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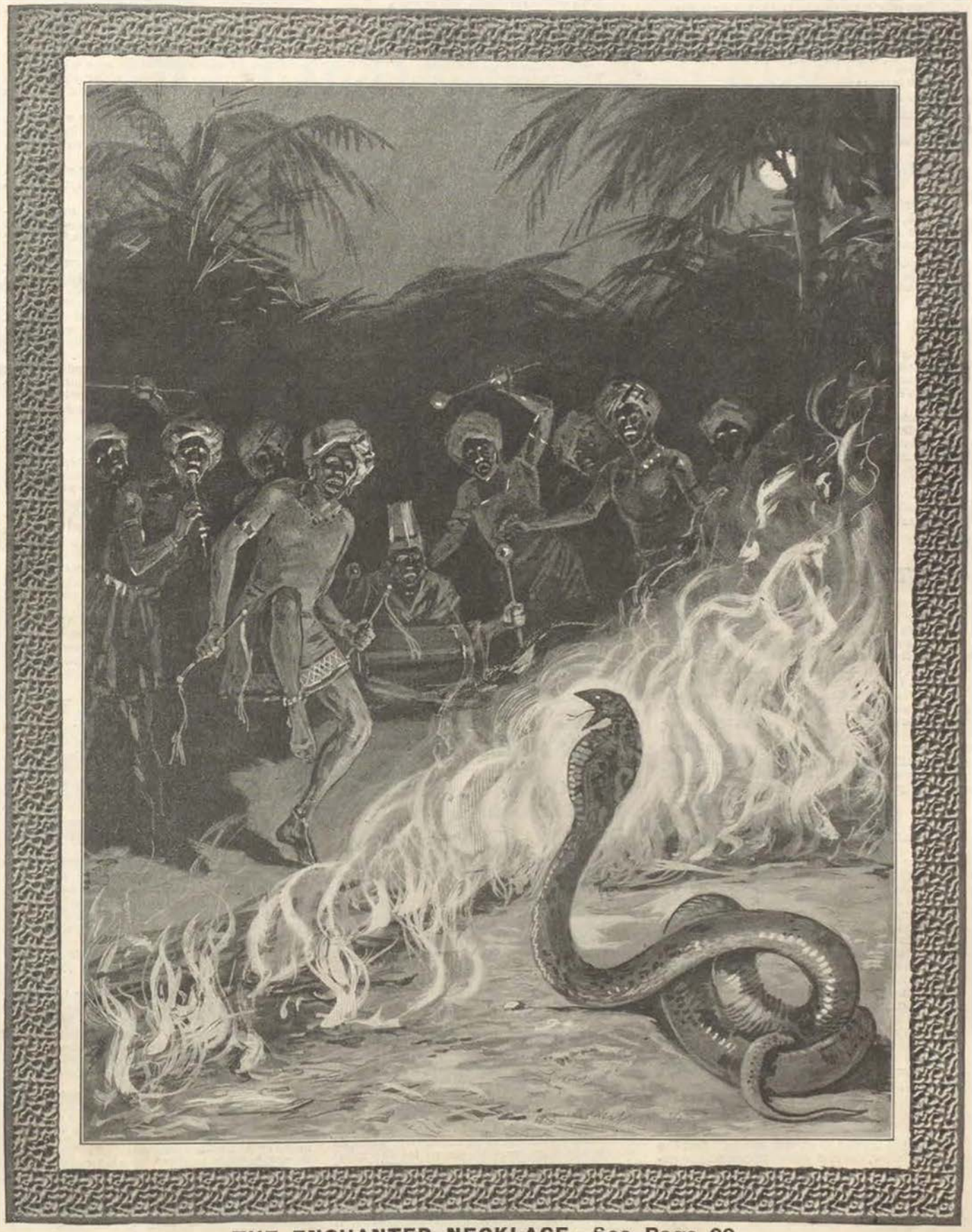

THE ENCHANTED NECKLACE.—See Page 99.

The New York Magazine of Mysteries

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KNOW THE UNKNOWN.

How to Succeed

ACTIVITY, with patience and a will to accomplish, with no fear of adversity, are qualities the great man possesses. Those who fear adversity will do well to remember:

"In this wild world the fondest and the best
Are the most tried, most troubled and distressed."

Do Your Best

Tho' sun may shine or clouds arise;
Tho' laughter turn to tears and sighs;
Oh, answer nobly to each test—
Whate'er betide, still do your best.

With courage hold your steady pace;
Ne'er falter in the earnest race;
Still nourish in your dauntless breast
The flame of hope—and do your best.

The clouds will break, the sun will shine,
The bow of promise is divine.
In cloud or shine, whate'er the test,
Press on, press on, and do your best.

—*Evening World.*

The Blessed One

ALL knowledge is within us, and can be called forth by knowledge—a persistent, eternal desire to know God.

To know God we must persistently and energetically love Him, the Blessed One; then, and then only, will we know Him.

God is the teacher of all teachers not limited by time or space.

"The very fact that man has a little knowledge shows that God has unlimited knowledge."

Reason will show that if we believe that we have a little knowledge we must admit that there is someone behind us with unlimited knowledge.

F. H.

Smoke Stacks and Steeples

IN this glorious country of smoke stacks and steeples we see progress and growth at every hand.

Smoke stacks and steeples mean progress, prosperity and a high civilization.

The smoke stack is as important as the steeple for man's spiritual, moral and intellectual development.

Without our churches we would not be able to build and operate our mills and factories.

The minds of our great manufacturers of this country are spiritualized; we almost invariably find these manufacturers regular attendants and worshippers in the various houses of God.

Smoke stacks and steeples go together. Wherever you find them you find progress and prosperity.

Truth

TRUTH is bigger than our minds. But the mind by slow, careful cultivation and the experience it goes through gradually becomes finer and more expansive until it has room for finer and greater truths—finer and greater knowledge.

MORAL MEN ARE WISE.

The World's Many Ways

THIS world is exactly as we view it. A good thinking man sees it as a good world and a bad thinking man as a bad world. The following verses will show how some of us view it:

It's a wonderful world, this of ours,
With all its vain pomp and show,
With all its wisdom and learning rare,
With all its wants and its woe.

It's a curious world, this of ours,
With its love and hate and scorn,
With its cups of woe and cups of bliss,
With its hopes bright and forlorn.

It's a hardened world, this of ours,
With all its jokes and its sneers,
With its wealth and thorns of misery,
With its grandeur and its tears.

It's a merciless world, this of ours,
With its hunger, cold and pain,
With its sad tales of weal and woe,
With its haughty, hard disdain.

It's a beautiful world, this of ours,
With all its music and song,
With all its pleasure and all its sighs,
With all its gayness and wrong.

It's a fast-going world, this of ours,
With its many ups and downs,
With its happy days and days of gloom,
With its fortunes, smiles and frowns.

One thing is certain, it is getting to be a better world every day for him who goes to the Divine source for Light, Direction and Wisdom.

Stop Talking When You Are Through

From the London Globe

THE late Professor Huxley, who was as shrewd an observer of men as he was of nature, once remarked, after falling into an indiscretion which annoyed him, that when a man says what he has no need to say he is sure to blunder. The truth of the observation will hardly be questioned, unless by the very few, if there are any such, who never say more than there is necessity for saying. Most of us acknowledge, if we review our own experience in the matter, that we have frequently erred by saying what needed not to be said. But why is it that people so persistently commit this mistake? In the ordinary small talk of the household, or of society, it matters little whether it is committed or not. But when serious matters are in question, whether in conversation, in set speech or in correspondence, a case is frequently spoiled by irrelevance or redundance. To say what you mean to say is comparatively easy; to leave off when you have said it is difficult, and for many people impossible. In Huxley's case the fault, which he probably did not often commit, was due neither to want of clear thinking nor to want of facility in the use of words. One or the other, or both of these causes, will explain the inability to "keep to the point" which is usually apparent in the speech and writing of uneducated persons. But often, also, the speaker or writer forgets that extraneous considerations, interesting enough to himself, are of no interest to those whom he wishes to convince.

One Cause of Growth of Christian Science

THE ministers of the churches who are denouncing their brothers for being "Christian Scientists" remind one of the clergymen who persistently denounced and condemned the late Robert G. Ingersoll. As a matter of truth, the more the ministers denounced Brother Ingersoll the more people were attracted to him; this is true of Christian Science. Its numbers are increasing at a most tremendous rate at the present time, just when certain ministers are fighting it with relentless persistency.

F. H.

Worry

THE imagination when not controlled runs riot. It plays a most important part in our lives; it makes us either happy or miserable. Worry and hurry come from the mind making false images of the events and purposes of life—the mind magnifies, enlarges, exaggerates trifles. The imaginative faculty must be curbed, restrained and trained by the will and made to stop making these false pictures which cause worry. Begin to let the mind dwell on quiet, calm, peace, tranquillity, and repeatedly image or picture yourself as absolutely freed from worry or anxiety. This paragraph should be repeatedly read and thought over and meditated on; indeed, it contains the philosophy of how to live wisely and happily.

Life a Trust

THIS MAGAZINE knows that life is a trust from God, the Blessed One. We are all here to serve God, and the only way to serve God is to serve our fellow beings. This is the ideal life—a life of love, service, work. President Arthur T. Hadley, of Yale College, in his recent baccalaureate address, said:

We live in a world where the man who would be successful in serving himself must at the same time be occupied in serving others.

The fact that we have been able to secure this degree of coincidence between selfishness and unselfishness is the most important characteristic of modern civilization.

The greater the liberty which a man enjoys in his social and professional life, the more necessary is it for his own character, for the interests of his fellow men, and for the permanence of our civilization as a whole, that he should recognize these wider obligations which no authority can enforce except his own conscience.

The larger his power and the newer the field in which he works, the more imperative is the necessity that he should treat life as a trust.

It is, I think, the distinguishing characteristic of a gentleman that he accept self-imposed obligations.

Distinctions of dress, of speech or of manners, however important, are but superficial things as compared with this underlying spirit.

And it is this readiness to accept self-imposed obligations which constitutes the fundamental characteristic of a Christian.

The people as a body cannot rest content with the practice of those personal virtues of older times which did well enough when they were but the subjects of a ruling class.

They must learn to accept trusts.

As the extension of industrial and political power gives them wider discretion in their conduct they must charge themselves with self-imposed obligations to a commensurate degree.

The Christian must be in the best sense of the word a gentleman.

To such a high and broad conception of Christianity you are called. On the men of your generation rests the duty of promoting in your own life and that of others the acceptance of a Christian faith which rises beyond the bounds of creeds or organizations or good works and which will make you members of a church universal.

If we can carry into our work a readiness to value men as men, independent of their external surroundings; an intense devotion to things outside of ourselves; and, above all else, a habit of looking at life as a measure to be filled instead of a cup to be drained; then shall we realize our highest possibilities for our country, for humanity and for the progress of God's kingdom.

Ghost Turns on the Water

FAUCETS are said to be opened by unseen hands every night in the deserted tenement house, No. 14 Brook street, in the "Little Italy" district of Paterson, N. J., and rappings and mysterious sounds follow throughout the building. The house is the one in which Peter Panquilli was shot dead, last Easter Sunday night, after a family row. Since then all its tenants have fled through fear of Panquilli's ghost.

Some of the people, in their haste to remove, did not even stop to take away all their belongings, and the articles so left behind are said to be used nightly as missiles by the vaporous hands of the spirit, and, thrown against walls, doors and windows, they contribute to the ghostly uproar.

Crowds gather nightly to look for the wraith, which is said to turn on the water each evening at 9 o'clock.

The first story of the murder was that Panquilli had quarreled with his father because he did not send more money to his blind wife in Italy, and that his brother, Sabatto, who took the old man's part, shot him. Tony Galsea has since been indicted by the Grand Jury for the crime.—*New York Times.*

[The Psychical Research Society, and investigators of strange phenomena, are rapidly coming to the truth about Spirit Return. Such excellent journals as the New York Times, from which the above account is taken, and which has as its motto: "ALL THE NEWS THAT'S FIT TO PRINT," do not hesitate to give space nowadays to reports of Psychical Phenomena. We live in a New Age—the Psychic Age.—EDITOR.]

EVERY man desires to live long, but no man would be old.—*Swift.*

LOVE THE ANGELS.

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The Enchanted Necklace

MY father was an officer in the British army, my mother an Italian lady. The latter dying a few months after my birth, and my father's regiment being about the same time ordered off to India, I was taken in charge by my paternal grandmother, living on her estate in Somersetshire. In this sheltered seclusion I remained for eighteen years, when my grandmother died suddenly of heart disease, and I was sent out to India under the care of a minister's wife who had been home on a visit.

I was a slip of a girl, with a paucity of worldly experience which made me appear pathetically childlike. Physically and mentally I had been about equally endowed by both parents, and, in consequence, was made up of strange contradictions and startling contrasts. My golden-brown hair and fair complexion inherited from my father accentuated my classic features and large, dark eyes, which came from my mother; while my impulsive, warm-hearted Italian temperament was modified by a thin stratum of English reserve, making my moods as variable as the wind, which bloweth where it listeth. They gave to my manners a hint of fickleness, more apparent than real.

I had never seen my father nor his family, and felt fully what I was, a stranger in a strange land, my heart torn and bleeding from the wrench given it at parting from all I knew or loved. I stood on deck like one spellbound, when I felt myself encircled by a pair of strong arms, while a deep, sonorous voice was saying in my ear: "My daughter, welcome to India," and, swinging round, I beheld my father, a middle-aged, soldierly man, with iron-gray side-whiskers and a sun-tanned visage.

He conducted me to his victoria (the only familiar-looking object I saw, and even this had native coachman and footman) and we were bowled rapidly along the smooth streets, whose quaint scenes with kaleidoscopic change flashed past us, out into the suburbs, along a line of Parsee residences, with their white walls and brilliant flower-beds, up on Malabar Hill, where my father's bungalow sat in a grove of tamarind trees, some distance from the road.

On the low, vine-draped veranda stood my stepmother, with her children, waiting to welcome me. She was a washed-out looking little woman, indolent and amiable, evidently a victim to the enervating climate, and her three children—all girls, and aged respectively nine, six, and three—bore a striking resemblance to her.

Her greeting was not lacking in cordiality, but the little ones drew back in round-eyed wonder, regarding me as though I were some strange animal. The look on their faces brought a sob to my throat, and oppressed me with a feeling of intrusion and superfluity. It seemed impossible for me to take the stamp of my new environment and adjust myself to an insignificant rôle—I, who had been all my life the central figure and spoiled darling of my grandmother's household.

I lived exclusively on fruits and boiled eggs—for palate and stomach alike rebelled at the curried dishes, which at first I vainly essayed to eat, with the tears streaming down my cheeks, to the no small amusement of the children and disgust of the servants, who regarded as a personal insult my inability to appreciate the native cuisine.

From the soft-voiced ayah, who had charge of the nursery, down through the different grades to the old punkah-puller, squatting all day in the basement, and jerking the cord which kept in motion the fans about the house, I was made to feel an alien.

Like the Queen of Sheba before King Solomon, there was no more spirit in me.

"Send me a cobra stone by Bentley. He is ill, and is coming home on furlough," my school chum, Caroline Rochester, had said, as she kissed me good-bye at parting.

Bentley was her brother—a captain in the cavalry. On the third day after my arrival I was sitting on the matting-covered floor of the library with Dorothea, the youngest child, who evinced a growing fondness for me. We were playing with her three Persian kittens, curled up on my lap like fluffy white pompons, when Captain Rochester was announced.

He was six-and-twenty (I had learned this from Caroline), tall and slender, with languid, thoroughbred, nonchalant manners, very white teeth, a blond mustache, chestnut hair and earnest gray eyes fringed with dark lashes; but he was too emaciated to be even moderately good-looking.

I suppose it was our unconventional introduction and his relationship to Caroline that took away the constraint of a first meeting. Besides, he had been in India but a few months, and his easy reference to people and places that I knew was like balm to my aching heart. I was soon babbling to him with the familiarity of an old acquaintance, while Dorothea and the kittens climbed about over our knees. "Have you ever taken the walk through the woods to the beach?" he asked, when he had exhausted home topics.

"No," I replied, all my discontent surging back, "I have never left the house since I entered it. I am afraid."

"Afraid? Why, what are you afraid of?" he queried, with an amused look on his face.

"Tigers, and lions, and snakes, and—and—everything." The ready tears sprang to my eyes as I continued, hotly: "Oh, I hate this country! I shall never, never feel at home here!"

"What a child you are—not much older than Dollie," he said, softly, as he leaned over to pull her tip-tilted nose. "Why, there's no more danger of wild animals in this part of India than there is in England—a few snakes, perhaps, but they are timid and keep out of the way. You will feel differently when the strangeness of it all wears off." Pressing my hand encouragingly as he rose to go, he added, "But you must get out, where you will see many things to divert you."

In compliance with Captain Rochester's suggestion, I asked permission of my stepmother to drive into the city the next day, shopping. She readily consented upon condition that I would excuse her from going, and take the ayah and Dorothea instead, adding, as an afterthought, that I must be careful to avoid exposure to the sun, as it would be apt to bring on fever.

As soon as tiffin was over we started. The top of the victoria was thrown back, for the sun shone fitfully, and clouds looming up from the ocean horizon portended rain.

We drove through the copper bazaar, but when we came to the flight of stone steps leading down to the ancient town we abandoned the carriage and proceeded on foot, pausing often to inspect the novelties that met us at every turn.

Just as we left a Chinese shop, with its pervasive odors, and were shaking our heads discouragingly at the almond-eyed Celestial standing bowing before us, and repeating, persuasively: "Wantee anytling aday?" a sudden shower poured down. We scurried into the next door, where copper and brass vases, jars and bowls were piled in artistic confusion.

Hearing a laughing ejaculation, I looked round, and my heart gave a leap which sent the blood to my neck and face, as I saw Captain Rochester standing in the room shaking the raindrops from his hat. "I learned from your *gari-mala* that you were in the town, and just caught a glimpse of you as you vanished in here," he explained, taking my hand, and kissing Dorothea.

Just then, remembering Caroline's request for a cobra stone, I asked our host if he could supply one. He hobbled to his feet with an alacrity which I should have thought impossible to one of his cumbersome dignity, and disappeared into an inner room. Hastily returning, he placed before me a small lacquer box, and with folded arms stood watching me keenly. But the ayah had thrown herself on her knees at my side, and with rolling eyes and trembling voice implored, "Don't buy them, missus, don't buy 'em. They devil-stones, an' bring bad luck," and she tried to take the box from me.

"They will not harm me. I am not superstitious," I said, defiantly, shaking off her detaining hand, and, opening the lid, I saw several small, yellow, semi-transparent pebbles, oval in shape, with flattened sides, lying embedded in a nest of cotton.

"Is it true that the cobra de capello carries these stones in its mouth?" I asked of Captain Rochester, who was teasing Dollie.

"Yes," he replied, as he picked up the largest stone, and, turning it idly in his hand, continued, dreamily, "If tested by psychomancy, what tales of horror these innocent-looking pebbles might reveal of the jungle and death." He laughingly placed it against my brow, at which the ayah uttered a piercing shriek, and, seizing Dorothea in her arms, rushed to the door, and even I drew back with a feeling of awe. Recovering myself by an effort I pushed the box out of reach and persisted, deeply interested: "Tell me all about them. Of what use are they to the snake?"

"The most rational theory, I think," he said, absently twirling his mustache, "is that the cobras use them as decoys. The stone is a rare variety of fluor-spar, found in dry river-beds. It emits in the dark—especially when previously warmed—a greenish, phosphorescent light. Now the cobra has a peculiar fondness for a diet of fire-flies, and by coiling itself in the grass with the *najá-kallu* near, the fire-flies swarm round it in numbers, being easily deceived by its resemblance to the glow-worm, which, you know, is the female of the fire-fly, but crawls upon the ground, having only rudimentary wings. In this way the cobra obtains an easy supply of food, and will defend the stone with its life."

"But why is the ayah so afraid of them?" I asked, looking to where she stood with an ashen face, muttering rapidly to herself in Hindustanee.

"Oh, the natives have a superstition that their light comes from the spirit of those the cobra has killed, and that it grows dim if not supplied with fresh victims, which is an easy

task, since there is no known antidote to the bite of the cobra."

"What a dreadful country to live in!" I said, with a shudder, as he extended his hand to assist me to my feet.

I paid thirty rupees for three of the largest stones, and we crossed the street to a jeweler's, who agreed to polish and attach them as pendants to a delicate filigree necklace of silver, which I selected.

The sun was setting when we reached the victoria, and Captain Rochester, taking the seat at my side, with Dorothea on his knee, ordered the *gari-mala* to drive to the fort, that we might hear the band play. My eyes welled over with tears when the soft strains of "Annie Laurie" throbbed and swelled on the pulsing air.

"This looks like a bad case of home-sickness," said Captain Rochester, with sympathetic inflections of voice, as he laid his hand an instant tenderly over mine, behind Dollie's little plump back, and out of range of the ayah's sharp eyes, and, though my tears continued to flow, I do not think they were those of sadness. At the park gate Captain Rochester mounted his horse, which the groom was leading, and rode back to the city.

The following day the necklace was delivered, and I was fascinated by its quaintness. Half an hour before dinner I clasped it about my neck, and went into the library to write to Caroline an account of it. My father sat reading his paper, while Mildred, the second child, played with her blocks on the floor. From some indefinable cause, I suddenly raised my eyes, and found my father intently regarding me.

"Your mother was a very beautiful woman, my dear, and you are strikingly like her," he said, feelingly. "Won't you come and sit by me?" There was an expression on his face which I had never seen before, and his eyes were full of retrospection.

"Ah, first love is strongest and best after all," sang my happy heart, as I hastened to him; but Mildred, pert and officious as usual, anticipated me by throwing herself in his arms, and, while she motioned me away, showered kisses on his face, crying:

"He is my papa! He is my papa!"

I returned to the desk—my father resumed his paper and mask of reserve, and never again was it lifted between us. After dark we sat on the gallery, when the *najâ-kallu*, warmed by my neck, gave forth a lovely light, which terrified the servants, who all shared the ayah's belief in its sinister omen.

When I went to my room, I laid the necklace on my dressing-table and stood threading my white fingers through the meshes of my golden hair, as I gazed at myself in the mirror, with my father's words in my mind. Perhaps I was really beautiful. It seemed to me that I looked different from the girl I had been in England. A new feeling had certainly come over me, but I did not wish nor attempt to analyze it. That night my sleep was fitful and disturbed, and half-waking, half-dreaming, I heard gliding noises about my room, with the faint, resonant click of metal. When the ayah came in the morning to bring my little cup of black Mocha coffee, she found me up and dressed, instead of asleep as usual.

I did not think of my necklace until after breakfast, and then when I went to look for it, it was nowhere to be found. Sadi, the young Hindu man who did the chamber-work, when questioned, denied most earnestly having seen it, which, however, failed to convince the *consarmi* of his innocence, judging from the sound of blows and yells which afterward proceeded from the stable-yard. My father employed a native detective, who assured him that the necklace would be restored in a short time.

Three weeks had waxed and waned since I reached India, and during the time I had seen Captain Rochester almost daily. But the easy familiarity of our intercourse was succeeded by a certain constraint, which jarred like a discord; and often, when I suddenly raised my eyes, I found his fixed upon me with melancholy intentness. For four days his visits had been discontinued altogether, without any assignable cause, and I grew restless and miserable. Next week he would leave for England, and might bring back a wife on his return. I was too much of a child, too undisciplined, to dissemble. When I was hurt I cried out like any other savage.

In a heedless, desultory way I strolled through the park out into the dusty road. How funereal the passing black-topped *shegrams!* How suffocating the air! I hurried on toward the beach, when, turning a sharp curve, where the road hugged the bank, as though dizzy at the precipitous depths below, I saw Captain Rochester coming toward me, his head bent down, and flicking the pebbles out of his path with a small cane. Returning health was transforming him into a remarkably handsome man. He had not seen me, and I would not force my company upon him. With my heart beating like a sledge hammer I stepped behind a rock for concealment, when a large lizard darted across my feet, and I sprang back. I bit my lips in chagrin at my cowardice, but the action was unconscious and automatic. In an instant he was at my side, holding my hands with such a glad, happy look in his honest gray eyes.

"Where are you wandering to, all by yourself?" he asked, retaining my hands.

"Oh, I started out for a little stroll, but that nasty lizard has frightened me so that I believe I'll turn back," I said, petulantly.

"Those lizards look formidable but are harmless," he replied, smiling at my vehemence, as he poked about in the leaves until it ran away.

Still I stood irresolute, for I was suddenly confronted with the fear that, if I went home, he could do nothing less than accompany me, and thus I should make his visit compulsory.

"Let us sit here awhile," he said, selecting for me a smooth stone, and seating himself on a gnarled root by my side. A soft breeze was blowing across the purple ocean—blowing from the direction of my home. I turned my face toward it, and held out my arms longingly.

"Do you love England so much?" he asked, softly, while the troubled look came back to his eyes.

"I would give my life to return to it," I answered, choking back a sob.

"And do you think you will never grow reconciled to India?" he queried, gently.

"I would not live here if I had a choice in the matter—not if you made me empress of the whole country," I answered, with an aggressive tilt of the chin. The consciousness that I was appearing at a disadvantage added to my irritation, and made me say things that went like dagger thrusts to my own heart.

"As this is your father's home, your only chance of escape is to marry some man who can take you away," he said, as though thinking aloud.

"Yes," I responded, recklessly, driven to bay by his cool assumption of such a possibility. "Yes, I would marry an ogre to escape from this country."

Then he rose, and we walked slowly through the gathering twilight, the moon appearing like a fairy boat in a luminous archipelago of stars.

"Ah, what a large and brilliant glow-worm!" I exclaimed, pointing to the dark shadow of a date tree standing in front of the bungalow. "After what you have told me about them, I must certainly examine it," and I started on a run to the spot, when, with a cry of horror, Captain Rochester seized me in his arms and bore me back to a young palm. He put me on my feet, and leaned tremblingly against its slender stem.

"What is it? What is the matter?" I screamed, clinging to him, for he still kept his arm about my waist, and strained me to him with a pressure that was painful.

"There! There!" he gasped, with his eyes fixed on the date tree. "Oh, my darling, you were walking straight into the jaws of death!"

"Where? How?" I faltered.

"That is no glow-worm, little one. It is a *najâ-kallu*, and the cobra is not far distant. See, its light is continuous, and that of the glow-worm is intermittent. My God! what an escape you have had!" And overcome by his emotions he folded me to his heart, kissing passionately my lips and eyes. "Ah, you will dislike India more than ever now!" he said, this thought ever prominent in his mind.

But I was wildly, deliriously happy, after my depression and fright, for a new light had dawned upon me, and I saw the cross purposes at which we had been playing.

"I don't dislike India—I love it," I whispered, hiding my burning face on his breast.

"Did the sahib call?" asked the old *consarmi*, standing before us, but discreetly turning his head to cough in his hand.

The *consarmi*, like all native servants, seemed ubiquitous, and had a habit of appearing and disappearing most unaccountably.

"Get me your master's pistol, quick! There is a cobra under that tree," said Captain Rochester, pointing to the starlike glimmer in the grass.

Contrary to his usual alacrity when given an order, the *consarmi* stood as though paralyzed.

"It is the devil-snake and his *najâ-kallu!* Don't shoot, sahib!" he panted, with chattering teeth. "Hindu fix him. Make him kill hisse'f—you see," and, without awaiting permission, he disappeared round the bungalow.

"What does he mean? I don't understand," I asked.

"It's only another of their superstitions," Captain Rochester replied. "They believe if the cobra is killed that another will come to avenge his death, but if it can be made to commit suicide the evil power of the stone is overcome. I am glad you will have an opportunity of witnessing their jugglery."

We sat down on a garden seat in the white moonlight, with our hearts too full for words. The cobra was now distinctly visible, in a brown coil, with its head waving slowly to and fro above the stone, as it skilfully snapped up the fire-flies that came within its reach. Soon the *consarmi* returned, with all the men about the stables and house, each with his arms full of cocoanut fibre, which they noiselessly heaped in a circle about the date tree, and then commenced to sway their bodies and chant in a low voice, while some boys sat at their backs and beat loudly on tom-toms.

It was a weird, truly Oriental scene. The night-winds rustling the tall palm-tops, the half-clad natives, with their barbaric incantations, and the death-dealing cobra before its shining stone, no longer heeding the fire-flies, but apparently hypnotized, and keeping perfect time with its head to the strokes of the tom-toms.

At a signal from the *consarmi*, the cocoanut fire was ignited, the tom-toms were beaten furiously, and the chant rose to almost a shriek. My father and mother, attracted by the noise, drew near, while the ayah ran about, madly tossing her arms and shouting: "A devil-snake! A devil-snake!"

The cobra, at the first flash of the flames, raised its terrible crest, striking out blindly in its rage, as it circled round and round the stone. As the din increased, and the fire leaped higher, it seized the *najâ-kallu* in its mouth, and made a dash to escape. Time and again it tried, but was driven back by the heat, when in a seeming frenzy of despair it dropped the stone, stuck its fangs into its own body, and, with a convulsive quiver, stretched itself out, dead.

There then went up a triumphant shout, in which we joined, and Sadi, who had been flogged for stealing my necklace, sprang into the circle, clutched the now harmless stone, and laid it at my feet. Imagine my surprise at finding that it was my lost necklace, and that the cobra had been the thief. The snake was an unusually large one, and had possibly lived about the house for years, feeding on mice. It undoubtedly gained access to my room through a rat-hole in the floor.

A week later, when the Alexandria steamed out of port, bound for England, I stood on deck at my husband's side, waving a brief adieu to India, and in my trunk, packed in soft cotton, was coiled the *najâ-kallu* necklace, for Caroline.

For Business Success

SUCCESS COMES BY INCHES

By William C. Hunter

It is the old story of persistent effort—keeping at it—steady plodding. The horse that goes a mile in two minutes can't go a hundred miles as quickly as the horse that goes a mile in five minutes. What you gain in speed you lose in power and endurance.

Andrew Carnegie gained success by inches. He did not get rich in a year. The man who expects to attain the goal of success must not try to reach it in a bound. True success comes by years of patient plodding, during which you gain the experience which teaches you how to use what you have acquired.

The man who makes a fortune in a year doesn't know how to keep it. He usually quickly loses that which he has quickly secured. It is that which is hard to get which is the most appreciated. The house built in a day won't last. It is of mushroom growth and means mushroom decay.

The man who builds his business by steady effort is building reputation, and that is an essential not acquired quickly. Remember that "reputation" has carried many a business over shoals and through tempests. Keep moving forward, even if your advance is imperceptible.

You may see a man start out with a spurt, and you are soon left behind. Do not lose heart. By-and-by you will overtake him. His feet are sore, he is resting, and you pass him. He may pass you again, but it is only another spurt, and cannot last.

Grow not weary. Use your disappointments as stepping-stones to success. Content yourself with only the highest ideals. Be brave, be resolute, and move steadily onward. Every inch of advancement shortens the journey. Above all, do not mistake notoriety for success. It is the inner satisfaction derived from the true attainment of one's ideal that is real.

SPEAK TO YOUR FRIENDS.

Immortality Certain

DR. RICHARD HODGSON, OF THE SOCIETY OF PSYCHICAL RESEARCH, SAYS HE IS CONVINCED OF IT—HOW THE SPIRITS COMMUNICATE WITH US

DR. RICHARD HODGSON, secretary of the American branch of the Society for Psychical Research, is one of the busiest men in Boston, and to secure an opportunity to chat with him is almost as difficult as to arrange for a sitting with Mrs. Piper, the famous medium whom Dr. Hodgson's society retains. It was with something of triumph in his breast, therefore, that the Boston Herald's representative the other day climbed the steep stairs that lead to the society's rooms, at No. 19 Boylston Place, Boston, on his way to keep an appointment with the very busy man.

The work of psychical research, however, seems to Dr. Hodgson to be the greatest in the world. And in this opinion Gladstone was agreed. "Gladstone," said the speaker early in the talk, "was an honorary member of the English branch of our society, and he said once in speaking of this work: 'I regard it as the most important work in the world, and by far the most important.' And so it seems to me, too, else I would not be in it as I am. We have almost no money, but we labor on in search of truth, caring not at all whether our search shall bring us out believing more profoundly than ever in another life or wholly persuaded that the grave ends it all. Personally, I am now convinced by proofs, too intimate and too recent to be given out, that we have absolutely proved immortality."

This brought us at once to the reason for the visitor's call, an inquiry concerning the society's returns from the questionnaire about immortality, sent out some seven weeks ago to people of every kind and creed all over the country.

"The idea of the questions did not originate with me," said Dr. Hodgson, "but with an English friend of mine, an Oxford man, who believed that there is not nearly so widespread an interest in immortality as seemed to me to obtain. We found that the thing would not go in England because people would consider such searching inquiries into their personal beliefs in the nature of an attack upon their orthodoxy as well as something of an impertinence. So I determined to start it myself in this newer and franker country.

"We are now sending out the sixth thousand of our questionnaire, and we have received already some 2,000 replies. The questions were many of them my own, but that one about the 'mental comfort' of a belief in immortality was suggested by Professor James, of Harvard. Of course the answers vary widely, and I am unable as yet even to generalize about them. They will be carefully tabulated and made the subject of a special report. But I have been rather surprised to find, as my English friend suspected, that there are a large number of thinking men who are not interested in the least, they say, in immortality. Probably these men find the present life all that they can attend to.

"Nor do so many people as I expected feel that a positive knowledge of immortality would contribute to their mental comfort. A lot of the answers show utter indifference concerning this, and a lot more 'prefer to leave the question a matter of faith,' yet there are naturally many others—men and women who have suffered bereavements—who are most anxious for actual proof about the life beyond the grave.

"I don't know that you are familiar with the case I have called 'George Pelham,' but I have made it the subject of a special report, and to many others, as well as to myself, that case has proved immortality. I believe absolutely now in the sincerity of our medium, Mrs. Piper. She is of the quiet, domestic New England type, much occupied with her household and her children, and not particularly interested in psychical questions or anything else strictly intellectual. Mrs. Piper has been giving sittings for over fifteen years now and for about fourteen of those years she had been largely under my own supervision. I look after her physically, and I know her for a thoroughly healthy woman. She enters the trance state as if she were going to sleep, and unless the sitting has been too prolonged she feels no ill effects whatever. In my opinion, her occasional control by intelligences above her own has increased her stability and serenity.

"Eight or nine years ago I first began to talk with George Pelham through Mrs. Piper. His name wasn't George Pelham, but by that title I have always spoken of him in public. He was a great friend of mine, and to me he has absolutely proved his individuality by special manifestations. And that brings me to explain why such trivial things are so often the subject of messages through mediums. Very frequently I am asked why the spirits concern themselves with cigar cases and such mere trifles. But don't you see that a trifle would be much more conclusive proof than a bigger thing, if it were proof at all? If I should communicate with you to-morrow, having died in the night, and should say to you, 'Don't you remember that as you and I were talking together yesterday I was toying with a pair of scissors, and I got up to get you some more paper, with the remark, "You are out of paper for your notes, are you not?"' that would be to you proof conclusive that the communicating spirit was none other than I. For you and I are absolutely alone here, and so trifling a thing as the scissors and your lack of paper would not be mentioned by me to anyone who might enter after you are gone.

"Professor Hyslop recently set up some telegraphic instruments in Columbia College, and the people at either end selected, quite without thought, just such an intimate, trivial thing as a cigar case to establish identity over the wire with. Some of the best of my communications have to do with things so intimate that I cannot tell the public about them. George Pelham's communications with 'Mr. Howard,' too—who is a well-known and able man of professorial status, a definite disbeliever in a future life until G. P. convinced him—were absolutely conclusive. The 'holding turn' to that conviction was given by a message which came in my presence in response to a request for some incident which no one save G. P. and Mr. Howard, his most intimate elder friend and adviser, could possibly have known.

"Several statements were read by me that day and assented to by Mr. Howard. And then the handwriting, through Mrs. Piper, inscribed the words 'private' and gently pushed me away. I retired and Mr. Howard took my place, where he could read the writing. He did not read it aloud, as it was too private for my perusal. The hand, as it reached the end of each sheet, tore it off from the blockbook and thrust it wildly at Mr. Howard, and then continued writing. The circumstances narrated, Mr. Howard informed me, contained precisely the kind of test for which he had asked, and he said that he was 'perfectly satisfied—perfectly.'"

Dr. Hodgson, in his report concerning George Pelham, has given many convincing facts and figures. G. P., we learn, recognizes at the first manifestation "John Hart," an old friend, gives intimate facts and names concerning articles brought by Hart, as for instance that studs Mr. Hart wears were taken by G. P.'s stepmother from his body after his accidental death and handed by her to his father, with suggestion to send them to Hart. There are, too, thirty cases of recognition out of at least 150 persons who have had sittings with Mrs. Piper since the first appearance of G. P.

"One of the most interesting single instances that I can give you, however, has to do with another personality," continued Dr. Hodgson. "Not long ago, on my way out to keep an appointment with Mrs. Piper for a sitting, I read in the morning newspaper of the death of a certain friend of mine, whose niece had already passed beyond. At the house of the medium this niece told me through automatic writing that her uncle had just come over. 'I was with uncle at the last,' the communicator went on to say, 'and I told him not to be disturbed, that he would be even happier over here than in the world with auntie.' This seemed to me very interesting, and I was anxious to verify it if I could, but I naturally felt the impossibility of speaking to the widow about the matter at that time.

"It happened, however, that a friend of mine was sent for by the widow to come and stay with her, and in their conversation the widow said: 'Our niece came to him at the end, he told me, and said: "Don't be disturbed; you'll be even happier here than in the world with auntie."' Precisely the same form of words, you see!

"If you ask me just what this society has accomplished," said Dr. Hodgson, with a smile, as his visitor rose to leave, "I would say that we have proved telepathy, established the fact that there is such a thing as clairvoyance, detected and explained the methods used by various trickster mediums who pretended to be possessed of supernormal powers, demonstrated (in 1885) that Mme. Blavatsky's pretensions were founded on spurious marvels, and have now established to the satisfaction of many people, who, like myself, were sceptical of the thing to start with, the presumption that individuals may and do communicate after death with friends still on this side of the dividing veil."

HUMILITY with one eye looks upon grace to keep it thankful; but with the other upon its mistakes to keep it mournful.

Sunday Observance

IT appears to be a growing opinion that the strictness of the observance of the Sabbath in the eastern portions of the country will have to be modified. The trend is too clearly in that direction to be mistaken. It is a position, and an important position, of the demand among the people who labor for wages for more opportunities for recreation. They cannot find all they crave in this respect on week days. The game of baseball has great attraction for them. Sunday afternoon is the only time of the week in which they can see it played. They have obtained the privilege of seeing it or participating in it throughout the West, and in some portions of the East, also. They see no reason why it should not be allowed them as much as golf is allowed to men who have more leisure on week days than they. They will have recreation on Sunday, in any event. If they do not get it in games, they will avail themselves of it in those Sunday outings which the law does not prohibit. Their presence in the trolley cars and at the seashores demonstrates this. Sunday as it was has thus been more than threatened; it is essentially changed already, and this seems to be the beginning of a movement which is likely to go further. That it threatens Sunday abuse of a serious character may be admitted; but even then the question, in a practical point of view, may be whether it is not better to confine efforts in Sunday protection to preventing abuses, rather than to resist the tide which sets in in favor of less restriction on the Sabbath.

With the increasing popularity of outdoor sports the question of Sunday observance is becoming a subject of widespread and earnest discussion. It is very obvious that Sunday laws must be established and observed. It is quite impossible to let everyone do as he wishes in the matter of Sunday enjoyment. The man who wishes a noisy "hurrah, boys!" sort of day would seriously interfere with the wishes of the one who prefers a quiet, peaceful day. The law must tell each of these men how far his wishes are to be respected. There certainly does seem to be a disposition to change the spirit of things as it is portrayed in the following stanza from Lord "Neaves's" "A Lyric for Saturday Night:"

"We zealots made up of still clay,
The sour-looking children of sorrow,
While not over-jolly to-day,
Resolve to be wretched to-morrow.
We can't for a certainty tell
What mirth may molest us on Monday,
But at least, to begin the week well,
Let us all be unhappy on Sunday."
—*From Boston Herald.*

[We believe each day should be commenced with giving at least a few moments to devotional prayer to God for Light, Direction, Guidance and Wisdom, and ending the day with prayer of thanks for blessings showered upon us. On Sundays we ought to give a little more time to these prayers and the rest of the day to healthful recreation indoors and outdoors.—EDITOR.]

Free Religious Association

THE Free Religious Association of America recently held its annual meeting in Boston. Dr. Lewis G. Janes, president of the association, presided. His address was on "The Signs of the Times," and he briefly reviewed the new century from the viewpoint of free religion. His first conference subject was "The Jesus of History and of Tradition."

Prof. Nathaniel Schmidt, of Cornell University, whose theme was "The Man Jesus and the Traditional Christ," sketched the prophecies of the coming of Christ. The songs of David, he said, instead of referring to the coming of the Messiah, did not allude to him at all, but were the stories of the love of man for woman, which is eternal as God. The miraculous birth of Jesus is not taught by the Bible, he said.

"The Jewish Conception of Jesus" was given by Rabbi Joseph Silverman, D.D., of Temple Emanu-El, New York. He said he could say "Amen" to all that had been said by Professor Schmidt, for that was the historical conception of the Jews.

Swami Abhedamanda, of India, answered the question: "Did Christ Teach a New Religion?" He asserted that it was the Persian conception of religion that Jesus taught.

IT is the lives like the stars, which simply pour down on us the calm light of their bright and faithful being, up to which we look and out of which we gather the deepest calm and courage.—*Phillips Brooks.*

BEGIN with a generous heart. Think how you can serve others. Then you shall find resources to grow. Your own portion shall not be left desolate. Strength shall be shed through you. Do the utmost with what you have, and it shall go far enough.—*O. B. Frothingham.*

THE SOUL IS REACHING OUT.

What Mean These Mysterious Shadowgraphs?

WHITE HOUSE shadowgraphs are mystifying the Washington Daniels, says the New York Herald.

Strange signs and portents are making their presence felt in the first mansion in the land. Residents of the Executive establishment are given over to puzzlement. Visitors are awesomely regarding the most curious of modern phenomena. Attachés have become prey to superstition. Doubt is the portion of the guest within the gates. The queer bird Enigma has builded her nest over the entrance to the home of the Presidents, and each separate flapping of the wings of mystery is attended by a different manifestation.

Faces of the dead and gone are appearing on the pillars of the Presidential portico. Outlines of the living are to be traced when the conditions are right. The quick and the dead are impartially represented in the solid stone columns. From out of the uncertain past rises the wraith-like profile of a statesman whose tread once resounded upon the very stones which lie at the base of the carven witchery. Snatched from the present is the graver suggestion of a mighty counsellor of the day, clear, convincing and firm, as though the original, in his exit from the conference chamber, had paused and leaned his cheek against the receptive pillar, there to be indelibly etched by some magic artist. Men of affairs and women who have helped make the history of the nation come and go in the impassive stone.

And none there is to interpret the handwriting on the circular wall.

To-day, the outlined shadow is that of Marcus A. Hanna, Senator of the American Congress, rotund in appearance, jolly of laugh, quick of wit, Hanna, the actuality—and the possibility.

The outline face in high light is to be noted on the fantastically endowed pillar of the White House—to be exact, the central pillar on the east side of the portico.

What does it mean? Is it an omen of ill? Is it a coming event of good fortune which thus casts its shadow before? Does the misty apparition silhouetted on the solid stone presage a future of happiness, prosperity and preferment, or has the visitant a more ominous meaning? When the subject of the White House shadowgraph, for all the world like the outline of his own sturdy physiognomy, is broached a laugh is the Senator's comment. He says he's too much of a materialist to "take stock in" the flashings and fadings on the whitened column. Materialist or no materialist, the face of Senator Hanna is there. Unassertive, yet complacent, faint at times and again more strong, bursting into prominence from nothingness, the lines and angles, the curves and characteristics of the Senator from Ohio are apparently imprinted on a prominent part of the portico.

Long have the shadows sported with the men of state. But never has their weird approach been more strongly felt. A mute array, intangible and shivery, they come into the life of the nation's fathers and as suddenly depart. No man may say just when their hour of coming. And none may tell their period of duration. An office seeker scurrying up the stairs, a man of State advancing more sedately, a colleague called to lend a voice in council, or one or all of these may note the vision. It comes and goes, erratic and all-puzzling; unstable, airy, fathomless and fleet; one minute conjuring up a swift resemblance, the next, the coldest marble of the quarry.

White are these pillars as the virgin snow, save where the shadow lays its mystic fingers, unlike the granite columns lying eastward—the pillars of the Hall of Statuary—within the many terraced Capitol. One traces on these variegated towers of brown and gray and white and terra cotta quaint images and figurines in plenty—a nun, full hooded, meek of mien and eyes cast down; a farmer with his hat of clumsy straw; a tender mother bending o'er her child, and many another curious bit of piecing. But these are not so wondrous as the shades which come and go upon the spotless white shafts of the Executive mansion.

No, the pillars of the Church of State, as represented by the White House, are not as the pillars of Statuary Hall. The latter offer a puzzle comparatively easy of solution. The figures are there for all time, or for so long as the columns stand, and they may be deciphered with a little care, at any hour of the day. Not so with the shadowgraphs. They are defiant of solution. "Mother McKinley," "Queen Victoria," "The Pointing Hand," "Senator John Sherman," "President McKinley," "The Old Woman at the Spinning Wheel" and "Senator Hanna" are the most startling forms assumed by the all-inscrutable shadow.

About the time the state of health of the President's mother became such as to cause national alarm, the shadow which has come to be known as "The Pointing Finger" made its appearance. It was seen upon the central pillar, vague, awesome, breedful of dread happenings. Various interpretations were placed upon the marvel. Gradually the tide of White House opinion swept on until it rolled at the feet of "Mother McKinley." "She it is," decided the interpreters, "who is meant." But, after all, it was only a hand, visible to the inmates and visitors at certain hours of the day, usually around noon, and then for only a few minutes at a time.

Later, however, came conclusive testimony to the correctness of the view—so at least do the faithful believers in the shadows contend. Says one who tells the tale of the pillars and the passing of the mother of a President:

"When a guard who received the first sad telegram from Canton had ushered the messenger up the stairway, he leaned for a moment in the embrasure of the hall window. Casting his eyes upward, he observed a strange shadow outlined sharply on a white column of the stately entrance. Plainly silhouetted, as by an artist's brush, was the form of an elderly woman, the profile turned toward the White House doorway.

"The strangely marked features at first suggested President McKinley, but every moment the figure took on more feminine guise. As the guard watched it, the shadow, growing more feminine each instant, turned slowly away, as if looking back over its shoulder, and disappeared. It had lasted during twenty-five minutes.

"Nothing more suggestive of the gentle woman who had passed away could be imagined—a visitant born of sunlight and sentiment shadowing the snowy columns in weirdly tender guise—a spirit of watchful mother love and yearning farewell."

IN FEAR OF FURTHER ILL

The mortuary peculiarity, so started, caused much apprehension from that time on. It's the logical association, said the persons who discussed the affair. But when, a short period thereafter, there came another shadow, this time taking the shape of an old woman and a spinning wheel, there was little satisfaction to be had from the local Daniels. To be sure, they were agreed that some dire happening was betokened. But what? They could not tell. They have not been able to tell to this day. The old lady and the spinning wheel defy analysis. The resemblance is so clear and distinct as to make little demand on the imagination of the one who looks. It is a likeness, a rough one if you will, but yet a likeness.

Some calamity, said the observers, was bound to follow the appearance of the old lady and her archaic work piece. Of this the interpreters were reasonably sure. But they had no manner of doubt as to the significance of the shadow which next took shape. This appeared as the head of John Sherman, veteran wheel horse in the wars of state, Senator, Secretary and candidate for President. John Sherman died. Even after the death of the original the presentment continued. Indeed, so long did it remain that attachés and visitors of the White House came to regard it as a permanency. But one day it vanished, passing from the sight of men as suddenly as it had arrived, and as thoroughly lost to view as the actuality of the man it represented. Now it is a memory.

These instances, in the minds of most observers, now grown curious and most fearful of the next manifestation, were sufficient to stamp the shadow as a necrological eccentricity. To offset this theory, and prove the shadows to be as uncertain of significance as they were of appearance, came, during the busy season of the last campaign, the McKinley outline. The Napoleonic contour of the President and the candidate was plainly cast upon the marble. Interpretations varied according to the temperament of the persons putting them forward. With the remembrance of the previous shadows and their meaning fresh in mind, there were not wanting those who predicted the defeat, at least, of Mr. McKinley. On the other hand, friends of the President construed it as a favorable omen. In this division of opinion, the separate adherents were no whit less superstitiously entertaining than were the Greeks and Trojans of old who saw a sign in the flight of a dove or the flash of the lightning.

The victory of the President set a new mark for consideration of the shadows. Not all meant fatality. However, the next tracery was unmistakable and admitted of no two constructions. Coming at the time of the serious illness of the then Queen of England, the pillar showed the familiar lines and curves of Victoria Regina. "'Tis a sign," cried the superstitious, and they declared themselves not surprised when the cable brought the tidings of the death of the much beloved sovereign.

Many shadows have come and gone since then. Most of these have been indistinguishable, offering the imagination of the watcher little chance for exercise. But now comes the stone picture of Senator Hanna. What does it mean? The possibilities are practically limitless. When President McKinley's profile was cast on the column it was taken to mean, in the light of later events, the acme of success. Does the shadow of to-day mean as much for Senator Hanna? Or is it only a "silly season" pleasantry, and worthy to be dismissed by the Senator with the gruffly good-natured answer, "Don't bother me! What was that last quotation on Nipper?"

At all events, the shadows mean something. So thinks all Washington. The town is eagerly watching for further advices on the marble, the quaint, round curtain on which the figures from the mystic world are thrown. But it is not at all easy to catch a glimpse of the shadows.

COME WITH NO TRUMPET BLARE

The visitants do not run according to a schedule. The time of their appearance is as variable as the winds of heaven. They may appear at eleven o'clock in the morning, making use of the central pillar of the east side. When this happens the White House employees who have been lingering in this part of the establishment in the hope of shadow reward hasten their companions and visitors to share the marvel. Again, the fantastic creation may choose the central pillar of the west side for its resting place, and then it is another set of attachés that carries the news. If the latter location is selected by the capricious shadow the time for such preferment is usually in the afternoon, between one and two o'clock.

While the great majority of those who have viewed the shadowgraphs elect to regard them in the light of the uncanny, there are such materialists in Washington who would account for the appearances by the most natural of agencies. These latter are of opinion that the shadows are cast by the cornice of the building, and that the difference in the sun's position through the changing seasons causes the change of location from the east pillar to the west.

To the many, however, this explanation is simply a mistaken attempt to interfere with what is fast becoming a cherished institution. As a nation, there is little place for the mysterious. We are not so old as to be able to afford abandoned castles and the amiable ghosts which are the accepted and logical appurtenances thereof. We are not so young as to pin our faith to witchery. Few luxuries in the line of mystery are at our command. Wherefore, plead the believers in signs and tokens, let there be no scoffing over the appearance of the White House shadows, which have been and are and ever shall be marvels, mysteries and passing phenomena.

A Good Idea

In an address before the Congregational Club at New Haven recently, the Rev. Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis, of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, called attention to the fact that church services are very slimly attended nowadays, but declared that the time is coming when there will be a revulsion of feeling and the churches will be once more filled.

He favored a national half-holiday on Saturday as a means to bring back the people to the church. The people would have a chance to rest on the half-holiday. It is so in England, where the church services are largely attended.

A Saturday half-holiday, such as they have in England, would give the young and old a chance to rest, and then they would go to church on Sunday.

It is not a fragile staff that we need in journeying through the world; it is two wings, the wings that bear the angels—faith and charity.

THE SOUL CANNOT BE LOST.

Occult Forces of Nature

By Mr. V. R. Gandhi

MR. VIRCHAND R. GANDHI, the learned Hindu Jain, when he visited this country several years ago, gave a very interesting lecture on "The Occult Forces of Nature," of which the following is an extract:

We are to consider the problem of the why and wherefore of existence. It has been the fashion in these days to regard religion as a mere matter of faith and sentiment, and to turn for all rational explanation to science. But it is doubtful how far science is true to its own principles, for true science never can be different from true religion. I am no partisan of one or the other, but I believe in the mutual convertibility of the two, and I am also of the belief that religion is not entirely a matter of sentiment, or science altogether a matter of reason. Religion and science are two aspects of the one thing.

The lecturer here intimated that he would consider the forces of nature under three divisions—physical, mental and moral, the highest force being the spiritual, which underlies all the rest. At present scientists had failed to reach a unitary view of the physical world, since they excluded the ether from the category of the spiritual, and yet believed it to be different in its properties from those of matter.

In the monistic view, all the properties of both matter and ether could be classed under the term "energy;" in fact, they were simply classes of energy. Now, there were many energies in matter and spirit so latent that we had not developed them and were not able to see them.

The phenomena of "levitation," as often witnessed in India, showed not that gravitation was destroyed, but that through the development of a spiritual force in the body, producing a change in the polarities of its atoms, it was simply counteracted.

Then there was the phenomenon of the projection of the astral body to a distance from the physical body, and the power to thus project the astral body was possessed by the soul, and could be exercised by the will. But while this projection took place, the astral body did not wholly quit the physical body, but remained attached to it by a kind of elastic connection.

Next, said the speaker, there is the phenomenon of thought transference. Every thought, word and act produces a certain impression on the subtle ether, and the thought-forms thus produced, in the shape of vibrations, are translatable into thought within the human mind. In this way mind-reading by those sensitive to the vibrations becomes possible.

Then there are the communications said to come from spirits; but granting that there are spirits, the question arises, why should not human beings on a high spiritual plane be able to see and do what the spirit is said to be able to do?

All depends on the development of the human being. Here the question arises of the methods under which we can obtain these higher psychic powers. There are two methods. One is that of natural magic, and the other that of transcendental magic. In the former case we seek to get certain powers in order that we may control a variety of things; in the latter, we seek so to live as to come into harmony with those things, with the result that it will not be necessary to control them.

The methods are physical, mental, moral and spiritual. The moral forces are more efficacious than the physical; they can destroy diseases, effect cures and control many other powers. But before trying to obtain these psychical powers we must investigate the different phenomena, find out the reasons for their existence, and study the different ways in which the various forces work.

At the close of his lecture Mr. Gandhi drew the attention of his audience to the needs of his country. In India, he said, we have not a single public school. We have colleges and universities, but the education there is too expensive for our people, whose ordinary income doesn't exceed fifty cents a month. Our people are not immoral; the statistics show that we have one-fourth less crime than there is in England.

What I ask you to do is to help forward the establishment of free schools in my country. You will say that the missionaries establish free schools. But with what object? With the object of converting the people to Christianity.

Do you think, after what I have said, that we need such conversion? Why, there is more metaphysical subtlety and keenness in one of our street sweepers than there is to be found in a missionary. (Applause.) But it is not a question of metaphysics, but in what way you can do the greatest good to those people, 150,000,000 of whom live on one meal a day, consisting of vegetable soup or soups made from wild flowers.

The Government has not established a single institution for the purpose of ameliorating the condition of these people; we have no schools of applied science or manual training that the people can afford to attend. It costs $1,000 to make a convert, yet not one Church has ever been established by converts.

Genuine Christianity is not different from my religion, but what the missionaries call conversion is perversion. There is a Christ of humanity, of brotherhood, of kindliness, of secular education.

What I want you to do is to devote this money now used to "convert" our people to secular purposes, and no longer seek to do in India what you protest against in America, namely, the use of educational funds for sectarian purposes. (Applause.)

[Mr. Gandhi belongs to the Jains, a sect numbering 5,000 souls, and which has been in existence 5,000 years. The Jains are very spiritual; they are strict vegetarians, total abstainers from drugs, narcotics and alcoholic stimulants. Some wonderful miracle-workers are among the Jains. Their religion might be called "The God-lovers." The Jains are the most moral people in the world.—EDITOR.]

Glorified Visions

THE account of the glorified vision of Julia Murray, which we printed with a beautiful illustration in the May issue of this magazine, caused a great deal of comment.

The following letter from Mr. Frank C. Lechner, a subscriber at Timmonsville, S. C., is of interest:

To the Editor of THE MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES:

Permit me to suggest that the glorified vision of Julia Murray, seen on March 25 last, in an apartment at No. 154 Ashburton avenue, Yonkers, N. Y., by ten creditable witnesses, while her body lay lifeless in the room adjoining, can be explained on psychic grounds.

The hour was late. "Tired nature" was beginning to plead strongly with the mourners for the "sweet restorer," sleep. Among so many watchers, all no doubt of pious training, there would likely be one from whose engrossed imagination the form of Julia, draped and adorned in accordance with orthodox conceptions of the saintly estate in celestial realms, might spring into apparition. We can understand how such a one, worn out by the night's vigil, sinking away into slumber, yet full of the thought of Julia's translation into the angelic life, passing thus into the subconscious state, would be in an ideal condition to project the image of her beloved friend and sister upon the scene.

Note that the oval reflection of light upon the wall in Julia's apartment would aid greatly in suggesting the apparition.

Note, also, that the rosary and cross appearing in Julia's hands would be apt creations from the same source—the subconscious intelligence of the person who originated the vision—since no one certainly expects these emblems to attach to the heavenly life, wherein sins are no longer counted on strings, nor crosses borne, in miniature or otherwise.

Note, again, that the ready assumption of the praying attitude by Julia, at the request of Katie Kane, who introduced the others to the apparition, would indicate how forceful was the thought influence of those present upon the sublimated object of their contemplation.

If you were to make skilful inquiry, I think you would find my view correct, that one of the watchers, or possibly several of them, "dreamed" the vision before it appeared.

Yours truly,
FRANK C. LECHNER.

Any of our readers desiring a copy of the May issue, containing the account of this glorified vision, can have one by remitting ten cents.

The Great Mystics Say

DISTRUST that man who rails against any religion, sect or cult—he is a fanatic.

Trust not that man who believes he is right and all others are wrong—he lacks knowledge, honesty of thought and wisdom.

Trust not that man who has one word to say against Jew, Christian, Heathen or Pagan—he is a prejudiced fanatic.

Trust not the Pessimist, the whiner, the complainer, the grumbler or the pernicious reformer—he lacks love and faith and God-force.

While thou dost not place trust in these men, do not condemn them—love them—they are eternal souls with undeveloped minds.

Be wise as a serpent and gentle as a dove.

THE shortest and surest way to live with honor in the world is to be in reality what we would appear to be; and if we observe we shall find that all human virtues increase and strengthen themselves by the practice and experience of them.

IT is a record of the mellow and ripe moments that I would keep. I would not preserve the husk of life, but the kernel.—*Thoreau.*

Miracle in Brooklyn Church

THE day of "miracles" is here. The Spiritual or Divine Force is at work as it never was before. Whenever the Spirit works a cure of disease we call it a "miracle." One of the recent cases of miraculous cures being made was reported from Brooklyn, N. Y.

In the presence of a large congregation in the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes, Aberdeen street and Broadway, that city, Morris Lavery, a thirteen-year-old boy, who has been unable to walk without crutches for eight years, on Sunday, May 19, threw away his crutches and walked about the church. His restoration is attributed to the holy water and prayers at the shrine of the church.

The boy had been afflicted with spinal trouble since childhood, the result of a fall from a baby carriage. Doctors who were called in at his home in Centredale, R. I., were apparently unable to help him. An operation performed on him was unsuccessful, and it was feared that he would die. Finally his father, Thomas Lavery, heard of the wonderful cures said to have been performed at the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes, and about three months ago the boy was brought there.

At intervals of two weeks the visits were repeated. Each time the boy prayed before the shrine, and was sprinkled with holy water. His useless limbs were also touched with the sacred relics of the church. He arrived in the city again on the morning named and going to the church he asked Father Porcile, the rector, if he might approach the shrine. He was told that he might do so in the afternoon. At 2.30, when the church was filled with people, he is reported to have worshipped at the shrine. Then he asked if he might try to walk without his crutches. Father Porcile told him to make the effort. He did so, and without difficulty made his way about the church.

At the home of Father Porcile, in Williamsburg, it was said that the story of the boy's cure was true.

The Power of Love for God and Faith in Prayer is wonderful. Many diseases are cured by prayer when everything else fails.

A Spiritual Preacher

THE Rev. Dr. Rufus P. Johnston, the new pastor of the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, New York City, is a very spiritual man.

In his first sermon to his congregation, which is composed of some of the richest men in the world, and many people of small means, he said, with great earnestness:

"I shall not preach politics from this pulpit, but I shall preach righteousness, that righteousness which leads a man to do what is right in politics, in business and in social life."

The Church, he said, had in it the power to wield tremendous influence throughout the world. It was not to conquer with the aid of the world, but in spite of it. The world had never been friendly to the Church.

He closed with an earnest appeal for the sympathy of his congregation.

One of the mystic adept writers on this magazine often attends services at the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, because he says there is not a house of worship in New York where he finds so much spirituality as there.

This is the church where Mr. John D. Rockefeller, the richest man in the world, worships.

What the Christian churches need are preachers with great spirituality and intellectuality—equalized. Preachers of righteousness are needed.

Gems of Thought

THE best of men are but men at the best.

Truth is violated by falsehood, and it may be equally outraged by silence.

If the rose be called the queen of flowers, why not charity the rose of human virtue?

Give a man a name for miraculous shrewdness and management and you give him a host of friends.

"I had rather have newspapers without government," said Jefferson, "than a government without newspapers."

Things change so rapidly that much of our knowledge and skill soon becomes inapplicable and is rapidly forgotten.

Good lawyers are often bad legislators; many know perfectly what has been established and very imperfectly what ought to be.

A fool in high station is like a man on the top of a monument—everybody appears small to him and he appears small to everybody.

If the show of anything be good for anything, I am sure sincerity is better; for why does any man dissemble, or seem to be that which he is not, but because he thinks it good to have such a quality as he pretends to?

THIS IS THE SOUL AGE.

HENRY WARD BEECHER once said, "The whole air is full of gold dust, and men see everything through its haze." There is no use denying the fact that the rush of the world is for money. It is a power for good or bad, and to be rich seems to be the chief end of most men. Most people, especially the young, have a false and exaggerated idea of riches, and to acquire wealth young men often ruin their characters and young women throw their lives away. The desire for riches is strong and almost universal. Get money, as life without it is not worth living, is the predominant idea nowadays. Any sacrifice is not too great for it, and it is this inordinate desire for riches that causes countless failures and no end of misery, woe and suffering.

I desire to point the way to successful money getting, and show that—involved in true success—true manhood and true womanhood are never for one moment lost sight of. I would have you all guard against becoming degraded by false views of riches.

For many years I have lived in New York City, the home of many of the richest men in the world, and having been brought into close and personal relations with many of them, and having closely observed their methods, I feel perfectly competent to make a few observations on the subject of acquiring wealth, and to offer suggestions, that, if followed, will save some of my readers much distress, worry, sorrow and failure in their pursuit after wealth.

And right here let me quote one of my friends, who for years has been an authority on ethics of success: "The desire for money often becomes a perilous impulse. The purpose for which money is made is entirely overlooked, and it is sought as a means of gratifying appetites and passions. Its necessary and legitimate use is scarcely considered in the wild scramble for it, for there is no other object so generally coveted and sought after as this. Honor has its thousands of votaries, and pleasure its tens of thousands; but money is sought as the means of compassing the whole. It is wanted not only for what it is in itself, but for what it will purchase."

Everyone should have a desire to acquire money, as it is a good thing and a blessing when properly acquired and used. "Money is bread; money is raiment, shelter, education, refinement, books, pictures, music; money is the society of the learned and accomplished." Poverty or a lack of sufficient money for our legitimate needs is a curse, and all wrong, and we should all of us ever put forth our very best efforts to acquire at least a sufficient amount of riches to keep us in the line of progress, advancement and proper development. One writer asks, Is it less true than in Solomon's time that "Wealth maketh many friends, but the poor is separated from his neighbor?"

With money we are not isolated. Money makes people sociable. It is the means to grand and noble ends. Money is science, invention, discovery, enterprise, and without it there would be no progress in the world. With it we build great public buildings, canals, railroads, telegraph lines, steamships, and open up great mines of wealth that lie imbedded in the bowels of the earth. It is as essential as light and heat to the world's progress, and as one writer says, "Barbarism reigning where it is not; scanty bread, scanty raiment, scanty shelter; no education, no refinement, no books, no enterprise, no progress, no canal, no railroad, no telegraph, no electric lights, no telephone, no steamship, all a howling wilderness filled with savages and wild beasts—such is the condition of society where money is not."

John Wesley said, "Make all you can, save all you can and give all you can." Mr. John D. Rockefeller, one of the richest men in the world, commenced life as a very poor boy, and I once heard him say, almost in the exact words of Wesley, "I believe it is a religious duty to get all the money you can, fairly and honestly; to keep all you can, and to give away all you can."

Certainly Mr. Rockefeller has done all of these things. I have had both occasion and opportunity to study him very carefully, and notwithstanding that certain sensational newspapers have printed all sorts of nonsense about him, he is really a grand, good man and an example of what the struggles of a poor country boy will amount to when he has character and honesty of purpose and high and noble aims in life. He never made an obligation he could not meet, or did not meet; he always lived within his means, and has always contributed a large share of his means to helping anything that would help mankind.

All men of great wealth have in the acquiring and holding of money exercised a wise economy, and while the unthinking may call them mean and stingy and close, they know not what they talk about. When Wesley said, "Save all you can," he did not mean to inculcate stinginess or meanness. The road to great wealth is not through meanness. I never knew a man of enormous wealth—a man of many millions—who was in any way small, close, mean or stingy. Of necessity they are broad-gauged, liberal men. No small mind can create a great fortune like Mr. Rockefeller's—estimated at over four hundred millions of dollars.

Here is an extract from a lecture I once heard Mr. Rockefeller deliver to a gathering of young men, which will show the character of the man. He had been speaking at length about his early hard struggles with poverty, and said: "I spoke just now of my early struggles for success, and I would like to ask you young men, What is success? Is it money? Some of you have all the money you need to provide for your wants. Who is the poorest man in the world? I tell you, the poorest man I know of is the man who has nothing but money; nothing else in the world upon which to devote his ambition and thought. That is the sort of man I consider to be the poorest in the world. Money is good if you know how to use it."

Work hard and work persistently and save all you can without being stingy or mean, and you will be building your fortune on a solid basis. "The way to wealth is as plain as the way to market. It depends on two words, industry and frugality; that is, waste neither time nor money, but make the best use of both. If you would be wealthy, think of saving as well as of getting. A man may, if he knows not how to save as he gets, keep his nose all his life to the grindstone, and die not worth a penny at last."

No one ever built a fortune who was not economical. The lack of economy has doomed many a business man to failure. Richard Cobden, the noted English statesman, once said to an audience of workingmen: "The world has always been divided into two classes, those who have saved and those who have spent; the thrifty and the extravagant. The building of all the houses, the mills, the bridges and the ships, and the accomplishment of all other great works which have rendered man civilized and happy, has been done by the savers—the thrifty; and those who have wasted their resources have always been their slaves."

It is our duty to free ourselves from any form of slavery, and certainly a poor person is not independent, and I would urge on all the readers of The Magazine of Mysteries to acquire wealth, and the very first step to be taken in getting rich is to be industrious, prudent, careful, saving and never get in debt. Debt is the meanest kind of slavery; it makes everything a temptation; it causes one to lose self-respect; it weakens and discourages. Pay as you go. Push your business with great energy; but don't push it on borrowed money, unless you are sure you can pay it back.

Another thing, don't envy the rich. Rejoice in seeing your neighbors succeed. The very life and progress of this nation depend upon its rich men. Complaining, kicking and growling about rich men is low and weakening. Don't waste any time in that sort of fool thing; but be up and doing, and with patience and cheerfulness and hopefulness await results. Some day you may count your millions, too. These croakers and kickers who murmur persistently against the rich men of our country always remain poor, and are the poorest citizens any country can have.

Most of our rich men were once poor, and economy, cheerfulness, hopefulness and not envy were the qualities that helped them to riches. Dig, stick and save will build a fortune. "It is the savings of the world that have made the civilization of the world. Savings are the result of labors; and it is only when laborers begin to save that the results of civilization accumulate. Thrift began with civilization; indeed, it produced it. Thrift produces capital, and capital is the conserved result of labor. The capitalist is merely a man who does not spend all that is earned by work."

Debt has been the cause of so much woe, misery, disaster and failure that before closing I would urge upon all of my readers to remember what the learned Dr. Johnson said of this *calamity:* "Do not accustom yourself to consider debt only as an inconvenience; you will find it a calamity. Poverty takes away so many means of doing good, and produces so much inability to resist evil, both natural and moral, that it is by all virtuous means to be avoided. Let it be your first care, then, not to be in any man's debt, for this destroys liberty, and makes some virtues impracticable and others extremely difficult. Frugality is not only the basis of quiet, but of beneficence. No man can help others that wants help himself; we must have enough before we have to spare."

To get rich, we must first be out of debt and determine to remain out of it and thus escape the evils of fear, terror and shame, which always retard progress in acquiring wealth. And that reminds me that many men of large wealth have often said they were happier getting rich than in spending it. So no one need feel that there is no happiness to be had in acquiring a fortune. Indeed, it is a highly pleasing and interesting occupation and one that should engage the serious attention of every aspiring soul. I hope what I say here may aid and help some of you on to fortune, and that when you acquire it you will remember the advice of both John Wesley and John D. Rockefeller—"Make all you can, save all you can, give all you can."

Cause of Much Woe and Misery

For thousands of years the world has been filled with woe, misery, sorrow and bloodshed through religious fanatics. No two persons can worship God alike. Every man has a right to choose his own religion. Look at the terrible war and bloodshed caused by religion—religious missionaries. Any attempt to herd together human beings and force on them a religion by means of argument or of powder and ball or sword is a Godless movement and will cause much woe and misery.

"The real work of religion must be everyone's individual private business."

Jesus gave us the real practical part of religion when he said:

"Go into your room and close the door, and pray in secret."

Adversity

Adversity makes the good man better. Shakespeare said:

"Sweet are the uses of adversity;
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head."

And Young knew the good in adversity:

"Affliction is the good man's shining scene;
Prosperity conceals his brightest ray;
As night to stars, woe lustre gives to man."

A true and successful life is one the touch of which upon others is quickening, wholesome, purifying and beneficent.

Throw away idle hopes; come to thine own aid, if thou carest at all for thyself, while it is in thy power.—*Marcus Aurelius.*

SILENT PRAYER IS POWERFUL.

DEMAND AND SUPPLY

By Charles Brodie Patterson, in Mind

LIFE is made up of little acts, rather than of great ones. The little things we do day by day constitute the real sum of life. In our haste to accomplish definite results in the world we forget about the little things in our desire to accomplish the great things, and we fail in the latter because we do not know how to achieve the former. There is nothing so trivial in life as to be unworthy of consideration. We should understand life so as to make our thoughts clear even to little children; to do away so far as practicable with the complex side of life; to be as simple-minded as possible; to keep the mind free from all things that tend to tangle or clog it. We should start with the thought of God—God in all life; God in our own individual lives. We should not go through life trying to keep ourselves separate from the world in which we live, feeling that because we have some knowledge of divine law we are above our fellow-men. We should rather go through the world in the spirit of helpfulness—giving and receiving.

No matter how evil a thing may seem to be, if we examine the root of it we will find God there. No matter how bad a man may seem to be, if we can reach his *soul* we will find God there. And it will make us more charitable, because we will see that the evil of life is only on the surface, where change and growth are forever taking place—where we make mistakes, sometimes wilfully and sometimes unconsciously, yet knowing that through such errors we profit in the end. Then let us think the *God* thought of life in everything—in our dealings with our fellows, with children, and with animals. Let us try to see God in mind and also in Nature, because God *is* in both. We should try to see God first in our own lives, for then we shall see Him in everything—everything is expressing God. Let us try to be wise, because when we have the wisdom of God in our own minds we shall find it in everything; for God's law *is* in everything, and everything moves in accordance with it.

Sometimes things seem to be deflected from their natural course, yet everything moves ultimately in its natural order. We know that the earth in its circuit round the sun is deflected from its path as it passes a greater planet, but having passed it is no longer deflected. We should not get discouraged about things that seem to fail. There are no failures in the plan of God. Failure at its worst is only seeming. Everything is progressing toward a definite end. Vicissitudes are inevitable; therefore, discouragement should never enter into the mind of man. It is the *inner* life that is important, not that on the surface; it is that which is really trying to express itself outwardly, and frequently failing to do it perfectly. Perfect expression comes through effort that is not strained, but directed when the mind is in a state of peace and rest. We succeed only when we put the restless, anxious side of affairs out of mind and allow the restful side to dwell in our thoughts.

Consider the brightness and the joy of living. We do not pay enough attention to these. There is not enough brightness in the world; yet when we consider things as they really are there is every reason to be happy, to be joyful. To know this is to display both joy and happiness, which are aspects of the Spirit of God. We hear them in the song of the bird; we feel them in the perfume of every flower. There is happiness, there is joyousness in Nature. We should appear bright and happy by showing forth the inner brightness and the inner joy of living, because we are working out a great problem that will bring us into a more harmonious and beautiful condition of life; and we should work from that condition outward in a spirit of joy and satisfaction in what we are doing. We should take pride in the thought that something has been given us to do. We have found most satisfaction in having things done for us—in not having things to do ourselves. It seems so hard when everything might be accomplished in a much easier way. It is a poor quality of mind that seeks to have everything done for it; it is a lazy life that longs for any such condition. Is it not far better to meet each thing in the proper spirit as it presents itself, and thus overcome it and gain a higher and truer conception of life? We have been given a mind and a heart with which to think and feel, and it is through thinking and feeling that we must for ourselves work out a beautiful salvation; that is, the beautiful life that has been given us to develop. When we are discouraged we are thinking in opposition to the divine law. We have not been conscious of this, perhaps, and consequently little has been expected of us; but just as soon as the truth enters our consciousness, more is required of us. Whenever we do anything that fills our minds with a sense of bitterness, or prejudice, or worry, or anxiety, or causes us to meditate on our "physical weakness," or see in others disagreeable qualities, we are putting ourselves in opposition to the law of God. We are not living our real lives. We are not working out our salvation in the way intended, but rather through self-imposed trials and tribulations. All these negative conditions adversely affect the mind, and consequently the body, and we wonder why God is so much better to other people than to us! God is just as good to us as we deserve.

We must make a *demand* for the things we wish. The plant makes its demand—and receives everything necessary to sustain and perfect its life. We should make our demands consciously. We must first know what we want, and then feel perfectly sure that it is ours—that we need it and that we have it. Let this apply to everything in life, but keep the unselfish side always foremost. It is not selfish to demand health and strength for one's self; but a demand for worldly possessions having no reference to others' needs might become supremely selfish. In order to be helpful to others we must be healthy and strong. There is nothing selfish, therefore, in demanding everything needful to make us rightly related to the world and to our fellow-men. Taking this position we eliminate selfishness. We demand for ourselves *and for others*, insisting that it is right; that it does not deprive anyone else; that it is for our own good and for that of others. All things are ours to *use*, not to abuse. By indulging in such thoughts we attract to ourselves everything necessary to our well-being—happiness, health, strength, friends. We may not receive at once the things desired, but we should cultivate patience and rest assured that they will come to us in due time and in a way that will do us the greatest possible good. Thus we tend to eliminate impatience from our minds.

But with patience there should also be perseverance. Some say if you only "wait" your desire will come to you; but nothing comes to those who put forth no effort on their own behalf. Keep right on thinking and doing, and little by little true results will accrue. It is never well, in our perseverance, to introduce the element of haste. We should strive to see every side of a question. Sometimes we listen to one side and turn a deaf ear to the other. We must learn how to judge, and we can only judge rightly when we know all that is to be known on any subject; otherwise our judgment cannot be the God judgment, which always considers *all* the facts. It is necessary to keep the mind free, because if it is not free we are certain to err. Whatever we think of others has its reflex action on ourselves, because what we think for others they in turn think for us. Judgment of others rests with God, but does not rest between man and man. It should not be our practice to judge any life other than our own, but it is right for us to judge whether the principle manifested is in accord with the divine law; that is, it is not a question of personal judgment with us, but rather a question of understanding God's law. It is necessary to distinguish between person and principle. That is sometimes difficult, because we are prone to associate the two—the individual and the act—in our mental concepts. One person may perform a reprehensible act in the best possible spirit, while another, in the wrong spirit, may do something that is right in itself but lacking in good motive. We must learn to distinguish between things and persons, therefore, and leave the judgment of individuals to God, because God judges each soul. If we violate any law of life, then, our condemnation only ceases when we cease doing wrong. Just as soon as we begin to do right, forgiveness ensues.

Suppose your friend is disobeying the law, and you conclude that he is about to reverse his steps; just as soon as he alters his course his sin is forgiven. In all forms of sickness the mind is the first to get well—the body last. The sin must first be forgiven, and then the body will respond. Sometimes we feel that it is very hard to forgive; yet while one is forgiving another he is forgiving himself. And it is only when we forgive the whole world, through the mind of God, that we are really forgiven. Only in proportion as we forgive are we forgiven.

We should acquire a fuller understanding of the nature of the soul, so that we may enter into a higher order—a wider comprehension of life. We truly serve and worship God when we recognize any element of the God-life in another. Man is the highest expression of God, and we must learn to love one another. We must know something of the All-in-all before we can enter into the lives of others and be thoroughly helpful to them, because if we do not know what they feel and think we cannot be of service to them. Let us first know ourselves—our own thoughts and our own methods—and then feel that they are identical with those of other people; thus we shall learn to excuse our neighbors' failings. Sometimes, on meeting people for the first time, we seem to experience a spirit of resentment toward them, without knowing why. That condition can only be overcome by cultivating its opposite and becoming thoroughly sympathetic. Everything in life can thus be made simple. In this way we ourselves grow strong and demonstrate the real power of life—the power of God within us.

We meet two persons—one is very "good" and the other very "bad." Which one most needs our help? The Christ thought is to administer good where it is needed the most. That is why He went among the people who were the sinners and outcasts. He spent his life among the lowliest, his object being to do good to them because they felt their need. We waste a great deal of time over persons—friends and enemies—who are not willing to receive good. We have many lessons yet to learn from the life of Jesus. If anyone is in need of what we have to give, and his appeal is made to us, we should hold ourselves in readiness to aid him. In the physical life there are those in need of material necessities, but sometimes we give to those *not* in need, which is to scatter seed by the wayside, or on the rocks, or among the thorns—with fruitless results. There should always be some actual need where our bounty is bestowed.

We do not trust one another enough in life. We are prone to construe things in the wrong way. Sometimes the highest and holiest things in life are regarded as the worst. It is very seldom that we try to view anything from another's point of view. There is no lesson more important than to learn that we must put ourselves in others' places in order to discern things in the right way.

"I have been in this New Thought a great many years, and yet I am not strong. I try to live the New Thought; I believe in it, but I get no results." How often we hear this complaint! When it becomes to us a *law* we get the true results, but not until then. When we get life in its fulness we have as much as anyone else. This can be procured only through right thinking and right doing. We will never get health or strength while meditating on our own imperfections or the weaknesses of others. Only as we dwell on the beauty of life and know that God is working within us to will and to do, and that the will of God is a vital factor in each and every life, may we have health, happiness, and every other needful thing.

[Mr. Charles Brodie Patterson is recognized as one of the leading Spiritual Healers in the world. His magazine MIND is an excellent metaphysical magazine, and we recommend it highly to all interested in the New Thought; it is published at 19 West Thirty-first street, New York City, at $2 a year.—EDITOR.]

Brotherly Love

A WRITER in The Parish Magazine, of St. Marks, Battersea, says that some years ago when Dr. Ingram, the new Bishop of London, was in serious conversation with a church dignitary, he suddenly said: "Pardon me," rushed after a rough looking man who was passing, shook him heartily by the hand, and talked to him for some minutes. "One of the cleverest of my Victoria Park opponents," said Dr. Ingram on his return. "Not an atheist, surely?" rejoined his companion. "Yes," said Dr. Ingram; "or, at all events, he fancies he is; but he's such a pleasant fellow, and there's a lot of good in him." And then, after a pause—"And goodness can only have one source."

GREAT success can never come to him who is disturbed at the success of others.—*Frank Harrison.*

THE greatest man or woman in this world is he or she who makes the best use of all his or her powers.

WAKE UP! DO SOMETHING! ACHIEVE!

LIGHT OF FAITH THAT EXPIRED

A Work of Redemption Seen Through Blind Eyes

By Frederick R. Guernsey, in Boston Herald

Attempt of Missionary MacMaster to Reclaim a Mexican Town—His Death Brought Out the Real Christianity of Those Against Whom He Worked

FROM the hill crowned by the great stone shrine of San Antonio, looking westward across the barranca, over which Spanish engineers had centuries ago flung a lofty bridge of dark stone, stood, nobly outlined against the barred red and gold of the sky, an ancient Mexican city. The twin towers and stately dome of the cathedral filled the upper half of the picture, and clustering at the base of the great building were low white houses, their tiles crimsoned by the setting sun. Here and there a tall palm rose among the city's dwellings.

The Rev. Hiram MacMaster and his wife, Martha, stood contemplating the scene. He was tall, angular, slightly bowed, and his nervous hands pulled at his red beard as he looked almost ecstatically at the old city. His keen gray eyes seemed gazing into futurity. The woman was much younger, pale, not too well fed, her lips bloodless, her manner listless. Her eyes seemed to see nothing.

"Look, Matty, over there," said the missionary; "see the stronghold of our foes, that huge cathedral; behind it the sky of the Apocalypse. We have laid siege to the city of the infidels; we are to redeem the poor pagans deprived of the bread of life by proud and haughty ecclesiastics. See, there, on the hill just below the cathedral, the palace of the bishop, and note the long line of stone wall enclosing his fair gardens. There the Scarlet Woman flaunts herself in unholy pride. Ah! 'tis a mighty battle we must fight, but the triumph shall be great. Tower and dome and buttressed wall shall fall in the Lord's good time, and we shall enter in. Glory to God that we have been chosen to do this deed, to fight——"

"Oh, Hiram, little do I feel like fighting. The foe is so strong, and we are so weak. All I can think of is the children. Baby needs so many things; little Judson looks like a tenement-house child at home."

"Have faith, woman; your weakness is of the flesh. Pray for the heavenly refreshing."

. . . . . .

Even as they talked, these missionaries from the far North, the western heavens grew purple and then gray, and the great towers of the church seemed darkly to vanish in the evening dusk. A great star shone out over the cathedral dome, and soon the heavens began to fill with flashing points of light.

The irreverent Americans residing in the city of Villahermosa had nicknamed these missionaries the "Hook and Eye Baptists." They wore a peculiar garb on which no buttons were used; they lived in a mean little house conspicuous for its lack of furniture; some people of their sect up in the United States had sent them to Mexico to convert the heathen. By-and-by MacMaster hoped to have a little church and a parsonage. Wealthy men of his denomination had promised these things to him when he could show half a hundred converts.

Older missionaries in the same field belonging to a powerful Northern sect resented MacMaster's coming to Villahermosa. By custom the country was partitioned off into spheres of influence, as it were, and all the evangelical sects engaged in converting the "pagans" of Mexico respected each the other's territory. In his zeal MacMaster had intruded on ground set apart during twenty years for the occupancy and operations of old and experienced laborers in this field of the world.

The fact that this was a city which was the seat of a bishop and was renowned for its conservatism, the people having welcomed the Maximilian empire, probably influenced the "Hook and Eye Baptist" to begin here his campaign. Heaven knows what MacMaster expected to accomplish when his predecessors in the field had barely made forty converts, and these of uncertain reliability. But his faith was mighty; he was, in his way, an idealist, and visions came to him in broad daylight. If you did not know the man well, you would say that his speech was cant of the grossest sort. But it was not; MacMaster was in dead earnest. He saw, in exalted moments, the coming of divine judgment on the bishop, his foe, who should be stricken with the disease that brought Herod to the grave, while, chased away by angels in buttonless raiment, the Scarlet Woman should take to the mountains.

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The majority of the people of Villahermosa live in spiritual contentment. The climate is soft and delightful. Rude winter, with its blasts, never visits them, and, like all dwellers in the tropics, they prefer to have stronger minds do their thinking for them. Their religion was part of their existence. They went to church, said their prayers, heard practical sermons, which, if they had duly heeded, would have done them good, but as is the way with most sermons, were listened to as we heed the rain falling. The conduct and morality of the people were of the average; the city was accounted well behaved, murders were infrequent, the acquisitive instinct never went beyond tempting men to petty theft, and the local clergy felt that not much more could be expected of their flocks. The improvident paid tribute to the local usurers, who waxed fat and built them great mansions; the more thrifty acquired little plots of ground and languidly cultivated a few vegetables when the big black ants did not eat everything as soon as the crops shot up above the ground. Babies were plenty and very brown, and lacked raiment, which shocked the good, fat tourist ladies when they went hustling through the hot streets of an afternoon, ejaculating: "Oh, my! how shameful! Just look at that little wretch!"

But the little wretches grinned to hear the foreign jargon, and made no reflection on their semi-nudity, quite Biblical, in the manner of Eden before Satan showed fashion papers to Mother Eve.

In their little houses the poor lived contentedly, knowing nothing better, and perhaps all the happier that their minds were not awakened to the beauties of church sociables, vestry candy-pulls and nightly whist alternating with Sunday bonnets. These brown people looked at the perspiring Americans, who had not learned how to take life leisurely and went bustling about, and remarked: "They must have devils, they are so sad and always running through the hot streets." Naturally, having made this profound observation, the brown people refused to take our new sectarian brands of religion seriously. If we had been more tranquil seeming they would have inferred that our inner grace was worth looking at and sampling.

That all Americans are walking money kings was the conviction of the people of Villahermosa. They had never seen a male American put his hand in his pocket without finding silver. They themselves mostly reckoned in copper. Why we should be desirous of making them over spiritually they puzzled about, in their calmly philosophic way, the conclusion usually being that we had some deep design on the liberty and independence of the republic. But they were not stirred to anger; it seemed so foolish and Yankee-like to undertake the achievement of the impossible.

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The religious situation of Villahermosa was complicated a few months after the Rev. Hiram MacMaster set up his mission by the appearance of a singular man from Utah—Mr. Jeremiah Brown, accompanied by his wife, Mary, and five children. His ostensible business was the selling of sewing machines, cheap typewriters and clock repairing. It soon came to be known that he was a Mormon, and he was more than suspected of being a missionary, "spying out the land," said the Rev. Hiram MacMaster.

In the Brown household there was thrift, neatness, comfortable furniture and a baby every year. No one could say that "Elder" Brown, as the Americans who loafed under the arcades of the Hotel Americano called him, was a proselyter; he was gentle mannered, insinuating, active, learned Spanish rapidly, made friends among the Mexicans, and had frequent calls to mend clocks down among the haciendas of the sugar country. Whether he quietly preached Mormonism to the poor was a question frequently discussed by the little American colony, who had the traditional dislike for Mormons as being renegades, though hardly an American in Villahermosa had a creed; that was something left to the missionaries.

MacMaster somehow came to regard the Mormon with as violent a hatred as he felt for the bishop. He alluded to Brown as "the false prophet" sent by Satan to bring his own work into disrepute with the people. Long reports went North to the mission board of the Hook and Eye Baptists regarding the nefarious operations of the Mormons in this Mexican field, and the wealthy brethren of the sect felt impelled to give MacMaster funds to build his little church before a Mormon temple "full of degrading mysteries" should arise in Villahermosa. "Thus are the plans of the evil one set at naught," piously remarked MacMaster to the depressed wife of his bosom, whose joy in mission work was not keen, her whole thought being for the baby, a girl of two years, and for Judson, a lad of ten, whose upbringing was more than puritanical.

To keep Judson, a bright boy, well occupied his father gave him English lessons at home, and for recreation the little fellow was allowed to read the Bible, which he did for hours at a time, his head bent over the Holy Book. He was not allowed to play with the Mexican lads, who indulged in imitation bullfights in the dusty street and disported themselves in boyish fashion. For exercise Judson was sent around selling Spanish Bibles, and thus, little by little, began to pick up the language.

The marvelous thing was that Judson was not made a wretched and canting little prig; but he was just a normal lad who loved his father and mother and doted on his baby sister. He found in the marvelous old book his sole literature, a complete substitute for history, poetry and romance. The stories of the Jewish battles with the heathen were to him as the history of the American Revolution and the Civil War is to Yankee lads; David, who smote Goliath, was his hero, and he meditated much on the boy Samuel, whom the Lord called so dramatically. Judson was saturated with the Scriptures, and a boy may not easily encounter a better guide to life than in the frankly displayed pages of human nature bound up between the covers of the Bible.

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Charley Wilkins, who was the gentlemanly "barkeep" at the Hotel Americano, often remarked: "That derned little Judson is no fool; he's learning the missionary business from the ground up. By golly! he has made me buy a Bible and promise to read it, which I'll do some time when I have a lay-off. He's got the commercial instinct strong, and he's all right, if that fool father of his lets up on him by-and-by and allows him to be like other folks."

It was Wilkins's belief, frequently expressed, that "that 'ere Mormon elder will throw MacMaster down and carry off half the female population to the Saints' colonies up in Chihuahua. Brown's practical, and MacMaster's a loony dreamer."

It tickled Wilkins that little Judson had made him buy a Bible, and the Good Book was kept on the shelf behind the bar between a bottle of Angostura and another of rye whisky, looking for all the world, Wilkins said, "like a charm, or a happy hoodoo to keep trouble from coming to this 'ere bar."

The Very Reverend Don Jacinto Sanchez y Casas Grandes, the bishop, was not unaware of the presence in Villahermosa of the new missionaries, MacMaster and Brown. They interested him as rare specimens of heresy, and he was never tired of hearing of MacMaster's curious buttonless clothes, his predictions of ultimate triumph and the downfall of the ancient faith in Villahermosa. Whenever a story of MacMaster's eccentricities reached his ears the good bishop would laugh gently and exclaim: "Poor fellow! His zeal and courage would make him a valuable convert. Before he converts any of us, we must save his soul."

Incapable of saying harsh things of any mortal, the bishop could not help regarding Elder Jeremiah Brown as a dangerous fellow, likely to make perverts. Still, he never said anything worse of the Mormon sewing machine man and clock repairer than, "We must watch him, and warn the people against his wiles."

This bishop was a short and fat little body,

merry of spirit but ascetic in his life, and his enthusiasm was all centred in the conversion of two tribes of quite pagan Indians in the sierra to the south of Villahermosa. To bring these heathen into the fold was his ambition, and he spent much money on his missions to those poor people. Padre after padre returned, however, reporting that they were hardened in idolatry, cruel of heart and dirty in their habits, and that if, after fifty years of preaching and exhortation, they could be got to use soap and water and a comb, it would be quite all that might reasonably be expected. "Cleanliness is next to godliness," the bishop would say, cheerfully; "their redemption may not come in my time, but if we get them to the half-way house I shall die content."

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Sometimes MacMaster, seeing the bishop pass in his coach, and catching a glimpse of the prelate's round and serene face, would inwardly comment: "Self-indulgent and pampered, thine eyes are filled with fatness and thy soul with grossness. The Lord has sent me to smite thee as David did the Philistine!"

But the little bishop was no Goliath. He was a busy man, humble in heart, who felt that his Episcopal dignity was unmerited, and he strove to be a faithful overseer of the clergy placed under him. All his pride was centred in his church and its achievements. He often lamented that he was not a missionary in China or India for the greater discipline of his soul. He loved the poor people, and they returned his affection; he lived frugally and frowned on any show of fondness for the good things of life among the clergy. With all his gentleness he was energetic, and his working day began ever at dawn.

Those of the Americans in town who had had occasion to meet him said that he was "all right," and Major Boydon, who secured right of way for the new railway, found him useful in adjusting disputes with local landowners. "The little bishop's no back-number pomposity; he's strictly up to date, and wants the railway to come in here as quick as we can bring it in." This was the verdict of the worldly Americans who were in this section of Mexico for the health of their bank accounts, and regarded the dominant faith with a fine patronage as a "first-rate check and better than a police force."

They liked the bishop because he could smoke a cigar (extra mild) and take a glass of sherry with them when they called at the Episcopal residence, termed a palace, but in reality a big two-story, rambling edifice not any too well adapted to its purposes of residence and business offices of a busy prelate.

In the overheated imagination of the Rev. Hiram MacMaster the bishop's palace was a splendid residence, where sinister ecclesiastics walked on velvet carpets or reclined luxuriously in great, padded chairs, sitting down to sumptuous repasts and drinking the rarest wines.

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On market day it was MacMaster's delight to walk about the plaza distributing tracts in Spanish among the people. In these tracts the purity of the Hook and Eye faith was made prominent, and the dominant church was depicted as a "city of evil" from which men should flee as from the wrath to come. This proceeding of the earnest missionary was resented by the local clergy, but the bishop, who knew the hold of his own faith upon the people, advised letting him alone, and then, too, the authorities were liberals and exercised a patronizing control over the various religions.

In the bishop's mind, MacMaster was a strong and noble soul, well worth saving from the perils of heresy. He had an apostolic zeal for souls, and that of the strange missionary seemed to him to be of great worth. If the worthy prelate chanced to have a bad dream, it was always Jeremiah Brown, the suspected Mormon, who stalked through it, like the beast with ten horns.

The months wore on, and MacMaster, having received a few thousand dollars from his coreligionists in the United States, began to build his little church and parsonage. It was difficult to find workmen in the city, for word had gone abroad that the heretic missionary was not to be encouraged. Still, men were brought from afar, and the work went slowly on.

Martha MacMaster noted the new activity with lack-lustre eyes; she was far from well, and the dreariness of her lot and the hopelessness of the "work" of converting the people were apparent to her practical mind. She observed that converts rarely remained long with them; they would, being utterly poor, accept clothing or money for their pressing wants, and they listened with true Mexican politeness to the awkward Spanish of MacMaster, who would preach a sermon with enthusiasm to a congregation of a dozen souls, accommodated in his little *sala*.

MacMaster's accent was irremediably flat, and must have fallen ludicrously on the ears of his flock, but, trained to courtesy, they never even smiled. Martha heard from little Judson of the loss of standing of the converts, whose families sometimes turned them out of doors and whose relatives gave over speaking to them. This seemed to her to be a bad thing and likely to diminish their self-respect. They seemed to her, these poor Indian people, artisans and field laborers, to be losing something tangible and gaining but a vague insight into the new doctrines. Once she said to her husband:

"Hiram, it is hardly worth while to try to make these people understand; they are so simple-minded and thoughtless. They are eager for clothes, but I can see that they are incapable of comprehending you."

But MacMaster replied: "Woman, you are so faithless! The seed falls on poor ground, but you know that we can never hope to gain favor with the educated natives. They are wedded to their idols, and those of them who are not are materialists and lost forever. Would that I could fill our church that is to be with the lawyers, the doctors and the business men of this city. But they will never be impressed until we have a large body of worshippers, and see how the simplicity of our faith uplifts the poorest."

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Judson believed in his father, but he loved his mother more; she was to him a pathetic household angel, always kind, with a wonderful patience, and yet he puzzled over her lack of confidence in his father's work. It was plain to the boy, old beyond his years, that his mother was failing in health. The warm climate was sapping her strength, used as she had been to the tonic air of the piney, healthy country of Northern Michigan. She often grew listless and disheartened, and the boy would perform many household offices for her.

MacMaster, absorbed in his building and his talks with the poor people, never seemed to notice his Matty's feebleness. He was a strange, puritanical man, capable of sacrificing his family for the "cause." He was rugged, and the climate which slowly took his wife's strength made no impression on him. In truth, he rarely seemed to appreciate the fact that he was living under a tropical sun. To MacMaster his wife's lack of faith was a "cross." He bore it, in his way, patiently enough. He rarely reproached her.

April came, and the sun, day after day, shone in all its intensity. The little house was uncomfortable; there were no wide corridors to sit in and enjoy the evening freshness, flies buzzed about, ants, big and annoying in their belligerency, intruded, and scorpions were frequent visitors, greatly feared by Martha, who had heard of their stinging children with fatal results.

The dull, languid oppressiveness of the hot season made the poor woman homesick; she would sit in a little chair by a window looking out on the narrow street, dreaming of the lake region she had been reared in, a happy child; of the great pine woods, and the fresh breeze which made one so strong. Sometimes so intimately happy were her reveries that she smiled an unaccustomed smile, and little Judson would come up softly and kiss her pale cheek and say: "Dear mamma, you look as if you saw into heaven!" "I am sure it was heaven," the mother would reply.

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And when May came the heat was more intense; Martha felt that she had hardly the strength to do her household work. She had to cook the meals, for MacMaster insisted on "something tasting American-like." Both he and Judson were very hungry people. The man still failed to note his Matty's pallor and her growing weakness. Her soul, that of a refined and delicate woman, revolted at the dreariness of her surroundings. She had never known luxury, but her father's house in Michigan was big and roomy, and a place of joy and contentment. Sometimes she would repeat the words, "I will arise and go to my father," and then she would rebuke herself for disloyalty to Hiram, who was a good man, intent on planting the "new faith" in Mexico.

Early in June the rains began to fall and the air grew cooler. One afternoon Martha put on her one best gown, a simple print, and went out alone. She bent her steps to the cathedral, drawn by some instinct of devotion. Timidly she paused at the high carved gate; then, summoning resolution, entered, crossed the great enclosure, passed through the lofty doors of the vast edifice, and seeing some women kneeling at their devotions went to a side altar, where, falling upon her knees, she prayed for health and strength. The cool interior of the great church seemed filled with the very atmosphere of devotion; the magnetism of innumerable prayers was there. Martha's soul experienced a season of refreshing. In her simple goodness she felt that she had a right to be there, that the cathedral was for her in her time of weakness and homesickness.

And it chanced that the little bishop, accompanied by his secretary, came out of the sacristy as Martha, her face sweetly serious and her mind at peace, had risen from her knees and turned to go away. The secretary knew her and whispered to the bishop, who said to him: "Now I have hope for her husband; the wife seeks the ancient seat of faith and prayer. The man will come later."

But when Martha arrived home she found many people around her door. Her heart sank with foreboding. People looked at her pityingly. She felt that harm had come to their household, and her first thought was for the children. Entering, she found her husband on his bed, and in attendance were the Presbyterian medical missionary of the city, the chief of the military hospital and a local surgeon. MacMaster had been distributing tracts out on the road by the site of the new reservoir, then in the first stage of construction, had not noted the warning to get under cover when a blast was about to be set off by the workmen, and had been hit by a big stone. The injury was very serious, the doctors agreed. The wounded man breathed heavily and his eyes were shut. He was in great pain.

Two of the doctors remained all night, but their skill was of no avail. MacMaster was dying. Toward six o'clock, the sun then pouring a flood of light into the city, the injured man revived, and called for his wife and Judson and the baby. He smiled gently upon them, and raising his hands over them as they knelt by the bedside, blessed them. "Matty," he whispered, "I am dying; the work will halt. A worthier than I must carry it on. I have been struck down;" and he quoted the verse from the Apocalypse:

"'For God hath put it in their hearts to fulfil his will and agree, and give their kingdom unto the beast until the words of God shall be fulfilled.'

"For a time the enemy triumphs. May God bless you, my dear ones; Judson, read your Bible daily; comfort your mother, return with her to her father's house. Put the baby up that I may kiss her."

And then the dying man whispered the words:

"'And I heard, as it were, the voice of a great multitude, and as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of mighty thunderings——'"

The spirit of the missionary went forth; the end of his work had come. Desolation and darkness fell upon the house, the wings of the angel of death overshadowed it.

The little funeral procession out to the public cemetery was composed of the few Americans in the city. Charley Wilkins shut the American bar to attend, and wiped the eyes of little Judson at his father's grave. The warm heart of Jeremiah Brown, the Mormon, prompted him to attend, and he asked leave to pray, which was granted.

As the evening shadows fell, the Mormon went to the house of the bereaved ones, accompanied by his wife, a big and kindly woman. They were practical people and brought food for the family, and Mrs. Brown bustled about and got up the supper, which Judson and the baby ate with the honest appetite of children. And Jeremiah Brown, the Mormon, and Charley Wilkins, the "barkeep," resolved themselves into a committee on finance to assist the widow.

MacMaster had very little money, and Americans who live in a foreign land know well what is needed in such cases. They made a collection among their compatriots in Villahermosa, and while they were reckoning up the expenses of the journey to Michigan of Mrs. MacMaster and her children, the place of conference being the sewing machine agency of Brown, the bishop's carriage drew up. The good little man alighted, and, entering, explained that he heard that the gentlemen present had the affairs of the dead missionary's wife and family in hand, and he begged to contribute a hundred dollars. The gift was accepted, to the manifest joy of the prelate. When he had departed Charley Wilkins remarked:

"Darned if the bishop isn't a white man way through." And the Mormon said: "Godliness and charity are of no one faith."

God sleeps in the stone, breathes in the plant, moves in the animal and wakes up to consciousness in man.—*Schelling.*

THE ANGELS ARE REACHING OUT TO US.

"Behold, the angel of the Lord appeared unto him in a dream."—St. Matthew, i, 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 sacredly confidential.

We will now honor our spiritual guides and controls and ask them to aid us in interpreting the following dreams:

ELITHE.—Your first dream means that great light is about to come on your path; it is a very good dream and means much for you. Your second and third dreams mean little. We will give you our special prayers, as we do all who write to us and we see that they require special prayer. There are many helpful Angels about you trying to reach you with their help and guidance.

J. N. PEYSER.—Your dream means that you must be more patient; nothing good can come to you as long as you are so impatient.

O. E. M.—Your dream means a marriage or birth either in your family or some dear and near friend. Angels are trying to reach you in your sleep, when you hear your name called.

MRS. EMMA L. B.—Your dream means that you must not be discouraged, and must be more patient and have more hope. This magazine will help you a great deal. Some great souls in the Angel World are trying hard to reach out to you, and we will send forth our prayers that they may be very successful.

M. H. E.—It was a beautiful dream and in no way portends death; instead it means a new birth for you. Something new and grand is coming into your life, and we congratulate you. Read this magazine regularly and get into the Higher Thought.

M. S. M.—Your dream means that your soul temporarily left the body and really visited France. The soul, when the body is asleep, often travels to great distances—even to other planets. Your dream indicates that you are a psychic, and we would advise you to pay much attention to occult and spiritual matters, especially modern spiritualism.

C. J. C.—Your dream has a beautiful meaning. Either an angel is trying to communicate with you, or else it is a vision of your future wife. The dream means fortune for you.

JESINE.—Bless you, child, the dream will be fulfilled; read this magazine with hope, and your fondest ideals will be realized. Be patient and hopeful and trust in the Higher or Unseen Powers. The Angels can help you, and will help you. We pray for you.

LESLIE.—If you are true in your work no harm can come to you. From your dream we should say that you must send forth good thoughts to your enemy.

W. F.—Blessed brother, it was not a dream but a Glorified Vision which comes to the soul after it is well on the path and has endured much pain and suffering. You got a glimpse of heaven—one of the heavenly spheres. This was only a glimpse and gives one but a faint conception of the radiant glory of God and the Angels. But these rare glimpses, even if imperfect, are glorious and inspiring to the soul. We congratulate you upon having this glorious vision.

H. C.—Your dream means good fortune.

GEO. O. KAYE.—Your most wonderful dreams and visions would take up several pages to interpret. But, to be brief, you are about to be crowned with the crown of Victory and great and good fortune is to come to you, provided you first place all your trust in God and the Higher Powers (the Angels). Our magazine will be a wonderful help to you.

We have answered all the really important letters. Our space is precious and we cannot waste it on dreams that are not warnings of dangerous happenings or don't mean something.

All persons who write to this magazine are helped by us in the Silent and Mystic way. If you do not receive a special letter or see your dream answered in print your letter has been attended to. We are tremendous workers, day and night. Most of our work is done through prayer and messages to the Spirit Realms. Where we see special help is needed we call for it.

But remember, dear readers, you must help yourselves. Don't lean on us. Nothing will come if you do. Get down on your knees and do some old-fashioned, earnest praying. We reach the Eternal Good by prayer, meditation, work, mediums and all the unseen forces of the universe. Every section of this glorious country has either a minister, a rabbi, a priest, a spiritualist medium or some spiritually minded man. If in trouble or doubt, go to this Man of God and open your heart and soul to him, and help will come through him. The Spirit works through ALL religions and all cults and all sects.

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

Address Dream Editor of THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES, 22 North William street, New York City.

Wise Sayings

WE are the carpenters who make our own crosses.

God made us lonely so that we might be obliged to turn to Him.

Religion of the right kind makes a man industrious and useful.

Immorality poisons happiness, darkens hopes, brings torment and despair.

If you want to hit the mark aim a little above it. Every arrow that flies feels the attraction of earth.

The second of the two great commandments which Christ taught was "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

Every man has within himself a continent of undiscovered character. Happy is he who acts the Columbus of his own soul.

The man who has no God in heaven will make a god of his belly, his pride or his wealth; and he will be a criminal if he has a chance.

Everyone who follows his or her own chosen employment faithfully and diligently is to that extent one of the world's true and continuous givers.

The pauper lies on the Jericho road. Who is going to help him? Plenty of priests and Levites pass him by. Is there any good Samaritan who will stop and help him?

Nobody is free. We do not belong to ourselves. There are countless people depending on us, people whom we never have seen or never will see. What we do decides what they will be.

Every man deems that he has precisely the temptations and trials which are the hardest of all for him to bear; but they are so because they are the very ones he needs. —*Ritcher.*

No man can afford to be purse-proud and arrogant; in the very height of such folly will come afflictions which will humble him as no other men are. Moreover, such men are never happy; it is not in the wisdom of God that they should be.

Death is the crown of life;
Were death deny'd, poor men would live in vain;
Were death deny'd, to live would not be life;
Were death deny'd, ev'n fools would wish to die. —*Young.*

THE ANGELS ARE ALWAYS NEAR.

How Long Do Dreams Last?

PERHAPS the most extraordinary phenomenon associated with the dreaming state is the tremendous amount of realism which is frequently presented to the mind of the sleeper in an incredibly short time. Tell a man who has just awakened from a vivid and horrible dream that the sights, situations, feelings and presentments, which have resulted in a hurriedly beating heart and a profuse perspiration, all occurred in the space of a few moments, and he will probably doubt your word. Nevertheless, it is possible to have a dream in which the scenes and experiences carry the mind over a period of years, and yet the dream, from start to finish, may only occupy a few moments.

Count Lavalette gives a remarkable illustration of this. "One night," he says, "while I was asleep, the clock of the Palais de Justice struck twelve, and awoke me. I heard the gate open to relieve the sentry, but I fell asleep almost immediately." Then he dreamed that he was standing in the street, and shortly became conscious of a low, rumbling sound. Presently a troop of cavalry was seen approaching him, but both horses and riders were as if they had been flayed. Their bodies were dripping with blood. Women with mournful faces appeared at the windows of the neighboring houses to watch this dismal procession, and the air was filled with groans and pregnant with the odor of blood.

"I remained in the street," says the Count, "petrified with horror, and deprived of sufficient strength to seek safety in flight. This horrible troop continued passing in rapid gallop, and casting frightful looks at me. Their march, I thought, continued for five hours. At length the iron gate of the prison shutting with great force awoke me. I instantly made my repeater strike. It was only just past midnight, so that the horrible phantasmagoria had lasted no more than ten minutes—that is to say, the time necessary for relieving the sentry and shutting the gate."

A still more remarkable instance is given in "The Philosophy of Mystery." A gentleman dreamed that he had enlisted as a soldier, then gone through various hardships, deserted, was pursued, captured, and brought back. Then followed a vivid experience of his trial by court-martial. He was condemned to be shot, and eventually led out for execution. At that moment a noise in an adjoining room awoke him. What was his surprise to find that that selfsame noise had been both the cause of his dream and of his awakening. He had encountered the experiences of months in a single moment.

The case is reported of a gentleman who contracted a severe illness through sleeping in a damp bed. Afterward, when in a recumbent position, he was invariably seized with a sense of suffocation, and would be the victim of a dream, wherein a skeleton gripped him by the throat and attempted to strangle him. So repeatedly did this dream assail him that the thought of sleep rendered him miserable; and, so fearful was the impression it made upon him that sleep distressed rather than refreshed him.

Finally he engaged a watcher, whose duty it was to sit by the gentleman's side and rouse him as soon as ever he fell asleep. One night the dream visited him before being awakened, and a long and terrible struggle ensued between the dreamer and the skeleton. When awakened the gentleman reproached his watcher for allowing him to sleep so long. Judge of his amazement, however, when he was assured that he had been roused at the very instant when he began to slumber. The dream, the struggle he had thought so prolonged, had but been of a single moment's duration.

Flashes

By Fred Burry.

A PASSING word of encouragement has so often helped others to their feet: nothing is so uplifting to another as to make him see how great are his own possibilities.

The personal element, the outpouring of worship, is what binds the fellowship of religions. Why not give such tokens of honor to the present living children of men?—for each one enshrines a divinity.

Every selfish act, every narrow phase of interest, is a veil of illusion which closes out the real facts of life. The gateway of Knowledge is reached by the path of sacrifice or devotion, by the way of Love.

Cheerfulness is always a welcome visitor, and such a health-giving one, too. Let the spirit of good cheer dive beneath the surface, however, and show itself in real, active kindness as well as smiles and good words.

THE MAN AND THE HARP

BY REV. GEORGE H. HEPWORTH, IN NEW YORK HERALD

"I heard the voice of harpers harping with their harps."—Rev. xiv, 2.

THE harp is historically a very old instrument. Long before David touched its magic strings to soothe the irritable King it was in common use throughout the Orient. The old prophets were often accompanied by men skilled in its music, and it formed a part of every great ceremonial connected with worship or warfare. When the Israelites won a victory they called for the rejoicing harp to celebrate the event, and when their hearts were sad because of defeat they hung their harps on the willow trees, for its music could no longer charm them.

The harp and the harper! The strings and the hands that smite them! There we have a perfect illustration of a man. He is the harper, and the various qualities of his character are the strings on which he plays the music or the discords of life.

The harp, I am told, is a very difficult instrument to master, and I know from personal experience that there is an equal difficulty attending a man's mastery over himself.

The possibilities of the harp are rarely developed thoroughly, for however exquisite the tones you draw from it there are other tones and combinations of tone which your fingers are not delicate enough and your skill is not subtle enough to draw out. What you can do is as nothing to what can be done, nothing to what you will do some time in the future.

In like manner I say that the possibilities of the soul are mostly hidden and undeveloped. In this present time we have hardly become acquainted with the spiritual faculties which God has given us, and we need to look at ourselves and at our lives only casually to discover that we are using ourselves in a bungling and clumsy way. The few noble deeds we do are merely a faint prophecy of what we may do when we know ourselves better. Our dissatisfaction with what we have accomplished is the best part of us, for it is at once a rebuke and an encouragement. We are harping without knowing how to use the instrument properly. It is the Christ spirit which teaches us, but we find our lessons irksome and so neglect them.

A harp must first be carefully tuned before it can be grandly played. A good deal depends on the strings, for an untuned string will produce inevitable discord, however skilful the player may be.

A man's ideas correspond to the strings of the harp. You must think right before you can do well. Wrong thinking never yet produced right living, and it never will until you can play a symphony on an untuned harp. If you believe in the valley you are not likely to climb to the hilltop, because there is no incentive to do so. If there is no difference in your estimation between honesty and dishonesty you are sure to end by being dishonest. One must look up in order to climb, and he must believe that there is something desirable at the summit before he can make any effort to get there.

Now, the difficulty with most of us is that we are playing on a harp that is out of tune. We see too little of God, too little of the Christ and too much of ourselves. Looking at ourselves is not specially elevating, but looking at the Christ is uplifting What broken music we produce, what unworthy thoughts we indulge, what a wretched business we make of our lives! Once in a while we strike a pure, clear musical note, and then again what a jangling of the strings smites the ears!

Why is this? Because we have not sat at the feet of the Teacher and learned what to play and how to play it. Of what good is it to say we love good music and thereupon play bad music? Of what good is it to talk about virtue and faith and resignation and a holy life and then go forth to follow our impulses and gratify our passions?

We have vast capabilities, but we seldom use them. They are simply hibernating, and, like the bear who sleeps all winter and wakens in the spring lean and hungry, we shall find ourselves at the beginning of the next life hungry and lean and uncomely.

Religion is a God-sent harp tuner. There is nothing in it that is cloudy or foggy. It is not a mystery any more than physical exercise, for physical development is a mystery. Religion is information freely given as to the easiest way to live satisfactorily. It is hopeful, joyful, cheerful. It is stern because it warns you that if you put your finger in the fire it will be burned. It is pitiful when you are penitent, but if you persist in wrongdoing it thunders. It would be good for nothing if it failed to thunder. If it excused our faults we could get along without it.

To sum the matter up, take your brain and heart to God and ask Him to teach you how to use them, just as you would take your harp to a tuner if you could not tune it yourself. Believe in nothing and you will work toward nothing; believe in something and you will become something. When the harp and the player are in accord we may expect good music, and when a man has taken to himself the spirit of the Christ he will surely live a noble life.

GEORGE H. HEPWORTH.

[Each month we will print one of Dr. Hepworth's helpful and inspiring sermons.—EDITOR.]

The Higher Religion

THE NEW CENTURY TO BE THE AGE OF THE SOUL

By Frank Harrison

IT does not require a great seer or sage to discern that in the present century there will be fully established a new and higher religion than has prevailed in the past. Both in Europe and America can be plainly seen the decay of positivistic thought, and in its place the substitution of a metaphysical mode of thinking and inquiry.

A tremendous wave of Spirituality is now sweeping over this planet, and cleansing and strengthening the minds of men. No longer is man to be dominated by fear, doubt, error and superstition with respect to his being. For almost countless ages humanity has suffered woe, misery and *dis*-ease because of false teaching and false reasoning.

The Golden Age is at hand! We are to be delivered from the terrible bondage which ignorance and superstition always entail. The human family individually and collectively is awakening from a horrible nightmare, to discover that a new and eternal life of joy, peace, bliss and happiness is at hand.

Science and true philosophy are opening the minds of men to their great possibilities. A higher and purer thought is making for Eternal Good. Herbert Spencer gave the mind stimulation and the soul happiness when he said that science consists of knowledge partially unified, whereas philosophy consists of knowledge completely unified. But we are now going beyond Spencer. The growth of philosophy is now commensurate with the advance of science—hence the Higher Religion of the present time, which is leading man to the highest consciousness of his being—of his true relation to the universe and the Eternal Good or God in and back of it and himself.

The philosophy of the East is harmoniously blending with that of the West, and the result is that we now have a higher philosophy and a higher religion with metaphysical thought that is uplifting—inspiring. Any religion or philosophy which in the slightest degree suggests that any man or animal is not an Eternal Soul or that suggests there is any chance for him being lost or not saved, is false and cannot live under the blazing light of the New Thought. The world has had full enough talk about the salvation of men—the soul. There is no place in this grand universe where he or it could be lost or hurt. Man is Eternal; always is. That is exactly what the Higher Religion is making him realize or become conscious of. This is the Absolute Truth.

The low, vulgar thought of a rewarding and a punishing God is and always will be weakening, and will not permit anyone to rise to a consciousness of his true being. Moreover, as long as man is a God-fearing man he cannot have high ideals, and is certain to be in bondage to fear, doubt, scepticism, pessimism, vices, false appetites, false desires and brutal and animal passions. But when he becomes a God-loving man, and loves God for God's sake, he has entered the Higher Thought—the Higher Religion—and is eternally freed from fear, doubt—*dis*-ease. Millions of souls are now about to enter this pure and higher religion of the twentieth century or the Golden Age.

What is this Higher Religion doing? It is bringing about a true realization of the brotherhood of man and the Fatherhood of God. It is expanding the mind and tearing away from the soul the veils of darkness—ignorance and superstition—so that it stands out with all radiance and by its own effulgence realizes its greatness. It is bringing wealth, permanent health, sunshine, joy and bliss into the world. It is making for growth, progress and expansion along all lines. Never in the history of this planet were its inhabitants so happy and so prosperous as at this very moment. Indeed, this Higher Religion is making for all good. The world and its souls are in a better condition in every way to-day than they were yesterday, and will be better to-morrow than to-day. All in the universe is going onward, forward and upward. He who sees otherwise is looking through a clouded glass. "GOD IS IN HIS UNIVERSE," and everything in it is running in the most perfect order. How could it be otherwise?

BEFORE the eyes can see they must be incapable of tears. Before the ear can hear it must have lost its sensitiveness. Before the voice can speak in the presence of the Masters it must have lost the power to wound. Before the soul can stand in the presence of the Masters its feet must be washed in the blood of the heart.—*Light on the Path.*

Think About It

To pity distress is but human; to relieve it is Godlike.—*Horace Mann.*

There is no fit search after truth which does not, first of all, begin to live the truth which it knows.—*Bushnell.*

Christendom is at this time undeniably the prime and central power of the world.—*William E. Gladstone.*

Pray for final perseverance; prepare for it by daily perseverance.—*Bishop Hall.*

Give us your convictions; as for doubts, we have plenty of our own.—*Goethe.*

Christian people should aim to live above reproach; but some live below it.—*Anon.*

Our life is a web woven by the hand of God, the thread reaching from our birth unto our death. The woof is trouble but still runs with it a weft of interwoven comforts.—*Adams.*

There is no death! What seems so is transition:
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call death.
—*Longfellow.*

Put off repentance until to-morrow, and you have a day more to repent of and a day less to repent in.—*Wit and Wisdom.*

PRAY FOR LIGHT.

Prayer for Monday Morning

GREAT and Blessed One, the All-Father and the All-Mother, the King of All Kings and the Ruler of All Rulers, to Thee we come praying for Light, Guidance and Wisdom. We humbly pray that we may realize that much has been given to us. As we look about us on all sides, seeing so many evidences of comfort and plenty, may we be truly thankful for Thy manifold blessings. And with this sense of thankfulness may there come to us the realization that we are but the stewards of Thy blessings and bounty, and as Thou hast given us much, Thou wilt require much of us in return. May we wish to grow wise that we may impart our wisdom to others. If riches have been given to us may we give gladly as God hath prospered us. May we strive to grow in grace and goodness, not only for ourselves, but that we may help and influence Thy other children on earth.

May our spiritual natures be strengthened and uplifted by the influences of this hour, and may we go forth to the cares and responsibilities of another week with a resolve to do better, to live nobler than we have done before. We offer all our prayers in the name of the Holy Spirit. Amen.

Do not make an enemy of thy friend by returning evil for good; but make a friend of thine enemy by returning good for evil.

LET'S PLAY A GLORIOUS PART.

LET'S BANISH POVERTY.

Free Astrological Delineations to the Subscribers of THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES. IF we have not space to print the delineation we will either write you a special delineation, or mail you free a printed delineation which will apply to your birth. These printed delineations were specially prepared by the MYSTIC ADEPT who conducts this department, and are very valuable to any aspiring Soul. Address A MYSTIC, Astrology Department, New York Magazine of Mysteries, 22 North William street, New York City.

BLESSED ANGELS, I greet ye, and would ask ye to send to me an adept in Astrology who will help me in this work.

Following are the brief delineations for this issue:

M. A. E., incarnated Feb. 28, 1859.—You came to this planet this time under the sign of Pisces. I am not a fortune-teller; Astrology does not pretend to tell fortunes. You will be very unhappy as long as you do not go to the unseen powers for help. The study of occult science and metaphysics will help you to reach calm and happiness. Pray to God for Light and Wisdom. You are naturally thoughtful, industrious, sensible and persevering, and if you will read this magazine regularly you will reach happiness. I have sent forth the word for you, and hope you will soon feel the vibrations of happiness.

J. W. H. S. H., incarnated Jan. 10, 1847.—You came to this planet this time under the sign of Capricorn. You are a lover of the beautiful and have many fine qualities. From now on life will be more beautiful to you, and your happiness will be greater, as the planetary conditions are now more favorable to you than for some time past. Give much time and thought to this magazine, as it can help you to realize your ideals.

Mrs. W. S. M., incarnated Aug. 4, 1874.—You came to this planet this time under the sign of Leo, and are naturally a jovial, sympathetic, free, friendly and aspiring character. Live in the Higher Thought and your success will be great. I have sent forth the word for your success, and may God bless and prosper you. With God all things are possible. Pray silently and persistently to God and the Angels and you will be led. Your husband will do better to follow your advice. I have looked up his planetary conditions and find them excellent. Your husband is Scorpio and is capable of much mental and physical endurance.

S. A. B., incarnated Sept. 29, 1834.—You came to this planet this time under the sign of Libra, and are a strong psychic. The spiritual and angel forces that are striving to help you are of the highest order. Pay no attention to the jeers and laughter of the thoughtless who live in the realms of sensuality and materiality. Your inner nature is receptive and intuitional. We will send you the right vibrations, dear sister.

Bradford G. Woods, incarnated Dec. 23, 1846.—You came to this planet this time under the sign of Capricorn, and are naturally high-minded. We see only good for you. You are on the right path, and your soul is now feeling the vibrations of the great Soul Wave, through which this planet is now passing, or, rather, entering. Your mind comprehends and responds to all the higher vibrations with a certain ideality of elegance.

Caroline, incarnated Feb. 5, 1838.—You came to this planet this time under the sign of Aquarius. You are a broad judge of human nature, and of good and bad. You are a natural lover of public entertainments, public ceremonies, etc., and ought to go out among people all you can. We see only good in the future for you, and will send you our very best thought vibrations.

A. L. M., incarnated Jan 12, 1842.—You came to this planet this time under the sign of Aquarius. Read above delineation, which applies to you. You are eminently fitted, both by inclination and ability, to deal with the public. You naturally pick up information from every available source, and are apt and handy at doing many things. The Hon. James G. Blaine was born in your sign, and is a prominent example of the shrewdness, versatility and public inclination of the Aquarius people.

E. E. P., incarnated Sept. 22, 1847.—You came to this planet this time under the sign of Virgo, and are naturally cool, calm and confident. All of your six questions are answered every month in this magazine. Ask the Higher or Unseen Forces to help you. There is no such thing as luck; there is a cause for every effect. People are poor because they think poorly. High Spiritual Power is the only road to success and happiness. Your planetary conditions are excellent and you ought to be very successful and very happy. God and the Angels are trying to help mankind all the time; but through ignorance, selfishness, doubt, persuasion, fear and superstition mankind refuses to be helped.

G. J., incarnated Nov. 1, 1857.—You came to the planet this time under the sign of Scorpio, and being very superstitious and believing in "luck" you have not made any great success, and never will until you live on a higher plane. No; you will not be successful in lottery drawings; any form of gambling is not good. Any dollar that you do not earn by hard, honest work is of no good, and will bring you unhappiness. We see great failure for you unless you get down to hard work, and stop living for pleasure alone.

I. H., incarnated April 20, 1868.—You came to this planet this time under the sign of Taurus. You are about to awake to a grand realization of joy, peace and happiness. The great Psychic Light will soon illumine your path. Keep calm and quiet, and silently pray to the Great God and the Angels for More Light. Everything looks very bright for you.

To all subscribers who write me their birth date I either send a personal letter, a very valuable printed delineation which applies to their birth, or give a printed delineation here in the magazine. I reserve the right to use my own judgment as well as the judgment of my "guides and controls" as to how I will answer these letters.

In conclusion let me say: The Mystics dearly love All in the Universe, and know All are One and All are going onward, forward and upward to perfection. We tell all that the goal for all is the same perfect knowledge, perfect bliss and Eternal Life.

No matter in which sign of the Zodiac you were born, you have all equally good natural tendencies, which, if cultivated, will lead to health, prosperity and happiness. Understanding this, we, in a certain way, tell you exactly what to do to overcome everything that does not make for health, prosperity and happiness.

Address your letters to

A MYSTIC,
Astrological Department,
The New York Magazine of Mysteries,
22 North William street, New York City.

THE SOUL CAN KNOW ALL.

The Wonderful Stars

Mizar, the star at the bend of the handle of the Big Dipper, is one of the most interesting of stars, which, however, is only saying that it is one of the very few stars of which anything besides magnitude and position is known. This star has long been known as a double star, the two components revolving about each other in a period of immense duration, probably 20,000 years. In 1889 Professor Pickering demonstrated by means of the spectroscope that the larger of the visible components was itself a double, with a period of 104 days. As it was shown that the components of this pair, though too close to "split" with the telescope, are yet about 140,000,000 miles apart, a distance like to that of Mars from the sun, the combined mass must be forty times as great as the sun. Near to this star is a small star called Alcor. This is not one of the stars of the double, though Sir Robert Ball thinks it is connected with the system. On a very clear night Alcor can be seen by the naked eye.

Of course it is known that the stars which seem to keep their position through the ages are not at rest, but really moving swiftly through space, and their apparently unchanging position is really due to their enormous distance. Of the stars we have been considering Benetnasch is moving downward and forward, so as to bend double the handle of which it now forms the end. Dubhe is moving outward, and so spreading apart the top of the bowl. It will be more than 100,000 years before the appearance of the dipper is badly spoiled. A line drawn from Merak through Dubhe points out the north star, or Polaris, and the celestial pole. The same line projected backward passes through the constellation Leo, between the sickle and the triangle. A line from Megrez through Merak will point out Castor and Pollux. A line from Dubhe through Phad, prolonged four times the distance from Dubhe to Benetnasch, will reach Spica, in the constellation of the Virgin. A line formed by prolonging the handle of the dipper to three times its own length points out the bright star Arcturus. The brilliant white star Vega can be found as forming the right angle of a large right-angled triangle, with Arcturus and the north star at the other angles.

Sun Spots and Drought

WORLD CHANGES CONTEMPORANEOUS WITH SOLAR ACTIVITIES

It has been found that the earth's magnetic and electrical conditions, as well as terrestrial weather effects, closely synchronize with visible solar manifestations, says Maximilian Foster in Everybody's Magazine. Here is the most interesting yet most perplexing problem in the study of the sun; and within this is bound up knowledge that may some day open wide an ample page of inestimable benefit to man. What bonds there are between earth and sun, aside from the matter of light and heat, may some time clearly be learned, and the probability that periodic variations of the weather are due to these solar influences is something that will be of vast value to understand. Divining, as it is vulgarly understood, is merely the duping of fools by charlatans. But what if divining be put upon the plane of science? To-day, Sir Norman Lockyer, the British astronomer, has practically demonstrated that certain world changes are simultaneous with certain solar activities. By simple processes he is able virtually to forecast the famine and the flood. His deductions are strong and clear; and by no means is any condition taken for granted. Some time ago he was led into this study by noting the coincidence that sun-spot maximum and sun-spot minimum—intervals of greatest and least activity in the solar body—were accompanied by corresponding differences in the Indian rainfall. A scrutiny of the Famine Commission reports for the last half-century showed him that the famines that have devastated India during that period have occurred in the intervals between these two pulses of rainfall. In addition, extreme low water in the Nile has occurred at the same periods.

Mars

The diameter of Mars is nearly 4,200 miles. Its volume is about one-seventh and its density four-fifths that of the earth. A stone let fall on the face of Mars would fall six feet the first second. The light and heat of the sun at Mars are less than one-half that which we enjoy. Its days are nearly of the same length. Since, however, its year is equal to nearly two of ours, the seasons are lengthened in proportion.

SOUL COMMUNICATES WITH SOUL.

SAYINGS OF THE BLISSFUL PROPHET

Observations on Human Affairs, Specially Written for The Magazine of Mysteries

"That which exists is one; Sages call it variously."—*Rig-Veda, I, 164, 46.*

THE goal of every being on this planet is ultimate perfection—perfect bliss—some time, somewhere. It is the worst lie a man ever uttered to say that anyone is not immortal—is not eternal—does not at some time reach eternal bliss.

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Yet for ages man has been taught that he is a miserable sinner—a vile worm of the dust. With such false teaching any planet of the universe is bound to have much woe and misery and countless weaklings and arrant cowards, notwithstanding the truth that that planet abounds in everything to make man a tremendous giant of strength, physically, morally, intellectually, spiritually and materially.

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Moreover, man has been taught that he is a child of an ever-angry, ever-wrathful and ever-avenging personal God, who will severely punish his errors and his mistakes, so that he is not only weak and cowardly, but his heart and mind are clouded with veils of doubt and fear; instead of being the real and powerful man which the great and loving All-Father intended him to be, he has been a timid skulker and powerless to do.

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Hence the sick, the diseased, the sorrowful and the poverty-stricken masses in this grand and beautiful world of ours. I say ours, because it belongs to God and man alike. The All-Father is ever working to make man realize his oneness with Him, the Blessed One, and through the real seers, prophets and sages men's souls are awakening to a true realization of their greatness and their near relation to the great and universal God.

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We are now in the real Golden Age, when all doubt, fear, superstition, intolerance, bigotry, ignorance, darkness, disease, poverty and drudgery are to be banished once and for all time from this planet, which is now entering its fourth great cycle.

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The Mystics, Yogis, seers, sages and great souls, who have lived on many planets in many of the different and countless solar systems throughout the universe, have a great message of golden truth for the inhabitants of this little ball, and many of them are now here amid you, and are employing many ways to bring the glad tidings of joy to suffering men; to tell them that they are to be free and happy beings—not miserable dependents.

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Any thinking or observing man can clearly see that a tremendous change is taking place in the minds of men with respect to philosophy, religion and theology. A great wave of true spirituality is sweeping over this planet. Scattered here and there all over the earth are many great souls who are secretly and silently doing the true God's work, and changing this planet into a veritable heaven—a paradise.

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Man desires no far-away heaven of harps and golden-paved streets. He wants heaven right here on this earth, and *now*. The small, silent voice of the soul tells man that he can control nature, control conditions and make a beautiful heaven right here on earth; that eternal bliss and eternal happiness can be had now; that these conditions and this attainment are his birthright.

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It is now possible for men to absolutely free themselves from disease and poverty: to be healthy, strong, vigorous and opulent. To amass wealth is no longer a sin against God and heaven. It never was such. Let us be rid of all nonsense about the kingdom of God being out of the reach of the rich.

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The real man within you—your soul—tells you to seek health, wealth and happiness. It is only short-sighted blundering and the listening to false teachings that have kept man so poor in spirituality, mentality and material wealth. It is not wrong, sinful, wicked or selfish to want any or all of these things, for there is a superabundance for all.

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Health, wealth, long life—a useful and happy life—is always striven for by a highly spiritual man. The divine in man is always expressed to the degree that he is active in work or creative power; to the degree that he is happy, cheerful and blissful. No man is divine who is sorrowful, gloomy, depressed, cheerless, full of disease, poverty, indolence and laziness.

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We must all first seek the kingdom of God—awaken the soul—become at one with the Eternal One—before we will really know how to add all of the good things in this world to our use and enjoyment. But seeking God is fruitless if we go about it in a weak and cowardly way, with fear of loss in our hearts or minds, or with fear that if we become opulent we are in danger of being eternally lost and eternally damned.

* * *

The God or divine power, which is the great *one force* for all achievement, cannot manifest itself in a coward or a weakling. The day of the God-fearing man has gone forever; we are now becoming God-lovers, and with persistent love for the Eternal Good we get strength and force to work with God, and do great and mighty works.

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Strip your mind at once of all false notions that it is sinful and wicked to possess great wealth. Even those who teach this false doctrine, I observe, are base hypocrites or fanatics, and usually in a mean and low way secretly strive for gain, often selling their false teachings for fat livings. These men are not true spiritual teachers.

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When a man truly loves God, he dearly loves this world and all that is in it. He is then blissful, happy, healthy and prosperous, and does not require a far-away heaven. Heaven is right here to that soul. The devas (angels), who are out of the gross bodies, are his hourly companions, and he not only has blissful communion with them, but he also has their constant help in guiding and directing his actions. He fears not death, because he knows he is an eternal soul temporarily living in a gross body; that at death of the body he merely passes out and joins the devas (angels), who live in and near the earth, and not far away in an imaginary heaven of indolence and inactivity. The devas (angels) work day and night in perfect bliss and joy.

THE BLISSFUL PROPHET.

A Plea

O LORD, I do not come to Thee,
Imploring talents that will set me high
Above the many who contend with me—
I do not pray for special gifts whereby
I may outstrip my striving fellow men—
But, Lord, dear Lord, I pray for courage just to try
Anew, unfalteringly, when
The hope I harbor in my breast to-day
Shall flee before to-morrow's failure—then
Permit me to return again,
Unaided, uninspired, to my task—
This, this, O Lord, is all I ask.

—*S. E. Kiser.*

GOD IS THE ALL IN ALL.

The God of Strength

BE strong and stand up and seek the God of Love. This is the highest strength. What power is higher than the power of purity? Love and purity govern the world. The Lord alone is true; everything else is untrue. Serve the Lord and Him alone.—*Swâmi Vivekânanda.*

WHAT is so universal as death must be a benefit.—*Schiller.*

GOD healeth and the physician hath the thanks.—*English Proverb of 1678.*

ALL RELIGIONS ARE GOOD.

Mighty Power of J. Pierpont Morgan

A GREAT adept who is considered one of the greatest seers and prophets in the world, recently said to the editor of THE MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES that the people in general little understand the great power possessed by J. Pierpont Morgan for helping the masses of people in the United States. He is the greatest genius for organizing industry in the world, and any country that can produce or have such a man working in its business affairs is exceedingly fortunate. Through him a colossal force has made its appearance in the financial world, and the United States is bound to make a conquest of the markets of the world. This means, sooner or later, more money to every human being in the United States; it means great and lasting prosperity for this country. Even the editor of the New York Journal, which has a tendency to condemn the prosperous and progressive men of this country, has this to say of Mr. Morgan:

"Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan used to be unpopular in this country. That was when he stayed at home and used his transcendent financial genius to climb over the shoulders of his fellow-citizens. Frenchmen used to grumble under the despotism of Napoleon, and the Greeks complained of the domestic tyranny of Alexander. But when Napoleon carried the eagles of France over conquered Europe, Frenchmen were proud that he belonged to them, and when Alexander drove the mighty wedge of his phalanx through Asia for the benefit of Hellenic civilization, the Greeks were glad enough to acknowledge him as their countryman. So we, who have felt the edge of Mr. Morgan's power at home, can applaud the incomparable efficiency of his weapons when they are turned against our competitors abroad."

The thinking and knowing men, who are filled with a great desire to see ALL prosperous and happy, recognize in Mr. Morgan a master mind who can do much for our general prosperity. Shortsighted men who are filled with envy and the poison of pessimism naturally condemn a man of such great calibre as Mr. Morgan.

This magazine first, last and all the time believes in prosperity which is always the result of the force of progressive optimistic souls. We adore the power to do, and we desire you, reader, to get into the glorious spirit of these progressive times. There is absolutely no good in hugging the delusions of fear and doubt—in being blue, morbid, discouraged and pessimistic. With faith, hope, courage and enthusiasm we can overcome all bad conditions.

Emancipation

WHY be afraid of death as though your life were breath?
Death but anoints your eyes with clay. Oh, glad surprise!

Why should you be forlorn? Death only husks the corn.
Why should you fear to meet the thresher of the wheat?

Is sleep a thing to dread? Yet sleeping, you are dead
Till you awake and rise, here, or beyond the skies.

Why should it be a wrench to leave your wooden bench?
Why not with happy shout run home when school is out?

The dear ones left behind! O, foolish one and blind,
A day, and you will meet—a night, and you will greet.

This is the death of Death, to breathe away a breath
And know the end of strife, and taste the deathless life,

And joy without a fear, and smile without a tear;
And work, nor care to rest, and find the last the best.

M. D. B.

The Faith Cure

MAKE up your mind that you will be cured by making up your mind that you will be cured, and you certainly will be cured of whatever you can be cured of, by making up your mind that you have been cured of it.

BEWARE when the great God lets loose a thinker on this planet. Then all things are at risk.—*Emerson.*

HE who governs himself will govern others and be a leader among men.

PEACE AND LOVE BE WITH YOU.

Animals Have Immortal Souls?

NO MAN who has shared a reverie with his dog has failed to discover an actual kinship between the mood of his own soul and the mood of his dog. Women whose hearts have been seared and hardened in the contest of worldly emotions have settled their wealth of affection on a pet horse, a bird or even some wild animal tamed through love.

"Crossing the ferry the other day I saw a young lady, attractive enough to capture any desirable specimen of the male species, lavishing her entire attention and devotion upon a pet monkey, which she carried in her arms as tenderly as a child, like a priestess of the monkey temple in Benares. A monkey is by far the ugliest expression in animal life, for we especially resent his caricature figure of man, and yet this young woman evidently had penetrated the soul of the animal by some intuitive instinct that she herself would be unable to explain.

"The belief that animals have souls is as old as the world, for there are innumerable evidences in the geological and religious history of the ages that animals have represented a divine meaning. The Egyptians evidently believed in the immortality of animals, for we find mummies of crocodiles, cats, etc.

"The proposition that the soul of an animal has a spiritual significance in the general scheme of immortality is not so startling as it at first appears.

"There is a logic in the process of spiritual affairs as there is in the science of material facts. The spiritual nature is as rational in animal life as any other phase of material nature is rational to scientific research.

"'Eternal spirit moving on,
From state to state the spirit walks.'

"Animals have souls.

"If they had not, there would be no reason to assume that man had, since the highest existence is an evolution of animal instinct."

These opinions were suggested by the Rev. Percy Stickney Grant in an extemporaneous sermon preached in the Protestant Episcopal Church of the Ascension, and furthermore sustained and elaborated in a talk I had with him a few days later.

Mr. Grant is primarily a graduate of Harvard, and his splendid health, mental and moral, is the most convincing estimate of his influence as a clergyman.

The day of the sanctimonious "parson" is doomed. Good thoughts depend upon good conduct, close, intelligent personal management of mind and body, a deduction that leads us at once to acknowledge that the better the quality of material nature in a man the better will be his spiritual instinct.

"Everything has proceeded from the material," said Mr. Grant, when I asked him the process of reasoning by which he assumed that animals have souls. "If we ourselves want another life, 'a second volume,' as Browning calls it, for our own fulfilment, then animals need it even more."

"Have you actually discovered the soul in an animal?"

"Ah! if we begin to discuss the absolute entity of the soul we shall soon both be up a tree. We have never been able to draw the line between the spirit and the soul. We know it by its expression, its higher range of virtues. To my mind evolution is the strongest argument for immortality, and in evolution everything begins with the material; all higher existence springs from the lower forms. Every rational argument for spiritual advancement is quite as cogent for the animal soul as it is for the human soul."

"Do you presuppose that there is a moral progress in the nature of animals?"

"This world, on the whole, is constructed on a rational plan. It has been well made, beautifully put together, built for some permanent, lasting future. It would be very irrational, it seems to me, to conceive that anything upon it, any part of it, was made to be destroyed, or even to stand still. I could understand a man who had painted a poor picture of a favorite dog, for instance, destroying it, as an effort that was a failure; but to destroy a *chef d'œuvre*, something that had been a life work, would be most irrational. How much more improbable that such a giant scheme of life as the world, and everything in it, should be made only to be destroyed!"

"It is certain human traits in animals that indicate their souls?"

"Animals certainly have feeling, intelligence, loyalty, devotion; they have methods of moral expression of all kinds."

"So far the Christian Church has not recognized the soul of the animal?"

"Christian theology has been selfish in its absorption in plans of individual salvation. I do not think that was the intention of Christianity. St. Paul must have had a broader sense of animal life than we have even today."

He walked over to his writing table and picked up the Bible, from which he read the twentieth verse of the eighth chapter of Romans.

"'For the creature was made subject to vanity, not willingly, but by reason of Him who hath subjected the same *in hope*.' You see, St. Paul understood the creature, its future possibilities and 'larger hope,' in spite of present brute bondage. Tennyson says the same thing in our tender modern fashion:

"'That nothing walks with aimless feet;
That not one life shall be destroy'd,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete.'"

"You feel that in justice to the animal we should recognize its chance of continuous existence?"

"In the days of Plato the Greeks had a theory of morality that excluded a large portion of the community—the slaves, for instance. That was unjust and untrue. By degrees the definition of justice has enlarged its scope. Only a short time ago in Europe it did not include the workingman. The industrial problem is quite a recent development. So, by degrees we have extended our sense of justice and Christian feeling to animals. To-day the definition of justice is made to include all classes—even the great class of creation below man. There is a strange coincidence in the fact that only after the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals had been established did people think to establish the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. The animal has pointed out many a moral to man. As a young man said to me the other day, after having seen some trained seals do wonderful tricks: 'Why, Mr. Grant, if we can teach a seal to do such things surely we can teach man to do anything.'"

"You consider the soul of the animal immortal?"

"I believe 'that nothing walks with aimless feet,' that all life has eternal meaning. It is a good idea to feel that life never perishes—it enlarges the spiritual universe. Why not, then, accept the fact that the life of an animal never perishes?"

"So far the idea of immortality for animals has been merely a superstition," I said, as we paused in the pressure of ideas the subject threatened us with.

"Do you know that there never yet has been discovered a race that has not had some form of belief in spirits? It is an evidence of the spiritual actualities of life. I believe, I know, that life progresses by obedience to its instincts. Spirituality is a universal instinct, and in any form of expression, however crude it may seem, I am inclined to be very respectful to it."

"But instinct is more or less animal sense," I suggested.

"There are certain initial, God-implanted traits at the root of all progress in life, which is instinct, and those are the instincts that point to immortality. For instance, I'll whistle for my dog, he will tear up the rugs and leap over every obstacle in his instinct of obedience to me." Mr. Grant whistled, and like a whirlwind the dog tore into the room and rushed immediately to his master, full of affection and delight.

"He's wonderfully affectionate, fearless, and—well you can talk to him and he understands you," said the clergyman as he petted him.

"You know at the citadel in Edinburgh there is a dog cemetery, on a high rock adjoining the barracks. The soldiers all have dogs of their own, and when they die they are tenderly buried. On one tombstone over the body of a dog I saw this very appropriate quotation: 'Let sleeping dogs lie.'

"That cemetery, you would say, is an evidence of man's respect for the animal's soul. At any rate, it is man's instinct of regard for a lost companion, and you know I am unwilling to believe that any form of life perishes.

"We cannot see the actual flight of souls; all we can see is the procession of life, the flowing current of an eternal river of life. Of course, my principal motive in choosing this subject for a sermon was to call attention to the cruelties that are inflicted upon animals and birds and to influence a greater protection for them. The pigeons that are raised for trap shooting, for instance, are an abuse of the life of pigeons. In Burmah we were surprised to see great numbers of beautiful birds of all sorts, and upon inquiry we found that it is against the religion of the Burmese to kill birds; they never eat flesh of any kind. In the Himalayas, where the races were largely meat eaters, we hardly heard a single bird song. Many birds of rare plumage are killed in the East to supply fashionable women here with decorations for dress. How a woman can wear the breast of a bird in her hat is something I cannot understand. The laws of Manu declare 'the slaughter of animals obstructs the path to beatitude.'"

"Should women resist fashion?"

"It seems to me, in this respect, that fashionable women are selfish, thoughtless, unimaginative, otherwise they would realize the cruelty of their adornment. We are led to suppose that women are imaginative; they are fond of fiction and of poetry, but I cannot see how any woman with imagination or tenderness can wear in her hat the soft breast of a beautiful bird."

"The Buddhists believe that the soul of the man passes into the soul of the animal. It is a faith which suggests your theory," I said.

"Of course the Christian faith has no such belief, but Buddhism presents an exceedingly logical scheme of things in some respects. However, I do not believe in what is called the transmigration of souls."

"Do you think the soul of the animal is a grade lower than the soul of man in the scheme of immortality?"

"I consider that man is the limit of material evolution. Men's bodies will never be stronger or more beautiful than those Phidias used as models; men's minds will hardly surpass in power Plato's, Cæsar's, St. Paul's. Evolution in the future is concerned with spiritual things. Humanity can improve spiritually, and will improve in that direction rapidly."

The fact that so conservative an element of the Christian faith as the Episcopal Church has raised a voice in favor of animal souls is an indication of the spiritual progress and breadth of this new century.

—*Pendennis, in New York Herald.*

[All animals are eternal souls; souls in that part of the evolutionary stage where it is necessary for them to reside in animal bodies Later, as they get experience, they evolve or pass into the lower types of the human form. The soul of man cannot pass back into the animal form; from the highest animal form it passes into the lowest type of man. When the Christian faith stops slaughtering and stops eating the bodies of eternal souls, and knows and realizes about reincarnation (not transmigration), it will have made a great step upward—a great stride in Spiritual growth and development.—EDITOR.]

Vision Forewarned Rich Man of Death

THOMAS J. GLADWELL, the millionaire broker and horseman who was killed recently at Toledo, O., by the kick of a favorite horse, foresaw his death in a vision one week before. A week ago, when wide awake, he saw himself in his stable bandaging the leg of his sorrel mare. He led her in the stall and struck her on the haunches, and she let fly with her heels, striking him on the head and crushing his skull. He saw himself carried to the ambulance, to the hospital, to his funeral and the grave. The vision told him all of this was to happen June 28, and on that day he kept away from danger. Then he forgot all about his vision, and it came true on June 29.

It is wise for persons to pay attention to a warning vision like the above. Often our spirit friends can see danger ahead, and in one way or another warn us. When the world knows more about clairvoyance, clairaudience, spirit return, telepathy, dreams and visions, there will be much less danger of accidents like the above.

How the Adepts Eat

HE who loves God with all his soul, heart and mind always feels thankful and grateful to God for His many blessings. Especially when he eats his food he always eats it with God. The food is thus *spiritualized* and gives the Mystic Adept tremendous vigor, perfect health and a long, useful and happy life in the body. The great adepts never eat flesh foods—the bodies of animals.

THE SOUL IS ETERNAL.

The Power of Prayer

Almighty and most loving All-Father and All-Mother, teach us how to pray. May we realize the Power of Prayer.

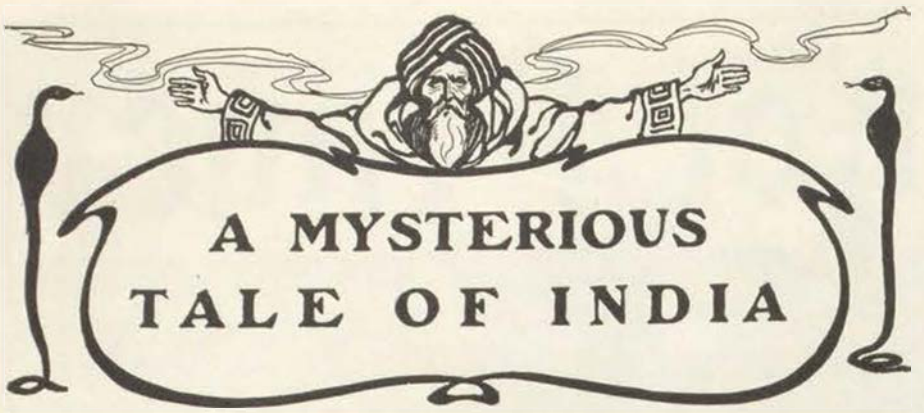
Thou, Blessed One, who is all love, all gentleness all kindness, all mercy, all power and all force in the universe; Thou who ever beholds every being in favor, may we realize Thy Mighty Love and Thy Mighty Power to soothe, calm, heal, strengthen, lead, guide and direct us when we are weak and disturbed or are in grief, sorrow and illness.

Put it in our souls, hearts and heads to love all beings more and more, and thus love Thee, Gentle One of Mighty Love, more and more.

May we live each hour in peace and contentment with Thee, Ancient One, and may Thy Blessed Angels help us to realize Thy Wonderful Power.

Uttered in the Spirit, by the Spirit, by the Soul.

Amen.



A MYSTERIOUS TALE OF INDIA

I HAD joined a party in the hope of a few days' sport among the hills near Amulpore, and found my host a most agreeable companion. We had many tastes in common, and found pleasant topics for conversation as we sat smoking our cheroots on the broad veranda. One evening I was sitting alone.

Where he came from I cannot tell, but all at once, through the faint blue smoke of my cheroot, appeared a little withered fakir, peering at me from under the loose folds of his dirty turban. His skinny brown body was naked, save for the presence of a piece of tiger-skin wrapped about his loins, and a belt that ran across his body from shoulder to waist. He was muttering to himself, but the only words that I could catch were "Brahma, Brahma, Radhe-fusee."

Surprise made me speechless. I simply stared at the wizened face and glittering black eyes, wondering what he was going to do. The sound of the swinging purdah told of Walworth's approach.

"Did you think that I had forsaken you?" he said, lightly; "Thura's interviews are interminable. He is as long-winded as a tipsy Irishman."

I half turned toward him while he was speaking. As he came round and resumed his chair, I said, in an undertone: "What do you think of this fossil?"

"What fossil?" he asked.

"The one before us," I replied, turning and looking at the place where the fakir had stood. No fakir was there. On the gravel walk lay a half-coiled cobra. Walworth started to his feet and called for Marja to bring him a gun. The cobra lay quiet for a moment, as if in contemplation of the situation, then, at the sound of approaching feet, with slow and graceful movement and erect head, slid across the sodden grass and disappeared through an opening under the veranda.

"Rather dangerous fossil," said Walworth, eyeing me curiously; "the men must keep a watch for him. You are a cool one, I must confess, my lad."

"I was not alluding to the snake," replied I; "it had reference to the fakir. I wonder what became of the poor wretch. The cobra frightened him away, I suppose. What are you about?" I continued, seeing Marja coming from the bungalow with a slender reed pipe in one hand and a chafing dish, on which burnt an odorous, smoking fire, in the other.

"A charm for his snakeship," said my host, laughing. "A cloud of aromatic incense and a serenade on the toumril."

But neither the incense nor the seductive strains of the toumril were sufficiently potent to call the cobra from his covert.

"That no time cobra," said Marja. "Sahib saw fakir, but all at once no fakir, only snake. Marja knows."

His tones were mysterious. I smiled and looked at his master. "A metamorphosis, eh?" Walworth nodded. "A clear case of Theosophy," I continued. Walworth looked grave. He dismissed the servant with a wave of his hand, threw away his cigar, shifted his position slightly, and arranged himself more comfortably in his chair.

"You are sceptical," he said. "Listen to what I have to tell you; perhaps then you will believe.

"I was a much younger man than you when I came to India. I was surgeon of the Fusiliers. Shortly after we were stationed at the fort I was invited to an entertainment given by a native nobleman at his palace in the city. The scene reminded me of the 'Arabian Nights.' Oriental magnificence was mingled with European elegance. We were received in an open courtyard spread with cream-colored Yak rugs, in the centre of which a fountain played in a white marble basin, cooling the air with its perfumed spray. I halted at the upper step of the stairway and stood leaning with one hand on the broad railing, watching the kaleidoscopic scene before me.

"Our colonel and his wife stopped a moment to speak to me. As they turned to go Mrs. Beldon's name was called, and, a little lower down, was a young girl. I thought I had never seen one so beautiful.

"She was dark, but her skin was a pale, transparent brown, flushed with the crimson of a rose leaf. Her lips were carmine, opening, as she smiled, over teeth as white as pearls. Her soft, lustreless black hair was drawn up from her temples and caught back by a comb of gold and filigree. Her eyes were dark, soft and velvety.

"'So you were going to pass me unnoticed!' she said, in the sweetest voice possible.

"'Why, Naida! what are you doing here alone? When did you return?'

"'To-day. I am not alone. Papa is over there, speaking to General Monckton. Isn't this the loveliest fête?'

"I was duly presented to Miss Howe.

"To make a long story short, I called on her, fell in love with her, proposed to and married her.

"Her father was an Englishman, a judge on a Northern circuit; her mother, some said, was a Spaniard, others said she was an Italian Begum. Little cared I what the mother was; I loved her as my very soul.

"The first month of my married life was passed in unalloyed happiness. All the hours were golden hours. The Paradise lost to old Father Adam seemed restored to me. But by-and-by, a cloud no bigger than a man's hand appeared on the horizon. I observed a change in Naida. She was alternately very quiet and very restless. She was nervous and out of sorts. She would start and shiver when the clock chimed, or murmur blankly and shudder if a door slammed.

"'What is it, Naida?' I asked one day. 'You are not yourself. What is the matter with you?'

"She glanced wearily at me. 'I hardly know. I am afraid I am a little homesick. I think I want Gurgah.'

"'Who is Gurgah?'

"'My ayah.'

"'You shall have Gurgah. Why didn't you speak of her before?'

"The next day I found a small, dark woman, in a snowy garment, with a grave countenance enlivened by a nose-ring and earplates, squatting on the floor beside Naida's hammock. It was the ayah. Days of sunshine followed. My wife chattered and laughed to her heart's content. Poor child! she was homesick.

"I was waiting in my gharry one evening for a friend who was to drive with me to an outpost a few miles from the station. As I entered his compound I noticed a bevy of ladies at *chotah-hazree* on the veranda. Not in a mood to join them, I drew up under a tree and sent my boy to the house. I was sufficiently near to hear their voices, and the conversation was distinctly audible above the clatter of silver and china. As a matter-of-fact, uninterested Benedict, I paid no attention to their chatter, until I heard a voice, rendered shrill by surprise, exclaim:

"'Naida Howe married! Good gracious! Who is the unfortunate man? He must have been either a stranger or a lunatic. What did you all mean by permitting him to marry her? Was no one kind enough to warn the poor fellow?'

"What on earth did the woman mean? I strained my ears to catch the reply.

"'A warning would have done him no good. He was the most infatuated man I ever saw. Love wrapped him as with a garment. And, besides, it never does to burn one's fingers with other people's fires. I dare say they will get along; Naida is very peculiar, but she is a very sweet girl.'

"'Peculiar! I should say so—' At that moment Kirk came out and we drove away. All the evening the echo of those dreadful words rang in my ears. What did it all mean?

"I reached home with a strange foreboding of evil. I felt heavy and oppressed. It was so still you might have fancied that death filled the place. By the shining panels on the wall hard by the bay window I caught sight of a jeweled hand toying with the folds of the curtain. The red glint of the gems sparkled on the dusky skin. I called her name softly, 'Naida!'

"'Ah.'

"She rose and pushed the curtain aside and came languidly toward me. There was a peculiar expression in her eyes. She stared at me for a second time, and then, before I could say a word, glided from the room. Her handkerchief had fallen. I raised it from the floor; a faint, subtle odor emanated from its folds. I cast it from me—I can't tell why—and crossed over to the window.

"The punkah boy was asleep on the grass, with my Irish setter beside him. I was about to call and rouse him, when out into the moonlight from the black shade of a clump of caladiums sprang the slight, graceful form of an animal. It streaked across the ground in sinuous track; the moon showed its tawny yellow hide spotted with brown. It was a cheetah.

"Alarmed for the boy, I jumped through the window and, catching him by the shoulder, dragged him to his feet. His teeth chattered and his dark face grew livid.

"'The cheetah, sahib! That cheetah has been running about the bungalow nearly all week.'

"I sent immediately for the men servants of the establishment and set them as guard over the bungalow; then I went to seek Naida.

"I called her name softly, not wishing to alarm her, but no answer came to my tender call. I opened the door. A pale blue light burnt in a silver sconce that hung on the wall. The moonbeams fell in through the open window and mingled with the light of the lamp. A faint white smoke hung over the further corner of the room. I looked at the couch—it was empty. I glanced about the room—no one was there. Where were they—Naida and her nurse? Could they be out on the lawn? Already I fancied the murderous teeth and talons of the cheetah tearing the delicate flesh of my darling. Perhaps at that moment he was sucking her life-blood. I rushed out of the bungalow shouting her name—'Naida! Naida! Naida!'

"Followed by half a dozen natives, I hurried over the compound, but we saw neither wife nor ayah. Nearly frantic, I was returning to the house. In front of the bungalow I saw a white object—it was the nurse.

"'Where is your missy?' I cried, grasping her arm.

"She rested her glistening eyes on my face while she deliberately answered:

"'Missy in the bungalow, in her own room.'

"'The cheetah! the cheetah!' cried the men behind me.

"'Where?' I called, excitedly.

"'There, on lawn, close by bungalow!'

"A wild yell and the scream; 'He jumped in missy window! he jump in missy window!'

"In an instant I was at Naida's door. I flung it open. No cheetah was to be seen; but on the foot of the couch sat my wife, gasping breathlessly and staring wildly about her.

"'Darling,' I cried, 'where have you been? Are you hurt? Where is the cheetah?'

"She answered me by bursting into tears on my shoulder. I let her weep unreservedly while I caressed her beautiful hair. Presently I raised her head, and, holding her face between my hands, looked into her eyes. Their expression baffled me. She put out her hands and pushed me from her.

"'Where is Gurgah?' she said, in a husky whisper.

"Someone was already bending over her. The ayah's thin arms lifted her up and carried her to her bed-chamber. I heard her scream aloud and beat her hands upon the wall.

"Was she mad? The fearful thought darted like lightning through my brain. I went to the door and looked in. Her eyes were roaming here and there about the room. Gurgah was leaning over her, chafing her hands and crooning a low, soothing song. My presence seemed to irritate her; she turned away when she met my gaze, buried her head in the pillow, and lay there with her face downward. I did not want to torture her. I went to my own room.

"In the morning, to my great surprise, I found her on the veranda. No sign of last night's excitement was visible. She was endeavoring to make Taio, her pug, sit erect and hold a bit of biscuit on his nose.

"'I am putting the stupid fellow through a

course of training,' she cried, gayly, as I came upon the scene. Her voice was sweet and clear, and told of no pain or distress. She rose from her stooping posture, thrust her arm in through mine, and said:

"'Let's take a walk through the compound, dearest. I want to hear the birds sing before breakfast. I wonder,' she went on, as we walked along under the palm shade, 'if you are my soul's affinity?'

"'Of course,' I replied. 'We would not have fallen in love so soon and married if an affinity had not existed between us.'

"'You do not quite understand me. I mean celestial affinity—a bond that will last beyond time.'

"Her look wandered off into space.

"'John," she said, 'do you believe in the progress of souls?'

"'I have never given the subject a thought, so I cannot say. I believe in the progress of bodies,' I replied, lightly.

"'You have more faith in materialism than in spirituality,' she continued, gravely. 'You should study, John.'

"I smiled. 'Wisdom, thy name is Naida! My dear, whence comes all this learning—is Gurgah the deep well from which you draw? You are too much for me, little woman.'

"I plucked a rose from the bush that we were passing and playfully tipped her on the chin with it. 'See, there is Schinasawing; they want us in the breakfast-room. Come, let us go and see what the cook has provided.'

"The following week was one of tumult and commotion. The entire station was aroused. A cheetah was making the rounds of the compounds, and more than one person was terrified by the sight of the tawny beast creeping stealthily about their premises. Major Dent surprised it asleep in the forks of a toddy tree at the back of the hospital, but before he could secure a weapon the animal managed to escape. Naughty children required no fictitious bugbear to terrify them into good behavior now; the very name of this notorious visitor subdued the little culprits to prompt obedience and abject penitence. At night all bungalows were closed.

"Recollecting Naida's terror the night of the cheetah's visit to us, I forbade the subject to be mentioned in her presence, and, unknown to her, I provided weapons for the men-servants, and kept constant guard on the bungalow.

"Late one night, as I was returning from a visit to a sick man at the hospital, I descried lights flitting about my compound. Excited shouts issued from the shrubbery, and the loud yelping of hounds filled the air.

"Gurgah sprang to meet me as I leaped from my gharry.

"'Oh, sahib,' she cried, grasping my arm in mad eagerness, 'the cheetah is out! Call off the men! They will kill it!'

"'That's what I want them to do,' I returned, hastily breaking from her grasp. I ran hurriedly in the direction of the mêlée, closely followed by Gurgah.

"'Where is it, Schinasawing?' I called.

"'In the pecpul copse, sahib.'

"There was the simultaneous crack of a dozen rifles, and a loud, wild wail from the ayah.

"All rushed forward to the thicket. With a cry of consternation the men fell back. There upon the earth, riddled with bullets, bleeding and dying, lay—Naida!"

Clairvoyant Finds Lost Body of Drowned Boy

THROUGH the efforts of a clairvoyant the body of Charles M. Arnold, Jr., was recovered in Saratoga Lake, near Ballston Spa, N. Y., recently. Arnold and a companion named McLennon went fishing and were drowned. McLennon's body was recovered the same day, but that of Arnold could not be found.

Mrs. Laura Ellsworth, a clairvoyant, was consulted. She went on the lake and pointed out the spot where the body lay in eighteen feet of water.

Clairvoyance is seeing with the psychic or spiritual eye. Professor Crookes, the great scientist, said not long ago that he would part with all of his scientific knowledge to be as good a clairvoyant as he has met recently on several occasions in his investigation into spiritualism and occult science.

FALSE prophets and demagogues do not thrive in prosperous times like these.

SOME of the best and ablest men are wanting in tact. They will neither make allowance for circumstances nor adapt themselves to circumstances; they will insist on trying to drive the wedge the broad end foremost.

I CAN AND I WILL.

Danger of Hypnotism

CHARLATANS, pretenders and fake "Professors" of Hypnotism cause much trouble in this Psychological Age, and we would suggest to our readers that they be very careful how they "play" and "fool" with this great force.

In the hands of the ignorant and unscrupulous hypnotism is a dangerous force to use; dangerous to both the subject and the operator.

Any person who becomes a Hypnotist for the "fun of the thing," for giving alleged funny exhibitions, making subjects do ridiculous things, or for getting control of a person for mean or dishonorable purposes is in VERY GREAT DANGER.

A despatch to the newspapers from Woonsocket, R. I., dated May 17, gives an illustration of a death caused by one of these public exhibitors. It reads: In the last act of the last performance of the season of Frank E. Farnsworth's company at the Woonsocket Opera House, Thomas Bolton, aged 22, of Fitchburg, Mass., a hypnotic "subject" traveling with that company, was killed. His life was crushed out by a 600-pound stone falling on his head. The accident occurred in the presence of about 140 persons on the stage. Bolton was alleged to be under hypnotic influence, "Professor" Farnsworth said. As a result, two men, "Professor" Farnsworth and Clifton R. Trask, a Woonsocket blacksmith, were arrested and held in heavy bail.

Bolton, who was an acrobat and an athlete, in addition to being a "subject," during the season has been doing feats of strength while in a supposedly hypnotic or cataleptic state. He also did song and dance turns. On Tuesday and Wednesday nights, while balanced by his neck and feet across the backs of two chairs, he supported the weight of four men, aggregating over 600 pounds, standing on his body.

Last night he was to do the star trick of his engagement, balancing himself across two wooden chairs, with a 600-pound stone, a big granite slab, on his breast, and allowing a blacksmith to break the stone with a heavy sledge hammer. It was about a quarter past ten o'clock when Bolton, after testing the strength of two ordinary chairs with curved backs, was put in a supposed cataleptic state by "Professor" Farnsworth, and placed across the backs of two chairs. A brawny local blacksmith hit the stone with the sledge hammer with all his strength, twice, when the legs of one of the chairs gave way and the whole thing collapsed, the stone landing on Bolton's head and crushing it. He died in twenty minutes.

Mrs. Eddy's Book and Inspiration

THE FOUNDRESS OF CHRISTIAN SCIENCE FINDS HERSELF IN THE APOCALYPSE

MRS. EDDY'S book on Christian Science is discussed in an ironical spirit by Thompson Jay Hudson, author of "The Law of Psychic Phenomena," in Everybody's Magazine. But he protests against the charges of plagiarism. The story is that she copied the manuscript of the late Dr. Quinby and published it as her own after his death. The charge is, to use no harsher term, simply infamous; especially since Dr. Quinby is no longer here to defend his own reputation. Besides, the lady herself denies it most emphatically. On the contrary, she says that the book was divinely inspired; and she unquestionably believes it. Her followers also most fervently believe it, and hence their veneration for the book as of equal authority with the Bible. She also intimates that she was the "woman clothed with the Sun," who is mentioned in the Apocalypse; and good Christian Scientists, including honorable women not a few, fervently believe that the "little book," which the "mighty strong angel" commanded St. John to eat, was, in point of "scientific" fact, the very book now under consideration. This, it is needless to say, has caused the enemy to blaspheme, the mildest form of which consists in the admission that the indigestible character of the contents of the book, together with the subsequent experiences of the seer, lend an air of plausibility to the supposition.

THE survival of the fittest no longer means the survival merely of the strongest, but the survival of those strongest in helping the weakest.

EVOLUTION is a principle of patience. It may be a long while overtaking the belated Puritan who has asked the courts to close the Buffalo Exposition on Sunday. But it will make a rational and liberal man of him some day.—*World.*

PRAY FOR GUIDANCE.

A New Sect of Agnostics

NOVEL MARRIAGE PLEDGES WHICH DO NOT BIND MISMATED COUPLES

A NEW sect of agnostics, based on Robert G. Ingersoll's teachings, is to be founded, with its central headquarters in Cincinnati. Attorney Charles Sparks, of the Queen City, has prepared the ritual for agnostic marriage ceremonies and is at work on rituals for the dedication of infants to agnosticism and the confirmation of children in the belief in the non-existence of God.

The marriage pledges administered to agnostic brides and grooms are novel, especially in their provisions on divorce matters. Mr. Sparks declares it is the duty of mismated couples to get divorced. In part the pledge is as follows:

"I desire to make said contract, and do hereby solemnly promise that I will do all in my power to make my wife happy, and that when I find that she is irritated from any cause I will not cross or quarrel with her, but will endeavor by tender and loving methods and kind words to soothe and restore her peace of mind; that I will abstain from drunkenness; that within three months, if possible, I will have my life insured, making my wife the beneficiary; and that should our marriage prove to be happy and we are blessed with children, I hereby bind myself to ever treat them with the utmost kindness and consideration, and pledge myself to send them to the agnostic Sunday-school and to give to them all the educational advantages within my power."

The wife's pledge leaves out all provisions of the husband's which do not properly apply to the wife. It contains the further provision:

"Should I discover that we are uncongenial or mismated, I hereby pledge my sacred word of honor that I will not bring children into the world not born of affection, and I hereby further promise that should I find, after I have exhausted every effort to make it otherwise, that we are uncongenial or mismated, I will not insist upon our living together."

After swearing to these pledges, wife and husband are to sign them, each presenting his pledge to the other before the nuptial knot is tied by a magistrate.

[We invite our brothers of the Agnostic sect to read THE MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES regularly and get into our vibrations; then they will not need any novel marriage pledge.—EDITOR.]

Hypnotism

PROF. GEORGE H. COE, head of the Department of Psychology at the Northwestern University, Chicago, puts members of his class to sleep by way of demonstration. He says that his demonstrations of hypnotic power are a regular and essential part of the university course in psychology.

"I do not believe in exhibitions," said he recently. "All I attempt is an indisputable proof that mental suggestion affects control of the physical man to a certain degree. This is hypnosis; for instance, in the regular order of our studies we came to the subject in hand. I placed three of my students in chairs upon the platform. I told the first to interlock his fingers and, with voice and gesture, concentrate his mind upon the single act of interlocking his fingers. Then I suggested, very positively, that he could not pull his fingers apart if he tried. He tried and failed.

"I put the other two through the same process of suggestion, and for a time they sat there, vainly trying to pull their fingers apart. That is hypnotism, demonstrated without illusion or pretense."

In the demonstration in Professor Coe's class one of the students talked while deep in slumber; another stood on one leg; another played a banjo with the back of a chair. Then the Professor waved his hands, said "Presto, change," snapped his fingers, and the sleepers awoke.

"This, ladies and gentlemen, is hypnotism," said the Professor.

The learned educator was giving his class a practical demonstration of hypnotism. He put B. C. Connor under the spell and kept him there for a quarter of an hour, and the subject answered all questions asked him.

For Vegetarians

M. L. HURLEY, of New York, formerly of Boston, who declares a vegetable diet is conducive to speed awheel, proved his assertion on Memorial Day by capturing two of the amateur events at the Vailsburg (N. J.) meet in the presence of more than seven thousand spectators.

Hurley subsists mainly on peas and beans, and truth to tell, his appearance indicates that his food agrees with him. Meat is not on his bill of fare.

A Mystic Adept, who is a Chirographical Seer, has been engaged to write for this department each month brief and correct psychic delineations of character by your handwriting. This is *free to subscribers only*. If you are not a subscriber and desire to have a brief delineation, 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 or answered by mail. 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.

F ALL THE VIRTUES patience is the greatest. We must ask those who write to this department to be patient. With our large and far reaching circulation great numbers write us, and as we can print only about forty delineations a month we have to answer a large number by mail, all of which takes time and patience.

INVOCATION

Blessed Angels, Guides and Controls, I honor and love Thee. May we this month get More Light and impress the sorrowful and doubting mortals who write us, with the Truth; impress them that we are Eternal Souls under the Mighty Love of the Great God of the Universe, unfolding, developing and progressing; impress them with the gentle love, mercy and wisdom of the Blessed One and the Angels.

R. L.—Oh, why do you make yourself so miserable—why not look on high and get calm and peace? A voice says: "Yes, she must be more quiet and calm and place her whole trust in the unseen powers." From your writing I got a vibration which indicates that you are of a very fine organization.

J. F. S.—When I place your letter to my head I am impressed with the thought that I see a noble soul, who is manfully struggling along the pathway of life. A voice says: "Tell him we are with him and helping him, and that all of his labors are to be amply rewarded." Think of the meaning of "Angels Camp."

Dr. Biff.—You are an aspiring soul, and are making greater progress than you think. You are now on the right path. "Yes, the soul will tell him all," says a psychic voice of great power.

M. H. W.—You are a dear soul and are far on the path. "Tell her to look to Big Star for help," says an angel voice. Live in the highest ideals and pray much in the silence to God and the Angels.

J. Y. T. S.—You are a soulful person, and are reaching out for more Light. An angel voice says: "Yes, and she will get it."

Crescent.—A great Light is coming to you. Go up on the hill and meditate. I mean the hill where you overlook the Middlesex Fells. For days, weeks and months I have stood on that very same hill and prayed to the blessed God, and got great strength and light. An angel voice says: "Tell her to hold fast to her ideals and let no one disturb her; that we will help her."

S. E. S.—You are on the threshold of a great revelation of truth. Look up and do not be discouraged. We will help you as we help all who write us. A voice says: "All who read The Magazine of Mysteries with hope and faith will be helped."

Mina.—Be not afraid of ghosts. Ghosts never hurt anyone. Pray to God and the Angels for Light. We will pray for you. You have a very fine psychic nature, and your letter thrilled us as we touched it, indicating that you are psychic and magnetic. A psychic voice says: "Tell her to read and study works on occult science and metaphysics."

O. G.—You are naturally a psychic-magnetic person, and can become very powerful by carefully studying and reading the contents of this magazine each month.

J. G. Gladys.—Blessed soul, we will help you. Keep on seeking for Light. Pray to God and the angels often. A strong band of angels say, this very instant: "We will help her."

Nellie J. A.—Blessed Soul, you have sought rightly. You are on the right path. The only way for you to develop your great mediumistic power is to go into the silence repeatedly and ask only for Light and Power. "Yes, she is a great psychic and medium," says an angel.

Blue Bell.—Dear child, in the spiritual realms there is nothing wonderful or mysterious. You have a very strong character and are tremendously magnetic. Your letter brings with it so much psychic power that we are delighted and pleased to have you a reader of this magazine. An angel voice says: "Yes; she will help your magazine and we will help her."

White Rose.—We honor you, sweet soul, and would say that your angel friends are watching over you and trying hard to help you. Soon you will know how to interpret the visions. A voice says: "We will help her."

M. M. R.—You have a sweet, lovely nature, and are very magnetic and charming. Your psychic powers are very great, and by reading our magazine regularly you will develop greater powers and be led to a happiness and peace of mind you never dreamed of. "Tell the sweet lady to pay attention to what the Professor writes," says a sweet angel voice.

Earnestness.—When we took your letter up a voice said: "Yes, yes, yes; tell her that her desire will surely be granted; that patience, with lots of silent, earnest prayer, will help matters much." No sooner had we penned this message than another voice said: "Yes; we are watching and caring for her and looking after her interests." You have many strong spirits about you all the time who are trying to reach out to you and help you. We send all of our readers blessings.

H. N. D.—The light is coming to you in a most wonderful way, and great and new truths are about to be opened up to you. The angels will help you. A voice says: "Yes, we will help this earnest, striving soul, as all aspiring souls are helped by the angels."

Hy. N.—You are to realize in full the success of this wonderful age of progress. Your letter is very magnetic and indicates that you are surrounded by superior forces. A psychic voice says: "Yes, this soul is well on the path that leads to happiness." Heed this voice, dear sister.

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.

It is always well to utter a silent prayer to all the higher powers for guidance just before you write the letter.

Address all letters to
MYSTIC ADEPT,
Graphology Department,
The New York Magazine of Mysteries,
22 North William street, New York City.

Carnegie's Great Gift

The Five Millions of Dollars—$5,200,000, to speak correctly—which Mr. Andrew Carnegie has given to the City of New York, for free public libraries, will make our city the greatest city of free libraries in the world.

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The Moon

Our moon weighs one-eightieth as much as the earth. No other satellite in the solar system exceeds one one-thousandth the weight of its planet.

THE ANGELS TALK WITH US.

Romantic Love Affair

"I would rather wed a genius than the greatest of nobles."—*Miss Josephine Bowen Holman.*

Dorothy Dix, in the Journal, says:

The prettiest and most interesting international romance in an age has just been made public and has for its hero Mr. Marconi, the brilliant young Italian inventor of wireless telegraphy, and a beautiful young American girl.

They met on shipboard and by that wireless telegraphy that is as old as love itself, before the good ship put into port on the other side, heart had signaled heart that it had found its mate.

Miss Josephine Bowen Holman is the name of the happy bride-elect, and for the past two years she and her mother and sister have lived in New York, where they occupy luxurious apartments at No. 292 West Ninety-third street. The family moved here from Indianapolis, and Miss Holman is the daughter of the late Justice J. A. Holman, of the Indiana Supreme Court, and a near relative of Congressman Jephtha Holman, the famous "watch-dog of the Treasury."

Personally Miss Holman is all that is attractive. She is of medium height, very slender and graceful, and with the most gracious and charming manners. Her face is an exquisite oval, framed in by a quantity of light brown hair and lit by a pair of big, dark eyes. Last night, when I saw her, she had on a pale pink frock, a little open at the neck, showing her white throat, and as she leaned against a high-backed sofa and prepared to tell me about her romance, she looked like a picture in its frame.

"It isn't the least wonderful or interesting, except to us," she said with a smile. "I first met Mr. Marconi in November, 1899, going over to Europe on the American Line steamer St. Paul. Mr. Marconi had been over to the yacht races between the Shamrock and Defender, you know, where he demonstrated the practicability of sending messages without wire by flashing wireless bulletins about the progress of the race from a ship stationed outside of Sandy Hook.

"I was going across to pay a round of visits in English country houses, and it happened that Mr. Marconi took the same boat, and we met, and were introduced in quite the orthodox and commonplace fashion. We saw a great deal of each other, of course. You know acquaintances ripen into friendship very fast on shipboard, and by the time we got across we felt we knew each other quite well."

"Was it love at first sight, Miss Holman?" I inquired, sentimentally. A woman always hopes it was, but Miss Holman declined to commit herself.

"You don't just know when liking changes into love," she replied, discreetly, and then she went on: "One interesting thing that happened on that trip was that just before we got to the Needles, a point on the south of England, Mr. Marconi set up his apparatus in the second cabin and began sending and receiving messages sixty-six miles away, while the ship was going at full speed, and it was, I think, the first time such a thing had ever been done. It was while the excitement about the Boer War was at its height, and the news he got was printed in a little paper that was issued on shipboard."

It is not true, as has been stated, that Mr. Marconi accompanied Miss Holman and her mother and sister on a tour of the Continent, but they met again in London, but whether the engagement took place then or on Mr. Marconi's recent visit to his fiancée, Miss Holman would not say.

"That is my little secret," she said, with an adorable blush. "It's one of the things a woman doesn't want to tell anybody."

Miss Holman is very frankly and charmingly proud of the brilliant career of the man she is to marry, and very interested in his achievements, though, as she admitted, with a little shrug, "It's all too scientific for me to thoroughly understand it."

Then she added, softly, "But I would rather marry that kind of a man than the greatest title in the world."

"Our plans are quite unsettled as yet," she went on. "Mr. Marconi has lived in England for several years, and is half an Englishman, as his mother belonged to the famous English and Irish Jamison family. He is also interested in two or three wireless telegraph stations that he has established on the south coast of England, so we shall probably make that our home, but it is not certain.

"All of the European governments use his system, and he is very devoted to Italy, his native land.

"We are to be married this autumn, but just when has not yet been settled, and really, that is all."

THIS MAGAZINE WILL HELP YOU.

YOU MUST FIND YOUR HAPPINESS IN YOURSELF

An Editorial in New York Journal

LIFE on the Earth Plane is blissful and happy when we live from within—from God. The following editorial from the New York Journal clearly gives the secret of happiness:

The unhappy man is he who stands with his nose against the plate glass in the jewelry store longingly, or he who watches with envy the carriages, yachts and private cars of the very rich.

A man is really happy who can feel as did old, bare-footed Socrates when he looked at the articles of luxury offered for sale.

He turned up his snub nose philosophically and remarked: "How much there is in the world I do not want!" and went on his way in search of someone whom he might overwhelm with his everlasting questions and answers.

We write this editorial to suggest to fathers and mothers that they impress on their children old enough to understand it that they apply to themselves this idea:

HAPPINESS, TO BE FOUND AT ALL, MUST BE FOUND IN OURSELVES.

If your children are studying French and German get them to translate these two short quotations:

Le bonheur n'est pas chose aisée; il est très-difficile de le trouver en nous, et impossible de le trouver ailleurs.—Chamfort.

(Happiness is not an easy thing; it is very difficult to find it within ourselves, and impossible to find it anywhere else.)

Volk und Knecht und Ueberwinder
Sie gestehen, zu jeder Zeit,
Hoechstes Glueck der Erdenkinder
Sei nur die Persoenlichkeit.—Goethe.

(People and slaves and conquerors admit at all times the greatest happiness of earth's children is personality.)

The father of all wise men, Aristotle, divides life's blessings into three classes. Those of the body, those of the soul, and those that come to us from the outside.

Teach your children to rely in life on the pleasures of the soul, or, as Goethe puts it, the pleasures of personality.

The pleasure that comes to you from the outside world depends on the favor and approval of those whom you cannot control.

The pleasures of the body depend on youth, on health, and are very easily exhausted.

The pleasures of the soul are within your own control; you can only lose them through your own fault. Inside yourself you are master, and nothing can touch you except your own foolish ambitions, vanities and lack of self-reliance.

Of course, if you talk to young people in this strain, with dry quotations and every indication of an offensive intention to do them good, they will promptly say:

"This is a sermon; let's go out for a walk."

Remember that sermons and other kinds of medicine can be made palatable. In talking to your children of the importance of developing themselves, of finding happiness in themselves, point out to them the fact that every great man has found in himself the seeds of his greatness. Give them special instances, to fire their ambition, detailed accounts of success. Then impress upon them the fact that in every case the successful and happy man found happiness in himself.

THE United States has become the great book market of the world. New York City is the great literary centre.

"I DO not ask for any crown
But that which all may win,
Nor seek to conquer any world
Except the one within."

Thoughts are great forces—for good or evil; they produce vibrations which may be profound in their effect. The thought of a single mind for a single second may cause a revolution the effects of which will disturb whole nations, and possibly even planets, for centuries.—*Frank Harrison.*

LIVE THE GOLDEN RULE.

SLEEP, profound and healthy sleep, is the first of the physical duties—good sleep, and enough. Whatever hinders it must be thrown overboard. Hard mental work in the last three or four hours in the working day should be avoided.—*Hale.*

A SOMEWHAT heated discussion has arisen in Alabama over the authorship of the somewhat heated lines:

He who dallies is a dastard,
He who doubts is damned.

Can any of our readers name the author?

GOD IS IN ALL RELICIONS.

God Is the All in All

C. H. A. BJERREGAARD says: "You cannot understand the Universal Life, you cannot attain to the mystic state of mind in which we live in Universals, unless you drop entirely that method of thinking and acting by limitations into which you have been educated. You must drop all ideas of first and last, etc. The Great All, which desires to 'open its eyes' in you is unbounded.

"The Universal is 'both father and mother, both generation and dissolution,' says the Gita. The Sufi poet Jellalladdin er Rumi, as spokesman of it, said:

I am what is and is not. I am, if thou dost know it—
Say it, O Jellalladdin! I am the Soul in All.

I am the sunbeam's dancing mote, I am the sun's vast ball;
The mote abides, the sun departs, obedient to my call!

I am the whispering of the leaves, the booming of the wave;
I am the morning's joyous gleam, the evening's darksome pall.

I am the mast and rudder, the helmsman and the ship;
I am the rock that wrecks it, reared by coral insects small.

I am the snarer of the bird, I am the bird and net.
I am the image and the glass, the voice and echo's call.

I am the tongue and all it tells; silence I am, and thought;
The tree of life, the parrot perched upon its summit tall.

I am the sparkle in the flint, the gold gleam in the ore,
Breath in the flute, the soul in man, the preciousness in all.

I am the spirit of the grape, the wine press and its juice;
The guest, the host, the crystal cup that shineth in his hall.

I am the rose, the nightingale, enraptured with its scent,
The taper, and the circling moth it holds in fatal thrall.

I am the sickness and the leech, the bane and antidote;
I am the bitter and the sweet, the honey and the gall.

I am both war and peace, I am the victor and the strife;
The town and its defender, the assailant and the wall.

I am the brick, the mortar, the builder and his plan,
The ground work and the roof-tree, the building and its fall.

I am the lion and the stag, I am the wolf and lamb,
The herdsman who enfolds his flocks within one spacious stall.

I am the chain of living things, the ring that binds the world,
Creation's ladder and the foot that mounts it but to fall.

I am what is and is not. I am, if thou dost know it,
Say it, O Jellalladdin! I AM THE SOUL IN ALL.

Eckhardt said: "Every creature is full of God, and necessarily strives to return to its source, seeks to lay aside its finite nature and to re-enter into unity. Hence everything created has a deep and painful yearning after union with God in untroubled rest."

So, we are ALL one; God is the All in All.

Healed by Prayer

MAN AT SEARSPORT HARBOR, ME., CURED OF CONSUMPTION

EDGAR WARD, of Searsport Harbor, Me., claims that he has been healed by prayer. About a year ago he went to California, sick with consumption. The climate did not help him, and he was told his lungs were badly affected. When he arrived home he could not sit up, and everyone supposed he would live only a short time.

Two disciples of the Holy Ghost and Us Bible school at Shiloh called and asked Mr. Ward to send a letter to that place asking for prayers. He did so, and received an answer telling him to fast on the following Thursday and pray while the school prayed for him. He did so, and at three o'clock that afternoon declared he was well. Mr. Ward is now working each day on his farm, having no cough or symptoms of disease, and he and his friends declare he is completely recovered.

[The Power of Prayer to God to cure our diseases and lift us out of our troubles into bliss and happiness is beyond the comprehension of many. But we POSITIVELY KNOW that earnest, patient, silent prayer to God is the only uplifting power in the universe.—EDITOR.]

SILENT PRAYER FREES THE SOUL.

REINCARNATION

By Edith Sessions Tupper
In *Smart Set*

I LIVED in Egypt once, I know,
For oft at night in heavy sleep,
From mountains crested high with snow,
O'er rivers winding dark and deep,
O'er seas and plains and vales I go,

And come at last where sunrise gleams
With shafts of scarlet, pink and gold,
On palm trees guarding sluggish streams,
On tombs and temples centuries old—
I see them all in fitful dreams.

And there's one palace vast and grand;
A terrace stretching far and wide;
An avenue across the sand,
With statues grim on either side
And colonnades on every hand.

That was my home. A princess I,
With dusky hair and velvet lips,
Whose beauty rare to glorify,
My poets vowed none could eclipse,
My lovers swore none could deny.

And many loved me. But to you,
A stalwart, handsome, fair-haired slave,
With curling lips and eyes of blue,
And tender touch—to you I gave
My heart. My soul you knew—you knew.

We heard at dawn the fountains play
Along the splendid marble floors;
And sweet as scent of lotus spray
Stole music through the latticed doors—
Now loud, now soft, now far away.

I see again the evil face
That glowers between the curtains red;
The knife—that e'en in my embrace
Struck swift and sure, and left you dead,
The blood-jets spouting o'er my lace.

'Tis always sunrise when I go
In visions vague, in fleeting dreams,
From lands of pine and sparkling snow
To palm trees guarding lazy streams
In Egypt, where I lived, I know.

Red grows the world. Through drowsy lids
I see the Nile as sunrise flares
Its banners—then, as memory bids,
The stone face of the desert stares,
And lo, the Sphinx! the Pyramids!

Work

LET nothing pass, for every hand
Must find some work to do;
Lose not a chance to waken love—
Be firm and just and true;
So shall a light that cannot fade
Beam on thee from on high,
And angel voices say to thee—
These things can never die.

—*Charles Dickens.*

Why France Lags Behind

From Steevens's "Glimpses of Three Nations"

FRENCHMEN do not want to rule—they want to live. The pursuit of life, of laughter, of charming sensations, of intelligent apprehensions, of individual development of character—it may all be more important, more vital to human existence, than the preoccupation to rule one's self and others, to make laws and to fight.

[Any individual or nation that lives almost solely in the senses will lag behind.—EDITOR.]

O WORLD as God has made it! All is beauty:
And knowing this is love, and love is duty,
What further may be sought for or declared?

—*Browning.*

Spiritualism and Insanity

WHEN the ignorant and prejudiced cannot understand or comprehend the teachings of a Great Soul, they accuse him of being mad or insane. Even Jesus Himself did not escape this charge, for it was said of Him, "He hath a devil, and is mad." Up to within a very recent date Spiritualists who stated that they held communion with the angels were considered insane or not well balanced. But now in this great age of thought and advancement, when men all over the world who are acknowledged as great and profound thinkers come out boldly and fearlessly and declare that they not only know that communion with our departed ones is possible, but that they have had many messages from the Angel World, Spiritualism is not ridiculed as formerly. The Light comes to him who earnestly seeks and never comes to him who scoffs and ridicules.

ONE of our subscribers says: "I have looked my first copy of THE MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES over carefully and feel inspired and better for reading it. It is full of good soul food—sunlight and hope. It leaves no room for the 'blues.' Divine bliss beams from every page and wisdom peeps from every line. I am a better being for reading it."

Troubles That Do Not Come

Lettie S. Bigelow, in Zion's Herald

OF the hard and weary loads
'Neath which we bend and fall,
The troubles that do not come
Are the heaviest ones of all.

For grief that cuts like a knife
There's oil of comfort and cure,
And the Hand which binds the weight
Brings strength and grace to endure.

But to phantoms of pain and woe
The lips of Pity are dumb,
And there's never oil or wine
For troubles that do not come.

There's a song to lighten the toil,
And a staff for climbing the height,
But never an Alpine stock
For the hills that are out of sight.

There are bitter herbs enough
In the brimming cup of to-day,
Without the sprig of rue
From to-morrow's unknown way.

Then take the meal that is spread,
And go with a song on thy way,
And let not the morrow shade
The sunshine and joy of to-day.

IN trouble, to be troubled is to have your trouble doubled.

Sayings of Sri Ramakrishna Paramahamsa

From the Brahmavâdin, India

REASONING is of two sorts, inductive and deductive. By the inductive process man rises from the contemplation of the creation to the Creator, from the effects to the First Cause. Deductive reasoning then commences. Having attained God, man learns to see the manifestation of the Deity in every act of creation. One is analytical and the other is synthetical. The former is like the peeling off of the successive layers of plantain trunk till one reaches the pith within. The other is like the growth of the plantain trunk from the pith outside by the laying of one layer over another.

Consciously or unconsciously, in whatever way one falls into the pond of immortality, one becomes immortal; similarly, the name of the Deity, however pronounced, voluntarily or involuntarily, is always potent for good.

It is a great sin to become conceited. Look at the crow, how wise he thinks himself to be. He never falls into a snare, he flies off at the slightest approach of danger and steals his food with the greatest dexterity, but the poor fellow eats filthy ordure. This is the result of being overwise or having the wisdom of the pettifogger.

The king, the sage and the Deity should never be visited empty handed. However trifling the present, it may be even a petty myrabolans (fruit). Have something in thy hand to place before these great ones of the world.

Hear not the censure of thy Guru (teacher). Thy Guru is greater than thy father and thy mother. Wilt thou keep quiet were thy father and mother insulted before thy eyes? Yea, fight to maintain the honor of thy Guru.

He finds God the quickest whose concentration and the yearning are the greatest.

In a potter's shop there are vessels of different shapes and forms, pots, jars, dishes, plates, etc., but all are made of one clay; so God is one, but is worshipped in different ages and climes under different names and aspects.

[God is in every religion; all religions are good. God manifests Himself to man through countless religions.—EDITOR].

GREATNESS comes from the conquest of ourselves. One feels grand and great when he subdues within himself those passions and appetites which conscience always whispers—no matter how faintly—are wrong for our well-being. Therefore, if one murmurs at adversity and does not heed and welcome the lesson it teaches, he certainly cannot be great. "Great souls are not those which have less passion and more virtue than common souls, but only those which have greater designs and greater control."

ARISE! AWAKE!! and stop not till the goal is reached.—*Katha. Upa., I., vi, 4.*

PRAY FOR DIRECTION.

How to Have Communion With Demons

A QUEER ADVENTURE

IT happened about seven years ago. I had been transacting some business in London, and was returning by the afternoon mail to my home in the country. Being the only occupant of the carriage in which I rode, I broke the tedium of the journey by reading, in the dim light of the chill December day, some of the several periodicals with which I had furnished myself at the bookstall previous to my departure from the station.

The papers at that time were full of accounts respecting some startling outrages committed just previously by a band of desperate Nihilists, who, in their own particular manner, were levying war upon civilization in a well-known European capital. The reports were alarmingly graphic, and an air of insecurity was engendered by reading them, for rumor had it that the ramifications of these champions of assassination were well-nigh limitless, extending into other lands besides their own, and it was plainly hinted that England was shortly to receive a special share of their attentions.

I read on until the growing darkness rendered the operation too difficult to be longer indulged in, and then mused upon what I had read until, half my journey being accomplished, it became necessary for me to change my train. With a quarter of an hour to spare, I entered the buffet attached to the station at which I had stopped, with the object of obtaining some needed refreshment. Having eaten nothing since breakfast, I was hungry, and looked round for something substantial wherewith to appease my appetite.

The only available thing beside the usual sandwich was a German sausage, which I began to tackle without the least compunction. Although not an edible that I usually indulge in—to be correct, I had never before tasted it—the inelegant polony seemed to my sharpened palate quite toothsome food, and I ate vigorously, and felt, as I believed, all the better for it when the time came to resume my journey.

I had a companion this time, a man who, like myself, was closely wrapped, and who occupied the seat directly opposite to the corner one in which I placed myself. In his hand I noticed that he carried a small, oblong parcel, encased in brown paper and tied with a strip of thin string, so arranged as to form a loop for the fingers that held it.

On starting, my fellow traveler made a few commonplace remarks about the weather, and later on, with an air of decided sociability, offered me his flask. I am aware that it is not ordinarily advisable to accept hospitality in this way from a stranger, and it is a thing I always set my face against, but, in this instance, I broke through my custom and took the proffered drink, and then, drawing my wraps closely around me, snuggled into my corner and tried to make myself comfortable for the rest of the ride.

I had not been long thus ensconced when a kind of drowsy stupor began to creep over me, which steadily increased, despite repeated efforts on my part to shake it off. As I sat in this semi-conscious state, my thoughts reverted to the Nihilistic literature I had been reading, and instantly it occurred to me that the brandy I had been drinking was drugged. The thought was not a pleasant one, and somewhat alarmed by it I made a further attempt to rouse myself from the lethargy into which I was falling, but without success. Suddenly I lost consciousness entirely, and everything became a blank.

It was only for a few moments, however, for my senses returned as quickly as they had left me, although my power of action was quite gone. I seemed like a person under the influence of some mesmeric spell, from which there is no escape. In this condition my gaze instinctively turned to my companion, and I noticed, as I thought, a mysterious change in his appearance. His complexion had assumed a malignant air, his eyes wore a wild look, and round his mouth there curled a cunning smile.

As I sat watching him, he began to undo the parcel in his hands, and drawing away the paper in which it was enclosed, exposed to view a box apparently made of tin. A little hinged door on one of its sides, which he presently opened, showed that the interior was filled with a species of clockwork arrangement, and instinctively I guessed that the thing I beheld was one of those diabolical inventions which have come to be known by the term of infernal machines.

On beholding this horrible engine of destruction, which, for aught I knew, might be fused ready for its dreadful work, my first thought was to stretch out my hand for the communication-cord, and, by stopping the train, let the authorities know the manner of man they were carrying; but, on attempting to rise, I found that my limbs utterly refused their office, and I was as helpless as though I had been bound hand and foot. My companion, evidently divining my intention, spoke.

"You are powerless to move," he said, addressing me. "The potion imbibed from my flask is a special decoction which will prevent action on your part for some time to come. So sit still and listen! You know, doubtless, what this is," he continued, pointing to the box, which he had placed on the seat beside him, "and most likely you guess what I am at the same time. In case you do not, I will tell you at once that I am one of that noble band who have for their object in life the emancipation of mankind from the tyranny of authority!"

"In other words, you are a Nihilist—a dynamitard?" I suggested.

"Use those terms if you like," he replied. "There is nothing in a name. Acts are the things whereby men are judged. Hear what I have to say! The society to which I belong has decreed the immediate doom of an authoritative ruler, and with that object has despatched emissaries far and wide to carry out its behests. A big blow is shortly to be struck, and there is not a country in the whole of Europe which will escape it. Russia, Germany, Austria, France—all are condemned, and even England, the vaunted home of the free, is not to be exempt. At the present moment there are ninety-nine picked men, armed with the most deadly bombs, in London itself, awaiting the signal to commence. One more worker is required, and I am commissioned to find someone to supply the want. I have done so, and my choice falls upon you!"

I started in my seat at these words, uttered in an earnest tone. He concluded:

"You, yes, you must become one of us; must enroll yourself under the banner of emancipation, and strike a blow for liberty!"

"And what if I refuse?" I inquired, as quietly as my excitement would allow. He leaned forward, and hissed in my ear:

"If you will not do this, then you yourself are doomed! Mark me, unless you join our ranks you will never leave this train alive!"

"Who will prevent me?" I asked, again making a vain endeavor to rise.

"I will!" he shouted, fiercely.

"I defy you!" I exclaimed, with a firmness I did not really feel, thinking that a determined attitude might possibly overawe him, for assassins are invariably cowards. I was mistaken in my man, however, for on hearing my words he put his hand under the cloak that enveloped him and drew forth a poniard, the sharp-pointed edge of which he felt critically with the tip of his finger.

"I will give you one minute in which to consider your decision," he said, "and if at the end of that time you remain obdurate, then this blade goes straightway through your heart!"

In order, I suppose, to amuse himself during the interval, he pricked several holes with the point of the instrument in his arm just above the wrist, from each of which the blood squirted in small, purple jets, showing how sharp was the weapon's edge. In a little while he said:

"The time is up! What say you now?"

"What I said before," I replied. "Do your worst!"

Instantly he sprang to his feet and clutched me by the throat.

"Coward!" I cried, half-choking as I was, and struggling in his iron grasp.

The epithet seemed to madden him, for his face became livid with sudden rage, his eyes glared wildly, and his breath came in thick and hurried gasps.

"You shall never say that again!" he shouted, tightening his hold till the blood swelled up in my face, and my eyes seemed ready to fly from their sockets.

With the energy of despair I made one final attempt to recover my power of action, and felt that I was succeeding. The effect of the potion was evidently working off, and with use returning to my limbs, I realized that now was my time. Concentrating all the strength I had into one tremendous effort, I managed to free myself from his grip, and immediately closed with him. We struggled violently together for a few seconds, neither gaining the mastery, and then I stumbled and we both fell to the ground, he uppermost. It seemed that my hour was come, for in his hand he held the deadly weapon. As I saw the gleaming blade descend in one swift stroke, I raised my voice and shouted——

. . . . . .

"Tickets, please! All tickets ready!"

It was the summons of the collector. I rubbed my eyes and looked around. There was my fellow traveler sitting quietly on the seat opposite, regarding me with an amused expression on his face.

"Been sleeping?" he queried, as my gaze caught his.

"I suppose I have," was my hazy reply.

"And dreaming, too," he added, with a smile; "unpleasantly, I should guess, by your manner!"

It was so. The substantial repast of which I had partaken had been the means of bringing on a heavy slumber which lasted right on to my journey's end, and the fearful adventure through which I had been passing was not, as I had imagined it, a thing of reality, but only a horrid nightmare, engendered by the reception of a mass of indigestible food into a constitutionally dyspeptic stomach.

My companion, of course, was no more a Nihilist than I was. The only fusible article inside his brown-paper parcel was a box containing a hundred choice cigars; and his flask, he assured me, held nothing more injurious to the system than a quantity of fine old cognac.

As I related to him the experience through which I had gone, he indulged in a hearty laugh, and, while I could not refrain from joining him, even at my own expense, I inwardly registered a vow to give German sausages a very wide berth for the future.

[Nightmares and hideous dreams are caused by gross or coarse animal foods in the stomach; flesh meats form masses of indigestible substances which cause dyspepsia and heavy slumber.—EDITOR.]

Greatest City in the World

NEW YORK CITY is the greatest city in the world—greatest in size, grandeur, wealth and beauty.

The total population within a radius of fifty miles of the New York City Hall is nearly six million souls.

Its growth is tremendous.

Many multi-millionaires from all parts of the country are coming to New York to reside, and they expend money in a lavish way in beautifying the city with palatial residences.

A great army of the highest skilled workmen are kept busy all the time at good wages in the great work of designing, building, decorating and so forth. Only the very best workmen are employed. New York City is certainly a busy hive of busy workers of the finest mental capacity.

This is the home of the great financial giants of the world—the Morgans, Rockefellers, Carnegies, Astors, Sages, Goulds, Vanderbilts, *et al.*

For Hypnotic Criminals

A GOOD story is told of a judge who lately had the hypnotic plea raised before him by a burglar. The prisoner claimed that he did not know that he was "burgling;" that he did it automatically and unconsciously, under the direction of a hypnotist. The judge said he would give him the full benefit of the law, and also of his hypnotic misfortune.

He thereupon sentenced the man to five years' hard labor, but told him he could, if he chose, send for the hypnotist, and have him made unconscious for the entire term of his imprisonment.

"The same power," said the judge, "which enabled you to commit burglary, and not know it, ought also to enable you to suffer imprisonment with hard labor, and not be aware of it. At any rate, this is the best I can do for you."

ONE great secret of happiness is never to allow your energies to stagnate. The old proverb about too many irons in the fire is an abominable lie. Have them all in—shovel, tongs, poker and all. The more the better.

IT takes a lifetime to build a character; it only takes one moment to destroy one. How sensitive is righteousness, how restful is the spirit of purity and nobleness!

I LOVE people of worth; but bigots I hate, and I fear rogues who govern fools.—*Voltaire.*

LOOK out for the little things. They do not seem to count at the time, but every item helps to count up on either side of the balance sheet. By that is not meant that one should be close, but one should be careful.

THE truths of to-day are the ancient truths; truth never changes.

ALL ARE GOD'S CHILDREN.

The Realm of the Unknown— Telepathy, Dreams and Psychic Phenomena

FLAMMARION'S INVESTIGATION OF FAMILIAR PHENOMENA

WITH GREAT minds like Flammarion coming out and clearly showing how man can communicate with the angels—our departed friends—we can truly say that we live in an age of reason and tolerance. The following review of this scientist's latest book, by the New York Journal book reviewer, is interesting:

"*The Unknown.*" *By Camille Flammarion. Published by Harper & Bros., New York City.*

This is a book worth reading; worth studying. It is not so scientific as not to be easy reading, nor is it so elementary as not to repay careful study.

Its effect should be to leave the reader with a mind well cleared of narrow incredulity regarding those things just beyond the borderland of life, which we see occasionally but mistily as through a curtain.

But its style is not a sort to substitute for the incredulity which many think the supremest wisdom, the shallow superstition that some imagine is the essence of religion.

It is matter of common notoriety that there are reports in such numbers as to merit intelligent investigation of apparitions, hallucinations, telepathy (or the communication of one idea between distant persons without known or material means of communication), prophetic dreams and dreams that rightly pictured scenes of which the dreamer must have been ignorant.

Fakes? Hoaxes? Subject deceptions?

Perhaps some of them were, but if instances multiply it becomes exceedingly difficult for open-minded men to dismiss all with the same explanation. It was only in his haste that Solomon said all men are liars, and when he cooled down he was ashamed of it.

As a rule, men tell the truth, and when a multitude of men tell the same thing all cannot be dismissed as liars. It is the part of science dealing with material phenomena to repeat the same test time and again. If the result is invariable we are justified in declaring it a rule.

M. Flammarion has treated scientifically the familiar stories of ghosts, second sight, telepathy, dreams and such things that the world has been apt to dismiss sneeringly as old women's tales. He has weighed and compared the evidence and presents it to the reader, not as demonstrating beyond doubt the fact of the spirit world and of an unidentified sixth sense possessed by some people which enables them to see and hear things indistinguishable to most of us, but as affording so much proof of such a world—and such a sense that we cannot ignore the proofs it presents. He who could dismiss such a study as this as a mere tribute to superstition is a victim of what is perhaps a hurtful superstition, stupid incredulity.

No word in the English language should be used with more caution than "Impossible." Wireless telegraphy and the X-rays alone ought to be enough to convince of that. And, moreover, physical science in its analysis of the manifestation of material force shows us that there are even within the bounds of our present knowledge expanses of territory we have not yet explored.

For example, sound, light, electricity are all the product of the vibration of our atmosphere or a subtler medium contained in it and called ether. If the vibrations are in number from 32 to 32,678 a second they cause sound; the more numerous vibrations the higher and shriller the sound, until it becomes imperceptible to the human ear.

Perhaps some dumb animals catch sounds to which we, by the structure of our ears, are deaf. When the number of vibrations has passed 2,000 to the second the results they produce are indistinguishable to us until they exceed 1,000,000; then their effect we call electricity. Who can tell what comes between? Who can say that in time a sixth sense may not be discovered by means of which the fruits of these vibrations which physicists now know exist may be identified?

There are forces to us invisible, sounds to us unhearable. If some among us see and hear things of which most of us can have no cognizance it is the part of intelligence to satisfy ourselves that they have told the truth, and then set down the explanation as one of those things as unknown to-day as the nature of electricity was 200 years ago, and quite as sure to be known in due time.

The commonest of all supernatural phenomena is the appearance of the form of a person just at the moment of death to one many miles away. It is not necessary to quote such a story here. Everybody is familiar with many.

M. Flammarion collected, by means of a notice in the French magazine, *Annales Politiques et Littéraires*—a periodical of a weighty sort not likely to have any practical jokers among its constituents—many stories purporting to relate the personal experiences of the writers. Those which bear the most convincing evidence of truth he prints in his book—no less that 180. In many the apparition was seen by two or more persons.

In nearly all the circumstances were such that the relater could have had no possible knowledge of the death of the person seen. Many tell of seeing the phantom form of some dear relative—a fact which surely makes it improbable that the story was told in jest, for people do not make jokes of fathers, sons or brothers.

What shall we say, then, of all this body of respectable evidence—merely that it seems to show the existence of another of the things we do not know? Perhaps it is not for all time unknowable, but only by prolonged observation and closest study of evidence.

Twenty-five years ago, perhaps, the possible truth of the assertion that one mind could act upon another at a distance, without words or other appreciable means of communication, would have been scouted as generally as the faculty of apparitions of dying is to-day.

But now psychic action is a recognized force. Nobody doubts that one mind can influence another at a distance, any more than one doubts that a deep church bell ringing far away will set a wire in a piano near at hand to chiming in harmony. When we come to think of it, the latter is the more marvelous phenomenon.

The human mind is the most delicate, the most responsive, the most sensitive organism we have knowledge of. Surely if two strings of dried catgut stretched on hollow frames of wood will sing in reciprocal harmony if one be rubbed with a horsehair bow, two human minds should be able to influence each other by the subtle transmission of thought that interests both.

M. Flammarion describes many such well-authenticated instances, and does not, I think, go a hair's breadth beyond the domain of reason when he sums up:

"WHAT IS CERTAIN IS THAT TELEPATHY CAN AND OUGHT TO BE HENCEFORTH CONSIDERED BY SCIENTISTS AS AN INCONTESTABLE REALITY.

"MINDS ARE ABLE TO ACT UPON EACH OTHER WITHOUT THE INTERVENTION OF SENSES. PSYCHIC FORCE EXISTS. ITS NATURE IS YET UNKNOWN."

We seem on the point of getting rid of the wires and telegraphing swiftly through the clear air. Perhaps the next step will be to get rid of electric apparatus, the key and the operator, and each swiftly project thought to the one sought, as the East Indian Buddhists profess to be able to project their astral bodies.

Dreams—M. Flammarion has gathered and authenticated a whole volume of them. Dreams that foretold with accuracy of coming events, dreams that pictured the scenes of distant crimes so that no Sherlock Holmes was necessary for their unearthing. Dreams that warned of danger and promised happiness, both with accuracy as the event demonstrated.

It is significant and natural that a great majority of these deal with death, just as in many cases of psychic action it was the communication of the distant dying person that worked on the responsive mind. Death is the one great fact of life. It is the one thing inevitable and irrevocable. The marvel is that it is not more on our minds. That one passing into what Rabelais called the great perhaps should strive in every way to communicate with those with whom he must say farewell forever, is as natural as anything supernatural can be.

What are the conclusions, then, to be drawn from this interesting and stimulative volume?

First—That we are approaching the unknown, that we should enter upon its observation with minds clear from prejudice, without the gazing credulity of the bumpkin or the self-sufficient incredulity of the know-it-all. Nobody does know it all.

Second—That there is strong, almost convincing evidence that soul can communicate with soul, though one may have left its body, and despite all obstacles of time and space.

Third—That there is a sort of psychic world, peopled and full of activity, about and wholly without this material world of ours, but not improbably destined to become real to us in time. That we may hear without ears, and see without eyes, and communicate without speech, written or spoken.

In brief, this book irresistibly brings up the Shakespearian reflection: "There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamed of in your philosophy."

But Flammarion has tried to bring these things within the scope of philosophy by collecting and arranging and sifting the evidence concerning them; by pointing out to the general reader the pitfalls which too ready acceptance of a narrative might plunge him in, and the blunder of being too incredulous. His position is that expressed in a couplet by Lamartine, which I translate rudely:

"To think everything is known is an error as profound as to think the horizon marks the world's bounds."

The most interesting country to the imagination is that one which mortal man has never visited. This book tries to take us there and teaches us to make some observations on its borderland for ourselves.

The Only Way

OF the countless ways for man to reach freedom there is only one true way. The soul never becomes free, blissful and eternally joyful and happy until it is AT-ONE with God. Man tries many ways to get joy and peace, but there is only one way to the goal of eternal calm and peace, and that is by going silently to God.

Remember those true words of the Blessed Christ, "ASK AND YE SHALL RECEIVE, SEEK AND YE SHALL FIND, KNOCK AND IT SHALL BE OPENED UNTO YOU." The Mystic Adepts know that those words are literally true.

There is a much better and much higher life than we are living. Let us live less in the senses and live more with the Eternal God. Let us ask and seek until all happiness comes.

Vivekananda, the great Hindu Swami, says: "Sure, the senses are not all; this limited material body is as nothing compared with the immortal, eternal, undying bliss of the Self." Now, in this most wonderful age, is the time to wake up and go to God. Go to Him with love in your whole being. *Ask, Seek, Knock.* This is the only way to freedom—to eternal joy and bliss. F. H.

Psychic Powers

THERE is something in that strange power by which a man can read the past on a lock of hair or a scrap of handwriting. These are the new powers entering into the life of man, as man enters into the life of spirit. Whereas, a few years ago those powers were the belongings of but a few—the mystics and the sages—they are now coming within our ordinary humanity. It is the coming of the Kingdom of God among men.—*Rev. Heber Newton.*

READ this magazine regularly, and get into our vibrations.

MEN are looking for the ideal. Carlyle said: "The ideal is in thyself; the impediment, too, is in thyself. Work out thy condition, and working, believe, live, be free."

PRAYER MAKES US WHOLE.

Death Always Painless

ENTIRE PEACE OF BODY AND MIND, SAYS A PHYSICIAN OF WIDE OBSERVATION

From the Chicago Tribune

ORE material than was the Psalmist, who asked, "O Death, where is thy sting?" the physician of to-day not only asks the same question, but answers it.

"It has none," says Dr. C. Pruyn Stringfield, who has made extended observations of the phenomena of death in its many forms. "In his last supreme moments man has no need for spiritual or physical comfort. The peace of mind and body are his without the aid of priest or physician, either." Dr. Stringfield holds that dissolution not only is painless, but that the dying—if conscious at all—become reconciled to the approach of it. This welcome to the destroyer may be extended only a minute before life goes out, or the patient may have been awaiting his coming for weeks and months.

"I have found that most persons under thirty-five years old make a fight for life to almost the last moments," said Dr. Stringfield. "Beyond thirty-six and forty years something in the contemplation of death reconciles them to it, or else they welcome it as a release from cares and responsibilities. The strong, young nature, making its instinctive fight against death, may be in mental protest almost to the last moment, whereas a man of fifty years probably would realize his position and await the end calmly, perhaps for hours. But in that supreme moment of passing, each would find the peace of leaving life.

"Right there is one of the great mysteries of death. Even when the mind has become completely reconciled to death we find the whole physical framework fighting it. There is the muscular struggle for breath, sometimes to the last. Even when a man has been dead for hours his muscles will twitch and react from the irritation of electrical currents. Yet the mind of the dying one may have welcomed death as a boon. Long sickness and intense sufferings may have much to do with reconciling a person to death long before it comes. Then many persons in normal health tire of living. Not for any one reason, but because they have figured that life isn't worth the trouble. Two remarkable cases of the kind are under my observation now. They are a widow and her daughter-in-law. They are not morbid. They would never commit suicide, but they would not care if death should come to-morrow. There is every reason for their living, too. They are wealthy, move in good society and are unusually intelligent. Take those two women, and other conditions being equal, they will die much more easily than one who has never thought of death. No acute disease, either, could shake them in their desire for death. The mind is dominant over the body."

Dr. Stringfield believes that a person may die in full possession of his faculties up to within one minute or less of final dissolution.

"In the case of the man Rigby, who died in the Grand Pacific Hotel a short time ago, he was conscious to the last moment. He talked of Yorkshire, of his wife and of half a dozen other things. He could have been asked a question concerning any period of his life and he would have been able to answer it five minutes before he died. His was no unusual example, either. Sometimes it looks as if there was a clearing up of the brain of a man until his faculties are keener than normal when he is on the threshold of death.

"No doubt there are visions and hallucinations just at the point of death. Things get far away. They see trees and streams and meadows. I recall the case of a woman who was dying. Her husband was at the foot of the bed, crying, when I spoke to him, telling him that if he wished to have a minister present he would better send for one.

"But the woman heard me. She started up in fright, exclaiming that she was not going to die; that I had no right to frighten her so. She was shaking with the fright of the suggestion. I tried to soothe her, but she kept crying out that she was not going to die—that she did not want to die. But suddenly she lay back with closing eyes, sighing that she had found such peace. Only she was uneasy that Alphonse, at the foot of the bed, was getting so far away. She saw beautiful meadows and flowers and birds, but she was uneasy that Alphonse would not come. 'So far—away,' she complained with her last breath, and was dead at the instant."

[The transition we call "death" is always painless and pleasing. What physicians and others refer to as visions and hallucinations are real to the soul about to pass out of the body and on to the spirit world. No one need fear death; you will never experience anything worse in the spirit world than you have experienced here. Suicides have a pretty hard time of it in adjusting themselves to the new conditions in the spirit world. Of all foolish acts, that of suicide is the most foolish. Suicides defeat the very end they seek—rest and peace. Suicides are in a terrible, disturbed state on entering the spirit world, and the angels have hard work to straighten them out and get them adjusted to the conditions of the spirit world.—EDITOR.]

How to Preserve Youth and Beauty

WITH a clear, cheerful mind and a glad heart we can look young. Mrs. Townsend Burden, a wealthy society lady of New York City, does not age one bit. Her daughter, Miss Evelyn Burden, also knows the secret of health and beauty. The "Chaperon," in the New York Journal, has this to say of these two society ladies: "Evelyn Burden preserves that wonderful figure and marvelous complexion when other girls after a season begin to look weary and grow either very scraggy or stout. It is rumored that Miss Burden once a year places herself under a simple but effective regimen. She walks so many miles a day, she avoids sweets, and I have also heard that for weeks together she will eat nothing before midday, and she will drink only a little lemon and seltzer. The theory that champagne will make you thin is nonsense. I think it would bloat one, but this is going back to healthful principles. And then I have never seen either Miss Burden or her mother without either one of them having a pleasant smile on their faces. They greet their friends beamingly and with real pleasure, and they do not cultivate the stiff little bows and curt nods of other women. The result is that Mrs. Burden has an exquisite complexion and not a hint of wrinkle, and when you think of women in New York going out as much as she does it is really wonderful. I know some matrons who just made their débuts about five years ago who look over forty. It is refreshing to see the others."

Patti Feels as Young as Ever

PATTI, the great opera singer, although well along in years, has recently been delighting fashionable Paris audiences with her charming voice and grace of manner. She looks young and beautiful, because she knows the secret of keeping young. The great diva said to a newspaper man:

"I feel young, just as young as when, many years ago, I sang in a big barn in Minneapolis during one of my American tours. Four thousand persons were present, most of whom began to cry while I was singing 'Home, Sweet Home' as an encore. I almost cried myself. How these memories carry one back! I almost wish I was repeating my experience of that tour.

"I like singing for Parisian audiences, too; they are sensitively sympathetic and appreciative in the highest degree. I like to sing to great artists, because it is their marvelous wealth of feeling that enables them to be such great artists. It gives me great pleasure to sing at a benefit for an artist.

"There cannot be too much *esprit de corps* among us. Pride in one's calling or profession, whatever it may be, is an element of success and should be encouraged. We artists entertain, amuse, mayhap help and elevate a great part of the human race. Why should we not do a little for each other?

"By helping others one helps himself. I desire to keep young and cheerful, and I am young. What's the use of growing old fast?"

"True" Religion

TRUE religion and real civilization have yet a good deal to learn about the Eastern world.

Every man's religion is true—for him. The worst of it is that nearly every religious man insists that every other kind of religion but his is false and pernicious. When religious men grow past this exclusive idea, and admit that all religions are good, an immense stride will have been taken in civilization and progress.

To force any religion on an individual or a nation is bad taste, to say the least.

The Higher Religion says ALL religions are good, and it respects any man's belief or theory of God, or his mode of worship.

That form of religion that persistently tries to *force* men to believe in it will lose ground.

The higher religionist, who worships and loves God through any religion, sect or creed that happens to be at hand, is a very blissful and happy soul.

Man the Master of His Environment

THE Rev. Henry Evertson Cobb, one of New York City's brilliant young ministers, and pastor of the Reformed Dutch Collegiate Church, West End avenue and Seventy-seventh street, recently said in a sermon:

"It is the written law of God that man shall receive according to his gifts. The law holds in every relation in life, as we deal with men so will men deal with us. This same law in physics was discovered by Sir Isaac Newton when he found out the law that action is equal to action, but in the opposite direction. Every action in life has its measured consequences. The law of reciprocity holds on all occasions.

"A man is not entirely subject to his environment. We often hear men complain that they are victims of circumstances; but God has given us a will power which, if we but properly exert it, will prevail over the evil influences of our surroundings."

[We know man can by psychic power or divine will overcome all obstacles—his circumstances.—EDITOR.]

Christian Science Not Hypnotism

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE is of the Spirit; Hypnotism is of the will or mind. It is dangerous to "play" or "fool" with hypnotism. The following letter from W. D. MacCracken to the editor of the New York Sun speaks for itself:

"Prof. George T. Ladd, of Yale University, is credited in your columns with saying that there was nothing in Christian Science which is not explained by the principle of hypnotism. Professor Ladd cannot be very familiar with the methods and results of Christian Science if he holds this view. Hypnotism is the modern term for mesmerism and animal magnetism, first brought into notice in Germany in 1775 by Mesmer. For some years this seeing force was used principally in entertainments, for the performance of parlor tricks. In recent years it has begun to be used as a therapeutic agent. But it is a two-edged tool, and those who indulge in it are the first to suffer from its baneful effects upon their mental and moral health. Hypnotism means the exercise of will power by one individual over another, and is diametrically opposed to Christian Science, which is the knowledge of how Spirit, or God, acts upon sin and sickness, in order to destroy them. Christian Science makes great demands upon the pure motives of its followers, and points them to the example of the Great Physician, who said: 'And this is life eternal, that they might know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent.'" (John, xvii, 3.)

Become Powerful

THE Mystics know the wonderful life-giving forces in air, sunshine and water. They dwell much out of doors, and get great powers. A writer in the World says:

"There is nothing like the outdoors. Every day men build better houses. Every year there are more palaces in more lands. But after all the architects and builders are done, the sky's dome of blue is unapproached, the forest's walls of green are unrivaled, the fields of grass are hopelessly beyond the efforts of the coverers of floors. Nor is there the perfumed fountain that can render to closed courts the sweetness of outdoor air at its purest.

"So it is fortunate that there are so many things to call us into the open. It is fortunate that the pleasures of road, hill and water are close at hand. It is good that the bicycle, the automobile and the horse take us on day's journeyings. It is good that excellent sport calls us to race track, ball field, golfing links, polo course, tennis court, yachting course, athletic field, or other scene of exercise that exhilarates and destroys not."

Perfect Health

THE Spiritual Adepts are always in perfect health. They are great workers; are very happy, and hold the body a great number of years. Disease cannot exist in one who realizes that he is an eternal soul at one with the Universal Soul—God. The study of metaphysics, occult science and psychology is inspiring and helpful, and sooner or later will bring the student into the vibrations of health, joy, bliss and happiness.

THE best thing to give your enemy is forgiveness; to an opponent, tolerance; to yourself, respect; and to all men, charity.—*Mrs. Balfour.*

Where and How Japan Says Its Prayers

By Anna Northend Benjamin, in New York Herald

WERE Japan shorn of her temples she would lose half her beauty and charm. They are heathen temples, if you will, but they are at the same time visible exponents of a widespread and deep rooted religious feeling. Wholly apart from their ethical significance, however, the buildings themselves are often exquisite monuments of the best of Oriental architecture, and the simplest of them add to the fascination of the wooded hillside or the city street.

Visiting temples forms the major part of the tourist's sightseeing in Japan; yet most people come away with the vaguest sort of idea of the religions to which these places of worship are dedicated. This is not to be wondered at, for the state of the religions of Japan to-day is a curious one, and many of the Japanese themselves, were they forced to answer questions, would show ideas just as vague. Though the empire has three Oriental religions—Shintoism, Buddhism and Confucianism—they have for hundreds of years been so mixed together that they do not stand distinct in the minds of the common people.

The real, old native religion of Japan is Shinto. It has come down to the present day from prehistoric times, and is, perhaps, the simplest religion in the world, not only in its doctrines and moral demands, but also in its ceremonial. Shintoism is, more than anything else, a mild, negative sort of spiritualism. The first temples were erected to the heroic beings of Japanese mythology, but since then the Japanese have been steadily manufacturing gods at such a rate that to-day one may visit a temple dedicated to all of the "eight million gods of Shinto."

In the West, if a man has distinguished himself in war or politics, becomes a great philanthropist or a public benefactor, we honor his memory after death by erecting a more or less hideous representation of him in bronze in a public square. In Japan they build him a temple and make him a god, the size of his shrine being in proportion to his greatness when living.

Again, if a rich man wishes to honor one or more of his forebears, he builds one of these houses, in which the departed spirit may live and the public may come to worship it. From a Japanese point of view a memorial tablet in one of our churches or universities might be a Shinto shrine and Grant's Tomb a beautiful temple for his spirit.

Once the temple is built the simple people think that the newly made god sits benignly behind the lattice door which is closed before the inner sanctuary and listens to their supplications. Here are tied many fluttering prayers, which are written on white paper, and the straw mat in front is covered by a sprinkling of copper "rin," cast there as offerings by the devout.

Shinto priests are not obliged to give their lives up to their religion, nor to live lives of celibacy and asceticism, as the Buddhists are supposed to do. The office is usually hereditary, and is little more than an honor. The title of the priest is "Guardian of the God;" he may marry and be engaged in business, his connection with the temple being active only at the time of some great festival, when he and his brother priests exorcise the god, and induce him, after much chanting and appropriate ceremonies, to issue from the temple and enter a closed bull cart, in which he is paraded about the streets in the midst of a long and interesting procession of men and girls in costume.

In a beautiful Shinto temple in the outskirts of the ancient City of Kioto there is a tiny square patch of ground near the main shrine, enclosed by a little fence of barbed wire. Here, the custodian of the temple will tell you, the august godship condescends to sit once a year while his sanctuary undergoes a process of house-cleaning. You will then have your attention called to some bushes growing in this sacred spot, within the barbed wire. Though they are of several varieties, the leaves of all have developed prickly edges set with thorns. Every shrub planted here begins to grow in this way, the custodian solemnly tells you, and it certainly seems to be the truth.

This apparent miracle may be classed with another which occurs yearly in Tokio in connection with Shinto, and which no Western person has yet been able to explain. It is the famous "Hai Wattarai," or fire walking, at which both priests and people walk repeatedly back and forth over a bed of live, glowing coals. The priests fast and pray for some time before this ceremony, according to Buddhist ideas, but the common people, who pass over the fire, in the same miraculous way, have no preparation.

Before the restoration of the Mikado to his full rights in 1868, and the consequent metamorphosis of Japan, it would have been well nigh impossible to discover in Shintoism a separate religious system, for Buddhism and Shintoism were thoroughly mixed together. By imperial decree the two religions were suddenly separated, for it was decided that Shinto should be the Court religion, as it had been in ancient days; therefore a system of "purification" was inaugurated, and the Shinto temples purged of all that pertained to Buddhism.

Interesting as Shinto is, it has not a hundredth part of the outward picturesqueness of Buddhism. This latter religion was brought over from Corea in the sixth century in a very pure form, and its priests, instead of bitterly opposing the national Shinto, carefully grafted the one to the other. The Buddhist priests show ingenuity in putting Shinto gods on the Buddhist calendar of saints, and in reconciling the Shinto mythology with the Buddhist legends, and so the two religions jogged fraternally along together.

The great Buddhist temples, those which every day are visited by hundreds of worshippers, have large monasteries attached, in which the priests dedicated to its service live, generally presided over by an abbot. Services will be conducted at intervals, or continuously throughout the day, the priests relieving each other. The ceremonial differs with the various sects, but in general it consists in the beating of deep-toned musical bells, set about in the sanctuary before the altar, the bowing and numberless genuflections of the officiating priests, the copious burning of incense and the weird chanting of certain prayers, many of which are repeated over and over again with a strange rising and falling cadence.

The words are old Sanscrit forms, and in many cases the meaning is entirely lost. No person can visit one of the great Buddhist temples of Japan while a service is in progress without being deeply impressed by the strange scene and the stranger sounds.

The clouds of rich incense make the senses stagger; the weird dronings and movements of gorgeously vested priests and the regular intonations of the bell are a combination which awes the foreign visitor and gives him a new idea of the religious feeling of the East.

Then he may turn and see outside the altar rail a small gathering of worshippers, men and women of the common people, with their babies on their backs; old, tottering pilgrims in their white and dust-stained clothes, kneeling reverently, their palms pressed together, murmuring to themselves their words of devotion.

The Japanese religious pilgrims are among the most interesting figures of religious Japan. You may meet them anywhere in the empire, dressed in the distinctive white dress, and carrying a bowl in which they place the alms for which they beg. You may see infirm old people who are traveling hundreds of miles to visit some famous shrine before they die, and gain great virtue by their act.

The higher significance of Japanese Buddhism is lost to the visitor just as it is to the majority of Japanese. It would be unjust to speak of Buddhism in the empire without admitting that there are still some great teachers of its highest esoteric forms who transmit their knowledge and experience to only a few.

Confucianism, the third and last of Japan's religious systems, has never been to the Japanese what it is to the Chinese. Its teachings have widely influenced Japanese thought and social customs, but more as a philosophical system of ethics than as a new religion. It has had an especially strong influence on the upper class Japanese, and accounts very largely for their agnosticism, proving, therefore, one of the chief obstacles of the Christian missionaries.

Which of the Great Religions Spread Most Rapidly?

MOHAMMEDANISM, which at the time of the Hegira, or flight to Mecca, June, 622, from which period it may be said actually to date, comprised about 100 families. Six years after, 6 A.H., when the public pilgrimage to Mecca was undertaken, the Prophet had 2,000 followers. In the march against Mecca, in the year 630, Mohammed led 100,000 to the field, being afterward acknowledged king, while in the short space of eighty years after his death Mohammedanism reigned supreme over Arabia, Syria, Persia, the whole of the northern coast of Africa, and over Spain. And notwithstanding internal strifes and divisions, it grew outwardly with such rapidity that in 1453 "the crescent was made to gleam from the spires of St. Sophia, Constantinople," and in 1529 "the Mohammedan war cry resounded before Vienna." In all, a progress which, for rapidity, no other religion can vie with; and though its splendor began to wane toward the middle of the sixteenth century, it still comprises within its fold 200,000,000, or 14 per cent. of the human race.

When Were Table-Turning and Spirit-Writing First Practiced in Europe?

THE probability is that the Greek priests first learned arts kindred to these from the Egyptians, who made liberal use of them in the rites of their mysteries. The monks, too, of more modern times undoubtedly produced phenomena of this kind by similar means, but the introduction of modern "Spiritualism" only dates from the year 1852, when a female professional medium named Hayden, from Boston, went to England and startled the English people with spiritual manifestations, which in a very few months spread over all Europe. In 1855 Home visited London, and by his wonderful séances gave a great impetus to this modern revival of Spiritualism, which is, perhaps, as old as humanity itself.

Many of the nobility of Europe are believers in modern Spiritualism. It is said that Queen Victoria firmly believed in the return of spirits, but kept her belief a secret, because of Spiritualism's unpopularity among members of the High Church of England.

London's Agnostics

AGNOSTICISM is assuming a militant attitude in London. The leading agnostics have planned a "Free Thought Institute" for attack upon British orthodoxy, mainly by appealing to educated and cultured society women.

Lady Jeune, the brilliant society woman and writer on social subjects, said, regarding the proposed campaign against the religious orthodoxy of British women: "In so far as these free thinkers mean to destroy the Christian faith of our women, they will fail. British women are fundamentally and pre-eminently religious. They love the Christian system and have absolute confidence in the divinity of its authorship. They will never trade their theory of God for the unconvincing dicta of agnostics. It will be a sorry day for the British Empire when its women lose their devotional natures and set the currents of their influence flowing toward cynicism."

The Great Mystery

By Elizabeth M. Jeffreys

IN "The Great Mystery" Elizabeth Miller Jeffreys and William Hamilton Jeffreys, theological writers, seek to throw some light upon the riddle of the Trinity. Their theory is interesting.

They make the claim, and support it by many a quotation from the early writers on Christianity and by the philosophers of all ages, that the vague and disputable term, "The Holy Ghost," means the element of motherhood in the nature of God.

They believe that the Trinity includes the natures of Father, of Elder Brother and of Mother, and that the last has never before been understood. It is, according to Mr. and Mrs. Jeffreys, the brooding, tender, half human element that unites human nature with the divine. Say Mr. and Mrs. Jeffreys:

"When I consider what one mother is I stagger at the thought of what God may yet do."

THERE is no secret in the heart which our actions do not disclose. The most consummate hypocrite cannot at all times conceal the workings of the mind.—*From the French.*

GREAT mistakes are often made, like great cables, from a multitude of strands.—*Victor Hugo.*

IT is not enough to have great qualities; we must also have the management of them.

The Road to Loveliness

TEMPERANCE is the cornerstone of health, and health is the foundation of beauty. The brainiest man and the most beautiful woman in history were as temperate as camels. When Napoleon began to look like a gourmand his defeat began. Renan was one of the few great men with a great stomach. He had the appearance of a human mollusc, but he worked like a giant and lived like a stoic for more than a generation in a few class-rooms of the College of France. George Eliot was not a beauty, but her brains made her the first woman of the century, and she is said to have lived on tea and toasted muffins. Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, one of the wisest men of Rome and one of the grandest characters in history, ruled with love an empire reaching from Scotland to the Sahara and from the Atlantic to the Euphrates, and lived as simple as a peasant. The beauties of the French salon ate fruits and greens and drank soups and milk. Empress Elizabeth of Austria, the loveliest sovereign of Europe, "who lived in the saddle and the sunshine," and the gray heads in the Paris museums say of the radiant Diane de Poitiers that she took a dozen walks a day to keep her flesh down and a dozen oranges to keep her color up.

It is diet and not drugs that improves a bad complexion and preserves a good one.

Derma called cleanliness a virtue and uncleanliness a vice and a half. Children emerge from a cleaning with new beauties, and why couldn't the children of a larger growth? Use rain-water to wash in and salt water to bathe in if possible, and as many times a day as the body needs cleansing let it be cleansed. With less than one bath a day nobody in active life can be clean. The Commonwealers and the cold water economists may think differently, but the facts in the case remain as stated.

Frequent bathing will hurt no one. Properly taken, there is nothing in therapeutics as remedial as water. The reason some women find bathing weakening is because they use hot water or remain in the bath too long. A bath such as the birds take—a dip—is the bath for beauty. Two or three scrubbings a week will keep the skin clean, but the dips before breakfast and before dinner are to brighten the complexion, string up the nerves, cool the blood and air the lungs. There is nothing better than an ice-cold shower-bath to freshen a faded face. Take the dose a minute before dressing and avoid getting chilled.

Temperate eating and drinking refine the features. Delicate tastes and exquisite neatness beautify the personality. Gluttony deforms the body and dwarfs the brain. The best foods for a beautiful complexion are those that give the intricate system of digestion the least work. Shellfish, particularly lobsters; veal, fresh pork, dried and pickled beef, boiled and fried potatoes, greasy patties and pie-crust, oily soups and gravies, highly seasoned dishes, fresh bread, pancakes and dumplings, and fried steak and mutton are heavy and too hard to digest. Lovely people must have daintier food.

The best thing for a bad feeling is rest. Take a day or two off. Do nothing—not even eat. When good humor and gay spirits return try the bird diet. Milk and oatmeal, onion soup, chocolate, weak tea and black toast, some juicy fruit, a bit of fresh fish with a few green peas, a fresh egg boiled soft enough to drink, a broiled lamb or mutton chop with a salad, a couple of oranges, a dish of blackberries with the worms and gravel removed, vegetable soup—all of these are excellent for the complexion, taken as a course.

Fruit should be eaten after every meal of more than two courses, for the laxative effect. Winey fruits, like plums, peaches, cherries, melons and apricots, help the liver; seed fruits—all the sweet and sour berries, figs, etc.—the stomach. The acid in apples, lemons, oranges and grapes is a valuable aperient.

Christian Science and Spiritualism

W. D. MCCRACKAN, in the New York Herald, in defending Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy, the founder of Christian Science, against attacks made upon her, among other things says: "She has never believed in Spiritualism," to which a noted Spiritualist says that Christ was more of a Spiritualist than He was a healer of diseases. This magazine would like to see more Spirituality—more brotherly love—more tolerance in souls of all religions, beliefs and cults.

THE SOUL IS.

Crystal Reading a New Fad

THE mind of man is ever restlessly striving to fathom the unknown. This fact alone proves to the Spiritual Man that the Soul is immortal—eternal. In the New York Herald of recent date we find the following about Crystal Reading, which is of interest to students of the occult or mysterious:

From a small beginning a very few years ago, crystal reading has become a fad in the occult and is proving itself more attractive than astrology, palmistry, card reading and the various other readings and means of divination attractive to mortals who crave a glimpse into the seeds of time.

"Nothing was known in America of these prophetic stones, these magical little globes of glass, until at the time of the World's Fair," said Dr. J. B. Street—who is the proud possessor of two of these spheres—as he explained their wonderful power of catching pictures of the past and visions of the future.

"At that time," he continued, "two valuable specimens were brought to this country, and here they are, one from Japan and the other from India. The Japanese one, known as 'Light of the Future,' is 300 years old. It was taken from the top of the head of an idol of Buddha. For three centuries the people of Japan had consulted it with great ceremony in the tolling of bells in the key of F natural and the swinging of incense.

"The second was taken from an image of Vishnu in India. In its light for 200 years the Hindu Swami had learned the fate of those who came to him begging for a glimpse into the future.

"And this key of F natural! It is called 'the magical key of the East,' for it is this particular key that awakens the sensitive crystal. Individuals are like these crystals. There is a note to which they respond, and every person has an astral color to which he vibrates, for color and sound are vibrations.

"I have a bell-shaped glass suspended above the crystals, with a wire attached, which is held by the subject, and which induces a sympathetic current between his mind and the crystal. Then, under a reduced light, pictures of past events, places that have been visited, faces once familiar and images of events that are to come will appear, if all conditions are favorable.

"Underneath I place the cardinal colors of these two crystals—red, purple, orange and white—in silk full of magnetism. The wire which the subject holds is continued to these silks and buried in their folds. Thus harmony is produced, and the holder of the wire becomes *en rapport* with the crystals.

"Now I play various chords on the piano, observing the crystals closely. When the subject's keynote is struck his body is sure to vibrate, and the vibrations are carried through the wire to the silks. The color that is in harmony with his sound vibrations then records the vibrations, by sympathy, and the color is reflected in the crystals. In this way I know that I have found his keynote and his color. There is an intimate association and sympathy between sound and color that has been well known to the Oriental ancients, but which the Occidental world is only now learning.

"When the crystal flashes I know that it is in sympathy with the subject, and will respond, prophesying for him good or evil. I must continually sound the keynote to prevent the crystal falling into inaction. Colors, symbols or pictures pass through the crystals, sometimes so rapidly that only those learned in the occultism of the East can read them. At other times the pictures can be plainly seen by all who are present, and their interpretation can be in no doubt.

"When there is no individual subject, and I desire to know of things in general and be able to tell of the great events that will most interest the world I continue to strike the key of F natural.

"We may not understand this thing, and call it a great mystery, but it is entirely in accord with natural laws which we do understand."

Signs of the Times

THERE is an eager longing—a thirst, a hunger—with people all over the world for spiritual enlightenment. Phillips Brooks said only shortly before he passed away: "I believe the coming years are soon to be blessed in a marvelous degree by the great awakening in spiritual things." Many of us are just beginning to find out the truth of "Seek ye FIRST the kingdom of heaven, and all other things will be added."

Causes of Increased Crime in Italy

THINKERS, editors, writers and agitators would do well to think of the results of their public utterances, whether in type or by speech.

It is not good to spread the gospel of discontent or to dwell unduly upon man's poor condition. To keep the minds of men continually stirred up by pictures of "wrong," "evil," "injustice" and so forth is not good; rather paint a thought picture that will inspire men to noble deeds—more and better work. We are prompted to write this by reading the following recent cable despatch to the American papers from London:

London, May 4.—Describing what he calls the "ominous increase of crime" in Italy, the Rome correspondent of the London Daily Mail says:

"In 1889 the number of criminals before the Italian courts was 280,000. In 1900 it was 530,000. For one murder in England there are a hundred in Italy.

"Many causes contribute to this state of things—labor agitation, Socialism, strikes, hunger and the spread of all forms of nervous disease. There is no danger, however, to tourists, as crimes against the person occur almost solely among the Italians themselves."

Pay for Brain and Muscle Work

BRAINS count more than muscles these days, when it comes to dollars and cents paid for mental or physical work.

Both brains and muscles are important in the world.

The man of muscle should strive to develop his mental powers—and thus increase his earning powers.

The New York Journal, in speaking of Mr. John D. Rockefeller, the richest man in the world, and who, by the way, when a boy, was a poor muscle worker, has this to say:

BRAIN IS AS FAR ABOVE MUSCLE AS MAN IS ABOVE THE OX, AND ROCKEFELLER, WHO WORKS WITH HIS BRAIN, SHOULD BE PAID MORE THAN ANY MAN WHO WORKS WITH HIS MUSCLES.

Mr. Schwab, who is a multi-millionaire, and who draws one million dollars a year salary in the new steel organization, commenced life as a poor boy with good, strong muscles; he used his muscle power and earned money; but he used his brains, too. Whenever he had any leisure time he used it in reading, studying and improving his mind.

Here is food for thought for the aspiring and enterprising individual. Think it over. Are you improving your mind?

Sayings of Henry Wood

THERE are modern as well as ancient prophets.

The supernatural is only the higher zone of the natural.

The spiritual is as natural as the material, and equally subject to orderly law.

True religion is not a belief, but a growing, living force.

To most men, only those places which have been consecrated by human ceremony are sacred, but God is everywhere.

When man practically recognizes GOD as LOVE the AT-ONE-MENT takes place. Love begets love.

To mentally bathe in delineations of crime and abnormity is to take on—even though unconsciously—a little of their slime and sediment.—*From "The Symphony of Life," by Henry Wood.*

A Warning Vision

AT Renova, Pa., Mrs. Blair Bratton, the wife of a Philadelphia & Erie Railroad man, in a vision on Sunday night, May 12, 1901, saw her husband mangled under an engine.

When attempting to board a shifting engine in the Pennsylvania yards on the night of May 16 Bratton fell under the wheels. Both legs were crushed and his back was broken. He died a few hours later.

[Had the Brattons paid attention to this warning vision, and Mr. Bratton been more careful, he would have probably averted the accident.—EDITOR.]

THE man who is willing to sacrifice not only his present but his future, not only his lower pleasures but his higher enjoyments, to hasten the coming of the kingdom of God, the reign of righteousness has reached the summit of true civilization.—*Ruskin.*

OM! GOD! TRUTH! LIGHT! OM!

THE UNITY OF MIND

By A. W. MOORE, in Practical Psychology

IT IS generally conceded that all things in the material and spiritual realms are governed by Law and not by some capricious Divinity. This Law is mind, or intelligence, and it permeates the entire Universe. Let us for a moment make some observations from the strictly material point of view as we are whirling in space upon this little planet of ours. A strange thing confronts us at the start. Although everything about us is in motion in the mineral, vegetable and animal kingdoms, there is not an object seen with the material eye that has in it the smallest vestige of power. There is a horse, a man and a cart. The horse is going at great speed, the man is shouting and whipping the animal, and the rumbling cart makes a great noise as it passes along the street. But suddenly the horse drops dead from apoplexy, the man is pitched onto the road and breaks his neck, and utter silence and inactivity ensue. Something that was very powerful, but entirely invisible, has suddenly abandoned the horse and the man, and both have to be carted away to the boneyard, and the bodies, recently so active and demonstrative, can never again make a movement, sound or sign. There is the locomotive, which goes at a terrific speed, guided by men; but, as it is passing over the distant prairies, the coal gives out and it ceases to progress. An electric car speeding along in the night is brilliant with its incandescent lights, but in a moment the lights are extinguished and the car comes to a stop. There is a power which operates in these instances that is invisible, yet all-potent.

Let us consider the wonderful movement of our planet, which revolves upon its axis, spinning round at a tremendous velocity in mid-air, and traversing its orbit with the greatest regularity from year to year. That is the most stupendous exemplification of the working of invisible power that we know of, unless it be the contemplation of billions of suns in space, around which, revolving eternally, are trillions of planets like our own, all depending entirely upon a similar motive power to that possessed by the horse, man, locomotive and electric car. Attention is merely drawn to these material things to illustrate the existence of power and remind the reader that *all power lies in the unseen!*

Now this marvelous invisible force, everywhere in constant operation around us, needs the guidance of instinct and intelligence in all their varied and multifarious degrees of development.

We make a distinction between instinct and intelligence, but instinct is a degree of the latter, and operates in accordance with requirements. And this is well illustrated in ant or bee life, or indeed in any insectivorous or animal life. As an example we may examine a colony of ants and observe that they dwell together under rules and regulations of their own and administered by a grade of intelligence all-sufficient for their needs. The same may be said of bees and all insects. But a greater marvel is the fact that a grade of intelligence permeates the mineral and vegetable kingdoms, and although this is the lowest form of intelligence, it operates in a way to excite the wonder and amazement of the geologist and the botanist.

Lack of space precludes the entry into details concerning the laws of cohesive forces, affinities, attraction, selection, etc., which compose the mentality of every creature in the mineral and vegetable departments of planetary life.

But let us examine the mental status of man and first observe how even the lowest species, so far as history relates, have exhibited the tendency for orderly government. Savage life has always been found to possess governmental traits commensurate with its condition. Our own nomads are divided into tribes, and certain rules of life observed. It does not follow that they are moral according to our more highly civilized ideals, but their law is in harmony with their intellectual status.

It is contended in this article that intelligence, such as is exemplified in a rudimentary way by human beings, rules the Universe, and that this intelligence in the stupendous aggregate is a unit. Drops of rain can form an ocean. Fragments of intelligence compose the Almighty power. Let us for a moment consider the government of the Universe. We must begin at the family. At the head is the man, and he governs (not always wisely) the daily life of his family. He is a resident of a certain ward in his city. The ward is governed by supervisor and alderman. The representatives of wards meet in council for the government of the city under the administration of a Mayor. The city is represented in the Legislature of the State under the administration of a Governor. The State is represented in the Senate and Congress by representatives who, in conjunction with those from the other States, govern the whole country under the administration of a President. In all the countless activities of human life there are heads of departments whose intelligence continually guides the operations going on. In our great department stores we see this principle carried out. There is one supreme head and a council, and these give directions to many heads of departments. The same system prevails in factories, mills, nurseries, the army, navy, down to the seemingly unimportant kindergarten—no activity is without its intellectual guidance. All countries on the globe are governed in accordance with their customs and intellectual progress, and upon the intellectual condition of human intelligence in the aggregate depend entirely the progress and destiny of the planet we live upon.

We now come to a point where it is necessary to consider the spiritual part of man. The unseen power spoken of is spiritual.

It would be no news to the majority of educated people who have kept step with psychical research to be told that the immortality of man has been scientifically demonstrated. This has been achieved within the past half century by eminent and profound scientists, members of the Royal Society of England, the Society for Psychical Research, and the most brilliant and prodigious galaxy of scholars that ever gave a verdict to the world. The combined testimony of these learned men and women is absolutely unimpeachable. The fact that mortals in the flesh have opened communication with the intelligences in the spirit world is no longer questioned by those who have been at the trouble to investigate the matter.

It is true that much remains to be done before this discovery can be put to the highest practical use for the benefit of mankind. Figuratively speaking, the spiritual shore has been reached, and exploring parties of scientific men and women are in search of greater knowledge of conditions in the interior. In the meantime, coeval with spiritual discoveries, the most stupendous strides have been made in various departments of psychology. By the persistent and painstaking researches of many eminent men, hypnotism has been brought from a state of chaotic uncertainty to the status of a practical science, and under hypnotic influence desperate surgical operations are performed without the slightest pain to the subject. The laws of telepathy are being investigated, showing the marvelous potency of mind. Marconi's wireless telegraphy is the latest achievement in electricity, in developing which the inventor discovered a new ocean—the sea of ether in which we are floating.

We have captured sound and can store away the voices and music of our generation to be heard a thousand years hence. The prophetic romances of the Arabian Nights stories have become realities, and by the touch of a button ten thousand Aladdin lamps are made to blaze on the instant. Pictures are made to laugh, or pull faces at you, trains to rush by, horses to gallop, and human beings to perform every antic for the edification of audiences. And in these marvelous achievements we are led to comprehend some of the possibilities of our being. We can now realize the unity of mind or intelligence throughout the vast, illimitable Universe. But it is impossible, while imprisoned in the flesh, to realize to what heights of splendor intelligence rises. The gradations from the atom to what may be termed the archangel are so infinitely multifarious that it would be the height of folly to attempt an estimate.

But what has already been discovered and achieved by man gives him the right to assume that the orderly and beautiful evolutionary processes that have, during countless millions of years, been developing the intelligence of mortals on this planet are going on everywhere in the Universe.

Is it unreasonable to suggest that the ascending scale of intelligence reveals spiritual beings of such transcendent power and majesty as cannot be appreciated by finite minds, some who shine with greater brilliancy, figuratively speaking, than our own sun, upon whose face we cannot gaze save for a brief moment? Are the countless suns and planets held in their courses by these august spiritual beings by the power and potency of mind?

Are we human beings upon this planet being schooled by the tribulations and vicissitudes of the flesh for the development of our minds, so that in the fulness of time we may be equipped to take our places in the grand spiritual hierarchies which govern all things? In view of all the evidence which appeals to our reason, does not the doctrine of reincarnation afford the real solution of the problem of life? From the lowest order of creation have we not through billions of years, by the infinitesimally slow processes of material and spiritual evolution, and innumerable incarnations, arrived at our present intellectual status, and may we not be filled with unspeakable joy at the thought of the mighty powers and potentialities that we will be endowed with in the future? Does not all human experience suggest the Unity of Mind, the grand aggregate of which we call God, or Good?

The Prayer Cure

THE many recent cures which have occurred in answer to prayer very naturally excite a good deal of attention and rouse a good deal of curiosity. The incredulous believe too little, the credulous possibly believe too much, and all the rest of the world wonders, says the New York Herald.

This sort of thing has been going on for ages, but no solution of the problem which everyone must needs accept has been made. It might not be safe to say that we are as far as ever from any scientific explanation, but we appear to be still a long distance from it. Since, however, we are living in a time when miracles of all kinds are becoming as common as nuggets in a Western gold field, we may reasonably hope that this mystery will be cleared up in the near future.

That cures are really effected is a fact beyond the reach of denial by the most sceptical. If human testimony is worth anything at all, it establishes that much. After sifting the circumstances as critically as possible there is enough left to command a careful attention.

These cures are not confined to any sect or denomination. Catholicism and Protestantism vie with each other in a kind of spiritual rivalry from which the general community receives benefit. What is called prayer cure prevails in all sections of the globe, and even the extremists, the Christian Science folk, have many strange things to tell.

Well, if sick people are led back to health we ought to be satisfied. Sneers and shruggings of the shoulder are not arguments. If cancers are cured and sight is restored we will not interrupt the process by any unnecessary debate. Make people well, and there will be time enough by-and-by to ask how it is done.

Animals Think and Reason

ANY student of animals will soon become convinced that they think and reason. The editor of this magazine KNOWS that all animals are Eternal Souls and are intelligent to a more or less degree.

Here is a story about a thinking and reasoning baboon.

In the Transvaal some of the fruit gardens are much exposed to the ravages of large cynocephalic apes, and a good guard has to be kept, or the results of long labor would be lost. In some of these gardens grow certain shrubs which are much affected by wasps, the insects liking to attach thereto their nests.

These wasps, though small, have a very venomous sting. Baboons had often been noticed eyeing with envious glances the fast-ripening fruit in one certain garden, but feared to gather for fear of attracting the assaults of the wasps.

One morning the farmer heard terrible cries, and with the aid of a good field glass he witnessed the following tragedy: A large, venerable baboon, chief of the band, was catching the younger apes and pitching them into the shrubs whereon hung the wasps' nests. This he repeated again and again, in spite of the most piteous cries from his victims.

Of course, the wasps assumed the defensive in swarms. During this part of the performance the old brute quietly fed on the fruit, deigning occasionally to throw fragmentary remains to some female and young baboons a little further off.

CONTEMPLATE and adore the Silent Power—the unseen power.

HEAL YOURSELF BY PRAYER.

Thou Shalt Not Lie

THERE is a large body of untruthful people in this country who are just now getting into much trouble and persecution. They affirm, when rotting with disease, "I have no disease." They treat sick people because they are sick, by teaching them to say and believe that they are not sick. If not sick, why treat them? This reckless lying works mischief. A subscriber writes to say she has terrible pains and weakness of body; "Of course I know that I am not sick," but the pains continue. Now let us face the truth and the truth shall make us free from bondage unto sin and death. I have a sickly, diseased body and it is because I have had and still have wrong thoughts, feelings, desires. If I keep the latter and believe "I am not sick," I am believing a lie and go on uttering lies. Only after I have been redeemed by the indwelling Christos from my wrong thoughts, feelings, desires, can I affirm of my inward self "I am not sick." When redeemed by the Christ principle from sin and sinning I can truly affirm "I am not sick." But when that redemption has taken place my body will manifest health, whether I go around affirming or not. Hence the silliness of the lie. A lady wrote for a free copy of "Healing," which we give to the sick and poor, and said: "I cannot say I am sick, though I am under treatment by a healer; I cannot say I am poor, though I have no money; I hope you will send me the book." What idiocy! I carry a spade and refuse to call it a spade. I wear shoes and deny that I wear shoes because I prefer to call them by another name. All liars shall have their part in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone, and the hotter the fire the more shall the righteous rejoice. But no liar need stay a liar nor stay in the brimstone if he renounce lying.

This awful blindness to lying has come over the people who prostitute the Inner Breath to money making. A secret which we shall give without money and without price to the worthy they used to sell for $500 and now demand $300. Had they unselfishly guided people to healing they would not have fallen into this habit of lying. But, say they, the phrase "I am not sick" does not refer to the body but to the soul. Still, you lie, for the body cannot manifest sickness without a sick soul. For a sick soul to declare "I am not sick" is more than a lie; it is blasphemy. Admit and confess with tears that your soul and body are both sick; throw your soul unreservedly upon Christos; then you will be healed by it soul first and body after. Body must photograph soul and disprove all lies.—*Occult Truths.*

The Saved and the Damned

From the Catholic School Journal

WHEN we believe that outside of the Church there is no salvation, we do not express a despairing judgment as to the eternal future of the millions who are not counted as Catholics. The fervor of Christianity is the warmth of charity, not the warmth of hell fire. How many will be damned we do not know. It is no pleasure to us to think that any considerable number will.

We gain no access of spiritual life in convincing ourselves of the total depravity of the majority. Without detracting in the least from the duty of seeking the truth and finding it; without any disposition to fall into the indolent moral feeling that a man's life, not his faith, determines his salvation, we realize nevertheless that there are many who are living right, "according to their lights," outside of the visible communion of the Catholic Church. They are of "the invisible Church," and what their number may be we cannot judge. We hope it is large. Some members of the visible Church may not be saved; many members of the invisible Church will be. But as all right living is based on right principles, the faith in which men live and die should ever be made a matter of supreme importance.

[The soul is eternal and it cannot be lost nor damned. ALL souls reach the same goal eventually—perfection. The "invisible Church" is very much larger than the visible Church. The soul never reaches bliss until it is freed from the veils of ignorance, doubt, superstition, intolerance, bigotry, etc. But some time, somewhere, it will be freed—until then the mortal mind will suffer. This idea of damnation—punishment and reward, is all a "dream in the air." Such belief is weaking and makes of men slaves and cowards. —EDITOR.]

OM! OM! OM!

Puritan or Continental Sunday?

Grace Ellery Channing, in Boston Transcript

I HAVE always believed if I woke in the midst of the great American desert on that morning I should know it was Sunday by the suspended animation of the air.

Anyone who remembers how good, how gay, how restful and how par excellence domestic is the Continental Sunday must sigh heavily when he again comes forcibly in contact with this cast-iron institution of our own. Let but the Church hear that sigh, however, and immediately it raises the banner of the "Workingman's Day." The toiling masses, are they not to have even one day in seven preserved to them? Shall there be no rest for the laborer? There shall indeed—at last! He shall no longer be compelled between the reeking, stuffy tenement and the fatigue of Sunday clothes and services; he shall have the whole fulness of the earth to rest in and no longer be like the small boy at Sunday-school, "dreadfully rested," on his one day of leisure. For a couple of nickels all the fair places of the earth shall be his, and he shall watch his babies tumble in the grass and his tired wife gather sunshine, thus coming to realize for the first time, it may be, that the Lord is in His holy temple after all. For a couple of nickels more he shall sit beside the sea and learn that "the sea is His, for He made it."

The workman shall rest then; that is very evident. And we who are so tenderly anxious about his "one day in seven"—what are we doing for him as yet? Look at our own good city of Boston. We close entirely or we curtail the hours of our libraries and art museums on every Sunday and holiday, that is to say, exactly on the days when we should have them open longest. We shut up the theatres. We stop all "secular" concerts, meaning all bright, happy, innocent, music.

Now, what does the wise and sober Continent do? It keeps its best concerts, its best theatrical cast, for Sundays and holidays, and charges popular prices; it throws open its art galleries and museums wide and free the whole day long; in all its ten thousand gardens and little cafés it makes extra provision and instals therein its best bands, not to "play ragtime," mind you, but the best music of the great composers. And the father, the mother, the grandfather and the baby all throng to come to some one of these places, eat frugally, drink temperately and are merry, and no one is arrested for drunkenness, for no one ever is drunk.

Sunday is the great day of domestic life—it is the family day all over Europe. Everybody drinks, but there is no drunkenness; everybody makes merry, but there is no brawling. Perhaps they have had the holiday in Europe long enough to learn to use it. And on Monday, as they hurry off to their six days of work again, they will perhaps drop into the cathedral again in passing, just to put up a little word of thanks for yesterday's pleasure.

[Music is soul inspiring, soothing, restful and healthful. We ought to have more music on Sundays, indoors and outdoors, winter and summer. We would suggest that some rich man do for Music what Mr. Carnegie has done for Libraries.—EDITOR.]

Bits of Wisdom

THERE is nothing which contributes more to the sweetness of life than friendship; there is nothing which disturbs our repose more than friends if we have not the discernment to choose them well.

A guilty conscience is like a whirlpool, drawing in all to itself, which otherwise would pass by. Be fearful only of thyself; and stand in awe of none more than thine own conscience. There is a Cato in every man; a severe censor of his manners. And he that reverences this judge will seldom do anything he need repent of.

Shun delays; they breed remorse,
Take thy time while time is lent thee.
Creeping snails have weakest force;
Fly their faults, lest thou repent thee.
Good is best when soonest wrought,
Lingering labors come to naught.

Hoist up sail while gale doth last,
Wind and tide stay no man's pleasure.
Seek not time when time is past;
Sober speed is wisdom's leisure.
Afterwits are dearly bought;
Let thy forewit guide thy thought.

AMERICAN supremacy is much due to our churches, our public libraries, our schools, colleges, universities, newspapers and periodicals.

THE SOUL IS ONE WITH GOD.

Infidelity in Theological Seminaries

THE enforced resignation from the Chicago Theological Seminary of one of its oldest professors, a short time ago, was due to a cause which will seem strange to people who have not made a special study of the long history of the theological controversies which began even in the early centuries of Christianity. The discussion that brought about this resignation seems to have belonged rather to the period of the schoolmen of the Middle Ages than to the "up-to-date" criticism and scepticism of this era of science. It carries us back to the mysticism and the metaphysical subtleties of the Alexandrian school of the first five centuries of Christianity, says the New York Sun.

The Rev. Dr. Gilbert, the professor in question, published a book in which he took views on the old theory or doctrine of the "pre-existence of Jesus Christ" which were regarded as heretical by the directors of the Chicago Seminary, a Congregational school of theology. This doctrine is that Jesus existed before His earthly birth, before the creation of the world, from the beginning, and was "of the substance of the Father, begotten before the world," as the Athanasian creed has it. Now, Dr. Gilbert found in the teachings of Jesus Himself no justification for it or for any such metaphysical union with the Father as the creeds and the schoolmen declared.

Accordingly we find the cry raised by even nominally orthodox religious newspapers that the theological seminary of Chicago is narrow and bigoted, and by forcing the resignation of Dr. Gilbert for such a cause has interfered with his proper freedom of opinion and relegated itself to the darkness of the darkest ages. But how could it have done else?

If Jesus is "very and eternal GOD, of one substance and equal with the Father," as the Westminster Confession declares, is not such pre-existence an essential inference? The Confession, moreover, draws the inference specifically by declaring positively that unto Him the Father "did, from all eternity, give a people to be His seed, and to be by Him in time redeemed, called, justified, sanctified and glorified." Limitation of existence, of course, is inconceivable in such a Being.

Nor was there any interference with the freedom of opinion of Dr. Gilbert. He can still think as he pleases about the doctrine of pre-existence or any other doctrine. The Chicago Theological Seminary has simply said that his thinking is not a sort of thinking which is consistent with its Calvinism. As trustees pledged to keep the institution faithful to orthodox religious doctrine, were not the directors bound in honor to get rid of a professor who taught contrary to it?

Dr. Gilbert ought to be glad to go. He has been set free to think and teach as he pleases and is now in the place where an honorable man belongs, outside of a professional obligation to assume assent to views his conscience and his scholarship reject. The trouble with our theological seminaries is that in their chairs are so many men who retain them only at the sacrifice of convictions or through the sacrifice of obligations of religious trusteeship on the part of the directors of the institutions. Free? They are the most miserable of slaves. The place for them is openly and manfully and bravely in the ranks of free thought.

Sorrow and Trouble

WHEN sorrowful, worried or troubled, make a strenuous effort to bathe the mind and soul with deep calm, deep silence, deep prayer for peace, quiet, rest, repose. Go off alone to a quiet spot and relax every muscle, every tissue, every fibre, every brain cell, and commune with the great and silent force or power of the universe—the Great God. Relief then is instant and sure; the mind is calmed, invigorated, refreshed. The soul becomes radiant with joy and bliss and is resplendent and glows and thrills with an indescribable happiness.

Keep a copy of this magazine at hand all the time to read in the silence. Its vibrations will reach you. The WORD is always in each copy of this magazine.

MAKE yourself necessary to the world and mankind will give you bread.—*Emerson.*

HE who thinks of sense objects becomes attached to them. But he who thinks of Me (the supersensuous) alone, gets his mind merged in Me.—*Bhagavatam.*

What Is Left After Losing the Personality?

THE Eastern religions teach Nirvana — that condition in which the human or natural man is lost in the infinite Allness. Jesus is credited with teaching the loss of His humanity through union with divinity when He and the Father become identical. People say: "Oh, I don't want to lose myself, my personality. It would be going out into nothingness, into annihilation." Since they do not realize that even now the Father-power works in and through them, they imagine that Nirvana is nothingness. Far from it: it is Allness. It is needful to know that in losing self in the infinite All, you lose only delusion, sin, fear, bondage, disease, sickness of soul or body, death and unhappiness. Do you not wish to lose all these and what causes them? Apartness from the Allness is what causes all that you call evil. The opposites, truth, rightness, fearlessness, freedom, health, strength of soul and body, life eternal and bliss uninterrupted are the characteristics of Nirvana, of union with Allness. There is a paradox always between the human delusion and divine truth. To one living on the frail human plane all real truth looks to be contradictory. Only lies and delusions appear as truth to the human personality. Hence the gross misconceptions of Nirvana and of union with the All. When you have that union you still enjoy every right and proper thing including this world's material gifts. No one has such full measure of all good things as the soul united with the All while still in a material body. It is foolish to suppose that we seek this union because of some dreamy heaven supposed to exist somewhere beyond the grave. There is no such place. Heaven is Nirvana and to be tasted as soon as possible. This can only be through loss of delusion and evils which attach to personality. Personality is simply Apartness from the All. In the All there is no division into this and that personality. Cease to lead a separate existence, unite your consciousness with its source from which you as foolishly separated as did the prodigal son from his father. That parable teaches this identical lesson. Come back, O wanderer, from the universal consciousness with your consciousness into the All-conscious and you will realize what the parable typifies. The rags and starvation typify your intellect. Abandon it and come back to intuition. Intuition is the sum total of telepathy, of thought transference, of mind reading, of psychometry, of prophetic insight, of prevision, of reading past incarnations, of astrological understanding, of palmistry, of phrenology, of chiromancy, of alchemy, of mysticism, of clairvoyance, of clairaudience, of divine knowledge and wisdom. Every scholar knows that these are all outside of intellect, and they are. They belong to the Nirvanic condition and come only through intuition. Intuition is the medium through which Allness speaks. Will you have personalty and intellect and be counted worldly wise but ignorant of all divine things, or will you permit Allness and intuition to operate in the consciousness which has been substituted for "your" consciousness? Between now and 1911 A.D. there are to be 144,000 who drop personal consciousness, 12,000 in each of the twelve zodiacal signs, and take up the All consciousness. Read in Revelation what is to become of them, and of the uses they will make of the above-named gifts of intuition. Will you be one of the 144,000? Through them is to be ushered in the reign of universal peace on earth, which Hollingsworth and others have seen and described. A messiah will put himself psychically at their head to direct in secret their peaceful and loving work. To them alone will he be known and psychically visible. The world will, as it always has in the past, laugh at the foolishness of fanatics.—*Occult Truths.*

Painless Tooth Pulling by Hypnotism

AFTER Elmer Cooper had hypnotized Charles Morris at Wheeling, W. Va., recently, Dentist S. O. Burdatts removed two large back teeth from the jaw of Morris without his knowledge either before or during the operation.

Morris showed not the slightest twinge of a muscle, and apparently was unconscious of the operation, though the teeth were both big ones and hard to draw. He says he experienced no pain at all.

SOW THE SEEDS OF GOOD.

Houses of Worship

THIS magazine believes in all churches and houses of worship—in any meeting place where the soul can be reached by God. To attract souls to a church the minister must be a spiritual giant, and the congregation must be broad, liberal and tolerant—bubbling over with Spirituality or love for God and all beings.

The Rev. Joseph H. Seldon, of Greenwich, Conn., recently said: "The church to-day confesses with sorrow and shame the alienation of the toilers. The common people are with difficulty persuaded to enter places of worship. Many of the most self-respecting and intelligent among the laboring classes stand to-day outside the church, suspicious of her sincerity, discrediting the efficiency of her help, and refusing to accept the invitations to share in her work and worship."

When the churches are more universal and more tolerant of other sects, religions and beliefs, and they stop "flaying" Spiritualists, Christian Scientists and almost countless "outside" religions and cults, and come nearer to God—have more spirituality—then we will not read paragraphs like the above. The Roman Catholic churches never complain about slim attendance, because it wastes no time or force in condemning other religious beliefs.

We stand aloof on the Universal plane, non-attached, but sincere and earnest God-lovers, desiring to see all souls become at one with God, through whatever path suits them best.

F. H.

The Sermon on the Mount

THE Sermon on the Mount is scientific. It is comprehensive to both the simplest and most profound minds if one takes time to study and *live* it. In no uncertain way it directs the mind how to absolutely free the soul from all distress; its teachings are unadulterated pure truths, and when once accepted by the mind and *lived* will remove all the limitations of man and bring to him eternal bliss and happiness. The mere reading of it has a quieting, calming and healing tendency; it is a balm to the distressed, disturbed, troubled, worried mind. When believed and lived it is the positive cure-all for every known woe or misery. Don't *hurriedly* doubt what I say; but be reasonable, read it, study it, live it, try it, keep it by you constantly; it is the key that opens the mind to eternal light, eternal freedom, and all knowledge and wisdom, and thus makes the soul beautiful and radiant, powerful, forceful, helpful. Its teachings have made great leaders and great nations, civilized and refined the world, vanquished poverty, made progress, made this planet the beautiful world it is.

FRANK HARRISON.

False Philanthropy

IT is one of the strange inconsistencies of human nature that men prefer to do good through the medium of benevolence rather than through that of justice. It is not uncommon to find the seller exerting every energy to get more than a fair price for his goods, and the buyer putting forth equal efforts to obtain them for less than their true value, and yet both subsequently uniting to found some charitable institution, to uphold a church, to promote a reform, to relieve distress. There are men who will grind the faces of the poor in the morning in their business, and in the afternoon subscribe a good round sum to provide them with food and shelter. There are women, both wealthy and of moderate means, who will drive a sharp and hard bargain, and will give only the smallest possible sum to those whom they employ to work for them, yet who will willingly give far more than they thus save when a tale of distress arouses their sympathies and excites their pity. Schemes of philanthropy cannot atone for acts of injustice.

Jupiter

THE greater part of what we see when we look at Jupiter is probably a mass of more or less heated clouds, suspended around the hot core of the planet within—a cloud ball, 86,500 miles in diameter. Above Jupiter's equator the surface of those clouds is whirling along at the rate of more than 27,000 miles an hour, in consequence of the planet's rapid rotation on its axis.

To be free from desire is money; to be free from rage of perpetually buying something new is a certain revenue; to be content with what we possess constitutes the greatest and most certain of riches.

Positive Thought

By Hugh O. Pentecost.

WITHOUT freedom man cannot be man, woman cannot be woman. But few persons are willing that others should be free, or desire freedom for themselves.

Humanity is one. I am you. You are me. The shopgirl lives in a palace because the duke is there. The bed of the millionaire is hard because the tramp is sleeping on a barn floor.

Many persons who have found the Church insufficient for their spiritual needs will, nevertheless, not accept any teaching, or even their own thought, unless it can be confirmed by a text from the Bible.

Few persons can receive a truth unless it comes under the label of some sect, cult or school. Most persons wish to know what you "stand for"—Christianity, Ethical Culture, Christian Science, Spiritualism, Theosophy, Mental Science? We are still in the age of tags and catch words.

Vegetables sustain themselves directly from the air, water and earth. Some reptiles can live for months, even years, without food, drink, air or heat. Why cannot man do as much? Not because it is impossible or unnatural that he should, but only because he has not made it an object of desire, and learned how.

The "model" town of Pullman came to an end as a "model" town, conducted under the rules and restrictions formulated by the late Mr. Pullman, who was ambitious to have a community of human beings as his personal property. The town has become a part of Chicago. A model town, State or nation is one wherein there is absolute freedom.

Disease is not a power. It is a negative. It is merely the absence of health. Where health is there can be no disease. Health is the power. Health is contagious. The absence of health is not contagious. Nothing can do nothing.

A Rich Fire-Worshipping Girl

THE Paris papers say a wealthy and pretty American girl has embraced the tenets of the Fire Worshippers of Persia. Here is what they say:

An extraordinary tale of Oriental religion is being told in Paris in connection with Miss Natalie Barney, the young, pretty and accomplished daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Barney, of Washington and Bar Harbor. She has just left Paris for a trip through Italy, but her closest friends say she has embraced the religion of Zoroaster. Some don't put the case so strongly, but say Miss Barney is studying Zoroastrianism with a view to embracing it.

Miss Barney traveled last winter in Syria and Persia, and was attracted by the purity of the principal emblem of Zoroastrianism—fire. The dual principle of good and evil—in other words, light and darkness—also appealed to Miss Barney. She says it is a popular error to suppose the Zoroastrians are fire worshippers. They merely look upon fire as the chief symbol of their religion.

Furthermore, it was the religion of the Magi, or wise men of the East, and Miss Barney has been diligently seeking wisdom since she was made lame a year ago by a fall from her horse. It is asserted that she claims to have found the Balm of Gilead in this old religion, and she no longer is lame.

She is studying the Zoroastrian Bible, known as the Zend-Avesta. Miss Barney is one of the best gowned young women in Paris and moves in the most exclusive circles. Her wealth, if not her beauty, has brought a large train of suitors, but she prefers to give her attention to the tenets of the Parsee. She is a sister of Alice Barney, who attracted literary attention last year by publishing a book of verses in French.

[The Zend-Avesta is a wonderful work.—EDITOR.]

How to Train Youth

SLIGHT influences exerted on the youthful mind may affect its course forever. A boy may become tainted with insincerity by the influence of parental example, though his parents are entirely unaware of the influence they are exerting. He sees that they profess with regard to some persons an interest which they do not feel. What is to them politeness is to him insincerity. He sees that they have one mode of expression when their visitors are present, and another mode when they are absent. The influence of that example may make his whole life a false one.

THIS IS THE SOULFUL MAGAZINE.

Vibration

G. W. Asp, in Thought

THE whole Universe, and all that is in it, is controlled and held in place by the Law of Vibration. Motion, constant, increasing motion, is a Law of the Universe, and this motion is vibratory. Water, air, light, sound, electricity, etc., when set in motion, vibrate or radiate and continue to do so until those vibrations or radiations strike against others of the same kind or against some object, and are reflected. When these vibrations are excited and strike against objects, they cause them to vibrate and send out other vibrations, which in turn strike against still other objects that vibrate, and so continue in their influence. Their force is forever reflected.

Air, or atmosphere, is an entity which fills all space; is all potent and in constant vibration. Thoughts when once formed are imaged in the magnetic atmosphere that surrounds us; every thought impresses itself upon the magnetic aura which vibrates around man, and through this law of vibration we leave our impress upon everything with which we come in contact. The universal mind receives an image or an impression of everything that exists or takes place on the physical plane. This memory of nature in which all things are recorded is called the astral light. Those whose soul powers are sufficiently developed to penetrate these spheres may read as they read a book this mind of nature. A clairvoyant can see the aura which surrounds every person, and the thoughts and feelings which translate themselves in the astral light.

Our movements and actions are controlled by vibratory law—thought vibrations which should be in harmony with the Great Law of the Universe—God's Law of Vibration.

Thoughts are entities and vibrate round the world whether they be written, spoken, or held in silence. Pure thoughts make harmonious vibrations, while impure thoughts cause discord. The man whose thought vibrations are in harmony with the universal law of vibration is all power, will meet no opposition; but the one whose thought vibrations are not in harmony must collide.

To man in his relation with the external universe there is only one cause, which is *vibration*. In himself he knows but one effect, which is *sensation*. The time it takes a thought to vibrate until it reaches an object is the time it takes sensation to be produced in that object. The number of vibrations possible are infinite, and the number of sensations possible are also infinite. Man's possibility is then unlimited. It remains only for him to develop his power to recognize sensations and to choose to which of the many vibrations pressing upon him he will respond.

The man of the coming age will learn to choose, to reproduce, and to enjoy what sensations he chooses; and will refuse to act in accordance with those that to him are unpleasant. He will not be limited to the five senses. He will be sensation itself. He will increase in senses as he learns to recognize sensations. When he learns—and that time is fast coming—to recognize every vibration in space, he will know ALL.

The Idea of Time

TIME is an appearance—not a reality. All who get into "the silence," and some others, realize this. Time is no part of eternity. Eternity is not made up of and does not contain time. Eternity is a reality, but time is not. Whatever is infinite, like eternity, partakes of none of the characteristics of the finite or of time. Time is divisible. Eternity is not divisible. It is a unity and can have no parts. Time is cognized by the ego, but is a false appearance. Eternity can be cognized by the soul, which can separate itself from mind, and by no other. This can be done in the silence which but few acquire. Eternity has no past, present or future. It is all now to him who cognizes it, but it is utterly unthinkable to mortal mind. It is one of the attributes of "The Unknown," the Absolute, but it still becomes known to the redeemed—to those who have been born again. None are redeemed or born again except those who in the silence, where all human faculties are hushed, cognize the Absolute. Even they who have cognized cannot explain in human language what they have cognized in the silence. Eternity is of so different a nature from time that the two ought hardly to be compared or mentioned together. But as each is mutually exclusive of the other, the two comprehend all of reality and all of appearance.—*Occult Truths.*

Fred Burry's Sayings

ONLY a change of mental character can restore a sick person to health. Such a change may come unconsciously, by means of external agencies; for the body and mind are one. But for a complete renewal of physical conditions there must be a conscious change, an entire reorganization of thoughts and habits.

I know there are people who say: "Success is of the devil." I have heard those words from the pulpit. What, then, are we living for—to be continual failures? Success is the goal of life; and we are sure to reach this goal, sure of overcoming every obstacle, if we keep on with our work, and not, like cowards, give up at every little thing.

It is better to risk something and take chances than to be timorously over-careful. The moment you make some bold step, you will notice many circumstances arrange themselves around you, all in your interests; ways and means are opened which before were unknown to you. We only need to make ourselves receptive—for Life is all-bountiful.

Curiosity is a thief of Time. How much precious time do you waste during the day in mere idle curiosity? Centre your thoughts on your affairs of import. You will find plenty to take up your attention in useful matters, without wasting your mental energy over every passing incident. Still, keep your eyes open; for there are many things worthy of notice.

The Helping Hand

IT is wonderful how slight a thing will save a drowning man's life. An oar thrown overboard will buoy him up—a thing scarcely thicker than a knitting-needle will draw him safely to the shore. Franklin, when a boy, used to float on the surface of the water, sustained by the pull of his flying kite, and men have ridden out storms on the great sea on hen-coops and insignificant splinters of mighty ships that had broken up under their feet. It is the same in the troubled waters of Life's ocean. A very little help has often rescued a struggling brother who must otherwise have gone down, to rise no more, and thousands do go down, while those who might safely lend them a helping hand look on indifferently. To lend a helping hand to any man who throws up his own hands and manifests no disposition to save himself from sinking is useless; but the "man overboard" on the voyage of life who buffets the billows of fate valiantly has a righteous claim to the sympathy and support of his more fortunate brethren.

Seeks Type for a Christ

SCULPTOR PARTRIDGE TRAVELED FOR FOUR MONTHS IN THE HOLY LAND

WILLIAM ORDWAY PARTRIDGE, the sculptor, who has been traveling four months in the Holy Land to study customs and types of the people in order to complete a group, "Christ and St. John," returned to this country the other day. He spent Palm Sunday at Jerusalem and Easter at Nazareth. He said that Palestine was an unexploited country for artists.

He thought that he had seen types of the Christ walking in the streets of Jerusalem. One of the strangest sights he witnessed was that of 5,000 Russian pilgrims near Bethany singing the national hymn of Russia.

"I think Tissot's pictures are very true," says Mr. Partridge, "and a great addition to the paintings of the world on the subject of the Holy Family. I have been through the galleries of Europe and find but one face in the entire collection which impressed me as an ideal face of the Christ, the painting by Ary Scheffer, 'Christ and the Temptation,' in the Louvre. I intend to have my group completed in about a year."

Good Cheer

HAVE you had a kindness shown?
Pass it on.
'Twas not given for you alone—
Pass it on.
Let it travel down the years,
Let it wipe another's tears,
Till in heaven the deed appears,
Pass it on.

For a number of years the New York Tribune has printed *daily* the above verse in its columns.

THIS IS THE AGE OF SOUL, HEART AND MIND.

Gambling and Occultism

THE Mystic Adepts know more than anyone else the great misery brought into the world through gambling. They know that not one gambler can be happy. No joy, peace, calm or real happiness ever comes to the gambler. The unseen forces destroy the happiness of all gamblers in one way or another, sooner or later. Gamblers are never respected. To society they are outcasts, and ought to be.

Gamblers try to get money without legitimate work. If they succeed the money brings woe and bitterness into their lives, as all "dirty" dollars will do. If they lose, they whine and are miserable.

In the New York Sun we find the following about a whining gambler who recently lost his all in Wall street gambling. It is an extract from a letter which possibly expresses the opinion of hundreds, perhaps thousands, of people whose hearts are very bitter just now:

"I am one of countless thousands—a man who in good faith and what he thought was good judgment came into Wall street with his little capital, his all, and who stands today without a cent and in debt to his brokers, and, so far as he can see, is permanently ruined at the time of life when everything should naturally look brightest and most attractive.

"I want to ask if this crime against the countless small investors in this country and elsewhere is going to be ignored. Is the reputable Stock Exchange of New York going to allow a stigma on its dealings, from which it will take years to recover, to go abroad in this country unheeded?"

The rest of the letter need not be given, for he goes on to ascribe the panic which happened to the ambitious schemes of one or two conspicuous men.

Everyone has pity at this time for the unfortunate investors or speculators who have recently lost money in Wall street; but sympathy should not becloud judgment and a sense of justice in the man who has lost money or in the minds of his friends who deplore his misfortune. Our correspondent has just learned, perhaps, the sad and sometimes terrible lesson which all the "lambs" who go into Wall street must learn sooner or later, that it is a place of pitfalls, where nothing is certain and where slaughter is destiny. Sometimes the slaughter is done knowingly, but oftener it is done unknowingly. Prices rise and fall, bringing riches to some and poverty to others. Whosoever endeavors to share the one and avoid the other has only himself to thank for the result. He is gambling, and he should know that the history of gambling says that very few people have ever attained riches from it, while thousands have lost their all.

It is absurd to lay the blame for the panic in Wall street upon any one man or set of men. The panic came after an excited and expanded speculation for a rise in prices, and it might have proceeded from a myriad of causes besides the one which was effective. The death of the President, or any great public calamity which would cause men to stop for careful inspection of the foundations of credit, would, in all probability, have caused an equal or even a greater reaction in prices.

Indeed, no Wall street disaster was ever more impersonal in its origin than that of a few weeks ago. Great interests were struggling for the control of a railway property. They had no idea of forming a corner or of causing loss to a single individual. What happened was the wholly indirect result of their acts, and they neither desired nor foresaw it, and did their best to allay the trouble when it came. People who lost money in the crash must reflect that they would not have lost money if they had not, by assuming the ownership of stocks they couldn't pay for, placed themselves in danger. Wall street is the most dangerous place in the world.

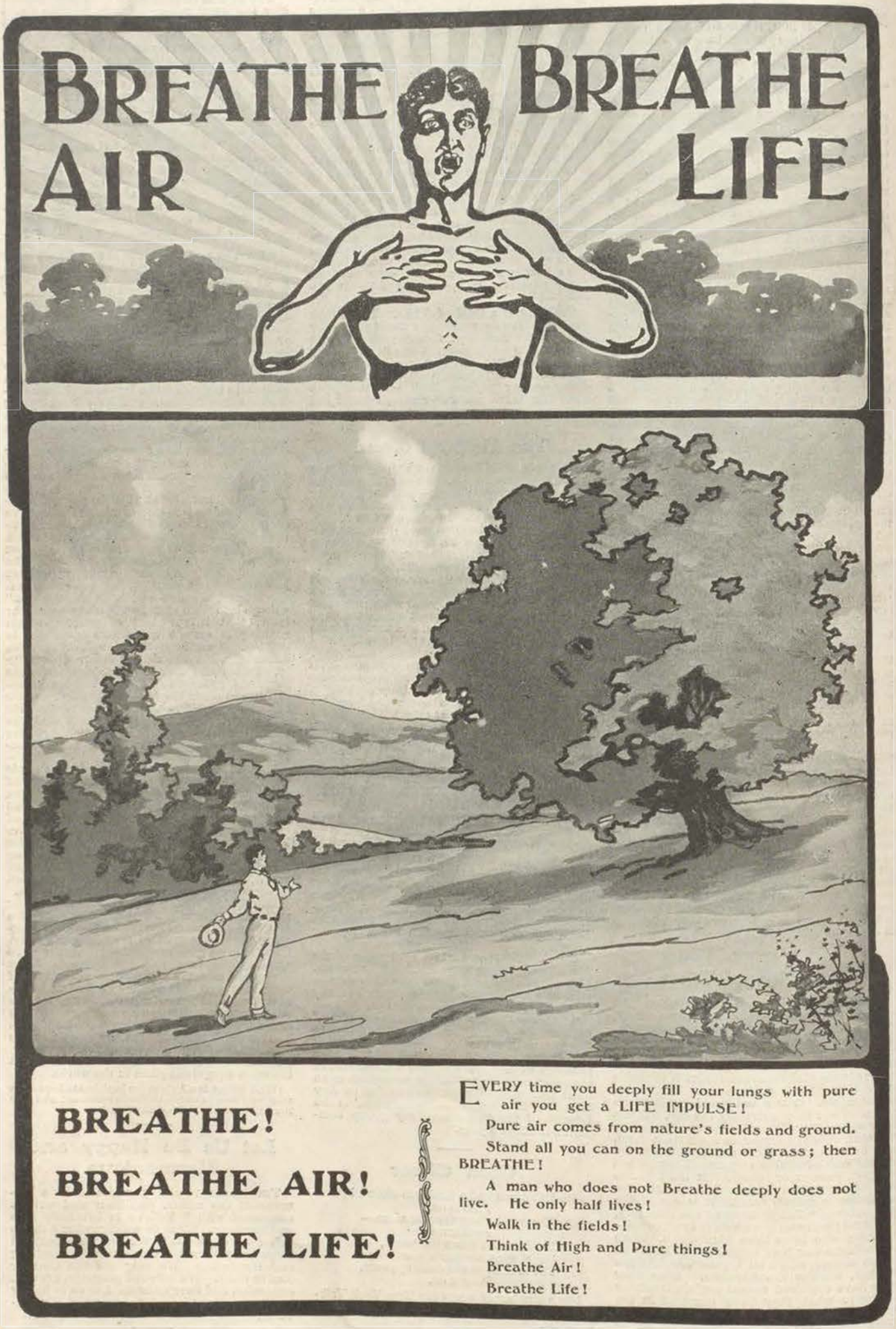
[Wall street is all right for legitimate investors who buy stocks outright for investment and pay the full cash for them.—EDITOR.]

Let Us Be Happy and Harmonious

THIS magazine will ever aim to be a harmonizer; the editor, publisher and writers connected with it believe in brotherly love and harmony. What do we care what a man's belief or religion is? We only see men and animals as eternal souls, striving, aspiring and struggling. We only see the God or soul in them. We only see progress, growth, expansion and development. Let us be happy and harmonious. God is running His universe.

F. H.

THINGS sweet to taste prove in digestion sour.—*Shakespeare.*



BREATHE!

BREATHE AIR!

BREATHE LIFE!

EVERY time you deeply fill your lungs with pure air you get a LIFE IMPULSE!

Pure air comes from nature's fields and ground.

Stand all you can on the ground or grass; then BREATHE!

A man who does not Breathe deeply does not live. He only half lives!

Walk in the fields!

Think of High and Pure things!

Breathe Air!

Breathe Life!