

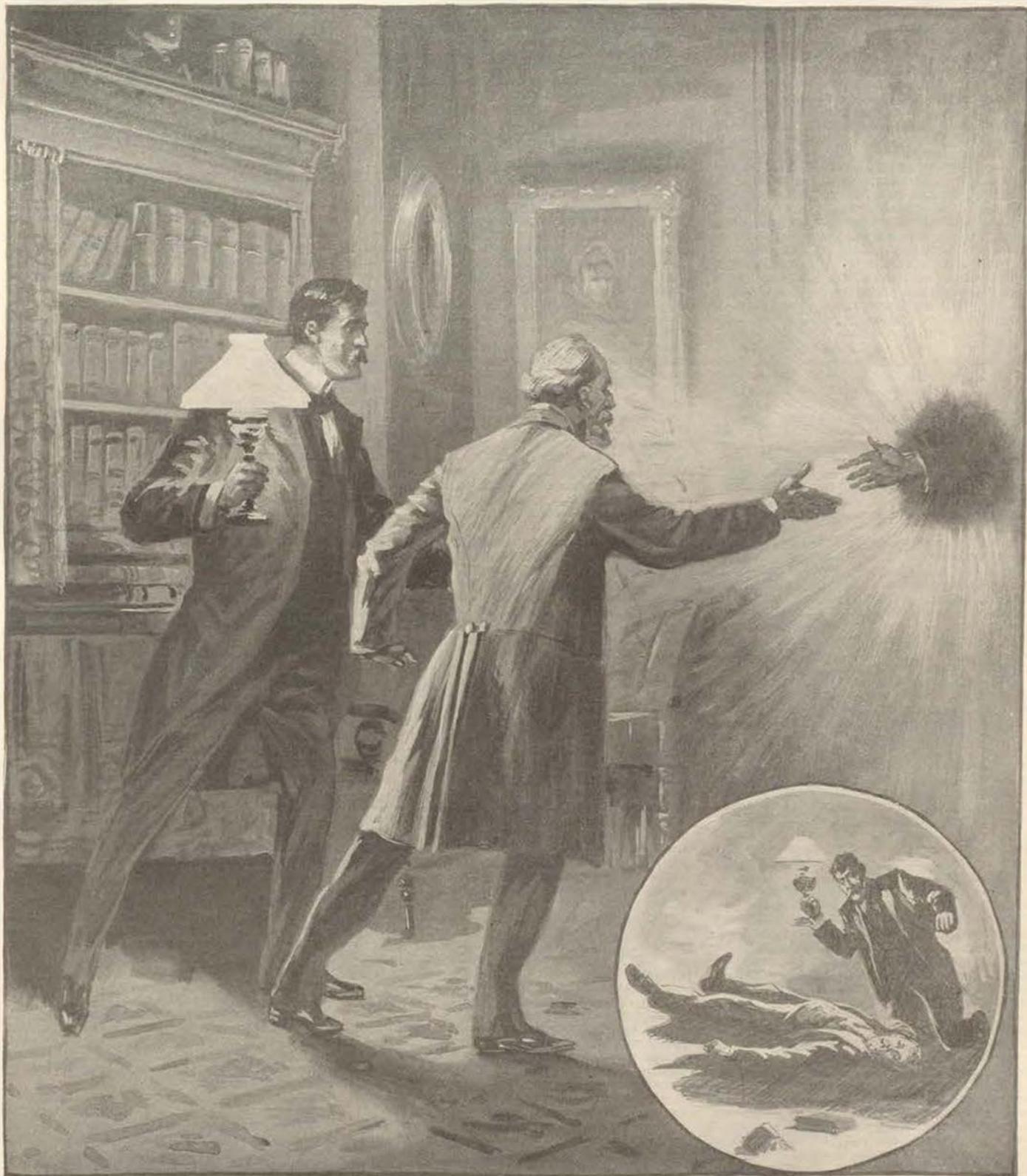
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"AND THE SPIRIT'S HAND REMAINED THERE, ALWAYS REACHING OUT TO ME."
(See next page.)

THE SPIRIT'S HAND OF FORGIVENESS

By Doog Amrak, an Adept

FOR FIFTEEN YEARS
THIS SPIRIT SOUGHT
TO FORGIVE HIM

RETURNING home after a long absence one naturally expects surprises and changes; but I could not even have imagined such changes as I found in my friend, Philip Moreland. I had been away twenty years, and I am well aware how impressions will fade and memory become defective in that length of time; but he was so different from the promise of his early manhood that I at once felt the alteration to be much more than a warping of my recollection.

When we had parted, just after graduating from the same college—he to study law and I to take a promising business post in Australia—he was a healthy, stalwart young man, indomitable, buoyantly aggressive, uncompromisingly ambitious, and blessed with talents insuring his success. Calling at his office I found a shrunken man, old before his time, his hair and beard streaked with gray, and deep lines rudely cut across a waxen forehead. The first glance told me that I beheld a tragedy of noble gifts and aspirations.

Not until I had answered his questions as to my prosperity, and he had told me that his parents were dead, and that not having married he lived almost alone in his old home, did I speak of his appearance, and beseech him, in the name of our friendship, to tell me what calamity had come to him. He looked at me for a few moments, unable to reply, the pupils of his sunken eyes dilating and pallor forcing its way through the yellow skin. At last he spoke with shaking voice, and concealing the trembling of his hands by tightly pressing them upon the chair arms:

"Yes, John, I will tell you. But you will be the only mortal except myself who knows what has snapped the strings of my energy and purposes. I cannot tell you here, though."

I was confounded. I asked: "Where can you tell me?"

"Come to the old home to-night at eight o'clock."

Punctual to the appointed time I sent solemn echoes of the old-fashioned brass knocker through the wide hall. The house, unable to keep pace with modern improvement, and secluded from the street amid high poplars and elms, presented a most gloomy appearance. An aged servant, whose hearty voice, as I remembered it, had been lowered to a pitch of melancholy, opened the door and bade me go upstairs.

Philip welcomed me in the study with an air of relief. As he turned up the light the evident pain in his eyes and the chair before the grate fire showed me he had been brooding in the dark. A cosy armchair, drawn close to his, silently revealed his wish that I should sit there. I accordingly asked him to turn down the light, which he gladly did, and we sat together before the fireplace.

Anxiously interested in my friend's condition, I fell naturally to analyzing it as reflected by the expression of his face, and I now saw, even in the dim hearth-light, a spark of hope that this first revelation might lessen his grief.

"John," he began, "you have noticed that this is not the same study father used. He, you remember, preferred the room at the top of the house, which looked out over the slanting roof of the back building, and commanding the view we so often, as young men, admired. Men of studious habits seem to take instinctively to the housetops, as if nearness to the ground makes the mind earthy. I, too, liked its solitude, and after father died I kept it until—"

He stopped suddenly, and the spark in his eye was quenched by despair. I said nothing, and he went on:

"But I will start at the beginning, and if you can suggest an escape for me you will be more than a friend. I'm suffering, John—oh, it is terrible! You know what prospects I had. I told you in my letters that I had been chosen as counsel for the Crown. I was winning legal triumphs such as might have turned anyone's head, but you behold me now—a complete, a hopeless wreck."

"Yes, I triumphed until the case of the State *versus* Richard Harkton came to me. It was my first capital case. Harkton was a well-known man in the City and an acquaintance of mine. His wife died suddenly, under

circumstances sufficiently suspicious to warrant his arrest. They were only circumstances, but very, very strong against him, and I saw that a conviction would be a laurel well worth gaining, especially as I knew that success meant my certain nomination for the first valuable legal office falling vacant.

"Briefly and horribly, John, my ambition rose to madness. It trampled down my scruples against conviction on circumstantial evidence, and even the sympathy I had for Harkton as a close acquaintance. You will not, you cannot, understand me when I tell you that my ambition became—bloodthirsty. It set a mark—Harkton's life. You shrink, my friend, and it is right you should."

"Throughout the day, and night after night, not stopping to sleep, I studied the circumstances until I had weighed, and pared, and shaped, and fitted them into a mosaic of conviction. If I thought of Harkton at all, it was only as the old high priest regarded the sacrificial lamb—as necessary to salvation. Triumph became my religion and my God."

"One night," acute recollection silenced the trembling voice for a few minutes, "I sat up in the old study, stringing the facts for the hundredth time upon a thread of prosecution. I was in a fever of elation. No possible defense could break down my theory of the wife murder. I already clutched victory to my soul. I was oblivious to everything but the case; the hours tolled from the steeple yonder struck upon my ear but did not reach my brain. I reveled in a realization of victory, of the attainment of my cherished heights, and of triumph over the counsel for the defendant, who was my bitterest political opponent. Suddenly I was disturbed in my ecstasy by a slight noise, and looking round, there, within reach of my hand, quietly stood Richard Harkton."

"For a moment I was chilled by the fear that I was the victim of a hallucination, but the man's voice assured me of his material presence."

"You are working to convict me," was all that he said, in mild reproach.

"How did you come here?" I demanded.

"I escaped from the jail, and crawled up over the roof there, foolishly, perhaps, to ask you to aid me in escape, instead of seeking my life, as you are doing. We have been friends, Moreland, and as surely as I talk to you now, I am innocent."

"Innocent!" I repeated, in scorn. "You killed your wife in cold blood. The proof is incontrovertible."

"He shrank from me, holding up his hands in despairing realization of my bitterness and of his mistake in putting himself into my power. I was furious at the mere prospect of defeat, and he must have seen it in my face. Harkton had never been a strong man, but he was now further weakened by imprisonment. I could easily detain him, and I argued that, as a public officer, sworn to see that the laws were vindicated, it was my duty to do so. So far the act I now tell you of was justified, but—" he paused, turning to me in violent self-condemnation—"in so far as my aspirations sought to make a stepping stone of this man's life, the act was diabolical."

"But you will surely let me go now and give me the chance to escape," Harkton said, weakly.

"No," I hissed, rising; "I will return you to prison."

"I grasped him. He simply said, 'Heaven help me!' weakly, submissively, and the sound of those words has never ceased. He did not resist, and I threw him to the floor and tied his hands with a towel. Heaven pity me! those words, his piteous supplication—they cry in the wind to-night, and his eyes, in hopeless entreaty, glow yonder in the coals."

"I will not describe in detail how he was carried back to the jail; nor how I tried his case; nor the praise I received; all I need say is that I won, and Richard Harkton was—was hanged for the murder of his wife."

The fire had sunk low, but it still shed light enough to show the terror reflected in his face by the point yet to be told. His head had fallen upon his breast, so that his last words had been muffled, and he gripped the knobbed ends of the chair arms as a man suspended over an abyss would clutch a support.

"Two months later," he presently resumed, "there came to me indisputable proof that Harkton was innocent. That night I sat late in my study—a night like this, with the wind fretting in the boughs and the leaves whispering to each other before they died. I sat at the table, not studying, but fighting the remorse in my heart. I had received the nomination to the post of Attorney-General, but my old aspirations were, like the leaves, whispering low in my soul of their death."

"Suddenly, by the indefinable perception of the nerves, I became aware of a presence in the room, and before my fright permitted me to look up, I caught the indistinct view one gets through the corner of the eye. Slowly, chilled by apprehension, I turned my head, and there, just where Richard Harkton had stood on the night of his escape, I saw a hand extended toward me. *Only a hand.* I looked for the wrist, the arm, the form, but my sight was clear to the wall. It was nothing but a hand, except that it protruded from a round disk of blackness, as if thrust through a sable cloth."

A shudder stopped him for a few moments; then, turning again to me, he said:

"And that hand remained there, always reaching out to me. I braved it night after night, trying to study, to be my old self, to forget it when at my chambers, but I could not. It became worse than the hand of a thief who steals worldly goods; it stole my ardor, my ambition. It drove me here to this room, but, my friend, heaven help me! that hand is still up there, reaching out—daylight or dark—it is always, always reaching. The years have fled, and I have gone up there day and night, fascinated, tortured by the hope that it has been withdrawn; but it has always been there; it is up there now—*now*. It is stealing away my life. It has reached out to stay me in my upward career. Look at me—a wreck. Oh, heavens! it is the hand of Richard Harkton!"

He fell back in his chair, overcame, and I sprang up, in fear that my friend was the victim of that terrible, almost incurable, mental disorder—a hallucination.

"Philip," I inquired earnestly, "are you sure that it is not imagination?"

"Imagination!" he repeated, with increased terror; "you mean a hallucination. Heaven help me if it is; I have thought of that. I believe a hallucination to be incurable. Let me tell you that my grandfather was tortured to his death by the vision of a rat. It is the iron law of heredity. I would rejoice, my friend, if I could only believe that this hand is that of a spirit. Then it might be exorcised. I am still young enough to achieve something; but that hand grasps the very centre of my life, and slowly, surely, it is compressing me to death. It attracts me to that room, often in the dead of the night. I feel it pulling me there, and I cannot resist. It is a hallucination, and it will kill me."

He reasoned thus more calmly than he had told the story, and I saw in this fact a hope for him. With sudden purpose I asked:

"Philip, have you ever taken anyone up there?"

"No," he answered, starting into perception of my purpose; "if others can see it, it is the hand of a spirit, and there may be found a way to drive it from me. Are you brave enough to go up there with me?"

"I am."

"Come, then," he said, rising. The old mansion being only partially occupied, it was a solemn expedition through it, our footsteps echoing emptily through the wide halls, and jolting and jarring the weakened beams, the wind torturing the loosened casements and growling its uncanny glee in the huge chimneys.

At the study door, before unlocking it, Philip turned to me, and, holding up the lamp, looked searchingly into my face. A frightful change had come over his own. His eyes were shiny and unsteady, and, for the first time, the chill of a thought far more terrible than of the ghostly hand flew over me—that my old friend was a madman. Realization of my position flashed upon me. I was in a lonely attic, beyond ear-shot, with a maniac. I firmly believed the reaching hand was a delusion. Should I tell him so? If I told him I did not see it, would he not turn

upon me with the overpowering rage of a lunatic? Whatever his purpose in scrutinizing me, it seemed to be satisfied, and he said: "John, you take the lamp, open the door, and walk in. I will wait for you here until you tell me if you see it. If I go in, my eyes will be riveted upon it, and you will know then where it appears. Have you the courage?"

Without replying, I took the lamp, while he inserted the key and drew the bolt. I turned the knob slowly, tremblingly, afraid of him as much as of anything I might see in the room, and pushed open the door. The close, damp smell of an unused apartment rushed out as I stepped over the threshold.

It was a small room, with ceiling slanting with the roof. In a moment I saw that it remained precisely as in the long past—a somewhat gloomy place at any time, but now rendered weird by Moreland's tale. I knew that his two glaring eyes at the threshold followed my every movement, as holding the lamp up I looked about. There were the bookshelves, the globe, the bust of Horace, the writing-table, but nowhere—keenly, eagerly, anxiously as I looked, in the centre, in every corner—did I see a hand.

"Do you see it?" Philip called out. I hesitated, but I instantly reflected that I could not deceive him. Before I could reply, however, he rushed excitedly, almost ferociously, in, snatched the lamp from my hand, and, catching my arm, pulled me to the table. Then, holding the light toward the end, he pointed with his long forefinger. But I saw nothing. Slowly his head turned round, and his gaze, fierce now, fell upon me. "Don't you see it?" he asked, hoarsely.

"No, Philip," I answered, faintly; "I see nothing."

"There, there," he almost screamed, "right there—two inches from my finger, a hand reaching out from a black spot in the air. There, there—a hand with a scar in the palm. There, there—now you see it."

"No, Philip," I said, "I do not see it." With a low moan he dropped the lamp upon the table and sank upon his knees, crying: "Oh, heaven! It is a hallucination!" I was myself so agitated that I cannot tell how I brought him down to his room. He was prostrated. His peculiarity, strengthened by the case of his grandfather, was to fear a hallucination more than a spirit hand, and I saw that this fear, now substantiated by my failure to see the vision, would soon torture him to death.

In the desperate hope of saving him, I devoted myself to the study of apparitions, reading carefully the cases of Bernardotte, Earl Grey, Nicolai, and many others. I was speedily convinced that Philip was the victim of a phantasm, and knowing that the mental derangement had come to him in the way he had related and by heredity, I saw little hope of a cure.

There was one chance, however, and I resolved to try it. I read that apparitions are sometimes driven away by natural means; thus, if it seems to the victim that the apparition comes for some purpose, and he is made to believe that the purpose has been accomplished, the imaginary visitant disappears.

I did not have to look very deep to find a plausible object for the reaching out of the hand. It had appeared on the night after Philip had learned that Harkton was innocent. Remorse had struck deep into his heart. Naturally sensitive as I knew him to be, his wish, torturingly helpless under the circumstances, would be forgiveness—a shake of the hand of the innocent friend whose ignominious death he had accomplished. He already believed it to be the hand of Richard Harkton. If he could be convinced that it was held out to him for no revengeful purpose, but as a sign that the injured man was willing to forgive, my friend might be saved.

Full of this idea, I hastened again to the old house, and found Philip in the study, brooding again over the fire. It was a clear November Sunday night—one of those nights of oppressive quiet; when the earth, the stars and the thin crescent, low over the mountain, seemed to be calmly waiting.

With as calm and matter-of-fact a manner as I could force, I told Philip what I believed to be the purpose of the hand. He sat with his head wearily supported on his clenched fist, and when I had ended he turned his face, wofully haggard, toward me, and answered, despairingly:

"What would you have me do?"

"Go up to the study and accept the offer of forgiveness that has been held out to you for fifteen years."

I was surprised at the effect. I thought it would be gladly received, but it startled him; his face grew more livid, and it set every nerve trembling. He looked at me for some time before his quivering lips would form the words:

"John, it is just fifteen years to-night since the hand appeared, but—but—"

"But what?"

"A fearful change has come over me. The hand attracted me before; but it is now horribly repulsive. Oh! I cannot go up now. It drew me there last night at two o'clock, and as I looked upon it I shrank from it in new terror. It has grown old and withered, and it trembled as if the arm that held it were tired, and it must soon drop. Oh, heaven pity me! What will come when it falls? I shall die."

I grasped his hands in my intense wish to calm and help him. I saw that his malady had almost run its course, and that when this fantasy assumed the form of a drooping hand, he might, indeed, die. I pleaded with him to go with me once again, and finally he yielded.

I took up the lamp, and when we reached the study door Philip nervously unlocked it. The same musty closeness blew in my face. But it was not that which rooted me to the spot—it was an impression, not received by sight, but by the perception of some other sense, that there was, indeed, a presence in the gloomy apartment. Conquering it with difficulty, I followed Philip in, and, holding the light forward, I was struck into speechless awe; for there, indeed, as he had described it, I saw a hand protruding from a black sphere of air—a withered hand, as of an old man, reaching out to grasp another, and trembling with the effort.

Had my days and nights of study over Philip's case affected my brain? Had I caught the dreadful mental disorder from him? Was I, too, the victim of a hallucination?

Philip turned to me, a spasm of agony writhing on his face. He gave one wild glance at my face; clutching me with terrible strength and intensity, he said, hoarsely:

"You see it?"

"Yes," I answered, not above a whisper.

"A hand?"

"Yes, yes," I muttered. "A hand, as you had described it."

"Merciful heaven!" he cried; "it is not an apparition; it is indeed the hand of Richard Harkton!"

His words brought me partially back to myself, and, reason returning, told me that my theory of forgiveness would apply now as well as before; that if it were, indeed, a spirit hand, this course might give it rest.

"Philip," I said in a voice forced into something like calmness, "the spirit of Richard Harkton wishes to forgive you. Reach forth and clasp the hand."

I saw a look of desperate determination fly across his face. For only a moment he hesitated; then, walking forward, he slowly reached out his hand, and I saw his fingers close with those of the apparition.

Instantly the stillness of the night was broken by a fluttering of the air and a cry which seemed to recede rapidly into distance and silence. My eyes, which had been riveted upon the outstretched hand, now saw only empty space, and pierced unobstructed to the wall. I turned to Philip, and found him lying dead upon the floor, but with an expression of intense relief and radiant joy upon his face. My poor friend! The joy and bliss of forgiveness were too much for his worn-out physical body and the soul had fled to the spirit realms—perhaps to join Richard Harkton. Who knows?

[THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES will contain each month occult stories from the pens of adepts. Several striking and startling stories will be published next month.—EDITOR.]

A Wily Prophet

In the days when Brigham Young was directing the theocratic government of Utah, the Mormon missionaries in England converted a one-legged man near Dulwich. This man, now strong in faith, conceived the idea that the prophet in Salt Lake City might effect a miraculous restoration of the leg which he had lost in an accident.

So a month later he presented himself, weary and travel-stained, but full of cheerful hope, before the head of the Mormon Church, and told his desires. Strange as it may seem, the prophet said he would willingly get him a new leg; but begged him first to consider the matter fully.

This life, he told him, is but a vale of tears, and as nothing compared to eternity. He was making the choice of going through life with one leg, and having two after the resurrection, or having two legs through life and three after.

The man found the prospect of being a human tripod through all eternity so congenial that he accepted with resignation his present lot, and excused the prophet from performing the miracle.

Fortune-Telling in Society

A CHAT WITH A LADY PROFESSOR

YOU want to know something about my business, remarked a pleasant-faced lady to a representative of this magazine, who had called with the view of obtaining some interesting information. Well, I will tell you as much as it is good for you to know.

In the first place, it is utterly wrong to suppose that superstition only exists among the poorer classes. The very fact of my existence proves the contrary, for all my clients are rich people, otherwise they could not be my clients. It is for the very reason that they are educated people that I dispense with all the usual paraphernalia of the seer, such as the darkened room, the crystal globe, the skulls, and even the magic circle. These objects, which might impress a romantic girl or an ignorant clown, would only cause amusement to such as consult me.

I receive all my visitors in this room, which is, as you see, furnished exactly as any other drawing-room might be. What few instruments I use—they are chiefly astrological—I keep out of sight.

I do a great deal of palmistry, and I thoroughly believe in the science. At least two or three times a week, in the season, I am engaged to exhibit my powers in this direction, at receptions and entertainments of that kind, at private houses, and if I gave you the names of those who have submitted their hands to me, you would find some of the highest in the land among them.

I always make it a rule to tell the exact truth about a subject, no matter who it may be, and this candor on my part was once the means of saving a young lady from a miserable fate. I was engaged at a soirée at which she, with her intended husband, was present, and during the evening I read the young man's hand so unfavorably that the young girl induced her parents to make more stringent inquiries, with the result that the fellow, who had posed as a foreign count, turned out to be a mere adventurer, trying to make a wealthy marriage.

The most lucrative part of my trade is, of course, the fortune-telling. I cannot explain to you how it is done, but I claim to be gifted, to an extraordinary degree, with what is called "second sight." Most of my clients come to consult me in regard to the future, but occasionally, when they doubt my powers, they ask me to tell them something that has happened to them in the past.

To show the morbid state into which some persons work themselves, I may state that I am often asked to predict the exact day of death, which, however, I always refuse to do. With some temperaments it would be almost equivalent to murder.

By far the larger portion of my custom is made up of members of the feminine sex, who come to me in order to learn their prospects in the matrimonial market. The unmarried girl wants to know if her husband will be handsome, and if he will make her happy; while the married woman is anxious to find out if she will be a widow, and, if so, what her prospects are of obtaining a second husband.

I have several ladies on my list who never think of taking any important step without first consulting me, to see if the aspects are favorable.

Among customers of the sterner sex, I have some of all professions. A great number of them are gamblers, and though I decline to give racing tips, I have frequently warned a man against betting on a certain horse, and thereby been the means of saving him a considerable amount of money. The same remark applies to the Stock Exchange. I remember on one occasion a young fellow had invested his whole fortune in a certain stock, which went up a few points after he bought. I advised him to sell at once. He did so, and the next day the shares fell tremendously, so that, had he not sold, he would have lost nearly all his money.

To give another instance. Not very long ago a doctor consulted me about a patient, the nature of whose disease had baffled him entirely. Without seeing the sick person I named the malady, which the physician accordingly treated for, with the result that the patient is now quite restored to health.

The customer to whom I most object is the person who comes to me in order to ascertain when a relative, from whom he or she, as the case may be, has expectations, will die. In all such cases I refuse to gratify their wicked curiosity.

A WARM and close communion must be kept open between the heart and those masses of authoritative good denoted by the love of truth, the love of nature, the love of virtue, the love of man and the love of God.—*Rev. W. R. Alger.*

LOVE AND GHOSTS

BY GEORGE F. ORMSBY

The little gate was reached at last,
Half hid in lilacs down the lane;
She pushed it wide, and, as she passed,
A wistful look she backward cast,
And said—"Auf wiedersehn!"

'Tis thirteen years; once more I press
The turf that silences the lane;
I hear the rustle of her dress,
I smell the lilacs, and—ah, yes,
I hear "Auf wiedersehn!"

—James Russell Lowell.

IN the days of Tam O'Shanter it was believed that witchcraft was taught by Satan. Our present Lucifer—or Light-bearer—is named "Science," and it teaches witchcraft to women still. A girl may entrance her lover by a siren song, a bouquet of roses and a dewdrop—there being as many ways of bringing about that lazy half-slumber called "hypnosis" as there are combinations of notes in Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata.

Some of these ways are described in a good old book very much respected for its veracity. The girl reader may study the examples I shall give her, abstract as much magic from them as she can utilize, and apply it to John during his next call.

My first story shows how a woman can scare a man out of his wits when he is trying to deceive her, and make him promise almost anything:

It was the night before the battle with the gathered hosts of the Philistines, when, moody and awed, the Israelite king "disguised himself" and sought a supposed conjurer at Endor. The ominous silence of "dreams, Urin and prophets" had produced a unique disturbance in his mind. The threats of the dead Samuel, timorously recalled under the menacing dark shadow of the overwhelming Philistine army encamped on Shunem's heights—apprehensions that death was near—produced in the superstitious monarch a state of fearful expectancy very favorable to that distortion of the perceptive powers called "hypnosis."

"Divine unto me," he entreated the woman, "by the familiar spirit, and bring him up whom I shall name unto thee."

The description which follows tallies precisely with the incidents peculiar to a case of hypnotism. It has striking, eccentric differences from a ghost-story, as such would naturally be told. There are odd details which would have been rejected from the plot of a fiction writer as purposeless to the interest; these details are written mechanically—as water wrote on rocks the history of the Silurian epoch, with no desire but to make a truthful record.

There was a brief dispute between the unknown visitor and the suspicious woman; she doubted whether this might not be "a snare for her life." Finally she consented to "bring up Samuel." There was then a pause, and then the apparition darkly rose, somehow, "The king said unto her, 'What sawest thou?'"

In her self-induced hypnotism, the infinite substratum of the mind—its night side—which sees as much further than the waking portion of the mind as the infinite stars are further than the sun, had come into action. The daylight of her soul had vanished, but the more distant starlight shone; and she saw what her individual sunlight had hidden—that neighboring star which she now recognized as the soul of no other than the dreaded king.

"Why hast thou deceived me?" she cried out with a loud voice; "for thou art Saul!"

This outcry was at the same instant "when," as is recorded, she "saw Samuel." In short, the events were substantially just what they might have been expected to be if the careful narrator of I. Samuel had been a member of the French Academy, describing a hypnotic trance. Witchcraft was certainly not a "lost art" with the woman of Endor. Another state of the "spirit" was "familiar" to her, which she could enter at will. The proof that the hypnotism was perfected, that the alleged vision was really seen, was that she in that instant discovered the identity of Saul.

*I. Sam., xxviii, 6, etc.

"Be not afraid," the King said; "what sawest thou?"

She replied that her (subjective) hallucination was of a figure that (she considered) must resemble the wished-for prophet. "I saw gods ascending out of the earth."

These crude barbarians attributed to disembodied spirits some sort of tenuous materiality. Their view, like the popular one of to-day, far outside the pale of any recognized scientific conception, was that the body of the Israelite seer, with its digestive system and traces of physical evolution, was interpenetrated with a meta-organism of identical shape and structure. This, detached at death from solid flesh, was supposed to be able to produce measurable effects in the material world.

"What form is he of?" asked Saul.

"An old man cometh up," was the reply; and Saul, panic-stricken, "stooped with his face to the ground and bowed himself." From the transferred impression he soon evolved a waking dream, elaborating and projecting into space the percept of an "old man covered with a mantle." He at length also "perceived that it was Samuel." These tyros in psychology regarded the apparition looming before them as an objective thing that had grown with Samuel's growth and which was organic with his deathless vitality.

Was it sufficiently material and vapory to reflect light and exhibit defined form? And could the prophet's dead habiliments—his "mantle"—be alive also in the spirit?

But if the soul can thus leave the body and still live (as did the witch of Endor in passing into Saul), the departing spirit can do without the body—leave its former habitation and remain immortal.

"Doubt who may, O friend of mine!
Thou and I have seen them, too;
On before with beck and sign,
Still they glide, and we pursue.

"Beauty that eludes our grasp,
Sweetness that transcends our taste,
Loving hands we may not clasp,
Shining feet that mock our haste—

"Gentle eyes we closed below,
Tender voices heard once more,
Smile and call us, as they go
On and onward, still before."

The plodding chroniclers of the Bible were evidently simple and painstaking. One of the most interesting proofs of their laborious exactness is to be detected by this scrutiny of the narrative of the witch of Endor, related first, doubtless, by the wondering "two men" who "went with Saul." Hypnotism was not known by its present name in those days, but, as nature's laws do not vary, it existed then.

"Sometimes a breath floats by me,
An odor from dreamland sent,
That makes the ghost seem nigh me
Of a splendor that came and went,
Of a life lived somewhere, I know not
In what diviner sphere."

What was the "transfiguration"? Did three fishermen and an itinerant preacher see the ghosts of the raiment, lustrous and white, of bygone Jewish prophets? Or was it a massive spontaneous instance of telepathy, with an exhibition of surpassing energy on the agent's part, and a corresponding trustful, receptive tranquillity on the percipients' part? The psychical energy of the preacher, and the psychical passivity of his disciples, were at their maximum. Such transference of imagery is possible now, Lord Lytton tells us:

"Meanwhile a world of things unsaid,
In telepathy passed;
Your cheek my phantom kiss flushed red,
And you saw me at last."

Through one species of telepathy the lower animals converse; through another Daniel "shut the lions' mouths" in the days of Darius, impressing the beasts other than through the recognized channels of sense. Daniel was "better than all the magicians and astrologers in Nebuchadnezzar's realm," and in his history it appears that this "master

*Dan. i, 20.

of the magicians" * hypnotized the Babylonian king; the horizon of Nebuchadnezzar's consciousness was altered; he seemed to hear a voice from heaven saying, "The kingdom is departed from thee;" † his opening mesmerized view was filled by a mirage or refraction of Daniel's asserted interpretation of his dream, and the monarch felt impelled to "eat grass as oxen," so that his affrighted retinue drove the "possessed" one out of the palace "under the dew of heaven." Individual minds are not isolated units. Between two who love there is a psychical transference more beautiful than that between Daniel and Nebuchadnezzar, if we may believe Lowell:

"And how could you dream of meeting?
Nay, how can you ask me, sweet?
All day my pulse had been beating
The tune of your coming feet.

"And as nearer and ever nearer
I felt the throb of your tread,
To be in the world grew dearer,
And my blood ran rosier red."

Each individual soul may be likened to a mountain peak. The peak looms clearly into distinct singleness. But trace it downward, clouds hide its origin; it broadens out, and below the concealing mists it meets contiguous mountains and blends into the unity of the earth. And, just as the earth is one great magnet through which one shock of electricity can thrill from pole to pole through all the separate mountains, so similarly connected souls have felt the flowing and re-flowing of positive and negative thought. Robert Browning gives an example:

"Doubt you, if, in some such moment
As she fixed me, she felt clearly,
Ages past the soul existed,
Here an age is resting merely,
And hence, fleets again for ages;
While the true end, sole and single,
It stops here for is, this love-way,
With some other soul to mingle?
Else it loses what it lived for,
And eternally must lose it;
Better ends may be in prospect,
Deeper blisses, if you choose it,
But this life's end and this love-bliss
Have been lost here. Doubt you whether
This she felt, as, looking at me,
Mine and her souls rushed together?"

What were the contagious enthusiasms of the Middle Ages, vampirism, lycanthropy, witchcraft, etc., but evidence of how minds can be moved and controlled by others? The social organism of Belshazzar's feast was psychical rather than material. Though it took outward form in "drinking wine from the golden vessels of Jerusalem's temple," and in praising "the gods of gold" that should cure the effects of drinking, the vitality of the social entity lay in the inter-connection of the cognate minds of the Babylonian monarch and his princes; in the differentiation and integration of the thought and emotion of "Belshazzar and his lords." Common interests and passions interlinked them, and a psychical nerve, like an electric wire, ran through the solidarity of their common life. Suddenly the king's drunken attention was riveted upon the "handwriting on the wall." There was a direct telepathic transference between his mind and those of the observing princes, and none of the "astrologers" could afterward deny the vision of the "part of the hand" thus proved.

"Hear I the creaking gate unclose?
The gleaming latch uplifted?
No—'twas the wind that, whirring, rose,
Amidst the poplars drifted."

When he who was to become St. Paul "journeyed near Damascus, breathing threatenings and slaughter" † there was an association of mind between him and the tired travelers with him. This association, an interdependent determination to "persecute the disciples of the Lord" § imbued each member of the cavalcade with a settled fierceness extending even beyond the threshold of consciousness.

"Hark!—through the alley hear I now
A footfall? Comes the maiden?
No—'twas the fruit slid from the bough,
With its own richness laden!"

And when Paul experienced the sudden hallucination, visual and auditory, of shining light and intelligible words, "the men which journeyed with him stood speechless," startled by the intrusion of the linked association between their leader and them into the field of sense.

The waking mind of each unconsciously reacted, as in a dream, on the nucleus of the transferred sensation, which extended to the voice only. "What wilt thou have me to do?" asked Paul, and, as he bowed "to the earth," he externalized the percept "Lord," investing it with a simple answer: "Arise, go to the city, and it shall be told thee what thou must do."

*Dan. iv, 19. †Dan. iv, 31. ‡Acts, ix. §Acts iv, 7.

Christian dogmas teach that Peter and Paul and the ancient prophets, who healed through "miracles," exercised faculties that were peculiar to their day and supernatural. The creeds assume that such events as Paul's causing "a mist and darkness to fall on" the eyes of a quack* or Peter's assisting the bed-ridden to rise from his palsy† were extraordinary instances of spiritual strength, and were given only for a time and for a purpose, and were then withdrawn. But human instinct clings to nature's rule of continuity; in the shaping of solid continents it is fain to substitute for the deluge and cataclysm the tideway and the ripple and the rain; and there is a significant, automatic sensitiveness in science which rebels against the hypothesis that the "miracles" so conscientiously recorded by sincere and truth-loving witnesses are forever bygone, and a worship which declares that the Power which has "no shadow of turning" never intruded an age among humanity that was a catastrophic interference with the intimate nature of man.

Wendell Phillips used to say in his famous lecture: "We have a pitying estimate, a tender compassion for the narrowness, ignorance, and darkness of the bygone ages. The world of to-day makes me think of a man who had so profound an admiration for himself that he always took off his hat whenever he spoke of himself." And then Mr. Phillips would tell his audience of the "malleable glass" in the reign of Tiberius, in the time of St. Paul, which we cannot produce; of the marvelous, imitable scarlets and purples that flame up from the grave of buried Pompeii—brilliant ghosts that seem to taunt modern egotism with modern inferiority. And even that leader of the vanguard of science, Professor Huxley, in his most recent work, maintains that only ignorance and conceit would dare to assert that the New Testament miracles were not possible. "Nothing which is intelligible and can be distinctly conceived," he writes, "can ever be proved false by any abstract *a priori* reasoning. Thus, the change of water into wine implies a contradiction in terms, and is assuredly impossible, if we are permitted to assume that the elementary bodies of the chemists are now and forever immutable. Not only, however, is a negative proposition of this kind incapable of proof, but modern chemistry is inclined toward the contrary doctrine. If carbon can be got out of hydrogen or oxygen, the conversion of water into wine comes within the range of scientific possibility, for it becomes a mere question of molecular arrangement. Again, in the affirmation that a man walked upon the water, or—like the Leviticians—in ascribing to him the ascensive tendencies of a balloon, the idea is not self-contradictory. Naturalists are familiar with insects which walk on water; imagination has no difficulty in putting a man in place of the insect; and we have no reason to believe that our present knowledge of the nature of things exhausts the possibilities of nature. It has been sufficiently obvious not only that we are merely at the beginning of our knowledge of nature, but, also, that the limitations of our faculties are such that we can never set bounds to nature's possibilities."

Are "miracles" among the forgotten wonders of the lost arts?

"Why marvel ye at this?" asked Peter,† and then declared that it was no temporary might given to a mortal apostle that empowered the "lame" man to "leap and praise," but the unchanging gift of the unchanging God—an ever-present aid to those who, "in the name of Jesus of Nazareth," command with the impetus of faith, "Rise up and walk!"

There is much proof of the possibility of mental communication between the disciple in Damascus§ who was impelled to "arise and inquire for Saul of Tarsus," and that blinded convert who "sat in the street called Straight." Such telepathic visions under spontaneous conditions can occur between persons indefinitely distant from each other. Peter's perception of Sapphira's falsehood|| is only a specimen of a class of cases, a series extending into our epoch. Tennyson is led to ask:

"Star to star vibrates light; may soul to soul
Strike through some finer element of its own?"

His question is answered not only by the martyr Stephen, "full of the Holy Ghost" and "seeing into Heaven," but by Napoleon on his miraculous journey from Elba, like Elijah¶ annihilating all the king's troops with heavenly fire; and by the lover, in every age, armed with similar invisible powers. To the genius of Goethe, the assurance of this subtle intercommunication has come with vivid distinctness in some passion-shaken hour. Yes, unuttered messages truly travel; Enoch

Arden, on the other side of the world, was seen by Annie "under a palm tree;" and he

"Tho' faintly, merrily—far and far away—
Heard the pealing of the parish bells."

"Science and faith" have fought long controversies over such things as the "communion" * between the soul of the crucified Jesus and the two who walked to Emmaus, and between that undying spirit and the gathered eleven to whom the holy words were uttered again, "Peace be unto you." But any presumption ever established against the possibility of spiritual communication is now rebutted. Human existence is not boxed up within the limits of the phenomenal self. Whittier relates of himself:

"A presence strange at once and known
Walked with me as my guide;
The skirts of some forgotten life
Trailed noiselessly by my side."

And other discourses on things spiritual, Emerson, Renan, Browning, Schiller, much listened to in our own day, retain religion without the dogmatic substratum which is slipping away from sight. Their lofty beliefs, more spontaneous than of old, are less often prompted by any artificial creed instilled from without; their living faith resembles rather the awakening into fuller consciousness of some inherited, instinctive need. Comte's theory, that in the visible Solar System are to be visibly found all the gods, is repudiated by modern Art and Literature, which are as full of the transfer of ideas between visible and invisible things as any bygone "Age of Faith." And the extension of science, lifting us above the plane of materialism, gives reality to subtle intercommunications between spirit and spirit. "Whether in the body or out of the body"—

"'Twas a smile, 'twas a garment's rustle,
'Twas nothing that I can phrase,
But the whole dumb dwelling grew conscious
And put on her looks and ways."

It was about "the time of the evening sacrifice."† All day long "the people" had watched Elijah contest with "the prophets of Baal," and they were weary with waiting and gazing. Their strained upward look into the gorgeous red sunset, expectant of the flaming descent of some god, had lulled them into a trance. When in a community of sensation at last, the impressive shout of Elijah, "Hear, O Lord!" gave them the hypnotic vision of "the fire of the Lord" falling and "consuming the altar's stones and the water in the trenches." Hypnotism, a psychical handle which turns the mechanism of being, had shifted the threshold of their consciousness, until the usual heavenly fire of the rays of the setting sun, flashing down, had become a miraculous blaze. The same marvels occur to-day; between Hindu camps, isolated and surrounded by British armies, there was in the time of the great mutiny noticed a mysterious telegraphing of thoughts; the "Wise men of the East" performing the "mango trick" make a great tree soar up in empty space and afterward fade away into nothing; and the melting visions of Ram Lal in Marion Crawford's "Mr. Isaacs" really can be brought about by those who can understand the attachment which mind has to mind by sub-surface inter-lacing channels.

"I have been here before;
But when or how I cannot tell,
I know the lake beyond the door,
The wild rose smell,
The rustling poplars sighing on the shore."

Influences from one person's intelligence may be conveyed to another's mind, remaining below the hearer's threshold of consciousness, rising into action as the presence or absence of other stimuli determines.

"You have been mine before—
How long ago I may not know;
But just when at that swallow's soar
Your face turned so,
Some veil did fall—I knew it all of yore."

Dreamy over the oft-repeated promise that "The Lord would take up Elijah into heaven by a whirlwind,"† Elisha persisted in going with Elijah from Gilgal. "Tarry here, I pray thee," said Elijah, who had some reason for not wishing his attempted ascent to the skies to be witnessed. "As the Lord liveth," said the fervid Elisha, "I shall not leave thee." And so the two went on, from point to point, the elder prophet evidently wishing to be rid of his enthusiastic admirer, and from time to time repeatedly urging: "Tarry here, I pray thee." In the course of their long tramp Elisha underwent some mesmeric process—apparently the most effective way of inducing the clairvoyant state, not consisting in the mere inhibition of psychical activities. And thus, in the lonely, heated desert beyond Jordan, "there appeared," at least to the surviving narrator of the story, "a chariot of fire and horses of fire." And at this point Elijah

at last got rid of the hypnotized Elisha. When the latter awoke, he returned and told how Elijah's flesh and bones would not yield to dissolution, but were translated "up" into heaven. Perhaps the operating enthusiast may have insanely leaped toward the sky from the brink of some high precipice, and so disappeared from among the living. History is at least certain that at this point the two monks were "parted asunder," and that one came home to tell a story of a brilliant elevator car to the zenith.

Moses, staring at the burning bush, with his mind imbued with Arab traditions, worshipping fire and sun as the source of all vitality, gave a particular character to the voice "calling from out of the midst of the bush." He did not see any Deity. "He hid his face," but he invested the disturbing idea with audible symbolism and language, derived from his mind's habitual furniture and wonted trains of thought. The bizarre apparition caused the march for the Promised Land. A glassy lake, a quiescent boat-ride, a long gazing at the moon, as the Israelites gazed at Elijah's sunset, a thrilling series of harmonies as in Schumann's Concerto in A minor, can originate a movement to another Canaan, a happy marriage with some Ulysses who is too wise to have tied himself to any mast.

And what does all this teach? What is the deeper, holier lesson of life?

As the plant grows in light, but with its roots sunk in the dark bosom of the earth, so our Ego is sunk with a metaphysical root in an order of things lying beyond our knowledge. As colored spectacles determine the quality of seeing, but not sight in general, so the senses determine the quality of our consciousness, but not its deep capacity. Death deprives us of what was needed as the means of operation and knowledge in the phenomenal world—the spectacles and gloves, the organisms of sense, but not of knowledge in general. Belonging, as we do essentially, to a transcendental order of things, death must bring to free development those transcendental qualities of which, in somnambulism like that of the witch of Endor, we obtain only intimations, the physical organism hindering their development. The transcendental world of Whittier—

"Of the shapes who fit before,
Flitting, passing, seen and gone,
Never reached, nor found at rest—"

can be denied only in a quite subjective sense, as the blind may dispute the existence of colors, or the deaf that of melodies. The transitoriness of our life should not mislead; if the sense-consciousness knows nothing of the transcendental, its loss cannot injure it. In death only the earth-spectacles are laid aside. If in man are powers independent of the body, and therefore not to be destroyed with it, then what is beyond death survives its death. As often happens upon waking from beautiful but forgotten dreams, the poets, musicians and painters who, in some profound absorption, have glanced within the gates of the eternal fountain-world, lament their awakening. Death has for them no sting.

"Why, love, don't weep!
Our joy was long,
Sweet twenty years
Of smile and song.
I shall but wait,
Asleep—asleep,
For you to come.
Why, love, don't weep!"

NOTE.—Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps-Ward once wrote me: "Telepathy and hypnotism do much. But I certainly believe that Christ could do more." I cordially agree with her. Renan says, "Observation never once contradicted, teaches us that miracles occur only in periods and countries in which they are believed in, and before persons disposed to believe in them." Very true. Similarly, a Hottentot philosopher in the hot jungles of equatorial Africa may declare, "Observation never once contradicted, teaches us that the miracle of water becoming hard enough for men to walk on, and the miracle of men who are hundreds of miles apart hearing each other's ordinary-toned conversation, occur only in periods and countries in which they are believed in, and before persons disposed to believe in them." The foolishness of the wise! "Oh, righteous Father, the world hath not known Thee; but I have known Thee, and these have known that Thou has sent me."

As we stand in the mellow light of eventide, listening to the wind sighing among the trees or the waves murmuring on the shore; or if, while the crimson flush grows fainter in the west, from somewhere in the shadowy dusk comes the sound of the dream-notes of some Chopin fantasy—is there never an awakening sense of another beauty, compared with which forest-music, lake-melodies, sunset clouds, twilight and evening star are only a dim reflection? The ear of the soul then hears what no ear of sense can hear, and deep in our heart of hearts we feel that Tennyson's faith was not unfounded.

"For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar."

—G. F. O.

* Acts. xiii, 11. † Acts, ix, 34. ‡ Acts, iii, 12.
§ Acts, x, 10. || Acts, v, 9. ¶ II. Kings, i.

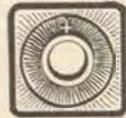
* Luke, xxiv, 15. † I. Kings, xviii, 36. ‡ II. Kings, ii, 1.

A SIMPLE RELIGION

By
New York City's
EMINENT DIVINE
The Rev. Dr.
George H. Heptworth

The wonderful sermons published each week in the Sunday Edition of the great New York Herald are creating a profound interest among all who aspire to great and good things. Here is one of his latest sermons on "A SIMPLE RELIGION," which will help anyone, no matter what may be their religious beliefs.

Draw nigh to God, and he will draw nigh to you.—St. James, vi. 8.



NE need not think very profoundly to find the necessity for a religion of some sort which will not only make this life tolerable, but also useful and hopeful.

He who lives without a definite purpose achieves no higher end than to serve as a warning to others. He is a kind of bell buoy, mournfully tolled by the waves of circumstance, to mark the rocks or shoals which are to be avoided.

What the sun glass does to the sun's rays—converge them until they become a blazing and irresistible point—that a definite purpose does to the energies of the soul. It brings them to a focus, and achievement follows as a matter of course.

The principle holds equally with purposes which are either good or bad. Men who accomplish untold evil are focussed men just as truly as the martyrs were who went to the stake for the truth's sake. It requires as much energy to do a colossal wrong as to do a colossal good. The villain and the saint are both men of perhaps equal resources, giants in their different ways.

There must therefore be something behind the mere fact of energy if life is to be all it can be, and that something is consecration. Religion furnishes the highest aim which souls can conceive, and plans a house for you to build in which you can live without regret, honored on earth and approved in heaven. Religion is consequently a necessity.

If I were to define religion I should say it is the science of ideal development, and its product is a character in which duty is the first thought, because the soul has been kindled by fire borrowed from the altar of God. The revelation of this religion in the New Testament is put in such simple and understandable terms that the world has mystified and misunderstood it. We have persistently declared that there must be an occult element in it which does not appear on the surface, and theologians have mistaken their own surmises for the thoughts of Christ, and so put religion at such a distance from the common intelligence that it has lost its practical usefulness. The mission of the Christ was to fix a beacon light amid the shadows of the present and future, and to assure us that if we walk steadily in that direction we shall find peace and rest for to-day, and heaven for to-morrow.

His religion consists of a conscious harmony between the soul and the soul's Creator, nothing more and nothing less.

Everything in the universe is religious by the sweet compulsion of God's will except man. He alone can be a wanderer. Stars and clouds, the trees of the forest, the flow-

Getting the Most Out of Life

There are many dirty roads in life; but, if you use your judgment, you will always be able to find a clean crossing.—*Nasmyth.*

Most people seem to think that life is a great grab bag into which they should thrust their hands and take out as much as possible, without putting in anything. There could not be a greater mistake, for we shall find that we get out of life just what we put into it, says Success. If we put in misspent hours, wasted opportunities, slipshod work, botched material, we shall be paid in kind. No matter what we give the world, it pays us back in our own coin. If we give it of our best—good, honest, faithful work, however humble it may be—we shall receive our just reward. But, if we try to grasp all the good things and give nothing in return, we will be compelled to swallow some very bitter potions. We shall find, when too late, that we have squeezed our orange dry, and that nothing but the rind is left.

How simple a problem is life to him who guides his walk through the dark hours by the lamp of consciousness, to him who simply does the next thing that ought to be done.

ers of the field, the seed which the farmer sows, and the sunshine and dew, whose magic bring the autumn crop, are all working with a purpose. They have a duty to fulfil, and they do it. All nature consists of a multitude of laws, which, like so many intelligent beings, are cheerfully doing the work which the Infinite Being gave into their charge. It is this fact which makes the world such a beautiful place to live in. The unseen violet is as happy in its obscurity as the bird which chirps in the branches above it. If we had ears to hear we should discover that each particle of the universe is singing its note in the great gamut of universal life, and each little voice swells the general chorus of praise to Him who seeks the happiness of animate and inanimate through obedience to His will.

If man would be as happy as the rest of the world, he; too, must be obedient. Dishonesty and self-seeking are injurious because they are discords. Who seeks the welfare of others finds his own at the same time, and he who bestows reaps more than he has sowed. The secret is to give, not to get. The rose gives its perfume, the wheat field multiplies itself, glad to fill the barn to the roof-tree; the sun is prodigal of its heat and the stars of their light. Christ gave Himself, and God is always giving with a generous hand. Man alone grasps, clutches, tries to keep, and finds at last that he has lost what he most desired to gain. One may even sacrifice his life and thereby win riches beyond computation. Worship self and you grow poor; worship God and you lay up treasures. That is the law, and it stands on the statute books of eternity, unrepaled and unrepalable. It is the mystery of Christ's teaching, a revelation which the world has never yet read with appreciative mind and heart.

That kind of religion needs no creed except the creed of love. It is the philosophy of usefulness and happiness. You will never reach your full stature until you make it your own. It smooths the rugged path of life, it sheds light amid the shadows and dissipates all gloom. You may struggle, but in the struggle there is a heaven-born strength, until you wonder that you can bear and do so much. You may lie down to die, but gates open to your dim vision the memory of which leaves a smile on your lips when Death has finished his task.

God becomes a conscious element in your life, and the Christ becomes your companion. You and they walk together, through life, through death, to an eternity of work, of opportunity, of peace and of love.

GEORGE H. HEPTWORTH.

[Next month we will print one of Dr. Heptworth's most wonderful sermons. Don't fail to read it, because it will be very helpful and inspiring.—EDITOR.]

For Health and Success

SICKNESS and Poverty are two things which have got to be surmounted, ere we can be happy. They are not evils which we should fear and antagonize, but negative conditions resulting from man's ignorance.

This is the age of Reason—the age pre-eminently of mind-control. This is the age when all things obey the will of man—when the trusted Word, the earnest Desire, the Recognition of the Mind's authority, lead to conditions of harmony.

All is Mind! All is Vibration! All is One!

Currents of Life are passing to and fro through the Universe. Streams of energy are interchanging, interpenetrating, interblending, throughout all realms of existence.

We are here to help one another; in loving co-operation are found peace and plenty.—*Fred Burry.*

SILENCE an angry man with gentle kindness. A man who can control his temper, who is gentle and kind, is a power in the land.

Don't Frighten Little Children With Bugaboo Stories

PROFESSORS of metaphysics know that it is an exceedingly cruel and dangerous thing to frighten little children with bugaboo stories. Under no circumstances ever try to control tender childhood by its fears or try to impress the "bogey-man" upon delicate baby nerves. The mischief of needless, cruel fright is perhaps worked upon earth's little ones more often in ignorance than in recklessness or absolute malice. But it is worked none the less surely, and there is really no excuse to-day for the "didn't know the harm" of parents or stupid nurses. No ordinary father or mother or faithful caretaker would maim the body of a child by any avoidable means. Is it not passing strange that any one of them should take the more terrible risk of maiming the infant mind through groundless fear?

Ella Wheeler Wilcox Says

"MOTHERS, talk to your daughters; teachers, talk to your children upon this important theme—the rights of the dependent to our consideration and care.

"Before you teach little girls music or dancing or showy accomplishments, teach them that it is ignoble and vulgar to dock horses' tails, to cage wild birds or animals, whom God intended for freedom; to shoot any live thing for sport, or to neglect any creature dependent upon us.

"Do not be satisfied with saying this once—say it every day of every year in some way or manner, and illustrate it until the child shall know and feel the truth of it. For only in this way—and not by resolutions—can the world be bettered."

The Worrier

THE worrier woke from a turbulent dream, And said, "I'm afraid it will storm, For the wind's sure to blow, and I fear it will blow!"

But the whole day was cheery and warm, And all through his life he kept looking for strife.

Yet the gods to this mortal were good, And did scarce a thing that a sorrow would bring— Still he worried for fear that they would.

He read in a book that this earth we are on May come to an end by-and-by, "So you cannot, you see, tell what moment," said he,

"All these poor helpless mortals must die, Though the book says we may for a million years stay, After all, it is only a guess!"

And at last he was dead, just through fear, it is said, That it might be a year or two less.

A Lusty Old Age

J. W. VAN DORN, of Washington, N. J., is the champion pedestrian for his years in Warren County. He is nearly eighty, but on the opening of the spring term of court recently he walked from Washington to Belvidere in the morning and home again in the afternoon, a total distance of thirty-two miles, principally over a rough mountain road. On his walk he cut across lots and jumped four rail fences.

It is a great mistake for old people to not keep up regular active exercise. We hope that brother Van Dorn will regularly read THE MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES and strive to live to a ripe old age—of at least one hundred years.

Food of Mystic Adepts

MYSTICS who acquire tremendous psychic force do not eat flesh meat at all. They live principally on fruits, roots, cereals, vegetables and one or two eggs a day. These people have perfect health and live to great ages—many of them past one hundred years.

In speaking of eggs as a food one of New York City's mystics said: "Eggs are superior to animal meats, besides, they are a low priced nutriment. If people would eat more eggs and less meat they would have better health, more strength and live longer. Persons who desire to have great psychic power must not eat meat at all.

Be good, and you will do good.

STRENGTH results alone from the mind's intention. If you remove (from conduct) the purpose of the mind, the bodily act is but as rotten wood; wherefore regulate the mind, and then the body will spontaneously go right.—*Buddha.*

The Hindu Fakirs' Marvelous Powers

One of the Most Startling Spectacles in the World



THOSE who say that the days of miracles are over should go to India, said a retired army officer, when, if they are lucky enough to meet a fakir of the hills, they will not only have reason to modify their opinions, but I can guarantee that they will see things which will make them doubt even the evidence of their own eyes.

But I will describe one of the things I myself witnessed some twenty years ago, and which you will confess is the most amazing experience of which you have ever heard. I do not profess to account for it in any way; I only describe it exactly as I and my companions, any one of whom will corroborate me to the smallest detail, saw it.

It was during a shooting expedition in 1880, when I and three brother officers had spent a long, tiring day tracking a man-eating tiger among the hills of the Central Provinces, about two days' journey from Leoni. We were smoking our cigars outside our tent, preparatory to turning in for the night, for we were all dead tired, when we saw two figures approaching us, salaaming lower and lower as they came nearer to us.

One of them was a dirty, unkempt, gray-headed man, clad in a turban and loin-cloth, who was unmistakably one of the fakirs who haunt these hills and waylay tourists and sportsmen with a view to backsheesh; and the other was a small, equally dirty and slightly clothed boy of about twelve.

As we knew their business we affected to ignore them and awaited developments, which soon came. While the boy flung himself on the ground the fakir put down a bag he was carrying and took from it a small ball of twine, such as grocers use. Taking the free end of the twine between his fingers he tossed the ball up in the air. Higher and higher it mounted until the eye could follow it no farther, as it vanished seemingly into thin air. The fakir then released the free end, and, to our amazement, the string remained vertically suspended in the air as far as the eye could follow it.

The old man then began to tug violently at the string as if to recover the vanished ball, but it refused to yield an inch; and in affected rage he spoke a few words to the boy, who rose from the ground and, seizing the twine with both hands, began to climb up it.

Up and up he climbed, growing gradually smaller and smaller until he was a scarcely

discernible speck, apparently hundreds of feet from the ground. Then he, too, vanished as completely as the ball had done. After a few moments' waiting for the boy's return the fakir called loudly to him to come down, becoming frantic with rage at his refusal to obey. Then taking a huge curved knife from his bag he gripped it between his teeth, and with murderous intent began to climb up the string after the vanished boy. Higher and higher he went until he in turn was lost to sight, and we gazed at each other and the thin line of string, the only material thing left to our vision, with dumb amazement.

Then a distant shriek of pain and horror broke on our ears with startling effect, and a round black thing came rushing down through the air and fell at our feet. We looked at it in stupefaction; it was the head of the boy severed from the body, with quivering muscles and flowing blood, to prove that it was no figment of the fancy.

A moment later one severed and bleeding arm fell from the sky, and then another; and these were followed by two legs as neatly dismembered as if cut off by the knife of a skillful surgeon. And then, while we were gazing with horror at this grisly spectacle, the fakir himself reappeared, climbing down the string and holding the knife between his teeth.

Calmly collecting the head and limbs, he placed them in his bag, threw it over his shoulder, and began to walk away. He had not gone many paces before we saw a movement in the bag. The fakir placed it on the ground and, to our astonishment, we saw the boy emerge from it, smiling, and as sound in body as ever.

A moment later the two were walking back toward us, salaaming at every step; and I need not say that they were well rewarded for their entertainment.

How do I account for it? Well, as I have said, I don't profess to understand it at all, and only describe what we saw. Some say we were all hypnotized, and saw just what the fakir wished us to see. All I know is that it was the most astounding and mysterious thing I have ever seen—and I've seen some strange sights.

[Yogiananda, the Hindu Yogi Astrologer, says that the fakirs of India are the cleverest hypnotists in the world; that they can hypnotize a whole audience and make them see anything the fakir desires. The real Spiritual Yogis of India do not perform these startling tricks; they work on a higher plane, healing the sick and often calling the soul back to the body at death.—EDITOR.]

An Adept's View of Miraculous Powers

ALL action of the Absolute in man is of an essentially secret nature, and this gave rise to Masonry, to the secret Masonic orders, the secret assemblies of the Essenes and of their successors, called Christians, in the first century. There has never been a religion that did not when in its purity have its secret rites, secret meetings and secret writings. This was not in the first instance from choice but from necessity, owing to the nature of the rites, the life lived and the phenomena experienced. Were a Messiah to appear on earth to-day, secret gatherings and doings would of necessity result. The world never has yet been in condition to tolerate publication of such knowledge. It did and it would to-day persecute, declare insane and get rid of all who openly announced such new and strange things. It would be filled with fear that these people might upset all the existing order of things when it was convinced of the nature of these secrets. It would refuse to believe that the possession of miraculous powers can come only to the absolutely non-resistant and pure in heart, and would fear with mortal dread the visitation upon themselves of punishments that such people never resort to, though they may possess the power, and though the fearful deserve what they thus are led to fear.—*Occult Truths.*

He who knows not, and knows not that he knows not, is a fool: avoid him.

He who knows not, and knows that he knows not, is simple: teach him.

He who knows, and knows not that he knows, is asleep: wake him.

But he who knows, and knows that he knows, is a wise man: follow him.—*Arabian Proverbs.*

Fiery Blasts From the Earth's Depths

COAL MINERS SUDDENLY TAP THE EARTH'S MOLTEN MASS

SCIENTISTS tell us we live on a thin crust of solid earth; that the bulk of this planet is a fiery mass of molten matter; that by digging only a few miles down we can strike liquid fire. In this connection the following news despatch from Pittsburg, Pa., is of interest:

Flames spouting from the earth caused serious injury to four men recently at the Forty Foot Colliery of the Temple Iron Company, three miles from Pittsburg. The four men were prospecting for coal, and a bore hole had been driven to a depth of about 160 feet, when the men were startled by the bursting of a stream of liquid heated matter and hot water from the mouth of the hole with great velocity. It was followed by a volley of small stones and then a strong flow of gas.

Almost before the men realized what had happened the gas had filled the building in which the machinery was located. Before they could get out the gas became ignited from a small stove, and exploded with great force, wrecking the entire building and burning the men.

Suicide in Somnambulist State

RECENTLY Clifford Saddoris, of De Witt, Iowa, a somnambulist, before going to bed read to his parents an account of a man committing suicide by going to the barn and firing a charge of buckshot into his heart. He appeared to be considerably moved by the incident, and some time in the night, while in a somnambulist state, he killed himself in identically the same manner.

These Twins, Though Miles Apart, Claim to Be in Constant Communication

A TELEPATHIC PUZZLE

A PROBLEM in telepathy: That is about as near as one can come to defining the mysterious case of Mrs. Mathilde Leibbrand and Mrs. Elizabeth Warner, of Philadelphia.

These women are twin sisters. From infancy they claim to have been in constant mental communication, though far apart.

These are some of the inexplicable feats which, they say, their power has done for them:

One twin at school drew on the blackboard an accurate map of Russia, guided by the other, who fixed her eyes on her geography.

On St. Blizzard's Day—March 12, 1888, one twin knew by telepathy that the other, who was supposed to be with her grandmother, was dying in a snow-bank. The girl was rescued. The children were then ten years old.

On July 30, 1896, one twin was in the Bridge-ton, N. J., railroad disaster. The other knew of the accident at once, but added, almost immediately: "Thank God, Liz is safe!" A year later one twin was overcome by heat in a big department store. Mrs. Leibbrand ordered a carriage, drove to the store and reached her sister's side, ready to take her home.

The most remarkable case of all—and one which, as reported to Philadelphia physicians, caused some scepticism—occurred at the birth of Mrs. Warner's boy baby some days ago. She was in Atlantic City, but Mrs. Leibbrand, one hundred miles away, was in such physical distress during the time of the baby's birth that a physician was called. After some time her pain left her, and she said to the doctor:

"Lizzie has just had her boy." The doctor, who had never attended her before, insisted upon an explanation, which Mrs. Leibbrand could not give any better than she had been able to explain a dozen other things of the same nature.

While he was pondering over the matter the telephone rang, and Mr. Warner asked him to tell Mrs. Leibbrand, "Lizzie was safely delivered of a boy, absolutely without suffering."

The sisters are normal in every physical line, and they are perhaps the only two people on earth who tally exactly to every measurement of the Bertillon system, which is used throughout the world for the identification of criminals. The mother of the two women can distinguish them only by their voices.

The impressions made by the markings on their thumbs differ materially, but it requires an expert with a good glass to distinguish the differences.

Celebrated Her 97th Birthday

MRS. JAMES G. TRACEY, one of the oldest women in Syracuse, N. Y., celebrated her ninety-seventh birthday April 30, 1901. She is in excellent health and has full possession of her faculties. Mrs. Tracey was born in Salem, Mass., being a granddaughter of Colonel Voz of the Revolutionary War. She attended the Harvard commencement at which General Lafayette was present in 1826. She is very fond of driving and prefers fast horses. She objects to being treated as a person of advanced age. She has three sons, Col. Osgood Voz, James Voz and Col. William G. Tracey. It is pleasing to note so many people living to a ripe old age, and THE MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES sends cheerful greetings to Mrs. Tracey, and has placed her name on our Roll of Honor, which comprises many persons from 90 to 144 years of age. All who will regularly read our magazine and get into our vibrations will certainly live to a sweet, happy old age.

Our Great Prosperity

DURING the first nine months of the current fiscal year, ending March 31, the total domestic exports of the United States were valued at \$1,120,480,673, which is \$60,000,000 in excess of the exports of Great Britain, our closest rival, in the same time. In these nine months our excess of exports over imports was \$394,000,000, a gain of \$127,000,000 over the balance during the same period last year.

It is not until we learn to live at the centre, and to know that we have power to radiate from that centre this unceasing, abundant life, that we are well and strong and powerful.—*H. Emilie Cady.*

They Trust in the Lord

NEW YORK WOMEN OF SIMPLE FAITH
WHO FIND THAT IT PAYS

They Believe in Direct Answer to Prayer and Have Experiences to Tell in Support of the Belief—An Odd Charitable Work in a Dark Corner Under the Elevated Railroad



TUCKED in under the elevated railroad, around the corner from the West Side Police Court, is a three-story red brick building, which from its exterior might be a warehouse, or even a factory, devoted to one of the quieter trades, but which is neither. Not long ago it was a saloon. Now it is the home of as remarkable and earnest a faith as there can be in the whole of New York, says the Sun.

Its founders call the place the Heartsease Home. The work to which they devote it is the rescuing of unfortunate girls from the streets and from worse places. A woman founded it, women mainly support it, and women manage it, and they literally trust in the Lord for their daily bread and for the other things, furniture, clothing and rent money necessary for carrying on a charitable institution.

No public appeal has ever been made on behalf of the place. No begging letters have been written from it to get money from the pockets of the charitably disposed. The institution has never before been mentioned in the newspapers, and few people have known of its existence. Yet for two years the women who manage it, though themselves without means, have successfully carried on the work for which they founded it. They have always been quite willing to tell anybody who was sufficiently interested to inquire about their work all that there has been to tell about it. But when they have needed anything they have simply prayed for it, and most of the things for which they have prayed have come to them.

Two years ago the saloon which stood where the home now is was burned out, and a woman who had planned the home, with an assistant, moved into the remodeled building. The rent had been guaranteed for them by friends, but their whole capital on the night they moved in consisted of thirty-six cents and a load of furniture. The furniture went back later to the missionary society which owned it, with which they had been connected, because the society and the home didn't agree as to how the latter should be run.

That, the women say, was for the best. They prayed for more furniture, and gradually they got it. They prayed for more things, and they got them. Their wants have been supplied, and they have now many and influential friends who are ready to testify to the material good they have accomplished.

They believe absolutely and implicitly that each and every one of these things has been sent to them in direct answer to prayer for that thing, and Divine Providence having shown unmistakably that it is cognizant of all that is needed for the charity undertaken on that dark corner under the elevated railroad, they are confident in the ultimate success of anything that is good that they may try to do.

A Sun reporter, investigating a story of distress from the police court recently, was directed to the Heartsease Home as a possible source of information. The place seemed so different from usual institutions of the sort that the reporter was moved to make inquiries about it. Some of the things he learned surprised him. Particularly, the matron was distinctly hostile to the prospect of seeing anything about the home or its managers in the newspapers. That is not usual.

A few days later it happened that an amateur philanthropist, whose sensibilities had been touched by the story of distress which the reporter had investigated, went to the police to give a contribution of money toward relieving its subject. He mentioned incidentally that he had more money to give to deserving objects, and was glad to hear of any. The reporter, remembering the home around the corner and some of the things he had heard there, told about it. The narrative interested the philanthropist and amused one of the court officials.

"Say," suggested the latter to the man looking for deserving charities, "if you have any more cash to give away you might go around there and hand in a small bill. You needn't say anything. They'll think the Lord sent it."

"I will," responded the philanthropist.

He came back soon afterward to report progress.

"I rang the bell," said he, "and when the matron, or whoever it was, came to the door I gave her \$5."

"Who sends this, please?" said she.

"The Lord," I said.

"She didn't ask anything else. She just raised her eyes as if she were thanking Him, and I came away."

This incident is typical of many gifts the home has received. The simple faith in direct Divine gifts amuses some people, interests others, but is encouraged by all its neighbors. A baker supplies the home with bread and always forgets the bill, and a grocer is equally generous with groceries. A plumber has done the plumbing, when any was needed, for nothing, and the home has volunteer doctors, a free druggist and volunteer instructors for its inmates in abundance.

The managers of the home recently issued a characteristic report on its work to its supporters. This was part of the report:

"We feel we cannot afford to omit God's precious dealings with us in different ways, more particularly in answers to prayers. Twice, in direct answer to prayer, checks have come—\$25 each—another time one of the girls was missing and God brought her back directly, after earnest prayer. Quite often in the past we have been allowed to find the funds for daily food getting low. Once, with not a cent in the treasury and no food in the house for breakfast, we rose to find our breakfast provided for us in a way we had not thought of."

"During the most difficult times, when the finances were so low, God has always honored our faith. As each month would close we were usually supplied with the money to meet each obligation. A friend has been sent us in answer to prayer who has newly furnished our reading-room. Last year there were nearly four hundred who visited the room. Our aim is to reach even a greater number this year. We want to lead girls back into the path of honesty and uprightness, and the future is filled with expectation and promise as the past is with fulfillment."

The matron of the home is Miss A. N. Smith. The Sun reporter sought her to ask more about these direct answers to prayer. Miss Smith was quite willing to tell about them to convince anyone who was sceptical.

"It is quite true," she said. "Nobody here who knows about these things doubts it for a moment. I have prayed for all the things we have wanted, and so have the others, and they have come, one at a time, as we prayed for them. God has always moved someone to give us just the things we needed most."

"Why, to show you, there was the night we got our first girl. We had been in the home two weeks. You know it was a saloon before we took the place. We had been in the home two weeks, working hard to prepare it for our work, and we had no girls yet. We had got two bedrooms with beds in them ready, but we had been painting the floors."

"It was 11 o'clock when we finished, and we were having supper when someone rang the bell. My companion went to the door, and it was a girl there who wanted to get out of her bad life."

"We took her in and gave her some supper, and then I began to wonder where to put her. We had only one bed downstairs, which we shared, and upstairs was the wet paint. I wondered whatever I was to do. But as I went upstairs to look it over I said: 'Lord, please fix this for me so that we can begin well.' Well, I went into those bedrooms in which there had been wet paint on the floors, and somehow I put my hand down to test it, and the paint was dry!"

"How was the breakfast provided that the report speaks of?" asked the reporter.

"A friend we had never thought of heard that we hadn't anything, and when we got up in the morning we found everything we wanted—coffee and bread and butter and other things at the back door. Our friend had been moved to go around there in the night and leave them."

"There isn't anything wonderful about it. If you only trust, the Lord will provide. I tell you, it pays to trust in the Lord."

Fifty-one girls, Miss Smith said, had passed through the home, and of them twenty-nine

were known to have really reformed. One of these was now engaged in missionary work, another was preparing herself for work of the same kind in China, and two more were engaged in charitable and religious enterprises. Three had married, and several were members of Protestant churches. Many more had been helped temporarily. Only those who voluntarily go to the home are received there.

A woman member of a well-known New York family, whose name is equally well known for her charitable work, recently became interested in the home. It is she who is referred to in the report as having furnished the reading-room, a pleasant room with plants and easy-chairs, pretty photographs and water colors and a library in it. The library, the matron explained, enables her to get hold of many wayward girls by lending them books to read. The books are rarely lost.

"I prayed for her for three months," said Miss Smith, referring to the woman whose charity has furnished the room. "I asked daily for her to help us, and one day when I went to the door she was there. One of our friends had told her about the place, and she had come to see it."

"Why pray for her particularly?" the reporter asked.

"Because I'd heard that she'd always stick by you," answered the matron, frankly.

It is a curious fact that no one who has met the women who run the home seems to have any doubt as to the sincerity of their belief in the direct beneficence of Providence. The nearest neighbor of the home is Amity Baptist Church, and the warmest supporters of the institution are found among the members of that church.

Its pastor, the Rev. Leighton Williams, told the reporter that the results of the home's work have been remarkably good, and justified the trust his congregation had placed in it. As to the direct answers to prayer, Mr. Williams expressed no opinion, though he asserted that all the statements which have been quoted here were true, and that the home had certainly prospered on faith in a very remarkable way.

[This magazine will print from time to time some wonderful accounts of how prayers have been fully and completely answered. Some of our adept writers on the magazine say that the power of prayer is marvelous; but that prayers to be answered must be uttered in the silence, with sincerity, honesty and secrecy, and with tremendous faith. One of the Mystics who writes for this magazine gets grand results from prayers. He is in the habit of secretly praying for money for orphan asylums, hospitals and homes for the aged, without their knowledge, and substantial donations are made.—EDITOR.]

Bismarck's Philosophy of Life

From the "Love Letters of Prince Bismarck"

WITH dutiful trust in God, dig in the spurs, and let life, like a wild horse, take you flying over hedge and ditch, resolved to break your neck, and yet fearless, inasmuch as you must some time part from all that is dear to you on earth—though not forever. If Grief is near, well, let him come on; but until he arrives do not merely look bright and blessed, but be it, too; and when sorrow comes upon you, bear it with dignity—that is to say, with submission and hope.

The Longer-Lived American

From the Florida Times-Union.

THE American's expectation of life at any given period is best, the Englishman's not so good by just a shade, the German's less by a year, the Frenchman's a little better than the German's. Let us hear no more, then, of the pace that kills in America and the nervous strain that is breaking down our people.

Our President's Idea

WISE and good men—deep and profound thinkers—who love this country with a love born of true patriotism, have not wasted any vital force or energy in worrying about "imperialism," or our danger in growth, expansion and progress.

Mr. McKinley recently said: "So don't be alarmed about militarism or imperialism. We know no imperialism in the United States except the imperialism of a sovereign people."—*President McKinley's speech at El Paso, Tex.*

The true adepts, seers, sages, prophets and mystics of the world smile when they hear certain zealous people without wisdom criticize our President and talk of imperialism. The adepts are unanimous in saying: "A little more patriotism and less criticism" would be a good thing for our citizens and our glorious country.

The Doctors and Christian Science

ON the editorial page of the New York Times we find an article on doctors and Christian Science. The following extract will be read with interest:

A correspondent of the Medical Record, obviously a doctor, though he cautiously conceals his identity behind the conventional signature of "X," declares that his professional brethren are in no small degree responsible for the deplorable success attained by "Christian Scientists." The fact is, he says, that the doctors have not been candid with the public, and what he means is that they have not been honest. They know, "X" explains, that they give treatment for a consideration in a vast number of cases that do not require anything more than the assurance that no treatment is needed. To quote from the letter:

To the general practitioner come the host of the vaguely suffering; the people who don't know how to live, and resent instruction; the functionally disturbed, the neurotics, and *malades imaginaires*. Experience and tradition have led them to expect medication from medical men. They get it, it fails, and they drift, perhaps bringing up at "Christian Science" or one of its congeners. Persuaded to forget or ignore sensations, their shackles fall off, and they discover that they never needed medicines at all. Then one of three inferences is inevitable: Either the doctors knew the patient did not need drugs, in which case it was fraud to prescribe and receive money from them; or, they did not know it, and were ignoramuses; or, the special form of suggestion by which the patient has found relief is a great and precious discovery, a revelation, outside the ken of a bigoted medical profession.

All except the first of these conclusions "X" rejects as false. Doctors are not ignoramuses, he says, and not only can they do with suggestion all that the "healers" do with it, but they can do more. They can proclaim, in proper cases, the uselessness of drugs. "X" riddles the arguments by which doctors justify the deception of hypochondriacs, and pleads with them to be as bold as are the charlatans in telling would-be clients that there is nothing the matter with them—not always, of course, but when such is really the case. "The results obtained," he concludes, "by systems of self-persuasion, so ingeniously adapted to the needs of the weak-kneed and unstable, may well cause us to examine our own methods carefully, to let no casuistry or veiled self-interest mislead us into virtual dishonesty, and to meet the public candidly and openly as the best means of silencing invidious comment upon medicine as now practiced."

He Is Nearly 100 Years Old

MANY persons live upward of 100 years in these days. At his home in Blackwood, Camden County, N. J., Jonas Livermore, one of the best known residents of South Jersey, celebrated the ninety-ninth anniversary of his birth on April 21. Mr. Livermore is a remarkable man in a good many respects. For years he was the president of the First National Bank, Camden, of which he is still a heavy stockholder, and he was formerly one of the foremost figures in the world of finance in New Jersey. Until very recently Mr. Livermore never wore an overcoat. Mr. Livermore is possessed of a large estate, but he does not propose to have any legal battles over it when he is gone. He has settled all his affairs, and, as he expresses it, "is only waiting for the summons."

We regularly mail this magazine to a number of persons ranging in age from 90 years to 130 years. Our editor will be pleased to hear from all persons over 90 years of age. The mystic writers connected with this magazine know the secret of living to a great age, and in future numbers much will be said on this subject, as it is very important, from our view, for everyone to reach a ripe old age.

Gone at the Age of 105

J. H. MINKLER, of North Germantown, N. Y., the oldest resident of Columbia County, passed on in his 106th year, on May 1.

The large insurance companies of the world say that man is living to a much greater age now than formerly; that each decade shows a marked increase.

WHEN we are in some trouble that is the very time to take on new courage and confide our thoughts with God. It is wonderful how this will help the troubled mind.

HEROISM is not in the deed, but in the purpose that lies back of it.

Perfect Health and Long Life

By an Adept

THE average life of man is growing longer all the time, because as man develops in soul and mind he is more careful about his foods, his shelter, his wearing apparel, the water he drinks, the air he breathes, and begins to know that much outdoor life in the bright sunlight is very beneficial to health and longevity.

The less animal food a man eats the better the health, the stronger the spiritual and intellectual powers, and the longer he will live—a long and happy life.

Raw, ripe fruit, nuts, cereals and vegetables are not only nutritious and life-sustaining, and free from uric acid, chalky deposits, poisons and disease germs, but are also more economical, cleaner and purer and more pleasing to the palate.

The great and powerful adepts, who have tremendous life forces, perfect health, and live to 100, 120, and even 150 years, never eat meat—dead animals.

Star Gazing Prolongs Life

IT ENNOBLES ONE AND CARRIES HIM AWAY FROM EARTHLY PASSIONS

GAZE at the stars and try to think of what a wonderful universe this is.

Read articles and books on Astronomy and Astrology whenever you get a chance. Do you think the Sun, the Moon and the myriads of stars happened by chance? What a wonderful, intelligent force or power must be back of all these visible spheres we see in the heavens! Speaking recently, Camille Flammarion, the great French astronomer, remarked that astronomical study had a noticeable tendency to prolong human life. Discussing further this seeming strange condition, Flammarion said:

"Yes, I hold fast to the theory that the study of astronomy tends to prolong human life. I have put my theory before the Astronomical Society of France, an organization numbering 2,500 members, and many of them agree with me. The contemplation of the heavens ennobles man. It helps to carry him away from earthly passions. These latter, if allowed to run riotously, shorten the span of human life.

"The cold, calm study of astronomy makes the student rise to higher things. Besides, we have many examples of longevity in our astronomical society. Our dean is one hundred and five years old, yet is in excellent health. There are at least twelve members over ninety, twenty over eighty, and ever so many have passed the Scriptural limit.

"Comparatively speaking, the latter are mere boys in everything except learning. My theory is that the contemplation of the heavens, while freeing the student of astronomy from earthly passions, at the same time procures for him serenity and longevity."

The Prime of Life

THE occult adepts who make a specialty of living long and useful lives say that the prime of life in a man of regular habits and sound constitution is from 45 to 75 years of age; of a woman from 40 to 70 years.

The adepts themselves are in their prime up to 80, 90 and 100 years; many of them live to be 120 and 140 years old. They are prodigious workers but live entirely in the soul or psychic realm. They eat simple, plain foods, which must be as pure as possible; they do not use drugs, stimulants, narcotics or poisons. They rarely, if ever, eat any animal foods, as the psychic force will not develop strongly in persons who eat much animal food.

A Warning

A WISE adept of the Orient told our editor the other day to say to our readers that they ought to beware of tainted food in the hot weather, and see that all meats, and especially gelatine food, are kept far away from sinks and drains. Of late days, cases of food-poisoning from the food becoming tainted by being kept near sinks have been numerous. Milk, especially, bear in mind, is liable to absorb odors and gases. There is much danger in eating meat in hot weather. Cereals, fruits and vegetables make the ideal summer diet.

AND this for comfort thou must know:
Times that are ill won't still be so;
Clouds will not ever pour down rain,
A sullen day will clear again.

—Herrick.

Power to Overcome Fear and Doubt

By William E. Towne

MANY people who are students of Mental Science desire very earnestly to know how it is possible for them to overcome certain forms of fear which their reason tells them are utterly groundless, but which their feelings persist in recognizing. The feelings have no control over the real self except those which you permit by turning away from the truth of being and centering the mind on fear and doubt. If you constantly make your decisions, either mentally or verbally, in accordance with your feelings, then they will control you. If you will side with your real self, the I AM THAT I AM, and remember that your feelings are not you, but merely an expression of the real self which you permit and govern, it will become possible for you to grow into a condition of freedom where your feelings will be harmonious and responsive to your highest desires. It often happens that a person comes under the dominance of his feelings from some severe and mental shock which leaves an indelible impress, apparently, upon the sub-conscious mind, and this impression rises into the conscious mind again and again under certain conditions, until the feelings control the whole body. As an illustration let us take the case of one whose pride has been deeply wounded, and who feels an apparently unconquerable shrinking at the thought of meeting old acquaintances and facing the world in general. In such a case the sub-conscious mind may continue to impress the conscious mind with that feeling of fear long after the reason and intellect admit its foolishness, provided the person permits those suggestions to rise into the conscious mind. The conscious mind becomes HYPNOTIZED by that old Fear Thought implanted with such force by some sudden mental shock, and this Fear Thought (another name for Devil) is allowed to rule whenever conditions arise which bring it to the surface. Now the thing to do is to say "scat!" to that old Fear Thought and then employ auto-suggestion to GROW an unconquerable faith and belief in your ability to do whatsoever you desire to do, and to keep that Fear Thought from rising into the conscious mind for evermore.

Fear Thoughts are the result wholly of adverse suggestions RECEIVED INTO the mind and allowed to take root and grow there. They are to be removed by refusing to CULTIVATE them and furnish them encouragement and recognition. The feelings must not be accepted as expressions of the REAL self at all times, else the Fear Thought will thrive. The Fear Thought flies when the I AM is recognized as the true source of all power.

Before anything can be accomplished an effort must be made. The way to learn how to do a thing is to get up and DO it. Therefore, when the suggestion arises that you cannot do a certain thing which your higher self says you can do, don't listen to it. Just GROW by auto-suggestion and firm, positive affirmations a belief that you can do it. Then get up and make the attempt, AND YOU WILL SUCCEED.

Now here is an important point in relation to affirmation and auto-suggestion. Affirmation from the plane of the intellect alone, or which has its basis in brute will power, counts for comparatively little so far as permanent results are concerned. Auto-suggestion must take root at the centre, the I AM, and GROW into reality there. It will do this, after you have made your statement and spoken the WORD, provided you LET it. Having made your statement, LET it rest and trust your own I AM to make it manifest. You have nothing further to do with the process save to watch your thoughts in order to see that the conditions are as favorable as possible and that no Fear Thoughts are allowed to prowl around and smother the growing giant which is to free you. Remember that it avails little to hold an idea by sheer force of brute will power. You want to let the idea hold you. When you hold an idea you exhaust yourself and prevent the very thing you desire from taking place. LET GO and give the idea you have planted an opportunity to grow. It can't grow if you squeeze the life out of it by mental tension. Trust ALL to your I AM. You have nothing to do, remember, with the growing process, directly. You don't have to strain and strive and hold on in order to make your idea manifest, any more than you have to strain after a rifle bullet after it has left the gun, in order to have it reach its destination. Trust in Eternal Law to do its part of the work, as you do when you plant a seed in the earth and trust the sunshine and rain to make it manifest. The first thing you know the Fear Thought will have disappeared, and you will hardly be able to tell how or when he left. He will have been ousted by NON-RECOGNITION.



"Behold, the angel of the Lord appeared unto him in a dream."—St. Matthew, 1, 20.

A DREAM, to have significance, must occur to the sleeper while in a healthy and tranquil sleep.

Those dreams of which we have no vivid conception, or clear remembrance, have no significance.

To have beautiful dreams and night visions one must have a high spiritual nature.

The angels do appear to us in dreams. The Bible says so. (Read Bible authority at head of this column.) But, aside from the Good Book, wise and God-loving seers of all ages have interpreted dreams, and will continue to do so in the future.

Much discredit—and rightfully so—has been brought upon interpreters of dreams because so many alleged "fortune-tellers" and charlatans have fooled the credulous—for a money consideration.

I never received any money for this work, outside of a regular salary, and never will. I will gladly interpret your dreams, and will be pleased to hear from the subscribers of this magazine with accounts of their dreams.

I belong to a great brotherhood of Mystic Adepts, and in the name of that High and Sacred Order I pledge myself to treat all correspondence as sacredly confidential.

The brief interpretations this month are as follows:

PERSIAN W.—Your dream is a warning, and a very important warning at that. I would take it that you must not love money so much. Now, money is a good thing when honestly acquired and when you do not make it a god. The dream further portends that you are trying to close some business transaction or trade which will bring you some money. Read about the price of redemption—Exod. xxx, 12-16. The apples mean long life and success. The colored people you saw in your dream means that you will have trifling vexations and annoyances in connection with some trade or business transaction that you are considering. You will understand what I mean. The bay horses and wagon you saw means success and emolument and ease and pleasure later on. I would warn you to not think too much of the money in this transaction; rather think of having all of your transactions in a business way perfectly honest. Your dream taken as a whole indicates that you are a little inclined to superstition. All in all, it is not a bad dream, and I am inclined to think it and this interpretation will set you to thinking more seriously about the higher powers that are trying to help all of us in dreams and other ways. This is a wonderful age, and the Spiritual or Psychic Force is working in and through men as it never worked before.

JOHN F. V.—Your dream about the farm, the fields, the picnic, the hill, the roses without thorns was a rare dream and is known to the Mystic Adepts as the "Dream of Joy." It means that something is to come into your life that will bring you joy, good health and domestic happiness. Probably your soul—your real self—is about to realize its oneness with the universal good, and become very joyful and blissful over such realization. Live in the spirit as much as possible and try to realize the Eternal Joy which is yours. Some good angels are about you all the time trying to help you.

A. F. H., BOSTON—Your dream is interesting and clearly shows that you have the powers of prophecy. It also is very important as showing you that you must be very careful and not be led by false prophets or agitators and zealous men without wisdom who write much and speak much, trying to disturb and unsettle the minds of men. You are a great Psychic Sensative surrounded by many unseen intelligences and must be very careful how you admit them to your mind; some of these intelligences have passed out of the body and are fanatical about the wrongs of men, and at times try to make pictures on your mind of the great wrongs and the great injustice that is in the world. Listen not to these influences. Everything is about right; the world is beautiful; "God is in His universe." The world gets better and brighter every minute. Great accumulations of wealth are absolutely necessary; the man

who opposes wealth by thought or deed is on the wrong track, and will encounter many hard knocks. Go with the Law and not against. God, through many chosen men, is manifesting His powers as never before. What exists to-day is all right; it would not be good for to-morrow, but is all right to-day. Change, eternal change, is the order. A tremendous force is speaking to you through me. That is the reason you sent your dream to me. Read what we mystics have to say every month in this magazine. We live on the UNIVERSAL PLANE. I am in Boston much, and will be there in June and may see you. Anyway, I am with you in the Spirit. God bless you.

JACK—Your dream is unusual and only comes to those who are about to enter or are well on the Path. It means New Life and New Light for you; it also means great fortune in the future. You must work, and study and aspire to good deeds. Read this magazine regularly, as it can help anyone to health, long life, prosperity and happiness.

DREAMIE—Your first dream about stockings means that you will be fortunate in love. Your second dream about the latch keys is significant; it means great progress in knowledge. A wide door will soon open to you, and beyond it you will see a luminous light that will open your eyes to all the grand truths of the universe—knowledge and wisdom are what your soul yearns for. Yes; I will interpret any dream you may send, if I deem it of sufficient importance.

MRS. M. G. W.—Thanks for your interesting letter and the dream which was fulfilled. You are a natural Psychic Healer and also have the powers of prophecy. Cultivate your spiritual side all you can. This magazine will help you develop your psychic powers, and by reading it regularly you will get into our vibrations and become very blissful and happy. No doubt every time you take up this magazine and read it, you feel our vibrations. This is exhilarating and will cause the mystic life forces to surge through you as they never did before. Already we receive many letters from enthusiastic subscribers who say that our magazine gives them a wonderful new power. We mystics understand why that is. Many of the best psychic healers in the world are sending in subscriptions to our magazine. We thank you for your good wishes.

EXCELSIOR—Your two dreams are excellent examples of how the Higher Power reaches the soul while the body slumbers. Your first dream means much. Your soul is reaching out for more light, and it will soon reach the Eternal Light and be made blissful. Your second dream clearly indicates that your soul is soaring, soaring, and trying to reach the Eternal Light which will bring Eternal Joy and Life. I would suggest that you keep calm and serene and go into the Silence as much as possible, i.e., take some time each day and retire to some quiet spot all alone and there meditate and commune with God.

IRON WILL—What you relate is not a dream; it was a spirit, and I am inclined to think it a spirit trying to scare you; probably someone who, when in the body, was a practical joker. Even if it was a true message from the Spirit World, it ought not to worry you.

I am always pleased to hear from the subscribers to this magazine, and cordially invite all of you to send in your dreams for interpretation.

Sincerely,
PROFESSOR STAR,

Dream Editor of THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES, No. 223 William street, New York City.

Prophetic Dreams

In all history, whether sacred or so-called profane history, we find that the prophetic dream has always been much in evidence.

If any of our readers have had prophetic dreams, or warnings in dreams that have come true, we will be pleased to have them write their experiences to Professor Star, our dream editor.

This magazine will print from time to time some accounts of wonderful prophetic dreams.

A Dream Message

From a Subscriber

TO THE DREAM EDITOR:

During the summer of 1898 my father was building a barn. On the first day of September the carpenters came, and on the sixth the neighbors turned off their work and came to the raising. On the following Tuesday I entered the High School at Rockford. In the evening, after preparing my lessons for the next day, I went to bed. I soon fell into a deep sleep and dreamed I saw my elder brother, Charley, walking in his sleep. I dreamed that I saw him ascend the ladder which was reclining against one of the topmost beams. After reaching the top he stepped upon the beam, and from one board to another. He walked with a firm step, until finally coming to a board too frail to support him, it gave way, and I saw him fall to the ground. The shock awoke me and I found myself trembling with terror. Sleep now being out of the question, I arose and walked the floor, trying to rid myself of this unpleasant dream, but could not. Obeying a sudden impulse, I lit a match and looked at my watch. It was just two o'clock. In the morning a telegram was handed me, and on opening it I found it was from father. He requested me to come home immediately, as Charley was seriously hurt. My dream at once flashed through my mind. In half an hour I was on the train speeding toward home. When I reached the station my younger brother was there, and he told the story exactly as I had dreamed it, adding that the accident occurred at two o'clock. When I reached home the doctor was just coming out of Charley's room. I asked him if he was seriously hurt. He replied that he was badly hurt, but would recover in course of time.

German Valley, Ill. ERNEST T. MYERS.

[All accounts of dreams like this should be addressed to Professor Star, Dream Editor, MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES.]

Saved by an Apparition

THERE lived in the outskirts of St. Petersburg a man who, during unoccupied times, often visited his parents in Irkoursk. On one of his trips he witnessed an extraordinary occurrence, which he describes as follows:

"Some vests from a small station on this side of Irkoursk our train stopped suddenly. It was going rapidly under full head of steam, and the stoppage was so sudden that everyone felt a violent shock. Evidently the engineer had put on brakes. Alarm began to spread among the passengers, myself among the others, who left the train and went toward the engine.

"The engineer stood near the locomotive, trembling, and visibly moved by something frightful. He looked at us in a fierce manner and with startled eyes, saying only, 'The monk! the monk!'

"Naturally, questions were poured upon him. What monk? What are you talking about? What would a monk come here for? In a few minutes the engineer was able to talk. He said he had distinctly seen a monk holding his hand, raised as if commanding the train to stop. When he had put on brakes the monk disappeared.

"It is clear that it was a vision, but why had it appeared? Has not the engineer been the victim of an hallucination?

"We followed the rails, and what did we see? Twenty paces from where the train had stopped the rails were broken.

"All of us, travelers and employees, had been saved from a frightful danger.

"What an impression this miracle produced on us! Yes, I repeat once more the word miracle."

The Mystery of Life

WHY are we here on this planet?

From where did we come?

Where are we going?

What is it all about?

The great Mystics and Adepts know.

All will know soon.

Read this MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES regularly.

It will solve some of the great mysteries and problems of life.

For You

Do you like this magazine?

Do you feel, when you read it, that we are trying to spread the gospel of hope and happiness to all the world?

Do you want to help us to spread broadcast seed-thoughts of an inspiring nature?

If you do, you can speak of the magazine to your friends.

Tell your friends that we are cheerful, hopeful, happy and successful optimists, and would be pleased to have them join our large and growing family—of subscribers.

That's all.



Ideal Thoughts

WILT thou draw near the nature of the gods?— Draw near them, then, in being merciful; Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.
—*Shakespeare.*

WE are the rulers of our destinies. One foe alone can trespass on our right To freedom, and to happiness and peace. His name is Ignorance, and in our hands We hold the wherewithal to lay him low.
—*Anita Trueman.*

THERE is a deal of dying to be done still by those who cherish lofty thoughts of their own attainments. The holiest man will ever be he who thinks least of his own holiness.—*Rev. W. H. Aitken.*

NOTHING more exposes us to madness than distinguishing ourselves from others; and nothing more contributes to our common sense than living in the universal way with multitudes of men.—*Goethe.*

THOSE things of which our senses are cognizant are but appearances indicating some deep and unknown existence.—*James Hinton.*

It is not always needful for truth to take a definite shape; it is enough if it hovers about us like a spirit, and produces harmony, if it is wafted through the air like the sound of a bell, grave and clear.—*Goethe.*

Great Sayings by Great Souls

It is pleasing to the editors and publishers of THE MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES to see how Light and Truth are permeating the world, especially the business part of it.

As a sign of the times, we find business men printing in newspaper advertisements, circulars, booklets and their advertising literature many quotations of great sayings by great souls.

Recently we received from Mr. John Lee Mahin the following sayings, which can always be read with profit to the soul and mind:

We can only be valued as we make ourselves valuable.—*Emerson.*

The conditions of success in life are the possession of Judgment, Experience, Initiative and Character.—*Gustave Le Bon.*

Resolution—Resolve to perform what you ought; perform without fail what you resolve.—*Benjamin Franklin.*

Difficulties are things that show what men are.—*Epictetus.*

Success don't konsist in never makin' blunders, but in never makin' the same one twict.—*Josh Billings.*

Never make a promise unless you mean to keep it.—*Henry M. Stanley.*

Seest thou a man diligent in his business? He shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men.—*Proverbs of Solomon.*

A Theatre His Church

REV. MR. HUDSON GIVES PLAYS DURING THE WEEK AND PREACHES FROM THE STAGE ON SUNDAYS

THE union of Church and Stage has been successfully accomplished by the Rev. Jay Williams Hudson, pastor of the People's Christian Church of Santa Rosa, Cal. Mr. Hudson was much discouraged over the failure of men to attend church services, and after trying a city pastorate he went to Santa Rosa and founded the People's Church, to which any Christian may belong. He had the church arranged like a theatre, because, he says, the theatre is an ideal auditorium. He also had a regular stage arranged, with footlights, drop curtain and scenery.

During the week he gives dramatic entertainments, choosing his actors and actresses from the congregation. He says the people crave theatrical entertainment, and a church should give it and should control the tone of the theatre. He has thus far attempted only simple plays, but he has hopes of a Shakespearean season.

On Sundays he preaches and lectures, and his congregation includes many men who never attended church before.

[We are pleased to see the Church becoming more tolerant toward the stage. The above news note is a sign of the broad and liberal ideas in this progressive age.—EDITOR.]

Let Us Get Together for Truth and Light and Power

THE thinker and searcher after TRUTH and LIGHT, by reading THE MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES regularly will get ideas and suggestions, glimpses of Truth and Light, which will prove of great advantage to his soul, mind and body.

Let us, then, dear readers, you and we, get together for Truth and Light and have no quarrels. Let us be broad, tolerant and liberal in our search for the Mighty Truth.

This magazine is edited and published for aspiring souls—souls who desire to know, who desire to do, who desire to grow, who desire to progress.

Let us get together and work on a high plane—the universal plane. Don't let us dwarf or limit our minds by being wed to one theory and thinking that in our theories or philosophy we have the whole truth—all the light.

Let us be fair, just, kind, gentle and tolerant to our brother, no matter what he believes.

We respect every man's belief, whether he be Jew, Christian, Buddhist, Brahman, Mohammedan, Heathen, Pagan, Atheist, Agnostic or what not. Eventually we will ALL reach the same goal, because we are ALL the children of ONE ALL-FATHER.

So, let us all get together and be neighborly and friendly and try to bring about more and more the feeling of brotherly love, of which Masters, Poets, Philosophers, Sages and wise and good men have been speaking and writing about ever since man has been on this planet.

Let us get together and dig up golden nuggets of truth wherever they are buried.

Let us get together and rip and tear away from our souls all the veils of darkness, ignorance, superstition, bigotry, fanaticism, greed, envy, hate, anger, fear, doubt, disease, etc., which keep away the radiant Light, which can eternally light our path.

Let us get together and live in the exhilarating vibrations of the New THOUGHT.

Let us get together and live in the Now, that the future may be bright, and the mistakes and errors and sorrows of the past be forever forgotten.

Let us get together and realize our true selves—realize our oneness with the BLESSED ONE, whether man chooses to call the ONE, God, Good, Nature, the Universal Force or any name.

One of the principal objects of this magazine will be to bring men closer to each other—to bring about true brotherly love. You can help us, and we can help you. Let us get together.

Power of Having a Fixed Plan

WHEN Huxley, the great scientist, was a very young man he kept a diary which consisted mainly of his intentions concerning the future, says the Journal. He mapped out the work which he must do. At the end of a certain time he found that he had neglected the most important things. On making this discovery he wrote:

"I MUST GET ON FASTER THAN THIS. I MUST ADOPT A FIXED PLAN OF STUDIES, FOR UNLESS THIS IS DONE I FIND TIME SLIPS AWAY WITHOUT KNOWING IT—AND LET ME REMEMBER THIS, THAT IT IS BETTER TO READ A LITTLE AND THOROUGHLY THAN GRAM A CRUDE, UNDIGESTED MASS INTO MY HEAD, THOUGH IT BE IN GREAT QUANTITY."

Three years later he wrote in this diary, after having written what is quoted above:

"THIS IS ABOUT THE ONLY RESOLUTION I HAVE EVER STUCK TO."

Huxley stuck to his resolution, adopted a fixed plan of studies. He made up his mind what he wanted to learn. He selected a certain line of investigation and stuck to it absolutely. When he died he had rendered great service to the world by adding to its positive knowledge and by setting a splendid example to old men and young men by living a life entirely and successfully devoted to the acquisition and dissemination of knowledge.

It would pay all the young men who are ambitious to read over two or three times the quotation from Huxley that we have printed above.

Never be satisfied with the rate at which you are progressing. Study on a fixed plan, and, above all, when you read, read THOROUGHLY.

Between your hours of reading think steadily. Thought reading is like gastric juice to the food. Reading without thought is utterly profitless.

We never graduate in religion; because the nearer we are to God, the more we see there is to be learned.—*M. H. Seebe.*

How to Read This Magazine to Get Tremendous Psychic Force



TRUTH and PEACE to ALL is the message we have for ALL OF YOU.

In an occult publication like this MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES there are purposely concealed in the printed articles GREAT and ANCIENT truths, which are intended by the MYSTICS to make you thrill with NEW LIFE VIBRATIONS—new hope and new courage.

Carefully save each copy of the magazine, and take it up and read it at moments when you are calm and quiet and alone.

Read each article and each paragraph carefully and thoughtfully, with a STRONG DESIRE for the PSYCHIC LIGHT to illuminate your mind and soul.

The LIGHT will surely come in time, and some day when you do not expect it, you will be thrilled with a tremendous energizing force and power that you have never felt before.

Carefully preserve each copy of the magazine, as you will find it helpful reading from time to time. At the end of the year have your magazine bound, because as you proceed along the PATH, which will lead YOU to NEW LIFE, NEW JOYS, NEW EXPERIENCES, it will help you to get into OUR VIBRATIONS—by repeatedly reading articles from our pens.

In the SILENCE read our articles and send to us thoughts of GOOD WILL. These thought vibrations will help US and help YOU. The Eternal Law of Reciprocity will help you and help us.

These thoughts will be carried to us no matter how far away you live; in turn we will send you cheering and strengthening thoughts.

We Mystics sit for HOURS in the SILENCE sending forth to the whole world gladdening thoughts. You may at times feel our presence in ennobling and uplifting thought messages.

Some time when you are worried, perplexed, troubled and apprehensive take a copy of this magazine and retire to a quiet place and read it, with a desire that some word or thought in it may tranquilize your mind—may reach the very depths of your soul—and YOU will surely find the WORD which will calm you.

The WORD is ALWAYS printed in every copy of this magazine. Seek it out if you would know JOY and BLISS and HAPPINESS.

May the PSYCHIC LIGHT and the PSYCHIC FORCE awaken you to a consciousness of your great power is our constant prayer.

THE BAND OF MYSTICS.
[Who have something to say in this magazine every month.]

More of Christ, Less Creed

SERMON OF THE REV. LUTHER O. DYOTT

THE Rev. Luther O. Dyott, the new pastor of the United Congregational Church, at Hooper street and Lee avenue, Williamsburg, Greater New York, began his pastorate by advocating that there be more Christianity and less churchianity.

"We have," he said, "too many sects, too many denominations, too much of bondage to creeds. We need more Christianity and less churchianity, some common ground of unity, where all denominations may come closer together in practical work for the good of humanity. The church must have holiness. There should follow catholicity. The church should be broad to recognize the good in another. Apostolicity is another attitude. The best proof of apostolic succession is apostolic success. Deed should commend creed. No man's faith is wrong whose life is right. Thus the individual Christian is an epitome of the ideal church, and the church in turn becomes a divine opportunity, and, to a degree, the equivalent to Jesus Christ.

"We should grasp the great idea of God in His Church. Man-made creeds may need revision, and some theology may require reconstruction, but we shall find that truth—eternal truth—will remain the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. Then we should have fewer denominations, and small men will cease to hide beneath their small ideas, that full-orbed character may touch the ideals of God. Then shall the Church not spend her strength in taking care of herself, but shall spend it in taking care of those outside the fold."

THERE is no reading more helpful, more suggestive of thought or more inspiring than the reading of Emerson.



"Show me thy faith without thy works, and I will show thee my faith by my works."—St. James, II, 18.

THE effects of a man's faith—his works, are what count. First, we must have faith and plan works and carry them out. Everything in this universe is cause and effect. Psychic or soul power—a tremendous power it is, too—comes to him who has Love and Faith and who works.

Faith in yourself, faith in the Almighty Ruler, an honest, earnest and enthusiastic endeavor to improve your mind, your body and your environment will give you psychic power, and with psychic power you will achieve and accomplish great things.

LOVE all life that is in the world and aspire to become pure and honest and noble, and you will be very cheerful and very happy. Psychic power comes through Love for God, faith and honest work. Love, Faith and Work make the mystic triangle. Without the three are equalized and in perfect harmony there can be no great force to any soul.

UNTIL the Mind and Body are cleansed and purified, the soul is in prison, is limited; and there can be no faith or works until all the bars of darkness, ignorance, superstition, bigotry, intolerance, fear and doubt are torn away. The only force to do this is the God-force—the spiritual force.

THEREFORE, no one can be forceful until the real self—the soul—is freed. How important it is, then, for us to get this psychic power and become free and eternally happy. Live THE LIFE and get it. Love, Faith and Work will free the soul.

A GREAT Spiritual Man recently said: "I assert that there is no real happiness, either in this or in any other world, outside of a clear conscience. No matter what you possess, you are not, and cannot be, at peace unless you honestly earned it."

If you could steal one million dollars and never be detected by mortal, the money would make you miserable. No money brings so much happiness as that money which is honestly earned. Nothing brings so much misery and unexpected accidents, and even death of the body, as dirty dollars—dollars acquired dishonestly.

If you would be very happy and have tremendous psychic force accept no favors, no gifts, no presents. Honestly earn every penny you spend. Pay as you go. Don't be a dead-head—a first cousin to a dead-beat. Accept no free theatre tickets, free papers, free books or presents if you would know the blessed feeling of true independence—of freedom—of great psychic power.

PEOPLE who are looking for something for nothing are poor weaklings. People who expect fortune without work are to be pitied. He who is lazy or indolent and does not desire to work lacks spiritual or psychic force.

INDEPENDENCE, self-reliance and a noble and pure life will develop tremendous character, which is only another name for psychic force. "We are not here to believe but to do."

HAPPINESS is only gained in one way, and that is by Love, Faith and WORK—with emphasis on the work.

I AM always happy and cheerful and have absolutely perfect health, year in and year out, simply because I obey the divine law of Love, Faith and Work. There is no secret about the matter. Let goodness be your guide, and in this connection will quote the great Hepworth: "Plain, homely goodness

is the only orthodoxy I know anything about. No man can be wrong with God when he does God's work, and the best religion in the world is that which straightens out the crooked things of daily life. You may believe that you are a prince, and your belief may be of service to you, but a prince must behave like a prince, or his ancestry counts for nothing. It is not enough to recite your genealogy to your neighbors, for the peasant who is princely is worth more than the prince who in his heart is a peasant. It is the life which tells the story and decides your fate. The crown of dogma is one thing, and a very poor thing, but the crown of a holy and self-sacrificing life, a life which spurns the mean, a life which is set to the music of brotherhood, a life which bases its hopes of the future on the knightly and chivalrous deeds of the present—that alone makes a heaven out of to-day's experiences and insures the heaven of a glorious immortality. Be worthy of yourself at any cost, and you will be reckoned worthy in the hereafter."

I LIVE more in the Now than Brother Hepworth's remarks would indicate. As to the future, I know it is brighter than the present when I stop to think about it, but I so intensely enjoy the Now or Present that I don't have much time to think of the glorious future.

NEXT month I will chat on how to have perfect health without drugs or medicines. Good-night, and may peace and light dwell with you forever.

FRANK HARRISON.

Soul Charming

DO you wish to have a charming personality—be a real soul-charmer? Then listen to the silent, inner voice of the individual soul as well as to the whisperings of the Universal Soul.

Be your real self.

Be natural.
Be good.
Don't be affected.
Don't be envious.
Don't be jealous.
Be charming.
Be gentle.
Be polite.
Be considerate.
Be tolerant.
Be charming.
Don't be fussy.
Mind your own affairs only.
Never gossip.
Be calm.
Be serene.
Be tranquil.
Be charming.
Don't listen to scandal.
Don't overdress.
Don't parade wealth.
Read THE MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES regularly and be charming, attractive, fascinating.
Be pure.
Be sweet.
Be cheerful.
Be hopeful.
Be charming.
Sour people are not charming.
Pessimists are shunned.
Cynics are avoided.
Critics are disliked.
Be charming.
The whole secret of soul-charming is printed in this magazine each month, in one form or another.
BE CHARMING.

THE May number of this magazine contained many important articles for all persons interested in the New Thought or occultism; copies will be mailed from this office as long as they last upon receipt of ten cents.

PUBLISHERS of occult papers and books are invited to send copies to our Review Editor.

How the Mystic Adept Gets Power



BY tearing away the bandages of ignorance, intolerance and bigotry from the eyes.

Then we do not grope or stumble around blindfolded. We love God, His universe and all that is in it, or a part of it, with all our Soul, all our Heart and all our Mind.

The Mystic Adept gets power by living an absolutely clean and pure life—internally clean and externally clean. He is very strict as to having clean and pure foods; he will not eat meat, because it is not clean and pure, but principally because it causes suffering to the animal that is slaughtered.

The Mystic Adept gets tremendous power because he is chaste and continent.

The Mystic Adept is radiant with joy and health and holds a fine and beautiful body for a great age—because he is PURE.

The Mystic Adept takes daily external baths in pure water, hot or cold; spends much time, all alone, in walking and meditating; he does not mix up much with people because they do not understand his really fine and noble nature, and in their ignorance call him a crazy crank. At those who ridicule him he extends silently love, and merely smiles a radiant smile; he is absolutely indifferent to any criticism. The Mystic Adept is a giant among pigmies.

No one can ever become powerful and know and use the great hidden or unseen forces until he comes to God, the Good, and Lives the regenerate life. He cannot live in sensations—the senses—and pleasures and be a Blissful, Forceful, Mystic Adept.

Pleasure and Pains.—He who lives entirely on the plans of pleasure must suffer the opposite—pains.

Bliss and Happiness.—Love of Good; he who lives for God, for Good; who does his duty, who is clean in mind, body and heart; who is kind, gentle, just, yet firm—he will become the All-Powerful Mystic Adept; he will have external joy, bliss and happiness. Then the bandages will be torn from the eyes; then will groping in the dark cease; then will one be at one with the Eternal One.

THE MYSTICS.

Spiritual Healing



SIGNS of the times indicate that Psychic or Metaphysical Healing is making great headway.

Man is tired of being a slave to bottles and packages labeled with skull and cross-bones, the contents of which fill his system with deadly poisons.

Let the sick and diseased men and women rouse their souls—awake their souls—or rather awake the mind to a realization of the soul and its great power, and sickness and disease will disappear immediately.

True healers who can heal instantaneously must be as pure as the blessed Christ.

We see healers at every hand—alleged healers—who live unclean, immoral lives. How can such a man or woman heal disease?

Christ was the greatest healer of diseases this planet has ever had—because he was soulful, PURE.

The nature of the soul, if it can be said to have a nature, is purity. The soul is PURITY.

So, Psychic or Metaphysical healing depends wholly upon the purity of the healer. The most illiterate, ignorant man in the world, if he is a pure man—a chaste and continent man—is a great Psychic Healer.

You can study all the books in the world on hypnotism, mental science, Christian Science, Psychic Science, Divine healing and metaphysics, and unless you are pure—morally good—you will not amount to much as a healer of diseases.

Christ is the ideal healer, and must be our ideal, if we would heal.

We must live the Christ life, if we would heal mind and body without poisonous drugs.

When many such healers come into the world, then the press and public will cease to scoff and ridicule Psychic or Spiritual Healing. The public press knows a thing or two.

There are some such healers here now, and more are coming. I personally know such healers.

The real healer does not exploit his powers. He need not do so. He is quiet, modest and dignified.

The fakirs, pretenders and charlatans are loud in their claims.

The whole question of becoming a great and wonderful Psychic Healer of disease is contained in this short article. It is: LIVE PURELY; LIVE AS THE BLESSED CHRIST LIVED.

F. H.

THE EARTH, STARS AND PLANETS

WONDERS OF THE UNIVERSE

The Earth a Dynamo

ELMER GATES PROMULGATES A NEW METEOROLOGICAL THEORY



CONSIDERABLE interest is created in a new theory about this planet's electrical energy. Elmer Gates, the Washington scientist, has recently finished a series of experiments which prove that electricity is primarily the cause of all meteorological phenomena, from the calm of a Summer's day to the tempestuous storms of the equinox, these being nothing more nor less than manifestations of electricity. Our world, in common with the sun and the other planets, is not only a vast generator of electricity, but is also kept in motion and controlled by electrical forces.

"I proved by experiments," says Gates, in *Everybody's Magazine*, "that when an insulated body is revolved before a magnet it produces electricity upon itself. Now, the earth is an insulated body and revolves in an intense magnetic field produced by the sun, the great central magnet of our solar system. The earth is insulated because the air that envelops it is a nonconductor, and for that reason the electricity generated by the revolution of the earth is not thrown off, but is retained and manifests itself in what we call the weather."

"And you say that the rotation of the earth on its axis is an electrical phenomenon also?"

"Yes; such a conclusion is rendered probable by my experiments. Not only the rotation on its axis, but its revolution, too, about the sun is the result of electricity or electromagnetic action. We know that the sun rotates on its axis. Now, I find by experiment that when a magnet rotates it causes magnetic bodies within its influence to revolve about it. The nearer they are to the magnet the faster they revolve, and this is precisely what we observe in the case of the planets. And I have also discovered that a sphere revolving about a magnet turns on its axis. This is due to the fact that the side nearest the magnet is slightly retarded by the effect of the attraction, and this causes the globe to rotate while moving in its orbit around the magnet. So we see that the sun by its own motion causes the earth to revolve about it and that this in turn produces the rotation of the earth on its axis, which gives us our atmospheric electricity."

Uranus and Its Four Moons

ASTRONOMERS are turning their telescopes in the direction of the planet Uranus, which has become interesting of late by reason of the fact that it has assumed such a position in the sky that its four moons, revolving about it like so many little golden shuttles, are at present in a plane at right angles with the line of vision from the Earth, says the *Saturday Evening Post*.

Uranus is one of the great planets of the outer group in the solar system. Uranus is a very interesting sort of a world in more than one respect. It is about sixty times as big as the Earth, and one of its years is equal to eighty-four of ours. From the viewpoint of its inhabitants (supposing any such to exist) the sun rises in the west and sets in the east, while all of the four moons have the same peculiarity. To them the sun looks only one four-hundredth as large as it does to us, inasmuch as they are 1,800,000,000 miles away from that luminary, and daylight is proportionately dim, though bright enough to see by comfortably, inasmuch as at midday it is equal to the illumination of fifteen hundred moons like ours.

Uranus has a diameter of 35,000 miles, and its distance from the Earth is 1,700,000,000 miles.

WOULD not all the earth be peaceful and pure, and the acknowledgment of the Divine protection as universal as its reality?—*Ruskin*.

ALL that we are is the result of what we have thought; it is founded on our thoughts, it is made up of our thoughts.—*Buddha*.

Is the Sun Cold?

SOME VIEWS ENTERTAINED BY MEN OF SCIENCE

LORD RAYLEIGH, the president of the Royal Society, once referred to the serious difficulty which hampers the discoverer or explorer in the fields of science. After the idea is matured, it is necessary, or at least highly expedient, to make a diligent search in the archives of scientific societies to find the trace of one's predecessors. Somewhat after the fashion of Alpine explorations, these earlier climbers were unable to distinguish the true summit, or found an impassable crevasse, or lacked the necessary provision of time, courage and knowledge. Oftentimes the discovery which is accepted is made without any knowledge of previous researches and therefore without any aid from them. It is none the less incumbent upon a scientific inquirer to give credit to those who were working on the same lines, says the scientist, Cope Whitehouse, in the *New York Sun*.

It is for this reason that I desire to call attention to the researches of Professor Skwartzow, of the University of Charkow. He read a paper on "Energy in Nature and the Formation of Celestial Bodies, With Their Mutual Influences," before a scientific body at Kief, in 1898. In this paper he says: "After all, the sun, or at least its exterior surface, has no need of being in an incandescent state in order to exert an influence upon the earth or upon other celestial bodies; it may even have a very low temperature." He points out that the "physico-mechanical theories concerning the universe were created by Newton, Laplace and Kant at a time when scientific chemistry was just born," and that, therefore, at the present day, a similar neglect of chemical evolution would be an anachronism. He characterizes the useless task of calculating, as Lord Kelvin has done, the rate of contraction of the sun; and stigmatizes as "naïve" the puerile idea of Sir Norman Lockyer that meteorites have been falling for countless ages into the sun to replace dissipated energy.

M. Le Piongeon, in 1872, said: "The rays of the sun, of course, are cold" (*Van Nostrand's Engineering Magazine*). Dr. Heysinger, in 1894, discussed at length the Mosaic (*Memphite*) cosmogony, with its anticipation of Crookes tubes, and light without a sun. Renooz, in Paris, based an attack on the Newtonian theory upon the action of comets, which cannot be attracted by the sun, as a magnet attracts iron filings, for the very simple reason that they never enter the sun's mass, but are repelled with an equal force.

Probably the knowledge that in Charkow, Paris, New York and Philadelphia the theories of Newton, Kelvin, Laplace, Lockyer and others are openly repudiated may encourage American students to reject the antiquated statements found in all text books.

Professor Skwartzow says of his own personal experience that "these ideas are so fixed in our minds that the thought having occurred to me that the sun does not directly give us heat and light," was so repugnant that he tried to disabuse himself of it. Yet in time it took a more definite form and was presented for examination to his fellow inquirers in Russia. He even explains that he published it in Russian as less likely to expose him to the derision of his European opponents. While it will not be disputed that my generalizations of phenomena, as published in the *Sun*, go very far beyond those of Le Piongeon, Renooz, Heysinger and Skwartzow, the radical idea we are all agreed on: the rejection of the nebular hypothesis. This is really all that is needed to encourage further independent investigation in the United States.

Measuring the Earth

AFTER nearly thirty years of constant effort and the expenditure of nearly \$500,000, scientists have succeeded in accurately measuring the earth. They have learned that its diameter through the equator is 7,926 miles; its extent from pole to pole, 7,899 miles. The earth, therefore, is flattened at the poles; and while this fact has long been asserted, the actual measurement has removed the question from the domain of doubt.

Eros Like a Dumb-Bell

By Professor Serviss

THAT there is something very extraordinary about the planet Eros has been abundantly demonstrated by the observations of a dozen or more observers within the past two or three months. The planet, instead of shining with unvarying light, as ordinary planets do, exhibits wonderful changes, passing from one extreme to the other in the space of only two and a half hours, says Professor Serviss in the *New York Journal*.

At one time it is fully twice as bright as at another. Some of the observations indicate that the change of light is even greater than this. Unfortunately the small size of the planet, combined with its great distance, renders it impossible, even with the best telescopes, to see its real shape or to detect the peculiarities of its surface. Its mysterious changes can be theoretically explained in several ways. But whatever the explanation may be, it implies that Eros is rotating rapidly on its axis, very much more rapidly than the earth does. If it be supposed that one side of the earth is composed of substances that reflect the larger part of the sunlight falling upon them, while the other side consists of something that absorbs the larger part of the light, like coal dust, then the changes could be explained by the fact that, as the planet turns, first its bright side and then its dark side is presented toward the earth.

There are two serious objections to this theory. The first is that a difference in the power of reflection of the two sides would not account for so great a difference in light as the planet has presented to some observers. The second objection is that it appears very improbable that a planet could have one half so extremely different in composition and condition from the other half.

A second hypothesis is that the planet, instead of being round or spherical, is of a very irregular shape, so that as it turns upon itself it presents varying amounts of reflective surface toward the sun and the earth. From a careful study of the changes in light that it presents, the form of the planet could finally be determined without its real shape being actually visible to the telescope. One suggestion is that Eros is shaped like a dumb-bell. There is a dumb-bell shaped nebula in the heavens, so that form is not as unprecedented among celestial bodies as might be supposed. If Eros is shaped like a dumb-bell the changes in the amount of light reflected from it can be understood by imagining the two spheres at each end of the handle presenting their bodies to us alternately and reflecting the sunlight which shines upon it. It will be seen from inspection that since the planet shines wholly by reflected sunlight, the brightness, as viewed from the earth, will vary as the planet turns, and may easily be twice as great at one time as at another, since there is twice as much surface exposed. It will be seen that at times both the ends of the dumb-bell are in full sunlight, as viewed from the earth, and that at other times one of them is in the shadow of the other, and consequently the amount of light reflected is reduced at least one-half.

Another theory, which is merely a variant of the foregoing, assumes that Eros consists of two planets close together, and revolving around one another in such a way that part of the time one of them is in the shadow of the other. But owing to the inability of our telescopes to show them separately, the effect is to make them appear as one spot of light of varying brilliance. At some future opportunity, when Eros comes nearer than it has been this year, some of the most powerful telescopes in existence may be able to show the two planets, if they are two, or the precise shape of the one, if it is single. As far as all information extends at present, I should prefer the view that Eros is shaped like a dumb-bell to the view that it consists of two separate planets. The chief reason for this preference is that, with two separate planets, the great amount of variation in light seems less easily explicable than upon dumb-bell hypothesis. Or the shape, instead of being that of a dumb-bell, may be some other very irregular solid. If the last supposition is correct, it tends to support the old theory that the asteroids are not complete planets, but the fragments of an exploded world.

Mars Inhabitable

DR. WILLIAM P. BROOKS, Professor of Astronomy in Hobart College, declared recently his belief that the planet Mars is inhabitable. He said:

"What are commonly called Martian canals are not the canals themselves, but vegetation along the banks. I have seen them through the Smith telescope.

"There is every reason to believe that Mars is inhabitable, just as the earth is inhabitable."

The Ghost of Melrose Hall

Uneasy Wraith, 'Tis Said, of an Indian Maid Who Starved to Death in a Secret Chamber While Her Tory Lover Was Fighting the "Rebels" in the Revolution. Her Most Recent Reported Appearance When the Old Mansion Changed Hands—At Such Times, and When There Is Revelry Afoot, She Always Appears.



ARE you superstitious? Do you believe in ghosts? Whether you do or not, there are hundreds, yes, thousands, of persons living in the Flatbush district of Brooklyn, N. Y., who do, and who will tell you there is no doubt at all about the existence of the Ghost of Melrose Hall.

one within the house touched the key, and as it hung within the door it could not have been reached from the outside.

Melrose Hall's ghost dates to Revolutionary times, when the house was owned by Colonel William Axtell. Although a reputation for "haunts" has clung to the neighborhood ever since, the romantic incident which gave rise to it has been forgotten. Here and there an antiquary knows it.

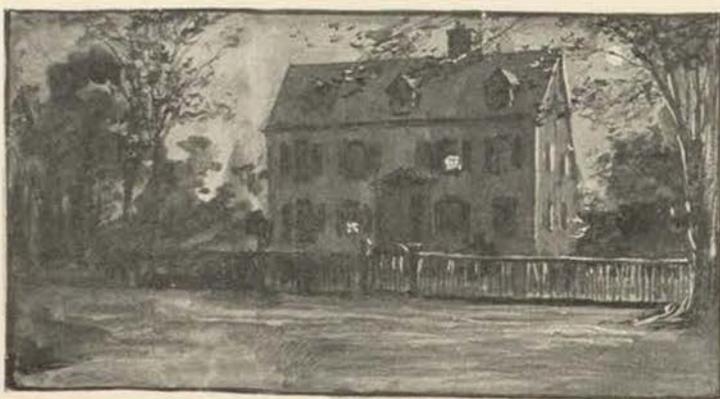
name was a soldier in Cromwell's army and was beheaded afterward by order of Charles II.

Colonel Axtell was a rich man and owned many slaves. He lived the life of most New York Tories, toasted King George at wine suppers, discharged the duties of a Councillor with pomp, and rode to hounds for recreation.

At the outbreak of the Revolutionary War Melrose Hall became a rendezvous for Royalists. The Americans made every effort to capture Colonel Axtell.

In a close pursuit on one occasion he was rescued by an Indian girl. She was a Princess, as Iroquois titles go, comely and good to look upon. The Colonel named her Isabella and fell in love with her. He was a hand-

Colonel Axtell was a member of the King's Council and a famous Tory. The ancestor from whom he had his



And, furthermore, whether you do or do not believe, there is an old-time air of romance and a savor of brave Colonial days in the story which make it fascinating. Wherefore the true chronicle of the Ghost of Melrose Hall is here set forth in full detail for the first time.

(From the World)

MELROSE HALL is a residence at Bedford avenue and Winthrop street, Flatbush, N. Y.

The particular spirit which it is said to harbor is that of an Indian girl who died there 118 years ago.

The house was sold at auction the other day for \$5,500.

At every change in the ownership of the historic home, and on every occasion when there is dancing in the Hall, the ghost stalks forth. She was last seen two years ago, while a ball was in progress. She opened a secret panel which formerly led to a blind staircase in what is now the dining-room and was the library in former times, and glided out among the dancers.

Some of the guests saw her. Others were sceptical. The alleged apparition caused gossip at the time. Since the last change in ownership the ghost has not been seen. But one unusual circumstance has been noted.

On the inside of the heavy front door a copper key hangs in the immense old-fashioned lock. This key is about eight inches long, of well-burnished metal, and weighs something like a quarter of a pound. The door is of heavy timber, studded with nails. It is made in two sections, dividing in the middle.

Suddenly, in the middle of the forenoon, the key turned in the lock, and both the top and bottom sections of the door swung back, creaking. The floor cracked as if someone had stepped over the threshold.

No one was to be seen. No



"THE SPIRIT OF THE INDIAN MAIDEN WAS GHASTLY. HER EYES WERE SUNKEN; SHE WAS A MERE SKELETON, YET SHROUDED WITH A PSYCHIC BLUE HALO."

some, dashing Englishman, and Isabella promptly fell in love with him. Affairs were complicated by the fact that there was a Mrs. Axtell. She was a cold, haughty woman, with some scorn for her neighbors and no liking for Colonial life. Colonel Axtell brought the beautiful Isabella home secretly and gave her in charge of an old negress. This devoted slave set her wits to work to conceal the girl.

Melrose Hall was then, as now, a great, rambling old place, abounding in secret panels and hidden chambers and staircases. The south wing of the house consisted of an immense ballroom, with apartments above.

Directly over the ballroom was a window. From the outside this looked right enough. On the inside, however, the apartment showed a blank wall. The window opened into a secret chamber. To this there was no means of ingress except by the outside window.

In this secret chamber the old negress hid the Indian girl Isabella. She carried food to her every day and ministered to her wants. Under cover of darkness Colonel Axtell used to mount a ladder to visit his Indian princess. Sometimes Isabella was led into the library in the evenings, when the house was quiet, and she and the Colonel sat peacefully before the fire. At any alarm they opened a secret panel in the wainscot which led to a hidden staircase which opened upon an outside window, and the girl could easily escape. You can see the panel and the staircase to this day.

This romance came to an abrupt end when Colonel Axtell received a commission in the British army from Sir William Howe in 1778. He went away to the war, and Isabella was left in charge of the old negress. He came back in 1783. Although on the losing side, Colonel Axtell was the hero of the hour among New York Tories. A ball was arranged to celebrate his home-coming. Melrose Hall was lighted brilliantly and the assembly was very gay. At the first opportunity Colonel Axtell escaped from his guests and ran toward the negro quarters.

"Where is Mammy Rachel?" he shouted, calling for the old negress who tended Isabella.

"Dead; dead six weeks ago," said the other negroes.

And then they told the Colonel how in the delirium of her illness the old woman had been possessed of a strange hallucination. She babbed of an Indian girl whom she believed to be starving to death in the "big house."

Colonel Axtell came reeling from the servants' quarters. He raved like a madman. As he approached the hall the lights all over the house went out. The ballroom was left in darkness. An Indian girl came from the secret panel beside the fireplace. She was ghastly. Her eyes were sunken. She was a mere skeleton covered with a shred of skin. A blue shroud burned around her.

The guests shrieked and fled from the place. Colonel Axtell fell down as if dead. He never recovered from the shock, and died some months afterward in England.

Isabella's skeleton was found in the secret chamber over the ballroom. This is the story of the main "haunt" of Melrose Hall. Many persons have claimed a sight of the ghost in the years since then.

Those were chivalrous days, and Melrose Hall has been the theatre of enough romances to stock a library.

Bateman Lloyd, another American officer, courted his sweetheart, Henrietta Seaward, there. The window panes are scribbled over with sentimental poetry engraved with the edge of a diamond.

Anna Cora Mowatt, the actress, lived there for a while in the fifties. The house was given to her as a wedding present by her elderly husband, James Mowatt. He turned the ballroom into a private theatre, and the revels gave all Melrose Hall ghosts a chance to walk.

Melrose Hall was built in 1749 by John Lane, a dissipated Englishman of wealth. In those days it was the finest country home in the State of New York. There were gilded cornices, cedar and oaken wainscoted walls. The two wings were removed by Dr. Homer L. Bartlett, the resident owner, in 1879. At that time some old walled-up cellars under the house were unearthed. In these were several human skeletons. There were iron posts and chains also, by which it was believed slaves were once secured and punished. The bones might have been those of Tory officers who were secreted about the Hall in Colonel Axtell's day.

Dr. Thomas Stafford Drowne, the late owner, purchased Melrose Hall partly on account of its beauty and historic interest, partly because it gave him a great deal of library room for his collection of 12,000 volumes. Dr. Drowne added to the quaint old furniture, and to-day one sees there wonderful sets of carved chairs, massive twisted-legged

tables and mahogany bookcases. The house was sold at auction the other day to a real estate dealer to settle Dr. Drowne's estate.

[Ghosts or apparitions have never harmed anyone beyond making people nervous. That many credible people do see these spectres or spirit forms is not now denied by scientific minds, but they attribute such sights to the overwrought imaginations of the beholders of these phenomena.

Certain it is that there are psychological conditions in many quarters which produce phenomena that cannot be fully explained even by the eminent psychologists. The above account of "The Ghost of Melrose Hall" is given prominently in the New York World's Sunday edition of a recent date; and upon looking into the matter we find that many citizens of the neighborhood of Melrose Hall firmly believe in the appearance, at intervals, of the spirit of the Indian maiden.

If any reader of this magazine can explain the mysterious appearance of the so-called ghost we will be pleased to print such explanation, provided we think it is of a character to interest our readers. We print these "ghost" stories in the hopes that some clever person can explain whether the appearances of alleged spirits are real or not; if false, how they account for so many eminently respectable and reputable persons seeing the ghost or ghosts.—EDITOR.]

You All Know Her

MRS. "BUT"

MRS. "BUT" is our next-door neighbor. Her real name is Green, but Jonas, whenever he sees her marching up the walk, remarks, "My dear, here comes Mrs. 'But.'" He is not given to calling people names; he says it is merely to put me on my guard, for he knows our neighbor's failing. She is a bright, breezy little woman, and as long as the conversation is confined to the weather and household affairs I quite enjoy chatting with her, but the moment that a human being, living or dead, chances to be mentioned, I begin to quake.

The first time she called—it was soon after we moved into the neighborhood—I happened to say that Mrs. Goodwin, from the opposite side of the street, had been in to see me, and that she impressed me as a very lovely character.

"Oh, she is indeed," said Mrs. "But," heartily, "she is such a devoted wife and so good to the poor. *But*," she went on, lowering her voice, "there used to be a good deal of talk about her when she was a girl, and though I don't suppose half the things that were said were true, people don't seem to forget it."

What necessity there was for this drop of poison to be instilled into my mind I could not see. Mrs. Goodwin's youth was in the far past, and in the gossip concerning her in that remote period I had no interest whatever. I was quite willing to take her as she was in her sweet, ripe womanhood.

One day when Mrs. "But" dropped in she found my little friend, Nellie Gray, at the piano. Nellie is a shy, brown-eyed girl of fifteen, gifted with a wonderful ear for melody, and as the Grays had no piano, I had offered her mine. "I can't help loving the child, she is such a warm-hearted little creature, and so eager for music," I said, as the door closed behind her.

My visitor gave a scarcely perceptible shrug.

"Yes, Nellie seems to be a very nice girl," she admitted, "but I suppose you know that she is a poorhouse waif."

"No," I said. I knew nothing of the kind. Mrs. Gray had introduced Nellie to me as her eldest daughter, and the information volunteered by Mrs. "But" was utterly uncalled for.

One evening, on our way home from prayer-meeting, Jonas remarked that he always enjoyed listening to young Spaulding, he was so devout and earnest.

"Yes, he is a very interesting speaker," said our neighbor, who had joined us as we came out of the lecture-room, "and he seems very sincere, but I can't help feeling a little suspicious. I knew him when he was a boy."

Jonas made haste to change the subject; a word of encouragement would have resulted in our hearing the whole history of the young man's boyhood.

"I've no patience," he exclaimed, the moment we were by ourselves, "with people who are always bringing up the past. Just imagine what heaven would be if the inhabitants were disposed to indulge in that sort of retrospection! The Angel Gabriel himself would hardly be safe from their disparaging 'buts,' and the whitest robe in all the 'whiterobed throng' would be in danger of being smutted."

"And yet," I said, "Mrs. 'But' evidently considers herself a Christian."

"Oh, I don't dispute her title," said Jonas, "but I can't help thinking that she might be able to read it clearer if she would rub up her glasses with the thirteenth chapter of first Corinthians."—*Christian Intelligencer.*

How the Occult Forces Work

THE TORN-DOWN PALACE AND ITS LESSON



THIS magazine believes in all acquiring wealth—in an honest, honorable way—and we point the way to opulence continuously, through our adept and mystic writers.

We can speak with authority because we have ample wealth, acquired by living with and under the Psychic Law.

Many mysterious things occur in connection with fortunes acquired by questionable methods.

We are reminded of how some of the mysterious and unseen forces work by reading the following editorial in a recent issue of the New York Journal:

At this particular moment many men are making millions, building palaces, deluding themselves with the notion that there is happiness and permanent satisfaction in self-indulgence.

We wish that all these men—and the tens of millions of others less lucky who think money would make them happy—could go to the corner of Thirty-fourth street and Fifth avenue, in New York City, and look at the remains of A. T. Stewart's marble palace.

A. T. Stewart was the typical successful American citizen. He built up a great business and he accumulated millions. He built his palace of marble, filled it with pictures—then died.

His corpse was stolen. His widow, helpless in the hands of executors, wandered around the empty marble palace for a few years, and then she died.

The palace was rented to a club; the club got poor and moved away.

Now the marble palace is torn down. Only fragments of the walls remain. The million-dollar extravagance that brought happiness to no one is to vanish and make room for a business building.

With it vanishes practically the last recollection of A. T. Stewart.

It was his ambition to leave a great name. He lived for himself, and he has left nothing. A half-hearted attempt to establish a home for working women failed, owing to a lawyer's selfishness.

The one trifling ambition to have his name live permanently in the firm of A. T. Stewart & Co. failed miserably. The firm name would not be known at all save for the generosity of John Wanamaker, who allows the old name to appear in a small corner of his advertisement.

If you want to realize how little real satisfaction there is in a selfish career, a great fortune or a great palace, go see the crumbling remains at the corner of Thirty-fourth street and Fifth avenue.

If you want to see how much can be done with a great fortune to make the world better and to keep a name honored in spite of death and body-snatchers and time, walk down to the Cooper Union and see the work that is done in the name of old Peter Cooper.

That old man built no palace. He built a plain, solid building of brownstone, devoted to the education of young men and women. He carried out his plan successfully and died. Long years from now he will be remembered and honored when A. T. Stewart and the scores of deluded millionaires now building their palaces and planning their selfish plans will be utterly forgotten.

The man whose prosperity contributes only to his own selfishness and vanity fails miserably. A man whose success is utilized for the assistance, and above all for the education, of others, lives many years in men's minds—and lives forever in actual results obtained.

Peace

'Tis not in seeking,
'Tis not in endless striving
Thy quest is found;
Be still and listen;
Be still and drink the quiet
Of all around.

Not for thy crying,
Not for thy loud beseeching
Will peace draw near;
Rest with palms folded;
Rest with thine eyelids fallen—
Lo! peace is here.

—Edward Rowland Sill.

MAN is never too old—it is never too late—to try and mend fortunes or habits.

Do good. Help to circulate this magazine. Speak to your friends about it.

Luther R. Marsh Hopes to Solve Mystery of Death With the Aid of Mrs. Clarissa J. Huyler's Spirit

FORMER LAW PARTNER OF DANIEL WEBSTER HAS BEEN BEREFT OF HIS SPIRITUAL ADVISER

"She Is Not Dead—She Has Passed On"



HAVING been a pronounced Spiritualist for many years Mr. Luther R. Marsh is again brought into prominent notice by the passing away of his medium, Mrs. Clarissa J. Huyler, medium and psychic, who for twelve years ministered to the spiritual faith of Luther R. Marsh, former law partner of Daniel Webster, in what is known as the "Huyler Castle," in Benton avenue, Middletown,

N. Y.

Just before the Rev. J. Newton Emery, pastor of Christ Universalist Church, said a prayer over the body of the dead woman, Mr. Luther R. Marsh, the eminent New York lawyer, placed a spray of lilies-of-the-valley in the casket. Mrs. Huyler died on the eighty-ninth birthday of her benefactor, who still maintains a devout belief in her supernatural gifts.

"She is not dead," said the old man. "She has merely passed on to a higher sphere in the progression that comes after what is commonly called death. She was a psychic of lofty endowments. Her physical powers were frail, but she was a clairvoyant of extraordinary attainments."

With Mrs. Huyler's death the idyllic peace that has reigned in "The Castle" threatens to be rudely disturbed. Mr. Marsh hopes to penetrate the mysteries of spiritualism by communicating with his former medium and thus settling the vague questions that have for so long perplexed true believers in supernatural manifestations.

Mr. Marsh hopes to do this, his friends say, by the aid of several private mediums, members of the best families in Middletown, N. Y., through whom during Mrs. Huyler's illness he has frequently obtained what he believes were messages from the spirit world.

Twenty-four men and women, about one-half of them believers in spiritualism and convinced of the supernatural powers of the late Mrs. Huyler, attended her funeral. Mr. Marsh was in the mourners' carriage, not overcome with grief at the loss of his spiritual guide, but reconciled to her departure from this earth.

Mrs. Huyler had left a request that her funeral should be marked by absolute simplicity. She was dressed in a crushed strawberry gown, which she had worn at séances years ago when she first met Mr. Marsh. The coffin was covered with white broadcloth. The pallbearers, all friends of the Huyler family, were Theodore W. Dailey, George W. Reed, Eben D. DeWitt and Frank Tannery.

"The faith of the Universalists," explained Mr. DeWitt, concerning the minister who officiated, who has known Mrs. Huyler for many years, "is much like that of the Spiritualists, and the same services will answer for both. Both believe in progression after death. I believe that Mrs. Huyler was a great medium. I have witnessed her manifestations and found them wonderful exhibitions of power."

Mr. DeWitt's belief in the dead woman's gifts are entertained by hundreds of persons in Middletown, such has been the effect on the local public in the long-continued devotion of Mr. Marsh to his spiritual guide.

With his wide knowledge, his superior education and his natural kindness of heart, Mr. Marsh is universally beloved.

Mrs. Huyler left two children, a son, John, and a daughter, May, who is said by her friends to possess, in some degree, the powers of her mother. It is hinted that she may become the future medium for Mr. Marsh.

Mr. Marsh, after his return from the funeral, spent the remainder of the day in his gallery of spirit pictures, which occupies the fourth floor of the Huyler home. Among the paintings are portraits of Biblical characters, Moses, Solomon, David and others, which are the creations of Ann Odelia Diss Debar, who was the predecessor of Mrs. Huyler in influencing Mr. Marsh.

He takes a pride in displaying her pictures to his intimate friends.

"She possessed psychic powers beyond the common," says Mr. Marsh. "I speak of her only as a medium, without affirming or denying what may be said of her as a woman."

Mr. Marsh has always rated the powers of Mrs. Huyler above those of her predecessor.

"I was conducted to Mrs. Huyler by spirit leading in 1889," he says. "I sought no other mediumship, but was quite content with this."

Mrs. Huyler for twelve years was more to Mr. Marsh than any other earthly friend. He showed her every mark of consideration. He bought expressly for her a pair of Shetland ponies, with which he was accustomed to take her out driving.

Now a white-haired and white-bearded old man, Mr. Marsh has seen the circle of acquaintances who sympathize with him and his beliefs widening year by year.

There are now in Middletown nearly five hundred persons who believe in spiritualism, and to several of these, who have satisfied Mr. Marsh as to their powers as mediums, he has turned for messages from the other world during the years of Mrs. Huyler's illness.

He came to an agreement with Mrs. Huyler, his friends say, that whoever died first should manifest himself or herself in spirit to the remaining one and explain the secrets of the mysterious affinity between earth and the spirit world.

Luther R. Marsh was known to New Yorkers, of whose city he was once Park Commissioner, as an exceptionally able lawyer.

Through the spirit of Mrs. Huyler he hopes to clear away the, to others, impenetrable veil and attain that for which he has so long struggled.

To a New York World reporter Mr. Marsh said: "The passing on of Mrs. Huyler creates a vacuum in my life which can never be filled. Touch lightly upon it."

Luther R. Marsh bent his head—whitened by eighty-nine years of eventful living—and his face—a splendid old face, whereon lines of intellectual power and human kindness mingle—bore evidence of the grief he felt.

He took me to his library and study in the Huyler home, whose walls were hung with spirit pictures, whose bookshelves were lined with works upon the spirit land, whose closets were piled high with spirit manuscript, which holds for him a value no human price could estimate.

"This is my holy of holies," he said, "and these rooms are rich with untold treasure. Here, even on the very spot where you are standing now, St. Paul has deigned to come and bring words of cheer and comfort; and St. Peter, too, has brought messages throwing light on dark subjects; and David has spoken new psalms; and Daniel Webster, my old law partner, has entered, and the words that fell from his lips gave proof of the progress that goes on over there."

The old man was calm and placid. He talked of the disciples as if they might have been his neighbors.

"I am more familiar with them than my neighbors," he said. "Why shouldn't I speak of them as friends? They have brought me love, and hope, and faith. They have brought me all that is worth while in this life—the certainty of the life everlasting."

"You used to find other things worth while?"

"Ah, yes, but I did not know. The time was not yet ripe for me to know. I was busy, like millions of other foolish mortals, piling up wealth and honors and the transient satisfactions that decay."

"I was born with splendid physical health; and what was I doing with my birthright? Crushing it, crippling it, with the mad rush of the age, to accumulate dollars, which I should spend in my old age in the helpless struggle to regain the vitality and health I had ruined; piling up honors that would perish, slaving for a name that would be forgotten ten days after my death, when the rushing tide of humanity fills in the gap one has made. What is the count of all these things, and what is the cost? For what do men spend their lives in slaving and grinding? For the sake of vanity?"

"Or is it to leave riches for their sons to kill themselves with the more rapidly in over-indulgence; or for cousins and aunts and uncles to squabble over? For we cannot take these things with us. They fade into invisibility as we cross the border."

"No express company has yet been incorporated that can carry into the beyond our stocks, bonds, jewels, coin, furniture and books or bank bills, and no smuggling can be practiced across that line."

"All that we carry with us is our characters; and all that this brief interval here is worth is to build up a fortune in character, to constitute our capital stock in the life to come."

Mr. Marsh speaks forcefully, and his English is splendid. He is a remarkable man for his eighty-nine years. He delivers his sentences like orations, for he belonged to the old school of lawyers who practiced in an age when judges had time to listen.

"But you are sure of this life; how can you be sure of the life to come?"

"There!" exclaimed Mr. Marsh. "You have hit upon the keynote of spiritualism. That is its purpose, to convince us of the life beyond the grave. We hear sceptics saying continually, 'If these things be true, why have we not some proofs?' Yet when proof is given they deride it. And, further, they scoff at anyone who accepts it."

"Do you mind the scoffing?"

"Not I; for I know that I have merely suffered at the hands of the world what any pioneer in any art or science or new departure must suffer."

"The newspapers have held me up to ridicule. The world has laughed at me and called me a 'dupe' and an easy victim, and my friends, even, have in many instances forsaken me and joined the mob who scorned my researches and the revelations they led to."

"Bitter as gall were these things at the beginning, but what does it matter, after all? I have found treasures beyond price, and what have they? Their derision!"

"In the end spiritualism must conquer. It will rule the world. The people must in time accept these revelations from God, but it will take time, as it did to accept those recorded in the Bible. Yes, it will take even more time, for this is a different age, ruled by everything that is material. And as for the friends that forsook me, every one of them who has passed over has returned to apologize and to urge me on to greater faith."

"Through Mrs. Huyler?"

"Yes; she was wonderful. She was blessed of God. Most mediums have times of trance, but she was in communication with the spirits always. It was not necessary for her to come into this sanctuary to receive a message from the great prophets of old. Often at the dinner table she would say, suddenly:

"Ah, there is David!"

"And what would David say?"

"He would not always speak. They don't, you know. But they like to let us know they are near."

"Did Mrs. Huyler ever materialize these spirits so you could see them?"

"No, she had not that power, which Madame Diss Debar possessed so strongly; but she had communications of a much higher order. All her spirit associates were the most famous men and women of their time and in their several arts or callings."

"But if you never saw Mrs. Huyler's spirit friends how can you feel so well acquainted with them?"

"Why, she described them to me perfectly, over and over again, even to the minutest details. And if Paul or Peter, or Socrates or Shakespeare, or Robert Burns or Webster came with the slightest difference in the detail of their raiment, Mrs. Huyler gave so graphic a description of it that I felt I could see our visitor as plainly as she."

"And it never occurred to you to doubt that Mrs. Huyler did see these spirits?"

"Certainly not; for I had unmistakable proofs."

"What were they?"

"Why, the messages."

"And you never doubted those?"

"How could I? Mrs. Huyler was not in a wholly conscious state, and in most instances she knew nothing whatever of the subject on which she spoke."

"Besides, she used language in those messages which she would not use in ordinary conversation. It was perfect English. Some of the messages are classics."

"Mrs. Huyler's education was most ordinary. She had merely a common-school education. Besides, she was not a woman to dupe anyone. She was gentle, refined, lovely in every way. She was no schemer. She did not seek me. I heard of her thirteen years ago, and came up to Middletown with a traveling bag, intending to remain three days. Those three days, wherein blessed truths were sent to me through her, convinced me that the spirits had sent me here to her, and I settled down to make it my home."

"You have paid a great deal for these truths, have you not?"

"Nothing, compared to what they are worth. What are a few thousand dollars when we consider the gain of eternal happiness!"

"But how can you be assured of eternal happiness, even if there be anything in Spiritualism?"

"Why," said Mr. Marsh, a look of radiant happiness spreading over his dear old face, "they have told me so. I am one of God's chosen. Look!"

He brought a book of spirit photographs, and we sat down together. Tenderly he turned the leaves, and explained how each picture had been flashed upon the camera. They were the work of Madame Diss Debar.

"This," he said, softly, "is my proof." It was the picture of two hands holding up a crown before the cross, and inside the crown were the letters "L-u-t-h-e-r."

"And you never doubted?" "Never!" interrupted Mr. Marsh, "and if I had, look at this!"

He led me to a large oil painting of a woman, with arm uplifted, pointing toward heaven.

"That is my wife's little sister; she died when she was nine, with scarlet fever." "But she looks twenty-nine there."

"They grow over there," looking over his shoulder and upward.

"Notice the crown in her hands?" said Mr. Marsh, lighting the gas that I might see more clearly, "and inside of it—here, take this magnifying glass—do you see anything?"

There were the letters "L. R. M." "Those are my initials," said Mr. Marsh, gently, proudly.

I had ceased to ask him if he never doubted. His faith was the most magnificent specimen of feeling I had ever witnessed.

"Now, I will show you a picture of Mrs. Marsh," he said, and in honor of the very beautiful face beaming down upon us from the canvas, he lighted every gas jet in the room.

It was a wonderfully pretty, spirituelle face of a woman about thirty.

"I think a great deal of it. The work is perfect. It was done by Raphael and Rembrandt; and the work is more perfect than anything they did on earth."

Later he showed me the pictures of these two painters, done in oil by the spirits, represented in the act of painting Mrs. Marsh's picture.

"Here's one of Shakespeare," he said, stopping before another canvas. Then followed a likeness of Robert Burns, and then a whole gallery of spirit pictures of the Apostles, of the Christ, of Mary Magdalen, of the ancient philosophers and poets; and if Mr. Marsh had watched an artist paint them in his attic, and had carried them home and hung them himself, he could have been no more sure of their authenticity, and he could have taken no more sincere pride in his spirit gallery.

"Oh, no! my researches, my progress, will never cease. These will go on through all eternity, through millions and millions of years. I shall advance, learning, growing, developing, until perfection is reached."

The old man was looking off into space, ignoring the gardens at the rear of his mansion and the woodlands and hills in the distance. He was in a rhapsody.

"How do you know?" I asked, practically.

"Because they have told me so," he said, simply.

"And how shall you get their messages now?"

A deep-drawn sigh.

"I'll never get them clearly, straightforwardly, as I did," he said; "but they will come."

"Will she speak to you, do you think?"

"I do," he said, firmly. "I know it, but not yet. She is not strong enough over there. These spirits who speak so clearly are thousands of years old. But she will struggle to send back the light."

Mr. Marsh hesitated a moment, then poured out his full confidence.

"I have heard," he said, gently, "already."

"How? Through whom?"

"One was a man in Boston. He wrote me she had appeared to him, and he will let me know when she speaks. The other is a party in Milan, O., to whom she has appeared. She wants to send a communication to me, but she is very weak."

"Don't you realize the chance this gives to people who are frauds?"

Mr. Marsh looked at me silently, sorrowfully. Then he straightened himself up to his full height and stood with all the grandeur of the old-time courtesy.

"My child," he said, gently, with not too much condescension, "you are young and you have yet many things to learn. One of them is the study of human nature. I am old and I have gone through that book and profited by it. My life has not been lived alone; but in the walks of life where great men moved. I know men and affairs, and by long practice at the bar I learned to weigh evidence and judge of its worth. Don't you worry about my being fooled. I never have been yet, and eighty-nine is past the age when old dogs learn new tricks."

Ella Wheeler Wilcox and Spiritualism

AN adept and wonderful mystic who believes we can hold communion with departed spirits, several years ago, after reading one of Mrs. Wilcox's poems, said to the editor of THE MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES: "Why, that Great Soul is a Great Medium; she is inspired and surrounded by great poets who are out of the body and who come to her from the Spirit Worlds. She may not realize that she is a medium of tremendous power to attract great poets who are in the Spirit Worlds, but I know that she is. Whether she realizes it or not makes no difference."

The above remark was made to the editor in Boston two years ago. On May 4 of this year she says in print over her name in the New York Journal that she believes in modern spiritualism; that she has given modern spiritualism much investigation and is perfectly satisfied that communication with disembodied spirits is possible—an established fact, as established as Mr. Marconi's wireless telegraphy.

If brother Hearst, the enterprising publisher of the Journal, did not copyright all the grand truths he prints, we would like to reproduce Mrs. Wilcox's article. Anyway, Ella Wheeler Wilcox is doing a grand, good work in this world with her inspirational writings.

The Soul; or, Real Man

THE REV. DR. GEORGE H. HEPWORTH, the eminent divine of New York City, in speaking of the soul, or real man, says: "I am satisfied that the real man is behind the eye that looks, behind the lips which speak, and that when the lips are dumb and the eyes are closed this real man will step out of the worn-out house which has served his earthly purpose and enter another house which will better fit his new environment. He will be the same man in another home, but with a larger prospect and a wider outlook."

YOGIANANDA says that brother Hepworth has got the right idea; that this is the idea or doctrine of reincarnation; that the soul or real man is eternally building and occupying NEW and BETTER bodies—temples of the soul. The soul is eternally progressing, going onward, forward and upward, always building a finer and more enduring body; that the soul uses countless billions of bodies; that as it progresses it gets psychic force or will to hold one body a great period; that this is true of ALL souls, whether in animal bodies or human bodies; that all of the human beings on this planet back a few billions of years were in animal bodies; that having resided for so many billions of years in animal bodies we still retain many of the animal or bestial instincts or tendencies; that each succeeding day there are a less number of animals on the planet and a larger number of human beings; that in a few billions of years there will not be one animal on this planet; that they will all have evolved up into the man form; that the man type will get finer and higher with each succeeding generation; that now that we have entered the Fourth Great Cycle of this planet this process of evolution will be very rapid. YOGIANANDA, who has been a deep and profound student of both the scientists' side of evolution, which pertains to the physical or gross material body, and the ancient Hindu Yogis' side, which includes both the soul or spiritual side and the physical or material side, will have something to say about this doctrine of reincarnation, from time to time, in this MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES.

The mystery of all mysteries is, What is the soul? What is man? From whence did he come, why is he here, whither is he going?

"What is that, knowing which, ALL will be known?" This is the constant theme of the Blessed Yogis.

Psychology

"TEXT BOOKS OF PSYCHOLOGY," by Daniel Putnam, LL.D. American Book Company, New York and Chicago.

Professor Putnam has compiled and commented upon new theories, the results of recent investigations, not only by himself but by other psychologists, and follows the progress of psychological discussions lately along a line of presentation which makes his work peculiarly valuable to students and teachers in secondary schools. The volume treats of many curious phenomena of the senses and vagaries of the mind, among them somnambulism, hypnotism, ancient beliefs and dreams and their causes, as well as of the reasoning and perceptive faculties, developed and undeveloped, trained and untrained.

THE wise gods have put difficulty between man and everything that is worth having.—*J. R. Lowell.*

Mrs. Piper's Powers

SHE DELIVERS THREE MESSAGES SIMULTANEOUSLY

AN intimate view of the extraordinary performances of Mrs. Piper, the Boston medium, is given in Everybody's Magazine by Mary Blossom. As an evidence of this medium's gifts, she relates that on one occasion when Dr. Hodgson was present, Phinuit, the "control," was listening to the stenographic report of a previous interview, commenting upon it, making additions to his statements about some objects, and at the same time the medium's hand was writing freely and rapidly on other subjects and holding conversation with another person, the hand purporting to be "controlled" by a deceased friend of that person. This lasted for over twenty minutes. The writings do not always purport to come from the same person, nor is writing always produced at a sitting. If writing occurs at any sitting it usually purports to come directly from some deceased friend of the sitter.

On March 18, 1895, Dr. Hodgson, accompanied by his secretary, Miss Edmunds, had a sitting with Mrs. Piper; on this occasion Miss Edmunds' deceased sister wrote with one hand, and "G. P.," another spirit, with the other, while Phinuit was talking, all simultaneously, on three different subjects.

Faith of the Angels

THE REV. THOMAS LAKE HARRIS IN WELTMER'S MAGAZINE

'Tis the Angels' faith
That there is no death
In the stars of light that roll,
But the dust exhales,
As the white mist falls,
In the sunrise of the soul.

There the faithful spouse
In the Bosom House
To the Lord of Life is true,
And the inmost will
Is an Eden still
That blooms in the Father's view.

There the Virtues rise
Like the maidens wise
With their golden lamps in hand,
And they dwell for aye
In their bright array
In the Bridegroom's Bosom Land.

Why Call Them "Heathen?"

BUT Buddha softly said,
Let him not strike, great king, and therewith
loosed
The victim's bonds, none staying him, so
great
His presence was. Then craving leave, he
spake
Of life, which all can take but none can give—
Life, which all creatures love and strive to
keep,
Wonderful, dear, and pleasant unto each.
Even to the meanest . . .
. . . The king came near,
Standing with clasped hands, reverencing
Buddha;
While still Buddha went on, teaching how
fair
This earth were if all living things be linked
In friendliness and common use of foods
Bloodless and pure; the golden grain, bright
fruits,
Sweet herbs which grow for all, the waters
wan,
Sufficient drinks and meats.

—The Vegetarian.

A Plea for Animals

THOSE who persist in eating meat should bear in mind the following from the London Lancet: "The curious formation of poisonous products in the flesh of animals through a state of terror or exhaustion is a question well worth considering in relation to the wholesomeness of animal foods, and emphasizes the importance of slaying animals intended for food in the most humane way and without inducing terror or fatigue." This principle is wholly lost sight of in the brutal slaughter pens, where the most expeditious killers and dressers receive the highest wages.

To finish the moment, to find the journey's end in every step of the road, to live the greatest number of good hours is wisdom.—*Emerson.*

If people only knew how much disease and suffering was propagated by anger they would think twice before allowing their angry passions to get the best of them.

HOPE against hope, and ask till ye receive.—*Montgomery.*



A Page of Odd and Mysterious Items

A Rush Through Space During a Million Years

M. CAMILLE FLAMMARION, the French astronomer, describes a journey from our planet through space.

"Let us go," he says; "let us rush with the velocity of light. In a little more than a second we pass in view of the lunar world, which spreads before us its yawning craters, and reveals its Alpine and savage valleys. We do not stop. The sun reappears, and permits us to cast a last look at the illuminated earth—a little inclined globe slowly shrinking in the infinite light.

"Venus approaches, a new earth, equal to ours, peopled with beings in rapid and animated motion. We do not stop. We pass sufficiently near the sun to perceive his tremendous explosions, but we continue our flight. Here is Mars, with its Mediterranean seas with a thousand indentations, its gulfs, its shores, its great rivers, its nations, its strange towns and its active, busy populations. Time presses; we cannot stop.

"An enormous colossus, Jupiter, approaches. A thousand worlds would not equal it. What rapidity in its days! What tumults on its surface! What storms, what volcanoes, what hurricanes in its immense atmosphere! What strange animals in its waters! Humanity has not yet appeared on the scene. Let us fly, forever fly! This world, as rapid as Jupiter, girdled with a strange ring, is the fantastic planet Saturn, round which revolve eight globes with varied phases; fantastic, also, appear to us the beings which inhabit it.

"Let us continue our celestial flight. Uranus, Neptune, are the last known worlds which we meet in our voyage. But let us fly, forever fly! Wan, disheveled, slow, fatigued, glides before us the wandering comet in the night of its aphelion; but we still distinguish the sun like an immense and brilliant star in the midst of the population of the sky. With the constant velocity of 186,000 miles a second, four hours have sufficed to carry us to the distance of Neptune. We fly, still fly—for four years!—before reaching the nearest sun, grand furnace, double sun, gravitating in cadence and pouring out around it in space a more intense light and heat than those of our own sun.

"Let us imagine that we thus sail during 1,000,000 years. Are we at the confines of the visible universe? See the black immensities we must cross! But yonder new stars are lit up in the depths of the heavens. We push on toward them; we reach them. Again a million of years; new revelations; new starry splendors, new universes, new worlds, new earths, new humanities! What! never an end, no vault, never a sky which stops us! Forever space! forever the void! Where, then, are we? What road have we surveyed? We are at the vestibule of the infinite! We have not advanced a single step; we are always at the same point—the centre is everywhere, the circumference nowhere."

Miracle of Prayer Restores Boy's Body

A RECENT news despatch from Lockport, N. Y., says: Three young men were drowned off Olcott, on Lake Ontario, twelve miles from Lockport, a week ago. One of the victims was Benjamin Tenbrook. His mother moaned day and night for the recovery of the body.

A priest named Father Blankeney took her to the beach to-day, called about him the fishermen and prayed. Then he said: "Inside of two hours your boy's body will come to the surface near this spot."

The boatmen laughed. Yet inside of two hours the body of Tenbrook was found just where the priest indicated.

It is not wise for people to laugh and ridicule the power of prayer.

A Dazzling Orange-Colored Comet Seen

IT IS CLOSE TO THE SUN AND CAN BE SEEN ONLY JUST BEFORE SUNRISE

A BRILLIANT new comet, which was observed April 26 at the Yerkes Observatory at Williams Bay, is said by the astronomers to be the brightest that has appeared for nineteen years. Notice was received by telegraph from Harvard University that a comet had been discovered at Queenstown on April 23 and observed at the Cape of Good Hope on the morning of April 25. Its position at that time was about 16 degrees southwest of the sun. Its rapidly changing position indicates a very rapid northeasterly movement.

Prof. E. R. Frost, assisted by F. R. Sullivan, saw the new comet appear above the horizon. About twenty minutes before sunrise it could be plainly seen, although the sky was quite light. It was of dazzling orange color, with two streamers. It remained visible until fifteen minutes or more after sunrise, when it faded away in the growing light. It was too low in the sky to be observed by the 40-inch telescope, and the sky was so bright that nothing could be seen with the 12-inch instrument. Professor Frost was disappointed in not being able to make spectroscopic observations to test the theory advanced recently that when a comet has two or more tails each is composed of separate substances.

The comet is probably one which has never before been seen in the solar system, though this cannot be told certainly until its orbit has been determined.

Planet Eros of Queer Shape?

HARVARD ASTRONOMERS ISSUE A CIRCULAR TO EXPLAIN ITS VARIATIONS OF LIGHT

A NEW theory relative to the planet Eros is advanced in a circular issued by the Harvard College observers. The variations in the light of the planet, which are giving the astronomers much thought, are due, the circular says, either to the planet's rotation or to two similar bodies alternately eclipsing each other. If the first-named cause is the correct one there are two explanations—either the planet is darker on one side than the other or that it is double. The latter hypothesis is regarded as the more probable.

But if the variation in light is caused by two similar bodies alternately eclipsing each other, it is difficult to see how one-half of the light can be cut off in each case and the minima be more than three-quarters of a magnitude fainter than the maxima. "It then becomes necessary," says the circular, "to assume that the two bodies are of unequal brightness, that they are elongated, or that we have a single body of the shape of a dumb-bell. Further investigation is in progress, and the observatory hopes to be able soon to offer a solution of the mystery."

Saw a Phantom Ship

A WEIRD TALE OF THE SEA

PASSENGERS on the transport Sedgwick, recently arrived at New York, tell a phantom ship story.

On the third night out from San Juan a distress rocket was seen. The Sedgwick responded and started to find the ship requiring help.

The ship's light kept receding like a will-o'-the-wisp, and was still distant after five miles had been covered. Suddenly it vanished and the dim outline of a ship was seen.

The Sedgwick lay to till morning, but when light came nothing was in sight. The passengers unanimously say it was a "Phantom Ship."

The Wonderful Planet We Live on

VERY few persons ever stop to think about what a wonderful ball this earth is. Scientists tell us that it is a great sphere of liquid heat or molten matter, with a very thin crust on which we live; that we would only have to bore down a dozen or more miles to strike a molten mass of matter.

A well-known scientist calls attention to the fact that, after the supply of coal on the earth is exhausted, the heat of the interior of our globe may be used as a source of power.

It is not impossible, even at present, to bore holes into the earth 10,000 or 12,000 feet deep. At such a depth water—or, more correctly speaking, steam—is found of a heat estimated at from 320 to 400 degrees Fahrenheit, which may be used to drive powerful machinery.

This source of motive power may be opened up anywhere, and many thousand years would have to pass before a decrease of the immense amount of heat stored within our globe would become noticeable.

All Died in Rocking Chairs

A PECULIAR COINCIDENCE IN THE DEATHS IN A WISCONSIN FAMILY

By the death of Mrs. Rachel Oliver at La Valle, Wis., the other day there is brought to light a remarkable series of events in which the same manner of death of almost an entire family takes an important part.

About twenty-five years ago her father, Cornelius Sainsbury, accidentally cut his foot while working in the timber, and when he was taken home he remarked something about a pain in his side, and soon expired, while seated in a rocking chair. The loss of blood was slight and his death was attributed to heart failure. About six weeks after, his wife died of the same disease, and, too, while seated in a rocking chair. There was but a few days' difference in their ages, each being sixty years old. When their oldest son, Joseph, had reached the age of three score years he went to Fort Collins, Col., for his health, and while there contracted a slight fever. One evening, while sitting in a rocking chair to have his bed made, death came upon him, and he expired in a few moments. When their oldest daughter, Mrs. Mary A. Davis, was the same age, she complained of not feeling well one day, and, to the surprise of all the family, was dead in a few moments, dying while seated in a rocking chair. She was also sixty years old.

The death of Mrs. Oliver, aged sixty, takes away all but one of the entire family. Her brother, James Sainsbury, resides at Reedsburg. Like all of the others, the death of Mrs. Oliver was unexpected, her illness covering but fifteen minutes. She had been employed in her household duties and sat down in a rocking chair for a few moments' rest, and without a word passed away.

For almost an entire family to pass away while seated in rocking chairs, of the same disease, and at about the same age, is a remarkable series of events.

Keeps a Light on Mother's Grave

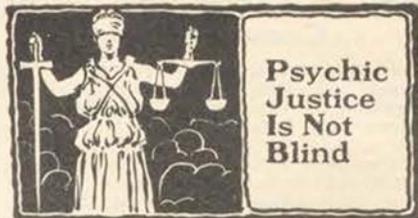
PERSONS who pass Centre Cemetery, in Conneaut, O., are surprised to see a brilliant light burning a few feet over a grave which has been occupied but a few weeks. The light is a thirty-two candle power electric light suspended over the grave of the mother of Dr. George H. Cole. It will be kept burning as long as the electric light plant lasts.

Dr. Cole says his mother frequently expressed herself as fearing the solemn stillness and darkness of cemeteries at night, and she asked for a light to guide her through eternity. Her son said no power on earth would prevent him from complying with his mother's request, even had he been obliged to erect a private light plant.

[At the transition called death, the soul leaves the body for the spiritual realms. Dr. Cole's mother is in the Spiritual World or near him, and is not at all lonely. Loneliness is a picture of the mind, and in India the Yogis call these mental pictures "dreams of the air." However, it is kind and considerate of Dr. Cole to comply with his mother's wishes, and in that light his act is commendable.—YOGIANANDA.]

Theft Revealed to Woman in a Dream

MRS. WILLIAM R. VANBRACKLE, of Matawan, N. J., dreamed that the new hired man on their farm had stolen a sum of money from the hired girl's room. She was just in time to have him stopped as he was going away. The money was found on him and he was kicked off the place.



LD is the saying that justice is blind, yet the mystic adept knows that Psychic Justice is sure and certain—not blind. What is Psychic Justice? It is the justice of the Almighty.

The Eternal Law is that there must be an effect for every cause. No one can escape the fulfillment of the Blessed Law.

Every one of us, some time, somewhere, will reap exactly as we sow. Not one being can escape the true effects of his thoughts, his deeds or his actions.

Every thought for good or bad has its effect, sooner or later.

Every deed and action has its effect, sooner or later.

All there is in the universe is cause and effect.

This very planet we live on is the result or effect of intelligent thought—of divine plan. The sun, the moon and the stars are the same—effects of a cause.

Coming down to man, he is the grand result or effect of all past thought. As we think so we will be.

No one can escape justice. The Eternal God or Good is JUST, as well as tender, loving, merciful and kind. If we do a wrong, however, the Psychic Law cannot be changed and must work, and we must reap the fruit of all our acts—good or bad. This is right and just and is as it should be.

We often escape the effects of the human law, but never the Psychic or God Law.

Anger has its positive effect.

Hatred, Greed and Dishonorable Acts always produce an effect.

Love, Truth and Faith and Hope are not without their effects.

The Master Adepts know the Psychic Law and wisely comply with it, and hence their wonderful psychic powers. They know also that it is a just law and that true justice is not blind nor asleep. Psychic Justice is eternally awake and at work.

Therefore, how important it is for us to know and realize this grand truth and be free from all ills and bad effects by complying strictly to the ONE UNIVERSAL ETERNAL LAW. F. H.

How Men Lose Force and Power

ANY line of thought or reasoning that makes one whine and whimper, cringe and crawl, fawn and beg is bad, very bad; such thought is weakening, and makes one colorless, negative and without force and power. To think of ourselves as unclean, as vile and loathsome, as abominations in the sight of the great and blessed God is very weakening. That was the old way of thinking in the Dark Ages. In the present Light we have the New Thought, which is working marvels everywhere. We no longer fear the Almighty; we love Him with the most intense love. The God-loving man is rapidly taking the place of the God-fearing man. New hope, new courage, new force are manifesting in man. A glorious change has taken place. A brighter day is at hand. We are no longer crawling worms of the dust. We are men—powerful, forceful men. We are thoroughly alive and know that progress is the supreme law of the universe. It is no longer an unpardonable sin to Know. The mind is reaching out for knowledge, the heart is reaching out for love, and the soul is thrilled with bliss as we become wise and powerful. Everywhere is change, growth, expansion, transformation as the result of the new thought.

FRANK HARRISON.

The Right Motive

It is a low motive that makes one do a good act either in fear of punishment or desire of reward.

We should think, act and do with only the highest motive. Then we will become very powerful to do.

All Great Souls work for work's sake, with little or no motive. Such beings become the tremendous workers of the world, and while they care not for the rewards so much as to do their work well, they really reap the greatest rewards.

PROFOUND knowledge is the best of possessions. —Count Katsu, of Japan.

The Great Power of Desire

By Elizabeth Struble Towne, in the Nautilus

"Does the Word have to be spoken for every separate thing we want or desire? I seem to have a longing for a great many things I cannot define."

HERE is but one Word to speak. Its meaning is "I AM what I desire." When one knows this Word it is spoken spontaneously within him for each separate thing, and he is unconscious of the speaking. He simply "knows instinctively" that he will get what he wants.

When a man has little faith in himself and his desire he has to consciously utter the Word (or get someone to do it for him) for each separate thing he wants. He must reiterate the Word every time a desire comes into his mind—reiterate it until it sinks into his sub-mind and speaks itself. In other words, he must by conscious effort speak the Word until it becomes habit and he "feels" that what he desires he can attain. This is the road to knowing that "I AM what I desire" and "my own comes to me."

When you have once got the Word planted in your sub-mind you will find old desires that have been crushed out and almost forgotten bobbing up serenely here and there and coming true. One after another every blessed desire you ever held will come true for you—every one. And new desires will cease to scare you into anxiety. You will not doubt yourself.

When I was a child, a young girl and a very young mother I desired intensely ten thousand things. But not one of them had I ever realized. I wanted to sing in the biggest choir in Portland, Ore.—I wanted to "go East"—I wanted to be an editor—I wanted to wear silk petticoats—I wanted—well, the list is too great. But everything seemed so impossible for me to attain. I gave them all up at last as utterly hopeless. Indeed, I had never even hoped for them, much less set about to attain them.

Other aims grew out of the necessities of my life, and I set myself hopelessly enough to make the best of them. I got to thinking on these new lines and set to work to embody truth as fast as I saw it. I learned that Desire is God, the Law of Attraction, and I set myself to work affirming the "I AM what I desire." I could neither understand nor feel it to be so, but I stuck to it, just the same, up hill and down hill, in year and out. I felt just the same, so far as I could tell, but I kept doggedly affirming "My Own comes—my own has come."

One Sunday morning I was listening to my thoughts. I sat in the choir of the largest church in Portland, Ore.—the largest choir in the city. Suddenly I remembered!—I had sat as a child in that very room and gazed at a lady who sat where I now sat, and my little heart swelled with a hopeless longing that I might sit in that same exalted station and sing so grandly. And there I was. My own came to me.

Since then all the longings of those early days have been gratified, and many more besides. And new and larger desires are shaping within me, and the Word speaks itself—"I AM what I desire." Not one iota shall fail of realization.

I KNOW it.

But the road that brought me to this place of knowing was traveled resolutely, steadily, doggedly, when there was neither hope nor feeling to make the way easy.

I say there was no hope, but there was—an instinctive hope, grounded mayhap upon achievement in previous states of existence.

Or perhaps it was fear or conscience that impelled me—fear of what might overtake me if I did not doggedly maintain a hope I could not feel.

Whatever the immediate cause of my blindly, steadily sticking to that statement through apparently fruitless years, down underneath it all was the ceaseless urge of the universe—I DESIRED my own to come to me, and I could not give it up. I reiterated "It is coming," to keep from killing myself. I dared not jump from the frying pan for fear of something hotter. Caution forbade me to seek annihilation.

Now I am realizing that the ceaseless, irresistible urge of the universe is desire. I know from experience that desire WILL fulfil itself—that nothing is impossible to him who believes.

And I know that by constant reiteration I can make myself believe anything I choose.

"As I AM in this world so are ye."

[It is wonderful how we can achieve success and have health, wealth and happiness if we will persistently hold to a desire for these things and firmly believe in the realization of our desires. The Psychic Law always works this way.—EDITOR.]

THE best and most important part of a man's education is that which he gives himself.—A. Housseye.

Opportunities for You

No matter where you live there are golden opportunities for you, provided you will use your mind and think and observe, and observe and think. Many persons who live in small towns and on farms away from the large business centres often deplore their lack of opportunities to get started in some line of work. How to earn a little money for a beginning is often a perplexing question. Now this magazine desires to help its readers. We wish to see you succeed. We would be delighted to see everyone in the world successful and happy. We do not like failure one bit. There is nothing but grief and sorrow in failure—it is sad. A large number of men and women, boys and girls are earning a good deal of money getting subscribers for this magazine. People readily subscribe for THE MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES, because it is entirely unlike any other magazine published in the whole world. We pay liberal cash commissions. You can earn a good deal of money right along, if you are enterprising and ambitious to get on in the world. Write to us for our liberal terms and we will appoint you as an agent and send you instructions telling you how to easily secure a whole lot of subscribers and earn a lot of money. Some of the most successful and wealthy men and women at some time in their career were not ashamed to canvass for subscribers for papers and books. All work is honorable and ennobling. If you desire to earn some money write us a letter about this matter to-day.

Success of These Masters of Song

THE great success of Jean and Edouard de Reszke, the princes of song, was not won by fate or luck. These unrivaled operatic artists early realized that they must obey the law that governs all successful achievement, namely, hard, persistent and conscientious work. Their great success in musical art, says a writer in Success, was honestly attained and honestly maintained. They won their fame and earned their enormous wealth by merit, pure and simple.

To the multitude, a great artist is always, more or less, an object of envy. With a strange ignorance of the truth, it is popularly believed that fortune smiled upon him from the very first; that fairy godmothers hovered over his cradle, showering their gifts upon him; that his years of preparation were years of leisure and pleasure; that he lived in an atmosphere of sweet flattery and adulation; that he enjoys all the blessings of fame and wealth; that his life is one of self-gratification—in fact, that he passes his existence in a world from which all toil and care are banished, feeding on milk and honey and dreaming on a bed of roses.

There can be no greater mistake. Success in art is as difficult of attainment as it is in the ordinary walks of life. The path to artistic glory is as beset with obstacles as the road to material triumph. In either case, the summit is reached only by strenuous efforts, by perseverance and courage, and by a strict adherence to principle.

WHENEVER a task is put to you,
Don't idly sit and view it;
Nor be content and wish it done—
Begin at once and do it!

A Liberal View of Man and Religion

IN a recent sermon, the Rev. Dr. Charles H. Eaton, a prominent minister of New York City, said:

"Men sometimes say that when the various Churches can come to some agreement as to what the truth is, they will think it time to think seriously about religion, but that when the Churches themselves are so divided they hardly think it worth while. But when we speak of religion we do not mean merely Presbyterianism, or Universalism, or any other ism. Religion is something more profound than the creed of any one Church. Religion means the conscious recognition of and reverence for God, and the faithful performance of our duties to our fellow-men."

"The measure of a man's excellence is the effort which he makes to live up to his standards. I have never yet met a young man, or an old man either, who refused to accept Christianity, who did not have some standards which they tried to live up to, and if they are not entirely successful, shall we say they are hypocrites? Most certainly not, and neither should we criticize clergymen too harshly if they exhibit the weaknesses common to all men."

No one can upon deep thought and reflection doubt that a mighty and sublime ruler is at the head of this wonderful universe.

SPIRITS APPEAR

A Woman
Medium Thrills
Audience

MOST of us wrongfully have a horrid fear of ghosts and spooks, and would do some lively sprinting if we were suddenly confronted with the apparition of even our sainted grandmother. This is merely vulgar ignorance and superstition. Beyond it is a beautiful belief that peoples the world all about us with the gentle spirits of those we have loved and lost, and teaches that our dear dead not only ever walk invisibly by our sides, but may even send us tender messages to assuage our sorrow.

This is the faith that the National Spiritualists' Association, which recently held its convention in Lyric Hall, New York City, is trying to promulgate. Some of their best speakers were present, and their most renowned mediums gave tests of spiritual phenomena.

What strikes you first is the number of elderly men present, serene and contemplative of aspect.

The convention brought together a number of the most prominent Spiritualist leaders from all over the country. The central figure, of course, was Harrison D. Barrett, the president of the National Association. Mr. Barrett is a young man, tall and handsome, with a drooping mustache and dark eyes, deep set, under heavy brows. He is dead in earnest and enthusiastic.

Another interesting personage was B. F. Austen, of Toronto, who was expelled from the Methodist Church for his belief in Spiritualism. Mr. Austen is an able and forcible speaker, and with his long, flowing brown beard is a striking and picturesque figure. Willard Hull, of Columbus, O., the editor of the *Light of Truth*; Herbert L. Whitney and Ira Morre Coulis, the latter a famous medium, were also present.

At the morning experience meeting and love feast the speakers were two physicians, one from Brooklyn and the other from New Jersey, one of whom declared his writings to be inspired by the spirit of Thomas Paine, and the other averred his miraculous gift of healing had led him, after a thrilling experience, into becoming a convert to Spiritualism.

Among the women were Mrs. Henry J. Newton, the president of the first Circle of Spiritualists in this city; Miss Margaret Gaule, the medium of that circle; Mrs. Brigham and Mrs. Pepper.

The afternoon session was opened by the recitation of an "inspirational poem" by Mrs. H. T. Brigham. Mrs. Brigham is a sweet-faced, slender little woman, dressed in black, with a bit of white and pink about the bodice, and she came simply to the front of the platform and asked the audience to suggest several subjects. Someone offered "The Web of Life," somebody else, "Press On," and a third, "Loving Kindness," as suitable themes.

Without a quiver of an eyelid or a single instant's hesitation she began. It was pretty good magazine poetry at that, with rhymes at the end of the lines and good sentiment in the middle.

She went from "The Web of Life" to "Press On," and from that to "Loving Kindness" without breaking the flow of sentiment or upsetting the metre, and altogether it was a triumph of versification that would make a spring poet turn green with envy.

I spoke to Mrs. Brigham about it afterward, and she said that at the time she was under the control of the spirit of some poet, but whose she did not know.

To an outsider the most interesting and dramatic event of the afternoon was the tests of spiritual phenomena given by Mrs. Pepper. She is quite as wonderful, if less widely known, than Mrs. Piper, whose feats the Society for Psychical Research have spent so much time in investigating. Indeed, Mr. Barrett declares Mrs. Pepper to be the foremost New England medium. She is a handsome and wholesome looking woman, with nothing weird or suggestive of the occult in her appearance, and she dresses in the height of the mode, and is liberally adorned with diamonds.

Mrs. Pepper says that when she is under the control of a spirit she sees it, just as we see a person, and she so indicated it in her manifestations.

The eternal issues are now and here, in our thoughts and deeds, in our simple, common everyday relations to God and to our fellow-beings. To-day or never, here or nowhere, is eternity.—*Lucy Larcom.*

You have opportunities for serving God that all the past had not.

festations. She also says that she is only in a semi-conscious state, but there is nothing to show it if she is not fully herself. She stood directly in front of the audience on the stage, and, with no waving of hands or going into a trance, or any kind of a prelude, she began speaking:

"There is the spirit of a gentleman here," she said, "and he has a message for the lady with the roses," pointing to a certain woman. "He says that you have some glasses belonging to him that you nearly broke the other day. Is it true?"

The woman assented.

"He says," Mrs. Pepper went on, "to tell you not to worry about the letter you received the other day, and that it is just as well you didn't make the arrangement to go with the lady, as it wouldn't have been satisfactory. His name, he says, is William Hawkins. Is that true?"

"Yes," replied the woman.

"Did you ever see or hear me before?" asked Mrs. Pepper.

"Never," replied the woman.

Right across the aisle from me sat a young woman, and directly in front of her a young man. They did not speak to each other, and there was no way to connect them.

"There is the spirit of a woman here who wishes to speak to you," Mrs. Pepper said, indicating the young woman; "she wants you to know that death is so good, so sweet, so restful after all her long suffering, but that she always had one comfort even in her earth sufferings in the devotion of her dear daughter. She is accompanied by the spirit of a man, who says the young man in front of you is connected with you. Is he?"

The young man responded "Yes."

"Well," went on Mrs. Pepper, "the man says that he didn't think that voyage would be his last. It seems he went to Europe, where he was taken ill and didn't live long. What is it?"

"He was taken ill in Europe," replied the young man, "and died three days after he got home."

"Spirits are as solicitous for the welfare of those they loved as they were when on earth," Mrs. Pepper went on, "and I have a message for a lady in black," pointing to a certain woman gowned in mourning; "it is from your husband, and he says to tell you not to worry; that the lawsuit will be decided in your favor and that right will come your way. Am I right?"

"Yes!" cried the woman, excitedly; "they tried to rob and murder me."

And so it went on. One time it was the spirit of a boy she saw named Eddie, but he was running from her.

"Eddie, come back to me!" she called, as if to a person in the room, and when he came nearer he had a message for a man sitting in the middle of the room.

"He says his name is Eddie Moore," said Mrs. Pepper, "and to tell you that his cough doesn't trouble him any more."

"He died of consumption," said the man, in a low tone.

Another time it was a message of comfort to a widow from her husband, and the woman sobbed aloud as she heard it.

In no single instance did the person whom Mrs. Pepper indicated as the one whom she had a message from a spirit fail to recognize some circumstance, some little homely detail, that made it impossible for them to doubt they were, indeed, communicating with the spirit of their dead ones. In every case she also gave the full name of the spirit appearing to her, and that also was identified.

Afterward, when the audience had dispersed there was a little scene, not without its pathos, as women, eager-eyed, anxious, tearful, gathered about Mrs. Pepper, begging her to open wider the door through which they had had just one glimpse, but the séance was over. Perhaps she had gone as far as mortality may follow immortality.

[The convention of the National Spiritualists' Association was largely attended and was a great success. Now that Modern Spiritualism has got rid of many of the pretending mediums—charlatans—it is attracting many of the most brilliant minds of the world.—*EDITOR.*]

THE "Mother" of Christian Science, Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy, is 80 years of age and in excellent health. If she will read *THE MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES* regularly she can live to a really ripe old age—beyond the century mark.

THINK wrongly if you please, but in all cases think for yourself.—*La Bruyère.*

Christian Science and Common Sense

THE papers of the country are printing a great deal for and against Christian Science nowadays. The following extract from Town and Country seems fair and sensible:

The cause of Christian Science will thrive rather than be harmed by the sledge-hammer methods of those who have recently so violently taken up arms against it. Every form of belief thrives under persecution, and there have been examples of intolerance shown recently that are suggestive of mediaevalism. This new sect has in its ranks many who distort its principles and who go too far because there are, in all religions, fanatics and unwise enthusiasts. The influence of mind over matter is a scientific and recognized fact, and it has been proved many times that certain nervous and functional disorders can in some cases be modified and even cured by the use of imagination and will power. While this new cult keeps itself within its proper bounds there is no reason why it should be assailed. We may not believe in its tenets, but society has reached a state of civilization where individual conscience is not to be coerced. So these violent attacks by those who consider Christian Science to be both a false science and a false religion are as unjust as police interference would be, unless it were to protect public health and safety. As a religious belief, Christian Science should be free from all molestation; as a medical practice, however, it is directly amenable to the law. When it fails to keep its theories within proper bounds and attempts to cure organic diseases, surgical injuries and maladies that show tissue changes, and which are infectious or contagious, it sins against society; it transgresses from the spiritual into the material world and must be checked. Where Christian Science is perverted and its followers attempt to defy the laws of bacteriology and pathology and to accomplish miracles, they do harm not only to society at large but to their own cause. The recent examples of unwise practices by certain extremists who have defied science and caused death to come to people who were in extreme need of medical attention have angered a great many people, and this has helped throw discredit upon the entire system of belief. Christian Science needs to be protected first from its friends; then it will not need protection from its enemies. A little moderation and common sense on all sides are what are chiefly needed.

We also give the following letter to the editor of the *New York Sun*, which speaks for itself:

"What is to be thought of the recent policy of those so-called Christian ministers, supposed to be teaching the doctrines of Jesus Christ, those who, from their pulpits in the house of God, call a woman a liar and insult the religion of over a million people?"

"It seems to me that they are putting the brand where they least intend it to be; and furthermore, if such acts proceed from those farthest advanced in their conception of Christianity, what are they but ominous warnings to their already wavering followers that they are on the wrong track?"—*E. C. S.*

THE *MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES* will ever be fair, just, broad, liberal and tolerant to any cult, religion or belief. We are all consciously or unconsciously seeking and striving for Light and Truth. The honey bee gathers a stock of pure, sweet honey from beautiful flowers, delicious fruits and decaying and rotting matter. So the Great Soul is illuminated with Light through many sources. The editors and writers on this magazine desire to be fair and honest and helpful to its readers. It is really a personal matter between you and us. Let us get together and read, think, observe and reason, and have no quarrels about difference of opinions.

One True Ghost Story

THIS is a true ghost story of an unconventional kind. A young lady arrived late at night on a visit to a friend. She awoke in the darkness to find a white figure at the foot of the bed. While she watched, the bedclothes were suddenly whisked off and the apparition vanished. After an anxious, not to say chilly, night, the visitor went down with little appetite for breakfast. At the table she was introduced to a gentleman, a very old friend of the family, who had, she learned, also been sleeping in the house. He complained of the cold.

"I hope you will excuse me," he said to his hostess, "but I found it so cold during the night that, knowing the room next mine was unoccupied, I took the liberty of going in and carrying off the bedclothes to supplement my own."

The room, as it happened, was not unoccupied, but he never learned his mistake.

The Soul Builds the Body

Frank Harrison, in *Weltmer's Magazine*

THE ascent of the Soul through matter is of great interest to all aspiring men. To realize that we are Eternal Souls with bodies, and not bodies with souls, is the grandest realization that comes to anyone.

The soul—the real man—was never born and never dies. It has neither beginning nor end. It is. The soul comes from nothing; nothing comes from it. It is the only simple in the universe; all other things are compounds and must change. The soul is changeless. The mind and the gross body continually change. Not so the soul. It builds the body and mind. It is eternally a centre of a stream of matter—eternally attracting and repelling matter. Even when it leaves the gross body, at death, it is still clothed with matter—attenuated matter, so very fine that it cannot be seen on the physical plane.

The souls attending this planet in gross or physical bodies are continually changing and building these bodies. The greatest instrument of the soul is the mind, and it is through this mind that all of us are building our bodies. The nature of the soul is purity, and by pure and right thought we build pure and strong bodies. "Right thinking builds good heads; bad thinking builds bad heads." A good head will build a good body; a bad head, a bad body.

With the mind, the soul examines the mind, and constructs and reconstructs the body. Back of both mind and body is the Ego or Soul, eternally at work. It does not need rest. It does not rest. It is. When the soul gets through with the earth body it passes out with the finer or spirit body—the ethereal body—and goes through a new cycle or round of experiences, always building a finer body in which to reside. The transition we call death is in reality a birth. The soul is merely moving from a gross surrounding to a more refined one. Here it will continue to build and construct a finer body yet. When at some period it constructs the perfect ethereal body it will reach the superconscious state and will be in Eternal Joy and Bliss. Then the mind will be eternally calm and peaceful.

It is the mind that hides the soul with veils of doubt, fear, ignorance, superstition, falsehood, etc., and causes all so-called woe, sorrow and misery of man in his evolution from one plane to another, and it is the mind that is disturbed and suffers by its own action. The soul—the real man—does not suffer. Therefore, how important it is for us to realize our real greatness and with the mind control the mind, and construct and build finer and better bodies and hold on to them for great periods of time, that we may get through with working in the coarser or grosser forms of matter.

Budington says: "During earth life, the ego is busy building a more ethereal body within the physical body. This spirit body is the more permanent organism. The ego must protect itself by an organism, or it would lose conscious individuality and external expression; hence it draws through the organs of the earth body all those external substances necessary for its support, and essential to construct a permanent body. This is called the spirit body. When, at last, it has used the earth body as long as is necessary for its complete construction, and attained the knowledge and experience needed for its best unfoldment in contact with gross matter, the spirit body withdraws from the earth body and dwells in an environment adapted to its needs."

The sooner all souls realize that they are eternal, and wear bodies the same as we wear clothes; that we are eternal living souls with bodies, and not bodies with souls; the sooner will we reach a joyous and blissful state—the heavenly state.

The soul is continually building, wearing, taking on and casting off bodies, and on this earth or beyond ever lives in a body. I believe we go from gross to fine bodies and from fine to gross, and so on, always adding experience, knowledge and wisdom—always going onward, forward and upward.

The Yogis' Secret

If one would be strong and vigorous and joyous, let him walk much in the open air and sunlight, contemplating and meditating upon the wonderful forces of nature. This is the way to be brown and merry and sun-strengthened. The Yogis get great powers by walking much in the sunlight in a cheerful, meditative mood.—*Yogiananda*.

If you live according to what nature requires you will never be poor; if according to the notions of men, you will never be rich.—*Seneca*.

We want no time, but diligence, for great performances.—*Johnson*.

You Will Be Happy If You Make Others Happy

By William C. Hunter

THE greatest thing in the world is happiness. It is the highest attainment. It is the greatest blessing. It is the most valuable thing in the world, not even excepting health, for what is health if you are unhappy?

Money cannot buy happiness. Money can buy clothes, pâté de foie gras, diamonds and orchids, but these things, of themselves, will not produce happiness. A man can have a million dollars and be happy, but a man may be a millionaire from the standpoint of happiness and yet not have a cent in the bank. No trust, no legislation, no taskmaster can prevent you and us from having our fill of happiness. It is like air. It is free to all.

There is only one way to get happiness, that is, by making others happy. You can make others happy by grasping their hand, by a smile, by a kind word, by your aid when your friend is in trouble, by an encouraging word, by an act of self-denial, by throwing sunshine in the shadow land of sorrow. You can make others happy in a thousand ways, and each and every thing you do to make your brother happy adds to your own storehouse of happiness. You can spend all of your money and all of your health, but you cannot spend all of your happiness. The more happiness you give to others, the more you will have left.

Drummond said: "If there be any good deed I can do, let me do it now, let me not deter or put it off, for I shall not pass this way again." Resolve to make one person just a little happier each day, and see how happy you will be. If you live for yourself only, and within yourself, you will be a miserable pessimist. Start in to-day to earn happiness; do not put it off.

New York's Way

WHENEVER a great disaster happens in any part of the country, the citizens of New York immediately raise a large fund of money and despatch it with haste to the suffering community.

The Flood of Johnstown, the Galveston Disaster and the recent conflagration at Jacksonville, Fla., received quick and ample financial aid from the metropolis.

New York City is full of kind-hearted, sympathetic, generous souls, hence its tremendous prosperity.

Poor Religions

ANY religion or philosophy that makes one blue or morbid or clamps the brain is to be avoided.

Some cowards support the tenets of a belief, no matter if proven truths demonstrating their falsity arise.

Love God and be fearless.

Don't clamp or cramp the mind.

The Chinese put clamps on the feet of their children, and we marvel at the ignorance of the "heathens," while at the same time we put the clamps of old creeds and dogmas on the heads of our children.

Maxims by McKinley

BEING A FEW APOTHEGMS FROM THE PRESIDENT'S SPEECHES ON HIS TRANSNATIONAL TOUR

We know that whatever others may say, this to us and for us is the best country in the world.

Let us save while we can, so as to be strong if the storms come.

The happiest people in the world are those who are best employed.

The policy of the United States has always been to keep what it started with and hold all it honorably gets.

When it comes to foreign questions we stand as one people before the powers of the earth.

What a mighty, irresistible power for good is a united nation of freedom!

The United States has never acquired a foot of territory that has not been dedicated to liberty.

We are not a pirate power. We are a peace power.

[The great adepts of the world recognize in Mr. McKinley a wise and good ruler; a great soul with tremendous spiritual force; he is strong spiritually, intellectually and physically.—*YOGI-ANANDA*.]

CHARACTER is built like a house; each action rests on a foregone one which made it possible, although the foregone one be buried in the earth and forgotten.

Immortality of the Soul

THE great Louisa M. Alcott some years ago in writing on the immortality of the soul showed her pronounced convictions by the following:

"I think immortality is the passing of a soul through many lives or experiences, and such as are truly lived, used and learned help on to the next, each growing richer, happier, higher, carrying with it only the real memories of what has gone before. If in my present life I love one person truly, no matter who it is, I believe that we shall meet somewhere again, though where or how I don't know or care, for genuine love is immortal. So is real wisdom, virtue, heroism, etc., and these noble attributes lift humble lives into the next experience, and prepare them to go on with greater power and happiness. I seem to remember former states before this, and feel that in them I have learned some of the lessons that have never been mine here, and in my next step I hope to leave behind many of the trials that I have struggled to bear here and begin to find lightened as I go on. This accounts for the genius and the great virtue some show here. They have done well in many phases of this great school, and bring into our class the virtue or the gifts that make them great and good. We don't remember the lesser things; they slip away as childish trifles, and we carry on only the real experiences. Some are born sad, some bad, some feeble, mentally and morally, I mean, and all their life here is an effort to get rid of this shadow of grief, sin, weakness in the life before. Others come, as Shakespeare, Milton, Emerson, etc., bringing their lovely reward with them, and pass on leaving us the better for their lives. This is my idea of immortality. An endless life of helpful change, with the instinct, the longing to rise, to learn, to love, to get nearer the source of all good, and go on from the lowest plane to the highest, rejoicing more and more, as we climb into the clearer light, the purer air, the happier life which must exist."

Seed Thoughts

Do all the good you can,
By all the means you can,
In all the ways you can,
In all the places you can,
To all the people you can,
As long as ever you can.

—John Wesley.

CARRY the radiance of your soul to your face; let the world have the benefit of it.

Smiles are the higher and better responses to the emotions of the soul.

Afflictions are but the shadows of God's wings.—*MacDonald*.

If we read the secret history of our enemies, we could find in each man's life sorrow and suffering enough to disarm all hostility.—*Longfellow*.

The true nature of Christian sympathy is not only to be concerned for our friends in trouble, but to do what we can to help them.

Persons who are always cheerful and good-humored are very useful in the world; they maintain peace and happiness, and spread a thankful temper among all who live around them.

The only things you can safely put off until to-morrow are idleness and vice.

If wisdom's ways you'd wisely seek,

Five things observe with care:

Of whom you speak, to whom you speak,
And how, and when, and where.

God loves to see His creatures happy; our lawful delight is His; they know not God that think to please him with making themselves miserable. The idolaters thought a fit service for Baal was to cut and lance themselves; never any holy man looked for thanks from the true God by wronging himself.—*R. Hall*.

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things, both great and small,
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

—Coleridge.

THOUSANDS of men go down to their graves in obscurity because they lack the courage to take the first plunge.

Key to Success

WHEREVER you look through history for great success—for really permanent success—you will find that the successful man is the man whose strongest feeling is not for himself, but for others.

And when you find the great man failing, sinking into littleness, you will find that egotism bred of success has caused atrophy of his human instincts, changing his interest in others to personal vanity, ending his success and usefulness.—*New York Journal*.



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Conducted by Prof. Yogananda



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Owing to the great number of subscribers writing for free astrological delineations, I have had to omit printing several for want of space. But when I do not print a delineation, I either write one or send my Astrology Book FREE, which will give you an excellent delineation for your birth, and many of the Mystic Hindu Yogi Secrets of Health, Wealth, Long Life and Happiness.

Some prefer the book to a special delineation. If you are not happy or not getting along very well, write me a letter, giving birth date, and enclosing a 2-cent stamp for postage, and I will print or send you a delineation, or send you one of my Hindu Astrology books as a present.

Everyone who will read this magazine regularly will get into our vibrations and in time become more powerful, more happy and certainly more successful.

Following are the brief delineations for this issue:

E. D. R., born Oct. 23, 1848.—You were born at the beginning of Scorpio. Naturally you have vitality, but are inclined to waste your forces by being too anxious. The best part of your life will be from June 21, this year. Read this magazine regularly and learn some of the great occult secrets that are printed in a purposely concealed way in some of the articles. The present King of England and the late Roscoe Conkling were born in your sign. You have much to live for. Seek the Psychic Light—the light of your eternal soul.

GILBERT N. H., born Jan. 4, 1844.—You were born under the sign of Capricorn, and are naturally high-minded. The study of metaphysics and occult science will give you tremendous force to overcome all of your troubles. You ought to live to a great age; your planetary conditions are good. Go into the Silence and look within—commune with your soul—and a New Light and a New Power will come to you.

MRS. M. S. W., born Aug. 20, 1856.—You were born in Leo. I am not a "Fortune-Teller," but I see by your planetary conditions a new and better condition, commencing about August next. In the meantime open up your heart and mind to the Blessed One, and you will receive much light. This magazine can wonderfully help anyone who will regularly read it with deep thought and an earnest desire to live in the higher realms. From month to month as you read it you will feel New Life coming to you. I see much brightness for you, dear sister.

J. E. M., born May 20, 1855.—You were born at the beginning of the Gemini period and have a strong dual nature; you aspire to high things and have grand ideals at times; at other times you get discouraged, and your lower or animal nature gets the best of you. But now that you are in the 7th cycle of this incarnation, your soul will begin to be master. Great power, great health, great happiness come to the soul that lives in the higher realms—lives with the Blessed One.

MRS. MADGE V. H., born April 13, 1853.—You were born under the sign of Aries. It is a grand sign. You have marked qualities, and would have been much happier if you

had not been so apprehensive. According to your planetary conditions you will soon be touched by the Great Psychic Light, and Life to you will be more full and more joyous. Music can help you much; listen to all the music you can. Have no fears or doubts about the future. Live not in the Past nor in the Future; live in the glorious Now.

GUST. C. E., born March 30, 1882.—You were born in Aries, the same sign as the lady above; but you came to this planet at a time when great planetary and solar forces were at work, and if you will live a clean, pure, upright life, your rewards will be ample. You must learn to work for work's sake and not be so anxious about what reward it will bring you. This magazine is of especial value to persons of your temperament and nature; you ought to read it and get into our vibrations, then you will have perfect health, long life and be very prosperous.

MRS. J. G. S., born Nov. 23, 1862.—You were born in Sagittarius, and I find your whole life ought to be a very happy one; but I am afraid you have not always taken advantage to grasp the grand truths of life, as the planetary conditions in the past have been such as to keep you disturbed. But great calm and peace are to be yours from now on. A New Light is breaking into your soul. You are anxious to know. Your soul is hungry for truth; you desire to be happier, and your desire will be granted. Listen to the voice within. Read what I write in this magazine. The ancient order of Yogis will help all who listen to their teachings. At heart you are earnest and sincere and aspiring.

C. F. A., born March 13, 1852.—You were born in Pisces. The planetary conditions at your birth make you naturally a very thoughtful, industrious and practical person—provided you do not live too much in the senses. The best part of your life is to come. About July 19, this year, you will be receptive to new and powerful psychic forces. Just be calm, patient and hopeful and secretly and sacredly desire the Higher Powers to help you. Read this magazine very carefully, with hope and courage in your soul, mind and heart. Aspire to be good and forceful. Your prayers will be answered. Some Great Souls—Mystics—are secretly, through the Psychic Power, helping everyone who writes to this magazine. We desire to help all we can. This magazine is not published for money making solely. There is a grand Mystic Force behind it. You may feel our vibrations.

MRS. ELENOR J. B., born Nov. 29, 1847.—You were born in Sagittarius, and are an earnest soul hungry for Light and Truth. Don't falter; don't get discouraged; your desires will be granted. It is very fortunate for you that you were attracted to this magazine, as it will contain much for you. Keep calm and quiet during all of June and July and get into a receptive or passive condition, then great good will come to you. Pray to the Great God for Light, Direction and Wisdom. Your realm is the Spiritual Realm.

MRS. MARION G., born Feb. 20, 1869.—You were born in Pisces, and on examination of your planetary conditions find you are what we Yogic Astrologers call a "Blessed Soul." You are very enterprising and will get great rewards, because you have had so much to struggle against; but, my sister, the Devas (angels) are with you, and you are to be very happy. I have uttered a prayer to the Bright Ones to help you. I do that for all who write me, but in your special case you deserve it more than most persons because you have been patient and have earnestly worked for education and enlightenment under disadvantages. The Higher Powers will not help people who whine, complain and grumble at their lot. The Yogis, the Devas and the Blessed One help those who battle and struggle against adversity. We are delighted with you and are glad to hear you like our magazine. We Yogis and Mystics are always ready to help those who try to help themselves. Your future looks very bright. Read this magazine regularly, as it will help you and all aspiring souls.

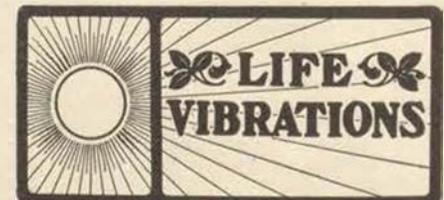
PERSIAN W., born Sept. 18, 1830.—You were

born in Virgo, and are very superstitious, with a lot of vague fears. I am not a "Fortune-Teller." No one in the world can tell you for a certainty if you will be rich. Yogic Astrology tells one how to develop the real power—the Psychic Power which makes for health, wealth and happiness. You would be a very fortunate man if you did not trust to luck. There are no pending evils for you. Cleanse your mind and soul of fear. Go to the Higher Powers and silently and secretly pray for Light and Wisdom. Your planetary conditions are excellent. This is a very fortunate year for all persons. We have entered the Fourth Great Cycle—the New Cycle. Read this magazine regularly.

J. JUSTUS H., born April 9, 1875.—You were born under the sign of Aries, and have marked qualities for success; you will succeed in anything that you like and will persistently stick to. Your trouble is restlessness; you get impatient and apprehensive. You are very young and ought to live to a grand old age. Your love affair will turn out all right if your love is high and pure. You ought to give much time to spiritualizing your fine nature, at the same time cheerfully working hard. The more spiritual you are the more work you can do, and the grander the results. Real spiritual people are very hard workers. The Yogis work from early morning till late at night doing faithfully whatever work is at hand. If you will read this magazine regularly and get into its spiritual vibrations fortune will certainly favor you. By living a clean, pure life you can become a great psychic healer.

BIRDIE, born April 9, 1873.—You were born in Aries. Read above delineation of J. Justus H. Aries people never get along well until they become spiritualized and can settle down and realize the responsibilities of life. All people suffer much and are unfortunate who do not live the Higher Life, and this is especially true of Aries people. According to your horoscope you have not had a happy life so far. The future looks better for you. Read this magazine every month and it will help you. As I work hard from 18 to 20 hours every day, I cannot find time to write as many personal letters as I would like to write, and must beg you to excuse me from writing you. The Yogis work all the time; work will make anyone healthy and happy. Our health is perfect and we live to great ages, because we live in the highest vibrations. I cordially invite the subscribers of this magazine to write me the year, month and date of their births and any questions they may desire to ask, and I will gladly give them a brief delineation. Address your letters to

PROFESSOR YOGIANANDA,
THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES,
223 William street, New York.



BECOME calm, tranquil and serene, and concentrate the mind on the above design—LIFE VIBRATIONS—and you will soon begin to attract and feel the vibratory force of a New Power.

The pages of this Magazine are full of Life Vibrations.

Don't you have a buoyant, energized feeling after reading it, that you do not get from reading any other publication?

We know how to rouse the soul.
We give you New Hope,
New Life,
New Courage.
JUNE is full of Life Vibrations.
JUNE is the month of Creation.
Let us Create and Recreate this month.
LIFE is Now in its fullest glow.
LIFE is manifesting at every hand.
GLORIOUS LIFE, I LOVE THEE BECAUSE I AM THEE!
I AM LIFE.
Believe that you are ALL LIFE.
Affirm that you are LIFE.
Now is the time to get LIFE.
GET LIFE TO-DAY!
NOW! LIFE!
How beautiful is June, with its glorious Life Vibrations!

F. H.

SOME wonderful and mysterious articles will be found in the next issue of this magazine.

Insanity, Vices and Troubles Are Catching

By realizing Oneness we become good and wise—whole. All beings are practically One; what affects one affects all to a more or less degree. The Hindu metaphysicians and Wise Men have always taught this doctrine of Oneness.

In a recent issue of the New York Journal we find the following excellent editorial:

All human beings imagine themselves, thanks to our natural blissful condition of egotism, to be highly important separate individuals.

We think that we are born independent of all other men and women, and that each of us can map out his little life in his own way.

As a matter of fact, we are simply drops in a big cistern, and we take on, in spite of ourselves, the characteristics of the drops next to us.

Take a drop of pure water and throw it into the ocean, it becomes salt. Throw the same drop into a cesspool, and it becomes foul.

Human beings, in spite of themselves, and without any exception, absorb the characteristics of those around them.

These very commonplace remarks are suggested by the case of Dr. George A. Schurtlett.

This unfortunate physician was for years superintendent of the Stockton Insane Asylum, in California.

He was looked upon as a man of extraordinary mental power, a great expert in insanity.

He is now dying of dementia in the asylum which he used to control.

There is not the slightest question that mental disease was bred in him by constant association with those mentally afflicted. The climax in his misfortune was caused by his failure to cure his adopted daughter of insanity. When he discovered that her case was hopeless, his mind gave way—and he will probably spend the rest of his life as a lunatic.

If a man can be thus afflicted by a repulsive disease which can have no possible attraction for him, think how powerful and how fatal must be the effects of association with vices and afflictions that attract us.

If a strong-minded physician cannot associate with the insane without himself becoming insane, what chance has a young man or a young woman or a young child left to associate with others morally deranged?

Every man or woman who is responsible for the care of young people should find a lesson in the affliction of this insanity expert.

Every man and woman, bearing in mind the fact that the brain absorbs impressions constantly, and is constantly changing its complexion, should resolve to avoid such companionship and surroundings as they would not willingly imitate.

In the old proverbs there is often much scientific wisdom, and this is true of the saying:

"TELL ME THY COMPANY, AND I WILL TELL THEE WHAT THOU ART."

Fire and Water

Of the four elements, fire (not combustion) is the active principle and water (not H₂O) is the passive. We are now ready to see what John the Baptist meant in Matth. iii, where he speaks of baptizing with water while there cometh after him one who will baptize with fire. It is absurd to make John the Baptist a man baptizing with liquid water, for then you must make Jesus a man baptizing with fire, which it is not pretended in the story that he did. The teaching is that we must first permit ourselves to be humbled by the passive principle and that thereafter we shall be exalted by the active principle. It must be of that wholesale nature indicated by baptism by immersion. Commune with the terrestrial principle of passivity when there shall come after the ethereal principle of living fire in which is no combustion but a vivifying power.—*Occult Truths.*

A Famous Medium in France

ALL Paris is talking of the wonderful exploits of Madame Lay Fonville, whose gifts of clairvoyance, prophecy and magnetic healing are described by the Journal of Magnetism. Her guide is said to be a spirit by the name of "Julia," and the cures brought about through her instrumentality, while the medium lived at Toulouse, before removing to Paris, are both numerous and well authenticated.

For the Sick and Discouraged

No matter how sick you are, or what your sorrows and troubles are, dear reader, keep up courage. Don't give up. Fight it out to the last. Keep up hope. Hope against hope. Some five years ago a consumptive wrote to the New York Sun about his case. The editor printed some encouraging advice, and here is the young man's letter to the Sun, which speaks volumes:

To the Editor of the Sun.

SIR—I am a young man who, about five years ago, took the advice of the Sun in an editorial entitled "Should He Kill Himself?" relating to consumptives who had been given up by their physicians in the East.

I am now strong and healthy and doing better than I have done financially at any time in New York, and can thank the Sun for the good advice given in said editorial, five years ago, for my good health.

WILLIAM KUHN.

CENTRAL CITY, Col., May 2.

Hypnotism

"HYPNOTISM AND SUGGESTION," by R. Os-good Mason, A.M., M.D. Henry Holt & Co., New York.

Dr. Mason's studies of the effects of hypnotism and suggestion in reform, education and therapeutics are in their most interesting phases herein presented. The author concludes that the time has arrived for more fully appreciating the effects of mental states upon physical conditions and one mind upon another, and, to give a proper understanding of the relation of hypnotism to therapeutics, instances many cases that have come under his personal observation, as well as the conclusions he has come to after a thorough study of the subject. These are curious and instructive.

A Defender of Hypnotism

DR. LAMONT SAGE, of New York City, recently appeared before the New York State Legislature, at Albany, and defended hypnotism, and during his address paid much attention to the theory on which hypnotists work. This is a part of his discourse:

"I contend that hypnotism is a suggestion, and, strictly speaking, any influence exerted over another is hypnotism. Unless one were willing to be hypnotized no one could do it or place one under the influence, and the more intelligent the mind the more susceptible it is. It requires the subject to do two-thirds of the work while the instructor only does one-third. Hypnotism is not an inherent influence or gift, but can be learned by anyone who can read. It is impossible to compel a person to commit wrong while under the influence, for he or she retains a subconsciousness that permits a discrimination against right or wrong."

Mr. Carnegie as a Prophet

MR. ANDREW CARNEGIE is a good and wise man. Recently, in speaking of "Trusts" and great business consolidations in these days of great prosperity, he said, in an interview with the New York Journal correspondent at Aix-les-Bains:

"All these consolidations are steps in advance of a great movement which will distinguish the twentieth century. Hereafter American railway lines will be of one interest from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and one man in New York can fix through rates. In a short time trunk railways will own steamship lines on the Atlantic and Pacific. It would be unwise not to promote this movement. I hail it as another triumph for the Republic."

Let us be more patient and more grateful to the big organizers, whose wealth and intelligence combine so beautifully to arrange for this country the markets of the whole world.

Theosophists Elect Officers

THE fifteenth national convention of the Theosophical Society of America was held in Indianapolis, Ind., recently. T. P. Hyatt, of New York, was elected secretary, and A. H. Spencer, also of New York, treasurer. Dr. A. P. Buckman, of Fort Wayne, was made temporary chairman, and W. P. Adkinson, of Indianapolis, temporary secretary.

The constitution was amended so as to place the administration of affairs of the society between conventions in the hands of an executive committee of seven members. Dr. Buck, of Cincinnati, made the principal address.

93 Years Old and Enjoys Life

You can live to a great age nowadays, especially if you will read the occult secrets we will print in this magazine about how to live a long, useful and happy life.

Mr. Ezra Gould is one of the most prominent citizens of Newark, N. J., and is 93 years old. He is very happy, enjoys the best of health and expects to live a great many years longer. He says nature seems to be giving him new life forces. We are sending Mr. Gould a copy of our magazine, and the regular reading of it will cause the psychic life forces to thrill him with new life. The mystic editors and writers for our magazine purposely put in this magazine each month many mystical articles, the reading of which will induce newer and higher life vibrations. We believe in living to a ripe old age.

Whom to Marry

It is interesting to learn, on the authority of Dr. Mantegazza, the Italian professor, that the soldier generally turns out an exemplary and faithful husband, one of the reasons being, oddly enough, that the family dinner is grateful to him after a long course of mess-feeding.

The professor counsels young men to distrust, equally, pronounced brunettes with very black eyes, whose passionate temperaments will cause trouble; and large, fair women, whose nonchalance and indolence are similarly disastrous to domestic happiness.

They should seek a young girl who is neither very fair nor very dark, and neither excessively domineering nor feeble in character, and, above all, one who loves little children. This is an infallible sign, according to the professor, of a tender and good disposition.

Sarah's Adoration

WE all know that American women are the most beautiful, lovely, charming and fascinating creatures in the world. The great French actress, Sarah Bernhardt, speaks highly of American women, and adores

Their good looks.
Their good clothes.
Their good taste.
Their superb carriage.
Their good manners.
Their good health.
Their good complexions.
Their animal spirits.

Mountains of Gold

THROUGHOUT the world, and especially in the United States, wonderful discoveries of gold are constantly being made. The mystics say this is good for mankind; that the more gold the world acquires the less drudgery and poverty there will be. Gold has always been a wonderful power and always will be. In occult science gold means much. Gold mining is one of the greatest and grandest industries there is, according to the sages; it is a magical metal of great and lasting value and power to any nation. This country is tremendously rich in gold—in some places there are mountains of it. These new and great discoveries mean much for all of us.

She Saw Dead Husband, and Longed to Die

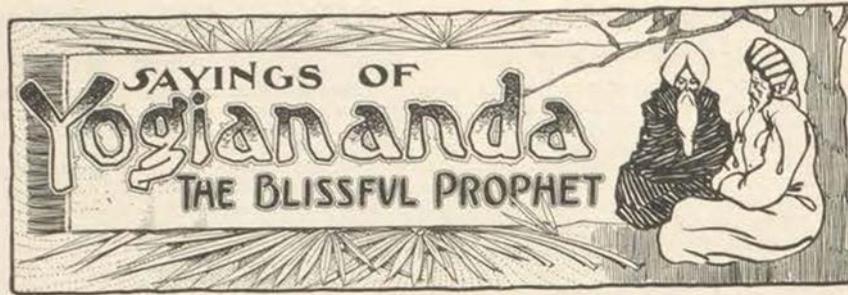
BEFORE COMMITTING SUICIDE THE WIDOW SPOKE OFTEN OF ULRICH'S VISIBLE PRESENCE

EVER since the death of her husband, Mrs. Annie Ulrich said she could see him walking around the house. The woman committed suicide at her home, No. 9 Belmont avenue, Newark, N. J., the other day. She was found by her eleven-year-old daughter, Annie, lying dead on the floor of a bedroom, with a rubber tube leading from a gas jet to her mouth.

Benedict Ulrich, her husband, died last January. He was a prominent Democratic politician and an ex-Assemblyman. Their thirteen-year-old daughter died several months before that.

Several times since Ulrich's death the widow told her sister that she did not wish to live any longer. She said she could see "Benny" walking about the house, and she longed to speak to him.

[Professor Le Karmo, the Psychic Scientist, says, had Mrs. Ulrich thoroughly understood modern spiritualism, she would not have committed suicide; that suicides for a great while are much disturbed and distressed in the Spirit World.—EDITOR.]



SPECIALLY WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES
BY YOGIANANDA, THE BLISSFUL PROPHET

Ekam sat Viprah Bahuda Vedanta, "that which exists is ONE, Sages call it variously."—*Rig-Veda.*

ANYONE who will read the following ancient hymn, taken from the Vedas, in a spiritual way, will unconsciously get power. It is hard for some to comprehend these ancient writings because they are more or less mystical. Students of the occult will do well to read the writings that I will print here occasionally, as outside of a few scholars, Yogis, Swamis and Gurus, from India, who are in this country, these very old writings are little known. Here is about

AGNI

1. O Agni, whoever kindles you with the lifted ladle and offers you food thrice every day, may he, O Jātavedas, knowing your triumphant splendor resulting from the sacrifice, surpass greatly (his rivals) through brilliant fame.

2. O Agni, whoever taking much trouble carries fuel for you and worships your majestically glorious form, he, kindling you at night and in the mornings, acquires wealth and kills his enemies.

3. Agni is lord of sublime dominion; Agni is master of strength and great wealth. The youthful (god) possessed of self-reliance makes grand wealth accompany the mortal who worships him.

4. Most youthful god, whatever sin we have indeed, through ignorance, committed against men, your servants, make us sinless before great Aditi. O Agni, loosen all around (our) sins (from us).

5. O Agni, may we who are your friends be never injured on account of the great and extensive sin (we have committed) in the neighborhood of gods and men; grant happiness and prosperity to (our) children and children's children.

6. O worshipful gods, just as you have released that cow which was tethered by the foot, in the same way release us entirely from (our) sins. O Agni, increase our long life.

—*Rig-Veda, IV, 12.*

The first verse of this hymn refers to the ancient practice of the Indian Aryas in accordance with which they kindled and offered food to the fire three times a day. The second verse, however, mentions the worship of the god of fire "at night and in the mornings."

Max Müller has given us in his "Gifford Lectures" what he has called the "Biography of Agni," with the object, as he says, of clearly exhibiting "the succession of the various ideas called forth in the human mind by the various aspects of fire, which, beginning with the simplest perception of the fire on the hearth, as giving warmth and light and life to young and old, culminated in the concept of Agni as the god of light, the creator and ruler of the whole world."

It is with the object of illustrating this passage of the human mind from nature to nature's God that the *Brahmavadin* has been publishing selections from the Vedic literature of India; and the hymn on Agni given above may be seen to be very instructive if viewed in this light. The finite fire kindled with fuel brought with much toil is grand and mighty, and proves of use to man in overcoming his enemies and in the acquisition of wealth; and then this fire becomes the physical symbol of a god who has all men for his servants, and who makes all men sinless before the Great Infinite (*Aditi*).

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In India, the Yogis and Swamis sit in the beautiful forests, cross-legged upon the ground, teaching to all who may come to hear, the great Love and Power of God. The first step toward realization or the practice of Yoga is to listen to these teachings. These doctrines are dear to our hearts. Understood, they can lift man out of all his troubles and struggles and turmoils into the super-conscious or blissful state.

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My prophecy for this month is that within twenty-five years the following Yoga doctrine of salvation by love will be the principal religion of the English-speaking people of the world:

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The Vedānta philosophy, like modern science, recognizes that energy is indestructible; that the sum total of energy is always the same throughout the universe. This energy, in Sanskrit, we call *Sakti*. But the Hindu philosopher has never been contented to rest here in his final explanation of the universe. Behind this energy, which is sometimes potential and sometimes kinetic, and which has no beginning in time, he recognizes the *Brahman*. One only, without a

second, the source and ultimate of all phenomenal existence.

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This *Sakti*, or primal energy, is the *Prakriti* of the Sāṅkhya philosophy, the *Māyā* of the Vedāntins. What is this *Māyā*? Since it is a condition wholly of relative existence, it is sometimes described as unreality—illusion. But, as the substratum of the relative, it is regarded as having no beginning and no end in time. No Hindu philosophy presents such a logical and scientific absurdity as the notion of the creation of something out of nothing by divine fiat.

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The *Māyā* is made up of the *Akāśa* or undifferentiated matter, and *Prāna*, the primal energy, by which it is infused and molded into shape. It includes not only what we know as matter, but also mind, which is not regarded as a separate belonging of such finite personality, but as a common substratum of all its separate manifestations. We may picture the universal mind-stuff as a calm lake, and each separate personality as a little whirlpool in that lake, as a reflection cast upon it.

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Both matter and mind are thus regarded as material and objective existences, relatively speaking, the latter being more refined than the former. Both are made up of different proportions of three kinds of particles—the *sattva*, or luminous; the *rajas*, or active, and the *tamas*, or opaque particles. The character of the person depends upon the proportion of these particles in the mind-stuff, which is controlled by him, at any particular time, and this he can determine by obtaining control of his own *Prāna* through which he is at last enabled to control the universal *Prāna*, and, finally, to pass beyond the relative into the super-conscious sense of identity with *Brahman*—the infinite ocean of knowledge, existence and bliss in which man alone finds his true self—his individuality. The spirit of man, though encompassed by time and space in this relative existence, and blinded by the oils and turmoils arising out of association with his body and mind, is nevertheless regarded as infinite and boundless—one with the supreme *Brahman*. On the side of consciousness and personal identity, all evolution is regarded as a movement toward the realization of this larger self in man, in which the sense of "you" and "me" is lost in the everlasting glory and splendor of the super-conscious existence. In the harmonious, concordant and even flow of the *sattva*, *rajas* and *tamas* particles, phenomenal creation ends, the surging billows of the magic ocean of phenomena cease; a superb calm ensues, and the *Brahman* or *Purusha* (soul) shines forth in his everlasting glory and splendor as the sole permanent Reality.

* * *

On the Cosmic side, evolution and involution are recognized by the Vedāntist philosophy as inseparable elements in the universal cosmic process. This *Sakti* or *Māyā*; this energy which rests potentially in the Supreme Soul, when all name and form have vanished, can never be separated from *Brahman*, when creation is at flood-tide, or when it has ebbed into the sea of Universal Life. Evolution is the unfolding of the phenomenal universe when this energy becomes kinetic; involution its lapse into a latent condition. These periods, our philosophy teaches us, succeed each other in immense cycles of time. The nature of the potential energy manifested in all evolutionary processes is inexplicable and wonderful. To grasp it transcends the highest flight of the human intellect. For how can the intellect, itself a relative thing, know that which is the origin of all relativity?

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We can only grasp the ultimate cause and source of all evolutionary processes when we pass beyond the relative; when we, by the

discipline of the *Yoga*—by unattached works, by love, by self-discipline or by a supreme effort of will—enter into the super-conscious state, and know that we are this infinite Reality—this boundless ocean of knowledge, existence and bliss. The first and essential condition to this higher realization is absolute purity of thought and life. One of our sages has told a little story which reveals the secret of the *Bhakti-Yoga*.

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Two little dwarf twins, Love and Reason, were playing on the top of a hill, when the moon rose in all her splendor. The two children were very much attracted, and they stretched out their little hands to possess the beautiful moon. Reason found out soon that the moon is far, far away, and their little hands could not touch it. He gave up the chase, and tried to persuade his sister to do the same. But Love would not hear it. Her heart would not be satisfied unless she possessed the moon. She went on stretching her little hands toward the moon, when, lo! her body expanded till she touched the coveted splendor, and drew her brother Reason after her to do the same.

Thus Love wins where Reason fails. Pure Love for ALL—for the animals, for all men, for your enemies, for everything in the universe, is *Yoga*. Then you are the true God-lover, with tremendous powers. Next month I will give some of these powers and exactly how they are acquired.—YOGIANANDA.

Doctors Vouch for Spirit World

LONDON PHYSICIANS SAY THEY HAVE ESTABLISHED COMMUNICATION THROUGH MEDIUM BY MEANS OF TRANCES

DR. C. LLOYD TUCKEY, a prominent member of the medical profession in London, England, caused a sensation in psychical research circles recently, by announcing that he and another well-known physician had succeeded in communicating with the spirit world through a trance medium. Dr. Tuckey holds a membership in the Society for Psychical Research, of which Dr. Oliver Lodge is president. Among the vice-presidents of the organization are Prof. William James, of Harvard, and Prof. S. P. Langley, of the Smithsonian Institution.

Its active membership includes Mr. A. J. Balfour, Sir William Crookes, Prof. Henry Sedgwick, Prof. Balfour Stewart, Prof. W. F. Barrett, Lord Rayleigh, the Bishop of Ripon, the Marquis of Bute, Lady Ashburton, Lady Henry Somerset, the Countess of Bective, Mr. James P. Bryce, Dr. Conan Doyle, Mr. W. T. Stead, Sir Henry M. Stanley, Lady Jeune and many other eminent personages.

For several months Dr. Tuckey and his professional associates have been experimenting in the realm of spiritual phenomena. They have given particular study to trance mediumship in all its phases. Prominent among the mediums who have been seeking to convince the physicians that their craft was neither mythical nor supernatural is Mrs. Edmond Thompson, of South Hill Park, Hampstead.

She has the reputation of being thoroughly rational and scientific, yet claims to be able to communicate at will with personalities no longer in the flesh. She recently gave a series of exhibitions of her power under the scrutiny of Dr. Tuckey and other investigators. After applying numerous tests they decided that Mrs. Thompson's trances were real and that she actually bridged the chasm between the finite and the infinite. Neither Dr. Tuckey nor Mrs. Thompson for the present will disclose in detail the nature or extent of their discoveries.

Mr. Edward T. Bennett, secretary of the Society for Psychical Research, said: "Dr. Tuckey and his fellow experimenters do not care to advertise their efforts in the direction of establishing a species of wireless telegraphy between the material and spiritual worlds. Our society will refrain from any attempt to popularize the investigation of psychical subjects. Dr. Tuckey and his associates have made important tests of trance mediumship, and have been convinced of the possibility of speaking with disembodied intelligences. They will lay the results of their experiments before our society *in extenso*. Until then nothing further can be said."

Prof. J. H. Hyslop, of Columbia College, and Prof. William James, of Harvard, enjoy great vogue among British psychologists. The Society for Psychical Research is publishing one of Professor James's books, and is giving much thought to Professor Hyslop's expositions of advanced metaphysics.

READ about the ancient Vedas, in the next issue of this magazine, by YOGIANANDA.

GOLD AND PROSPERITY THE GOLDEN AGE

Plenty of Gold for Us

GOLD IN THE PHILIPPINES

THE United States, say the wise prophets, is to have more gold than any country in the world. There are great deposits of gold in the Philippines, which American energy and enterprise will develop.

"There is scarcely a province in the Philippines where gold has not been obtained by the natives, who are skilful pan miners and clever in dealing with accessible quartz," said Dr. George F. Becker, of the United States Geological Survey. "Gold mining is with them an ancient industry; indeed, I have understood that Chinese writings of about the third century A. D. report this yellow metal as the chief product of Luzon.

"Before Magellan's arrival it seems certain that commerce was carried on with China, and that the Filipinos paid for silk and other manufactures in gold, sea cucumbers, dye-woods and edible birds' nests. The unstrained life and dazzling possibilities suit the happy-go-lucky temperament of the natives, who are not unacquainted with tricks of the trade. At the time of my visit to one army post the Filipino miners had nearly succeeded in persuading some American officers to buy an interest in certain gravel deposits which had been nicely salted with brass filings.

"The more important known gold fields are three in number. The most northerly of them lies about Mount Dana, in the country of the Igorrotes. The second and best known district is that of Camarines Norte, easily accessible by sea, and about 115 miles to the south-east of Manila. The only other hopeful region is the northeastern portion of Mindanao and the adjacent islands.

"The Igorrotes are extraordinarily reticent about their gold mining. An Englishman of long residence in Northern Luzon, who had handled much Igorrote gold commercially, informed me that no outsiders of any race were permitted to visit the quartz mines or even to prospect for quartz. The Igorrotes are not afraid to tackle solid rock, and I presume that their quartz mining, though rude, is tolerably effective, perhaps approaching Mexican work.

"In the gold district of Camarines Norte there are numerous placer mines, and beach sands are also washed. Of this region Hernando Riquel wrote, in 1574: 'There are many mines of gold which have been seen by Spaniards, and the natives work them as they work silver mines in New Spain. The mineral presents itself so plentifully that I do not write about it, lest they should suspect me of exaggeration; but it is sufficient to say that I swear, as a Christian, that there is more gold in this island than there is iron in Biscay.' Though this writer was drawing freely upon his imagination, there is no reason to doubt that the placers were originally very rich. At the present time, however, the output does not amount to much.

"The methods used for treating the ore in this district are exceedingly primitive. For pulverizing the ore the natives employ a kind of trip-hammer, made by attaching a heavy stone to a sapling, a second stone serving as an anvil. After placing the quartz on the anvil the workman drives down the head of the hammer, the elasticity of the sapling raising it again for a fresh blow. The crushed quartz is ground in an *arrastra* and finally washed clean in a cocoanut shell.

"The mystery of the unknown still hangs about the island of Mindanao, and there is a widespread impression that it is an El Dorado.

"Copper deposits in the Province of Lepanto, near Mount Dana, have been worked by the Igorrotes since before the Spanish discovery of the archipelago. These barbarians, who are heathens living in squalor, have developed industrially to a surprisingly high point, and the skill they exhibit in the extraction and working of metals is extraordinary. They turn out copper kettles no less than three and a half feet in diameter, and they also make numerous kinds of implements and ornaments out of the same metal. From 1840 to 1855 they exported fully twenty tons of copper utensils and ingots. Some authorities are of the opinion that they have Chinese or Japanese blood."

WHEN the other fellow gets rich, it's luck,
Just blundering luck that brings him gains;
But when we win it's a case of pluck,
With intelligent effort and lots of brains.

Millions of Dollars Being Made These Days

YOGIANANDA'S PROPHECY COMING TRUE

SEVERAL years ago in a circle of Mystics and Adepts in Boston, Yogiananda, the Blissful Prophet, prophesied that the beginning of the FOURTH GREAT CYCLE of this planet's existence, which would begin January 1, 1901, would usher in the real Golden Age. At that time some of the Boston papers printed his prophecy, and made some flippant remarks about it. Yogiananda, who is ever serene and blissful, smiled and said: "Wait and see." Moreover, he exhibited some ancient Hindu Astrological writings dating back several thousands of years, which clearly stated all the important things that have come to pass, and which had much to say about the Twentieth Century, or the beginning of the Fourth Great Cycle of this Earth. Yogiananda, who writes exclusively for this magazine, says to-day that poverty and drudgery are to be abolished in this century; that a grand and glorious time for the world, especially this part of it, is near at hand.

Great fortunes are now being made by the alert and optimistic people, and prosperity is to last—to be permanent. Yogiananda further says, that the only ones who will not have much success, or be only fairly successful, will be envious people who complain of the success of the fortunate millionaires, the pessimists, the sceptical and unbelieving class, and those who persist in looking on the dark side of life.

Here are only a few of the larger sums which have been made since the last National Election in November:

George Gould	\$25,000,000
E. H. Harriman	20,000,000
J. Pierpont Morgan	15,000,000
James R. Keene	10,000,000
John W. Gates	4,000,000
Jacob Field	1,000,000

These great fortunes were made in less than six months. Think of it! It is simply astounding! But nothing to what is to happen. Now, the "common" people, if they do not murmur or complain and are patient and not envious of the rich, they, too, will get their full share of wealth in time. But they must stop listening to false prophets who aim to keep them dissatisfied and stirred up and unfit to accomplish and achieve.

Yogiananda says, the poor keep themselves poor by poor thinking; that to be successful ourselves, we must rejoice at the success of others, and never be envious of any rich man, no matter how much his wealth is.

The Richest Woman in America Says

MRS. HETTY GREEN, the richest woman in this country, is bitterly opposed to women gambling, especially in stock speculations. In a lengthy article in *Success*, among other things she says:

"Women like to spend money, but they don't know how to make it.

"Women would much rather spend than earn.

"As long as women won't save, we're not likely to have many women millionaires in this country.

"A woman can get along as well as a man in any office, if she only conducts herself properly and looks out for herself.

"I am able to manage my affairs better than any man could manage them.

"Gambling is getting to be a popular vice with women.

"Most women seem to be born gamblers.

"The old saying that 'a fool and his money are soon parted' might be changed to read 'a woman and her money are soon parted,' and be just as true as the original."

Mrs. Green is an extremist, and we think she ought to have qualified her remarks by using the words "some women" or "a few women." This magazine holds a higher opinion of women than does Mrs. Green; we believe woman is the *finer* vessel, and not the weaker vessel of the two sexes.

We cannot but discover how in our very griefs there were hidden angels reaching up to hide, within the dark experience, some treasure of patience or trust we could never have possessed had the angels only descended on us and our life been one long joy.—Robert Collyer.

The Value of Wealth

It is a good thing to have money but bad for money to have you. That is to say, wealth and opulence are all right when you do not make them your god and fall down and worship gold. Wealth should not be the master, but the servant of man. Wealth honestly earned and wisely expended is a grand, good thing. The great men of the world, who acquire great wealth, are non-attached to their work and non-attached to their wealth. They work for work's sake, and because work is ennobling; they reap the rewards of their work in money and expend it in a wise way; they use money for religion, education, the arts, the sciences and anything that has a tendency to refinement and culture. These souls live in the realms of the soul and mind and not in gratifying the senses—the appetites and passions. When man lives on the plane of pleasure alone he also lives on the plane of pain and suffering. With all so-called pleasure must come more or less pain.

When we live for the soul and mind we get happiness. The spiritual and intellectual sides of man when developed and equalized—harmonized—bring harmony, peace, joy, bliss and happiness. Then it is, and not until then, that man knows how to master fortune and is not a slave to fortune. So, dear readers, it is a good thing for you to have wealth and a bad thing for wealth to have you.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie is a splendid example of a very high type of man, who is non-attached to work and to wealth. Such a soul is the true worker in the world. The Higher Powers are sure to help such a man to tremendous wealth, because he is non-attached, and is a worthy steward of wealth.

The happiness of a man who works, acquires and uses wealth as Mr. Carnegie does is indescribable. He truly is a master of wealth.

King Solomon, who had great wealth, drank deeply of every cup of sensuous pleasure, and at the end of his earth life said of pleasures, "Vanity of vanities; all is vanity." All the wealth of the world cannot bring happiness to men who live for pleasure alone. The elder Vanderbilt, with eighty millions of dollars, said just before passing out of his body, "I am poor and needy; yes, poor and needy." Wealth acquired for pleasure alone is a false god. F. H.

The Grandeur of Millions

THIS country's great success is due in a large measure to our citizens being great readers of newspapers and magazines. Again, we are the largest periodical advertisers in the world, and all energetic and enterprising people read advertisements. In this connection let us quote the *New York Commercial*: "The aggregate annual cost of newspaper and periodical advertising in the United States cannot be far from \$500,000,000."

As a rule, a business man cannot hope for great success unless he is a large and persistent advertiser.

A great mystic says, large advertisers are helped by unseen or occult forces, because they make it possible for publishers to print and distribute millions of papers at a small cost—a nominal price.

Intelligent advertising is a power for wealth and great good to humanity.

Many men fail or have only fair success because they do not advertise.

Men and women who do not regularly read newspapers and magazines and the advertisements are not enterprising or progressive.

Read THE MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES regularly and get into the vibrations which make for success.

The First Billionaire

I PREDICT that Mr. John D. Rockefeller will be the first billionaire in the world.

Within twenty-five years from now, or on January 1, 1926, there will be a number of billionaires in the United States.

According to Astrology and the ancient Hindu writings, Mr. Rockefeller ought to reach the billionaire mark in 1919. He will then be in the body a very highly respected man, and still a man of affairs.

The Spiritual Yogis in India know more about Mr. Rockefeller than the average American. Indeed, he is not understood here.

Mr. Rockefeller has the most wonderful Spiritual forces about him all the time. His solar and planetary conditions at birth were good, and all through this incarnation until he passes out of the body the planetary forces are good for him.—YOGIANANDA, *Astrologer*.

INTOLERANCE and bigotry must make way for education, love and humanity if we would progress.—R. H. Cook.



PROFESSOR LE KARMO, the eminent chiropgraphical seer, has been engaged to write for this department each month brief and correct psychic graphology delineations of character by your handwriting. This is free to subscribers only. If you are not a subscriber and desire to have PROFESSOR LE KARMO delineate your character, send your subscription to our magazine, together with eight or ten lines of your own handwriting, telling us how we can improve this magazine, and your delineation of character will be printed. Sign your full name and some fictitious name for us to print, so that you will recognize your delineation when printed. Be sure to write your full name and address besides the nickname or initials for print. We never print the real names in this department.



GOOD LUCK comes to all who observe carefully the Psychic Law. Work, be good, kind and just, and you will have good luck.

Quite a number of persons sent letters to this department, but failed to sign their names in full, and of course, under the rule printed above, I cannot give a delineation.

M. E. L. W.—You have a lovely character, and will succeed in life because you are polite and of a refined nature. A psychic voice says: "Yes; she has talent for music, and we desire her to give much attention to music." Music is a splendid thing for anyone, especially those who desire to become refined and cultured.

Mrs. J. E. B.—You have a strong will, and when you set your mind on securing anything you get it in time. This magazine will give you the right vibrations to succeed. Read it very carefully each month. When I hold your letter to my head I get a tremendous force and a psychic voice of a lovely young girl says: "Tell her to be patient, very patient; we will bring it about." You will know what that message means better than I do.

NANA JAY—Oh, what is disturbing you? When I took up your letter I felt a lot of disturbing forces. "Professor, tell her," says a voice of an old man this very minute, "to be very careful and not to be fooled." This is a very strong message and I would heed it if I were you. I do not know what it means, but you will know. You have a good heart and are very confiding. Hold to your desires and they will be granted.

F. D. W.—You are a very sensible, practical person, and if you will read more than you do and have a desire for knowledge your life will be a long and happy one. "That's exactly right, Professor," says a psychic voice.

B. J. O.—What a terrible temper you have! When I took up your letter I felt angry forces about me. A commanding voice says: "All who do not control their tempers will live unhappy and unsuccessful lives, and suffer much in adjusting themselves when they pass over to our world." This means the Spirit World. Anger and hatred retard one's progress, here and hereafter.

ARABIAN—You have a very fine character. A most pleasing sensation came over me when I picked your letter up, and I am impressed to say to you that your life will be full of joy. "Oh, tell him to try hard to realize the higher life," says an angelic voice. You are surrounded by a fine lot of spiritual forces. Be sure to always read this magazine because we have so much to say to souls like yourself.

DEERFOOT—Your letter made me thrill with joy. You are striving so hard for light. A voice says: "Tell him to walk much and meditate on beautiful things—walk down to Melrose and Melrose Highlands, and you will meet someone there that can help you." You will know what this means. Another voice says, "Oh he knows—tell him to be careful with hypnotism." Something unusual about your letter is that the voices keep saying, "Melrose! Melrose! Melrose!!!"

A. W. H.—Your vibratory forces are strong; you have magnetism and a strong character. A voice says: "He is on the right path." We want you to get interested in this magazine and help spread our gospel of hope. Just this instant a great, strong voice says: "YES, TELL ALL OF YOUR READERS TO HOLD TO HOPE AND BE COURAGEOUS. PRINT THIS MESSAGE IN LARGE TYPE." We never disobey the voices, as our guides and controls are always right.

SOLEMN—You are a hungry soul. Spirituality is your realm. Listen to the voice that uses no words. "Tell her to look on high for happiness," says a sweet, calm voice of an elderly lady—who was old in body when she passed on, but now is young. The soul is

always young and bright; the mind and body grow old, but never the soul. The soul is ever the same—bright and luminous, but when in a poor body is dimmed or clouded. Therefore for peace and calm of the soul—your real self—it is very important to keep the body fine, clean, pure.

FANNIE E.—"We greet you, dear one, and are glad you are interested in this magazine, which is edited by great spiritual Adepts. Many bands are at work helping to spread through its mediums the grand truths which will free the Earth mortals from fear and doubt. Others are waiting to hear, so we must be brief with the Professor." Immediately I took up your letter I got the above communication. You have a lovely character, and we are pleased to have you in our "GREAT CIRCLE" of readers. We intend through the psychic force to help and inspire every reader; our work is to give all hope and rouse the soul power of all who read our writings. This magazine has a large and far-reaching circulation already. The unseen forces are working for us throughout the civilized world. We have requested some of them to help us in Battle Creek, and you will see a good many regular readers there very soon.

K. B. M.—Your writing is full of the psychic power. You have a fine soulful nature, and will be very happy. As I write for you I hear beautiful strains of music—angelic voices singing a gladsome song of peace and joy. The leader of one of our unseen "bands" says: "Tell her to keep on singing her message." We herewith print the few written lines you sent us, and from which I give this reading:

TO PROFESSOR LE KARMO

"These written thoughts will swiftly fly
And to your mind convey
A vision pleasing to your soul,
A song upon the way.
For space is but a trivial thing
When spanned by eager minds,
And he who seeks, with hopeful heart,
The treasure quickly finds."

K. B. M.

OAKLEY—You are a very sensible, practical person, and your writing indicates strong character. You will be successful.

QUIVER—You are very discerning, and have excellent judgment—discrimination. A voice says: "Tell him to never abandon the study of occultism, mysticism and metaphysics."

UNCLE WILLIAM—You are a kind, thoughtful, considerate soul, and are quite magnetic. I feel your magnetism when I touch your letter. You will be successful.

F. C. L.—You are magnetic, and if you gave more attention to purely psychic matters—not mental—your success would be far greater than it is. "Tell him to live as purely as he can," says a voice. Read the VEDAS. Read all that Yogiananda writes in this magazine.

A. Z.—You have a very strong character, and your judgment is good. Your mind is changing a great deal about psychological matters.

DORA—Your letter impresses me strongly. You are reaching out for Light. You will get it. I know the hills about your home. Some years ago I spent fifteen weeks in retirement—praying and fasting—very near your home. You live in a splendid locality for spiritual unfolding.

E. L. S.—You are influenced much by an ancient Hindu force. In some past incarnation you lived in India. Your writing is unusual in this part of the world. In the Far East—the Orient—we find it often. Some great Hindu Swamis and Gurus write like you. "Tell her to keep up her studies in occult matters," says a psychic voice.

JOE—You have a good character, and will be very successful. Read this magazine regularly, as it is very helpful to aspiring souls.

H. S. Co.—You must have more hope and more courage. Dwell much on spiritual matters. Learn to acquire psychic power by reading this magazine. Do not depend upon others; depend solely upon yourself.

E. P. S.—You are not very strong physically. Rely solely upon soul power to give you health and strength. Rouse the life forces—the vital forces—by thinking of the Higher Power. Read the magazine again and again. Wake up!

A. G. K.—You are a grand soul, and are far on the path. "The light is shining brightly," says a sweet, angelic voice of an ancient Hindu. There is only joy, peace, calm and Eternal happiness when we live absolutely pure lives. You are surrounded by very high forces all the time.

M. F. A.—You must get well. Put forth in the silence prayers to the Eternal One for life. You will be very foolish to gamble on races. Gambling is the height of folly.

NEMO—You must be more self-reliant and not depend upon others for advice. If you have any doubts in any project don't undertake it. The July and August numbers of this magazine will contain special articles which will help you.

CARTO—You are very weak, and meddling in other people's affairs. Anyone who does not attend strictly to his own affairs is despised and never happy. "That's right, Professor, tell him that he has failed twice just because he did not attend to his own affairs and meddled with the affairs of others." You will understand this message.

When writing you will get better results if you will pen your communication alone in a quiet place. Some letters produce remarkable clairvoyant visions; in such cases, I send a personal letter to the writer, so please write your full name (not for publication) and a fictitious name in your letters.

PROFESSOR LE KARMO,
Graphology Department,
THE MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES,
223 William street, New York City.

Hypnotist to Visit Hospital

The physicians of Bushwick Hospital in Brooklyn, N. Y., are about to experiment in the use of hypnotism in place of ether in the operating-room.

Drs. Frank Clark and J. J. Dooling have invited George Thurling, an amateur hypnotist, of No. 66 Washington avenue, to visit the hospital and try his power of throwing patients into a hypnotic state.

Young Thurling demonstrated his ability as a hypnotist to the two hospital surgeons, and Dr. A. J. Walter, of No. 461 Myrtle avenue, and George Kuhn, of No. 122 Clinton street, at his home recently.

After putting his subject, William Smylie, a young man, through several tricks, Mr. Thurling said he would try one of the most difficult.

At his request the four physicians examined the pulse of the young man and agreed that it was 84.

"Smylie, you are suffering from fever," said the hypnotist. "It's getting worse—worse. Now it is at its height."

The doctors made another examination and found that the pulse was throbbing away at a rate of 160 beats to the minute.

They declared this a most wonderful performance. After allowing his pulsation to continue for some time the heartbeats were decreased to normal. The temperature of the subject was changed in the same way.

To prove that hypnotic suggestion cannot make criminals, Mr. Thurling handed the subject a knife made of paper and told him to stab him. This he did. Next, handing the subject a dirk, and ordering that he be stabbed, the man threw the knife to the floor.

Lives of Two Girls that Were as One

THE coincidences in the lives of Mary Sheehan Montgomery and Katharine Barnes O'Connell, of Syracuse, N. Y., are truly marvelous.

They were born on the same day and were friends from childhood. They became engaged at about the same time, and their weddings were celebrated at the same hour in St. Patrick's Church on June 6, 1900.

Their close friendship continued, and their husbands, John O'Connell and James Montgomery, became fast friends.

A few weeks ago both young women were taken ill, and in a few days, at the same hour and day, they died. Their joint funeral was held in St. Patrick's Church, of Syracuse, at the same time, and they were buried in St. Agnes's Cemetery.

Girl Says Dead Father Is a White Butterfly

TOLD HER WHEN DYING HE WOULD RETURN TO HER IN THAT FORM



DR. JOHN STAR was a notable physician of Alameda, Cal. He was a man of more than average intelligence. For many years before his death, which occurred several years ago, he had taught his family the theory of transmigration of souls.

Just before he died he told his wife and children he would return to them in the form of a butterfly. A short time after a white butterfly was seen in the garden.

The Star family went to California several years ago from Boston. They are people of culture and have never been regarded as superstitious. The daughter, Miss Rose, tells the following story with every evidence of sincerity:

"One day when papa and I were training roses over the window a cloud of butterflies fluttered about us. Papa said to me, 'When I die, Rose, I shall not ascend to some mystic heaven. I shall live here on earth—here in this garden, perhaps. One thing I am sure of, it will be wherever you and your dear mother are.'

"I shall be in the guise of one of those gleaming butterflies. Nothing less airy than a butterfly would satisfy me. I called you Rose because I thought that in my future state I'd live always on earth, a glorious butterfly, and you, I fancied, might choose to come back as a great, splendid crimson rose. What friends, what comrades we'd be!"

"Mother and I lived here for about a year after father's death. One day we saw a large white butterfly which hovered about the windows, and several times when I was attending the roses it settled upon my shoulder. This velvety white insect would flutter his wings against my face, and I began to wonder if it were indeed my father.

"Rose," said mamma one day to me, 'suppose we go to some place in the country where we may have an acre of roses if we desire, and where the butterflies may find a haven.'

"We chose a pleasant home two and a half miles from Sonoma. The house is an old adobe, but the roses that grow there are the glory of the place. The large butterfly of which I spoke seemed to cling to me.

"We'd better take him with us," I suggested to mamma; 'it may be papa.'

"That's true," she agreed, much to my surprise.

"When we were going away the insect came of its own accord to me. I placed him in a basket and took him with us. Since then we have always had many butterflies on our place. I feel father must be one of them."

[The above, which has recently appeared in many newspapers of the country, was shown to Yogiananda, the Blissful Prophet, who possibly knows more about reincarnation than any living adept. He smiled, and said, the soul does not go from the human form to that of an insect or animal; that each time it reincarnates into a higher and more intelligent being; it continually builds and inhabits a finer and better body or temple. But he did say that the soul of the girl's father could influence one or many butterflies and thus use them as a medium for making his presence known.—EDITOR.]

The "Yoga"

By H. S. Olcott, Theosophist

THEY have in India an ancient system of psychic training called Yoga, in which the recitation of certain mantras or verses of Sanskrit is prescribed. Especially important is said to be the way in which the mystic syllable *Om*, or *Aum*, is pronounced. Learned Brahmans tell me that the illimitable psychic potentiality of the Sanskrit charms or mantras is only drawn out by the adoption of a certain very accurate rule of pronunciation (*swara*). They say that by formulating the words correctly a vibration is set up in the *akaz*, or that part of the ether of space which enwraps our globe, which makes man the master over all the spirit denizens of the various kingdoms of nature. It first reacts upon the astral double or ethereal body of the man himself, purifying its grossness, stimulating its psychic powers out of the normal state of latency, and gradually fortifying them up to the point of mastery over nature's finer forces. How radically different is this concept of man from that of the theologian, who makes him out to be a crawling worm of the dust, master over nothing either within or outside himself, helpless, dependent, the toy and sport of a Higher Power, which must be invoked for strength to accomplish the most trivial equally with the most noble actions!

The World's End Near, They Think

MAINE ADVENTISTS EXPECT MRS. ELLEN WHITE TO REVEAL THE DAY OF JUDGMENT

AGAIN, with renewed confidence, the Adventists of Maine are preparing for the end of the world and the second coming of Christ. They believe that the exact date of the day of judgment will be revealed by Mrs. Ellen White, the prophetess of the faith. Mrs. White has already announced that the end of the world is very near, and in Maine the Adventists take this to mean that the dissolution of all things earthly will occur in the present year.

The Adventists of Maine, like the Prohibitionists of the State, are famed for their tenacity of belief. Through all sorts of disappointments they cling to what they think to be the truth. Since the great disappointment of 1844, when the world failed to stop on October 1, the day appointed by William Miller, the Maine Adventists have on several occasions gathered upon hills and by rivers, clad in white robes, and confidently awaited the final collapse.

Repeated disappointments seem to have had little power to discourage them or to weaken their faith, and to-day they are, if anything, firmer than before in their belief that the end of the world is near, and that this time their prophets will read the book of Daniel aright and announce the day when the Saviour shall reappear on earth.

Not only do the Adventists of Maine feel confidence in the prophecies of the approaching end, but they are joined in this belief by other strange sects, including all manner of dissenters from commonly accepted beliefs, and some day this year it is expected that there will be another and more numerous gathering of enthusiasts in white robes, awaiting the judgment.

In times past strange scenes have been enacted hereabouts on such occasions. Well-to-do people have given away all their earthly belongings to others, thus overlooking the obvious fact that should the world come to an end, the property would be of no use to anyone. In the town of Orrington several of the most prosperous farmers disposed of their property, and worse than that, one of them, in the excess of his zeal, mounted to his barn roof, expecting to be taken up therefrom into heaven, and, trusting too blindly in the support of Providence, fell to the ground and suffered mortal injuries.

[Yogiananda, the adept Yogi Astrologer, says that this world will last for four more Great Cycles, each circle covering almost countless billions of years.—EDITOR.]

Cure for Oppressive Summer Heat

THE heat of summer is good for us, providing we do not eat too much heating or stimulating food.

In hot weather, to enjoy good health, feel cheerful, happy and vigorous, eat moderately of cooling, wholesome food.

The fruits of summer, especially the berries, are cooling, refreshing and wholesome.

All kinds of vegetables, especially lettuce, are cooling and very healthful.

Ventilate the sleeping room, and use the bath frequently; don't complain of the weather, and the heat of summer will do you good.

It is in summertime that we generate and store up wonderful heat and life forces for the winter.

Placed on Our Roll of Honor

THE MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES is adding names daily to its Roll of Honor, comprising men and women who are 90 years of age and upward. One of the latest additions is that of Rev. Daniel J. Hauer, aged 95, living at Hanover, Pa. He is the dean of the Lutheran ministers of the United States, having been in the pulpit continuously for 59 years.

Sun-Ripened Food

THE ancient Gymnosophists of India subsisted entirely upon fruits and fresh vegetables. It was a part of their religious ordinances to eat nothing but what the sun had ripened and made fit for food without any further preparation. This diet contains a very small proportion of earthy elements, and it is said that these people were perfectly healthy, and lived to one hundred and fifty to two hundred years.

The soul secretes the body as the snail secretes its shell, and the body is but the expression in terms of matter of the stage of development to which the living being has arrived.—Kingsley.

Her Dream Came True

DOVE WARNED MRS. MOORE OF DANGER

THOSE who believe in dream warnings have won a warm supporter in Mrs. Charles Moore, wife of the overseer of the extensive Bullinger properties in Riverside, Conn. Mrs. Moore consented to go to Stamford recently on a shopping tour with her husband, although she was warned in a dream that the trip would result disastrously. And it did, for on the homeward trip the spirited team of horses which drew the runabout in which Mr. and Mrs. Moore rode, ran away, threw them out and wrecked the vehicle.

When Mr. Moore asked his wife to go to Stamford with him she demurred and told him of her dream. A white dove, she said, had appeared in a vision and left on her pillow a message of warning of some impending danger. Mr. Moore scoffed at the idea, and his daughter joined in the effort to persuade her mother to go to Stamford, saying it was only an idle dream.

But Mrs. Moore was hard to persuade. She pointed out that she never yet had a premonition of impending danger that was not verified afterward.

The arguments of the husband and daughter carried the day, however, and Mr. and Mrs. Moore set out for Stamford. They had finished their shopping and were on their way home when one of the horses slipped on the pavement in Main street and fell, breaking the wagon pole. The horse regained his feet in a second and started on a wild run down the street.

"For God's sake, jump!" Mr. Moore called out to his wife.

She gathered together her skirts and leaped. She alighted on her feet and fell to the pavement, but escaped injury of any consequence. Mrs. Moore had scarcely picked herself up when the runabout careened and sent her husband flying to the pavement. He was badly cut about the mouth.

A Wonderful Memory

CHAMPION PILLSBURY must be a psychic or have some special gift, states the Northeast Sun, else he could not be possessed of such a phenomenal memory. Such small items as repeating thirty words given him by an audience in the order given, then backward, hardly requires an effort. He plays at one time ten games of chess or checkers and a game of duplicate whist.

The chess boards are arranged in a row, each numbered; then the champion seats himself at his whist table with his back to the boards. As he plays away at his whist he concentrates his mind on the chess boards, and as the player at No. 1 makes his move and calls it, Pillsbury calls his move, which the player makes for him. So on down the line of all the boards, each player calls his move and Pillsbury sees the board in his mind, and is ready for his move. If this were only done with one or two boards it would not be so strange, but such powers of memory work are not seen every day. The champion is but twenty-eight years old, and has been at this work since he was sixteen.

1812 Veteran 101 Years Old

ON May 1, about one hundred friends of Hiram Cronk, the last survivor of the War of 1812, helped him celebrate his one hundred and first birthday at his home at Dunn Brook, N. Y. He is in excellent health and promises to live a good many years yet. Mr. Cronk adds another name to our long list of living persons who are upward of 100 years old. The Roll of Honor of THE MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES is being watched with deep interest by scientific men. Our adepts prophesied some time ago that from now on it would be a very common thing to find persons living a happy and healthy life at 100 to 130 years of age. The youngest person on our Roll of Honor is 90 years old and the oldest 144 years. This magazine intends to point the way to living to a great old age. The first step is to have a desire to live a healthy, happy, long life, and to read regularly this magazine every month. Are you a subscriber? Do you desire to join our "Live Long Club?" All subscribers to THE MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES are admitted to membership free of all charge.

Just Like Papa's

"PLEASE cut my hair," said Lyndon, To the man in the barber shop; "And I want it cut just like papa's, With a little round hole on top!"

—Emma C. Dowd, in the *Abigail*.

It is given us sometimes, even in our everyday life, to witness the saving influence of a noble nature.—George Eliot.

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER

Richest Man in the World Talks to His Son's Bible Class

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER told an intensely interested audience recently how he had learned to read men and learned how to influence them at the church door when he was a boy. He explained that clause in so many of his large gifts of late years which has mystified or irritated so many people, the requirement that a sum equal to his gift shall be obtained from other persons, attributing the idea which gave it birth to that same period. He said that the man who made other men give was one of the most useful men of the community, and he urged his hearers to become of that number. And he told—with an apology for the personal incident—of the fact that in a generation he had, through the business which he established, paid to labor the stupendous sum of \$700,000,000, which is equivalent to \$10 to every resident of the United States. He was speaking to the Young Men's Bible Class of the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, of which his son, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., is leader, and to friends whom they had invited to be present.

J. M. Truxell, a member of the class, who presided at the meeting in the church parlors in West Forty-sixth street, said that regardless of what others had said, he would introduce Mr. Rockefeller as he had known him, "a man with the mind and genius and simplicity of the good old shoemaker in the corner there," making an indefinite motion toward a part of the well-filled room. Mr. Rockefeller was received with hearty applause.

"It is a great pleasure to me," he said, "to be here and look into the faces of these men who have been so helpful to my son. I am not going to make a speech. I would do nothing to interfere with your benefiting from the valuable remarks which our good Lieutenant-Governor has just made. [Lieut.-Gov. Woodruff had addressed the class before Mr. Rockefeller spoke.] I sought recently to persuade my son that in view of many other responsibilities, it would be better for him not to undertake the leadership of this class. He quickly informed me that he was getting a great deal more out of it than you were."

There was laughter at this, in which Mr. Rockefeller presently joined. He continued: "While you are aiding him by valuable suggestions, you are also going on with preparations to 'give out' in other relations. You are preparing to 'give out' in the best way to give out—the way that is going to be the most helpful to other people; to give of what you receive, whether it is money or information or whatever it may be. I believe that that is what we are all in the world for, to receive and give for the benefit of others, receiving information, property—whatever we may receive and appropriate—for the benefit of other people. Suppose the pump that stores water for the city should work only the suction part, the water would soon become stagnant. I believe that many a man with the will to benefit others has, with less learning, made a better teacher than those who keep on imbibing and impart nothing."

"I don't suppose that the only way to make a success is to make money; that is only an incident. You men are making the foundations of character. You may never have great possessions, but you will have something of greater value than all the gold and all the ships and all the railroads. It doesn't fall to the lot of many men to become possessed of so many things as Mr. Carnegie—recognizing as he does the responsibility of giving out—but those who haven't the property may be far richer by having the character."

"Some of you have been engaged for years in giving out your money and getting others to give theirs. The man who has the confidence of the community and is willing to devote himself to influencing other men to give money for good causes is doing a work second to none. He is doing a valuable work for the Church and the community. I have heard people say: 'Oh, I am not a beggar; I can't ask people for money.' I am grateful to say it was my work for thirty or forty years not only to give myself but to urge other people to give. I want to urge you young men not to be afraid to do this. For we'll always need money for our institutions."

"Nothing pleased me better than to make a man give money who just wanted to hang onto it. [Considerable laughter, in which the speaker joined.] I am delighted that my son takes pleasure in the same thing.

If you do this, then it will be better for the churches and for all. It will save the ladies—recall, as some of you can, the days of the old church donation party, when people came and ate each other out of house and home, and left perhaps dried apples; and it will save the feelings of the people who believe that the church should not be used in those ways.

"I began this work at fourteen or fifteen years old, and I learned how to influence people, how to get on with different people—you that are merchants know that you have got to deal differently with different customers—at the church door, where I stood trying to make people give, even 15 or 20 cents a Sunday, to pay off a church debt. It wasn't much of a debt, \$1,500 or \$2,000, but it was a good deal of a burden upon us."

"This little clause that I introduce [Mr. Rockefeller adverted without direct explanatory introduction to his form of giving which makes others give, too]—the idea I had was not to be arbitrary in any way; it was that if I couldn't personally solicit the money, it would be well if I could draw such a clause as to make someone else give; if I could give perhaps a part of the money, to frame a pledge that would induce others to give the rest, rather than allow the cause to suffer, to leave it at a sinking ship. It wasn't to be arbitrary at all. When it was begun we were trying to establish an institution for the Indians, and one man I knew got so angry that he said he wouldn't give a dollar under any such constraint; he wanted that clause withdrawn; and I felt so strongly in the matter and so wanted to have the enterprise a success that I was on the point of yielding and withdrawing the clause, but another friend said to me: 'Don't you do it; stick to it.' And I did, and I believe that I was right."

"Is it right to put your name down when you make a gift? Do you do that or do you write 'A Friend'? I never give money unless I know to what it is to be devoted. I believe that neither you nor I ought to give money unless we know all about the object. And then if we know that, I believe that we ought to indorse it and so influence others to give. Suppose you write 'A Friend,' curiosity is piqued, we all ask and presently find out who the giver is and then all is over; we care no more about it. I say: Do not give unless you know all about the object, and if you do give, put your name down for the purpose of influencing others."

"Are we not receiving all the time, from the rising to the setting of the sun? Not necessarily money, but information, wisdom—whatever it may be? And are you giving it out? Even if it be only a pleasant word, even only a God bless you? I believe the weight of these little things—that these little exchanges are of the greatest value, greater than money, in the Church, in the State, anywhere."

"I believe a gift than which no other is more valuable is the gift of honest labor—giving a man steady work. I am not an orator nor an educator, but just a business man. I did not come here to make a speech, but there is one thing upon which I would like to say a word. I am engaged in a business that for thirty years has paid out each working day an average of \$60,000 or \$70,000 in money, or about \$22,000,000 or \$23,000,000 each year to laboring men."

"For thirty years of the forty that I was in that particular business the aggregate so paid was between \$600,000,000 and \$700,000,000. And that I regard as the best kind of giving. I will ask you to pardon me for referring to this thing."

There was hearty applause. Mr. Rockefeller's son followed him and said, to the great amusement of the company:

"I think that I have never been so presumptuous before as to speak a few words on the same occasion as my father. I am very proud to have my father speak to you tonight and to have you hear him. There never was a better father than he is."

Occult Books

READERS of this magazine desiring works on occultism, metaphysics and psychology will do well to write the editor, stating about what they want, when he will suggest how the work can be obtained, and the price for same.

Publishers of occult books and periodicals will do well to send us their publications, with prices and best cash discounts.

Address

EDITOR OF MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES.

The Occult Rule for Amassing Wealth



FOR ages wise men and sages have been giving to the world the secret for amassing wealth. Some few heed and respect the utterances of the wise and do succeed in amassing great wealth.

The masses are hard to reach with thought, and heed not the teachings of wise men. The rules for amassing wealth are:

First—One must have a strong desire to acquire wealth by earnest, honest, legitimate work, and not by low cunning or scheming, or dishonest methods.

Second—One must work with a cheerful heart and mind, always endeavoring to do more and better work than anyone else. No indolent or lazy person ever acquired great wealth, unless through inheritance.

Third—For a long time one must live very simply, on simple foods, and expend but little money upon pleasure. Save every cent you can. Put it in a savings bank or invest it where it will draw a low rate of interest. In a while, a few years, you will find you have some capital. In the meantime, if you have lived a good, clean life of industry, you will find your health good. The unseen intelligences have been closely watching you, and the moment they discover you are made of the right sort of stuff, so that you can handle safely and properly a great sum of money, the unseen forces will set to work to put before you OPPORTUNITIES, and you will amass wealth.

The great unseen powers have now selected you as a custodian or steward of wealth. If you are not faithful in your stewardship then it will be taken from you.

The thoughtless people, who are poor, and the active thinkers, who always select the wrong side of a question, are two classes who will remain poor and will not have wealth until they learn to think rightly.

The persons who are envious and jealous of men of wealth and who defile rich men ALWAYS REMAIN POOR. The occult forces keep such men poor.

The false prophets and agitators who go among the poor laboring people and endeavor to get them dissatisfied and disturbed, and who plant seeds of hatred in their minds against the rich, are to remain poor, very poor. The unseen forces will not permit any good fortune to come to these agitators and disturbers.

If they understood the power of the UNSEEN FORCES these false prophets, alleged leaders and disturbers, would get to work immediately at some honest labor and cease their talk. They are a clog in the progress of humanity and will suffer much for the part they play.

Defeat is sure for these false leaders and prophets—these demagogues. Did you ever know of one demagogue that succeeded? The UNSEEN POWERS scorn them and lead them a merry dance to defeat.

There is a secret or occult power—a hidden, unseen power—which regulates all wealth. All candidates for wealth are watched carefully by the unseen powers and when found worthy the candidate is helped; if not, in time he is defeated. This applies more particularly to aspirants after large wealth—great wealth.

The poor people will remain poor just as long as their mental food comes from disgruntled and ambitious demagogues.

Any man who will arraign the poor against the rich must go down to oblivion a complete failure. Moreover, all who think with him will also be dire failures.

The unseen occult forces work day and night—eternally at work.

The occult power for Wealth, Health and Happiness is printed a number of times each month in this mystical magazine. Can you discover it?

Wealth is acquired easily through work; through clean and simple living; through contentment; through honesty and earnestness and enthusiasm; through minding your own affairs and not being disturbed one way or the other by the success of others; by thinking for yourself; by keeping out of certain organizations, which are organized for the purpose of keeping your mind disturbed, to keep a few of the organizers or leaders in idleness, arrayed in fine apparel and fed on the fat of the land—at the expense of the poor laborers, who permit themselves to be hypnotized and organized.

The occult power for amassing wealth never works among the members of these organizations, and it never works for any man who thinks poorly—who is envious or jealous of the rich—who is a cynic or a pessimist.

F. H.

Modern Miracles



HOW do the unbelievers in the miracles of the Bible account for the modern miracles that are happening daily? One can scarcely pick up a daily paper without finding an account of some miraculous happening. Many strange things are to happen very soon. Before the twentieth century reaches the end of its first quarter glorified visions and other psychic phenomena will be such common occurrences as to scarcely cause comment. The people's faith in the Almighty Power is working wonders. The scoffers and persons who ridicule divine power will have their eyes opened to Psychic Light and will marvel.

The sands in the old hour-glass are running low and the New Time is here. So do not be astounded at anything that happens nowadays. Only recently the great New York papers were filled with the accounts of a miracle performed by Mr. G. F. Blundell, general manager of the Havana Telephone Company of Cuba. Mr. Blundell is an estimable gentleman, and an ardent believer in Divine Power. Here is the extract of a letter he wrote to Mr. J. F. Potter, an employee of the firm of Gardiner & Co., of Nos. 2 to 10 Worth street, New York City:

"I must tell you of an experience of a few days ago. I had decided to use in my kitchen a large kerosene stove for cooking purposes, with the thought that it was more economical than gas. The cook went out and left it burning too high, so as to allow the oil to pour over the floor, and when she came back the kitchen on one side was in flames. The large doors, which reached from the floor to the ceiling, were one mass of flame and the rafters (of wood) were beginning to burn. The stove itself and the oil tank, containing at least a gallon of oil, were fiercely blazing, and the flames reached upward four or five feet. I was at home and heard a scream, and the above is an actual statement of what presented itself to my mortal sight. Fear and bewilderment seized me for a few moments. I then tried to demonstrate, but I tried, and, my dear brother, as these flames gradually but surely obeyed divine law and broke the laws of physics, such a sense of awe and confidence in Truth overwhelmed me as I cannot describe.

"The fire just went out as I stood and looked at it. Of course, the police and fire department were out, but not a drop of water was used or a physical effort made except in the very beginning by me, and which showed me that no such power could save a serious conflagration. All the household and onlookers could say in answer to the wondering and numerous questions as to how it went out was: 'The señor just stood and looked at it,' and I could not tell them any more, because they could not understand."

Mr. Blundell is an enthusiastic Christian Scientist. Reading this account in the papers, Mr. H. J. W. Dam, a prominent citizen of New York, wrote to Mr. Blundell, knowing him to be a practical man of the highest integrity, and received the following reply:

"When I reached the place, the stove, containing a gallon of oil, was a mass of roaring flame, as were also the large doors, painted with oil paint, the wooden framework above them, and the wooden beams and crosspieces of the ceiling, painted with resin varnish.

"The room presented all the conditions of draught, etc., which would enable a fire to spread with great rapidity. It certainly did so in its incipency.

"The stove was a wreck, and had to be thrown away. The servants and native firemen were dumfounded, and the latter could not believe the statements of the servants that: 'The señor told us to keep still and not be afraid, and then he just stood and looked at it and it went out.'

"An English gentleman of broad intelligence and liberal thought said, upon viewing the scene afterward, that there was not the slightest doubt but that the results were caused by a power higher than the human.

"About a quart of oil remained unburned in the reservoir after three quarts had burned away. No water was used, nor was any physical effort made. Not a spark or glowing portion of the burning doors remained when the firemen arrived. The fire was almost instantly and completely extinguished.

"I understand in a general way the laws of physics, as my business obliges me to be acquainted with them. I know it was a true manifestation of Divine Principle."

The name of the English gentleman mentioned was given as Mr. John O'Connor, assistant manager of the Exchange Department of the North American Trust Company, No. 27 Cuba street, Havana. Upon being applied to for a statement concerning the occurrences mentioned, he wrote:

"It is with much pleasure that I put in writ-

ing my recollections and impressions of the fire at Zulueta street, No. 20.

"I make this statement simply as an interesting and, to me, extraordinary fact. While confessing an admiration for the theoretical principles of Christian Science, I am unprepared to admit the efficacy of those principles in a broad or general sense. Should anyone ask me to what cause or force I ascribe the extinguishing of the fire in question I answer, here are the facts, explain them to your own satisfaction, and ascribe the result to any cause which may seem to you tenable. I can only say that, though an unbeliever in miracles, this is, to me, an inexplicable and mysterious circumstance, and borders on the supernatural and unknown."

Our Sins Find Us Out

By Emma Graves Dietrick

"PAPA, please give me my money," said a little fellow as he stood cap in hand, ready for Sunday-school.

The father drew a handful of coins from his pocket, and selecting one, handed it to the boy.

"Why, papa!" he exclaimed, with delight, "did you mean it? It's a nickel."

"Yes," replied the father, with a laugh, "it's a punched one, but nobody'll know the difference in a collection."

The boy stood a moment in thought and then said, slowly:

"Don't it make any difference unless folks know?"

"Of course not, you little goose," answered the father; and the boy went on.

A few days later the father said, with an air of satisfaction, "It didn't cost me anything to come up on the train to-night."

"How was that?" asked his wife.

"Oh, the train was full, and before the conductor got to me we came to a station, and he went to see if anyone got on, and I slipped ahead into the smoker. Nobody got on there, so he didn't come into the smoker again, and I saved my ticket—great scheme, wasn't it?" And the father and mother laughed heartily, but a sober face looked up, and the boy said:

"Don't you have to pay unless the conductor asks you?" And again the father answered:

"Of course not, you little goose."

Another day the father came home and told with a chuckle how in paying a small account the man had by accident handed him back the bill he gave, in addition to the change required. And our little inquisitor asked:

"Did you keep it, papa?"

And was answered by:

"Sure; it wasn't my business to keep accounts for other people. I look out for Number One."

The father is a professing Christian, attends church regularly, and would be amazed and indignant if anyone should call him dishonest.

With training like this is it any wonder the child grew into young manhood with an ingrained conviction that a falsehood undetected was not a sin? But the words of God never fail, and "Be sure your sin will find you out" proved true.

The boy, now a young man, finds that friends and employers alike say, "He's a nice fellow, but he'll bear watching; he doesn't see straight without somebody's eye is on him."

Who is to blame? Do you say, "He's old enough to see for himself and do right?" True; but habits of deceit weaken the will power as well as darken the moral vision, and our young man, though often mortified by detection, only tosses his head and says, "What a fuss about a little thing!" and the parents wonder why their boy can't be trusted. Is it surprising that with training like this in thousands of homes our young men are spoken of as "schemers" and "slippery" fellows?

"Honesty is the best policy" may be true enough, but the sentiment is poor foundation for character building. Absolute honesty is the only true principle.

Be honest with God and yourself, and you cannot fail to be honest with the world.

The Empress of Japan

THE Mystic prophets say the United States and Japan are always to be very friendly. The Japanese are very progressive and prosperous, and admire our enterprise.

There is no more ardent admirer of things English and American than the Empress of Japan, who, with her husband, has done much to develop her country on Western lines. The Empress, who has been married thirty years and has a family of five children, is still as vigorous as any of them. Every day she spends an hour in her private gymnasium in the palace at Tokio, and she is said to be one of the most skilful horsewomen in Japan.

Hypnotism for the Sick

PROFESSOR LADD ON THE PART MIND PLAYS IN CASES OF SICKNESS

Tells of Several Remarkable Cases of the Influence of Mind Over Matter—In Nervous Diseases a Change Results Through the Use of Mental Influences—Proper Uses of Drugs

"As a metaphysician I have very little respect for the cures said to be effected by our friends of the mind or faith cure persuasion," said Prof. George T. Ladd, professor of mental and moral philosophy at Yale College, New Haven, Conn., in his lecture recently given before the university on the "Therapeutic Value of Hypnotism." "As I have pointed out to you again and again, there is great good undoubtedly accomplished in functional nervous diseases by bracing up the mental condition of the patient and taking the mind from the affected part, and to this fundamental fact the so-called cures are traced.

"It is equally true that by suggestion all manner of ills may be visited upon a patient by continued dwelling on the fact. If a student should be told by everyone he met for a week that he was looking ill, it is safe to predict that before the week was out he would be sick in bed, brought about entirely by mental disturbance resultant upon these assertions of his associates.

"There are many cases where the cure of the body is affected by mental influences. This is particularly true in cases of nervous neurosis, when a sense of shame or fear can be awakened in the patient by hypnotic influences. For instance, in the case of those afflicted with palsy, no more powerful means of temporary suspension of the process of the disease is known than hypnotism. Again, a patient afflicted with locomotor ataxia will frequently, when under the hypnotic influence, walk without the slightest hesitation or danger of falling, while when in the normal state he could walk only with the greatest difficulty."

Professor Ladd told of an interesting case which came under his observation, of a woman who, in a hypnotic state, was convinced that she had taken a dose of belladonna. So vivid was this impression on her mind that when she came out of the hypnotic state she was so ill, the symptoms, all pointing to belladonna poisoning, made it necessary to put the patient into the hypnotic state again and by suggestion administer an antidote for the poison before she regained her normal physical condition.

"Statistics compiled by skilful practitioners of hypnotism," added Professor Ladd, "show that about one-third of the cases of certain functional nervous disorders treated with hypnotism are cured by this means, while another third are greatly benefited. In the cases of organic disease, diseases where anatomical changes have taken place, remarkable instances are cited of improved conditions due to hypnotic treatment."

Professor Ladd cited several cases where post-mortem examinations showed this to be unmistakably true. A woman in a hypnotic state was told that an ordinary iron placed on her arm was red hot, and not only did she suffer all the agony and pain of a deep burn, but she bore ever afterward the deep scar of the burn. Such a change was produced in the capillaries and nerves of her arm by the vivid impression of burning that she actually bore the marks of the burn.

Hypnotism, Professor Ladd said, is a kind of disease, and whether its application as means of curing other nervous diseases does not give rise to the growth of a more serious disease depends on the skill of the practitioner. In this respect hypnotism is like many drugs, such as opium, alcohol—most beneficial in some cases, but very likely, if continued in use, to give rise to more serious results. It is a curious fact that the drugs most likely to benefit humanity are those whose abuse is attended by the most pernicious results.

"I am convinced," he said, "that you can count on your ten fingers the drugs on the exact beneficial effect of which a skilful physician can count with any degree of certainty. It is not in the line of materia medica that the medical profession have advanced during the last fifty years, but in the lines of diagnosis. Except in the cases when the physician knows the specific disease he is treating, which is rare, and also knows the specific medicine required, it is doubtful whether medicine given operates very largely for good, only in so far as the good is brought about by mental influence. I question if you could reckon the good or harm done by medicine."

NATHAN M. ROTHSCHILD said: "My success has always turned upon one maxim, and that is, 'I can do what another can, and so I am a match for all the rest of 'em.'"



The Richest Man in the World and His Power for Good

The greatest business man in the world to-day, as well as one of its greatest philanthropists, is Mr. John D. Rockefeller.

The power of this man, with his millions, is greater than the average mind imagines.

Almost daily he is opening up new mines, constructing new railroads, steamship lines, grain elevators, endowing universities, colleges and schools, and building churches—creating new and great fields of industry.

This is the power of Great Wealth in the hands of a Great Soul.

With men like Mr. Rockefeller we are able to do business on a grand scale with the whole world—creating wonderful business and a tremendous amount of work for our workmen.

Thus we make new and lasting markets in all parts of the world.

A golden stream of money from foreign countries for our products now flows to us continuously in increasing volumes—thanks to men of business genius like Mr. Rockefeller.

Moreover, the whole world is benefited by great production of needed products, which can be sold at a low price to the consumer—here or abroad.

The more men this country has like Mr. Rockefeller, the better it will be for all of us.

He is the greatest creator of business and work the world has ever seen.

To use his own words:

"I believe the gift than which no other is more valuable, is the gift of honest labor, giving a man steady work."

As a rule, how much labor and work are provided by those who persistently howl and grumble at Mr. Rockefeller's wealth?

How much work do people with Utopian and sentimental ideas and impulses provide in this world?

Where are the oil wells, the mines, the railroads, the steamships, the grain elevators, the storehouses, the sky-scrapers, the universities, the colleges, the industrial schools, the churches, the hospitals, the orphan asylums and other grand institutions of advancement and civilization, built by the men who abuse, grumble at and criticise men like Mr. Rockefeller?

It is about time we knew more about Mr. Rockefeller as a fellow-citizen.

Read his address, printed on page 62 of this issue of THE MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES.

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER