaptation of parts to each other in any system of things intended to form a connected whole—or a concord. Harmony is then what we absolutely require for Universal Brotherhood, and without it this knitting and binding together of the human race would be impossible. In order to become this connected whole the first thing to study is how to recognize and then how to obey this great Law of Harmony. H. P. Blavatsky in the "Secret Doctrine" says "the world had been called out of chaos (or matter) by sound or harmony." The voice of the Great Spirit that moved on the face of the waters saying "let there be light," was the harmonious commencement of life, sound producing light, showing the subtle and occult connection between these two. "From harmony, from heavenly harmony, this universal frame began," says Dryden. The rhythmic vibrations, interpenetrating all space are the root of being; the whole normal nature of man should therefore be attuned to Harmony. Discord and variance are the cause of disease and sin, consequently our great work is to restore the harmonious vibrations of the Universe. When two hearts beat in accord there is harmony, and when a large number of individuals agree and are in accord, the rhythmic wave has force that carries all before it.

Music, which is the succession of harmonious sounds, has great power in producing unanimity of kindly feeling, or otherwise in arousing the worst sentiments and passions. Witness the effect of the Marsellaise on the French populace, its inspiring strains awakening the martial spirit in all who heard it. In his poem of "Alexander's Feast," Dryden shows the

power of music in swaying the passions of the multitude, and rings the changes from war to love. Thoreau calls music "the arch reformer," and it has also been used as a cure for certain diseases. A physician has stated that "the effect of music is transmitted by a reflex action on the nerves which govern the supply of blood. The effect of music is to dilate the blood vessels so that the blood flows more freely and increases the sense of warmth. By increased blood-supply nutrition is effected." In this way music may aid in the cure of disease. The physiological effects of music have also been studied by a Russian named Doziel, who states that "the action of musical tones on men and animals expresses itself for the most part by increased frequency of the beats of the heart," that the "variations in the blood pressure are dependent on the pitch and loudness of the sound and on tone color," and that "in vibrations of the blood pressure the peculiarities of the individuals, whether men or lower animals, are plainly apparent."

Tolstoi, in his remarkable little book, "The Kreutzer Sonata," shows the evil effects of certain forms of music playing on a physique strung, by tension of the sense nerves, to a condition when only the discords are excited, as then strange flaws and defects of nature come to light that else had not been dreamed of. Tolstoi puts into the mouth of the man who has killed his wife in a fit of jealousy these words: "People say that music elevates the soul; nonsense! falsehood! It exercises an influence, a frightful influence—but not of an ennobling kind. Under this influence I seem to feel what I do not feel, to understand what I do not understand, to be able to do what I am not capable of doing—

music transports me immediately into the condition of soul in which the composer of the music found himself at the time he wrote it. For him the music possessed a meaning, but for me none—and that is how it happens that music causes an excitement which remains unalloyed—one does not know what, during this state of excitement, should be done. This is why music is so dangerous and acts at times in so terrible a manner."

In this passage is plainly shown the peril there is in music of a certain kind through the power it possesses in arousing states of feeling that are debasing, but on the other hand the higher, nobler music has power to awake the nobler side of man's nature.

We are told that Thebes was built by the music of Orpheus. Carlyle, speaking of this legend, says: "Our Orpheus walked in Judea eighteen hundred years ago. His sphere-melody flowing in wild native tones, took captive the ravished souls of men; and being of a truth sphere-melody, still flows and sounds, though now with thousand-fold accompaniments and rich symphonies, through our hearts; and modulates and divinely leads them."

We find that musical vibrations throw grains of sand into the shape of ferns, flowers, trees, also into symmetrical and mathematical forms. Pythagoras went so far as to state that the octave gave our planet its shape, and it is said that certain experiments have shown that when an octave is sounded the sand on a plate of glass arranges itself in the form of a circle. Plato, in the perfect city that he planned, gave to music, in its larger sense, the first place—he makes it the chief subject in the study of the young. "Gymnastics for the body, and music for the mind," he says, and continues, "must we not then begin by teaching music?" He goes on to say that melody has three constituents, sentiment, harmony and rhythm, and that these three should correspond with each other—remarking that rhythm will follow

after harmony, and advising that "our citizens pursue not ever-varying rhythms having a variety of cadences, but observe what are the rhythms of an orderly and manly life," that these should compel time and melody; to subserve sentiment, and not sentiment be in subservience to time and melody, by which I think he intended to show that the senses must be kept in subjection by the Higher Self, and that the end in view was not the gratification of the individual, but the harmonious life of all. There is so much about Harmony in Plato's "Republic," that quotation but feebly conveys an idea of his meaning. The work well repays the study of any who care for this subject. The Greek idea of music was, of course, very different from the modern development of that art, but it was seen to be at the root of esoteric education, for in the school of Pythagoras no candidate was admitted unless he was already proficient in the sciences of arithmetic, astronomy, geometry and music, which were held to be the four divisions of mathematics, this latter being the science that treats of numbers and magnitude, or, in other words, the commencement of creation, by co-relation of force to matter; as H. P. B. says: "The world had been constructed according to the principles of musical proportion."

Beethoven speaks of music as "the mediator between the spiritual and sensual life." Harmony is the rainbow bridge that spans the mystic gulf between the material and ideal world; we can often cross that chasm on the wings of sweet sound; music is the medium of thought that comes from another plane, that has no other language; from it we can sometimes even deduce memory of long past ages, and ideas we have no words for take shape in music. It is a means by which we can leave this land of shadows, and enter that bright country where we can know as we are known. 'Twas across this radiant bridge that the gods retreated to Walhalla, from a world that was becoming too ma-

terial, in which they could no longer exist. It is over this bridge that they must return to us when we make an atmosphere in which they can once more live among us. Time was when the gods walked on this earth, and men dwelt in peace—that was indeed the golden age. "When the morning stars sang together and the sons of God shouted for joy." Can we not make that time possible again by turning the discords of life into harmonies, first for ourselves, and then for all others?

It is said in the "Secret Doctrine" that "there is one eternal law in nature, one that always tends to adjust contraries, and to produce final harmony. It is owing to this law of spiritual development, superseding the physical and purely intellectual, that mankind will become free from its false gods, and find itself self-redeemed." In "Letters that Have Helped Me," W. Q. Judge says, speaking of books that had been of service to him, especial the "Gitā," "All these are instinct with a life of their own, which changes the vibrations. Vibration is the key to it all, the different states are only differences of vibration, and we do not recognize the astral or other planes because we are out of tune with their vibrations."

In the "Voice of the Silence" we are told that: "Disciples may be likened to the strings of the soul-echoing vinā, mankind unto its sounding-board, the hand that sweeps it to the tuneful breath of the great World Soul. The string that fails to answer 'neath the Master's touch in dulcet harmony with all the others, breaks and is cast away." There is only true harmony when each answers with all as one to the Master's hand, when all are in tune.

How delightful is the feeling experienced on entering some beautiful gothic cathedral where the perfect combination of parts forms an exquisite harmony! Who thinks of the masses of stone hewn from the quarries, the trees grown in the forest, or the metal drawn from mines in the

Earth's heart; one only perceives a vast and perfect entity which exhales its soul to the Infinite in clouds of Incense and Music; such should our Universal Brotherhood be, each, separate, being as naught in power, but welded together by the Master Builder, forming a force that nothing can withstand. Browning signifies the mystical knowledge expressed in music in his wonderful poem of "Abt Vogler," in which he makes the musician say: "All through music and me—earth had attained to heaven, there was no more near or far." And again, "therefore to whom turn I but to the ineffable name? Builder and maker thou of houses not made with hands." At the end of the poem are these significant words:

"What is our failure here but a triumph's evidence

For the fulness of the days? Have we withered or agonized,

Why else was the pause prolonged but that singing might issue thence?

Why rushed the discords in but that harmony should be prized?

Sorrow is hard to bear, and doubt is slow to clear.

Each sufferer says his say, his scheme for the weal and woe;

But God has a few of us whom he whispers in the ear;

The rest may reason and welcome: 'tis we musicians know."

How necessary then that we should have harmony in our hearts, for until we feel a peace within which nothing can ruffle, until we have that "eye made quiet by the power of harmony," how can we hope to help those around us to vibrate in unison. Let us see to it that our own discords do not mar the harmony, and so spoil our vision of a golden future. I will conclude with the following fine passage from the "Journal of Amiel": "O Plato! O Pythagoras! Ages ago you heard these harmonies, surprised these moments of inward ecstasy, knew these divine transports. If music thus carries us to heaven, it is because music is harmony, harmony is perfection, perfection is our dream, and our dream is heaven."

## STUDENTS' COLUMN.

CONDUCTED BY J. H. FUSSELL.

In an article, "Fragment-Omniscience," published in the January issue of *UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD*, occurs the following:

"It seems a strange thing that man has to incarnate so many times during millions of years in order to develop the thinking principle, and after having developed it, abandon it as a wrong way." What is meant by characterizing the thinking faculty as "a wrong way?"

It is clear that the statement is a relative one. Where knowledge can only be attained by a process of reasoning, as in the discovery of many of the great physical laws, it is plainly necessary that this means should be taken. If one sees a man drowning and sits down to consider the temperature of the water, the strength of the currents, the skill one possesses in swimming, the possible injury to clothes and health, the possibility of other aid arriving, the value or worthlessness of the drowning person's life, the statistical chances of his rescue or probable death from the after results of immersion, there will be ample opportunity for the development of this thinking principle, but we need little consideration to see that this is "a wrong way." We should not forget that the thinking principle is a means and not an end, and that when it has served its purpose of placing us in intimate relation with the peculiar domain of nature to which it belongs, we must pass on to the mastery of other regions. It is right for us to be suckled for a certain period of our growth, but other methods of nutrition quickly supersede this, and we can conceive of other methods of sustenance than that in ordinary use. Thought is also the food of one of the vehicles of the Self, which passes from one stage of embodiment to another as the caterpillar changes

to the butterfly. Should the butterfly attempt to eat cabbage leaves like the caterpillar we should certainly consider this "a wrong way." BEN MADIGHAN.

No one of the powers or faculties of man is wrong in itself, but may become wrong in its use. The right use is as an instrument, as a means, in the development of character and the perfect expression of the soul. As an end in itself the development of any power is wrong, because it is then out of harmony with the soul's nature in which the soul itself, as a divine spark, is supreme. The development of the mind, or thinking faculty, is wrong if regarded as an end or as the goal of evolution. It will appear evident to an observer that the development of the mind has come to be so regarded by very many during this century, and all such, if they are to keep up with the evolution of the race, will have to abandon this as "a wrong way."

This does not mean that we have to cease thinking or using the mind as an instrument. Not at all! But by learning to use the mind rightly, by understanding its place in the complex nature of man, it will become a still more wonderful instrument, its powers will still further unfold.

The body, the desires, the mind, the intuition, all have their place in the nature of man, but as each higher power is developed, the lower must become subordinate. Indeed, only as the lower becomes subordinate will the higher become active. I think the meaning of the writer of the article is quite clear if the context is taken. J. H. FUSSELL.

Let the questioner look at the very beginning of Patanjali's "Yoga Sutras," where it says: Stop the modification of the thinking principle. At the present time of evolution the Yoga state can only be of short duration at a time for man, after which he re-enters the manasic condition; but later on for man (and at the present moment for very high beings), the Yoga state will be a continuous one, and then the thinking principle will cease to be modified, viz.: became latent, not being needed any more. ADHIRATHA.

What lines of scientific investigation followed during the past year are of real promise for the future welfare of humanity?

The question is too large for complete reply; we can only outline some principles, without attempting to paint in the details.

That science which, beginning in mechanics, ends there, is of least bearing upon the real welfare of humanity. And the same is true of that which begins and remains in the sphere of the objective.

But since man's consciousness is conditioned for good or evil, to a greater or less extent, by his body, that science which investigates the degree of this extent and the mode of relationship of this objective and subjective, is of momentous bearing upon human welfare and will have instant practical applicability to life and thought.

Consciousness may enter into such a condition as to raise vibrations in the body incompatible with the body's life, killing it instantly, as e. g., in extreme horror; or another condition, e. g., anxiety, may kill the body slowly.

Or another condition of consciousness, e. g., joy, may suddenly bring about the physical vibration constituting health.

Or another condition, e. g., peacefulness or trustfulness, may slowly induce physical health.

Reversely, conditions arising in the

body, e. g., fever, may first perturb consciousness and then go on till the physical condition induced renders the body an impossible habitat for consciousness.

Science has been increasingly occupying itself with all these matters, but it will be long before it fills in the details. It is possible, however, to look ahead and make some statements and prophecies of future discoveries.

1. Mechanical instruments will be found unavailable at a point in the investigation and will be replaced by another instrument.

2. Life will be found to be identical with consciousness and to manifest always as vibrating substance, of whatever degree of grossness or tenuity be the substance, and whatever the degree of complexity the vibrations.

3. Life-consciousness, manifesting in the body as vibrations and to the ego as feelings and emotions, raises in the body physical vibrations favorable to, unfavorable to, or at once incompatible with, physical health.

4. These states of feeling and therefore their resulting vibrations are under the control of the will. It is therefore possible to acquire the power, by regulating and localizing vibrations, of controlling and amending physical health.

5. Disease, or the conditions that precede it, being the outcome of ill-regulated states of feeling resulting in physically injurious vibrations, the only final remedy for human disease is the ceasing from these states of feeling.

6. All forms of mental effort on the part of the individual, arising out of his desire to get well, leave the original evil untouched, and are pernicious.

7. The states of feeling known as trust, brotherhood, love, are in the highest degree conducive to bodily health.

I. M. C.



## REVIEWS.

"Some Marked Passages"\* is the title of a book of short stories by Miss Jeanne Pennington, compiler of "Don't Worry Nuggets." A package of books, some of which are marked, are handed into a hospital for the use of the patients. In the opening scene we find the superintendent, matron and doctors discussing whether one's interest in reading a book is enhanced or disturbed by finding marginal or other lines drawing attention to what has interested some previous reader.

The books are put into the hospital library, and the stories relate the effects of the little books with their "marked passages" upon the spirits and bodies of the patients who are brought before our notice.

The sketches, though slight, are characterized by a tender pathos, with here and there, a quiet sense of humor which makes the stories very interesting. Here are a few quotations taken at random: "If you cannot realize your ideal, idealize your real." "She did not enter the house on being left alone, but stood looking up into the star-lit heavens. They were suggesting to her the great possibilities latent in each individual life." "Life is one; we are all reaching upward; we are akin to all that is greatest, grandest, highest and most beautiful." "We have to become tolerably well acquainted with the Infinite of ourselves before we can smile when the heart aches." "Life is very beautiful and rich and strange, as we stand in the starlight. I lose all sense of pettiness and of fear."

The book contains several other short stories of interest. There is a "wholesome air of hope" throughout the stories, which makes the book acceptable to those who take an interest in the gospel of hope which is supplanting the tone of despair in

our modern thought and life. The book is nicely printed, and the binding is attractive.

D. N. D.

"Spiritual Consciousness"\* is the work of a capable writer and thinker. "What we see depends on how we see" is the keynote adopted. The author seeks to interpret life from the spiritual view-point, and modestly claim that the pages are suggestive rather than instructive. The thirteen chapters cover a fair range of interesting subjects. Here and there one notices slight limitations which might have been avoided. For example, in referring to Jesus he says: "In Him, for the first time, the chasm between the finite and the infinite was spanned." Surely not for the first time! On the whole, Mr. Sprague is, however, broadminded enough to handle his themes in a manner that cannot fail to be of interest to the votaries of the various schools of metaphysical thought. The excessive use of italics tires the reader somewhat, but the volume is attractively produced. "The intuitional faculty should rule our lives," writes Mr. Sprague. With this we have no fault to find, but would like to point out the necessity for discrimination. Intuition is too frequently confused with impulse or instinct. A knowledge of the inner nature of man is necessary. This is not obtained so much by abstract thought, as a steady application of the best that is within us to the uplifting of humanity, through a healthy channel, and guided by wisdom, foresight, and a knowledge of the many difficulties to be encountered.

There are many suggestions of a practical nature in "Spiritual Consciousness," and the book is well worth reading.

D. N. D.

\*"Some Marked Passages and Other Stories." By Jeanne G. Pennington. New York: Fords, Howard, and Hulbert. (Cloth, gilt top, \$1.00.)

\*Cloth, \$1.50. F. H. Sprague, Wollaston, Mass..

## YOUNG FOLKS' DERARTMENT.

### A TRIP TO THE CALCUTTA ZOO.

BY MARION FRISBEE.

"Good-bye Cæsar, good-bye Cicero! Tomorrow is a holiday and I won't have to look at you for a whole day," said Roland as he threw down his books, and his dreams that night were filled with the joyful thoughts of the holiday, which was to be spent by his particular set of chums at the golf links.

"Whew! Whew!" How he whistled when he awoke in the morning to find that the window panes almost rattled out of their sashes, an impassable barrier of snow on the steps, and the air almost solid with flying snow. "Gee whiz, if this isn't a regular blizzard!" called out Roland to his sister Nell, as they met in the cheerful breakfast room, where the fire was blazing on the hearth.

"Well, this settles golf!" and Roland looked disconsolate. "It settles every thing," said Nell; "we are storm-bound, a jolly holiday this will be!"

"That's right!" said Roland, "I call it a measly trick to knock out a fellow's plans in this way."

"Nothing to do! nowhere to go! What a desolate condition you are in," laughed his mother.

"Oh, for wings to fly to a sunny clime, where snow is unknown and gardens and flowers and golf links abound! That would be a real holiday," said Nell.

"Well," said her father as he looked up from the mail, which he had been opening at the breakfast table, "why don't you go to Calcutta? It is just the season for visitors, and there you will find your sunny gardens and fair weather. What can be better on a day like this than a nice big easy chair by the fire, with a companion like Mr. X.,

who offers to give you a friendly hand to make a trip to the Calcutta Zoo. Here, Roland, console yourself, take this paper and read it to Nell. You will forget all about the storm."

"All right, father, a trip to Calcutta wouldn't be half bad on a day like this," and Roland took the paper, as he settled himself in a chair by the fire.

"I say, this is a tremendous place! A whole world! Houses, and forests, and lakes, and wild animals and tame animals! I should think a fellow did need a guide to get around. Here is a place where three tapirs and some wild pigs live on very friendly terms; and two tigers got away from their forest one night and roamed about the gardens until they came to this place, where two little elephants were living. I say, it seems a shame that those tigers had to be shot by the keeper just because they had gone visiting. I'd like to see these queer creatures, leopards, jaguars and pumas; and here are four dens of tigers. One of the tigers is a youngster of only seven months, and is so tame he enjoys being petted as a cat does, purring all the time he is being stroked. I would like to have a pet like that," said Roland.

"Oh, here are the monkeys; there are none so fine in all Europe as they are here. One of them has a blue face with a red nose. Then come storks, adjutants, cranes, sarus, and all the birds that wade. What a jolly place this would be to fish; the lake is just filled with hundreds of kinds of fishes."

"I think it is cruel to fish," said Nell; "I would rather go see the birds."

"Well, here they are," said Roland:

"maggies, piping crows, laughing kingfisher, cockatoos, parakeets, bloodcrested pigeons, Nicobar pigeons, thrushes, starlings"—

"Oh, gracious," said Nell, "there is no end to them."

"I should think not," said Roland, as he went on giving many more names. "I'd like to hear the old lion roar in the early morning, and see the bears and elephants; what fun it would be to feed them."

"I say, this is great, listen to this," said Roland. "The big ostrich in the gardens has a silver band around his throat. 'The big bird was frightened one day and in trying to escape forced the door open sufficiently to get his head through, and the sharp edge of the door completely severed his windpipe. After considerable patience the efforts to get near the bird and to throw him were successful, and with the services of the surgeon the wound was sewed up. This operation had to be repeated after a week, as the bird had torn the stitches open again, but this time he seemed to understand better what was being done for him, as he afterward actually allowed two men to come up and gently press him down on the ground to be attended to daily. Later on the neck began to heal too quickly and there was every danger of the bird being suffocated, so a silver tube was passed down his throat, with the result that the ostrich is now grazing and walking about as if nothing had ever happened to it.'"

"How much like a human being that ostrich acted," said Nell. "I wonder if even tigers and lions wouldn't grow like human

beings if they were treated like them?"

"Do you think it is treating animals right to shut them up in cages when they belong in the forests?" asked Ronald.

"I don't know," answered Nell, "only if animals always stayed wild, we wouldn't know much about them. When they are in the Zoo, we can get acquainted with them, and they learn to know that man is a friend, just as the injured ostrich did, and the baby tiger, and perhaps sometime they will all learn to be friends and then they will begin to grow like people, and think as we do, and act like us, and I shouldn't wonder if they might not learn to talk."

"Bruno almost talks now," said Roland. "When I looked into his eyes yesterday, he seemed to speak to me in a queer kind of 'inside' way. He seemed to know almost as much as I did, only he hadn't the same kind of a body, and so he couldn't say it aloud."

"It don't seem right that a dog like Bruno should never be anything else but a dog," said Nell.

"He is a regular old comrade," said Roland, "and maybe when he dies, he'll go and hunt up a body like ours that he can have the same freedom we do, to say what we are thinking about."

The subject of Bruno being inexhaustible, Ronald and Nell became oblivious of storm and time, until there was a stampede at the door, and three of "the chums" appeared just as a pleasant voice asked, "Aren't you hungry, children?" and the trip to the Zoo closed with a very merry lunch party.

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## FROM "HALF A HUNDRED STORIES."

Kind hearts are the gardens,  
Kind thoughts are the roots,  
Kind words are the flowers,  
Kind deeds are the fruits.  
Take care of your garden  
And keep out the weeds;

Fill, fill it with sunshine,  
Kind words and kind deeds.  
Love is glad sunshine,  
That comes every hour;  
To shine away darkness,  
And waken each flower.

# THE UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD CONGRESS AND ITS SIGNIFICANCE.

E. A. NERESHEIMER.

THE first Anniversary Congress of the Universal Brotherhood Organization, will be held at Point Loma, San Diego, Cal., April 13th to 19th, 1899, on the grounds of the School for the Revival of the Lost Mysteries of Antiquity.

There are sign-posts that this event marks the beginning of an Epoch of the restoration of Humanity to that higher standard of thought and morality to which its true nature already aspires. Whether the multitude recognizes this or not—and it can hardly be expected that it should—the giant wave of progressive evolution will manifest a physical habitat in a body and place which shall be a center for radiating spiritual light to illumine the darkness without.

The minds of men and women throughout the world are becoming increasingly receptive to spiritual ideas. No one can fail to perceive the growing stability and gradual manifestation of that energy. Nor is the Ocean of Happiness and Joy that lie in wait for the whole human family through a fuller realization of the spiritual wave, as yet apprehended; though some—few indeed—who have sufficiently looked inward know of themselves the limitless bliss with which the future is pregnant. Were it not that self-created lock and armour shut out and separate each single self from the Great Self, Heaven might unfold even now in native glorious splendor.

Let us look back for a moment and recognize—even though for our own satisfaction and as a tribute to the Leaders—what has led up to the partial appreciation of this spiritual wave. Since the advent of the Theosophical movement in this country, there has come to the world a body of doc-

trines on the problems of life and nature which unequivocally establish the existence of universal law and justice, also that man may shape his own destiny and know for a certainty that he can live hereafter. These doctrines have been presented in such a way as to suit the intellectual status of the age, supported by the force of logic; and their universal applicability shown and proven by analogies on all planes and in all kingdoms of nature. Furnishing thus at last a basis for ethics, the tenets came like messages from Heaven. The universal belief in the ultimate existence of an ideal state would not down in spite of the ever ascending scale of material development. The intuitive aspirations towards divinity, humanity's birth-right, kept re-asserting themselves. Hence the happy relief from the thralldom of speculation.

Libraries and brains had been filled to over-flowing with words, thoughts and speculations; in fine, intellectualism had become over-wrought with conceit, without realizing its limitations.

In this High School of modern learning, ethics, love, philanthropy, morality had no place or importance as factors of evolution; therefore it became impossible to further humanity's cause through this agency. The truth of the mysteries of being can never be fathomed to its inner depths except through the gate-way of Brotherhood.

Humanity as a whole is yet like a child, vigorous, but unknowing; not realizing in the least its accumulated knowledge from the past, neither its present capabilities, nor its divine destiny. Through the necessity of obtaining certain experiences, the revolving wheel of time had brought it unto a state of extreme immersement

in matter. Another turn of the wheel being at hand, the child is peering about in great wonderment at the phenomena of nature, longing to know the secrets thereof, as well as its own place in the economy of things. However, these secrets are not found, nor to be imparted on the plane on which humanity now dwells.

No great discoveries in the realm of super-physical forces have yet been allowed to pass the threshold of selfish man. Bit by bit only, do these powers come down to the earthy by the grace of the gods, indicating the world's eternal ways.

The childish youth is yet too full of exuberant health expending its energy in the direction to which the alluring desires of the sensuous world have chained it, but, at last, it is beginning to grow tired of the old ways; and despairing, broken-winged, it cries aloud to the Gods for help.

"Silencium!" the Gods are not appealed to in vain; they are borne on the crest of the returning spiritual wave and come prepared to help and to teach. Ah! what splendors will lift our very souls! The poetry of the unfoldment of a flower will be understood once more, and, in time, also, the sublime beauties of human life.

The epoch has already begun and is being heralded to the four corners of the earth by the fanfares of the Angels, erstwhile with subtle sound on the wings of psychic currents, but actually rekindling the fires of love which are ready to burst into flame.

The restoration of Humanity to a higher standard of thought and morality requires a change of mind from the present overbearing unsympathetic attitude of one class to another; therefore, the media, alike in all—the heart-strings—must be touched and brought into unison; outwardly by example, interiorly by vibratory forces.

The imitative tendency of the human race is so great, that a slight example given on the line to which mankind is already inclined, is instantly followed by a large

number. The dynamic power of thought is still greater. If propelled without attachment to results and directed in the currents of the universal plan of ideation, it becomes cosmic property and therefore irresistible. Through its correlations on all planes, high and low, its effect is of immense benefit to Humanity. Each individual whose mind is not in disharmony with the evolutionary wave becomes permanently affected for good. The majority of mankind are thus receptive.

This is nothing more nor less than a vibratory touch of the spiritual energy to which the higher nature of each individual aspires and immediately responds—the magic spell: "Universal Brotherhood!" Once the active impulse is started in that direction, it takes the place of other impulses, that have heretofore used up energy on lower planes; conscience and intuition, the qualities of the soul assert themselves and assume supremacy in due course.

The establishment of a center for radiating spiritual light therefore is an epoch of great moment for the welfare of the whole human race.

A body of units filled with knowledge of the ideal divine unity of mankind, power and potency of love, virtue and philanthropy, congregating in harmonious assembly for the purpose of serving unselfishly the great teachers of the world, the divine Brothers of Compassion, will cause the spiritual energy emanating thence to affect humanity like the sun affects growing vegetation in the spring.

The Congress to be held at Point Loma, though not itself the actual central factor for the Revival of the Ancient Mysteries, is yet the Herald which proclaims the great change to come. The performance of the Mysteries themselves, which are to teach the secret science of the evolution of the soul by the power of word, song and drama are the province of the school proper which was especially founded for their revival.



## BROTHERHOOD ACTIVITIES.

### NEW YORK.

**T**UESDAY, January 31st, and Thursday, February 2d, were two memorable days. On Tuesday all the supplies in large and small cases containing medicine, food, clothing, etc., sent by loving hearts from all over the country, from Toronto and Victoria, B. C., in Canada; from New England, from Macon, Ga., and Dennison, Tex.; from Pittsburg, Chicago, Fort Wayne, Youngstown; from Tacoma, Portland, San Francisco, Los Angeles, San Diego on the Pacific Coast; from almost all the 150 centers and lodges of the Universal Brotherhood and the International Brotherhood League throughout the country, and even from Brother Bogren in Sweden, were shipped from the headquarters at 144 Madison Avenue, to the U. S. Transport "Berlin," which was to convey our Leader and her faithful band of workers to Santiago de Cuba. On the evening of the same day, after the regular meeting of the Aryan Lodge, a special meeting was held to bid farewell to the Crusaders. The Leader was present and spoke with marvellous power, awakening the enthusiasm of all present. Each of the Crusaders was called upon to speak—Mrs. Richmond-Green of Easthampton, Mass.; Miss M. S. Lloyd and Miss I. Morris, both of whom were with our Leader and helped to care for and nurse the sick soldiers at Montauk; Dr. Herbert Coryn and Ralph Leslie. Other speakers were Mrs. E. C. Mayer, H. T. Patterson, D. N. Dunlop, B. Harding and J. H. Fussell.

All those going realize that difficulties will have to be faced, hardships and even dangers encountered, but all have that unwavering trust in the Leader, that faithfulness of purpose and devotion to the Cause, that no difficulties, no dangers, not even death itself can daunt. And our Leader, who sees and knows what obstacles have to be overcome, sees also beyond the obstacles the glorious fruition and the harvest of the seed thus being sown, and inspires all with unconquerable hope and tireless zeal. Truly these seven are an army, a host warring with weapons of love and compassionate kindness against the despair and misery so rife in unhappy Cuba. And we remaining behind have our part to play too in this Crusade. We too can and will share in it and send such a force of helpfulness and sympathy that shall support our Leader and comrades in their arduous task.

What a concentrated power of love and brotherhood is locked up in the supplies and the aid sent from all parts of the continent, and even from our comrades in Australia and Europe! Who can measure the help that thus has been sent to our brothers in Cuba and which receive a tenfold force under our Leader's guidance and supervision. Surely we have already had in the work at Montauk, and are again having, a marvellous lesson in the power each one has of helping forward the Brotherhood of Humanity and in realizing the power of the motive that prompts the aid. It is a lesson in practical occultism, which H. P. B. declared was "the Science of Life, the Art of Living."

The other memorable day was Thursday, February 2d, the day of the departure of the relief expedition on the U. S. Transport "Berlin." Many of the members went to the steamer to see the Crusaders off. The steamer sailed at 6 o'clock, and our loving thoughts and good wishes have been with our comrades throughout the voyage. To-day, February 17th, Mr. E. A. Neresheimer received a cable which read: "Fine inauguration work," and next week we expect to have letters and an account of the voyage and the beginning of the work. Our readers are referred to *The New Century*, published weekly, for fuller accounts of the work.

J. H. FUSSELL.



**A. E. S. SMYTHE'S LECTURING TOUR.**

Mr. Albert E. S. Smythe reports that he has visited, since he left New York on 6th January last, up till 15th February, a total of fourteen centers, beginning with Toledo, and proceeding to Fort Wayne, Chicago, St. Louis, Belleville, Louisville, Indianapolis, Dayton, Columbus, Pittsburg, Wilkinsburg, Warren, Youngstown and Cleveland. Most successful meetings have been held, those in Fort Wayne, Chicago, Belleville, Louisville, Pittsburg and Youngstown being especially so. Mr. Smythe compares his present tour with that of two years ago, and finds such a decidedly marked growth, not only in the attendance, but in appreciation of the spirit of the movement, that he feels that the members everywhere should endeavor to realize the fact and the causes of it, since it marks an advance on outer planes, and in the manifestation of quickening powers within, which are not to be accounted for along the ordinary channels or by ordinary means of growth.

In Chicago the meetings that were held have already been reported, but it is a matter to be noted that the E. S. meeting held on the 17th January was the largest of purely local members that ever was held there at any time in the history of the movement. Three lectures were given in the Lodge rooms in the Masonic Temple, and at the last of these the attendance was over two hundred. In Belleville, Mr. E. W. Primm made the fullest preparations, and the result was a fine meeting in the Liederkrantz Hall, with an attendance of 120. In St. Louis a meeting was held in the Single Tax rooms, and an address made. In Louisville a large meeting was held in the Y. M. Hebrew's Hall, and an address on "Uncommercial Mysticism" given. The newspapers devoted much space to reports, a result largely due to the influence of Mr. C. Dobbs. Mr. Holbrook and his son came up from Princeton for the meeting, as they do every week, and also Mr. Kummer from St. Louis. At Indianapolis the Lodge has headquarters of its own under the care of Mr. and Mrs. Strong, and a very good meeting was held on the 31st. Many of those who had been enticed away from the movement by false or misleading reports, are taking up the work again here. This is the case in other places also. In Columbus a meeting was held on Sunday evening in the Labor Society's Hall in High street, and there was a fair attendance. In the morning Mr. Smythe attended a service held in the Workhouse, and was given an opportunity to address the prisoners, numbering over a hundred. They listened with great attention to his appeal to them to recognize the manhood they owned in common with even the greatest of men, and to try to overcome in themselves the qualities of the dog and the monkey, which robbed them of their liberty and progress. Mr. Schaub has charge of the Columbus center, and frequently attends these Workhouse services. Meetings were held in Wilkinsburg and Allegheny City as well as in Pittsburg on the 7th, 8th and 9th insts. The lecture in the Carnegie Hall met with a most appreciative reception, and questions were asked until the janitor turned out the lights. In Warren, where Dr. and Mrs. McAlpine continue to sow the seed of Brotherhood, a meeting was held on the 10th in the Y. M. C. A. Auditorium. With the thermometer at 20 below zero not many were expected, but the result was most encouraging, and those who came expressed much satisfaction. In Youngstown a large meeting was held in the fine hall of the Youngstown Lodge, on Sunday evening, the 12th February. Dr. Acheson, who has been such a source of strength to the movement there, had been very ill for some weeks, but was recovering when last heard from, and though unable to be out of bed, followed all the arrangements with his advice and suggestions. In Cleveland, Mr. W. E. Gates was indefatigable in his preparations, and the interest of the audience in the Army and Navy Hall was highly gratifying, and betokened further growth to follow.

In all the places visited, with one exception, meetings of the E. S. T. were held. The earnestness of these meetings, at times almost overpowering in its intensity,

and distinguished by the clear and unwavering devotion of the membris to principle, and by the intelligent fidelity of those who have consciously united their karma with that of the Helpers of Humanity, careful as they are not to throw dross into the melting-pot of discipleship, is evidenced by the force that is now carrying the movement forward to the realization of Brotherhood among all men.

The Convention at Point Loma is arousing the greatest enthusiasm. More than is usual have already announced their intention of being present. What this means to the race, for whom the various delegates go as representatives and trustees, will be better appreciated when the world awakens to the existence of the School for the Revival of the Lost Mysteries of Antiquity.

### NEW ENGLAND.

Feb. 13, 1899.

News from New England generally shows steady work.

About Boston and vicinity the work is progressing in a very satisfactory manner.

On January 1 the Lotus Groups in and around Boston spent the afternoon with the Cambridge Lotus Group at Cambridgeport. The opening exercises were conducted as usual, after which there were addresses by Miss Guild, Mr. Ayers and Mr. Seele, who laid emphasis on the words of our leader that "Life is Joy." Refreshments were then served, followed by presents from the tree; after which the children passed round the tree singing the Circle Song, and bags of candy were distributed among them. When the meeting dispersed it was remarked by all present that a mingled feeling of Unity, Joy and Calmness seemed to pervade the attitude of those present.

Every Thursday evening there is a Union Meeting held at Universal Brotherhood Hall, 24 Mt. Vernon street, of the different centers in Boston, Somerville, Cambridge and Malden. The suggestions with reference to study, referred to in June and October, 1898, issue of "Universal Brotherhood," have been followed.

Each of the above mentioned centers holds meetings every Sunday evening at their respective halls. The most noticeable feature of these meetings is the increased attendance of strangers, their earnest attention and intelligent questions.

Every Saturday evening there is a Union Meeting of Lotus Helpers, of Boston and vicinity, at 24 Mt. Vernon street, for the study of the lessons and practice of singing for the Lotus Groups.

President Neresheimer passed through Boston, January 10, and called at Headquarters.

On January 16, 17 and 18 the Leader and Official Head was in New England with Pres. Neresheimer, Mr. M. Pierce, Mr. H. T. Patterson, Mr. Clark Thurston and Dr. Coryn. About seventy members welcomed them at Headquarters in Boston, and it was an occasion which will long be remembered. On the return of the party to New York they spent a few hours at Easthampton, Mass. In that section there are several centers of active and earnest members, of which a Union Meeting was held at Mrs. Richmond-Green's at Easthampton.

The I. B. L. work at New England Headquarters, for the treatment of alcohol and morphine sufferers, is meeting with good success, and the beneficent results are receiving due appreciation in influential quarters.

The members throughout New England are very much interested in the coming Universal Brotherhood Congress to be held at Point Loma, and it is hoped that this section of the United States will be well represented.

GEORGIANA ADAMS.

### BUFFALO.

U. B. LODGE 80, BUFFALO, N. Y.—Three public meetings are held weekly: Public U. B. meeting, Sunday night; Study of Theosophy, Tuesday night; I. B. L. meeting

on Friday, for the purpose of discussing the various aspects of Brotherhood, and the asking and answering of questions.

The Wayfare, a temporary shelter for homeless and destitute women, and Lotus Home, for homeless children, both under the auspices of the I. B. L., are actively engaged in their departments of Brotherhood work. Lotus Home, so recently established, is gaining more and more the aspects of a real and permanent Home. Seven fine healthy children are at present being cared for, and the work of "educating" and "training destitute and homeless children to become workers for Humanity," is receiving the earnest and marked attention of the philanthropists of the city, who express the greatest enthusiasm when the nature of the work and its plan are laid before them, foretelling an unsurpassed field of usefulness for the future.

The work of "Solidification" is going on here, and *all* are loyal to our great Leader and gladly follow where she leads in Brotherhood work.

T. Y. STEVENS, Corresponding Secretary.

### CHICAGO.

4365 GREENWOOD AVE., CHICAGO, Jan. 19th, 1899.

Mr. Albert E. S. Smythe, of Toronto, who has been sent out to visit the various Lodges, arrived in Chicago Jan. 14th.

His coming has already resulted in much good, in meeting and consolidation of members, and the cordial and attentive attention accorded him at the public meeting Sunday evening was most gratifying. His subject was "Law and Freedom," and he spoke not only to a well filled hall, but to an audience that attested their interest in what was said by the closest attention and the asking of more questions at the close of the address than there was time to answer. These questions Brother Smythe answered in his usual terse and witty way, drawing out the appreciative applause of his hearers. To-night Mr. Smythe is to speak at a second public meeting on "Uncommercial Mysticism," and next Sunday night on "The Philosophy of Life." The members' meeting, usually held on Thursday evening, gave way to the public meeting, as the larger hall could not be secured any other night. The Lodge meeting is to be held instead on Friday evening, at which Brother Smythe will speak to the members on subjects connected with the work which are nearest to our hearts. Two E. S. T. meetings have been held and the spirit and unity of those occasions were added proof of the existing harmony and force now prevailing in the movement, as well as of the utmost confidence and trust in the one who guides it.

The attendance was very large and Brother Smythe there spoke with much earnestness. The signs for the future of the work are most promising.

The three stones prepared some time ago by "Loyalty," "Saga" and the "Englewood" Branches, to take their place in the building for the School for the Revival of the Lost Mysteries of Antiquity, have been shipped to Point Loma, as the first messengers sent before us. As even the stones are said in scripture to "cry out," and as they have reposed so long in our Lodge rooms, one of our members suggests that they will carry to Point Loma with them the impress of our devotion and good will there received, so that they are our real messengers, and their mission of standing so long in our Lodge rooms has been a real one.

ALPHEUS M. SMITH.

### YOUNGSTOWN.

Feb. 15, 1899.

Our usual weekly public meetings have been fairly well attended, considering the unfavorable weather, much interest being manifested and new faces usually seen.

On Jan. 19 an entertainment was held for the newsboys and bootblacks. The

attendance was far beyond our rosiest expectations, at least three hundred and seventy-five being present. They were as quiet and attentive as could be expected.

These little fellows listened attentively to remarks made by Mayor Moore, Dr. Acheson and Dr. Schreiber. Between these short speeches we had good music, both vocal and instrumental, furnished by members and friends, who volunteered their services. When the boys were dismissed, each was given a small bag of candy. It is our intention to provide the boys with similar entertainments from time to time, and hope some good may result.

On Sunday morning, Jan. 12, a meeting of the Universal Brotherhood was held to listen to Brother Albert E. S. Smythe; and in the evening Brother Smythe delivered his lecture on "The Philosophy of Life," to a much larger audience than we anticipated, as the weather was extremely cold. He was listened to with the greatest eagerness, and everyone expressed themselves as being many times repaid for braving the weather.

The only fault we can find with Brother Smythe is that he would not stay longer. I am convinced that he did a great deal of good here.

SINGLETON A. KING, Sec'y Lodge 55.

### FORT WAYNE.

Fort Wayne Lodge No. 42 is holding its Thursday night meetings regularly with good attendance of earnest members and enquirers; almost every meeting some new faces appear in the audience.

On Jan. 12 Bro. Albert Smythe visited our Lodge and addressed us on the "Science of Life." Brother Smythe is one of the "Old Warriors" who is not a stranger in Fort Wayne, and we could not help being benefited with his visit and encouragement.

On Jan. 19 our Lodge gave a stereopticon and phonographic entertainment to the newsboys of Fort Wayne, with songs and recitations by some of the little girls of the Lotus Circle. Judge O'Rourke spoke on the purposes of the Universal Brotherhood.

On Jan. 26 Judge O'Rourke addressed the meeting on the subject of "Ignorance." The month of January has been a very successful month with the Fort Wayne Lodge.

S. MILTON McFERRAN.

### PITTSBURG.

Feb. 12, 1899.

Universal Brotherhood Lodge No. 56, Pittsburg, began the New Year practically out of debt. We have re-rented our rooms for another year.

The public meetings, Sunday evenings, are well attended and always one or more new faces present. We conduct the meetings as suggested by our Leader, and the interest that is evidenced when the questions begin at the close of reading the article from the "Universal Brotherhood" Magazine or *The New Century*, is proof of the wisdom of those suggestions.

Our I. B. L. work is on the lines of propaganda. One of our members had letter paper printed for the Lodge with extracts from the Universal Brotherhood Constitution and the objects of the International Brotherhood League printed down the side; and another member printed visiting cards with the name of the Organization and time and place of meeting printed on the back. We find them very convenient to carry with us, and they are the means of bringing many persons to our meetings. The stone for S. R. L. M. A. was shipped to Point Loma, January 12th. Our book sales have been larger the past two or three months than ever in the history of our Lodge. I cannot add anything more for the present, unless it is that we, as members, are a harmonious whole, working for this great movement, Universal Brotherhood, and devoted to our Leader.

M. S. BRACH.

## INDIANAPOLIS.

Feb. 13, 1899.

Universal Brotherhood Lodge No. 83, Indianapolis, Indiana, is holding public meetings regularly every Sunday and Tuesday evenings, at 8 o'clock. We have headquarters in a large modern house, 923 Fort Wayne avenue. The rooms, which communicate with large double doors, together with the hall vestibule, afford a seating capacity of about fifty or sixty. Ordinarily the front room is used as a reception room. The second room is fitted up with a large book-case, piano, and is used as a library or reading room. Scarcely a day passes that some friend or member of the Lodge does not stop in at the headquarters to talk upon the subject of Brotherhood, or mayhap select a pamphlet or book to assist in the work. We were favored with a visit from Bro. Albert E. S. Smythe, of Toronto, Ontario, Jan. 31 and Feb. 1. He made his home at headquarters during his sojourn in our city. On the evening of Jan. 31 he addressed a public meeting upon "The Philosophy of Life." The weather was very disagreeable, but, notwithstanding, a goodly number turned out to enjoy the address. Bro. Smythe's remarks were well received, and one of the daily newspapers had a reporter attend the meeting. Considerable interest in the U. B. movement has since been manifest; and some who took no interest in the work before Bro. Smythe's advent, have now become regular attendants at the meetings. On the evening of Feb. 1 Bro. Smythe met with the members at headquarters and deeply interested all with a brief resume of the activities throughout the world. The members of the Brotherhood enjoyed Bro. Smythe's visit to Indianapolis very much indeed. About two years ago Bro. Smythe visited our city and found it impossible to interest enough members of "The Indianapolis Branch of the Theosophical Society in America" to arrange for a public meeting. Note the change—thanks to the Chicago Convention and our dear Leader—a well-attended public meeting; "good seed sown upon fertile soil." The latch-string is out—call and see us when in Indianapolis.

G. W. STRONG.

## TOLEDO.

Toledo Lodge No. 32, Universal Brotherhood, has had a very pleasant week's visit from Mrs. E. C. Mayer of Headquarters. Mrs. Mayer arrived Thursday evening, Feb. 2, and attended the Toledo Newsboys' and Bootblacks' Union Meeting that evening, where she received a very warm welcome from the boys. They were very enthusiastic over her talk to them of the work among young people all over the world. After the meeting Mrs. Mayer gave several piano selections, and the evening ended by a cake-walk which the boys highly enjoyed, and several made very good attempts at cake walking.

Mrs. Mayer was the guest of Mrs. L. H. Fichtenkam, who is President of the Newsboys' and Bootblacks' Union, and well acquainted with boys' work in Toledo. Our visitor thus became acquainted more closely with our work and spent much of her time at the Newsboys' Home.

Lodge No. 32 has recently changed its Headquarters to Room 206, Chamber of Commerce. The first meeting in the new quarters was held on Tuesday evening, Feb. 7, when Mrs. Mayer gave a very interesting address. There were two applications for membership and a number of enquiries, so that the prospects look very bright and encouraging for a large increase of membership in the near future.

International Brotherhood League meetings will be held every Sunday evening. Sunday evening last was pleasantly spent by all present and quite a number of questions were discussed. The time was spent very profitably, and enjoyed by all.

J. J. BRENNAN.

52 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, Feb. 11, 1899.

E. AUGUST NERESHEIMER, Esq., 35 Nassau Street, New York.

DEAR SIR:—

We beg to advise you that the injunction suit brought in the Supreme Court of this State against Mrs. Katherine A. Tingley and others by Alexander H. Spencer, for the purpose of asserting his alleged rights to the property belonging to the Theosophical Society in America, has been abandoned and discontinued by the plaintiff. An order has been entered to that effect at Mr. Spencer's own motion and request.

At the same time we have received a check for \$350.00 in settlement of the claim for damages upon the injunction bond.

This motion on the part of the plaintiff leaves as final the decision which was rendered in your favor by Judge Werner upon the application made last Spring by the plaintiff for a temporary injunction, and puts a final termination to the litigation.

We are pleased to be able to advise you of this fact, and we remain,

Very truly yours,

KELLOGG & BECKWITH.

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