

"The Theosophical ideas of charity mean *personal* exertion for others; *personal* mercy and kindness; *personal* interest in the welfare of those who suffer; *personal* sympathy, forethought and assistance in their troubles or needs."—H. P. BLAVATSKY, *Key to Theosophy*.

"To help men and women to realize the nobility of their calling and their true position in life."—First Object of the International Brotherhood League.

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HENRY CLAY.

BY ALEXANDER WILDER, M. D.

THE illustration of "Henry Clay addressing Congress" exhibits, with almost the exactness of portraits, the likeness of the prominent members of the American Senate at that time. It is to be regretted that a key is not given, as several of them, and these not the men of less importance, are not at this late period easily recognized. Yet as we look upon their faces here delineated, we feel as if we had known them all.

Naturally our attention is first directed to the figure of the one addressing the Senate. The United States will have to pass through another Civil War as destructive of former memories as this one has been, before Henry Clay can be forgotten. Making his mark upon the history, legislation and diplomacy of the country, that mark cannot be removed except the heart of the Nation is torn out with it.

The presiding officer we recognize as Millard Fillmore, once a favorite son of New York, and Vice-President in 1849 and 1850; then succeeding to the presidency at the death of General Taylor. Growing up from poverty and his few opportunities, he became an accomplished lawyer, a diligent legislator, and a statesman of recognized ability. Comely of person, graceful in manner,

and generous in his impulses, he was at the time one of the most popular men of Western New York, and continued to be till he signed the measure that operated more than any other to estrange the citizens of the Republic from one another—the Fugitive Slave Act of 1851.

We also observe near the speaker General Lewis Cass, then the foremost man of the Democratic Party, whose nomination for President in 1852 Mr. Clay desired and hoped for as most likely to avert the crisis which he foresaw. He then lay dying, but to the last the welfare of his Country was at his heart. But General Cass was passed over, and the current moved with renewed force to the final event. For years as Senator and Cabinet Minister he put forth his energy to arrest its progress, but was compelled to give way overpowered.

On beyond is John C. Calhoun, with head bent forward, listening intently. His, likewise, was a career of remarkable significance in the Nation. He had entered Congress almost at the same time with Mr. Clay, and both in concert with Langdon Cheves and William Lowndes, who seemed to have been elected for that purpose, put forth their utmost efforts with success, to procure a declaration of war with Great Britain. The measure was regarded essential to

the continuance of the Republican Party in power, and Mr. Madison reluctantly acceded to it, regretting his compliance soon afterward. The next turn of the wheel made Mr. Calhoun a Cabinet Minister, and an aspirant for the presidency, for which he had the support of Daniel Webster. Falling short of that ambition, he became the champion of State Rights and nullification, bringing his native commonwealth to the verge of civil war, and himself into personal peril. Thenceforth he set about educating his people for mortal conflict. The attempt to add new territory to this country for the extending of the power of the Southern as against the Northern States, had brought nearer the crisis which Mr. Clay was striving to avert. It seems almost anachronism to place Mr. Calhoun in this picture, for he died in 1850.

Daniel Webster, however, is the figure soonest recognized. The artist has placed him in a row a little way behind the orator, sitting in a thoughtful mood, but leaving us at a loss to surmise whether he is attending to the subject under discussion, or meditating upon some topic which he may esteem to be of profounder importance. He was translated to the Cabinet a second time by President Fillmore, but found himself without supporters except personal friends and admirers, and estranged from his political associates. He quickly followed Mr. Clay to the grave in 1852.

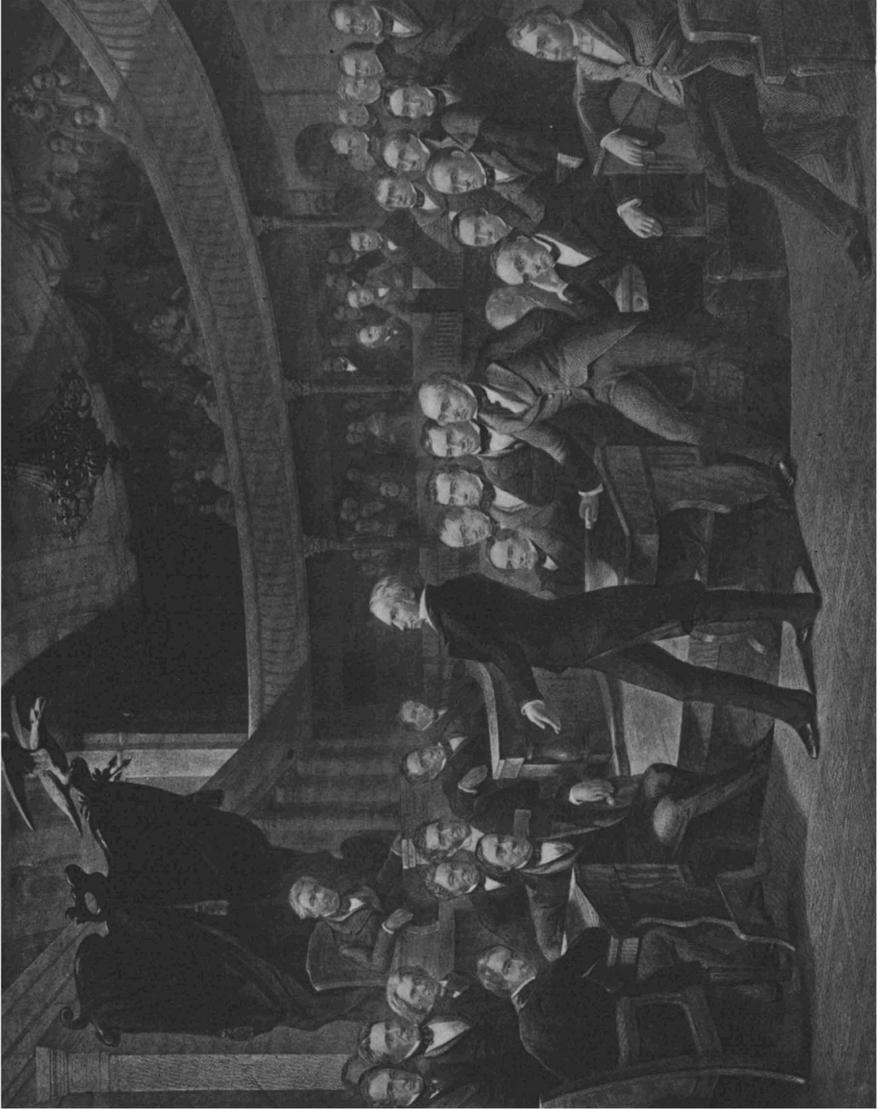
The other faces in the picture seem familiar and are carefully depicted. We do not find, however, the "new men" who had already come as precursors of the next epoch in American history. John P. Hale and William H. Seward are left out, and we fail of finding Daniel S. Dickinson, John Davis or Stephen A. Douglas. Those whom we do see there were undoubtedly regarded as more notable, belonging as they did to an era that seems to have passed almost completely into oblivion. For it is true

however discreditable as it may seem, that the events of that time and the men of that time are almost as little cognized by Americans of the present generation as though they had been of the period of Magna Charta and the Conference of Barons at Runnymede.

The war with Mexico resulting from the annexation of Texas in 1845, had effected the addition of New Mexico and California to the jurisdiction of the United States. Legislation was required to provide for the exigency. An issue had been introduced by the "Wilmot Proviso," declaring that neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except for crime, should exist in the new territory. This issue had decided the election of 1848 giving the Whigs the National Administration. The organizing of Oregon with this inhibition had created an alarm. There were fifteen states with slavery and fifteen without, so that each region had an equal number of Senators. This arrangement was now imperilled. The contest was very sharp. Mr. Clay apprehending danger to the Union, procured the appointment of a joint Congressional Committee to devise measures of pacification. This Committee reported what was known as the "Omni-bus Bill," providing for the admission of California as a State, the organization of territorial governments for Utah and New Mexico, and more effective measures for the rendition of runaway slaves.

It is apparently in support of this measure that Mr. Clay is speaking. The prominent senators, the supporters of this legislation, are listening. It may be well to add that it did not pass in this form, but that the several propositions thus massed together, were afterward enacted in separate bills.

Mr. Clay was always a conspicuous character in American History. His marked personality, his impressive manner, his profound sincerity, his unquestioned patriotism, his unblemished pub-



HENRY CLAY ADDRESSING CONGRESS.

Reproduced from an engraving by permission of Wm. Pate & Co., New York.

lic career, his loyal friendship, his ardent sympathy for the helpless and injured, all combined to make him the idol of his party. He was like Agamemnon, a "king of men." Even when defeated, he never lost prestige, but gained in the affection of those who knew him. Ambitious, he certainly was, for he aspired to the chief office in the Republic, but he stubbornly refused to employ unworthy means to secure the prize. When the place was within his grasp, and his supporters were buoyant with assurance of success, he put it out of his reach by exuberant frankness. Yet the disappointment never weakened his love of country, and his last efforts were put forth to secure harmony in our public councils and to preserve the Nation undivided.

He was the architect of his own fortunes. His early opportunities were limited, and he had never been able to obtain a liberal education. His father was a Baptist preacher, at that time of no account in Virginia, and there was no relationship with "first families." Henry Clay was strictly of the people and a son of the people; his blood was intensely red, without any tinge of patrician blue. Early left an orphan he ate the bread of poverty, and at a tender age was taught to work for a livelihood, to plough, to dig and labor in the harvest field. He was generally known in the region as "the Mill Boy of the Slashes." Fortunately for him when he was fourteen years of age, his mother married a second husband, a man quick to perceive the ability of the youth and to find him opportunity. He was placed for a year in a retail store in Richmond, and afterward in the office of the clerk of the High Court of Chancery.

A biographer describes him at this period as raw-boned, lank and awkward, with a countenance by no means handsome, and dressed in garments homemade and ill-fitting, with linen starched to such a stiffness as to make him look

peculiarly strange and uncomfortable. As he took his place at the desk to copy papers, his new companions tittered at his appearance, and his blushing confusion. They soon learned to like him, however, and he was found to be a faithful and industrious worker. He read incessantly during his hours of leisure but unfortunately acquired a habit of cursory perusing, a "skimming over" which he never conquered, and which seriously interfered with thoroughness. This became afterward to him a source of profound regret.

His diligence at work attracted the attention of the Chancellor, George Wythe, who selected him for amanuensis to write out and record the decisions of the Court. This was the turning point of his career. Wythe was a signer of the Declaration of Independence and member of the Convention that framed the Federal Constitution. He believed in what he promulgated, emancipating his slaves and making provision for their subsisting. Thomas Jefferson and John Marshall had been his students. The four years thus spent there decided Clay to become a lawyer, and he entered the office of Robert Brooke the Attorney-General as a regular student. A year later he received the license to practice. At the age of twenty he set out for Kentucky to seek his fortune, making his residence at Lexington then styled "the literary and intellectual centre of the West."

He became, like all Southern men of note, a politician, and quickly gained distinction as a speaker. In 1797 a Convention was held to revise the Constitution of the State, and he labored assiduously, but without success to procure the adoption of a system of emancipation. He saved his popularity, however, by vigorously declaring against the Alien and Sedition Laws of Congress. So much easier is it to resent and deplore the wrongs that others commit than to repent of those we commit ourselves.

Mr. Clay was from this time a champion of the helpless and the wronged. It required personal as well as moral courage. There were men in Kentucky who regarded themselves as leaders in Society and above being held to account for unworthy and lawless acts. Colonel Joseph Daviess, then District Attorney of the United States and a Federalist, perpetrated a brutal assault upon a private citizen. Everybody feared him but Mr. Clay. He took the matter boldly up. Daviess warned him to desist, but was unable to frighten him even by a challenge to a duel. With like sentiment toward a man that he conceived to be wronged, he became a defender of Aaron Burr, but on learning of deception he refused further friendly relations.

After a period of service in the Legislature, Mr. Clay was chosen to fill an unexpired term in the Senate at Washington and took his seat in December, 1806, when under thirty years of age. He seems to have paid little heed to the unwritten law of reticence, but took active part in speaking and legislating. He advocated the projects of a bridge across the Potomac, and also roads and canals to facilitate communication between the Atlantic Seaboard and the region west of the Allegheny Mountains. A monument near Wheeling commemorates his support of the Cumberland Road.

Political opinions then current have a curious flavor now. Many questioned the constitutionality of such legislation. The establishment of a Navy was opposed. The Barbary States received tribute year by year for abstaining from piracy on American Commerce. Great Britain, claiming to be mistress of the seas, took some six thousand seamen from merchant vessels to serve in her Navy, and confiscated goods that were shipped to European markets. France, likewise, issued decrees of forfeiture; and all the defense attempted was an embargo forbidding American vessels to

leave port. Spain pretended that her possessions in West Florida extended to the Mississippi River, and the Federalists in Congress denounced the action of President Madison to hold that region as being a spoliation of a helpless and unoffending power.

Mr. Clay had just come again to the Senate. Although the youngest member he was foremost in sustaining vigorous action. "I have no commiseration for princes," said he; "my sympathies are reserved for the great mass of mankind, and I own that the people of Spain have them most sincerely."

Then he turned upon the great sensitiveness exhibited toward Great Britain. "This phantom has too much influence on the councils of the Nation," he declared. "I most sincerely desire peace and amity with England; I even prefer an adjustment of differences with her before one with any other Nation. But if she persists in a denial of justice to us, or if she avails herself of the occupation in West Florida to commence war upon us, I trust and hope that all hearts will unite in a bold and vigorous vindication of our rights."

Mr. Clay next appears as Speaker of the House of Representatives in 1811. The House was more to his liking than the Senate; it was at that time a debating body not dominated as it is now by Committees appointed by the Presiding Officer. He was vehement in demanding preparations for war with England, and talked of terms of peace to be dictated at Halifax. The President was timid, and the North and East opposed; but a declaration was made, and Mr. Madison proposed to make Mr. Clay Commander-in-chief. This he declined. There was a likelihood of cabals in Congress like those which assailed General Washington in the Revolution. The Navy saved the credit of the Nation, which the Army failed to sustain, and with that it averted a peril of disunion.

Negotiations for peace were held at

Ghent. Mr. Clay, as one of the Commissioners, yielded a reluctant consent to the treaty. He would not visit England till he heard of the Battle of New Orleans, but he went to Paris.

In an interview with Madame de Stael, she spoke of the exasperation in England and the serious intentions of sending the Duke of Wellington to America. "I wish they had," said Clay. "Why?" she asked. "Because," said he, "If he had beaten us we should only have been in the condition of Europe, without disgrace. But if we had been so fortunate as to defeat him, we should have greatly added to the renown of our arms."

This conversation was repeated to the Duke, who at once remarked that he would have regarded a victory over the Americans as a greater honor than any which he had ever achieved. He also praised the American Peace Commissioners as having shown more ability than those of England.

Henceforth, Mr. Clay remained in his own country. Mr. Madison tendered him the mission to Russia but he declined. He then offered him the portfolio of the War Department. But Mr. Clay chose rather to return to the House of Representatives and was again elected Speaker.

He was now himself a leader; the men who had been at the head of the Republican Party from the time of Washington, were passing from supremacy. The war had developed new necessities and new views of political subjects, and new men were taking hold of public service. What had been denounced in 1810 became the policy of 1816; the Federal party passed away, for its leaders had offended the nation, and the new Republicans had adopted their principal measures. We now find Henry Clay and John C. Calhoun still hand in hand, with Daniel Webster the Union-lover and John Randolph the Union-hater in opposition, and the President still hold-

ing the old traditions.

The conditions of affairs in South America was the occasion of a bill for more strict enforcing of neutrality. Mr. Clay dissented from the measure. The ignorance and superstition imputed to the people of the Spanish provinces, he insisted, was due to the tyranny and oppression, hierarchic and political, under which they groaned. Their independence was the first step toward improving their condition. "Let them have free government if they are capable of enjoying it," said he; "but let them, at all events, have independence. I may be accused of an imprudent utterance of my feelings on this occasion. I care not. When the independence, the happiness, the liberty of a whole people is at stake, and that people our neighbors, occupy a portion of the same continent, imitating our example and participating of the same sympathies with ourselves, I will boldly avow my feelings and my wishes in their behalf, even at the hazard of such an imputation."

He had exulted at the victory of New Orleans by a Western General in a Western State. But when General Jackson in the Seminole War, enlisted volunteers again without civil authority, invaded Florida, decoyed Indian Chiefs into his camp by a flag of truce and put them to death, besides executing two British subjects, Mr. Clay denounced his acts as a disregard of every principle of honor, humanity and justice. He was, however, again in advance of popular sentiment.

The proposed admission of Missouri to the Union as a Slave State became an issue for several years. It was a question whether there should continue as before an equal number of Free and Slave States, so as to assure the latter a safeguard in the Senate. It was interest on one side and sentiment on the other. The excitement was so intense as to threaten the Union itself. Dissolution was actually considered. The matter

was finally determined by a vote to admit Missouri but to exclude slavery from all the region west of it and north of its southern boundary line. In this controversy Mr. Clay acted with the Southern Congressmen, and by his sagacity as Speaker, the measure was made sure: the conflict, however, to be again renewed a third of a century later, transforming the politics of a Nation.

None of Mr. Clay's speeches on this question were published. He had been constrained by the voice of his State and fears for the safety of the Union, but he was not willing to appear before his countrymen and posterity in the lurid light of sustaining slavery.

The revolt in Greece enlisted the sympathy of all America. Meetings were held to declare the prevailing sentiment. Albert Gallatin even proposed to aid with a naval force. Mr. Webster offered a resolution in Congress authorizing a Commissioner to be sent to that country. Mr. Clay supported the motion in his Demosthenean style. After portraying the situation, he added the challenge: "Go home if you can; go home if you dare, to your constituents, and tell them that you voted this proposition down; meet if you can, the appalling countenances of those who sent you here, and tell them that you shrank from the declaration of your own sentiments; that you can not tell how, but that some unknown dread, some indescribable apprehension, some indefinable danger, drove you away from your purpose; that the spectres of cimeters, and crowns, and crescents, gleamed before you and alarmed you; and that you suppressed all the noble feelings prompted by religion, by liberty, by national independence, and by humanity."

Mr. Clay had been already placed in the field as a candidate for President, and this temerity astonished his supporters. He had enemies, likewise, to take advantage of his excitable temper, to irritate him to personal altercation.

John Randolph was conspicuous. He taunted Mr. Clay for his defective education. "I know my deficiencies," Mr. Clay replied. "I was born to no patrimonial estate; from my father I inherited only infancy, ignorance and indigence. I feel my defects; but so far as my situation in early life is concerned, I may without presumption say they are more my misfortune than my fault."

There were no political parties in 1824; all were Republicans, and the contest was simply between men. Mr. Clay was approached with propositions such as would now be considered legitimate. He refused to enter into any arrangements or make any promise or pledge. There was no choice effected by the Electors. In the Legislature of Louisiana, advantage was taken of the absence of members to deprive him of the vote of that State. He was thus deprived of the opportunity of an election by the House of Representatives. It so happened, however, that the decision was in his hands, and he gave his vote to John Quincy Adams. The two had differed widely and with temper, but of Mr. Adams' superior fitness there was no possible question. In political matters he never rewarded a friend nor punished an adversary. He administered every trust conscientiously. Mr. Clay became his Secretary of State. It was an administration which the Nation would like to witness again. The honor of the Nation was sustained; the country was prosperous beyond former periods. What may now appear incredible, there were twenty-four states in the Union, yet the public expenditures barely exceeded eleven million dollars a year.

The endeavor to effect a friendly alliance with the new Spanish-American Republics was unsuccessful. When Bolivar wrote Mr. Clay a letter acknowledging his good offices, he replied with a gentle remonstrance against the establishing of an arbitrary dictatorship. He was disappointed in his hopes and ex-

pectations. Mr. Adams had judged those men better than he. In diplomacy Mr. Clay aimed at reciprocity in commercial matters. He advised the recognition of Hayti likewise, as a sovereign State.

He also became one of the chief supporters of the African Colonization Society. He believed it possible to remove a sufficient number of free negroes to reduce sensibly the number of the colored population, and bring about gradual emancipation. "If," said he, "I could be instrumental in eradicating this deepest stain upon the character of our country, and removing all cause of reproach on account of it by foreign nations; if I could only be instrumental in ridding of this foul blot that revered State that gave me birth, or that not less beloved State which kindly adopted me as her son, I would not exchange the proud satisfaction which I should enjoy for the honor of all the triumphs ever decreed to the most successful conqueror."

In 1828 a new administration and a newly organized political party were chosen. Mr. Clay returned to Kentucky. But defeat never lessened his hold upon his friends. In 1831 Daniel Webster, voicing the sentiment of them all, wrote to him: "We need your arm in the fight. It would be an infinite gratification to me to have your aid, or rather your lead."

Reluctantly he obeyed. He took his seat in the Senate more heartily welcomed by his friends, more bitterly hated by his enemies, than ever before. From this time he was more conservative. He was henceforth the opposer of aggression, the pacificator for the sake of the Union.

He was again nominated for President by the Republicans in 1832. Some years later the opposition united to form the Whig Party, but although he was its acknowledged leader, the anti-masonic influence gave the nomination in 1840 to Gen. Wm. H. Harrison. He was, however, again nominated in 1844 and apparently certain of election till a letter was published in which he spoke of the proposed annexation of Texas in ambiguous terms which disaffected anti-slavery voters enough to defeat him. He had retired from the Senate two years before, but came back under the new administration. He foresaw peril to the Republic, and now hoped to be able to stay the tide. But it was only temporary.

His personal appearance, as represented in the picture, was unique. He was tall and thin, though muscular; and there was an entire absence of everything like stiffness or haughtiness. His manner was cordial and kind, inviting rather than repelling approach. His eyes were dark gray, small, and when excited they flashed with striking vividness. His forehead was high and broad. His mouth was large, but expressive of genius and energy. His voice was silvery, deep-toned, and exquisitely modulated. When speaking, he threw his soul into the subject, carrying along the souls of the hearers, making them assent or dissent as he did. He spoke as the patriot warrior of a thousand battles would speak; and despite the enmity and rancor which pursued him with fiendish bitterness, the men opposed to him mourned with his friends when he was no more a denizen of earth.

RICHARD WAGNER'S PROSE WORKS.

BY BASIL CRUMP.

VOLUME I.

THE world knows Richard Wagner as a daring musical genius; a few know him as a poet who wrote the poems for his own dramas; fewer still know him as a writer, philosopher and mystic. His voluminous prose works are being translated into English by Mr. W. Ashton Ellis, of the London branch of the Wagner Society, and the work will be completed by the end of the century. When these writings become familiar to the reading public, Wagner will be much better understood than he is now; the vast scope of his work, and its harmonious relation to other universal schemes of work which make for the elevation of the human race, will be more fully recognized. Then the narrow and ignorant criticisms of a Nordau or a Tolstoi, will have no foothold in the mind of an enlightened public.

In the previous series of articles entitled "Richard Wagner's Music Dramas," my purpose was to throw some light on the inner meaning of those dramas. In doing this some quotations were made from the prose writings, where Wagner has made actual explanations or thrown out hints of his meaning. In dealing with the prose works themselves, my aim will be to show the basis of Wagner's reform in the field of dramatic art, and the great motives which led him to strike out a totally new path. And here at the outset let me say that no brief review of these volumes can possibly convey any clear conception of their contents; it will therefore be necessary to devote several of these articles to the more important essays. The volume with which I am about to deal opens with an

AUTOBIOGRAPHIC SKETCH.

Wagner wrote this in 1843, at the request of a German editor. In it we see the germs of his future genius, and I will select such details as serve to indicate them. Wilhelm Richard Wagner was born at Leipzig on May 22, 1813, and learnt to play a little on the piano at the age of seven. Two years later, when the family migrated to Dresden, he used to watch Weber "with a reverent awe," as the composer of *Der Freischütz* passed to and fro to rehearsals. Thereupon his piano exercises were speedily neglected in favor of the overture to *Der Freischütz* executed "with the most fearful fingering."

"But this music-strumming was quite a secondary matter: Greek, Latin, mythology and ancient history were my principal studies." At this time he wrote some prize verses on the death of a schoolfellow. "I was then eleven years old. I promptly determined to become a poet, and sketched out tragedies on the model of the Greeks." He also translated twelve books of the *Odyssey*, and learnt English in order to study Shakespeare. "I projected a grand tragedy which was almost nothing but a medley of *Hamlet* and *King Lear*. The plan was gigantic in the extreme; two-and-forty human beings died in the course of this piece, and I saw myself compelled in its working out to call the greater number back as ghosts, otherwise I should have been short of characters for my last acts."

Being removed to the Leipzig *Nikolaischule* he there for the first time came into contact with Beethoven's genius; "its impression upon me was overpowering. . . . Beethoven's music to *Eg-*

mont so much inspired me, that I determined—for all the world—not to allow my now completed tragedy to leave the stocks until provided with suchlike music. Without the slightest diffidence, I believed that I could myself write this needful music, but thought it better to first clear up a few of the general principles of thorough-bass. . . . But this study did not bear such rapid fruit as I had expected: its difficulties both provoked and fascinated me; I resolved to become a musician."

Thus far we see the embryo poet-musician. In his sixteenth year the mysticism in his nature was roused by a study of E. A. Hoffmann: "I had visions by day in semi-slumber, in which the 'Keynote,' 'Third,' and 'Dominant' seemed to take on living form and reveal to me their mighty meaning." These visions are curiously confirmed by the scientific phenomena of Chladni's sand figures and the sound forms of Mrs. Watts Hughes. The fact that sound is the means through which all form is produced is a very old teaching. Pythagoras, who brought the art of music from India to Greece, taught that the Universe was evolved out of chaos by the power of sound and constructed according to the principles of musical proportion.

About this time Wagner seriously studied Counterpoint under Theodor Weinlig. In less than six months he was dismissed as perfect. "What you have made by this dry study," he said to his youthful pupil, "we call 'Self-dependence.'" In 1832 he composed "an opera-book of tragic contents: *Die Hochzeit*"; his sister disapproved of the work and he at once destroyed it, although some of the music was already written. *Die Feen* (The Fairies) followed in the next year and was the first of his completed operatic works. At the age of twenty-one he tells us: "I had emerged from abstract Mysticism, and I learnt a love for Matter." The result

was *Das Liebesverbot* founded on Shakespeare's *Measure for Measure*, in which "free and frank physicalism" prevails over "Puritanical hypocrisy."

This wild mood soon ceased under the pressure of petty cares; in 1836 he married the woman whose devotion helped him through so many years of bitter struggle. The following year he began his first large work, *Rienzi*, and became musical director at the Riga theatre. The poem was finished in 1838, and in 1839 when the music was nearly completed, Wagner embarked with his wife and his beloved big dog on board a sailing ship bound for London *en route* for Paris. His object was to get *Rienzi* performed there, but despite the influence of Meyerbeer he was doomed to disappointment and found himself stranded there in the utmost poverty. This, as we shall see from an essay later in the volume, was the turning-point in his life; but we have now to consider the next essay, the famous

ART AND REVOLUTION.

The main theme of this fine article is the relation of Art to the Universal Brotherhood of Man. It is prefaced by an introduction written in 1872 which begins with Carlyle's trenchant words on "that universal Burning-up, as in hell-fire, of Human Shams." Wagner goes on to explain how the essay was written "in the feverish excitement of the year 1849." This was the revolution which cost him so many years of painful exile at Paris and Zürich. He says he was guided by an ideal which he thought of as "embodied in a Folk that should represent the incomparable might of ancient brotherhood, while I looked forward to the perfect evolution of this principle as the very essence of the associate Manhood of the Future."

After some explanations of certain technical words which might be misunderstood, Wagner introduces us to the essay itself. He begins by saying that the essence of Modern Art is only a link

in a chain of causes started by the Ancient Greeks. The Grecian spirit found its fullest expression in the god Apollo: "It was Apollo,—he who had slain the Python, the dragon of Chaos . . . who was the fulfiller of the will of Zeus upon the Grecian earth; who was, in fact, the Grecian people." Proceeding then to connect Dance and Song, as inseparable elements in early Greek Art, he says: "Thus, too, inspired by Dionysus,* the tragic poet saw this glorious god; when to all the rich elements of spontaneous art . . . he joined the bond of speech, and concentrating them all into one focus, brought forth the highest conceivable form of art—the DRAMA.

That this Drama was a religious teacher connected with the Mysteries is very clearly brought out, and Wagner draws a fine picture of one of those great sacred days when thirty thousand people assembled to witness "that most pregnant of all tragedies, the *Prometheus*; in this titanic masterpiece to see the image of themselves, to read the riddle of their own actions, and to fuse their own being and their own communion with that of their god."

How fell this glorious Tragedy? "As the spirit of *Community* split itself along a thousand lives of egoistic cleavage, so was the great united work of Tragedy disintegrated into its individual factors." For two thousand years since then Art has given way to Philosophy; but "True Art is highest freedom" and can only arise out of freedom.

Then follows a splendid description of the brutal materialism of the Romans which hangs to this very day like a pall about her ruins: "They loved to revel

in concrete and open bloodthirstiness." Mutual slavery of Emperor and people was the result, and "self-contempt, disgust with existence, horror of community" found their expression in Christianity. But this Christianity of Constantine Wagner is careful to distinguish from the teaching of "the humble son of the Galilean carpenter; who, looking on the misery of his fellow-men, proclaimed that he had not come to bring peace, but a sword into the world; whom we must love for the anger with which he thundered forth against the hypocritical Pharisees who fawned upon the power of Rome; . . . and finally who preached the reign of universal human love." In short, one might say that Jesus and his teaching stood in the same relation to the later Christianity as Dionysus and the early pure mysteries to the later degraded and materialized Bacchic mysteries.

Then in a very fine passage Wagner indicts Modern Art, based, as it is, on fame and gain and serving all the lower needs of a debased public taste. The Drama is separated into Play and Opera; the one losing its idealizer—Music,—the other, its dramatic aim and end: "What serves it us, that *Shakespeare*, like a second Creator, has opened for us the endless realm of human nature? What serves it, that *Beethoven* has lent to Music the manly, independent strength of Poetry? Ask the threadbare caricatures of your theatres, ask the street-minstrel commonplaces of your operas: and ye have your answer!"

Think of it! This was written half a century ago, and in spite of it the Music Hall more than ever sways the masses, and the cheap inanities of the comic opera are the rage with the rest of the community. I shall review the remainder of this essay in the next article.

(To be continued.)

* Dionysus was the productive or bountiful power of Nature, and the earlier and pure conception of him was of a beauteous but manly figure, attended by the Graces and presiding over dramatic representations of Nature's mysteries. It was only in later times that he appeared as Bacchus, the God of wine and intoxication, attended by Bacchantes, and presiding over sensual and drunken orgies.

ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE.

IV. POET, DIPLOMAT, TRAVELLER.

LAMARTINE spent two winters at Paris after the Restoration. His former acquaintances were scattered, and he had new ones to make. He was for a time solitary and little occupied. He was, nevertheless, resolute in his quest for an opening into public life. His friend Virieu and others introduced him to persons of distinction and one step led presently to another. The passion for literature served to place him on a friendly footing with others of similar tastes, and he became able after a while to enumerate among his acquaintances Chateaubriand, the "Napoleon of French Literature," Lamennais, the French Savonarola, Rocher, Aimé Martin, De Vigny.

The epoch of the Restoration was also the epoch of the Revival of Letters in France. The Revolution had sent scholars and literary men to the scaffold or driven them into exile, and Bonaparte had attempted to level all learning and philosophic culture to the plane of physical and mathematical science. Whatever might elevate the human soul was not tolerated. He aspired to restore the Sixteenth century at the end of the Eighteenth and required literature to be adapted to that end.

Louis XVIII. was always broad and liberal in his sentiments, and even before the Revolution he had cherished familiar relations with literary men and men of learning. His long term of enforced leisure, during his absence from France, and a weakness in his limbs which compelled him to sedentary life, had tended to deepen his interest in such pursuits. He was emphatically a king of the fire-side.

The emigrants that returned with him to France, had but imperfectly apprehended the change. Those most bigoted formed a coterie around the Count D'Artois; others endeavored to qualify the action of the King. Hence the court was a combination of old royalty with a new order of things.

A galaxy of stars of the first magnitude was now shining in France. Naturally Lamartine was dazzled by them when he came to Paris. Observing that several young men were recognized in the literary world, he again cherished the notion of publishing.

While himself without employment he conceived the plan of a long poem and actually wrote several cantos. It was to be the history of a human soul and its migrations through successive terms of existence and forms of experience till its eventual reünion to the Centre of the Universe, God.

He also projected and began several other compositions. He labored incessantly to perfect his style, till it became, though diffuse, a model of elegance, energy and correctness.

He had from time to time written verses to which he gave the title of *Meditations*. Friends slyly pilfered these, and gave copies to ladies of their acquaintance. These passed from hand to hand till they came to the table of Talleyrand himself. The prince greatly admired them and his praises were repeated to the Marquise de Raigecourt. This lady had been an intimate friend of the Princess Elizabeth. Lamartine had been introduced to her by the Count de Virieu, and she took a motherly interest in his welfare. Yet he could not bring

himself to go to the Court. "I was born wild and free," he says for himself, "and I did not like to bend down in order to rise."

From 1815 to 1818 when at home, he composed several tragedies—*Medée*, one relating to the Crusades, and *Saul*. He had a hope that by them he might gain some celebrity and perhaps contribute something to the fortune of his parents and sisters. He completed them in the spring of 1818, and having copied them in a plain hand hurried with them to Paris. He solicited an interview with Talma who granted it at once.

On invitation, he read extracts from the tragedy entitled *Saul*. The great tragedian listened attentively, and was for some time silent. His first words were: "Young man, I have desired to know you for twenty years. You would have been my poet. But it is too late. You are coming to the world and I am going from it."

He then requested Lamartine to tell him frankly, as a son to a father, his personal history, his family relations, and his wishes.

This he did and told how he had desired to work, to come out of his obscurity, to produce something that would be an honor to the name of his father and a comfort to the heart of his mother. He had thought of Talma. He had written several tragedies, of which this was a specimen.

"Will you be good enough," he implored, "to hold out your hand and help me succeed by the stage?"

Tears stood in Talma's eyes. He praised the work, and declared that in the reign of Louis XIV. it would have won applause. But now, tragedy had been superseded, in general estimation, by the drama. He counselled Lamartine to study Shakespeare, to forget art and study nature.

When Lamartine came again to Paris the next winter, he asked him to write for the stage. But Lamartine coveted a

public rather than a literary career, and applied to M. Pasquier, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, for a diplomatic appointment.

He was now present at the *salons* or drawing-room parties of the Duchess de Raigecourt, the Duchess de Broglie, Madame de Stael's daughter, Madame de Ste. Aulaire, Madame de Montcalm, the sister of the Duke de Richelieu. At these he was introduced to persons of distinction. Madame de Sainte Aulaire, who had a divining faculty for discerning young persons who were destined to achieve a career, took a warm interest in his behalf. She invited him to read several pages of his unpublished verses, and afterward encouraged him to print them. He was then recovering from a severe illness. Booksellers, however, objected to the novelty of the style, and he was able only by obstinate perseverance to induce one to undertake the risk.

Now Lamartine was harassed by a new apprehension. The book, whether it broke like an egg by falling to the ground, or proved a successful venture, was liable, although anonymous, to be a source of perplexing complications. The notion of specialties in work was current, and the fact of being an author and writer of verses, might be an obstacle to his hopes.

Madame de St. Aulaire was a relative of the minister, M. Decazes. She and her husband put forth their influence with the Government in his behalf.

About the same time, M. Jules Janin, then at the beginning of his career, finding a copy of the *Meditations* at a bookstore, purchased it out of curiosity. He found to his astonishment, a new style of poetry; that it admirably depicted the sentiments of the soul and passions of the heart, the joys of earth and the ecstasies of heaven, the hopes of the present and apprehensions of the future. He wrote a long review, which served to arouse the attention of the literary and book-reading public and to create a

prodigious demand. Forty-five thousand copies were sold in the next four years, and its author was speedily ranked with Byron, Goethe and Chateaubriand, then the distinguished poets of the period. He had originated a new style of poetry.

DAY-BREAK OF FORTUNE.

Meanwhile Lamartine was sadly awaiting events at his modest quarters and fearing for the fate and effects of his little publication. As he was in bed one morning in the first month of spring, the janitor's daughter, a girl of twelve or fourteen years, opened the door of the room. It was too early for the morning newspaper. Smiling intelligently, she threw on the bed a little billet having an enormous seal of red wax. There was upon it, Lamartine remarks, "an imprint of a coat of arms that ought to be illustrious, for it was undecipherable."

"Why do you smile so knowingly, Lucy?" he asked, as he broke the seal and tore off the envelope.

"Because," said she, "mamma told me that the letter had been brought in the early morning by a chasseur all laced with gold, having a beautiful feather in his hat, and that he had urgently desired that the note should be delivered to you as soon as you awoke, because his mistress had told him: 'Go quickly; we must not delay the joy and perhaps the fortune of the young man.'"

There were two separate epistles. One was written by the Polish Princess T She was a sister of the unfortunate Prince Poniatowski who was drowned while directing the retreat at the battle of Leipsic. Lamartine did not know her and the letter was not addressed to him but to M. Alain, his friend and physician. M. Alain had been for six years the physician and friend of M. de Talleyrand, and during Lamartine's illness he had cared for him like a mother rather than as a medical attendant. He is depicted as being as tender as learned. Lamartine describes him as most true, good, and generous.

The letter of the princess had been written and despatched before daybreak, and was as follows:—"The Prince de Talleyrand sent me at my waking this note. I address it for your friend, in order that the pleasure which this impression of the great judge will bring you shall be doubled. Communicate this note of the Prince to the young man* and thank me for the pleasure which I am giving you, for I know that your sole delight is in the joy of those whom you love."

Lamartine opened the second note. It was written upon a scrap of paper about five fingers in dimension, spotted with ink, and in a hand evidently hurried and showing signs of fatigue from want of sleep. It began as follows:—"I send you, princess, before I go to sleep the little volume which you lent me last night. Let it suffice you to know that I have not slept, and that I have been reading till four o'clock in the morning so as to read it over again."

The rest of the note was a prediction of Lamartine's success, in terms of the most fulsome character. Talleyrand was often oracular, and his foreknowledge seemed almost infallible.† "The soul of the old man has been said to be of ice," Lamartine remarks, "but it glowed all one night with the enthusiasm of twenty years, and this fire had been kindled by certain pages of verses which were by no means complete but which were verses of love."

"I read the letter of Prince Talleyrand twenty times over," says Lamartine. "The young girl meanwhile was waiting and watching me as I read and read again, and she blushed with emotion as she beheld it in my face. 'Come, my little Lucy, and let me kiss you,' said I.

* Talleyrand did not know Lamartine at this period. When some of his verses were recited to Lamennais he sprang from his chair, exclaiming, "Eureka! we have found a poet!"

† Edward Gibbon, the historian, who had known Lamartine's mother in her girlhood, spent a year at a house near her residence. He greatly admired the child Alphonse and predicted his future career.

'You will never bring me a message equal to this. In the lottery of glory children draw the successful lots. Tell your mother that you have brought me a *quine*.' '*

Lamartine's book was thus placed in the lottery of fortune, and the name of Talleyrand had been called. The great statesman was not in public life at that time, but he was far-seeing, and his scent of public matters was well-nigh infallible. He had no interest to flatter the unknown writer, and Lamartine accepted his assurances as a favorable augury.

Surely enough, little Lucy, a quarter of an hour later, brought another letter in a large official envelope. Lamartine's friends had been successful in their pleadings, and this was his nomination, signed by M. Pasquier, to the post which he desired on the Legation to Florence.

At the reading of this document, Lamartine was for a time unable to restrain his emotions. He leaped down from the bed, he tells us, and in other ways exhibited his delight. He was not content, however, to exult in his actual good fortune, but immediately began to extend his imagination further.

"I experienced what the shackled courser does when the course is opened," says he. "I had little mind for the glory of verses, but I did have an unbounded passion for political activity. Already I began to look beyond the long years that separated me from the tribune and field of higher statesmanship.

"This was my true and entire vocation, although my friends think and my enemies say otherwise. I felt that mine was not the powerful creative organization that constitutes great poets; all my talent was of the heart only. But I did feel in me an accuracy of view, an effective power of reasoning, an energy of honest principle, which make statesmen. I had

somewhat of the quality of Mirabeau in the reserved mental forces of my being. Fortune and France have since decided otherwise. But Nature knows more than Fortune and France; the one is blind, the other is jealous."

Nevertheless, Lamartine continued to write verses, and his prose publications are more or less interspersed with poetic productions. He praised his friends, he commemorated those whom he loved in poems. Years afterward in his story of his journey to the Holy Land, he made this declaration: "Life for my mind has always been a great poem, as for my heart it has been love. GOD, LOVE and POESIE, are the three words which I shall desire to be engraved alone upon my monument if I ever deserve a monument."

While he was sitting in a mystic reverie one evening at Florence, he heard a melodious voice murmur in his ear some lines from the *Meditations*, which are rendered as follows:

"Perchance the future may reserve for me
A happiness whose hope I now resign:
Perchance amid the busy world may be
Some soul responsive still to mine."

He was also a member of the Legation to England and afterward became Secretary to the French Embassy at Naples. In 1824 he was appointed Chargé d'Affaires to Tuscany, and remained in that position five years. He made the acquaintance of Louis Bonaparte, the former King of Holland, who was a scientist and philosopher rather than a statesman. Queen Hortense also attempted to have an interview with him, but this he carefully evaded. His mother, however, was a relative of the wife of Lucien Bonaparte and he met several members of that family under circumstances somewhat romantic. Pierre Bonaparte was with him at Paris in the Revolution of 1848.

His older uncle died in 1823, and he became heir of the estates. This uncle was known as M. de Lamartine de Mon-

* The concierges and porters at the large mansions in France were allowed to keep a lottery. A *quine* consisted of five prizes.

ceau and was by seniority the head of the family. He had never married because his parents opposed the choice he had made. He was thrifty and had increased the value of his property. Lamartine now took his uncle's designation.

The marriage of Lamartine took place during this period. The bride was Miss Marianne Birch, an English lady of beauty and fortune. She was of amiable disposition and Lamartine's mother became warmly attached to her.

Neither the accession of wealth, his aristocratic rank, nor diplomatic engagements deterred him from literary composition. In 1823 the *Nouvelles Meditations* were published, and two years later, *The Last Canto of Child Harold*. Lamartine afterward described this latter work as a servile imitation in which his enthusiasm as a copyist and its success were alike "mediocre"—a punishment for feigning an admiration which was not altogether sincere. He had, likewise, another penalty to encounter. Two lines in it are versified in English as follows :

"I seek elsewhere (forgive, O Roman shade!)
For men, and not the dust of which they're
made."

For this apparent slur he was involved in a controversy leading to a duel and dangerously wounded. At his solicitation to the Grand Duke of Tuscany, his antagonist, Colonel Pepé, was not prosecuted.

Louis XVIII. was succeeded in 1824 by the Count d'Artois as Charles X. The attempt was now made to reinstate the Government as it existed before the Revolution.

In 1829, at the instance of Chateaubriand, then a member of the Coalition Ministry, Lamartine was recalled. He never ascertained the reason, but attributed it to the influence of Madame Recamier, with whom Chateaubriand was intimate. That lady, however, took an early opportunity to set the matter right

by visiting the mother and sisters of Lamartine and inviting him and them to a drawing-room entertainment.

The réactionist Ministry under M. de Polignac was formed in the autumn of that year. It was the final separation of the men of the former century from the men of the time. A portfolio was offered to Lamartine but declined. He was attached to the dynasty, but he had the prescience of its overthrow. "I had seen it coming from afar," says he. "Nine months before the fatal day, the fall of the new monarchy had been written for me in the names of the men whom it had commissioned to carry it on."

He was sent on a special mission to Prince Leopold, then Duke of Saxe-Cobourg, and afterward King of Greece;* and had received the appointment of ambassador to that country when the Revolution of July overthrew the dynasty. The ministry of Louis-Philippe then offered him his choice of the embassies to Vienna and London. The King visited him to solicit his acceptance, but he was inexorable. The title of Louis-Philippe was legally defective; he was not the next heir to the throne, and he had not been placed on it by the choice of the people of France. For these reasons it was important to him that the supporters of Charles X. should accept places under him and thus strengthen his pretensions. But says Lamartine: "One should not take part gratuitously in a fault which he did not himself commit."

M. de St. Aulaire was at that time Minister at Vienna, but greatly desired to be transferred to England. He also waited upon Lamartine, anxious to find out which place he was going to accept. Lamartine quickly assured him.

"If," said he, "I had the ambition to be ambassador to London, I would instantly sacrifice it without hesitation, in remembrance of the good offices which

* Leopold declined the crown of Greece and became the King of Belgium.

you did to me at the time of my entrance into the great world. But you can go to London without any indebtedness to me, except good will."

The same year Lamartine was elected one of the "Immortals," in the French Academy.

The same year he visited England. He there made the acquaintance of Talleyrand. The old statesman received him cordially, and in one interview predicted his career. Lamartine, he remarked, was reserving himself for something more sound and grand than the substituting of an uncle for a nephew upon a throne that had no stable foundation. "You will succeed in it," he added. "Nature has made you a poet; poetry will make you an orator; tact and thinking will make you a statesman. I know men somewhat; I am eighty years old. I see farther than the objects in sight. You are to have a grand part to perform in the events which will succeed to the present state of affairs. I have witnessed the intrigues of Courts; you will see the movements of the people deceptive in other ways. Let verses go; you know that I adore yours. They are not for the age in which you are now living. Improve yourself in the grand eloquence of Athens and Rome. France will yet have scenes like those of Rome and Athens in her public places."

From this period Lamartine spent much of his time abroad. He never forgot that he was a citizen of France, but he entertained a strong dislike for the Orleans dynasty. Yet his mother had been educated in the family with the King, and this somewhat increased his perplexity.

He writes of her death pathetically, as the saddest event of his life. He had been loved and cherished by her with a devotion made sublime by its absolute self-abnegation. His first lessons in books and knowledge had been given by her, and he was endowed personally with

her most prominent characteristics. She had seemed to know instinctively when and why he suffered, and she possessed a power of divination to foresee his career. Her death, the result of a terrible accident, was to him like the rending violently away of a vital part of his body.

"I hardly thought that I could survive the shock," he wrote in the *Souvenirs*. "I was absent from home when the accident occurred which cut short her days. I came back in haste, arriving in time to follow the coffin in which her remains were enshrouded, to the cemetery of the village where we had lived during our infancy."

The weather was bitterly cold, but this he did not feel. He returned to the house at Milly, now empty for the winter and a thousand times more empty since she who had given it life and soul was sleeping the eternal sleep. Overcome by his grief, he made his way to the little room where the papers of the family were kept, and threw himself down on the floor. There he lay for hours in an ecstasy of woe. The moaning of the wind and the ticking of the clock seemed to be repeating the funeral hymn.

JOURNEY TO THE EAST.

One desire that the mother of Lamartine had instilled into him was that of visiting the East. As she read to him, a boy of eight years, from the Bible about the places where wonderful events had taken place, he resolved that he would some time behold them with his own eyes. Now that he was disengaged from public life there was an opportunity. There was much, however, to persuade him to remain at home; his father and sisters, and besides, he had a beautiful residence at Saint-Point with a wife and daughter to whom he was fondly attached. But he felt that imagination had likewise its necessities and passions.

"I was born a poet," he pleads. "When young, I had heard the word of Nature, the speech which is formed of

images and not of sounds. I had even translated into written language some of those accents that had stirred me, and that had in their turn stirred other souls. But these accents did not now satisfy me."

"Besides, I was, I had almost always been, a Christian in heart and in imagination; my mother had made me such." This pilgrimage though not as of the Christian, at least of the man and the poet, would delight her in the celestial abode where he saw her, and she would be to them as a second Providence between them and dangers.

His duty to his country was likewise considered. He had sacrificed to it this dream of his for sixteen years. There was need for heaven to raise up new men; the present politics made man ashamed and angels weep. "Destiny gives an hour in a century for humanity to be regenerated; that hour is a revolution; and men let it pass to tear one another to pieces: thus they give to revenge the hour given by God for their regeneration and progress."

All was duly made ready for the journey. He set sail from Marseilles, in the brig *Alceste*, on the eleventh of July, 1832, expecting to be absent two years. His wife and daughter and three friends, one of them a physician, composed the party. The voyage was full of incident, and his journal abounds with adventures and predictions. Lamartine was what imaginative persons term a visionary. He was really oriental and tropical in temperament, and ready to catch the spirit of the region to which he was sailing; for Syria, Arabia and Palestine have always been renowned for mystics, seers and prophets.

As the vessel passed the coast of Tunis, he wrote his impressions. He had never loved the Romans nor taken the least interest in behalf of Carthage; but he sympathized with Hannibal. "I love or I abhor, in the physical sense of the word," says he. "At first sight, in the

twinkling of an eye, I have formed my judgment of a man or woman for always." He adds that "this is the characteristic of individuals with whom instinct is quick, active, instantaneous, inflexible. What, it will be asked, what is instinct? It is to be cognized as the highest reason—the innate reason, the reason that does not argue, the reason such as God has made and not what man finds out. It strikes us like the lightning without which the eye would have difficulty of searching it out. It illuminates everything at the first flash. The inspiration in all the arts, as upon the field of battle, is as this instinct, this reason that divines. Genius also is instinct and not logic and labor."

Nevertheless he sets aside much that is often regarded as original, or inspired. This utterance is fit for the book of *Ecclesiastes*: "There is nothing new in nature and in the arts. Everything that is now being done has been done before; everything that is said has been said already; everything that is thought has been thought. Every century is the plagiarist of another century; for all that we are so much, artists or thinkers, perishable or fugitive, we copy in different ways from one immutable and eternal model,—nature, the thought, one and diverse, of the Creator."

He had little to say in favor of the Greeks. "For me," says he, "Greece is like a book the beauties of which are tarnished, because we have been made to read it before we were able to understand it. Nevertheless, the enchantment is not off from everything. There is still an echo of all these great names remaining in my heart. Something holy, sweet, fragrant, mounts up with the horizons in my soul. I thank God for having seen, while passing by this land, the country of the Doers of Great Deeds, as Epaminondas called his fatherland."

He felt keenly a sense of isolation that he had no one to participate in these sentiments. "Always," says he, "when

a strong impression stirs my soul I feel the necessity to speak or to write to some one of what I am experiencing, to find in some degree a joy from my joy, an echoing of that which has impressed me. Isolated feeling is not complete: man has been created double. Ah! when I look around me, there is yet a void. Julia and Marianne fill everything for themselves alone; but Julia is still so young that I tell her only what is suited to her age. It is all future; it will soon be all present for us; but the past, where is it now?

"The person who would have most enjoyed my happiness at this moment, is my Mother. In everything that happened to me, pleasant or sad, my thought turns involuntarily to her. I believe I see her, hear her, talk to her, write to her. One who is remembered so much is not absent; whoever lives so completely, so powerfully in ourselves is not dead for us."

"Empty dream! She is there no more; she is dwelling in the world of realities; our vagrant dreams are no more anything to her; but her spirit is with us, it visits us, it follows with us, it protects us: *our conversation is with her in the eternal regions.*"

He goes on to describe his condition.

"Before I had reached the age of maturity I had lost the greater part of those here below whom I most loved, or who most loved me. My love-life had become concentrated; my heart had only a few other hearts to take voyage with. My memory had little more than graves where it might rest here in the earth; I lived more with the dead than with the living. If God were to strike two or three of his blows around me, I feel that I would be detached entirely by myself, for I would contemplate myself no more. I would love myself only in the others; and it is only there that I can love."

"One begins to feel the emptiness of existence from the day when he is no more necessary to anybody, from the

hour when he can no more be dearly loved. The sole reality here below, I have always felt, is love, love under all its forms."

"To us poets, beauty is evident and perceptible; we are not beings of abstraction, but men of nature and instinct; so I have travelled many times through Rome; so I have visited the seas and the mountains; so I have read the sages, the historians and the poets; so have I visited Athens."

On the fifth of September the brig arrived at Bayreuth. Lamartine engaged a house for the season and established his family there while he travelled over the country. He had for a long time entertained grave doubts of his daughter's health, and had brought her with him in the hope that a residence in Syria would restore her.

Ibrahim Pacha was at this time making his conquests, and at his orders, the French travellers were everywhere received with courtesy and the most generous hospitality.

The heat was too great for setting out at once, so Lamartine addressed a letter to Lady Hester Stanhope, asking permission to visit her. This lady had been the confidential secretary of her uncle, William Pitt, the famous minister, and was supposed to be betrothed to Sir John Moore. After their deaths she left Europe and made her home in the East. She had gained a certain authority over many of the Arabian chiefs who venerated her as an inspired person. She received Lamartine cordially, saying that their stars were friendly and in concurrence. He declined her offer to cast his horoscope or to have any discussion on matters of religion. "God alone possesses the truth," said he, "we have only faith."

"Believe what you please," said she. "You are one of those men nevertheless that I expected, whom Providence has sent to me, and who have a grand part to perform in the work which is preparing.

You will shortly go back to Europe ; Europe is finished. France alone has as yet a grand mission to fulfill, and you will participate in it, I know not how."

She added that he had four or five stars, and explained further : " You ought to be a poet ; that is legible in your eyes and the upper part of your countenance. Lower down you are under the influence of different stars that are almost in opposition ; there is an influence of energy and activity."

She asked his name ; she had never heard it before. She predicted that he would soon return to Europe, but would come back to the East, insisting that it was his fatherland. He acknowledged that it was the fatherland of his imagination.

Lamartine and his friends were hospitably entertained but she would not regard his departure as being more than for a season.

Forming a caravan at Bayreuth he set out on the eighth of October. At Jaffa or "Yaffa," the governor had received letters from Mehemet Ali and Ibrahim Pacha, then masters in the East, commanding all the officials to aid him in his journey, to furnish escorts, and to supply him with every convenience that he required. When the caravan reached the "village of Jeremiah" it was met by Abu Gosh, the brigand chief. He demanded of Lamartine whether he was the Frank Emir, whom his friend, Lady Stanhope, the Queen of Palmyra, had placed under his protection, and in whose name had sent him the magnificent garment of cloth of gold in which he was then arrayed. Lamartine knew nothing of the gift but assured the chief that he was the man.

Abu Gosh at that time had the whole region of Southern Palestine in subjection clear to Jericho. He now provided a strong guard for the caravan.

Lamartine found no difficulty in identifying the places around Jerusalem. "Almost never," says he, "did I encounter

a place or object the first sight of which was not to me as what I remembered. Have we lived twice or a thousand times? Is our memory simply an impression that has been obscured, which the breath of God brings out again vividly? Or have we a faculty in our imagination to anticipate and perceive in advance before we actually do behold?"

The monks of the Convent of St. John the Baptist, in the wilderness of that name, received the travellers with sincere cordiality. Lamartine left there a part of his caravan, going on only with the Arabian and Egyptian guard. They confined their movements to visiting places in the suburbs, made historic by traditions of the New Testament.

He pays a deserved tribute to the Turks for their management of the "Holy Sepulchre." Instead of destroying it, they had preserved everything, maintaining strict police regulations, and a silent reverence for the place which the Christians were far from manifesting. While the intolerance of the various sects would lead the triumphant party to exclude its rivals from the place, the Turks are impartial to them all.

The Mussulmans are the only tolerant people, he stoutly affirms. Let Christians ask what they would have done if the fortunes of war had delivered to them the City of Mecca and the Kaaba.

On the thirtieth of October, the caravan set out for the river Jordan and the Dead Sea. On returning to the neighborhood of Jerusalem, Lamartine received a letter from his wife that determined him to forego the extending of his journey into Egypt. He went back to Bayreuth, arriving the fifth of November.

Autumn in that country has the warmth, the renewing of vegetation and other conditions, like spring in the northerly climates of the temperate zone. Lamartine had purchased Arab horses of superb quality while in Palestine, and

one for his daughter. It was at the end of November that he took her out for her first excursion with the animal. The air was exhilarating and the mountain scenery in its most attractive guise. In an ecstasy of excitement the young girl declared it the longest, most beautiful, most delightful ride that she had ever taken.

It was also the last. On the second of December she was taken suddenly ill and died the next day. The parents were overwhelmed with grief. The last hope of their house was thus cut off in the glad days of adolescence.

They remained at Bayreuth through the winter. On the fifteenth of April they set out for their return homeward and sailed for Constantinople.

Lamartine interspersed his narrative of this voyage with reflections upon what he observed and meditated. "I would like to sail all the while," says he, "to have a voyage with its chances and distractions. But what I read in my wife's eyes goes deep into my heart.* The suffering of a man is nothing like that of a woman, a mother. A woman lives and dies in one sole thought, or one solitary feeling. Life for a woman is a something possessed; death, a something lost. A man lives with everything that he has to do with, good or bad; God does not kill him with a blow."

On the subject of travelling and sojourning abroad, he speaks philosophically:

"When a man is absent from his country, he sees affairs more perfectly. Details do not obstruct his view, and important matters present themselves in their entirety. This is the reason why prophets and oracles lived alone in the world and remote. They were sages who studied subjects in their entirety and their judgment was not warped by the

little passions of the day. The statesman, likewise, if he would judge and foresee the outcome, must often absent himself from the scene in which he performs the Drama of his time. To predict is impossible, for foreknowledge is for God alone; but to foresee is possible, and forethought is for man."

Lamartine analyzes closely the doctrines of Saint-Simonism, and what he considers their weak points. "We must not," he says, "judge new ideas by the derision which they encounter during the period. All great thoughts were first received in the world as aliens. Saint-Simonism has in it a something true, grand and beautiful; the application of Christianity to civil society, the legislation of Human Brotherhood.

"From this point of view I am a Saint-Simonian.

"What has placed this Society under an eclipse, though not under death, is not the want of an idea, nor the lack of disciples. In my opinion it wants a leader, a master, a manager. If there should be found a man of genius and virtue who was religious and at the same time prudent, who would bring the two horizons into one field of vision which should be placed under the direction of the nascent ideas, I have no doubt that he would transform it into a potent reality. Times in which there is an anarchy of ideas, are favorable seasons for the germinating of new and heroic thoughts.

"Society, to the eye of the philosopher, is in a state of disorder. It has neither direction, object nor leader; and it is reduced accordingly to the instinct of conservatism. A sect that is religious, moral, social and political,—that has a creed, a watchword, an object, a leader, and mind, if it were to advance compactly and directly at the midst of the disordered ranks in the present social order, would inevitably gain the victory. But it must bring safety and not ruin, attacking only what is injurious and not that which helps, and calling religion

*The body of the daughter, at her dying request, had been embalmed and sent directly home for interment at Saint Point. The mother was in many respects like her husband's mother, a devoted wife and indulgent parent, as well as the kindest of neighbors.

back to reason and love, prudence and Christian Brotherhood, having universal charity and usefulness as its only title and only foundation.

“A law-maker requires young men ardent in zeal and on fire with the hunger for faith, from which however, senseless dogmas have been rejected. The organizers of Saint-Simonism have taken for their first article of belief: war to the death between the family, property and religion on one hand and ourselves on the other. They ought to perish. The world, by the force of speech is not conquered; it is to be converted, stirred, wrought into activity, changed.

“So long as an idea is not practical, it is not presentable to the world of society. Human nature goes from the known to the unknown, but not from the known to the absurd. That will be held back in the subordinate effort. Before great revolutions, the signs are to be seen on the earth and in the sky. The Saint-Simonians have had one class of those signs: they have broken up as a body, and they are now more slowly at work making leaders and soldiers for the new army.”

The vessel and its convoy arrived in

the Bosphorus on the twenty-fifth day of May. Lamartine, his wife and friends now took up their residence at Buyuk-déré, for the next two months. During this period they were recipients of the most friendly attentions. The Grand Seigneur himself, and the principal officials at Constantinople extended courtesies and cordial demonstrations, exceeding any that had ever before been bestowed to “Franks.” This was in recognition of the substantial help which had been given to prevent the further dismemberment of the Ottoman empire. Lamartine had been heralded everywhere as a personage of distinction, and his reception was warm and cordial, almost as if he had been a royal prince. His opinions were treasured, and his advice eagerly sought by the ministers and representatives of the Government. He was admitted to places from which other Europeans had been excluded, and so long as he remained in Turkish territory, every necessary provision was made for his safety and honorable recognition.

His journal of the voyage records minutely the occurrences and observations which thus came within his notice.

“Whoso takes good advice is secure from falling; but whoso rejects it, falleth into the pit of his own conceit.”

Gems from the East.

PASSAGE TO INDIA.

(Extracts Selected.)

WALT WHITMAN.

(Curious in time I stand, noting the efforts of heroes,
Is the deferment long? bitter the slander, poverty, death?
Lies the seed unreck'd for centuries in the ground? lo, to God's due occasion,
Uprising in the night, it sprouts, blooms,
And fills the earth with use and beauty.)

* * * * *

O Thou transcendent,
Nameless, the fibre and the breath,
Light of the light, shedding forth universes, thou centre of them,
Thou mightier centre of the true, the good, the loving,
Thou moral spiritual fountain—affection's source—thou reservoir,
(O pensive soul of me—O thirst unsatisfied—waitest not there?
Waitest not haply for us somewhere there the Comrade perfect?)
Thou pulse—thou motive of the stars, suns, systems,
That circling, move in order, safe, harmonious,
Athwart the shapeless vastnesses of space,
How should I think, how breathe a single breath, how speak, if, out of myself
I could not launch, to those, superior universes?

Swiftly I shrivel at the thought of God,
At Nature and its wonders, Time and Space and Death,
But that I, turning, call to thee O soul, thou actual Me,
And lo, thou gently mastereth the orbs,
Thou matest Time, smilest content at Death,
And fillest, swellest full the vastnesses of Space.

Greater than stars or suns,
Bounding O soul thou journeyest forth;
What^o love than thine and ours could wider amplify?
What aspirations, wishes, outvie thine and ours O soul?
What dreams of the ideal? what plans of purity, perfection, strength?
What cheerful willingness for others' sake to give up all?
For others' sake to suffer all?

Reckoning ahead O soul, when thou, the time achiev'd,
The seas all cross'd, weather'd the capes, the voyage done,
Surrounded, copest, frontest God, yieldest, the aim attain'd,
As filled with friendship, love complete, the Elder Brother found,
The Younger melts in fondness in his arms.

* * * * *

Passage to more than India!
O secret of the earth and sky!
Of you O waters of the sea! O winding creeks and rivers!
Of you O woods and fields! of you strong mountains of my land!
Of you O prairies! of you gray rocks!
O morning red! O clouds! O rain and snows!
O day and night, passage to you!
O sun and moon and all you stars! Sirius and Jupiter!
Passage to you!

Passage, immediate passage! the blood burns in my veins!
Away O soul! hoist instantly the anchor!

Cut the hawsers—haul out—shake out every sail !

Have we not stood here like trees in the ground long enough ?

Have we not grovel'd here long enough, eating and drinking like mere brutes ?

Have we not darken'd and dazed ourselves with books long enough ?

Sail forth—steer for the deep waters only,

Reckless O soul, exploring, I with thee, and thou with me,

For we are bound where mariner has not yet dared to go,

And we will risk the ship, ourselves and all.

O my brave soul !

O farther, farther sail !

O daring joy, but safe ! are they not all the seas of God ?

O farther, farther, farther sail !

TO determine the real relations that exist between man and God is my thought. It is the need of the times. We need to convince ourselves that man is the object of all earthy resources if we ask ourselves if he is a means to an end. If man is linked to all, is there nothing above him to which, in his turn, he is bound ? If he is the last of the unexplained transformations which reach up to him, may he not be the tie between visible and invisible nature ? The action of the world is not an absurdity ; it leads up to an end, and this object cannot be society constituted as ours is. There is a terrible gap between us and the heavens.

In reality, we cannot ever enjoy or always suffer. To gain either paradise or hell an enormous change must take place in us ; without either place, the masses can conceive no idea of God at all.

Is not the idea of motion stamped on the systems of worlds, sufficient to prove God to us ? We busy ourselves very

little about the pretended nothingness which precedes birth while we fumble in and ransack the dark gulf that awaits us, that is, we make God responsible for our future and we demand from him, no record of the past. To get out of this difficulty the soul has been invented, but it is repugnant to our feelings to render God obligated for human baseness, our disillusion, our decline and fall. How can we admit in ourselves a divine principle over which a potent liquor can get the advantage ?

Can we imagine immaterial faculties which matter may utterly subjugate whose exercise a grain of opium can prevent ? Is not the communication of motion to matter an unexplored abyss whose difficulties have been rather displaced than resolved by Newton's system ? Motion is a *great soul* whose alliance with matter is quite as difficult to explain as is the production of thought in man.—BALZAC, *Louis Lambert*. (Translated by Harriett Green Courtis.)

THE HUMAN CELL.

BY ARTHUR A. BEALE, M. B.

“**T**O demonstrate that Brotherhood is a fact in Nature; to investigate the laws of Nature and the divine powers in Man.”

When we fall away from the path of duty, when torn by the storms of passion we forget that there reposes within the complexities of our nature a divine spark—much more, perhaps, that we ourselves are a universe, nay, a universe of Universes, a Great Eternal God, controlling, energizing and creating worlds that live and have their day and cease to be. But it is so. Hour by hour worlds are falling away and with them ebb the vital forces of our being. Take a flake of scurf from the head and put it under the microscope,—a new vista is opened up. And yet, this is only a type of millions of like or dissimilar entities, which are so bound together as to compose the mighty universe of man's body,—the least important of his constitution. These little lives take different shapes to suit different necessities, but they agree in certain essential features which we learn to call *the cell*. And looking lower still this cell is of the same type as those found in the animals and again in the plants. How very little difference, too, between these and the monads of the mineral kingdom!

But keeping to man, these cells form themselves into societies, which we call tissues, these into others we call organs, and the organs form together a corporate organization, the body, which in a healthy state is subservient to the synthesizing forces emanating from the Heart, where lives the source of life, the divine Ruler. So the organs work together in harmony. If any organ begins to absorb more attention and life than is

due to it, not only does it suffer itself, but brings discord into the whole.

But as long as it observes its own duty and fulfils its place, so does it maintain its own status, and receive its own benefits; for thus, and thus alone, can it participate in the higher impulse, that comes from that sacred centre..

As of the organs so of the cells of which each is composed, they must act in accordance with the unified impulse of the organ, but so must each cell be true to the heart of its own tiny body—whence, as I shall try to show, comes the true impulse, by which it evolves,—that centre where are played the divine harmonies and where stands the God directing his forces in the building of “the temple not made with hands.”

This is a Universal Activity. It is the same process going on through all the kingdoms of the Universe, from the tiny crystals to plants, from plants to animals, and animals to man.

But specializing the cell we note not only that all the body is composed of cells or the deposit of cells, but that one type of cells develops from another type, and ultimately all cells result from one single cell “into which,” in the words of Darwin, “life was breathed by the Creator”—of course always understanding that we have not specified the nature of the Creator.

If this is so, and no one in these times will dare to dispute it, it begins to dawn upon us that this curious complex body of man is, as it were, a tremendous society of entities, the separate individualities of which, whilst retaining their place as such in the great body, are swamped in the individuality of that one. Not only so, but as it will be our endeavor

or to show later on, the healthy existence of each part greatly depends on its maintaining its loyalty and subservience to the supreme Chief, from which it gets its daily source of energy and inspiration.

What is true of the part is true of the whole and *vice versa*. For in its turn the body of man must be subservient to that of which it is a part, and answer to the call of that which represents the corporate body of bodies, and to the divine light within, "that lighteth every man that cometh into the world," which is one with the Father, the Divine over soul, of which we are all dim reflections. So also of the part, the tiny microcosm of man, the cell, it is in its turn a universe, a universe so grand that the many revelations that scientific investigation has unveiled makes that science stand aghast; but these, we may venture to prophesy, are nothing to the occult secrets that still lie waiting for revelation.

All that the magnificent symbolism of the Gnostics has taught us concerning The Man Iesous and his relation to Ichthys the fish, the ark and the ship, can be well applied to the *cell*, which is a veritable Ark with its Holy of holies in which sit and meditate the holy ones, the *prajapati* of the Hindus and the Christos of the Gnostics. Veritably it is *par excellence* the Astral Vehicle, the ship floating on the watery ocean, veritably it is the Dagon, the fish-man, the new teacher coming from the unknown regions of the Silence, the boat of Vishnu carrying the God-Man into the world of Manifestation. We may well exclaim: O God, how manifest are thy works! how sublime are thy powers! And when we contemplate the tiny vehicle of life under the microscope we may well close to the doors of the senses, take off the sandals and worship, for are we not at the very altar of the Temple—the temple of the Almighty; are we not face to face with the Creators? He that hath eyes to see let him see!

Amongst the great contributors to the

Science of the Cell perhaps none has approached nearer the Holy of Holies—none so nearly tore aside the Veil of Isis, as H. P. B. has practically told us, than Professor Weissmann in his contribution on the Germ Plasm and the New Problem of Heredity as handled by him. Under the guiding hand of this savant we see the cell in a new light, we begin to see kingdom within kingdom; and had he but recognized the other side, had he but explored the dark side of the Moon, much more might have been written, many more mouths might have gaped and many more sceptics have smiled. Professor Weissmann however has found a mare's nest. He has raised the devil, but forgotten to give him something to do, and as of old we cannot help exclaiming, what next! The cell of Weissmann like the cell of most other students, is a tiny ball of protoplasm with a central nucleus (the Holy of Holies, Fish Man, etc.) but unlike that of other writers, instead of containing more differentiated protoplasm, taking the forms of meaningless and accidental rods, our revered professor has discovered a Nest of Creators. He tells us that the greater portion of the cell does not in any way participate in the process of hereditary transmission. Nay, further still, not only does he regard the nucleus as the all important particle but to quote his own words: "The law that only a certain part of the nuclear matter is to be regarded as the hereditary substance appears to me to receive fresh support from all the more recent observations."

Now the parts referred to are a series of minute rod-like structures called *chromatin rods* that are very active and manifest all kinds of changes according to necessity, especially at that critical period in the history of a cell called cell-division, when it is about to propagate its species by *making itself* into two by equal distributions of its substance between its two selves. For you must know that when a cell divides (and this

does not refer to human cells alone, but all vegetable and animal cells from the simplest to the most complex) the products are two so-called "daughter cells," but they are daughters without a mother. It is one of the most mystical processes in existence and contains much secret knowledge for it contains the mystery of the birth of two from one. In this process, called in scientific parlance *Karyokinesis*, these little rods play a most important part, nay, the *all-important* part, for the whole process commences with them and proceeds from the centre outward. There is at the commencement of the process a disturbance, a series of vibrations throughout the nucleus. These little rods immediately form into a kind of reticulum or network; then this network arranges itself into an indefinite spiral, at which instant two mysterious bodies issue from the mass at opposite poles, and take up a position in the cell, at some distance from the coil of rods; then the spiral breaks up into two opposing sets of loops.

Ultimately these two sets of rods settle down in the neighborhood of the two little bodies (*centrosomes*) shot out, or, I should perhaps say, are attracted separately to the two poles of the cell by the *centrosomes*. Then a cell wall forms between; the one cell becomes two.

There are some very occult forces at work behind all this, and they generally are referred to, to cover our ignorance, as the law of polarity, albeit that this law, whatever it is, involves the most occult of the creative forces, in fact of all manifestation.

To go back, Dr. Weissmann does not consider these rods which he calls *idants* as the essential units, but states that in their turn these are themselves composed of more minute bodies he calls *ids*.

In this respect, however, he considers protoplasm as a whole as composed, not of so many chemical compounds, having an indefinite and uncontrollable action

on one another, but of collections of "molecules united into a single group." These molecules he calls *biophors*. The biophors, as bearers of vitality, possess the power of growth and of multiplication by fission. But the biophors which go to make up the rods, have a more specific character of their own, and are the carriers of those minuter bodies still which this savant speaks of as the real creative units, or what he calls "*determinants*." These ultimate determinants, smaller than microscopic, hold within their tiny hearts the ideal shape of the part which they are destined to control, carried and distributed in the process of evolution of the creature by the process of cell division.

This conception, enormous advance as it is on the previous materialism of Huxley's protoplasm, is yet so pregnant with the taint of the materialistic age, that it requires modifying before it can even be admitted as a logical hypothesis. For one must ask; if the cell gets its impulse from the nucleus, the nucleus from the rods that inhabit it, these rods from the little biophors of which they are composed, and these from the determinants, where on earth do the determinants get it from? We are reminded, moreover, that there was a time, not far away, when this particular cell had no separate existence of its own. And if we are directed back to the ovaries, and from them to the germinal layer, and this from the cell again, still there is no escape, for we may well ask with the Duke of Argyle: "What then! Whence the first?"

But the thing has a more definite and easy solution, for if these material units are the Creators, and if as it is stated, the ingredients of matter, especially sentient matter (so-called) are constantly undergoing motion and change, by displacement; what about these units when the time comes for them to play their part, has not their substance been lost and replaced over and over again.

So we come back to our philosophy and we realize what our Chief, W. Q. Judge, taught us, that the cell only has an existence as an *idea*. Thinking of this word for a moment, looking it up in the dictionary we find the following *verbatim* (Gr. *idea*, from *idein*, to see) "one of the archetypes or patterns of Created things, conceived by the Platonists to have existed from eternity in the mind of the Deity."* Now look at the words used by Dr. Weissmann, *idants* and *ids*. Is there not something very suggestive here. We are then dealing not with matter alone, but with ideas; nay, more, what is matter but an idea or congeries of ideas? For as has been well said we know nothing of matter *per se* but only the manifestation of matter. It is the idea not the matter that takes form. Now we must surely recognize that ideas as *things* are not causes but effects. So our professor all this time has been dealing with effects and gets these mixed up with the causes. If cells and the contents are ideas containing ideas, and if idea means that which is seen, then there must somewhere be a Seer, and such a seer without any sophistry must be a magician—not because we associate the word Seer with magician, but quite independently.

Now we have realized that the body of man is composed of many minuter entities, over which stands the supreme ruler. Each organ is composed of many entities, over which rules the conscious governor of that organ, and so on to the little cells which in their turn are composed of minuter creatures each having a conscious existence of its own, whilst that Consciousness is composed of the consciousness of all its component lives. That consciousness is in each case part of the Divine consciousness that pervades all things and acts in direct proportion to its plane of activity.

This Divine Consciousness in man

which is the real man—real in the sense of permanency—is quite on a par with the Creators, though that real self is perhaps not known to any of our personal selves. But then stands that real Self at the commencement of each New Birth. As the process of evolution goes on each step in the meditation of this mighty Self as he contemplates existence, finds a responsive thrill in the tiny ovum, bound to himself by the strong bonds of Karma. As he emerges in contemplation from the mineral to the vegetable and on to the animal, so the sensitive plasm of the germ responds. Page after page of the history of man is retold till once more the story is complete to the point where the previous incarnation ended; then the child is born to carry on the history as best he may.

So in the cell the determinants are the little bundles of ideas coming from the Magician (ourselves) and being instilled bit by bit into the heart of each of those groups of molecules and ensouling it, so the tale is told and this side of manifestation opens out into the beautiful blossom of Humanity, moulded also in part by the parental influences which can make or mar the impulse as it comes straight from the Creator's mind. Make or mar, and yet how few women think of the real, sacred and holy duty of parentage. How hellish the times in which any dares to point the finger of scorn and shame at a blessed pregnant woman. But as we are beginning to understand, soon shall we be able to reverence them all as the sacredness of motherhood is understood.

This little picture contains the whole of our philosophy, and it must be left more or less to the intuitions of each. But in closing we can say this much. The study of the cell teaches that Brotherhood is a fact in nature. It teaches that that brotherhood depends on the harmonious coördinate activity of many entities, working together united by the recognition of the one source of

* *The Library Dictionary.*

life and inspiration. It also teaches the great Divine mystery that hangs about every new birth, and that the real seat of that Divinity is in the Hearts of all Creatures.

There is one more lesson that we ought not to miss. We have seen the magnificent results of harmonious action which is always synthetical and finds its highest expression in Love and Compassion issuing from the heart.

Sometimes the same force becomes converted into Hate, when once the centrifugal disintegrating force is set going and gains the ascendancy, selfish in nature, self centred, it cuts away the bonds that bind man to his fellows; he tries, but in vain, to carry on an existence of his own, but he soon finds that he has no existence, no meaning, no life apart from the whole. The foolish virgins repent too late, their light has gone out, they have no oil of life with which to kindle their lamps anew. In their own blind conceit they are lost. Nay, but look! Have not some demons, spooks and malignant fiends got hold of them and, having gained an entrance, are now without their consent messengers of Disease and Death. Is this not so of the

cells? Some little impulse causes them to pursue a course contrary to the interests of the whole; for a time they are centres of discord; and neuralgia, rheumatism, indigestion, etc., are the result. But anon the cells fall away and, as entities, die. The smaller containing entities, the Chromatin rods, little pregnant particles of life are set free. Losing their parental protection and cares, they go on with the impulse given them, till some malignant breeze sweeps over them and they become the victims and servants of hate, disease and Death. Are these not the germs of disease that science is fighting about just now? Verily! verily! who shall deny? These little escaped convicts, the rods, previously servants of Love, become now the free agents of disease. They are none other than the bacilli, associated with so many pestilences; and a further disintegration produces spores—the ingredients of bacilli. These are not the diseases, nor yet the cause (primary), they are merely the vehicles of disease. Can we not see how well this applies to every organism and organization as an entity? Poor lost bacilli, how hardly have ye been used by your masters!

“He who does not recognize bread and salt is worse than a wild wolf.”

Gems from the East.

THE SOKRATIC CLUB.

BY SOLON.

(Continued.)

SO much interest had been aroused by the conversation on Art and the Drama as an Educative Factor which I have already recorded, that there was a larger attendance than usual at the next meeting of the Club. Everyone was glad to see Madam Purple who it was known to all had established a school to revive the ancient wisdom and to teach the laws of physical, moral and mental health and of spiritual development and for the purpose of accentuating the importance of Music and Drama as vital educative factors had already reproduced one of the old Greek Tragedies in such a way as to arouse the attention of the public and astonish the critics, touching a new chord and awakening new possibilities for the influence of the stage on the lives and characters of the people.

Dr. Roberts had evidently not yet been convinced of the importance of this work though he had seen and even praised the production of Æschylus' Eumenides, for he still reiterated his old objections. The discussion so far had been on general lines, but now it turned more particularly on the Drama.

Dr. Roberts.—"I cannot see how the performance of Eumenides or any play you may take from the ancients can have any such effect that you claim it will have. The people who attend will see no more in it than in any other play. Of course it will have its own characteristics and no doubt its classical beauty, but will not these peculiar features appeal only to the very few? How will you make it a factor in the education of the masses?"

The Professor.—"I do not think you understand the real character of the an-

cient drama, Doctor. Probably, also with the exception of the recent production, you base your ideas of the attractiveness of Greek Plays upon the presentations which are occasionally given at one of the Universities. Classical these may be in a sense, I admit, but certainly they are severe."

Dr. Roberts.—"How can they help but be severe. I remember when at college that one of these plays was acted by some of the students, but for my part I saw nothing particular in it."

Mme. Purple.—"Was not that possibly because those who produced the play and enacted the parts, themselves saw nothing in it beyond the mere incident as told in so many words?"

"The most beautiful things remain invisible to those who have not eyes to see. Look at the hundreds and thousands in every large city and, strange to say, more particularly in country districts, who know nothing of the beauty and sublimity of the heavens and nature around them. Many a farmer looks at the sky simply to note the changes of the weather. The magnificence of cloud effect, the glory of the sunrise and the quivering of the eternal stars, he never sees. And even those who profess to be lovers of nature, how little more than external beauty do they see? Do they indeed see any deeper than the surface of things and but rarely pierce the veil to behold with awe and wonderment the reality?"

Dr. Roberts.—"But, Madam Purple, . . ."

The Professor.—"Ah! Doctor, it is always, 'but,' Isn't it all true, with no 'but'?"

Dr. Roberts.—"Yes, I grant you that

what Madam Purple said about the appreciation of nature is true, and even that the same thing applies to the appreciation of art and music and the drama. But—I was going to say—it seems to me your illustration is too lofty for the case under consideration. It is true one may rise to the greatest heights of consciousness under the influence of music and poetry and the contemplation of high ideals and if I understand you aright, Madam Purple, you hold these are the same high feelings that may be aroused by the grand harmonies of nature and by what perhaps is meant by the music of the spheres. Do I catch your meaning?"

Madam Purple.—"Yes, Doctor, you have caught the idea in part, but music and poetry and the harmonies of nature too often exercise only what I might call an unconscious and transitory influence—not deep-seated in any sense—because men will not open their eyes and lend their ears. The great anthem of nature is ever being sung; life is joy and harmony; but alas, there are so many who will not open their hearts to the song and the sunshine. But I see you wish to say something more, Doctor."

Dr. Roberts.—"Yes, I grant this may be true, no doubt it is true, but to return to the old Greek tragedies, although there may be lofty ideas in them, I fail to see that they will produce the effect you anticipate. There is no music in them and they are altogether too cold and bare. Besides, what meaning do they hold, deeper than that which may be seen by the ordinary reader?"

The Professor.—"A meaning that the mere student of languages and literature will never find, but one that to the student of life, to one who recognizes that there is an inner life, will ever unfold more and more and reveal such beauties and harmonies that will thrill the very soul."

Dr. Roberts.—"I do not see it, though I grant that high moral lessons may be

contained in the old Greek poetry and tragedies, but at the same time there is so much that is mere fancy. We have passed the age of the childhood of the race when the mythological tales of the gods and goddesses were seriously taken. I do *not* deny that there may be many valuable lessons in these, but I certainly think that you are reading into them a great deal that is not there. Pardon my frankness, but I really wish to understand your position."

The Professor.—"It is not a question of reading a meaning into them, but of being able to draw the meaning out, and to do this requires a master-hand. No modern scholar who is not a mystic will find it, and it is no wonder it has been lost to the ordinary reader."

Madam Purple.—"Doctor, you thought my illustration of the beauties of nature too high, but after all the beauties which we see in nature are but the reflection of the beauties in the soul, and do not exist save to him who has developed some beauty of soul. The old Greek tragedies, and particularly those of Æschylus, are portrayals of the life and struggles of the soul."

Just then Dr. Wyld came into the room. He had been present at the performance of the Play, and had expressed himself so pleased with it that the Professor had asked him to visit the Club.

The Doctor came over immediately to where Madam Purple and the Professor were sitting, and these meetings being more or less informal, the conversation was interrupted for the exchange of greetings.

Dr. Wyld is a very tall, broad shouldered, spare man, I should judge about seventy years old, but carrying his age gracefully. He is one of the best known Greek scholars, of a keen and vigorous intellect. Dignified, yet with a keen appreciation of humor and fond of a good story as well as able to tell one. Not only is he a profound scholar of Greek and Neoplatonic literature, but of the world's

literature, ancient and modern. He is at once a mystic and a keen observer of men, and had led a very active life, especially in the literary world, as an author, and had also written for some of the leading newspapers of the metropolis. In this way he had met very many of the prominent public men, both literary and political, of the past half century. It has been my privilege to spend many a delightful hour with him and in that way I have gained a clearer conception of the history of the United States than from any reading I have done, and also of the beauties of the writings of the old philosophers, especially the Neo-platonists.

His tall figure and dignified bearing would attract attention in any gathering, and as he entered the room with his long stride, all eyes were turned towards him.

The Professor rose to receive him. The room was beautifully yet simply decorated with hangings of harmonious colors, and the Doctor noticed these immediately and addressing Madam Purple :

Dr. Wyld.—"What a pleasure it is to come into a room where there is such harmony of tone and color. I can well understand what the Professor told me that your meetings here are always delightful. The very atmosphere seems conducive to harmony of feeling and the awakening of high thought."

Madam Purple.—"That is true, Doctor, I hold that color ought to be made a very important factor in life, and that the harmonies of sound and color are essential features of true education."

Dr. Wyld.—"And I think you have already struck the key-note of this in your production of the Eumenides, and I wish to tell you of the rare treat it was to me to witness it and the opportunity it gave me of really judging what a Greek play is like—such as could never be gained from reading. It had all the aroma of ancient Athens. One of my friends remarked that it had the beauty of a Greek statue,

but I would go further, for it had also the grace and beauty of life. I do not mean that the performance was perfect but it was the spirit that pervaded it that gave it this great charm. And after seeing it I do not wonder in coming here that you also carry out your ideas of harmony in the decoration of your Club-room. It is a further carrying out of what you teach and which I fully agree with, that what is most needed in our educational system and in life generally is a sense of harmony and of the due proportion of things."

Here the Rev. Alex. Fulsom, who had come in a short time before Dr. Wyld, and had listened more attentively than usual (without going to sleep) to the conversation, moved his chair a little forward as if to speak, but waited a moment. Although he always expressed himself as most sensitive to harmonious shades of color and adored—as he expressed it—Greek statuary, though he equally adored a pretty bonnet, nevertheless did not in any way support Madam Purple in her revival of the ancient Drama.

The Professor.—"Well, Alec, what is it now? Another objection? I'm beginning to think you belong to some objection society, whose main purpose is to object to everything on principle and for the sake of objecting. Come, tell us now, haven't you pledged yourself to the following:—'I pledge myself to always object to everything that may be proposed by anybody?' But for once, Alec, put your objections on one side and enter into the spirit of the subject."

Rev. Alex. Fulsom.—"No, Professor, I am not to be turned aside from my opinion by any method of badinage or ratiocination. And what is more, I think it my duty to express my views. As I have said before, it appears to me altogether beneath the dignity of a Leader and Teacher in such a cause as ours to be concerned in the production of a play—whether Greek or not—or to

spend so much time and the energies of the Club in mere philanthropic work. The latter, doubtless, is laudable enough but the Club has other aims to pursue, and it seems to me to have departed from its time-honored methods of study. Indeed, the study of the philosophy seems to be almost completely overlooked nowadays."

The Professor.—"Having delivered yourself of your objection, I trust you feel a little relieved, my friend, but you have not hit the nail on the head, Alec. Study is not overlooked, but on the contrary, our students are learning how to study and the true value of study as the precursor of right action. Thanks to Madam Purple, the study of philosophy is no longer looked upon as the end and aim of life. Theoretical study is good and necessary, but our students realize that Brotherhood is more than a theory, that it is an actual fact to be consciously realized and that they must seek to make Theosophy a living power in their lives.

"You know well the scriptural saying which I will slightly paraphrase, 'Let your light so shine before men, that they seeing your good works will glorify the higher law and follow it.' It behooves us to practice Brotherhood as well as to profess it. But it is the things they don't like that the objectors see but they fail to see that the study which they are crying out for is still pursued though on higher and broader lines than heretofore, become possible by the advance made by the whole Movement. The inner work and the real study have never ceased but have taken on a deeper meaning. Thank the gods, instead of the members seeking to have or to become special *gurus* and imagining themselves better than others, the whole organization moves along in touch with the life of the world, all striving ever to put into practice that which they preach. The time-honored methods of which you speak were fast becoming time-honored

ruts and you ought to thank your stars, that here is an opportunity to get out of the ruts and enter upon a broader field of life and activity as well as of study. And so far as the Play is concerned you seemed to have missed entirely its purpose and the wide influence which can thus be exerted in the world."

Rev. Alex. Fulsom.—"There may be some good in it no doubt, but there are so many other things that are needed in the world. I certainly think a teacher would have a higher work to do. There are enough philanthropists and elevators of the drama, whereas our philosophy is unique, and surely we ought to carry out the original plans of the Founder."

The Professor.—"And you assume, I might say, *presume*, to know what those original plans were, but your conception of them admits of no growth, but only stagnation or the continuing in ruts which so many have formed for themselves through their misconception and limited knowledge of, if not deliberate indifference to those plans."

I often wondered how it was the Professor did not lose patience completely with the Rev. Alec., always so pessimistic, trying to tear down. But then we all knew that his moods depended on his digestion, and upon that subtle disease—the love of approbation and prominence.

Madam Purple.—"Mr. Fulsom, do, I beg of you, try to rise a little above your pessimistic fears and let a little of the sunshine of hope and trust come into your heart. Students of Theosophy above all others ought to be able to take a larger grasp of the problems of life and perceive that the greatest truths which will ultimately bring the grandest results and happiness to all mankind must necessarily be often at first obscured; that to help the masses we must begin where they can appreciate the work, and so move out gradually along the lines of least resistance. Thus will all those who seek the Light be attracted and helped, what-

ever their development. Our grand philosophy must be presented in various ways if the many different minds are to be touched, for you well know that all men are not built alike—to use a common expression. Babies need to be fed as well as strong men. For some the teaching must be given in parables and there are some truths that but few can bear to hear. As for the original plan of the work, H. P. B., the great artist, spread the canvas and sketched the outline with a bold hand, then the second Helper put in the colors of the background thus making clearer the design upon the trestle board, but do you think you have been able to see the whole of the grand design and have grasped the harmonious proportions of the noble edifice in all their beauty and grace.”

Then turning her head for a moment with her wonderful smile, Madam Purple continued after a short pause.

“Imagine for one moment that when H. P. B. began her work in the world she could have shown what is now being done, or that it could be shown to you what will be the outcome of her efforts two hundred years hence, would it not be entirely beyond belief, *can* you even imagine it? There must be a *gradual* growth and unfoldment suited to the comprehension of the people. How then dare anyone say that the present activities are contrary to the plan of H. P. B. Ah! Mr. Fulsom, is not such a position evidence of retrogression and not of growth?”

“But, pardon me, Dr. Wyld, this is somewhat of a digression from the subject of the Greek play which you were discussing. Let us come back in thought to the old Greek Drama. There, at least, the gods wait for us and call to us to rise above this XIXth Century materialism into the realm of the beautiful, the ideal and the true.”

Dr. Wyld.—“An almost unknown land to so many, but I hail with joy the prospects that once more the geography of

that celestial country shall form part of the education of the race and lead us further back in the history of humanity into that greater and more ancient land of the pyramids and the silent sphinx.”

Madam Purple.—And from there further back still to prehistoric America, which was in the early days the ancient Land of Light when Egypt was yet young and whence Egypt derived her wisdom and her science.”

Dr. Wyld.—“That is indeed interesting, though to me it is not difficult to believe. It opens out a new chapter in the life of humanity and I doubt not that if it can be shown to be so, it will solve many problems in the history of man's development. But will you not tell us further on this subject.”

Madam Purple.—“Time would not permit of going into it at any length, Doctor, but I will say this. Time will bring the proof of what I say. Archæological research started at the right time, which is not far distant, in this country and in Central America will supply clear evidence of the truth of this statement.” She paused a moment, then continued:

“My friends, with all these grand possibilities in view, when such momentous questions are involved that will bring such priceless knowledge to the human race, can you wonder that the real workers find time all too precious to be frittered away in useless argument. It is work, work, work, that our glorious cause demands of us.”

Madam Purple spoke with so much earnestness, that it stirred one's heart to its very depths, old memories of the long forgotten passed seemed about to awaken, pictures of the ancient times flitted across the vision, and of the future when the glories of the past should be revived. One young lady of slight figure and pale face, an enthusiastic worker, always present at the meetings, but who never ventured to say a word, now exclaimed:

“The very thought of it brings new

life, new hope. Surely we haven't any time to sit and mope over the little frictions that beset our paths. Surely we should keep on working and trusting that we may be a part of this new life and each of us become individually a hope and a light to those who would walk this broad path of knowledge towards the glorious future that awaits us."

Dr. Wyld.—"One can see even now indications that the world is advancing to a broader field of thought. The revival of the ancient drama and the way the 'Eumenides' was received show this clearly and show that the links with the mighty past exist in the hearts of men—albeit unconsciously to most, but ready to be awakened into responsive action when again the picture of that long forgotten life is presented before them. I heard with much interest that in one city where the play was given, the notices of the performance were given out in almost every church in the city. And one prominent minister said it was the finest study of conscience scouring for sin and of the Divine Power to pardon and transform, he ever saw. He said such plays are better than sermons."

Madam Purple.—"It is indeed gratifying that there are so many interested in almost every line of work that will benefit humanity and who are naturally drawn to help along educative lines. All work to be of real benefit must be educative."

Dr. Wyld.—"Let me go back to what I said just after I came into the room, it comes upon me with greater and greater force, and I felt it too while watching the performance that somehow it moved one right away from this grasping, money-making world to a new-old world near to the silence and peace of things where words are not needed."

Madam Purple.—"May it not be that by taking up this Drama in the right spirit and reviving the ancient life and

consciousness by going back in thought to old Athens, we have started anew the vibrations which resulted in the beauty of Greek art and life. Then here in the Club where but rarely any discordant note arises, but where we come together in harmony there comes an indescribable something that leaves its impress on the heart, of peace and joy and at the same time a sense of courage and unconquerable energy to carry on this work that our beloved H. P. B. and the Chief began. This is a peculiar time at the end of the century, of such vast importance that is scarcely realized by any."

The Professor.—"It has been a century of unrest, and nothing is more needed than that this keynote of harmony should be struck at this time, it is in this that lies the hope of the future, and it is in this spirit of harmony that actuates the workers to-day that lies the guarantee that the work will be carried into the next century, though one here and there, unable to go forward in the new age, must be left behind."

Dr. Wyld.—"Madam Purple, will you not tell us more about Æschylus' purpose in writing his plays, for, like Shakespeare's, I would declare them to be 'not of an age, but for all time.'"

Madam Purple.—"Yes, I think Æschylus and Shakespeare may well be compared, for each taught the truths of life, though each veiled them in forms suited to the times in which they wrote. It is perfectly evident to the deep student that there is an inner meaning to the plays of Æschylus, and it may be that in his earnestness and endeavor to instruct the people and bring out these truths he became so enthused that he introduced some features of the Inner Mysteries, and although these could only be recognized and interpreted by Initiates, yet the story is he was condemned to death for this. It is true the inner meaning had to be clothed in a form adapted to the tastes of the people. In those days Greece had begun to retro-

grade, and the true idea of religion had become obscured in the minds of the masses. It had begun to take on a gruesome aspect, and that which had the greatest hold upon them was fear and the dread of punishment. Æschylus, like all great teachers, adapted his teachings to the mind of his hearers. Instead of taking them so high that they could find no foothold, he used their ordinary conception of religion and took them forward one step at a time. To have brought out the teaching in all its power and grandeur would perhaps have dazzled them, and being beyond their grasp would have seemed to them to be a tearing down of their present conceptions and ideals, and thus have thrown them back and into rebellion."

The Professor.—"There are plenty of evidences of this in modern life, of would-be teachers who, ignorant of the laws of growth and development, seek to tear down and at the same time to dazzle their hearers with knowledge which they themselves have not half-digested, and instead of bringing light and freedom, they but imprison and fetter the mind more closely. It is just as though to hasten the growth of a tender plant a gardener would bring it out of a cool and shady spot into the full glare of the sun. Its life would be burned out by that which is the very source of its life."

Madam Purple.—"But in Æschylus the teaching is there, though veiled. The wise teacher does not tear down until a new foothold has been found. He builds, constructs and educates, thus slowly leading to a higher level, disengaging the minds gradually from error by instilling a higher conception of truth. The inner teaching runs through it all like a golden thread in a many colored tapestry, now appearing, now apparently lost, but in reality only hidden from the casual observer yet present still to him who has eyes to see.

"A great effort was made by the Initi-

ates at about the time of Æschylus to revive in the heart of the Greeks a love for the ancient wisdom which they had received originally from Egypt. Æschylus himself had been instructed by teachers not known to the world and had been prepared to take part in this work long before he appeared openly as a teacher and a writer. Those who had the best interests of the people at heart and who were 'called' to serve as spiritual teachers were ever seeking to educate them not according to what the people demanded of them but according to their needs. Among these was Æschylus. He made no great claims for himself but was a stranger to fear, and so deeply was he imbued with the love of humanity and his desire to serve it that he became indifferent to criticism, and dared to step out into the arena of life with a boldness that to those who see only through the small glasses of vanity and ambition and who could not understand him, may have seemed egotism. But those who can follow the inner meaning of his writings and can see his great purpose, recognize him as a true servant and lover of humanity. What cared he for the hatred and opposition of those who loved personal power and sought to keep the people in ignorance, who saw that his grand work for helping humanity would thwart their designs and block their selfish paths. It was these who persecuted him and caused him to be condemned—not his fellow-initiates and comrades or those who truly loved wisdom and freedom.

"The chief of the persecutors of Æschylus was one who had the ambition to hold the place that he had in the hearts of the people and not succeeding in this sought to destroy him. Yet in spite of his many trials and persecutions his works and memory still live as a monument to his aspirations and noble efforts. Yet even to-day he is only partly understood and like many other teachers will have to wait for the revolu-

tions of the times and the further evolution of man before the grander meaning of his great work is made manifest.

"But it has ever been so in the history of man. History but repeated herself in the case of Æschylus, in the case of H. P. B. and many another. Those who would help humanity know of a surety what to expect, yet they falter not, nay, they even gain new courage and endurance under the persecution, for is there

not in their hearts the Light of Truth and the love of all true comrades of the Ages to cheer their path? The devotion of one faithful heart outweighs in the balance a multitude of persecutors."

[In future accounts of the Sokratic Club some of the characters will appear under other names, but some of our readers who are interested will doubtless be able to tell the identity.—Solon.]

STUDENTS' COLUMN.

THE BASIS OF ETHICS.

IN the December number of UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD the question is asked: "Whence arises the sense of duty? In what does it originate?" The answers given are good; and V. F. touches the key-note in the words "he owes it to *himself*," etc.

The question and the discussions recalled to my mind the answer given to the same question by Dr. Hickok of Union College in his treatise on Moral Science, which was published in 1853, and used as a text-book in the University of Vermont a few years later.

It is too often taken for granted that a Christian must find a new basis of ethics and a new rule of right in order to justify his acceptance of the Theosophical teachings. This is far from the case, even assuming for the sake of the argument what is not true in fact, that theosophy rejects the Bible; for the great majority of Christian writers on this subject have not founded their systems on the Bible, or upon any religious system whatever, but have, so far as they discuss religious duties, treated them as a part of some greater ethical whole. Such is the case in the manual of Dr. Hickok. He only needs to bring out more clearly the unity of finite spirits

in Absolute Spirit, and to note the proper distinction between personality and individuality and between individuality and the One Life—a distinction that is logical rather than metaphysical—and to enlarge his view so as to include the tenet of reincarnation with its correlative doctrines, to make his system very good Theosophy. His foundation is impregnable; but by overlooking the unity of the finite in the infinite, and by clinging to the notion of a personal God distinct from the Higher Self, he brings that God into judgment before the finite spirit of man. This makes the Second Part of his treatise, on Divine Government, weak and halting in comparison with the First Part, on Pure Morality. His work would have been simplified and strengthened beyond measure could he have seen that the self before whom man stands in the inner sanctuary of his being is the Higher Self of our teachings, and is one with the highest Deity. I quote Dr. Hickok's statement of the basis of ethics and of the source of our sense of duty.

"Whether absolute or finite spirit, there is to each an inner world of conscious prerogative—revealed to itself completely, and to itself only, except as the absolute includes the finite—and

from which comes forth perpetually the imperative, that every action be restrained by that which is due to its own dignity. It is this consciousness of the intrinsic excellency of spiritual being, which awakens the reverence that every man is forced to feel when he is brought fairly to stand alone in the presence of his own spirit. As if another and a divine self scanned and judged every purpose and thought of the acting self, so is every man when arraigned before his own personality, and made to hear with uncovered head his sentence of self-justification or self-condemnation. There is an awful sanctuary in every immortal spirit, and man needs nothing more than to exclude all else, and stand alone before himself, to be made conscious of an authority he can neither dethrone nor delude. From its approbation comes self-respect; from its disapprobation, self-contempt. A stern behest is ever upon him, that he do nothing to degrade the real dignity of his spiritual being. He is a law to himself, and has both the judge and executioner within him and inseparable from him. The claim of this intrinsic excellency of spiritual being, as apprehended by the reason may be known as the *objective* Rule of right.

“We may call this the imperative of reason, the constraint of conscience, or the voice of God within him; but by whatever terms expressed, the real meaning will be, that every man has consciously the bond upon him *to do that, and that only, which is due to his spiritual excellency*. The motive to this is not

any gratification of a want, not any satisfying of a craving, and thus to be done for a price in happiness; but it is solely that he may *be* just what the intrinsic excellency of his own spirit demands that he *should be*. Enough for him, that he *is*, in the sight of his own spirit, and of all spirits, worthy of spiritual approbation. Not only would he not sell this worthiness of character for any price, but he has not attained it for the sake of a reward beyond it. That it was not the end, but a means to a further end, would make it wholly mercenary, and the very worthiness he speaks of would be profaned to a marketable commodity. He willingly then would be anything else if he could get equal wages for it. To be thus worthy of spiritual approbation is the attainment of the highest dignity, and may be called the *subjective* end of ethics, and is a *moral good*.

“This is the ultimate end of rational being; the end of all ends. As worthy of happiness, this may now righteously be *given*, and righteously *taken*, but not righteously *paid* as a price nor *claimed* as wages. The *good* is the *being worthy*, not that he is to get something for it. The highest good—the SUMMUM BONUM—is *worthiness of spiritual approbation*.”

The italics and capitals are Dr. Hickok's. “As if another and a divine self scanned and judged every purpose and thought of the acting self,” could hardly be improved by any of our theosophical writers.

G. A. MARSHALL.

DARLINGTON, Wis., Dec. 29, 1898.

YOUNG FOLKS' DEPARTMENT.

THE WESTON TEN.

BY MARGARET S. LLOYD.

I. STILL POOL.

WESTON, Massachusetts, is a beautiful little New England town, with the cheerful, home-like air that is almost always found in the villages of that State. It is situated in a pleasant, green valley, surrounded by hills, and one can see the mountains of New Hampshire and Vermont from the main street of the village. The Connecticut River flows past the western part of the town and there are many pleasant walks in the neighborhood.

The children of Weston, and there are many children in this pretty village, love best to go down to the river, or else to take the long walk to Quan Glen.

After leaving the long main street of the village, with its rows of comfortable-looking big white houses, and double row of elm trees, a turn to the north brings one, after a half-hour's walk, to Quan Glen. It is a lovely little place, always green even in the severe winter, for it is sheltered on either side by high banks of pine, birch, and other trees, that on the north side of the Glen lead away into deep woods. The bottom of the Glen is covered with a soft carpet of mosses and ferns, and through the middle runs a clear stream of water, which makes a pleasant murmur as it ripples and plashes over the white pebbles which compose its bed.

It was on a hot day in August when a party of children came through the woods and prepared to descend the high bank leading down to the Glen. Out of the hot sunshine and into the cool green of the shade trees made a delightful change after their long walk, and they

pushed forward through the branches and tall grass and ferns. There were ten children, four boys and six girls. The eldest of the children was Phœbe Allen, a tall, slender girl of fourteen who seemed to be a sort of little queen among the others, as they were constantly appealing to her and running up to show some new flower or especially nice fern they had found. Tommy Jones was the youngest member of the party. He was seven years old and still wore the queer over-all blue checked apron which little boys and girls alike wore at this period, thirty years ago. The apron made a splendid play-dress and was really very comfortable, although our friend Tommy was a quaint-looking little figure as he trotted along, the ruffle of his apron forming a big collar around his neck, from which his head stood out like some new kind of a daisy—a daisy with bright yellow hair and dreamy grey eyes!

Tommy was jolly and full of fun and laughter, but he had his periods of being quiet and this afternoon was one of them. At such times his playmates had learned to leave him alone. For they knew it was just one of "Tommy's silent times," and that by and by he would be as merry as the others. He went along with the other children, holding Phœbe's hand and keeping close to her until they reached the bottom of the glen. Then the others scattered, leaving him and Phœbe to walk on together. The other boys amused themselves by throwing pebbles in the brook and trying to find a minnow, while the little girls wandered about the glen in search

of flowers.

Phœbe Allen walked slowly along with Tommy at her side, and after a few minutes she said: "I'm ever so glad we came to the glen to-day. It's just lovely here isn't it, little Tommy?"

"Yes, I guess 'tis."

He continued, "Phœbe, don't you like the summer time the best of all? The woods are so cool and green and there's so many flowers."

"Oh, yes, I do love it. But I think I like the spring time best because I think the little flowers, so pale and tender, are the very dearest of all. The summer flowers are so strong and bright. I love the little spring flowers the best, and best of all the big, beautiful purple violet."

Tommy thought a while and then he said:

"I know. I guess you mean that we love the things that aren't strong the best. It wouldn't hurt a daisy or a big mullein or a clover blossom one bit if it was to rain hard. Would it? But the wee spring flowers couldn't stand so much, could they?"

"Yes, that's it. Then, you see, I always think all the flowers are real people, just as real as you and I are, only different, and of all the Flower People—I always call them the Flower People when I think of them—it seems to me that the spring Flower People are the loveliest. For they come to us almost before the winter's gone and while it is still very cold and we haven't any other flowers."

"I think so too," said Tommy. "You always 'splain to us children and tell us lots of nice things to think about, Phœbe. But I like it best of all when you 'splain things to just me, for then I can understand real easy."

The children soon came to a big chestnut tree and Phœbe sat down under it to rest awhile. Tommy walked on. Phœbe looked around her. She could hear the children laughing and chatter-

ing up the glen. She watched Tommy. He walked along, stopping every now and then to watch a butterfly or to peer into the waters of the brook as it rippled along the side of his path.

Phœbe sat quiet for some time. The voices of the other children sounded farther away until they scarcely reached her. She saw Tommy's little figure far down the glen, beside the Still Pool. "I wonder what he is looking at," she thought, "he has been standing beside the pool such a long time." She called, "Tommy, Tommy," but he did not turn his head. She waited a moment and then started toward him. As she came near him she saw that he was gazing into the waters of Still Pool as though he saw something very wonderful in it.

Still Pool was a beautiful little well of water at the northern end of the glen. It was formed by water from the brook which had some time gone out of its course and left here this deep, clear pool, all surrounded by ferns and water cress. It was almost always so clear that you could look right down to the bottom of it and see the white pebbles there. The children had always called it the "Still" pool, because it seemed so very quiet in this part of the glen and the pool was the stillest of all.

Phœbe came up to Tommy. He did not hear her; he was looking into the pool. So she came behind him very softly and laid her hand on his shoulder.

"What are you looking at, little Tommy?" she asked.

"I have called and called you, but you never turned your head. I don't believe you even saw me as I came up here."

Tommy turned around and looked at her. His big, dreamy eyes looked up into her soft brown ones. "Oh, Phœbe," he said, "I suppose I must have been dreaming. I'm hardly awake yet. I saw something so wonderful in Still Pool."

Phœbe looked at the child with deep interest. "You saw a beautiful Face there, didn't you?"

Tommy looked at her with astonishment. "Why, how did you know? Then I must really, truly have seen the Face."

Phœbe laid her cool hand on his hot forehead and brushed his hair back. Then she took his hand and said softly:

"Come to my chestnut tree before the other children come back and you can tell me all about it. Or, if you don't feel like talking, we will just rest under the tree awhile, and when the others come we will all go home together."

Tommy grasped Phœbe's hand tightly and walked along. Neither said anything until they had sat under the tree for some time. Tommy's eyes still wore their far-away look. He laid his head on Phœbe's lap, and the young girl stroked his yellow hair and waited until he should be ready to talk.

At last the little boy sat up and said:

"I saw a very queer thing while I was at Still Pool. I was just looking into the water and thinking how white the pebbles were, when all at once I couldn't see the pebbles any more. The water looked all gray, and then, while I was looking and wondering, I saw a beautiful, beautiful face! I really did, Phœbe, honest and true!"

Phœbe looked at the earnest little boy. She answered nothing, but her face was transformed as she listened to his story. Her beautiful brown eyes grew more gentle looking and her face seemed to have a light shining behind it.

"Honest, Phœbe, I did see a beautiful, lovely face. A *real* face."

"I am sure you did, Tommy," said Phœbe. She saw that the child was ready to cry at his fear that perhaps Phœbe did not understand him. "I know you saw the Face. I have seen such a beautiful Face more than once."

Tommy drew a deep breath. "It was

the loveliest face you could think about. It was just shiny, and it had deep, deep kind eyes, and it looked right up at me and smiled. Oh, I felt my heart grow big all at once, and I was just as still as could be for fear the beautiful thing would go away. But the first thing I knew you laid your hand on my shoulder and I sort of felt as if I was just waking up. But I know the face was real and true!"

"Of course it was, Tommy."

"It makes a little boy feel very strange to have such things happen," continued Tommy. "But it's just like my very own thoughts. Sometimes I think and think and think until the air seems all shiny, and then I feel oh, so happy! So very, very happy! But I never can make it into words."

"No, dearie, you can't make it into words now, but you will be able to some day. Do you know what I think? I think that nature made you a Poet when you were born, and so, as you grow, the beautiful thoughts will grow and grow as you do, until some time, when you are a big man, you will be able to tell all that you have thought about, all the lovely dreams, if you call them dreams, that you ever have had, and all these lovely shining things will grow into beautiful words and be printed in books. Then they will be read by men and women and little boys and girls, too, and it will help them all to be good and more happy than they ever were before."

Tommy gazed with loving, wondering eyes while Phœbe spoke. He felt as though he understood all she meant as he watched her face. For while she talked it absolutely shone and she looked as though she saw, far in the distance, little Tommy, grown to be a man and a wonderful poet.

After a while Tommy said, suddenly: "Oh, Phœbe, I know what the lovely face in the pool was!"

"What, dearie?"

"Don't you remember the other day

when all us children were in your house and you were telling us those nice stories? Don't you remember how you told us there was a shining boy or girl in each one of us? I remember all you told us about it and you said it was the real, true self. Our own best self; our bestest goodie. I believe the face in the pool was my bestest goodie; it must have been!"

"Perhaps it was, Tommy. But why do you say 'bestest goodie'?"

"'Cause 'bestest' is the very, *very* best, and 'goodie' is the very nicest, *goodest* thing. So 'bestest goodie' is the very loveliest thing of all!"

"Well, the Shining One is all that, dearie. You have found a very good name for it. Our Shining Self is our 'Bestest Goodie.'"

Soon the other children came up to

Phœbe and Tommy and the party started for home. All the boys and girls had bunches of ferns and flowers and the boys whistled as they walked. The little girls walked along more sedately, all of them clustering around Phœbe who laughed and chatted with them, as gay as the gayest. Tommy, too, was full of fun, as he hopped along, holding on to Phœbe's hand. All the quiet, sober thought was put aside, and again they were just two happy children with the others.

As the party reached the main street of Weston once more, it was decided, before breaking up, that the ten children—the Weston Ten, as they call themselves—should meet in Phœbe's house to spend the afternoon two days from that time.

NOTICES.

We receive an occasional communication addressed to us with a Post-office box number. Some time before the present Headquarters at 144 Madison Ave., was established the business of the Theosophical Society and the Publishing Co. was transacted through a Post-office Box, but Mr. Judge gave up this box upon removal to the Headquarters at 144 Madison Ave., six years ago, and never afterwards used it. The Theosophical Publishing Co., which was founded by Mr. Judge, is still at 144 Madison Ave., to which address all mail should be directed.

The Theosophical Publishing Co.,

E. A. Neresheimer,

Manager.

Mr. Edwin H. Clarke has been selected to assume charge of the Advertising Departments of the UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD and *New Century*.

Those desiring information as to rates, etc., as well as all matters pertaining to this department should address

Edwin H. Clark,

Advertising Department,

144 Madison Ave.,

New York.

The Theosophical Publishing Co.,

E. A. Neresheimer, Manager.

BROTHERHOOD ACTIVITIES.

NEW YORK.

THE Universal Brotherhood Meetings, held Sunday evenings in the Aryan Hall, are increasing in interest all the time. A noticeable feature is the number of men who attend and the very excellent and intelligent questions which are asked. The meetings are interspersed with music, usually by the Misses Fuller, Piano and Violin, forming a very important part of the proceedings. Short addresses are given and questions answered by H. T. Patterson, H. Coryn, B. Harding, and J. H. Fussell. A collection is also taken to help defray expenses and it is found that the visitors appreciate the opportunity of doing this.

The Aryan Lodge Meetings on Tuesday evening have for some time past been for members only but it has been decided to open them to the public. The first open meeting was held Jan. 17, and a number of visitors were present. The Lodge meetings adjourn at 9.30, thus giving an opportunity for conversation and social intercourse. Our President, Bro. Neresheimer, often adds to the pleasure of the evening by singing.

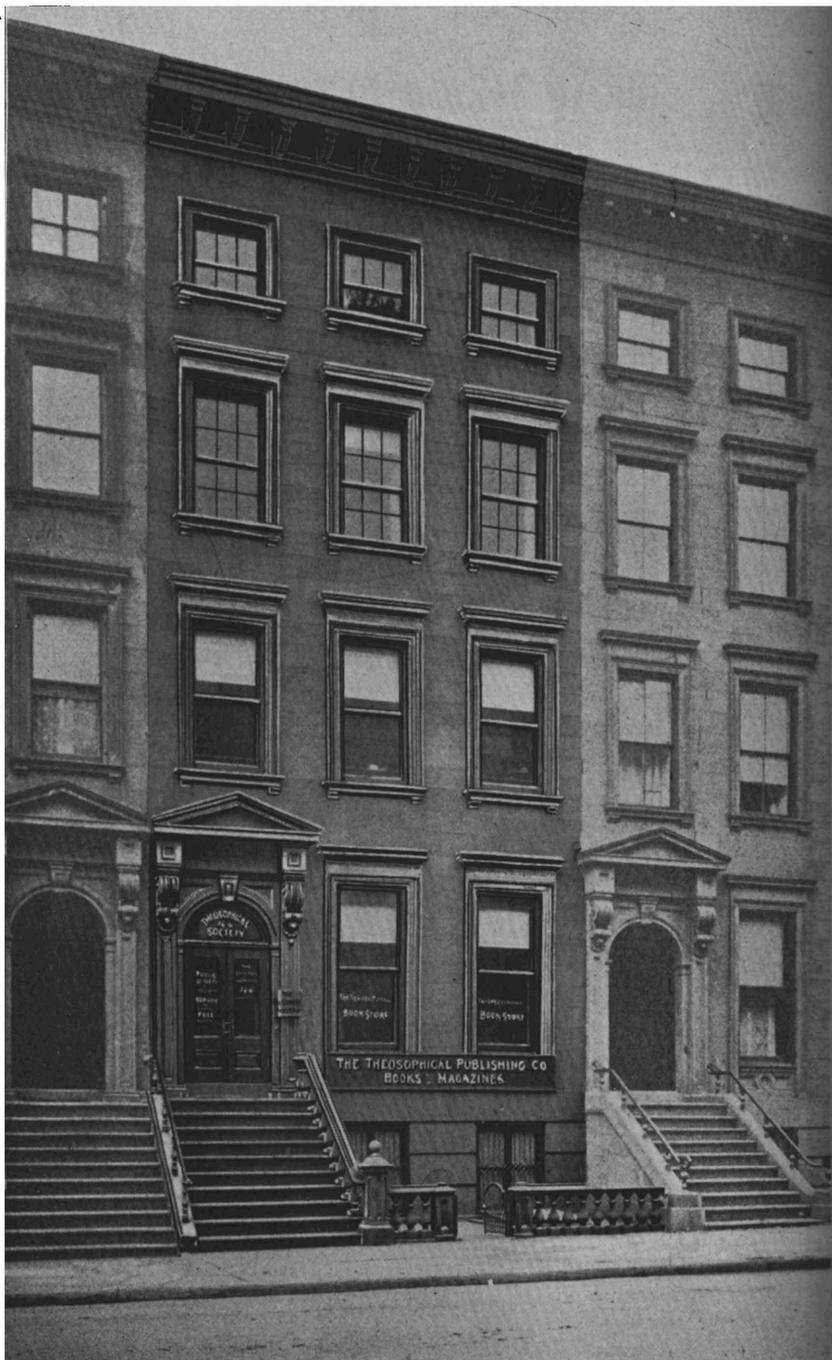
A new Lodge was formed in New York on the West Side on Jan. 3. At the time of writing three meetings have so far been held. A large room with a piano has been hired at 587 Hudson Street, and a very good beginning has been made, several people being already interested. This is one of the old residence districts of New York and the inhabitants generally are noted for being good thinkers and earnest people. Those helping in the work are members from the H. P. B. and Aryan Lodges: D. N. Dunlop, S. Hecht, Mrs. Cracauer, Dr. Wilcox, Miss Bernstein, H. T. Patterson, H. Coryn, Miss Whitney, J. H. Fussell, and others.

Bro. Albert E. S. Smythe is now making a tour of Universal Brotherhood Lodges and is a fully authorized representative of the Universal Brotherhood, and the International Brotherhood League. He has so far visited Toledo, Fort Wayne and Chicago and has had good success. This is an opportunity for the new members and those at a distance to come in closer touch through Bro. Smythe with the work at Headquarters. Bro. Smythe is so well known through his work in Toronto and as Editor of *The Lamp* and so many have also heard him at the annual Conventions of the T. S. A. that he needs no introduction.

Inquiries have been received in regard to the railway arrangements for the Congress of Universal Brotherhood at Point Loma next April. Bro. W. A. Stevens, 500 Lafayette Ave., Buffalo, N. Y., has these in charge and will be ready to report by about Feb. 1st. Those desiring information should write him. Further particulars will be given in *The New Century*.

An important meeting of the Universal Brotherhood was held in Boston, Jan. 17, at which were present the Leader, E. A. Neresheimer, F. M. Pierce, H. T. Patterson, and H. Coryn from New York, and Clark Thurston from Providence.

An illustration is given in this issue of the Headquarters Building at 144 Madison Avenue, New York, showing the office and book-store of the Theosophical Publishing Company, on the first floor. The offices of the Universal Brotherhood and the Theosophical Society in America are on the second floor.



CENTRAL OFFICE OF THE UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD ORGANIZATION, THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY IN AMERICA, AND THE THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING COMPANY.

The members will also be glad to see the faces of some of our Australian friends. They are a band of splendid, loyal workers and Universal Brotherhood has already become a power in the lives of many in Australia.



January 13th was the 1st anniversary of the founding of the Universal Brotherhood Organization. The second year of U. B. has begun and we can now look back and see how great a work has been done during the past year. But more than all, one may know what this work has been, by simply looking into his own heart. It has been a year of great effort; of trial to some; but has resulted in joy to all who have worked unselfishly in our glorious cause and who have followed faithfully the guidance of our great Leader. I have heard many say recently that it seemed as though a new spring had begun, that they felt so happy they wanted to sing. There does indeed seem to be a new energy awake-

ning and certainly never before has there been such a happy harmonious household and staff as at present at Headquarters, nor have we ever had such bright and harmonious meetings.

But this is not only true of New York and the Headquarters but of the whole organization from Boston and the East, from Fort Wayne, Chicago, Pittsburg, Macon, and Lodges too numerous to mention, from the whole Pacific Coast and the North West come the same tidings of new hope, new strength, new achievements. Truly, U. B. 2 has begun auspiciously.

J. H. FUSSELL.

TACOMA, WASHINGTON.

Jan. 9, 1899.

DEAR COMRADE:—I have your favor of 3d inst. and am fully convinced that you are right in the references and hopes you express for the year 1899. Our local U. B. organization is in good shape, we never were able before to work so unitedly and loyally and the efforts from all the members seem now to strengthen that unity.

Yes, we are all looking forward to Point Loma in many respects. Many of our members are planning to go down and I only wish we could all go and hope we may be able.

R. H. LUND.

A SPLENDID RECORD.

UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD LODGE NO. 7, AMERICA,)
 California Academy of Sciences Building,)
 Room 30, 819 Market Street, San Francisco.)

Secretary's Annual Report for Year Ending December 21, 1898.

OFFICERS AND MEMBERS OF UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD LODGE NO. 7, AMERICA.

COMRADES:—Your secretary begs leave to report as follows concerning the closing year:

The year's work shows a gratifying increase in results. In order to be exact your secretary gives the figures as shown by the minutes of the year: 547 meetings were held, with an attendance of 41,150, as against 478 meetings and 36,279 attendance in 1897, an increase of 14 per cent. in the number of meetings and of 13½ per cent. in attendance; 481 addresses were delivered at these meetings by 65 speakers.

The highest total weekly attendance was 1060; the lowest 605; average 791.

The most noticeable increase is in the case of the International Brotherhood League, which began the year with an average attendance of 78, and closes the twelve-month with an average attendance of 170, a gain of 118 per cent.

The Lotus Group shows a gain of 18 per cent., as compared with 1897, and Lodge meetings a gain of 29 per cent. The attendance of visitors at the Library increased 16 per cent., and of members at meetings of Pacific Coast Committee for Universal Brotherhood 98 per cent.

The especial attention of members is called to the Ethical Class and Secret Doctrine Class as being the most important local channels for the acquirement of a knowledge of ethics and philosophy. The Ethical Class shows a gain of 35 per cent., and the Secret Doctrine Class 33 per cent. for the year.

The work at San Quentin Penitentiary was resumed in August, under the direction of H. H. Somers, after a suspension of more than a year. Lectures are given monthly, and the chapel is always filled with listeners.

A private meeting of U. B. L. No. 7 was instituted in October, two meetings being held each month. Beginning with January this meeting will be held regularly every Thursday evening, and is expected to accomplish much good by way of bringing members into closer sympathy with each other.

Your secretary's annual report one year ago showed that 1897 had been the most prosperous year in the history of the movement in this city. By the present report it is seen that 1898 far surpasses the previous year, and this in the face of financial distress and general unrest. The prediction is ventured that 1899 will bring a still greater meed of success, for it is the beginning of a California cycle. In 1849 the name of California was emblazoned before the world. The closing year marks the passing of the seventh septenate of the cycle, and 1899 will usher in the new cycle which is to bring California again before the notice of the world, but this time as the depository of spiritual gold.

This report would be incomplete without reference to the Chicago Convention, held on February 18, 1898, at which time the Universal Brotherhood, or the Brotherhood of Humanity, was promulgated under the leadership of Mrs. Katherine A. Tingley, and of which the Theosophical Society in America and the International Brotherhood League became integral parts. San Francisco Branch at once

transformed itself into a Lodge of Universal Brotherhood, becoming Lodge 7—the mystic number—and the results of the year are ample justification of the action taken.

There were a few defections from the Society because of its expansion, but the record shows that the result was in no wise serious for the organization. An organization, like a human body, is made up of atoms or lives, and as growth proceeds these atoms are constantly changing their position and passing into and out of the body. The correspondence is very similar, except that in the case of this organization it is not the law of fatality which expels the atoms, but each has the free will to maintain his position in the growing body if he so desires, or to leave it. Each will choose as he desires, and we have not the right to attempt to compel them. We have but to perform our full duty in every department of our lives, and the recorders of karma will adjust the conditions and the result.

I congratulate the members of Universal Brotherhood Lodge No. 7 on the work of the closing year and the prospects of the coming one.

Fraternally,

AMOS J. JOHNSON, Secretary.

SAN FRANCISCO, December 21, 1898.

LOTUS HOME.*

BUFFALO, N. Y., Dec. 29, 1898.

DEAR LEADER:—

I wish it were in my power to express to you all the sweetness and quiet joy of the first Christmas, at Lotus Home, and the only thing that was lacking, was the presence (in the physical body) of the precious "Lotus Mother," for it was such a delightful experience, so full of hope and promise, that we wanted you there to share it with us.

Truly the spirit of "Peace on Earth, Good Will to all Men" brooded over the Home and spread its wings over all that are working and ministering to the tiny "Buds" there.

It is wonderful to see the improvement in them as the days go on, since Dr. Kean has taken them in hand; she understands all their little needs and with Miss Morris' gentle and unceasing care and attention they are growing as strong and beautiful as the most exacting could desire.

The atmosphere surrounding them is so serene and full of unselfish brotherly love that the unfoldment into health and beauty of mind and body has begun early, and we feel sure that they will grow to lovely "Blossoms by and bye" and be workers for Humanity on the broadest lines of "Universal Brotherhood."

There was the Christmas Tree, filled with lights and all the "shining things," and the sweet odor of the fragrant boughs filled the rooms, the babies and all the household gathered around it with the members of our family also, at twilight, and if any one thinks a lot of wee babies do not enjoy the fun of a Christmas tree, let them come here and see "ours," they stared and laughed and took in all the

* The Lotus Home, recently established in Buffalo, under the International Brotherhood League is for homeless children and seeks to carry out the second object of the League, viz., "To educate children of all nations on the broadest lines of Universal Brotherhood and to prepare destitute and homeless children to become workers for humanity."

loveliness, as wisely as the older ones of us. Little Katherine was so overcome with prolonged staring and nodding her head with approval, that she fell asleep in the midst of it, no doubt continuing the lovely vision in her dreams.

Little Grace with the rosy cheeks and laughing blue eyes had grown to the dignity of short clothes on Christmas day, and though but five months old she sat in her fine new high chair and crowed and laughed aloud with glee just as though she were years old instead of months only.

Wee Edith, our frailest Bud, is frail no longer, but is growing stronger and rosier every day, and her great wonderful eyes look as if they held a store of untold things, which she will give to the world some day, in song or verse.

On Christmas Eve a new-comer appeared, little "merry Christmas" and on Christmas day another; this one we didn't know what to call for the time being, but little "Miss Newcome," and that made six small workers for humanity at Lotus Home on Christmas day.

The household is now composed of twelve persons, Dr. Kean, Supt.; Miss Morris, assistant Supt.; the Housekeeper; the Maid of all work (who by the way is a jewel); the Man of all work; and the new nursery maid; with the six babies making the twelve.

Quite a household, for so short a time since the work was begun, and it will continue to grow for it is getting to be better known all the while.

We have received an appropriation from the County of \$600. We are very glad to get this, it will help us through the winter and in spring we hope to have an entertainment that will bring us over \$200.

I have no words at my command, dear Mother, to express all I feel in regard to our blessed work here, and of my appreciation of the great privilege you have bestowed upon us here, in permitting us to help on our great Cause in this practical and substantial way, but you know my heart, and what I lack in beautiful language, I hope I can make up in faithful work.

TERESA Y. STEVENS.

HOME CRUSADE IN IRELAND.

On December 7th the Crusaders, Mrs. A. L. Cleather and Bro. Basil Crump, went to Dublin for the first time, where they enjoyed the real Irish hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Dick. Ireland is a dreamy country, and its people are extremely diffident and hard to interest in anything novel. The deep interest of those who came to the Wagner lecture was, therefore, no less a surprise to the local workers than the unusually long and appreciative reports which appeared in the principal Dublin papers. It was a significant fact that, although the reporters were supplied with a complete summary of the lecture, they stayed to the end, and gave money for the children's work. This lecture was on Friday, the 9th; Saturday, Sunday, and Monday were occupied with U. B. and private meetings, interviews, and general routine work. On Tuesday the children's entertainment took place in the Rotunda. A number of Dublin ladies interested in philanthropic work came to help, and a gentleman very kindly operated the lantern. All were delighted, and said it was quite as much a lesson for them as for the little ones. There is no doubt that this work will be carried forward in Dublin. Each visitor asked for a portrait of Mrs. Tingley.

Early on Wednesday morning the Crusaders, Mrs. Cleather and Bro. Crump, left Dublin to help at the

BROTHERHOOD BAZAAR IN LIVERPOOL.

They were met by Secretary Herbert Crooke and Brother H. M. Savage, and stayed along with Brother Cranstone Woodhead at the "Mitre" Hotel. Some very advantageous arrangements had been made, so that the Bazaar started on a favorable financial basis. A beautiful picture, sent by Brother R. Machell, R. B. A., was splendidly displayed in a large shop window in Lord Street, and attracted an immense amount of public attention.

The Committee were singularly happy in securing the sympathetic services of Mr. R. Holt and Mrs. Jeannie Mole to open the Bazaar on the first and second days respectively. They both made speeches which came straight from the heart, and their appreciation of the work now being done by the Movement along practical lines was an object lesson to all in the foresight and wisdom of our Leader. Brother T. Baker's orchestra provided excellent music, the refreshments were daintily served by lady workers in tasteful costumes, and on the seven stalls there was a profusion of articles for sale. We understand that the total receipts amounted to upwards of £150, and we warmly congratulate the Committee on this highly successful result.

BRISTOL.

Bristol reports an increase of attendance, due to copies of the *New Century* being placed in the public libraries. *New Century* distribution is highly important work. When the hour shall strike, when we have given it that unqualified support that it demands of us, it will then speak right into the people's hearts in clear and simple language, so that none need longer question the "nobility of their calling," or again forget their "true position in life." C. O.

LIVERPOOL.

The Lodge is flourishing, and the sole topic is the "Bazaar." The Thursday evening meetings have been very interesting during November.

On Sunday, November 20th, Brother Bern lectured on "Music."

On the 24th November Brother Crooke gave an excellent lecture on "King Solomon's Seal." To all our brethren, greeting.—J. F. CROPPER.

From *The Crusader*, Dec. 27, 1898.

HOLLAND.

We know that you are in a whirlwind of work. Here, too, we are, after our own way in a whirlwind of the same kind, and things are going well. We are busy with preparations for our Lotus circle, etc., and, as for U. B. work, it goes in every way as far as our means allow. Inward work is very good, and the true members are coming nearer to each other in conscious unity. We only know our Leader here, and try to follow her.

H. DE N.

UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD ORGANIZATION.



“Slowly the Bible of the race is writ,
Each age, each kindred adds a verse to it.”

UNIVERSAL Brotherhood or the Brotherhood of Humanity is an organization established for the benefit of the people of the earth and all creatures.

This organization declares that Brotherhood is a fact in nature. The principal purpose of this organization is to teach Brotherhood, demonstrate that it is a fact in nature and make it a living power in the life of humanity.

The subsidiary purpose of this organization is to study ancient and modern religion, science, philosophy and art; to investigate the laws of nature and the divine powers in man.

This Brotherhood is a part of a great and universal movement which has been active in all ages.

Every member has the right to believe or disbelieve in any religious system or philosophy, each being required to show that tolerance for the opinions of others which he expects for his own.

The Theosophical Society in America is the Literary Department of Universal Brotherhood.

The International Brotherhood League is the department of the Brotherhood for practical humanitarian work.

The Central Office of the Universal Brotherhood Organization is at 144 Madison Avenue, New York City.*

* For further information address F. M. Pierce, Secretary, 144 Madison Avenue, New York.

THE INTERNATIONAL BROTHERHOOD LEAGUE.*

(Unsectarian.)

“ Helping and sharing is what Brotherhood means.”



THIS organization affirms and declares that Brotherhood is a fact in Nature, and its objects are:

1. To help men and women to realize the nobility of their calling and their true position in life.
2. To educate children of all nations on the broadest lines of Universal Brotherhood and to prepare destitute and homeless children to become workers for humanity.
3. To ameliorate the condition of unfortunate women, and assist them to a higher life.
4. To assist those who are, or have been, in prison, to establish themselves in honorable positions in life.
5. To endeavor to abolish capital punishment.

* Address all inquiries to H. T. Patterson, General Superintendent, 144 Madison Avenue, New York.

6. To bring about a better understanding between so-called savage and civilized races, by promoting a closer and more sympathetic relationship between them.

7. To relieve human suffering resulting from flood, famine, war, and other calamities; and generally to extend aid, help, and comfort to suffering humanity throughout the world.

It should be noted that the officers and workers of the International Brotherhood League are unsalaried and receive no remuneration, and this, as one of the most binding rules of the organization, *effectually excludes those who would otherwise enter from motives of self-interest.*

None of the officers hold any political office, the League is not connected with any political party or organization, nor has it any political character, it is wholly humanitarian and unsectarian.

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY IN AMERICA.

THIS Society was formed in 1875 under the name of the Theosophical Society, by H. P. Blavatsky, assisted by W. Q. Judge and others; reorganized in April, 1895, by W. Q. Judge under the name of the Theosophical Society in America, and in February, 1898, became an integral part of Universal Brotherhood Organization.

The principal purpose of this Society is to publish and disseminate literature relating to Theosophy, Brotherhood, ancient and modern religions, philosophy, sciences and arts.

Its subsidiary purpose is to establish and build up a great library, in which shall be gathered ancient and modern literature of value to the great cause of Universal Brotherhood.

SCHOOL FOR THE REVIVAL OF THE LOST MYSTERIES OF ANTIQUITY AT POINT LOMA, SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA, U. S. A.

ALTHOUGH American in centre, this school is international in character—“a temple of living light, lighting up the dark places of the earth.

Through this School and its branches the children of the race will be taught the laws of physical life, and the laws of physical, moral, and mental health and spiritual unfoldment. They will learn to live in harmony with nature. They will become passionate lovers of all that breathes. They will grow strong in an understanding of themselves, and as they gain strength they will learn to use it for the good of the whole world.”

The Leader and Official Head wishes it known that there is an Eastern and Esoteric School in which a very large number of the earnest members of the UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD throughout the world are pupils. At present there is no institution where students go to learn these teachings. The studies are carried on in each group under directions from the centre in New York.

In the School for the Revival of the Lost Mysteries of Antiquity there will be an Esoteric Department, in which the higher teachings will be given to such pupils of the Eastern and Esoteric School as are prepared to receive them.

THE ISIS LEAGUE OF MUSIC AND DRAMA (OF THE ART DEPARTMENT OF UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD).

THE Isis League of Music and Drama is composed of persons carefully selected by the Foundress, who are interested in the advancement of music and the drama to their true place in the life of humanity. Its objects are :

(a) To accentuate the importance of Music and the Drama as vital educative factors.

(b) To educate the people to a knowledge of the true philosophy of life by means of dramatic presentations of a high standard and the influence of the grander harmonies of music.

Headquarters : 144 Madison Avenue, New York City, and at Point Loma, San Diego, California.

OBITUARY.

We deeply regret to record the passing away on Dec. 30, of Bro. H. T. Lotter, one of the most faithful and earnest workers in Kansas City, after an illness lasting since last Aug. The following resolutions were passed by Lodge No. 47 of Universal Brotherhood, Kansas City, Mo.

Whereas In the economy of Nature, all is subject to change, that which we see being the blossom of seed sown in the long ago in the yesterdays of Eternity which in their turn shall bear seed for futurity's growth ; and

Whereas Time in its onward sweep has closed the Cycle of Active life of him who was erstwhile known to us as Henry T. Lotter gathering for further unfoldment the ripened fruit of an Earth life ; now therefore be it

RESOLVED That in the passing hence of brother Lotter this lodge loses an earnest, enthusiastic and untiring worker in the Cause, its members a staunch, sincere and kind brother and an amiable and gracious friend ; and further be it

RESOLVED That in token of our love and esteem, flowers shall be placed on the rostrum at the public meetings to be held Jan. 8, 15, 22d and that three members be appointed to address the audience in memoriam, also be it

RESOLVED That our recollections of him can best be kept in our memories, by making his conduct in life our standard of duty.

CHAS. E. HUNGERFORD, Pres.

J. FRANK KNOCHE, Sec.

We have also received notice of the passing away from earth-life of two of the oldest workers on the Pacific Coast, Bro. Theodore G. Ed. Wollet of San Francisco, on Dec. 12th, aged 70 years, and Dr. John S. Cook of Sacramento, on Dec. 30th. Both of our brothers will be much missed by their respective Lodges, but the memory of their faithful endeavor for Universal Brotherhood will long be kept in the hearts of their comrades.