

FORTUNES TOLD FREE BY ZODIAC See Page 96

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
RECEIVED
JAN 24 1902
MEDICAL DIV.

Ten Cents a Copy

One Dollar a Year

The New York Magazine of Mysteries

NEW YORK.

JANUARY 1902

VOLUME 2, NUMBER 3.

See Page 69

THE SECRET OF ALL SUCCESS



PRAISE to Thee, O my God, for Thou hast awakened me after my sleep, and the Dawn of Thine Appearance has transformed the Darkness of Night into the Morning Light. My soul is overflowing with the Truth of Illumination. Blessed are they who are receiving. Praise be to Thee. Thou art the Most Glorified. Thou hast illumined the world with the Light of Thy Face.

THE STRANGE CASE OF MICHAEL McCAFFERY See Page 80

The New York Magazine of Mysteries

22 NORTH WILLIAM STREET, NEW YORK CITY

CHARLES E. ELLIS, Proprietor

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY

THOMPSON & CO., Publishers

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, \$1.00 PER YEAR

To all parts of the United States, Canada and Mexico. Subscribers in the City of New York and Foreign Countries please add 30 cents for extra postage.

SINGLE COPIES, 10 CENTS

Subscribers' names are entered in our books as soon as received, and papers promptly forwarded. Subscriptions always commence with the current issue.

WHEN YOUR SUBSCRIPTION EXPIRES

It is of the utmost importance that it should be renewed early in order that there may be no delay in receiving the next issue of THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES, as we are generally unable to furnish back numbers.

Address all letters to

THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES.

True Prayer

In a lecture delivered recently in Australia on "Prayer," Mr. W. J. Colville gave expression to many beautiful thoughts. In summing up his discourse he said:

"An earnest, faithful prayer at night, before falling asleep, often disposes the mind to the reception of illumination during sleep, when otherwise troublesome dreams or broken rest would have ensued. When we are in earnest enough about anything to pray steadily for it, we are setting occult machinery in motion to bring it to pass; but true prayer never dictates ways and means, and never presumptuously or inquisitively suggests how an event should or probably will take place. We give our students everywhere the following concise directions in connection with instruction concerning prayer in our lessons on psychic healing:

"1. Let us bear in mind that we are living in an orderly, well-regulated universe, with the order of which we cannot, and should never seek to, interfere; therefore our rightful aspiration is for added light; never should we seek to accomplish the unnatural, and concerning the strictly supernatural we may honestly confess ignorance.

"2. Never let us pray for anything which includes conflict between diverse interests, but seek only to see our own duties clearly and do them faithfully.

"3. Always let us remember that reciprocity is the law of life; that we are co-operating entities sustaining interdependent mutual relationships; consequently the good of one enhances the well-being of all; likewise the welfare of all includes the health of each.

"4. Let us never seek to discover at the outset through what channels those blessings will flow to us which we need to embody in our work, but confidently expect the right means to be employed to convey to us whatever will conduce to the most efficient performance of our mission.

"The prayer of faith opens our spiritual vision to behold in due season the special steps we need to take—always one by one—to reach the goal of ultimate attainment of our highest hopes. Whenever an undertaking is commenced in full assurance of faith that it is a righteous project, we should hold ourselves ready to await the coming of all the assistance necessary to its entirely successful conduct."

Sidney Smith's Recipe for Making Every Day Happy

"WHEN you rise in the morning, form a resolution to make the day a happy one to a fellow creature. It is easily done; a left-off garment to the man who needs it, a kind word to the sorrowful, an encouraging expression to the striving, trifles in themselves light as air, will do it, at least for the twenty-four hours; and if you are young, depend upon it, it will tell when you are old; and if you are old, it will send you gently and happily down the stream of human time to eternity. By the most simple arithmetical sum, look at the result; you send one person, only one, happily through the day—that is, three hundred and sixty-five in the course of the year; and supposing you live only forty years after you commence that course of medicine, you have made fourteen thousand six hundred human beings happy, at all events for a time. Now, is not this simple? It is too short for a sermon, too homely for ethics, too easily accomplished for you to say, 'I would if I could.'"

EACH religion sees a little of God; none sees all of God.

Living in Harmony

WHEN one comes to live in entire harmony he is conscious of being in the region of vibrations. The term has been vaguely used, with little definite significance or relevancy; but its meaning implies all the magnetic currents which exist in the universal ether, and which convey sensation and thought from mind to mind. Persons who are strongly attracted to each other are so because of harmonious vibrations—vibrations to which they are mutually responsive. Such conditions will keep a friendship vital and ardent, even though between the two no communication passes. So long as the vibrations are harmonious will the persons be in accord. When they cease to be so, discord will arise, no matter how apparently uncalled for. One thinks of a friend, and immediately meets him around the corner. It is a matter of vibration. It differs from telepathy in that it is more universal, like the palpitations of light and heat and electricity, and not limited to those flashes of intelligence that pass from mind to mind. Certain colors are said to be "good for vibration." A warm, rich, glowing red gives out a high and intense degree of vibration, and so is good to have in one's room. Vibration, in its extended sense, is one of the laws of the universe, like gravitation and attraction. Those who receive impressions directly from the spiritual realm dwell in the sphere of vibration. In this sphere life becomes a matter of supreme joy, of daily experiences of deep meaning. Even paradise does not create itself, and heaven—that spiritual state which makes heaven—can be and should be created while on earth by every human being. It is perfectly possible to live on the nectar and ambrosia of life. It meets us at every turn. The days may be a rapture, an ecstasy filled with all the fulness of joy.

Enthusiasm is only the intense form of spiritual energy. It is the most potent of forces. By means of it one is borne upward to the highest plane which he has the capacity to attain, and on which he can live his truest life. It is the plane on which work is immediate achievement, and achievement is victory. Work is good and leisure is good, but idleness is incompatible with the higher life. Idleness is of a low and negative plane. Leisure is merely the large and serene conditions of the best activity. No one can do good work without leisure in which to do it. Leisure is that state, "without haste, without rest," which is the ideal condition of the higher life. Leisure is the opportunity for all beautiful enthusiasms, all devotion to high purpose, all harmony of life.

The right world must first be created in thought and purpose; later it is realized in action and in the transformation of conditions. Victory is not something merely found—something fortunately chanced upon. It is the product of that most potent form of energy—enthusiasm.

Subjects for Thought

TRUE modesty is true humility put into practice. It is not the virtue of persons who are unreflecting and are easily driven hither and thither by the untutored instincts and hasty impulses of their nature. On the contrary, the man of solid merit and thought is more likely to be modest and retiring than the man of trifling pursuits, of imperfect education and unmistakable mediocrity. This does not happen because the great man is ignorant of his great powers, or the good man of his good qualities.

Humility leads to the highest distinction, because it leads to self-improvement. Study your own characters; endeavor to learn and to supply your own deficiencies; never assume to yourself qualities which you do not possess; combine all this with energy and activity, and you cannot predicate of yourself, nor can others predicate of you, at what point you may arrive at last.

Anybody will soon become wretched who gives himself up to gloomy diagnosing of others, or to microscopic dissection of character, or to belittling remarks of associates. The censorious mind grows upon one insensibly. We cannot watch it too closely or too constantly.

After hypocrites, the greatest dupes are those who exhaust an anxious existence in the disappointments and vexations of business, and live meanly and miserably, only to die magnificently and rich.

Remember that nothing will supply the want of prudence, and that negligence and irregularity long continued will make knowledge useless, wit ridiculous, and genius contemptible.

It is not sufficient to carry religion in our hearts as fire is carried in flint-stones; but we are, outwardly, visibly, apparently, to serve and honor the living God.



"ONE truth openeth the way to another."

"The wise man loves to hold fast to the good, and does not reject a rich one because it contains some heterogenous substance indicating its origin."

Open wide your Spiritual Eyes, and see good (God) in all religions.—Frank Harrison.

"Live for those who love you, for those who know you true, For the Heaven that smiles above you and the good that you can do."

"The Divine is with man in the power of being wise and loving."—Swedenborg.

"Let us follow the imitations of the will of God."—Socrates.

"Guard well our thoughts—our thoughts are heard in heaven."

"As you know more of the created world you will find that the true will of its maker is that its creatures should be happy."—Ruskin.

"The Universe is generated, sustained and ruled by a Supreme and All-perfect Intelligence."—Plato.

Far and Near

VERILY, verily, I say unto you, Clouds rise up in the brightest blue; In the fairest life will trouble creep in, And no soul untouched by someone's sin.

I look down the way that before me lies, And see the clouds of trouble arise; And my soul grows faint at the awful sight, When the threatening woe excludes the light.

But the clouds break up, and the air grows clear,

For trouble is less as you get more near, So, trustingly, unto Him I pray,

"Oh, give me courage for the present day!"

I long ago to this truth awoke.

The worst looking troubles never broke.

There are times when men must hustle and hurry,

But there never was an excuse for worry.

Truth

By F. H., in Banner of Light

THE great weakness of the present age is insincerity. There is too great a conformity to the usages of a society which is based upon false principles. If we would attain the highest spiritual unfoldment, we must have the most absolute, uncompromising sincerity with self, and be receptive to truth, in whatever guise it may be presented to us. "Truth is a light that will never perish," and the sublimest desire is a quest for truth. If we approach the quest for truth with preconceived opinions, we will never make much headway, as preconceived opinions tend to prejudice the mind. Rendering an impartial view on any matter so affected is a practical impossibility. Neither should we as earnest seekers after truth underestimate the effects of early training. Opinions formed in childhood often create prejudice, thereby placing obstacles in the way of our spiritual progression. A sincere and earnest quest, based upon a love of truth for truth's own sake, will reveal much, and cannot do otherwise than advance our own spiritual unfoldment. The earnest students of life who are guided by the divine light of truth, and who improve their opportunities for growth, encouraging, as they pass along the highway of life's journey, all the nobler impulses within, attain an individual growth in the spiritual consciousness of the truth, and must, in the natural order of things, come into a fuller realization of their perfect unity with the great over-soul called God.

THE NEW YORK Magazine of Mysteries

COPYRIGHTED 1901

Vol. II

NEW YORK, JANUARY, 1902

No. 3

Entered as Second-Class Matter at New York Post Office

I Thank Thee, O My God!

By *Lucy Larcom*



FOR the rosebud's breath of beauty
Along the toiler's way;
For the violet's eye that opens
To bless the new born day;
For the bare twigs that in Summer
Bloom like the prophet's rod;
For the blossoming of the flowers,
I thank Thee, O my God!

For the lifting up of mountains
In brightness and in dread;
For the peaks where snow and sunshine
Alone have dared to tread;
For the dark or silent gorges,
Whence mighty cedars nod;
For the majesty of mountains,
I thank Thee, O my God!

For the splendor of the sunsets,
Vast mirrored on the sea;
For the gold-fringed clouds that curtain
Heaven's inner mystery;
For the molten bars of twilight,
Where thought leans, glad, yet awed;
For the glory of the sunsets,
I thank Thee, O my God!

For the earth in all its beauty,
The sky and all its light;
For the dim and soothing shadows
That rest the dazzling light;
For unfading fields and prairies
Where sense in vain has trod;
For the world's exhaustless beauty,
I thank Thee, O my God!

For an eye of inward seeing,
A soul to know and love;
For these common aspirations
That our high heirship prove;
For the hearts that bless each other
Beneath Thy smile, Thy rod;
For the amaranth saved from Eden,
I thank Thee, O my God!

For the hidden scroll o'erwritten,
With one dear Name adored;
For the Heavenly in the Human,
The Spirit in the Word;
For the tokens of Thy presence,
Within, above, abroad,
For Thine own great gift of being,
I thank Thee, O my God!

Creeds and Their Import

By *Ralph Waldo Trine*

THE view of God, that He is the Infinite Spirit of Life and Power that is back of all, that is working in and through all, is a matter in regard to which all men, all religions, can agree. With this view there can be no infidels or atheists. There are atheists and infidels in connection with many views that are concerning God—and thank God there are! Even devout and earnest people among us attribute things to God that no respectable men or women would permit to be attributed to themselves. Others cannot see how God can be angry with His children, jealous, vindictive. A display of these qualities always lessens our respect for men and women, and still we attribute them to God.

The earnest, sincere heretic is one of the greatest friends true religion can have. Heretics are among God's greatest servants. They are among the true servants of mankind. Christ was one of the greatest heretics the world has ever known. He allowed Himself to be bound by no established or orthodox teachings or beliefs. Christ is pre-eminently a type of the universal. John the Baptist is a type of the personal. John dressed in a particular way, ate a particular kind of food, belonged to a particular order, lived and taught in a particular locality, and he himself recognized the fact that he must decrease while Christ must increase. Christ, on the other hand, gave Himself to be bound by nothing. He was absolutely universal, and as a consequence taught, not for His own particular day, but for all time.

This mighty truth, which is the great central fact of human life, is the golden thread that runs through all religions. When we make it the paramount fact in our lives we will find that minor differences, narrow prejudices, and all these laughable absurdities will so fall away by virtue of their insignificance that a Jew can worship equally as well in a Catholic cathedral, a Catholic in a Jewish synagogue, a Buddhist in a Christian church, a Christian in a Buddhist temple. Or all can worship equally well about their own hearthstones, or out on the hillside, or while pursuing the avocations of everyday life. For true worship, only God and the human soul are necessary. It does not depend upon times, or seasons, or occasions. Anywhere and at any time God and man in the bush may meet.

This is the great fundamental principle of the universal religion, upon which all can agree. This is the great fact that is permanent. There are many things in regard to which all cannot agree. These are the things that are personal, non-essential, and as time passes they gradually fall away.

One who doesn't grasp this great truth—a Christian, for example—asks, "But was not Christ inspired?" Yes, but He was not the only one inspired. Another who is a Buddhist asks, "Was not Buddha inspired?" Yes, but he was not the only one inspired. A Christian asks, "But is not our Christian Bible inspired?" Yes, but there other inspired scriptures. A Brahmin or a Buddhist asks, "Are not the Vedas inspired?" Yes, but there are other inspired sacred books. Your error is not in believing that your particular scriptures are inspired, but your absurdly laughable limitations by it—your inability to see that other scriptures are also inspired.

Let us not be among the number so dwarfed, so limited, so bigoted, as to think that the Infinite God has revealed Himself to but one little handful of His children, in one little quarter of the globe, and at one particular period of time.

[The above powerful words should be read and assimilated by every aspiring soul that desires to live with God on the Universal Plane.—EDITOR.]

ALL are children of the living God. You are a child of God. He, the Blessed One, is the All-Father who will take us gently by the hand and lead us out of the mire of woe and misery, if we but go to Him and ask Him to guide and lead us.

The Universal Brotherhood of Ancient Mystic Adepts

By Brother No. 1

IN response to a request from the Editor of THE MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES to our Universal Order of Ancient Mystic Adepts (in and out of the body) as to how to attain membership in our order and the benefits of our teachings, we would say that any aspiring soul who has an earnest, intense desire to get into our vibrations, where there are spiritual unfoldment, health, wealth, eternal joy, peace and happiness, should address a letter to BROTHER NO. 1 OF THE BROTHERHOOD OF ANCIENT MYSTIC ADEPTS, care of THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES, 22 North William Street, New York City.

[The Universal Brotherhood of Ancient Mystic Adepts—THE HOLY SEVEN—which mystically works for universal good and the uplifting of mankind in all parts of this planet and the universe, recognize in this Magazine a medium for great and far-reaching good, and have for the first time been willing to appear in a public print of this character. The Magazine feels honored and blessed by this recognition, and our readers who listen to these Great Souls will be helped to reach the Great God—Light, Wisdom and Eternal Bliss.—Editor.]

A happy New Year's greeting from the Mystics of the Order of Universal Brotherhood in foreign lands and America, to the great family of God's children everywhere!



To everyone in every place or condition goes the message of the Mystics fraught with comfort and blessing. To the discouraged and the downtrodden they say: Look up and live nobly. Look at the best, not the worst side of the road. Rejoice for your privilege of living. Rejoice! This year will bring you fresh courage and new opportunities. Rejoice!

To the outcast and the depraved goes the word of sympathy. Tenderly, oh, so tenderly would they lift these little ones from the slimy depths and place their feet on the firm earth of rightness and justice and brotherly love. "Look to the Right, dear children," say the Mystics, and add, as the Master of old: "Neither do we condemn thee; go and sin no more." Into the homes of poverty, of loneliness, of sorrow, goes the blessed thought of the soul's liberty, notwithstanding these bonds of limitation. In the larger sphere of thought and feeling all may be blessed, comforted, supplied with every good and perfect gift. Love comforts. Love works miracles, the gift of Love is for all; into every willing, open heart its radiance enters, and ministers to the mind diseased. Blessed is he who accepts the Universal Gift. To the sick who have languished in beds of suffering through hopeless years goes the word of cheer and a vision of that even now possible state where tears are wiped away and there is neither sorrow nor crying.

To the little children neglected and hungry, to the unkempt youth and the wan-eyed maidens, who know no care from human hand or heart, may this New Year bring an awakening of soul forces and life's opportunities. To all who strive and toil in the shops and the streets, to all who suffer in silence and live in confusion, to the self-sacrificing and the unselfish, to the rich whose hearts are empty or walled in with the stones of indifference, to those who have but give not, to those destitute of earth or heaven, to all, with one accord, the Mystics send from their outlook of spiritual insight a mighty tidal wave of Brotherhood Love and Peace and Joy—the love which believeth all things, "the peace which passeth understanding," the joy which only comes from the conscious fullness of the blessed life.

Let it circle the earth, this tidal wave of Brotherhood; let it engulf you, make you clean. Let it weld you into an individual band whose unflinching aim will be to usher in the glad new day, whose dawn is near at hand.

Ring out, ye bells of human thought,
The music of the soul!
Ring out in grand, sweet harmony
The chords whose tones will thrill the world—
Make cold hearts warm and weak ones strong,
And quicken all earth's eager throng
Of waiting ones to gladder life,
To truer aim, and thrill of power
To carry out God's vast intention
Of infinite progression!

Mystic No. 1.

ARE YOU a reflector of light? Because, if you are, you are a shining glory wherever you go. You are like a diamond with many facets; wherever you turn, the glint and sheen of your soul shines upon somebody who needs just that to make life endurable. Your light? Oh, it comes from all sources—from the word or look you caught between a mother and child; from the young girl who said she had found so many lovely traits in people of late; from the little waif on the street who said "Thank you," so sweetly when you gave her a flower, from the newsboy whom you saw sharing his worm-eaten apple with his mate; from the yellow chrysanthemums in the florist's window which gave you a sermon on Beauty; from anyone and everyone in whom you are willing to look for his Best.

Reflect light, beauty, joy, peace, and you will be the Light incarnate, a walking, living, breathing Blessing to all your world.

The Sun kills bacteria and heals disease. So can the Sun of Love, shining through you, kill your bacteria of fear, worry, anger, malice, cruelty, prejudice or pride. Let it shine.

"Love, and you shall be loved. All love is mathematically just, as much as the two sides of an algebraic equation," says Emerson.

If we could realize this as true, how much more eagerly would we cultivate the "love that thinketh no evil." It is not impossible to refrain from judgment, even when we have been injured; and this is the beginning of the warmer feeling of pity, which in turn gives place to disinterested service for love's sake. At last we can feel the rich, warm love of the heart, that springs like life fruit from our lips and hands. God hasten the day when all souls know that "Love is the fulfilling of the law."

Gifts of Healing

Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott

PAUL, in his classification of "gifts," puts gifts of healing and of miracles below the word of wisdom and of knowledge, the vision of faith, the inspiration of hope and the motive power of love. "Desire earnestly the greater gifts," he cries; "but a still more excellent way show I unto you"—the way of faith and hope and love. We are apt to reverse Paul's order—to put gifts of miracles first; of wisdom and knowledge second; of faith and hope third; and patient, gentle, courageous, self-sacrificing love last of all.

There is no real distinction between the Natural and the Supernatural. There is only a distinction between the ordinary and extraordinary.

I do not say we shall repeat the miracles of the New Testament. Nevertheless, I cannot forget Christ's declaration: "Greater works than these shall he do" (who believes in Me), "because I go to my Father." When we have faith in the power of the spiritual, when we really believe that the spiritual is master and the material is the servant; when we study the laws of the spiritual realm as we have studied the laws of the natural realm; when our science really does become Christian, that is, spiritual, and our Christianity scientific, that is, rational, who can tell what will be the resultant power of mind over body? I will not prophesy. But I decline to accept the conclusions of men who imagine that nothing has been, or can be, beyond what they have known and experienced.

The miracles of the New Testament were not for exhibition but for benefaction. Peter and John did not heal the lame man to show what they could do. A Gospel miracle is a work of love. It may exhibit power, but it is never wrought for the purpose of exhibiting power. Herein it differs from most of the so-called ecclesiastical miracles.

To the Sun-Dial

By John Q. Adams

[Under the window of the Hall of the House of Representatives in the Capitol, at Washington, D. C.]

Thou silent herald of Time's ceaseless flight,
Say, couldst thou speak, what warning voice were thine!

Shade, who canst only show how others shine!
Dark, sullen witness of resplendent light!
In day's broad glare, and when the noon-tide bright

Of laughing fortune sheds the ray divine,
Thy ready favors cheer us—but decline
The clouds of morning, and the gloom of night.

Yet are thy counsels faithful, just and wise;
They bid us seize the moments as they pass—

Snatch the retrieveless sunbeam as it flies,
Nor lose one sand of life's revolving glass.
Aspiring still, with energy sublime,
By virtuous deeds to give ETERNITY TO TIME.

Telepathy

DURING the burning of the Baldwin Hotel, near our office, says Human Nature, of San Francisco, a man was seen to lift up a window in the third story, as if about to jump out to the street below. He was rescued by a brave fireman.

A few days later, when asked about the state of his mind in the face of death, he replied that as for his own soul and body he had little or no fear, but he was greatly agitated about his invalid wife in Chicago, and prayed earnestly that if he became a victim of the fire his son would care for the family.

He then drew from his pocket a letter he had received from his son, stating that he had just awakened from a fearful dream in which he saw his father leap from a burning building. The letter was written in Chicago on the morning of the fire in San Francisco, before the news could be published in Chicago, for their morning papers were issued when the hotel caught fire.

The question was asked the traveling man how he accounted for his son's fearful dream. He replied that he could not say, unless his own agitation had affected his boy, who was very sympathetic, and to whom he was deeply attached.

Is not this a clear case of Telepathy? Was it an act of the self-conscious brain? We think so. The dream and the reality were more than a mere coincidence.

Pray

PRAY, though no answer seems to come,
For God is always swift to hear;
And from the music of His home
Will send some sweet note to your ear.

Concentration Is the Secret of All Success

By Mystic No. 1

EACH man has a certain amount of energy on the outward plane, either for the attainment of sensual gratification or in intellectual pursuits, he will have nothing left to develop the divine germ in his heart. If he continually concentrates his mind outwardly, there will be no inward concentration of thought, which is absolutely necessary for the attainment of self-knowledge. The Holy Mystics implore those who are running after shadows and illusions, which are at best only useful as long as they last, but whose usefulness ceases when the heart ceases to beat; they plead with such to give just 20 minutes each day to inward concentration. Let the ills and triumphs of a restless world pass unheeded while you fix your inner eyes upon the Eternal whole. The power of the mind should be concentrated and turned back upon itself, and as the darkest places reveal their secrets before the penetrating rays of the sun, so will this concentrated mind penetrate its own innermost secrets. But, you say, I can't concentrate. This is one of the valuable arts which the Brotherhood teach, and if you are in earnest and willing to closely follow Instruction, write to MYSTIC NO. 1, with a stamped addressed envelope, care of THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES, 22 North William Street, New York City.

[The objects which people usually strive to attain during their comparatively short life upon this globe, such as the gratification of pride and ambition, the hoarding of money, the enjoyment of sexual love, the obtaining of bodily comfort and pleasure, etc., cannot be the true objects of life; but that our present life is only one of the many phases of our eternal existence, and that terrestrial life is only a means to an end, namely, to afford the conditions by which the divine element, germinally contained in every man, may grow and develop, whereby man may attain a higher life like Christ, which is not subject to transformation and death, and is therefore of permanent value. LIFE is universal and everywhere; it is identical with the WILL. It is not a product of man, nor can it be monopolized by him. He receives a certain amount of it at the time when he enters the world. Nature supplies him with it and lends it to him; and he must return it to her again when he makes his exit from the world. Only he who has succeeded in fixing a certain amount of the life principle within his permanent inner self may call that life his own and retain it after the death of the form.]

Man is neither more nor less than a living organism or instrument through which the Universal One, life, acts. In so far he is merely an Intellectual animal. But man's organization, especially that of his brain, is far superior to that of inferior animals, and therefore man is enabled to become an instrument for the manifestation of the highest principle in the universe, which is called the Principle of Divine Wisdom.—Editor.]

Facing the Future

Is the road very dreary?

Patience yet!

Rest will be sweeter if thou art a-weary,
And after night cometh the morning cheery—

Just bide a wee and dinna fret!

The clouds have silver lining,

Don't forget!

And though he's hidden, still the sun is
shining;

Courage, instead of tears and vain repining—

Just bide a wee and dinna fret!

—Anna Shipton.

BE always free but never careless.

A CHEERFUL and hopeful man is happy, though he possesses little, and is far in the path which leads to God and eternal bliss.

FINANCIAL success is gained by co-operating with existing conditions, not by fighting them. Reformers get their money in the generation when their reforms are the accepted order. If the prohibitionist lives long enough he will see all men temperate, and he will make money to burn—if he doesn't hitch himself to the tail of some other reform. If reformers want financial success they must conjure up more faith, less fight and a new business. —W. E. Towne.

Spiritualism

ITS ETHICS AND ECONOMICS

PERIODICAL attacks on the integrity of Spiritualism, says Willard J. Hull, in Mind, have become so common and so futile that to refer to them as a whole would be a waste of time. The latest attack, however, has a grim humor about it, but disturbs nobody at all acquainted with the subject, and it is, in fact, the best kind of evidence that Spiritualism is a power and a light.

Jesus the Christ founded no Church and wrote no books. He uttered and lived the unwritten principle of all religion, viz., the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. That was His message to the world. The religion of Spiritualism is precisely that message shorn of fabrications and forgeries.

The Christianity of Jesus and the Apostles, although not known by that name, held all that Spiritualism as a religious movement aims to establish in the world. History is a round of recurring periodicities, and the same opposition that confronted the religion and ethics of Jesus and His followers has confronted for well-nigh fifty years the modern renaissance of that religion known as Spiritualism. Yet it has grown to such proportions that all the opposition can do now is to write startling but innocuous obituary notices of it.

The message of Spiritualism is the Brotherhood of Man. Spiritual beings have affirmed it always, and the trend of modern thought presages it as the next great step in the evolution of human progress. Spiritualism postulates God as the universal Father-Mother of all life forms. The logical sequence of that postulate is that all forms of life are intimately related, and in human life that all are children of the universal Father-Mother—hence brethren. Auxiliary to that is the fact of spirit return, which demonstrates the personal, conscious immortality of every human soul.

It is in vain that materialistic sages and savans, Christian or heterodox, seek to break down the facts of Modern Spiritualism. Their efforts only serve to show the millions who know the truth the abortiveness of preachments and the sad travesty that prejudice makes of the holiest and loftiest subject that can engage the mind of man.

No religion can be religious without a message to mankind. In its essence religion is One, as all life is One, manifesting in myriads of forms governed by race, clime and intellectual development. The only question with us is: Did Jesus the Christ live and teach a religion adapted to twentieth century progress? We answer, Yes. And yet, because Spiritualism as a religion stands for the religion of Christ, it is traduced and vilified.

The message of Spiritualism is reaching hungry souls everywhere and feeding them with glad tidings of great joy. Church formulas and doctrines are tottering to their final fall by the insistence and persistence of Spiritualism. Men are better than their creeds, but Spiritualism will not have filled its mission and delivered its message until men dwell together in amity and equity.

He is a bold man indeed, and he must perforce be a fool to be thus bold, who attributes this great transformation to anything other than the affirmations of Modern Spiritualism. It has revealed the real man, who lives forever, and he is found to be in prison. Liberty is not yet born.

Allied also to this mighty religion is the principle of economic equality—the economic leveling of the base upon which all of God's children move and have their being. The world will look in vain for a stable and just State until the absolute independence of every man, woman and child is guaranteed by the very principle of government itself.

The economic teachings of Jesus the Christ have never been put into practice. The message of the religion of Spiritualism carries with it those teachings and those practices. Jesus was not heard in His day. Spiritualism is not heard in our day. Even among its own adherents the significance of the tremendous forces at work for our common good is scarcely thought of.

But there is a higher uplift of the margin of safety in the Republic, and there is our hope. Men are thinking. The thinking now is with the great middle class. The religion of Spiritualism is vitally concerned in this struggle. In fact, the forces behind all phenomena are of the spirit, and to that is due the grind now going on. Out of it all will gradually rise the columns and capitals of a new temple, wherein Christ will be made welcome—whether He rap out His message on the communion table or appear in archetypal form in nave and transept.

OUR grand business is not to see what lies dimly at a distance, but to do what lies clearly at hand.—Carlyle.

The Awakening of Silas Marston

By a
Mystic
Adept



ALONG all who knew him, Silas Marston bore the character of a stern, hard man. But a stranger might have read his nature in his face—in the cold gray eyes, thin, closely compressed lips and severe aspect.

His neighbors in Bardsley said he never smiled. Certainly, he smiled very seldom and laughed even less frequently. No frivolity of any kind had he ever allowed to creep into his life. His nature did not require relaxation. Music, dancing, play-going, cricket, football, golf, skittles—he scorned them all. Life was too serious for such follies.

In one characteristic he took the greatest pride. Never in his recollection had he willingly broken his word. Perfectly straightforward in all his dealings, scrupulously honest, he had marked out for himself a line of conduct from which he never diverged, and he expected his family to walk along the same rigid chalk-mark with steps as unflinching as his own.

The severe home discipline galled his only son terribly. When a lad is forbidden any amusement more exciting than an occasional lecture at the assembly-rooms, it would be strange if he did not rebel. Tom Marston revolted, and the consequences were serious.

He visited the theatre. Some busybody saw him and told his father. Silas Marston did not storm, desperately angry though he was. That was not his way.

"Theatres are catchpits," he said. "If you go again I will turn you out of doors."

Tom knew—none better—that his father would most assuredly do as he said, and for nearly twelve months he avoided the banned building on Bardsley Green. But one morning a comrade jeered at him and dared him to go. That night he broke Silas Marston's law for the second time, and again he was found out. On his return his father met him at the door.

"You have been to the theatre," he said, in the calm, cold, equable voice which he habitually used, whether angry or pleased. "What money have you?"

In fear and trembling, Tom produced his purse and counted its contents with nervous fingers.

"Sev-seven-and-ninepence, father," he faltered.

Silas Marston placed two sovereigns in the boy's shaking hand.

"Take these and go," he said. "I disown you."

He opened the door. Next moment the motherless boy was in the street—without a home.

If Silas Marston were in any way disturbed by his son's absence he gave no outward sign of it. He went to his business just as regularly as before, and was as constant in his attendance at church. To all inquiries, which were many, his answer was the same: "He disobeyed me, and I sent him away."

What had become of the lad he did not know. He had kept his word, and the satisfaction thus derived was strong enough to silence his conscience—at least, so it appeared.

II

SEVEN months had passed. It was the last day of the Leeds Winter Assizes. Silas Marston had been summoned on the jury. The last case on the calendar was one of forgery. The clerk called out the name of "Joseph Taylor," and the jailer brought up his prisoner, a lad of seventeen, poorly clad and apparently half-starved. He trembled as he stepped to the front of the dock, and his face, as he glanced furtively about, was deathly pale.

Suddenly, as his gaze rested on the jury-box, he staggered, clutched at the dock railing and clung convulsively, while his face alternately paled and crimsoned. So he remained, with eyes cast down.

Had a curious spectator been watching Silas Marston closely he might have seen that juryman's cold eyes dilate and his mouth part slightly, while an ashen pallor overspread his features. But those signs of agi-

tation were only momentary. Recovering himself in an instant, Silas folded his arms and, leaning back, stared at the boy with stony eyes that revealed no interest whatever. Doubtless it was a great victory.

Counsel for the prosecution opened the case against the wretched lad. The accused, he said, had been in the employment of Messrs. Clifford & Rice as errand boy; it was also his duty to sweep up the counting-house. A forged check for £75, in favor of Mr. Darley, with whom the firm had dealings, had been presented at Clifford & Rice's bankers and cashed. When it was discovered that several forms were missing from a check-book, suspicion fell upon the prisoner, who had access to the drawer where the book was kept, and had been seen in the company of a notorious criminal—not in custody. He was accused and searched, when three blank forms, next in sequence to that which had been cashed, were found upon him. The body of the check had not been filled up by the accused, nor did he present it, but he was charged with forging Messrs. Clifford & Rice's signature and the endorsement, both of which were excellent imitations and must have been copied from genuine signatures.

The boy was asked to plead. He stammered something unintelligible and burst into tears. The attorney who had been requested by the Court to defend him rose hastily and pleaded "Not guilty" on his behalf.

Silas Marston frowned.

"It's waste of time," he muttered to his neighbor on the left, the foreman of the jury. "I think it is," rejoined that gentleman; "but let the boy have a chance."

Counsel for the prosecution called witness after witness, whose evidence made it abundantly clear that the accused was guilty, but that he had been the dupe of an older criminal, who had escaped with the plunder.

Counsel for the defense, finding himself unable to contest the evidence, appealed to the Court.

"I understand," he said, "that the prisoner was sent away from home only a few months ago to sink or swim. He had disobeyed his father, a man of considerable means, who turned him out of doors. I do not envy that man's feelings when he learns the consequences of his unnatural conduct, and I maintain, gentlemen of the jury, that it is he who should be standing in the dock and not his son."

Silas Marston cast down his eyes.

"The prisoner," continued the learned gentleman, "when on the brink of starvation fell in with a man, whose name has been mentioned, and who may yet have to answer for his share in this crime. For motives of his own, this man took pity on him and fed him. It was he who induced him to apply to the prosecutors for the situation of errand boy under an alias, and it was in obedience to his command that the accused obtained the blank checks and letters bearing the necessary signatures. The prisoner could not refuse; his gratitude forbade.

"That the boy's nature is honorable and scrupulous I have proof. His father turned him out of doors to starve, yet I have failed to persuade him to reveal that stony-hearted father's name and address. He has refused to bring disgrace upon his unnatural parent by revealing his own name to his counsel. I have nothing more to add, gentlemen, except to ask you to take into account all the circumstances of this case. If the accused's father—the real criminal—could be called as a witness, it would relieve my feelings to examine him."

He sat down. The judge summed up in a sentence, and turned to the jury, as if expecting an immediate verdict of "Guilty."

III

It was not forthcoming. Whispers passed to and fro in the jury-box. Silas Marston took no part in the discussion. He had written his verdict on a slip of paper and handed it to the foreman. It was "Guilty." Having done his duty, he had apparently no further interest in the matter.

"Well, gentlemen?" exclaimed the judge, in some surprise.

"We can't agree," said the foreman.

"Then you had better retire," was the curt rejoinder.

The jury at once filed out of the box and followed an official to the room set apart for them.

"Come, Mr. Maydue," said the foreman, addressing an elderly gentleman of benevolent appearance, "you are the only dissident. We can add a rider recommending the boy to mercy, but on the evidence we must find him guilty."

"Certainly," added Silas Marston, in his most severe tone. "The prisoner has broken the law, and he must suffer the penalty. He ought to consider himself fortunate that he is living at the end of the nineteenth century. It is not so long since the penalty of forgery was death."

Mr. Maydue turned upon him in great indignation.

"For shame, sir! I thank God that those horrible days are past. And you, sir, ought to thank your Maker for giving you a different father to the brute who brought this poor boy into the world. I say he ought not to be made responsible, and I refuse to convict him. Gentlemen," he went on, addressing the jury generally, for Silas Marston avoided his gaze, "I ask you to acquit the prisoner in mercy to the miserable wretch who turned him adrift, for if you do not, nothing will save that man from condemnation when he stands before the Great Judge on the Last Day." Pausing, he laid his hand on Silas Marston's shoulder, and again addressed him: "Are you a father, sir?"

"Yes," faltered the wretched man. He was not prepared for Mr. Maydue's sudden attack, and the armor of cold self-righteousness and self-approval in which he had so long encased himself was anything but proof.

"I find it hard to believe you," Mr. Maydue rejoined. "But if you really have a child, picture it in the prisoner's place and let your heart incline to mercy."

Silas Marston sat down and covered his face with his hands. He was beginning to awake.

"Friends," Mr. Maydue resumed, turning to his fellow jurymen, "I ask you to find this boy not guilty. Let him have another chance. Be more merciful than his miserable father. Let that wretch answer for his neglect and cruelty himself. Don't let us do anything that may constrain us to stand beside him when he is called to account. Temper justice with mercy, and let the boy go."

"You plead well, sir," answered the foreman, "but I am of Mr. Marston's opinion. The boy is guilty, and it is our duty to find him so. Mercy is the judge's prerogative. The most we can do is to recommend it. Are you ill, sir?"

The question was addressed to Silas Marston. He lifted his head; his mouth and eyelids were twitching—he could not answer. At last he was awake.

"Mr. Marston is ill," the foreman went on. "Come! Let us settle this matter and go home. Now, Mr. Maydue, eleven of us are in favor of a conviction—"

"No, no!" interrupted Silas Marston, in great agitation.

"What! Has he won you over?"

"Yes. God help and forgive me! I am the boy's father. All Mr. Maydue has said is true. I drove him from home. I failed in my duty. Let him go, I implore you!"

The tears were streaming down Silas Marston's face now. His stubborn will was broken. Mr. Maydue broke the long silence which followed that amazing appeal.

"What is the verdict to be?" he asked.

"Not guilty," answered the foreman, in a husky voice.

Five minutes afterward Tom Marston was free. The judge discharged him without comment. He had long ceased to be surprised at the vagaries of jurymen. It is almost needless to add that the newly awakened father took his son home.

DEATH and immortality both dwell in the body. Ignorance leads to the former; truth, to the latter.—*Mahābhārata*.

THE realization of the Divine in man constitutes the most absolute and all-sufficient happiness.—*Aristotle*.

If Christian Scientists are healthy, blissful and happy in their belief, why do alleged Christians try to disturb them, ridicule them—condemn them?—*Frank Harrison*.

How grand and sublime are the mighty orbs of the universe!

BECOME radiant with Spirituality.

THE Present only is ours.

The Laws of Health

By Charles Brodie Patterson

"The glorious creature laughed out even in sleep.
But when full roused, each giant limb awake,
Each sinew strung, the great heart pulsing fast,
He shall start up and stand on his own earth—
Then shall his long triumphant march begin—
Thence shall his being date—thus wholly roused,
What he achieves shall be set down to him.
When all the race is perfected alike
As man, that is; all tended to mankind,
And, man produced, all has its end thus far;
But in completed man begins anew
A tendency to God."

—Browning's "Paracelsus."

HEALTH is essential to man's well-being, since happiness and success in life are alike dependent upon it. Man cannot appear at his best in any line of activity if his body is diseased. Believing health to proceed from accurate knowledge of and conformity to the laws that regulate and control the life of man, I desire, as concisely as possible, to point out their nature and operation. I do not believe that there is any good reason why anyone should be ill, but good health does not come to an individual without the exercise of some effort on his part; and the compensation is far greater than that accruing from the same amount of effort put forth in any other direction.

We all wish to be well and happy. There is only one way to reach this state. In the past we have sought it in the tangible substances of the world that lies all about us—to make our bodies well through the use of so-called material remedies—and sometimes they seemed to help, though usually affording no relief. Thus we have experimented year after year, trying first one thing and then another; or perhaps we have had no belief in drugs but have been very careful about our diet; or we may have studied the rules of hygiene and regulated our lives accordingly. And yet how few, with these aids alone, have been able to express perfect health and strength! We may not be censured for employing them, for most others do the same until they find through experience that none of these things brings perfect wholeness or happiness.

There is another realm, however, to which we have access—the world of the invisible, the world of cause, the world of the soul. "But," says one, "it is so far away that I can only hope to know it when the labors of this life are finished and God's kingdom is reached—when health and happiness shall be mine eternally." Is this the true view to take of human life here and now? Did not Jesus say that God's kingdom "cometh not by observation; that we cannot say, 'lo, here!' or 'lo, there!' for 'behold, His kingdom is within you'?" Did not one of His disciples teach that "ye are the temple of God, and the spirit of God dwelleth in you?" Even now is the day of salvation. Can the salvation that lives in a diseased body be complete? Is not the fulness of God's salvation offered for our acceptance at the present moment? This is the message that Jesus tried to convey to the minds of men—the glad tidings of which the angels sang: that the Father cares for His children, and freely offers health and happiness to all who will accept these blessings.

All good things are true because they have their source in God, in whom is "neither variability nor shadow of turning." The "turning" has all been done by us. We have turned away from the proffered gifts. We have not realized that all things are ours to enjoy. But before we can enter into the enjoyment of our universe we must have a knowledge of good in our individual lives. We must know that God is ever present, and that He "worketh within us to will and to do." When we have learned this truth the greater revelation awaits us; that God is the All-in-all, and that the soul, our real self, is subject to no law but the law of God, which is the law of love. When this illumination enters the life it becomes changed; the old ideas pass away and all things are made new. The "new heaven and the new earth" have come into the life eternal, which is here and now. Only as this truth is lived and consciously realized, does it become a living reality in the individual life.

Let us consider some of the things necessary to the adjustment of our lives to this divine law. A little study of self—a study that is perfectly honest and sincere—will bring to our minds many things of which we do not fully approve. At times our minds become anxious and even fearful; perhaps we allow anger, or malice, or jealousy to find lodgment therein. This wrong way of thinking and feeling makes the mind discordant and unrestful, expelling all real happiness and mental peace. Moreover, mental discord and unrest are manifested in physical sickness and disease, because our bodies and souls are

more dependent for health and strength on mental harmony and brightness than on either food or drink. We have been very solicitous as to our bodily diet, but frequently we are heedless of the more important food of our minds.

In reversing this erroneous course, let us be careful to start right. Perhaps for years we have been regarding ourselves as material beings, who might at some future time become spiritual, live in a distant heaven, and be and act altogether different from what we are and what we do on earth. Yet the fact remains that heaven is *within* us. The spirit is the quickening power, not the flesh; and if the Spirit of Him who raised up Jesus from the dead dwell in us our mortal bodies shall also be quickened through the same agency.

What a change of mind would result if only these truths were realized—God working in our lives to will and to do; the spirit within us the quickening power; the body only the temporary house that the spirit has builded for its use! In this realization the saying of Jesus is plain: "Destroy this temple, and in three days I will build it up." The ego is more than its body, and when we get the thought clear in mind that we are spiritual beings we will lay far less stress on the physical and pay more attention to our real selves. There is no other force or power in the world than *spirit*. God has given to each of us a mighty kingdom to rule. By the control and direction of our individual lives through the immortal spirit we can realize the truth of this. It is only when we grasp more power than we know the use of—more than we have rightfully developed—that there comes the misdirection of energy that causes mental and physical disturbance.

Sometimes through wrong thinking we shut off our spiritual reservoir of power—we limit ourselves. This condition comes through paying too much attention to the gratifying of worldly desires and not enough attention to cultivating the desire for higher things. The natural growth of anything should be as harmonious as that of a flower—accepting each day, each hour, as it comes, all that has been provided for its growth; yet we often ignorantly close the channel through which alone all things essential for our perfection can come. Only to man has God given the conscious power to control his personal life; to make for himself what condition he will; to create for himself a heaven or a hell. If the spirit dominates his life and he realizes his God-mind power and trusts absolutely to it, enlightenment and guidance will come through the indwelling spirit, and he will express mental and physical health and strength. We should not seek to rule the kingdom that is beyond us, nor the one that is below us. Let us rule to-day, in the only kingdom that is ours, and day by day its powers will be revealed and we will reverence the God *within* the temple by keeping holy (whole) and sacred the sanctuary in which he dwells.

Light enough is given to rule each day in our kingdom, but not enough "for the morrow," and peering into the future will not enable us to live stronger or better lives. We live day by day, and if we live to-day thoroughly poised in mind, taking no anxious thought concerning anything, we will have fitted ourselves to live the morrow when it comes. Let us keep the mind clear and bright, fill it with wholesome thoughts of life, and be kindly in our feelings toward others. Let us have no fear of anything, but realize that we are one with universal power—that power which can supply our every need—that health, strength, and happiness are our legitimate birthright, that they are ever potential in our inner lives, and that our bodies may express them now. If we take this mental attitude and adhere steadfastly to it, the body will very soon manifest health and strength. There is no other way, and time is only wasted in seeking elsewhere the kingdom of God.

The control of self, the direction of the whole life, has been committed to our care. We are to be faithful and not shrink from any of the responsibilities connected with it, for through such fidelity we shall hasten the time when health demonstrated shall be made manifest on earth, "even as it is in heaven."

Most surely the ideals and customs of men and society are radically changing. The old notion of property rights is giving way for something better—since we are coming into a realization of our divine inheritance; we see ourselves as citizens of the universe, which jointly belongs to the unit man.

A HANDWRITING on the tablets of our hearts proclaims that the service of others is our divinest freedom, and that the law of love is the charter of our liberty.—George Brown.

How Much Are You Worth?

Sermon by George H. Hepworth

What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?—St. Matthew, xvi, 26.

ONE custom which the business man strictly observes may well be imitated in our spiritual concerns. At certain seasons of the year he wants to know just where he is financially, what his profits have been in the past and what his prospects are for the future. He can only do this by taking what is called an account of stock.

If he has a good deal of cumbersome material on hand, occupying storage room which is needed for more attractive goods, he sets his wits to work to get rid of it. Whatever is outside of the popular demand, whatever is useless for future trade, however profitable it may have been in the past, he sacrifices without a murmur. His object is to keep only what will attract the eye of the public, and thereby add to his gains. In this way he finds out what he is worth in hard money, what he can and what he cannot count on in his aim to expand his business.

We seldom do that spiritually. It is not often that we set up the standard of true manhood or womanhood, and face the fact that we have qualities of character and tendencies which we must banish from the soul if we are to achieve the highest success, and other qualities and tendencies which we must foster and cherish and stimulate. This review of the situation, "taking account of stock," getting rid of the worthless and adding to the worthy, if made with severe and impartial judgment—in other words, if we could be persuaded to criticise ourselves as sternly as we criticise our neighbors—would produce results which would make the world blossom like a rose and fill the air with the perfume of good deeds and noble thoughts.

Human nature is not bad; it is thoughtless. The majority of our impulses are good, but selfishness checks them, and the love of gain turns the current the other way. If it were a universal habit to retire to solitude for thirty minutes each day, to seriously think of what it is best to do and why it is best to do it, to examine our motives as we examine a specimen under the microscope, we should change the whole complexion of life, and the acts to be regretted would be greatly diminished in number. There is a deal of nobility in the soul which is kept under cover and given no chance to grow. The cares and rivalries and ambitions of the world are all on the seething surface, while down below, where the only real life is to be found, are half smothered aspirations and longings. Lift from us this deadly weight of pure worldliness, give the soul an opportunity to work out its destiny with perfect freedom, and the millennium would come to us in the second generation.

This is what the Scriptures call the new birth. The voice of nineteen centuries ago still fills the air with its picture of the ideal. Measure yourself as you do your stock of goods; examine, explore your depths as you would prospect for gold in the mountain fastnesses of the West; think of what you may be, what you were intended to be, and compare that with what you actually are. Such an effort would change your whole outlook, for nine-tenths of the evil you do is done from a quick impulse, not from a slow conviction.

Go into your closet and shut the door. In the dim twilight of that solitude regenerating influences will come. This world will become more and more spectral and the other world more and more real. The voices of angels cannot be heard above this din and roar—even the voice of God is drowned by the whirlwind of business life; but in the loneliness of your closet, face to face with your soul, you will find a companionship so true and uplifting that it will be worth while to live, because to live means to widen your horizon until it includes heaven.

If you are young, occasional solitude will be a teacher insisting that what is upright and downright alone has stability. If you are in middle life, you will be taught of those wholesome regrets over mistaken deeds which make the blood purer and the heart warmer. If you are old, solitude will so strengthen your sight that the fairer country will loom up in the distance.

Find out what you are worth, take a careful inventory of yourself, and you will walk with a dignified tread, your lips will utter what is helpful, your hands will lift the weary, and you will wake in the morning to find that the only thing in the universe that should claim your effort is personal righteousness.

LOVE GOD—AND THY NEIGHBOR AS THYSELF.

MAN'S INFINITE POSSIBILITIES

BY C. G. OYSTON

IN this practical age, positive, exact thought demands scientific evidence. Fondly cherished ideas based on tradition can no longer arrest the attention of the analytical mind. Tacit adhesion to certain formulas of belief has perverted that aspirational investigation which alone can promote the spiritual progress of the race; hence, the corresponding reaction is not to be deprecated, but commended.

In enumerating the various marvelous accomplishments of the human mind we are apparently circumscribed by limitations. When we have reached the very acme of mental manifestation surrounding us to-day, we still are unable to transcend the expressions of intelligence displayed in external Nature. The suggestiveness everywhere manifest is positively appalling. Think of the prescience of thought that conceived and involved the innate possibilities of a sunbeam or a piece of coal! What foreknowledge must have characterized the promoters of such latent energies that were rendered objective ages ago, while we were in the incipient stages of our spiritual unfoldment! Mark the subdivisions of matter that intelligence can enlist in promoting the glorious progress of the race; from the crystal to the planet, from the atom to the sun, from the vibration of an eyelid to the rending of the mighty rocks of earth, from the circumscribed vision of the infant smiling at the mote in the sunbeam to the compass of expression that can comprise worlds upon worlds afar, from the clasping and unclasping of tiny fingers to the controlling of the mightiest cataract to diffuse material light throughout the land.

When we realize that man never had a beginning, spiritually, and will therefore never have an end—that he was in the infinite past, and will persist in the infinite future; in fact, that he is now "between two eternities," we feel philosophically driven to transfer Infinite Intelligence from the personal entity to the aggregate of human intelligence and power.

If man's activities, mental and spiritual, were confined within the narrow radius of one short physical existence, there might be some diffidence in maintaining that he possesses the possibilities of a god latent within him, as a period would doubtless arrive when his energies would receive absolute expression and progress would cease; but when we see and know that the soul is eternal in its destiny, and that perpetual progression characterizes its experience throughout the infinite future, we begin faintly to realize that man may be a god, after all. Matter is but crystallized spirit, and spirit is eternal. Mat-

ter can be changed, but not an atom can be destroyed. To go back to the first propulsion of energy, or thought, or intelligence, is, of course, beyond our mental grasp and perception.

Look at a child resting tranquilly and peacefully on the lap of its mother; it is a repository of infinite possibilities. Now, can we reasonably suppose, as philosophic thinkers, that the babe Shakespeare was grappling with matter for the first time three hundred years ago? Nay; how many ages of practical operation it would require to endow a soul with such mighty potentialities!

See how a babe can discriminate intuitively, and appropriate atom by atom in the construction of the most complicated machine in the vast universe of being. By what process does it obtain that sense of discernment and fitness of assimilation which is as marvelous as the involution of a sun? No more wonderful manifestation can possibly obtain in the revolution of the millions of worlds that subserve the purpose of man's experience than this spiritual manifestation.

To the mind accustomed to have its thinking supplied by others, this bold assertion—that man is the epitome of the universe—is startling and strange indeed. True, man on earth cannot at present infuse life and animation into inanimate things; but let us follow him in his eternal journey up the glorious heights of the spiritual realm, and mark his dignity, grandeur and godlike power. There, dazzling with glory as the noonday splendor, he evolves thoughts that can make the wilderness blossom as the rose. His surroundings are ever changing, according to the moods of his soul. Does he desire the embodiment of the most beautiful flower, forthwith appears the floral gem obedient to his call. He is one of the tutelary deities who rule, regulate, guide and control the operations of Nature, and external conditions become obedient to his mighty will. Can such souls infuse life into their surroundings? We are assured they can. They can evolve life forms as embodiments of thought.

Seeing, then, that man is eternally progressive; that he is ever unfolding his latent possibilities and powers in the spiritual world; that there are myriads of mighty human souls far away on the heights of divine unfoldment—let us look at man on earth, take observation of the blossoms of promise that he has already displayed, and augur of the future from the present.

The invisible forces of Nature have been seized, harnessed and controlled by human intelligence and will. Steam has been made to subserve the requirements of civilized man.

Air has been arrested, "cribbed, cabined and confined" for the service of the race. Electricity has been made the obedient messenger of human intelligence and power. Here is omnipotence in degree. The civilized nations of the world can manifest omniscience and omnipresence to some extent, which is an earnest of great potencies to come. Although the separate governments may be centralized at a certain point, yet by virtue of mechanical operations in the diffusion of intelligence the world can immediately become apprised of their desire.

When the late Queen Victoria celebrated her jubilee by the simple operation of pressing an electric button, she entered into communication with her subjects all over the known world. Was not that omnipresence in degree? Should an awful calamity overtake an unfortunate people in any portion of the earth—let it be "accident," earthquake or famine—and immediately the great heart of humanity is wrung with sorrow. Sweetly responsive to the mute appeal for succor, spontaneous pity is exercised as a benison to the suffering. The wireless telegraphy of the soul which prophesies omnipresence is brought into requisition, and sympathy blesses while the hand relieves. When two souls become merged in one absorbing ecstasy of love, though thousands of miles intervene, "sweet as the breeze from ocean's brow, or the perfume of a violet on a dewy morn," thoughts and feelings intermingle, and rapture—mysterious, intense and indescribable,—thrills the innermost recesses of each being. Perhaps some material object may interlink the thought with the spirit of the loved one far away, and instantly by a subtle soul telegraphy the two are united and become one. Then telepathy across the imponderable, spiritual ether blends the minds, and mutual converse bids defiance to all the obstacles of time and space. Can we find a better exemplification of omnipresence and omniscience than this?

In a genuine spiritual séance all the phenomena displayed in external Nature may be illustrated and duplicated in the materialization of spirit forms. This evidence of creative power may be displayed by human beings, possibly dwelling in the earth's atmosphere, who may never have ascended to the spiritual realm proper. What, then, must be the power of our human brethren who have progressed in those regions for ages?

[The above condensed article is from the current number of *The Spirit of Truth*. The writer goes profoundly into his subject, proving what a wonderful creature man is, even from an evolutionary point of view.—EDITOR.]

Man's Desire to Penetrate the Unknown

BEFORE the microscope was invented all that world of life and beauty it reveals was unknown and unsuspected by the scholar. With its revelations the universe is wondrously enlarged, so that every leaf is now teeming with life, every drop of stagnant water is the home of myriad forms of intelligence. Even the grasses are instinct with animation, vegetable and animal; and the rock, resolved by heat into its native elements, is but a congeries of worlds solidified by reduced temperature. The air itself is vital, and we cannot go where the germ is not.

And away out on the verge of thought, however active the imagination, the telescope has revealed suns and solar systems thousands of billions of miles more distant than the remotest star before seen by visual organs. Like matter on the earth, it is probably all centred in sun or planet or satellite, is instinct with being, each atom enjoying life equal to its capabilities.

If the glasses have developed such unseen and before unknown worlds to human intelligence, is it too much to hope that science will yet construct some mechanical device which will enable us to look beyond the veil, and see with mortal ken the developed spirit in its eternal home?

The clairvoyant gets glimpses of that new world, and the spirit reveals truths man in his normal condition, encumbered by mortality, cannot grasp; but more refined, with vision expanded, we may hope to comprehend the whole, and see the boundless universe as Infinite Intelligence is now supposed to do.—*Progressive Thinker*.

Be Still and Know

By William E. Towne

BE still and know.

Be still and know.

BE STILL AND KNOW.

Know what? Know that you are what you will to be. Be still and WILL success. Be still. Relax. Let go definitely of everything you don't want. Wave your hand and banish each one. Then let go each thing you do want. LET GO. You were tired and strained from hanging on. You were so strained that the life force could not flow through and fill you and forward your work. Now you are resting, all limp and loose, and life is pouring through your body and recharging it with the magnetism that attracts to you what you desire. Now you are rested and filled with quiet, good feeling and WILL. Rise now and see how well you can use your fresh energy. SUCCESS IS YOURS, and I AM with you.

MANKIND'S advancement by trade and international treaties is simply finding out by long, zigzag paths the sweet truth of Scripture that all are made for all, each needs each throughout this vast brotherhood of men.—*Rev. S. Edward Young*.

McKinley

"ZEALOUS, yet modest; innocent though free; Patient of toil; serene amidst alarms; Inflexible in faith; invincible in arms. His life was gentle, and the elements So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up And say to all the world, 'This was a man.'"

Submission

WHEN it first dawns upon one who is earnestly investigating the *modus operandi* of finding and treading the "narrow way" to the City of Life and Love, the only way, that cruel thorns will spring up along the way, he cries out, as Jesus did, "Father, if it were possible that such cup might pass from me!" Then, immediately recalling Jesus's words, says: "Not my will, but Thine, be done."

Then, again, the query arises: "Must Jesus bear the cross alone and I go free?" Nay, nay. Then is he given strength to pursue his journey, and progressing, he comes to the station, where he feels that he can prove his allegiance to God by Scripture tests: "If he is reviled he will not revile again." "If betrayed, he will not betray again," etc.

He would accept the severest test, that of being cast off by his dearest friend, whose heart had beaten in unison with his own.

Like the refiner of silver, who sits watching the process of purification in the crucible, until he can see his own image in the solution, when the process is complete, would he submit to the "refiner's fire," until all dross were consumed, and reflected in him was the image of Him whose transcendent beauty is manifested all around us?

Thus, by a complete submission to "God's way" has he triumphed over self, and found "beauty for ashes and the oil of joy for mourning."—*Mrs. Thomas Cook*.

Be noble! and the nobleness that lies
In other men, sleeping, but never dead,
Will rise in majesty to meet thine own.
—*Lowell*.

Habit Hints

HABIT, if wisely and skilfully formed, becomes truly a second nature.—*Bacon.*

The tendency to habitual action is universally recognized as an important part of our psychical nature.—*W. B. Carpenter.*

Habit, with its iron sinews,
Clasps and leads us day by day.
—*Lamartine.*

You cannot, in any given case, by any sudden and single effort of will, be true if the habit of your life has been insincerity.—*F. W. Robertson.*

OUR thoughts determine us for good or ill—for happiness or misery. Man becomes as he thinks.

IF you have not what you like, like what you have.

WE can learn to live nobly only by acting nobly on every occasion. If you shirk the first trial of your manhood, you will go so much weaker to the second; and if the next occasion and the next find you unprepared, you will unquestionably sink into baseness. A swimmer becomes strong to stem the tide only by frequently breasting the high waves.—*Success.*

BRING all your tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in my Father's house, and prove me now herewith if I will not open the windows of heaven and pour out a blessing so great there shall not be room to contain it.—*Old Testament.*

ASK and ye shall receive; seek and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you.—*New Testament.*

THEY who think on Me with unflinching love and devotion find all that they need at their very doors (lit., brought on My shoulders).—*The Gita.*

THE Holy Supper is kept, indeed, in whatso we share with another's need—Not that which we give, but what we share—For the gift without the giver is bare; Who bestows himself with his alms feeds three—Himself, his hungering neighbor, and me.—*James Russell Lowell.*

MANY people in the world in error think they could do better and be happier elsewhere than where they happen to be placed. They see only the thorns, the drudgery and the disagreeable things in their own vocation, and only the flowers and the pleasant experiences in the vocations of others. The seer or wise man knows that in each and every life there are struggles, sorrows and unhappiness, that out of all these struggles the soul eventually emerges victorious and joins God, its source.

LIFE is one continuous evolution to higher and higher conditions, which can only be attained by the mind of man being brought into closer union of thought with God, the creator of all, for by this means the animal qualities are suppressed and the spiritual attributes made the predominant element. When this is attained, man will not fight against his brother man, but all will recognize the equality of others and equal rights for all.—*Dr. J. F. Miller.*

Cause and Effect

No one ever escapes the effect of error or so-called sin or wickedness.

Everything in the universe is cause and effect.

In olden times, and even to-day, the ignorant and superstitious attribute our sufferings in the shape of effect from cause, to a just punishment from an all-loving God.

God has established an eternal, unchangeable law for governing and regulating His wonderful universe, so that everything is run in a perfectly orderly manner under this Law. Now if man, wilfully or ignorantly, goes against the law he must suffer.

If we put our hands in the fire we will turn them, because the nature of fire is to burn; that's the Law.

If we live wholly in the senses—our appetites and passions—we must suffer pain, disease and early death of the body; because that's the Law.

If we live in the realm of soul-intellect and heart we live in accord with harmony, and are healthy and live long, useful and happy lives; that's the Eternal Law.

We reap what we sow.
All is cause and effect.

Claim Your Own

By Mabel Burnham Pace, in the *Pathfinder*

FEAR not to claim your own. All these years, with John Burroughs, you have said, "For, lo! My own shall come to me," but have you reached out your hand in the gladness of welcome, when your own came? Have you met it with gracious sweetness at the door, your eyes alight with recognition? Or have you allowed doubt and fear to creep in between you and the thing you have hoped for, longed for, prayed for, demanded?

"Beware of fettering attachments," says the occultist. Follow his advice and beware, if you choose, but if that attitude of caution be not one of fetter-forging, I miss my guess. It is putting your Soul in prison. Some day you will awaken to this fact. Then you will suffer, as any other held in the bondage of bolts and bars, or you will fight your way out, bruised and bleeding, with wounds that will be long in healing—and the scars will show for many a day.

What makes an attachment fettering? Your thought of it. Claim freedom, not only for yourself, but for every living soul in the universe; with a song of gladness in your heart, a psalm of praise upon your lips, clasp the gift of your Lord to your breast, nurture it with tender care, warm it with the fragrance of your breath, gladden it with loving words, knowing that

For one neglected love, gone back to God,
Remorse will prove a sorry substitute.

Claim as your own that which you most desire. Are you negative? Never admit it, to yourself or to another. That "a lie well stuck to is as good as the truth" is due solely to the fact that the man telling it gradually comes into the belief of his own story.

Stand boldly before the mirror, in gymnastic position, "resting upon the ball of the foot, body bent slightly forward, chest out, abdomen in," etc., give yourself the grand magnetic stare, and repeat, calmly, serenely, rhythmically, over and over again: "I am positive, positive, positive; positive all the time." And lo, a miracle is done, before which the materialization of the full-blown rose in the open palm of the magician pales into insignificance.

Who believe that in all ages
Every human heart is human,
That in every savage bosom
There are longings, yearnings, strivings,
For the good they comprehend not;
That the feeble hands and helpless,
Groping blindly in the darkness,
Touch God's right hand in that darkness
And are lifted up and strengthened.

Helpful Prayer vs. Prayer for Help

THE subject is exceedingly difficult. The instinct, or impulse, to pray is universal with the human race; therefore prayer must be recognized as a legitimate exercise of the soul. Prayer is a natural expression, the normal exercise of one of the laws of our being. It is not an artificial or acquired practice. It is born neither of fear nor superstition. It is a perfectly sane and necessary measure of soul development.

A great oak stands in the forest, spreading its branches in the heavens. A vine springs up at its root, puts out its tendrils, and taking hold of the oak lifts itself up into the light. The vine is not necessary to the oak, but the oak is necessary to the vine. The oak does not purposely and specifically support the vine, yet the vine does receive just the help and uplift it needs from the oak.

Prayer is simply the soul, with all its powers, taking hold of God and every ideal of truth and holiness, and lifting itself up toward a purer life.

My title tells it all. Helpful Prayer, not Prayer for Help. The benefit of prayer is subjective altogether. Prayer develops inward strength, uses means which are already provided, but does not secure any new or supernatural conditions.

As an active, praying minister of the Gospel this is my view. When I say, "Let us pray," I only mean, let us aspire toward God, strive to reach Him, lay hold on His virtues, love and eternal truth. I have no idea of changing or influencing anything save my own life or that of my congregation.

[The above helpful article by the Rev. H. W. B. Myrick is condensed from the current number of *The Light of Truth*.—*EDITOR.*]

Millennial Song

[What a beautiful, hopeful view the poet, Libbie Witham, takes in the following soul-stirring lines! Yes, surely, "All's well with the world." It grows better, brighter, more beautiful each passing day, and will continue to grow on and on in the Soul's longing for perfection, until the Millennium is reached.—*EDITOR.*]

WATCHMAN, from thy belfry tower
Ring these tidings every hour;
Send them forth with fervent power—
All's well with the world.
Night-watch, pacing on thy beat
Through the dark and lonely street,
Give us this assurance sweet—
All's well with the world.

Pilot, on the ocean dark,
With thy frail and tossing bark,
Shout this message through thy ark—
All's well with the world.
Little ones, who've cried for bread,
And whom hands of love hath fed,
Hark to words thy Saviour said—
"All's well with the world."

Love shall reign; there's naught to fear;
Light is breaking, morn is near;
Soon the waking world shall hear—
All's well with the world.
All of good the Law doth bring;
Hosannas all the earth shall sing;
For each soul is now a king—
All's well with the world.

Bright and high the bonfires rise;
Songs are ringing to the skies;
For there's naught but evil dies;
All's well with the world.
Friend and foeman now are one;
Discord in all lives is done;
Sweet peace reigns beneath the sun.
All's well with the world.

"Peace on earth; good will to men;"
The Christ is risen—is here again.
From snow-crowned peak to wild beast's den,
All's well with the world.
Ring out, O watchman, from thy tower;
No more shall storm-clouds darkly lower;
Our hopes have passed from bud to flower;
All's well with the world.

IF we do an evil action, we must suffer for it; there is no power in this universe to stop or stay it. So if we do a good action there is no power in the universe which can stop its bearing good results. All is cause and effect.—*A Yogi.*

FEARING leads to fretting.—*Ram's Horn.*

FAITH is the hand wherewith we take everlasting life.—*Lattimer.*

Fulfilment of a Dream

A REMARKABLE instance of the fulfilment of a dream was adduced at an inquest held on October 3, at Littingbourne, on the body of an elderly man who committed suicide by drowning himself in a mill stream. A son went in search of the deceased, but could not find him. A brother-in-law then told the son that he had dreamed the old man had drowned himself in the mill stream in the neighborhood. The son went straight to the spot mentioned, and found the body of the missing man in the stream.—*The Two Worlds.*

In this life there is but one sure happiness—to live for others.—*Leo Tolstoi.*

You do not need to devise in the morning how to create your own light—it is prepared and ready for you. The sun was made before you were, and it keeps its course; and so constantly will God's own light shine to you without your contrivance or care for anything but to seek, receive, and be guided by it.—*John Howe.*

WITHOUT the resolution in your hearts to do good work so long as your right hands have motion in them, and to do it whether the issue be that you die or live, no life worthy the name will ever be possible to you; while in once forming the resolution that your work is to be well done, life is really won, here and forever.—*Ruskin.*

It is only when we reverence the body and look upon it and its faculties as divine gifts, if not a part of the divine, that we can be what we ought to be.—*Christian Life.*

"Physical Vitality"

ITS ACQUISITION AND ACCUMULATION

FEW persons take any thought or trouble concerning the accumulation of vitality, although it is one of the most priceless of all earthly possessions, and without it all other good things are apt to fade, like a mirage, into thin air, says a writer in *Eltka*.

The human body is a storage battery, consisting of millions of cells, in which the vital electricity that produces health, wards off and prevents disease, makes life enjoyable, and produces the personal magnetism which causes the human character to be powerful for good or evil, is accumulated.

Every form of manifestation of physical vitality depends upon the life-force stored up in this human battery—and upon its voltage. The more fully charged the cells of the body may be, the higher the voltage, and, consequently, the greater the vitality and power.

This voltage is always fluctuating. Physical or mental expenditure of force lessens it; recuperation, through rest, sleep, and the taking in of oxygen and food-pabulum, increases it. And if the influx is greater than the output, accumulation results.

The human body, and its brain and nerves, are in the first instance constructed, and are then continuously reconstructed, from food—and from it alone. **JUST AS WE EAT, SO WE BECOME;** and our thought is almost entirely the outcome of our food-pabulum.

To accumulate vitality our food must contain all the chemical elements which we need. Nitrates for muscle building; carbons for heat and energy production; fats and phosphates and other mineral salts for the sustenance of brain and nerve force. None must be permanently omitted. If we exclude organic phosphorus from the food of a man of mighty intellect he will, in due time, be reduced to a stage bordering on idiocy. We can obtain this phosphorus in cheese, milk, whole-wheat bread, oatmeal, peas, beans, apples and bananas. But inorganic phosphorus in the form of drugs or pills is dangerous.

Other elements are also necessary, and our diet must contain the whole of the fourteen from which the body is constructed. This fact suggests the wisdom of making our diet **AS VARIED AS POSSIBLE.** Nature will assimilate the necessary elements if opportunity is thus given her.

To store vitality we must live **BY METHOD,** and take some trouble. Nature's greatest gift is not to be obtained haphazard, and without thought and effort. We must eat wisely, and breathe wisely, and live wisely; and the closer to Nature we get the better it will be for us.

The habit of deep breathing, like the habit of living much in the open air, yields important results. The atmosphere consists of oxygen and nitrogen—the very elements of which our bodies are chiefly constructed. Life and vigor **CAN BE INHALED,** but few persons have learned the art.

The habit of cheerfulness tends to promote the assimilation of food which vitalizes—and thus it favors longevity.

Exercise is needful to make the life current pulsate through our veins and tissues. Without it our organs do not get properly nourished and rebuilt; stiffness and atrophy set in. Every organ must be used to secure complete development and health.

Food which is likely to contain disease germs and decomposing bioplasts (such as dead bodies) must be eschewed, and worry and care must be banished from our lives.

Vitiated atmosphere must be avoided—as well as all unwise and excessive expenditure of nerve force; these things deplete the storage battery of human electricity and lessen its voltage.

The Coming Race will master the secret of this accumulation of life force, for it is one of those higher things to which mankind is slowly rising upon the stepping-stones of past mistakes and painful experience. Let us keep abreast of the times and win our way to Life more abundant.

Like the tide on a crescent sea beach,
When the moon is new and thin,
Into our hearts high yearning
Comes welling and surging in—
Comes from the mystic ocean,
Whose rim no foot has trod—
Some of us call it Longing,
And others call it God.

—W. H. Carruth.

Now, the selfish few have great prosperity because of the ignorance and selfishness of the many; in the New Time the many will be blessed with all good things because of the evolution of the Love and Wisdom of the few.—*Lucy A. Mallory.*

The Wonderful Power of Faith

FROM THE LIGHT OF TRUTH



IF a person desired to become a great artist he would know, instinctively, it would be useless to attempt it without faith in his ability to accomplish his desire. If one needed very much to get across a stream of water, and there was no visible way to get across but to swim, he would not attempt to cross unless he had faith in his ability to reach the farther shore.

Without faith, conscious or subconscious, it is impossible for us to make any attainments.

Faith is the gift of God (indwelling spirit), an inherent power that comes to our knowledge in various ways; either by hearing, by seeing or by experience.

Faith in an unknown thing comes first by hearing, then later the faith can grow to perfection by experience, by sight or investigation.

The faith that comes by hearing is its inception, and is what we call belief, while faith that comes from experience is full grown, and is ours from knowledge.

Paul said to the Romans that "Faith in God cometh by hearing the word of God;" and to the Hebrews he said, "Without faith it is impossible to please God, for he that cometh to God must believe that He is, and that He is a rewarder of them that diligently seek Him." This is self-evident truth; who among you would attempt to come to God, unless you believe that He is? And why would you come unless you believe He will reward your seeking? Have faith in God, said Jesus, whose beautiful life of faith says plainly—put all your trust in God. How could one fail to have faith after seeing the fruits of faith in His life? Did you ever think of the wonderful outcome of His faith?

What is it to have faith in God? It is to have confidence in the spirit of divine love and wisdom as caring for you, and directing and instructing you throughout life. It is to become like a little child led by a mother's hand, though often over stony ground, and up steep hills, and through valleys dark and lonely.

Every true thought and every true act is an act of faith in something or somebody. If you plant a seed it is because knowledge has given you faith that there is life therein that will grow if you plant it. So have I faith that the words of truth are the seeds of a higher life that will grow if I plant them in the soil of prepared receptive minds. And so had the Infinite Sower faith that you would grow to Christhood when He planted you in the earth. Can the designs of the Almighty fail? No; but they may be postponed until the human has suffered enough to cry out "Not my will, but Thine, be done. Here is my hand, take and lead me and do not let me fall except to teach me to follow better."

A very good attitude for the beginner in the spiritual life is, "Lord, I believe, as best I know how; help Thou my unbelief. Teach me Thy faith, quicken what Thou hast given me into life." For remember, your faith is in you like a seed, waiting to be quickened.

Use what faith you have thankfully, and it will increase; for every God-given faculty increases by use. If man is endowed with no other talent he has this one of faith—although he may lose sight of it at times, yet spirit has not failed to leave this evidence of itself in every living soul. It is Truth's own voice within you, speaking to you; so listen and learn, and you will trust it more and more as you learn.

Mind Your Own Business

MIND your own business. Attend strictly to the mind of the Spirit in you. Keep your hands and thoughts and tongue off of other people. Do not try to mould or fashion others; never interfere with them, nor let them interfere with you. Anyway, whatever they do to you, you let them alone. Put away selfishness; it is the tap-root of trouble; it is the source of evil. Selfhood is brutal; there is nothing more brutal than selfishness. Mind your own affairs, but do not mind them selfishly. Be free, but be willing that all others should be free, too; what we claim for ourselves let us grant to others. Be simple, truthful, meek and humble. Be His, and do only as He directs. So did Jesus. Make Him your pattern, and do as He did.

Sectarianism

By J. P. Cook

How much the human mind gains in dignity and truth by discarding petty sectarian notions! Man, of the twentieth century, looks back upon the religious development of the past and finds it a series of mistakes and blunders, a chaos of superstitions, a wild farrago of hideous dreams.

With what different feelings the modern, cultivated, spiritualized man or woman, clear-minded and instructed, looks at the same facts!

As Octavius B. Frothingham said: "The whole religious history of mankind is one long testimony to the earnestness, the determined patience of the intellect of man. In all ages, in all races, man has tried to lift himself above his lowest conditions, to understand himself and the world in which he lives. What feelings of respect do we have for even the most bewildering systems that have been professed by human creatures, when we look at them in this new light."

Of course, the ancient men, like the modern, made mistakes. But the question is not whether we make mistakes, but whether we make them in the honest pursuit of truth. It is the needless error that is harmful—the error that should have been outgrown and cast away.

Spiritualism is a religion of itself. It believes in man, consults nature, trusts to the creative genius of natural intelligence.

Modern Science leads directly to religion in its disclosures of harmonious law. Spiritual Philosophy supports its effort by interpreting the meaning and intent of nature. There is already a science of religion suggested by the doctrine of evolution—a doctrine of reasoned faith, full, rich, exuberant, with aspiration, worship, brotherly kindness and earnest devotion in all good and worthy works.

It is coming. It is already here. Some of us know it. Some live in the atmosphere of it every day. Thousands enjoy this new faith, drink in the spirit of it, feed on its nectar and ambrosia, and are made pure and noble by its influence.

We may hope that the time will come for all men, when the spirit of jealousy, antipathy and contempt shall be expelled; when religion shall be as free as science, or philosophy, or literature, and shall take its place as the sweetest friend and the mightiest inspirer of man.

To LOVE truth for truth's sake is the principal part of human perfection and the seed-plot of all other virtues.—*John Locke.*

Opposition Is Good

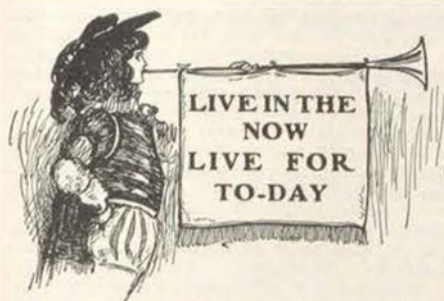
"He that opposes us sharpens our wits, and becomes our helper."

There was once a man who was educated, full of energy and goodness of heart, but had one dominant weakness—he would be dominated by the wills of positive and selfish men, who used his talents for their own necessary ends. The result was, he was a slave and drudge to others, and barely earned a living, while his employers got rich off his ideas. One day, when long past middle life, he happened to say to his employers he thought he would enter business for himself and become an employer. This statement brought forth a jeering remark from the employer that he would surely be a dire failure. This remark changed the slave's whole being; he became a Master and became an honored, just employer of great numbers of men, and amassed a fortune.

Warned of Death

CHARLES SNOW, of Franklin, O., who was recently killed by a runaway team, was saved from a grave in the Potter's Field through a dream of a friend. Samuel Crawford, of Salina, knew Snow some years ago. One night Crawford says he had a strange dream. In his vision he saw an old man killed in a runaway. As he was thrown from the buggy he uttered a cry of pain. Crawford recognized the face in the fleeting glance. It was quite familiar to him, but he was unable to recall the name.

The vision passed away, but after a while he was aroused by a knocking at his door. He opened it, but no one was there. Crawford says he went to bed again and had another vision. It was the same form of an old man stretching out his hand, asking Crawford to come to his funeral. Then he read in the local paper of the death of Snow. He went to the hospital, where he found the body of his old-time friend. He found Snow had left no money, and he paid the expenses of the burial.



If You Want To Be Loved

Don't find fault.
 Don't hunt for unpleasant things.
 Don't believe all the evil you hear.
 Don't repeat unverified evil reports.
 Don't jest at anybody's religious views.
 Don't be rude to your inferiors in social position.
 Don't repeat gossip, even if it does interest a crowd.
 Don't underrate anything because you don't possess it.
 Don't go untidy on the plea that everybody knows you.
 Don't contradict people, even if you are sure you are right.
 Don't wander away from the strict line of veracity for the sake of "clinching an argument."
 Don't do it.

"Try to make somebody happier." No rules will be held as important as to add to the happiness, subtract from the pains, multiply the joys, and divide the sorrows of as many human souls as thou canst reach.
 Under the inspiration of such a religion the most radical change would come.

If your surroundings and conditions do not suit you, the true remedy is to go deeply within yourself and find out the weakness *there* which produces the outer calamity; correct this weakness by affirmations of strength and intelligence, and search for deeper knowledge. Then let this knowledge be the foundation of your fresh effort, and success will result.

Little Kindnesses

If you were toiling up a weary hill,
 Bearing a load beyond your strength to bear,
 Straining each nerve unfiringly, and still
 Stumbling and losing foothold here and there,
 And each one passing by would do so much
 As give one upward lift and go their way,
 Would not the slight reiterated touch
 Of help and kindness lighten all the day?
 If you were breasting a keen wind, which
 Tossed
 And buffeted and chilled you as you strove,
 Till, baffled and bewildered quite, you lost
 The power to see the way, and aim and
 move,
 And one, if only for a moment's space,
 Gave you a shelter from the bitter blast,
 Would you not find it easier to face
 The storm again when the brief rest was
 past?
 There is no little and there is no much;
 We weigh and measure and define in vain.
 A look, a word, a light, responsive touch
 Can be the ministers of joy to pain.
 A man can die of hunger walled in gold,
 A crumb may quicken hope to stronger
 breath,
 And every day we give or we withhold
 Some little thing which tells for life or death.
 —Coolidge.

Success and Failure

PERSEVERANCE I particularly respect; it is the very hinge of all virtues. On looking over the world the cause of nine parts in ten of the lamentable failures which occur in men's undertakings, and darken and degrade so much of their history, lies not in the want of talents, or the will to use them, but in the vacillating and desultory modes of using them, in flying from object to object, in starting away at each little disgust, and thus applying the force which might conquer any one difficulty to a series of difficulties so large that no human force can conquer them.

The smallest brook on earth, by continuing to run, has hollowed out for itself a considerable valley to flow in. The wildest tempest overturns a few cottages, uproots a few trees, and leaves, after a short space, no mark behind it. Commend me, therefore, to the Dutch virtue of perseverance. Without it all the rest are little better than fairy gold, which glitters in your purse, but when taken to market proves to be slate or cinders.

"In the Silence"

Margaret Messenger, in Eleanor Kirk's Idea

THOUGHTFUL people know that there is nothing more potent than silence in the care and cure of many troubles and diseases. It gives the individual spirit the needed opportunity for communion with the Great Spirit. None but a very ignorant person would even condemn or throw ridicule upon the practice now so common of seeking the Holy of Holies.

To my mind such retirement means the gathering of strength and wisdom for use in the objective world, and right here is where many earnest and conscientious seekers of truth make a mistake; at least it seems so to me. Of course, it is easy to say that there are no such things as mistakes, and that what we designate by that name are only the lessons that our especial development made necessary.

Call these slips or postponements of the spiritual journey what you may, I can candidly say from my own experience that they are very disagreeable, and that personally I am tired of making them.

At school I was ever impatient of reviews, and got into some fine scrapes by my unpleasant attitude and equally unpleasant expressions of opinions on the subject.

Is there anyone, I wonder, who enjoys learning the same lessons over and over again?

To illustrate. Some time ago I was compelled to make a call in reference to a matter of business quite disconnected from anything in Mental Science or any other science.

The maid who admitted me inquired most politely if I could wait fifteen minutes. Her mistress expected me, but she was in the silence, and she did not like to disturb her.

The mistress of this beautiful mansion was simply a pleasant acquaintance. She had always attracted me by her sweet and gracious manners, and the desire so clearly expressed in every line of her countenance, as well as every word she spoke, to be of real use in the world. Lately I had observed a falling off in good looks and certain signs of physical weakness, which I was sorry to see.

Now she was "in the silence," and as I waited in the pleasant library I also invoked the heavenly calm. I had had a very busy day, but this was by no means the first time that I had nestled down close to the Heart of the Universe. I had withdrawn from all the surrounding noise and bustle as I was whirled along in the street cars, and when obliged to wait a few moments in a great printing establishment, where the bang of presses shook the building from bottom to top, I was as much alone in these places as in this silent and most attractive library.

After these moments of silence I had walked miles, and had brought the blood into such active circulation that every part of my body felt the influence of the life current.

This was a beautiful quarter of an hour. Some things had been made very plain; and when my hostess appeared with an apology, I told her how much I had enjoyed the waiting.

"I knew you would forgive me," she replied, and added: "You see I am compelled to seek retirement in this way very often. It is the only thing that does me any good. Of course, I except the work of my healer, who is doing all she can for me."

It may be a very unscientific statement, but I was profoundly curious to know what was the matter with this woman. I noticed that she did not walk with ease, and the names of various maladies floated through my head, which was also very unscientific.

But it was none of my business. Say, honest, now, isn't it a hard job to mind one's business under certain circumstances? I am not ashamed to say that I find it so. On this especial occasion I felt that I had a message for this most interesting person. But the first command was to attend to my own affairs; the second to try and realize that if my services were indispensable the sign would be given for their use.

So we talked about the business in which we were mutually interested, and I rose to go.

"Please stay a moment longer," my companion remarked. "There are one or two things I would like to talk to you about."

It was a real pleasure to acquiesce in this request, because it was such a direct and beautiful manifestation of the Spirit.

"Mind your own business." "Wait till you are asked; know that the sign will be given at the proper time."

I had heeded all these injunctions, and here was the reward of obedience, for I knew what was coming.

"I want to talk a little about the silence," my friend remarked. "How much time do you spend in this way?"

"I utilize all the moments I can find for

this purpose," I replied, "as you have seen me do here."

"But this could be only an approximation to the real thing, a sort of a let-down from care and excitement," said my companion.

"I have no care, and I learned long ago not to get excited—"

"No care?" she interrupted. "No care? Why, I never heard of such a thing. What, then, do you seek the silence for?"

"For the strength and enlightenment that will lead me to the proper use of all my faculties and powers when I face the world again."

"But do you not seek the silence primarily for healing?"

"I am strengthened by this communion with the Infinite to avoid negative conditions," I told her. "Were I to allow the entrance of painful thoughts and experiences, I should be so occupied getting rid of them that I should have very little time for such passivity. I should then be compelled to take a positive attitude until the intruders were exorcised."

"What would you do?"

"In any case my endeavor would be to change the atomic properties of my blood. I should eat very simple food, or perhaps not eat for a time. I should exercise, exercise, exercise."

"But suppose you were too lame to walk?"

"Then I should find some mode of exercise that would fit the case. If I could not do it all myself I should have someone do it for me."

"You mean you would take body massage?"

"Most certainly. I should have it every day of my life, and I should thank the Lord at every fresh rub that there were such educated helpers."

"But I have been warned against all these external methods."

"Bosh!"

If that little word is registered in the psychic atmosphere I am glad of it. I wish I could have pronounced it in capitals, and ordered the psychic printer to give it a preferred position.

My companion laughed aloud—quite merrily. It was the first indication of mirth I had seen.

"You are certainly very frank," she remarked. "Are you a mental or a divine scientist?"

"I have never yet had a label. My aim is to be a good, fair, totally unprejudiced, all-round observer and practitioner. To get into a groove, or to be confined by the walls of a creed, would mean my death warrant. We are living in a great age, and I am glad I am here. I am glad to the very marrow of my bones every hour and every moment. I believe this joy is one of the chief causes of my steadfast health. It is chronic. It would be as impossible for me to pick out one path and walk in that, to the shutting out of the true and the beautiful in other realms, as it would be for me to commit suicide. Indeed, that would be self-destruction of the rankest kind."

"But when one has a healer, and one is told to do nothing but to sit in the silence and concentrate, what is one to do?"

"First, are you benefited by such treatment?"

"No, I am far worse than I ever was, and the silence has become almost unendurable."

"That is the voice of the Spirit telling you to take the reins of government into your own hands, and to drive right past those places of error. Instead of sitting so much in the silence which has grown obnoxious to you, you need to walk in the open. When the desire comes for seclusion be sure and gratify it, for that also is the voice of God in your heart."

"You see I have had this healer for two years, and have grown very fond of her. What will she think if I discharge her after all this time?"

But this was not my territory, so I minded my own business and said nothing.

Now all this woman needed was a little local help, care of her diet and plenty of exercise. The subsequent weeks proved this to be true.

It is somewhat of a blood-boiling thought that any so-called healer would condemn a patient to squat in the solitude for two long years, because of the mean little tenets of a mean little creed.

[The above excellent article is of great value to many "New Thought" people who go to extremes, and spend too much time "in the silence." In all things it is wise to avoid extremes. The "Higher Thought," when properly used, makes one sensible, practical, happy, and above all, healthy and vigorous.—EDITOR.]

WHEN pleasure cometh before duty it bringeth—ah! what not in its train?

Do not expect others to understand you until you have reached a fair understanding of yourself.—Merrill.

The Tay Bridge Disaster

A VISION SAVES THE LIFE OF AN EMINENT SCULPTOR



IT WAS one of a party of four—two afterward distinguished literary men, a sculptor and myself. It was in the "old" town of Edinburgh, not far from a favorite calling place of the late lamented novelist, Robert Louis Stevenson, then unknown to fame, and with whom the writer of this account was on terms of intimate friendship.

I just now said the "old" town. Let me further explain, for the benefit of those not familiar with Scotland's capital, that there is the "old" town and the "new"—the "old" taking in Edinburgh Castle, Holyrood Palace (where Rizzio was murdered) and the various points of historical interest so powerfully depicted in some of Scott's romances. The "new" town is that part of the city extending north of Prince's street—one of the most fashionable and picturesque thoroughfares in the world, perhaps.

I said there were four in the party, myself included. The little clubroom where men of our ilk met was on the High street, within a hundred yards of the Tron Church, the capital's most ancient place of worship.

It was a time of considerable excitement. The Zulu War was in full blast. A British regiment—the 24th Foot—was surprised by Cetewayo's warriors, and massacred—but two Irish officers escaping, after heroically cutting their way through a score of the enemy. These officers later got the Victoria Cross for daring valor, and nobly earned the coveted honor.

Our little party was seated at a small circular card table, the sculptor holding forth, as was his wont on such occasions, on his favorite topics, as to whether the spirits of the dead revisited the scenes of their former active life—whether presentiments were to be relied upon—whether the living could convey by telepathy messages from long distances—also whether we received warnings through supernatural agency of the approaching death of some dear friend or relative.

"To all this I say, 'yes,'" Mr. Coutts went on, relighting his cigar, which had gone out during his harangue. "They have been verified in numberless instances—that the spirits of the dead can and do communicate with the living. Spiritualists prove, I think, on pretty conclusive evidence that the shades of the departed can come back, when there is some mighty impulse at work compelling them once more to visit the scenes of their earth life; it may be for some benign purpose, or even the opposite—it all depends on the nature of the warnings they are to give to their friends in the flesh.

"It is still fresh in your memories—the Tay Bridge disaster," Mr. Coutts continued. "You all recall the dreadful wind storm we had that Sunday afternoon, growing to hurricane proportions as night deepened. Even in this city—far removed from the scene of that awful disaster—it was next to impossible to keep one's feet, and it grew more terrible as the hours went by. You know, too, that the Tay Bridge—the mightiest structure of its day—spanned the Tay River, separating Dundee from the picturesque little town of Newport. Well, the bridge went down in one of the most violent paroxysms of the tempest, carrying a full train load of passengers with it. Many of the bodies of the poor creatures were washed out to sea, nothing further being ever heard of them. And here is the point of my account, friends, wherein I had a providential escape from death—by not taking the journey and going over the Tay Bridge that night in the doomed train.

"Upon the occasion of which I speak, I was living, as now, at Morningside, the south part of the town. Early Monday I was to be in Dundee with my friend, the Rev. George Gilfillan. You all know 'Geordie,' the great preacher and writer, and one of the kindest hearted men that ever lived. Well, I was to be in Dundee the next morning to meet him; in point of fact, I was to make a bust of my old friend for a gentleman in Argyleshire, and as there was a good thousand pounds in it (\$5,000), I concluded I had a cinch, as the Americans say—and such a job was not to be sneezed at, the more especially as it was a labor of love on my part.

"I resolved to be at the rectory in Dundee at the appointed hour, by hook or by crook—and I was determined that even the storm (if it blew cats and dogs, figuratively) should prove no obstacle to my getting there. But we sometimes reckon without our host in this world. I reckoned without mine, as you shall soon hear. The night before we had a visitor—a lady to whom my family were much attached—from Aberdeenshire. When we had gathered at the breakfast table the Sunday morning we all noticed that Mrs. L— looked greatly depressed. My wife asked her the cause—and this was the story she told.

"She had had a vision the previous night, she explained. She was very circumstantial in her account, and a little excited, I thought. She described the Tay Bridge in the most minute way, although she had never been within fifty miles of the structure, and had never seen even a drawing that would give her any adequate idea of what it looked like. Mrs. L—in her dream or vision—call it what you will—found herself in Newport. The streets were very dark, and the whole place wore an awful quiet—one of those quietnesses that can be felt. As the little town was strange to her and not at all to her liking, she decided to cross to Dundee, where she could stay for the night at one of the hotels. But here came a difficulty. It being Sunday, the ferry was not running, and she could get no boat that would take her across the river. 'Well, as I can do no better, I will go by the bridge,' Mrs. L— decided. That awful calm was still resting over the town and its surroundings, and each moment the night grew blacker and blacker. But, not to be driven from her purpose, Mrs. L— got to the bridge and pushed resolutely on, along a narrow, dizzy pathway used by trainmen. She had got beyond several of the powerful iron piers that held the big bridge in place, when suddenly, and without warning, a mighty storm blew up, almost sweeping her from her feet. She clung, paralyzed with fear, to the ironwork to prevent being blown into the river. The hurricane increased in violence as each moment sped. The bridge swayed on its mighty pillars, as though rocked by some superhuman power. A roar of thunder, then a vivid flash of lightning—and in that one second of soul-paralyzing dread a face shot distinctly near her own—a face so haggard, so full of fear, as to be never forgotten!

"Another fearful swaying of the great bridge, and with a crash that even the savage hurricane could not drown, the ponderous mass of iron, wood and steel (weighing close on forty thousand tons) fell into the mad, raging waters of the Tay! As it collapsed the awful face of the spectre vanished. *That face was mine, gentlemen; mine!*"

The sculptor paused in his story, closed his eyes for several moments, his lips trembling at the horror of the picture he had called up. That he was profoundly affected there could be no question.

Presently he went on: "Gentlemen, that

was the means of my providential escape—from sure death! Mrs. L—'s story of the vision so impressed my wife that she begged me to heed the warning sent by an Almighty power for my preservation—not to take the journey to Dundee for the present—to write to the Rev. 'Geordie' and make some excuse for not meeting my engagement. I was not at first inclined to give way to her entreaties, but as my two daughters (whom I love very tenderly) joined the supplications of their mother, I decided there was nothing left but to give in and submit to the inevitable with what grace I was master of."

"You acted wisely," one of the party interrupted, with a smile. "If you had not been guided by the tender interests of your family you would not have been here to-day to tell the story of the great Tay Bridge disaster." The writer can vouch for the truth of the above account in all particulars—and if Mr. Stevenson were alive he could bear him out almost word for word.

GERALD CARLTON.

Progression

ONE flower has within itself the secret of all vegetable life. One tiny fly unfolds the lesson of all creation. One thought, if followed in its course, reveals all the secrets of the Universe.

Every being is a manifestation of the great God-soul along different lines of aspiration. Aspiration is the desire to attain some degree in the vast realm of possibilities. As the realm of possibilities is boundless in its extent and innumerable in its diversities, so is aspiration; and as aspiration is endless in its varieties, so are the manifestations of the soul.

Every being is an angel in its sphere. There are worlds celestial and worlds terrestrial—celestial spirits are angels of one sphere, men are angels of another.

Power of Human Emotion

SOME years ago there was stationed at a military post in Kansas an officer of the regular army who had not attained middle life, but his hair was white as snow. He went into camp one evening with a head as black or brown as that of any young man. In the night came the war whoop of the Indians, and at that terrific cry his hair became like that of an old man. Gray hair is turned ordinarily by physical causes and processes working slowly through many years. This particular head of hair was changed in color by one instant of awful fear. Fear is a mental operation; the changing of the color of the hair is a physical affair. In this case the mind seems to have acted as a hair dye.

It is quite impossible to give any account of the effect of the more powerful of the emotions without including in the narrative some physical manifestations. "Her face flushed to the roots of the hair." Here the circulation of the blood was affected by some words said or sung, or, perchance, whispered. "Seeing the apparition, his eyes stared, his jaw fell, his knees knocked together, a cold sweat stood on his forehead. He essayed to speak, but no words escaped his dry and trembling lips." Here there seems to have been an effect produced on the respiration, the nervous system, the circulation, the vocal organs, the whole frame and structure of the body, by the supposed sight of an apparition. The ghost appeared to the mind's eye; the effects were produced on the physical body.

Set over against these well-known effects of fear are the equally apparent operations of faith, which means hope, confidence, expectancy.

Men have risen up from what seemed a dying bed and ridden forth to battle called by an imperious voice that none but themselves could hear. Men have fought on, desperately wounded, nor dropped till the victory was won, not mastering the pain, but unconscious of it. That is what the mind, the soul, does with its frail, broken and temporary habitation. It is a sort of presumption to say what it can or can not do.—*Kansas City Star.*

Shut In.

SOMETIMES within my curtained walls
A soft and low refrain
Upon my weary spirit falls,
And soothes like summer rain.

The "choir invisible" I hear,
The rhythm low and sweet,
As tremblingly I lean my ear
To catch the strain complete.

All timely Hope spreads out her wings
To mount the starry way,
And heart to heart with Faith she sings
A glad and praiseful lay.

MAN A MEDIUM OF GOD

By Julius A. Dresser

It is generally recognized by the world that man received his powers and capabilities from his Maker; and it is believed by a majority of the Christian world that to some extent God exists within the members of His human family, but in what shape, or to what degree He lives with them, they have little or no knowledge, nor even a definite belief. But that man is really a medium for God is clear from the highest spiritual evidences. From these evidences it is apparent that man is not complete in himself; he is only complete in God. Paul says that "our sufficiency is of God," and is not of ourselves; and he also carries the idea in the same connection that man should not take any credit to himself for any power or capability as being of himself.

This divine mediumship is a vital thing to understand. For it reveals the fact that, instead of living in comparative weakness and inefficiency, we can approach infinite powers—just so far as we become open to and understand them. How shall we become open to these infinite powers? By understanding this mediumship, or, in other words, by recognizing that whatever powers we each possess are not merely our own, but are God in us, and therefore are and must be infinite. I do not discriminate between powers for good and bad, because no one will do wrong except through ignorance.

A wise man knows that it does not pay to be bad or to conduct himself badly, either to himself personally or to others; and the unwise one is forced to learn this. There is but one direction in which it pays to move, in word or deed; and that is the right one. And the knowledge that our powers and capabilities are God in us takes away all desire to act recklessly or otherwise than with the best of motives and for the best results.

The understanding of this mediumship is gained in understanding ourselves, analytically, or in proportion as we do this; but the worst enemy we have in getting this understanding and in enjoying the infinite power spoken of is selfishness. Man is born in ignorance, but he can grow out of that condition if he overcomes his selfishness. In proportion as he is impeded by this, it is like a dead weight to defeat his progress toward light and truth. For, if he is in reality a medium for that which is not himself, the more he is bound up in his own personal comfort, his own affairs, good or bad, the less can that other power use him; and this selfishness prevents his finding out his true status, it blinds his eyes and seals him in ignorance.

As we were born in ignorance of ourselves and of the truth, what arrangement did God make for working through us, how is He to get His work done that each of us is assigned to do? Indirectly, through our natural belief of necessity for action, but, directly, through love. This element of love is a prompting toward another; and, as our ignorance of life and truth makes us largely dependent upon each other for help of various kinds, the flow of love and good will and of charity is thereby promoted, and this opens us to an exercise of the God powers within us, which are not only love, but all powers by which we perform our daily works and duties.

This spontaneous love, the very opposite of selfishness, opens the soul to a full and free action for whoever and whatever may benefit or whatever cause we may promote, be it that of our families, our neighbors and friends, or the general good; and its stream is always laden with the dews of heaven for every thirsty soul it may help. Love, therefore, is the avenue for God through us. And we know very well that love is born of truth, while selfishness is born of ignorance, a soil in which the truth cannot flourish. Here we see why Paul said, "Let no man seek his own, but each his neighbor's good," because

To take a statement literally is often to fail seeing the real meaning of it. The strongest statements are generally exaggerations, and are valuable only as they impress or suggest. Therefore look for suggestions only in another's teachings, and recognize your own intuition—for certainly you are your own best teacher.

INVOKE the spirit of Eternal Light; speak little, meditate much, and judge aright.—*Espagnet.*

man's real power, God, works through one for another, and love unites us all in one bond of brotherhood, and in our common Father, who is the one only Reality. And we see why Jesus said so much about oneness with His disciples, and why He laid down such far-reaching and apparently superhuman laws for the practice of love, such as "love your enemies," "do good to them that hate you and despitefully use you." It was because love was the very flood-gate through which flow man's real and true powers, and the wisdom that makes success and breaks down all obstacles. Christ's law of love, therefore, is the very economy of life, the open door for the powers of the Infinite to flow through us to secure our prosperity and to do mighty works.

This mediumship is again expressed when we are told to work out our own salvation; and the consolation is added that "it is God who worketh in you both to will and to do of His good pleasure." And this is a consolation; for what the passage means is that God works through me, for instance, to will and to do whatever it is necessary for me to do. Therefore, God Himself is in every right act of my life. And in every duty that we have to perform, and in every opportunity for doing good to another, if we do it willingly, even to a denial of self, where our personal preference stands in the way, God is as much in it as we are, and even more, because God is the reality of our being, and without Him we are nothing.

What a glorious life does this describe! What a majority against all difficulties! Surely there can be no failure in such a life, except beyond where we understand; and God is constantly leading us into all truth or understanding. This is where selfishness does not stand in the way and where no preference of our own, outside of simple necessity or justice to ourselves, is allowed to prevent a willing and an earnest doing of whatever seems to be the better way or the kindly act, or any duty in any given circumstances. Also where no personal reputation or self-glory is ever desired, and the cause of truth and the good of humanity, or of our neighbor, is ever uppermost.

Man is not a man in the abstract, but in the concrete. That is, he is an organized being; and it is as such that we need to deal with him and understand him. Now if God fills all space, He certainly is within man—in every human being, so far as space is concerned, and that practically establishes God in man. Man is but an image or a thought of God, but God certainly is in His own thoughts.

Besides the many passages in Paul's writings which directly speak of God in man, what does Jesus say about it? Being asked when the kingdom of God would come, he replied that it came not with observation, but "behold! the kingdom of God is within you."

Now, if we understand that God fills the same space that our bodily form appears to occupy, that it is He who fills the space and we fill none of it, we soonest get away from material sense of ourselves and more completely hold ourselves as purely mental, with God as the reality of our being; and his attributes become the thoughts that govern us. In fact, the full realization of this has the most powerful correcting and harmonizing effect of any thought with which you can search yourself. And herein lies the meaning of Christ's words when He said, "He that findeth his life [that is, physical life] shall lose it, and he that loseth his life for My sake [Christ] shall find it." This is literally true, and it puts Christ in every inch of space you occupy. Until you can make this surrender you are not fully Christ's, nor can you fully experience the fact that God is "All in all," that is, the only reality in yourself.

I KNOW of but two ways that are ordained for getting Wisdom, namely, the Book of God and the Book of Nature.—*Sandivogius.*

MAN is the miracle of the universe, and contains within himself the greatest of secrets.—*Hollandus.*

IN the perpetual circle of nature, the living are made out of the dead as well as the dead out of the living.—*Plato.*

Invocation

By Mrs. N. J. Willis

[Mrs. N. J. Willis, in her public work always gives utterance to an invocation similar to the following.]

"O LIFE, we wait before the altar of thine unveiling to realize more and more of the grandeur of that law which governs all. Into the glad realm of soul we would strive to penetrate in order that we may feel within our innermost beings the workings of that power that wields its might throughout the wide universe, and in order that we may understand ourselves. Apprehending, O Infinite and Eternal Energy, the stupendous forces Thou dost hold in Thine Infinite embrace; realizing that worlds upon worlds are peopled by Thy magic touch, all breathing their energy, gladness and love before Thine altar; and therefore rising above all forms and ceremonies and reaching out into those great depths and heights where soul answers soul and love pours forth its benediction upon all, we would grasp more of Thy power, O Life, that we may understand how to come in at-one-ment with infinite law. We would come into conscious closeness with Thy children who have passed over and are ascending the pathway that leads to realms of wisdom. We would invoke that quickening power that shall unfold within our beings the love too often but latent there, unfold the sympathy the world longs to receive, unfold the grand possibilities of the soul that we may comprehend one another, and realize, O Life, Thy bounteous benedictions.

"As we gather up the fragments of the past may we be able to separate the true from the false. May we receive from on High that wisdom that, in the fulness of time, shall make the people of this planet glad unto salvation—glad unto the extent of saving themselves by their own efforts from their own ignorance, and lifting themselves onto a higher, grander and nobler plane of development.

"O Angel of Life, Justice and Liberty, bend in blessing above all people until everywhere the song of joy and gladness shall be heard springing spontaneously from every heart, and each human being shall behold in all others his brothers and sisters. Unto that Energy that rises and swells with a power that bears the soul continually onward, that Energy incarnate in every individual, that Energy cradled in the great realm of immortality, now and forever we breathe our praise and thanksgiving."

A Sermon in Rhyme

If you have a friend worth loving,
Love him. Yes, and let him know
That you love him ere life's evening
Tinge his brow with sunset glow.
Why should good words ne'er be said
Of a friend till he is dead?

If you hear a song that thrills you,
Sung by any child of song,
Praise it. Do not let the singer
Wait deserved praises long.
Why should one that thrills your heart
Lack the joy you may impart?

If you hear a prayer that moves you
By its humble, pleading tone,
Join it. Do not let the seeker
Bow before his God alone.
Why should not your brother share
The strength of "two or three" in prayer?

If you see the hot tears falling
From a brother's weeping eyes,
Stop them, and by kindly sharing
Own your kinship with the skies.
Why should anyone be glad
When a brother's heart is sad?

If a silvery laugh goes rippling
Through the sunshine on his face,
Share it. 'Tis the wise man's saying—
"For both grief and joy a place."
There's health and goodness in the mirth
In which an honest laugh has birth.

If your work is made more easy
By friendly, helping hand,
Say so. Speak out brave and truly
Ere the darkness veils the land.
Should a brother workman dear
Falter for a word of cheer?

Scatter thus your seeds of kindness,
All enriching as you go;
Leave them. Trust the Harvest Giver,
He will make each seed to grow.
So, until its happy end,
Your life shall never lack a friend.

THIS Magazine thoughtfully read will rouse the Soul to a realization of its greatness.

Ideal Thoughts

IN the Kingdom of God there are no dead.—*P. Davidson.*

FAITH in the Bible is not religion; faith in God is religion.—*Lyman Abbott.*

I BEG you to take courage; the brave soul can mend even disaster.—*Catharine of Russia.*

"It is an unpoisoned thing to grieve for those who have gone where there is no grief."—*Plutarch.*

HE who loves is something more Divine than he who is beloved, for he is possessed of God.—*Plato.*

INFANCY is a perpetual Messiah which comes into the arms of fallen men and pleads with them to return to paradise.—*Emerson.*

LIKE a beautiful flower full of color but without scent, are the fine but fruitless words of him who does not act accordingly.—*Buddha.*

My consciousness is as much a truth as is any truth of which I can gain knowledge, for all my knowledge must become part of this consciousness before it is mine.—*Charles Linton.*

Do you not, then, see that when every human being loves the Lord his God with all his heart, and his neighbor as his own self, all mankind will indeed become one blessed unity?—*Dr. Boardman.*

INDEPENDENCE of thought is what makes for civilization and progress. Believe nothing until you reason it out yourself and find it to be true and good. Respect every man's belief or unbelief, but do not make it your belief until you are sure it is true and good for you.—*A Mystic.*

SIAMESE women entrust their children to the care of elephants. The babies play about the huge feet of the animals, who are ever careful not to hurt the little creatures. And if danger threatens, the sagacious old nurse will curl the child gently up in his trunk and swing out of harm's way upon his own broad back.

Do not dare to live without some clear intention toward which your living shall be bent. Mean to be something with all your might. Do not dare to think that a child of God can worthily work out his career, or worthily serve God's other children, unless he does both in the love and fear of God their Father.—*Phillips Brooks.*

PERHAPS you have a great mind; perhaps you have an eloquent tongue; it may be you have a large purse, and can glorify God and bless mankind with that; but perhaps you have nothing in the world but a kind, sweet smile. Then let that fall upon some poor life that has no smiles upon it. Remember that dewdrops glistening in the sun are just as beautiful as a rainbow.—*Dr. Parkhurst.*

THE cruelty of religious fanatics in the Middle Ages made true men hate God of the fanatics. It is only now, in this great and progressive age, when man is permitted to worship the Great God as to him seems fit, that real religion is coming into the world, and the whole world is getting better every day. The Brotherhood of Man and the Fatherhood of God are nearer being realized than ever before, because men are becoming true God-lovers.—*F. H.*

As the years pass by we shall more and more learn that the benefits of worship fall upon the worshipper. The more infinite the God the less he needs anything from man, and the more educated the man the more he needs help from the whole universe. We shall soon reverse the religion of the past. It took a poor, defective god, and then made him presents of animals and wine and jewels, and made man a worm and a beggar, that the defective god might seem great. Our age takes an infinite Deity and then asks man to live more and more like the faultless God or Saviour.—*Professor Swing.*

Forgive and Forget

It is divine to forgive and forget. All great men forgive those who injure them and forget the injury. Oftentimes in our wilful obstinacy we refuse to forgive and forget, and suffer much loss. Many business men sustain great financial losses through their unwillingness to forgive and forget.

If you would increase your happiness and prolong your life, forget your neighbor's faults. Forget the slander you have heard. Forget the temptations. Forget the fault-finding, and give a little thought to the cause which provoked it. Forget the peculiarities of your friends, and only remember the good points which made you fond of them. Forget all personal quarrels or histories you may have heard by accident, and which, if repeated, would seem a thousand times worse than they are. Blot out as far as possible all the disagreeables of life; they will come, but they will grow larger when you remember them, and the constant thought of the acts of meanness, or, worse still, malice, will only tend to make you more familiar with them. Obliterate everything disagreeable from yesterday; start out with a clean sheet for today, and write upon it for sweet memory's sake only those things which are lovely and lovable.

Mr. Gladstone Was an Everyday Christian

THE vicar of a London church had been to see a crossing sweeper in his parish who was sick. Asking him if anyone had been to see him, the sweeper replied, "Yes, Mr. Gladstone." "Which Mr. Gladstone?" asked the vicar. "Mr. Gladstone," repeated the poor invalid. "But how came he to see you?" inquired the vicar. "Well," answered the crossing sweeper, "he always had a nice word for me when he passed my crossing, and when I was not there he missed me. He asked my mate, who has taken my place, where I was, and when he heard I was ill, he asked for my address, and when he was told he put it down on paper. So he called to see me." "And what did he do?" asked the vicar. "Why, he read some Bible to me and prayed," was the reply. This happened when Mr. Gladstone was Premier of England and at the same time Chancellor of the Exchequer, consequently one of the busiest men in the realm. His whole life was made up of just such acts as this, which is one great reason why his name lives wherever the English language is spoken.

The Lord's Prayer

OUR Father, who in Heaven art,
All hallowed be Thy name,
Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done
On earth, in Heaven, the same;
Wilt Thou this night fair pearls of light
Drop deep within each soul,
And with life's wine, Thy love divine,
Fill up each golden bowl?
From out of evil's paths, O Lord,
Lead Thou our sinking feet;
Forgive, and teach us thus, O God,
That to forgive is sweet;
And Thine the kingdom, Thine the power,
Shall heralded be to worlds afar,
And chanted by angelic choir
Whose echoes sing from star to star.
While thus on earth life's waves we stem,
Hear this our prayer, O God! Amen.

THE reason is acknowledged to be the greatest endowment God has given to man. It is the holy of holies of human nature, the presence-chamber of God within the soul, into which the divine spirit enters when He would influence the man, and in which our Saviour dwells.—*Dr. Briggs.*

Progress

SPIRITUAL growth, education, labor and work, the development of culture and refinement, are taking this planet and its people out of darkness into light; from savagery and barbarism into civilization.

The world grows better every minute. No matter what the pessimists and cynics say, there are more love, more charity, more refinement, more gentleness and more progress now than there ever were before.

This is truly the Spiritual and intellectual age.

A new era has begun. Man is now rapidly casting out of his being the beast, animal and brute in him.

A great and glorious Psychic Wave is now sweeping over our planet.

A new Great Cycle has begun. Rouse your souls, men, and let them thrill with the new order of things.

God's Sovereignty

By Mrs. Thomas Cook

COMING into the light of the Son of Righteousness is being drawn by the attractive force of the love of the Father of Light. Jesus said: No one cometh unto Me but the Father draws him, and that were he lifted up, he would draw all men unto him, but what ye see Me do, is not Me, but the Father; He doeth the works.

So also is this Father-love force the attracting power which draws all men unto it. It is that one sovereign force which controls all motion, inasmuch as not a sparrow can fall to the ground without being noticed. This force we call God, who has supreme authority over all the works of His hands. Were His authority vetoed in one instance, or were a single motion of the planetary system, or one mortal thought omitted, the world would pass into nothingness, so accurate and subtle are His plans of ruling the world. Could His arrangement be ignored, or set aside in the smallest degree, the earth would not be a fit dwelling place for man. Confusion, chaos and pandemonium would reign. In nature's chain one link would be broken, and the great chain destroyed.

This wise plan keeps up an equilibrium of forces, and preserves order, which is Heaven's first law, and retains the connection of all elements existing.

Although the fool hath said in his heart, There is no God, reason and common sense should teach that there is an intelligent, wise spirit controlling all things, and that it is which works in us to do His good will and pleasure.

All philanthropists and reformers, of any school of thought, who claim to no wondrous works of themselves, have the backing of this God-love force.

God's sovereignty is in litigation among mortals, is on trial in justice's court, and when the contention concludes, He will be pronounced the Supreme Judge, through whom all things will work together for good. Inspiration and revelation confirm the above promises, so let us utilize the comfort, joy and peace they offer us, and stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord.

On these lines Spiritualism *per se*, which is truth, will take care of itself, through its Divine author, and finite man may not attempt to put his foot into the arrangement.

Wise Sayings

THERE are many good proverbs and rules for a better life found in the sayings of the wise men of the past, a few of which we give below:

Blessed are the horny hands of toil.—*Lowell.*

Tenderness is the repose of passion.—*Joubert.*

Patience is God's foster daughter.—*Tertullian.*

Kind benefits often flow from means unkind.—*Savage.*

Knavery's plain face is never seen till used.—*Shakespeare.*

God's music will not finish with one tune.—*Sir Edwin Arnold.*

Only he who lives a life of his own can help the lives of other men.—*Brooks.*

Knowledge without justice ought to be called cunning rather than wisdom.—*Plato.*

Judgment is not upon all occasions required, but discretion always is.—*Lord Chesterfield.*

All the works of outward nature are symbolical of our own immortal souls.—*Sveinborg.*

The best education in the world is that got by struggling to get a living.—*Wendell Phillips.*

Men love to hear of their power, but have an extreme disrelish to be told their duty.—*Burke.*

If you are to continue to be a law to yourself you must beware of the first signs of laziness.—*Stevenson.*

The smallest worm will turn, being trodden on, and doves will peck in safeguard of their brood.—*Shakespeare.*

ANYONE who can reason correctly will understand the small value to be placed on luck as we go through life. Indeed, some people scarcely reason at all, and these are the very ones who are always talking about luck; they go through life with a dependence on luck.

Thought, common sense, hard work and honesty of purpose will bring results and will teach anyone that luck cuts a very small figure in the world.

THERE is nothing under the stars so helpful, so encouraging, so healthful, as a religion which tells us that we are in the Father's keeping, and that we are traveling a rough road toward an eternal home.—*Rev. Dr. George H. Hepworth.*



Maine's Hoodoo Hearse

THERE IS A STRANGE AND REMARKABLE STORY of an ancient hearse that made much trouble and pointed the way to death. At East Holden, Me., the citizens for some time past have been much disturbed by its "Hoodoo Hearse." But it is hoped now that the evil reputation that has marked the career of the old Holden hearse has come to an end. The hearse was made in England more than a century ago and was brought over to Massachusetts as something unusual in the line of funeral splendor.

Having done its solemn duty in Ipswich, Mass., for nearly a quarter of a century it was sent down to New Wrentham, Me., and for seventy-five years was in constant demand for funerals in all parts of Hancock and Penobscot counties, often being sent more than fifty miles from home. The body of the carriage wore out four sets of wheels, and the revenues which it earned for its owners mounted up to almost \$1,000 a year.

It had become the custom for the heaviest stockholder in the vehicle to drive the horse and attend all the funerals. Six hearse drivers grew old and died in the service. The seventh brought ill luck and final disaster.

Late in the fall of 1866 he was called upon to take a body from Bangor to Brooksville for interment. The surviving kindred of the deceased were poor, and the driver got a fee much too low for profit. To recoup himself he bought 600 pounds of salt codfish to take home in the hearse and sell. This act plunged Holden into a neighborhood row, which is still in progress. His critics said that the vehicle was for the exclusive use of the dead, and that if it was made to carry anything else such conduct was in the nature of sacrilege.

It was the bitterest fight ever seen in Eastern Maine. Families became estranged over it, and aged men sent for lawyers in haste and drew up documents, declaring that their remains must not be carried to the grave in such a vehicle. It seemed for a time that the owners of the hearse were sure to win, because they showed old contracts with two cemetery associations in which the owners of lots agreed to employ this particular hearse at all burials in their yards. No sooner were these papers produced than the anti-hearse crowd began to fence off burial lots on their own land.

For the next six months it is declared that no enemy of the old hearse died, fearing the indignity of riding in a hearse which had once held codfish. Finally the courts upset the contracts.

From this time the patronage of the old hearse fell off, and it was dismantled and locked in the hearse house, to await its own time of burial. If the enemies of the hearse had been content to let things rest where they were the war would have ended there, but the grudge was so deep that the boys in the neighborhood amused themselves by stealing the rickety carriage and hauling it about the roads at night, leaving it in the yard of one of its supporters.

It was soon noticed that wherever the hearse was left a member of the household died in a short time. As the hearse was generally run into the yard of someone who owned shares in the vehicle, and as most of these owners were aged and would soon die in the course of nature, the deaths were not regarded as remarkable at first. But when the hearse continued to roam abroad at night, and death continued to visit the homes where it was left, a great fear took hold of the people.

Several meetings were held by those who saw an omen of death in every movement of the hearse, and the time was drawing near when the hearse was likely to be burned by an indignant and frightened people, when the constable caught five boys wheeling the

hearse through the woods leading to Dedham. They were taken before a magistrate, who threatened to send them away to the reform school unless the hearse ceased to go abroad at night. The hearing took place in March. The hearse has not been out since, and all the people of Holden are enjoying excellent health. So it is hoped that the trouble over the hearse is ended.

First Warning of Death

ONE night, while at college, I could not sleep. I got up and looked out of the window; it was moonlight, and I heard a screech owl crying. The balance of the night I was sleepless. The next morning I asked the professor the meaning, and he said it was a forerunner of death. At noon my uncle came for me to go home to attend the funeral of my mother's lady companion, who had passed over the same hour that I awoke.—*John F. Morgan.*

Kept Alive by Hypnotism

FRIGHTENED into a trance or subconscious state and kept alive by hypnotic suggestion is the strange experience through which Mr. Fred Hamlin, ex-Postmaster of the village of North Sanford, N. Y., is passing.

Recently his store was destroyed by fire. Hamlin, who was sleeping soundly, jumped from his bed at the cry of fire to find his place of business burning. Stricken by the shock, he was picked up for dead, and has since remained in a comatose condition.

The only glimmer of life is occasionally a faint fluttering of the heart. Dr. W. A. White, of the Binghamton State Hospital, who recently cured a man of insanity through hypnotism, undertook to recall his spirit. He began with the mental impression conveyed to the victim that he was not dead, and after patient working for some time a fluttering of the eyes became more pronounced.

Though his condition is precarious, it is thought he will recover.

Golden Gleams

"I AM poor, I am weak and unhappy, life to me is a failure," so says the faithless one. Go out into the dark night, look up into space and see the multitude of shining orbs wonderfully beautiful. There they have been, how long? The hand that upholds them, how strong? The life they live, how grand? Yet before them you were. The strength that maintains them is yours, and you share the life they live. Then realize the stability, strength and grandeur of your life.

Every little plant puts down its tiny root and raises its slender shoot, and finds just what it wants in order to live its whole life. And every great tree spreads its roots and its branches and finds the conditions of its life. Provision is made for all according to their need.

All the numerous insects and birds and beasts enjoy their lives in the provision made for them. Then feel how abundant the provision made for you, and learn to take of it in the right way, and be able to say, "I am rich, I am strong and happy; life to me is full of joy and gladness; how glorious is it all!"—*Phil.*

IGNORANCE of the real value of human life is the cause of the various cruelties throughout the world. The actual unity of life is not recognized by the average man; he is alive merely to the instincts of the passing hour; he has no conception even of the narrow limits of his consciousness; he strikes at another if the other causes him some displeasure, or, if he feels himself to be in a position of authority, acts the part of dictator. And yet happiness, the one object of existence, comes as we recognize the Equality underlying all human life—and with that deep recognition which impels to action.—*Frederick Barry.*

Power of Hypnotism

THE other day, in Buffalo, N. Y., there was a wonderful demonstration of the power of hypnotism. Through the agency of hypnotic influence Joseph J. Kelley, a young man from Providence, R. I., was restored to his right mind in the office of Police Surgeon Fowler, and the case is one of the most remarkable ever brought to the notice of Buffalo scientists. For four days Kelley, who is in the employ of a prominent insurance company, could remember absolutely nothing of his past life. He could not recall his own name. He arrived in Buffalo one Thursday night, and after spending several hours in following directions given by various people, took lodgings in Chippewa street. Sunday night he attended the services at the North Presbyterian Church, and after the service sought out Rev. E. H. Dickinson, the pastor.

"I want you to help find out who I am," said the young man. The clergyman, Dr. Dickinson, was surprised, and finally turned Kelley over to the police, who called in Police Surgeon Fowler. Dr. Fowler was impressed by the young man's condition, and asked Dr. James W. Putnam, Dr. Floyd S. Crego and Dr. William C. Krauss, all reputable physicians of this city, to assist him. Dr. Putnam has made a great study of hypnotism, and it was decided to hypnotize Kelley, if possible. He proved very susceptible. Once in the desired trance, Dr. Putnam proceeded to learn the patient's identity.

"Write your name on that piece of paper," demanded Dr. Putnam of Kelley.

This the young man did at once, writing "Joseph J. Kelley, Providence, R. I."

"Wake up," said Dr. Putnam, and tapped the young man's shoulder. The patient obeyed, and was very much elated to read his name and address on the piece of paper.

The young man's condition was brought about by nervous trouble. He had consumed a great deal of strong coffee, he says, and is in a generally weakened condition. He can recall all that happened after his arrival in Buffalo and also what occurred up to the time he lost his memory while coming to Buffalo over the New York Central Railroad.

Sayings of Lucy A. Mallory

LUCY A. MALLORY occupies a high position in the "Higher Thought" circles, and the following sayings from her pen will help all aspiring souls:

The best cosmetic for the complexion and to prevent wrinkles is the milk of human kindness.

Fear of death is an infallible sign that one's life is being wrongly lived, for those who live right do not fear death.

We should change the word fight to Love in the old saying: "If you get anything in this world you have got to fight for it."

Duty fulfilled is Heavenly Joy; duty neglected is Hell's agonies. In this is summed up all of religion, all of Wisdom, all of Love.

Pure life is a unit. On the down grade life tends to separate more and more; on the up grade it tends to unify until it becomes One. Life, like light, is a unit at the centre, and diffuses in separate rays at the circumference.

It is true there is only the now, but without the past and the future there could not be the now—these combined constitute the now. The past characterizes the now, and the future furnishes the supply for the Infinite Now.

The tyranny of governments hurts those least who understand self-government. The people who want to do away with all government are those who need to be governed the most, for they are the least able to govern themselves.

It is as wrong to condemn one's self for mistakes made as it is to condemn one's neighbors. Each one does the best he or she can at the moment—why not make the best of it and not waste so much spiritual and physical force in regretting what is past and cannot be undone?

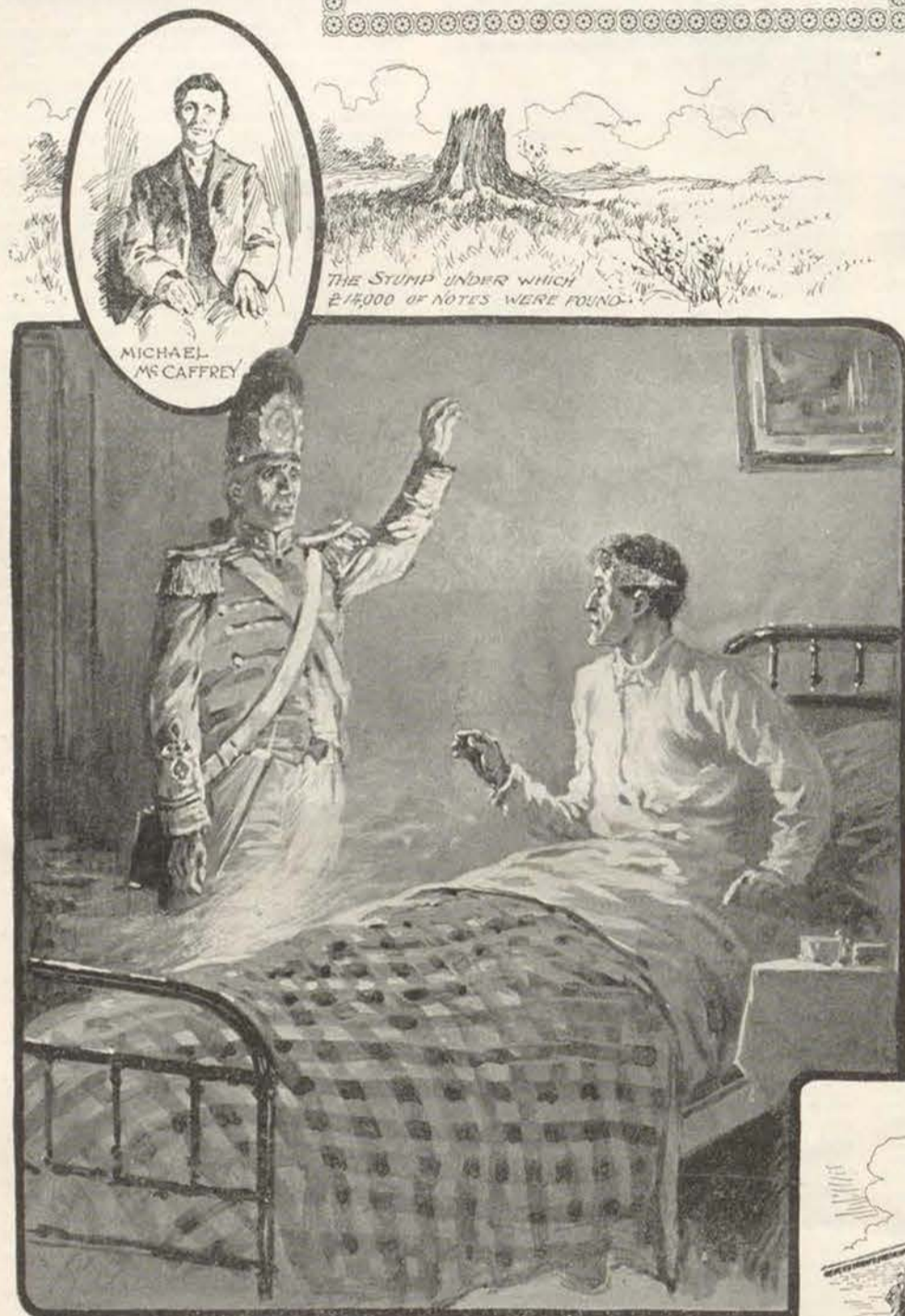
Futile dreams are those of the past. The real lives in the now. The dreamer who is of use dreams ahead. Dreams of the past are too often nightmares projected into a progressive age to frighten people away from new and better things. The pessimist ever dreams of the past.

SILENCE is as deep as eternity; speech is shallow as time.—*Carlyle.*

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

THE STRANGE CASE OF MICHAEL McCAFFREY

PRONOUNCED BY PROFESSOR HYSLOP ONE OF THE GREATEST
PSYCHOLOGICAL MYSTERIES KNOWN



MICHAEL McCAFFREY, of Bangor, N. Y., is the principal in one of the greatest psychological mysteries that have ever confronted scientists—one that has indeed utterly confounded them. The dream manifestations which led to a tentative claim of \$5,000,000 on the Bank of England are so at variance with scientific classification, the repetition with which they appeared so logical, that even so high an authority as Prof. James H. Hyslop, of Columbia University, owns himself at a loss to advance the shadow of an explanation.

In a dream a British soldier of the Colonial period appeared to McCaffrey and told him to dig under an old pine stump on his farm. The vision was clear cut and distinct, and had none of the haziness of the usual dream. The farmer had impressed vividly upon him every detail of the soldier's features, and his dress, the quality of his voice and the peculiarities of gesture.

McCaffrey did as directed and found a certificate on the Bank of England, dated 1775,

for £10,000, with interest. Then the soldier appeared to him again and told him to dig deeper. This time another certificate, for £4,000, was unearthed. Five times afterward came the soldier down the highway of sleep and spoke to McCaffrey, and so convincing, so real was his presence that the dreamer began to doubt that he slept at all.

The certificates, with interest, would call for \$5,000,000. When they were presented to the Bank of England it was found that there were no outstanding obligations of that nature. The Bank officials also made the discovery that the water-mark was not made until twenty-five years after 1775.

There is no ground to believe that McCaffrey was party to any fraud, and it was to determine this that Professor Hyslop conducted a series of experiments upon him. The man of science owns himself baffled after two years of the most searching investigation. The history of the case and the part he played in trying to solve the mystery will be embodied in a monograph to be sub-

mitted to the Society for Psychical Research.

In setting forth this strange story the personality of the man, his family history and the nature of his environment are the principal elements to be considered, not in this case as promising to give a solution, but rather to make a veracious chronicle and to enhance the mystery.

The McCaffrey home is about four miles from Bangor, N. Y., near the Canadian frontier. There on a farm of thirty-five acres live Michael, now a man of forty, his mother and a brother and sister.

Their dwelling is one of those plain, characterless, two-storied, gabled houses so familiar in rural districts, built for so much accommodation and no more. The rooms are sparse of ornamentation and impressively clean, and the sun, which has access through the four windowed sides, imparts a wholesome cheerfulness.

Though life has not been roseate with this family, any more than with millions of others whose legacy is hard work, the McCaffreys have the genuine touch of optimism. Penury has put them to expedients of self-denial at times, but it has not disturbed their complacency. Both local reputation and appearance stamp them as honest. They pay their debts; they are industrious.

When the elder McCaffrey (Michael's father) died, in 1888, there was a load of debt on the house. By incessant toil, scrimping here and saving there, the entire sum was satisfied. It is a family that can pass off to rest with a good conscience of duty well done in its restricted sphere.

THE MYSTERIOUS PINE STUMP

So far as the necessities of life go, the McCaffreys live comfortably. The symmetrical piles of fodder standing against the sky, the cultivated fields, the bursting granary, the tenanted stable, all attest this.

But next to Michael McCaffrey himself the most interesting object by far is a black pine stump about forty yards southwest of the house.

In dealing with this dream mystery McCaffrey and the pine stump are inseparable.

Michael had lived the life of the average country boy and man up to the time of the dream visions. There was nothing whatever to distinguish him from other farm laborers. His ancestors for generations had been farmers. His grandfather, John, emigrated from Ireland early in the century and settled on two hundred acres of land at Lochiel, province of Ontario. His father, Patrick, after working for years on the Canadian



farm, resolved to strike out independently and bought the place near Bangor in 1857. Two years later he married. Michael tells the tale of his own early life thus:

"When I was a child I always worked on the farm here from the first time I was able to work. At seven years of age I commenced by picking potatoes, hoeing and the like of that, though all the time I was going to school until I was nineteen years old. I didn't get a chance to read much. I never read novels or histories, but I did like to read such of the country newspapers as I could get.

"I didn't read the Bible—we hadn't a copy home—though I went to church as regularly as I could. I never played much with the other boys, at marbles or any other games,

and as father would never allow playing cards in the house, I don't know how to use them. Amusements of any kind I never had. I never went to a 'big show' or entered a theatre until a couple of months ago, when Professor Hyslop took me to his house in New York.

"The study that most interested me was arithmetic. Best of all I liked good, hard, muscular work on the farm. Every night I would go to bed at nine o'clock and rise at five or six o'clock."

Michael McCaffrey's years passed along in unbroken monotony. His was the calm, pastoral life which the flocks of the field live, each dawn and each sunset marking out a settled, routine groove of action. He grew up to be what he is now—a clear-headed, guileless country worker, devoid of any other ambition than to fulfill the homely duties imposed upon him.

It is evident that no great aspirations have crossed his mind. His nature has never been upheaved by any tumultuous passion to enter the swift race of fortune hunting. He fell in love with a country girl and married her. The one poignant sorrow of his life came with her death.

To this unsophisticated rustic the vision of a British soldier appeared in a dream one night, telling Michael to dig under the pine stump, where he would find a paper. Not only was this made distinct, but the soldier expressly ordered him to dig there on July 2. The soldier, according to Michael's description, "looked like a middling sized man who used to live at Brushton."

"He was smooth-faced and was dressed in a red jacket and a big, tall hat, something like those hand men wear at the Fourth of July celebration at Brushton. I had never seen anything like that red jacket, and he wore those things [meaning epaulets] on his shoulders."

"No; I never had seen any British uniform and had never read any description of it."

WHAT THE DREAM SOLDIER SAID

"He said he was a soldier, and that he had been killed by the Indians, and that he had no relations whatsoever. Then the dream vanished and I woke up. I didn't think it was worth while thinking upon, and I went ploughing that morning without giving it another thought."

But again and again the vision of the British soldier reappeared, with exactly the same context, the same instructions to dig on July 2. Each time the dream impressed Michael more and more, and after the fourth manifestation he told his folks.

"We were drawing potatoes," he tells, "and when I described the dream to my folks they laughed at me and told me I was surely a-dreaming, and James Sabin, who was there, told me I was gone daft."

A fifth time the soldier appeared. There was the same look, the same attitude, the same words as in the previous dream. Michael then, for the first time, was overcome by the realization that there was "something to it."

He went on July 2 to the old pine stump, which, by the way, is the only one on the farm. In its day of glory the tree must have been one of goodly girth and height. Cut down fifty years or so ago, the stump has become decomposed, though the roots are sound.

On one side was a depression, a sort of cavity, such as is commonly peculiar to stumps.

Not caring to run the risk of being jeered, Michael went alone, keeping his own counsel. After digging two feet he found three flat stones, two large ones and a smaller one about two inches in diameter. Loosening these he came upon a piece of paper between the upper and middle stones.

FINDING THE FIRST PAPER

This paper was of a bluish tint, ruled, and was about eight inches long by two and a half wide. It was rather damp, but held together firmly. It was straight, but apparently had been folded at one time, and it seemed to be without any trace of writing. Michael had never seen anything like that style of paper before.

"I took it to the house," he says, "and showed it there. Mother and the rest were all very much excited. Mrs. Mary Wilson, a farmer's wife near by, was on the road, and she came up and looked at it. When I told her of the dreams she thought it very wonderful. Then I put it in the clock for safe-keeping."

A few nights later the British soldier, for the sixth time, came to Michael and advised him to go back and dig deep on the same spot.

"I went right away when I got up," Michael narrates, "and dug two feet deeper. Right in the ground I found a little round bottle about an inch in diameter and six inches long. I couldn't dig well there, as the

subsoil seemed to have been pressed together, and in loosening the bottle I happened to break it with my crowbar."

"I carried the broken bottle to the house and took a paper out and showed it to the folks. There was writing on it, pretty faded, but I could make it out to be a certificate dated 1775 for £4,000, with interest, on the Bank of England. I knew what the '£' stood for from my arithmetic lessons. Andrew, one of my brothers, was working for B. F. J. Jewett, whose son, Prof. N. F. Jewett, was then at home. He said to me, 'You had better take it to the professor.' So I took it and the first note down. I told Professor Jewett about my dreams. He looked at both notes and after a while, said: 'I'll keep them in some dark place where they won't fade.'"

"Then he and his father hitched up a horse and buggy and came down and examined the spot. The professor took a spade and dug till he struck solid ground. His father asked him what he did that for. He said he did that to see if the ground at the bottom was old, old ground, and he said: 'I have no doubt of it. I am satisfied it has been there for years.'"

Professor Jewett, who is connected with the High School at Fredonia, and who interested Professor Hyslop in the case, has assured the latter that it was evident the ground had not been disturbed for many years.

Professor Jewett took the two papers to Fredonia. For a seventh time the British soldier came in a dream and told Michael that the first note, which could not be deciphered, was for £10,000, with interest. Michael wrote the substance of this dream to Professor Jewett, who replied that such a coincidence was queer; that he had just used acids on the note, and had found that it was for the very sum named in the dream.

Professor Jewett subsequently went to England and presented the notes at the Bank of England. As with interest and compound interest money doubles every twenty years, the £14,000 from 1775 would now swell the amount to more than \$5,000,000.

The officials of the Bank of England carefully investigated its accounts and replied that there were no outstanding obligations of that nature, and that the Bank never gave interest on notes.

The Bank of England authorities also added that the paper of the notes was not made until twenty-five years after 1775.

PROFESSOR HYSLOP'S WORK

In the meantime Professor Hyslop began to study this remarkable case experimentally. This required a series of investigations. The successful working of a new machine is of itself a complete demonstration of fact. No further proof is needed. In analyzing the subtleties of the brain energy, possible reasonable hypotheses and all the resources of trained erudition must be brought to bear.

Confronted as they are with these difficulties and the simulation a pretended marvel might effect, psychologists are quick to detect frauds, or at any rate are able, in most cases, to furnish lucid explanations of mental phenomena.

These findings do not apply in the case of Michael McCaffrey. He is neither a fraud nor can his dream mystery be explained.

As a final touch to his experiments, Professor Hyslop took McCaffrey to his house, No. 519 West 149th street, recently, and there repeatedly hypnotized him, to discover, if possible, whether in that condition, acting under suggestion, he could reveal the supposed real sources of the dreams.

The singular inconsistency and incoherency of dreams are well known. "We do not always remember dreams," says Camille Flammarion, in his work, "The Unknown." "In order to seize a dream as it passes, it is necessary to be very suddenly awakened, and to retain a vivid impression of it, for nothing is more easily destroyed than a dream. It is generally the affair of a second or two, and unless it is immediately grasped it vanishes—like a dream."

In general we dream of things with which we are occupied or persons whom we know. Still, there are curious exceptions to this, and sometimes thoughts which are most intense during the day are not retained during sleep.

To appreciate fully the unusual character of Michael McCaffrey's dreams it is well to quote from Flammarion:

"Time and space are annihilated in dreams. The events of several hours, or even of several days, can be unrolled in a second. You can retrace a great number of years and find yourself again in your infancy, with persons long since dead, without these remote recollections appearing to be weakened. You meet with persons of another age without astonishment in dreams."

And Frank Podmore, in his "Studies in Psychical Research," remarks: "The best

attested cases so far adduced have fallen short of conviction because of their vagueness or their failure to demonstrate a real connection between the thing foreshadowed and the thing as it occurred."

These observations, which strikingly depict the dream experiences of nearly everybody, have no relevancy to the McCaffrey case. Every one of the seven dreams was literally alike to the minutest circumstance—something marvelous in itself, for seldom or never does any person have even two dreams precisely similar.

Moreover, the finding of the notes on the spot indicated, the coincidence of the soldier telling Michael that one note was for £10,000, when Professor Jewett at the same time was discovering the fact by means of acid, far away—these stamped upon the case most significant mystery.

Of all men, scientists are justified in being sceptical until the fact is proved beyond doubt. But whatever were Professor Hyslop's suspicions upon beginning his investigations, they had wholly disappeared by the time he had completed them.

Professor Hyslop's examinations of Michael McCaffrey, physically and mentally, were continuous and thorough. McCaffrey does not show the slightest signs of being either a neurotic or a degenerate. About five feet nine inches in height, his form is that of a well-built, strong man, whose health, partly inherited and partly coming from living a natural, outdoor life, has never been impaired by excesses, for he does not drink or smoke.

His chest is broad, his arms full of brawn. His smooth face has a pleasing, rather winning expression. It is the face of one who has never practiced trickery or been schooled in the arts of cunning.

Across the forehead stretch deepening furrows, those suggestive lines which so often form an index to character and experiences. The clear blue eyes palpably contain no disingenuousness. The head is large and shapely, and the black hair, just betraying tinges of gray, tells of the demands the passing years are making.

His grandfather on the paternal side he describes as generous, quick tempered; a practical man, who knew how to farm and nothing more. His father was the same. Neither in his mother's genealogy can any visionary characteristics be located. Thus, on the score of mental, physical and ancestral influences, Professor Hyslop could find no explanation of what might be the primary causes of the dream visions.

Of healthy stock and living a healthy life, his digestion and nerves are in excellent state. The only illness he has had was the measles when a child. He is not of the type inclined to hallucinations.

His temperament is even, subdued, sanguine, disposed to accept events, whether good or ill, with philosophic submission.

He has not inherited or acquired abnormal mental or nervous tendencies of any kind. He does not give way to fantastic day dreams.

The people in Bangor and its vicinity, without, of course, the capacity to investigate the matter scientifically, look upon it as a mystery of mysteries. One theory advanced is that one of the many British soldiers who deserted after the battle of Plattsburg and who settled in the neighborhood buried the notes.

Michael declares that he was never excited or elated over the prospect of getting a fortune from his discovery. Some of the family were wrought up at the time. As for him, he could not understand it at all. He was bewildered.

He works on the farm, as he was ever wont, and carries the mail in the morning for the Government.

"All I regret," he naively says, "is that Professor Hyslop and Professor Jewett were put to so much trouble."

And Professor Hyslop says: "I am fully satisfied there is no fraud in this case. It is simply inexplicable. It must be accepted as one of the greatest psychological mysteries ever known."—*N. Y. Herald.*

"I SLEPT and dreamed that life was beauty. I woke—and found that life was duty. Was my dream, then, a shadow lie? Toil on, sad heart, courageously; And thou shalt find thy dream shall be A noonday light and truth to thee."

"LOVEST thou me?" is the supreme question which God in Christ is asking every heart and every age. The answer man gives to that question is his religion, his creed, his character, his destiny.—*Rev. Frank M. Bristol.*

EACH truth is the presence of God. His omnipotence and omnipresence are in it.

THE wise man neither condemns nor criticizes the actions of another.

AFFIRMATIONS



THE great Emerson said: "Nerve us with incessant affirmatives. Don't bark against the bad, but chant the beauties of the good."
Henry Harrison Brown in Now prints the following:

Desire.

As the heart panteth after the water brook,
So panteth my Soul after thee.—*Psalms*.
The longing to be so
Helps make the soul immortal.—*Lowell*.

I, an immortal Soul, am a manifestation of Infinity.

I am an indivisible part of the ONE, that is All.

I am in essence, All.
All is in me demanding manifestation.
Expression and manifestation are one, and both are Experience.

I must experience constantly or lose my Individuality.

Because I experience that which no other does, I maintain my Individuality.

I seek constantly new Experience.

I am, as a conscious Individual, constantly pushed into Expression by that which I Am.

I am an outlet into Conscious Expression for Infinite Mind.

The more I express the more I am, the greater my Recognition of Self.

This necessity of Expression I name Desire.

Desire is God in the Soul demanding Expression.

Desire is the Word of the Divine within me.

I will obey the God within and follow Desire.

What I Desire, that I will Express.

With results, I, as a Conscious Individuality, have nothing to do, except to accept them as right, necessary and good. I, as a Soul, desired this Expression, therefore all the results are Good. Results only evidence the Soul's Unfoldment from the Unconsciousness of the ONE into the Self-conscious Individual.

I am more for all I express. I learn to control Desire through Experience.

Repressed desire finds vent in ways that are sure to bring pain and suffering. Repression is denial to Unfoldment. Repression is Death.

I will not die. I am Life. Life will have free Expression in me.

Desire is my monitor and guide.

I use Reason to direct the Expression of Desire, not to repress Desire.

Whatever way Experience has found best, that I will reasonably use in Expressing Desire.

I am a reasonable Being, and my reason was given me to use in applying the knowledge gained by Experience in directing the Expressions of Desire in the Now.

I Now and Here express my Love and Truth as Desired; as seems to me reasonable; and all the results of this Expression are Good.

The Divine in me makes no mistakes. I desire, I act and unfold into Self-control by thus living free of the limitations of Fear.

To desire is to act, and if results are not what I choose, then I will, by an Affirmation, direct Desire into another channel henceforward, for I am King over my realm—this Manifest Life.

I desire All-Good to express Itself in me.

I desire All-Wisdom to express Itself in me.

I desire All-Power to manifest in Wisdom and Goodness in me.

I desire my Life to be Beauty, Truth and Love.

I desire that Life shall, in the Love of Truth and Goodness and Beauty, be Successful.

This Desire brings fruition through that perfect Trust and Faith that casts out Fear and gives freedom to desire. Therefore, I live free from all mental conditions that impede the full expression of my Desire.

This Free Expression brings Health, Wisdom, Happiness and Success.

Because I let the Soul have its way through me in Liberty, I enjoy *Here* and *Now* the consciousness of Immortality, and possess the complete Mastery of the Flesh and its environments.

I am Now living as a Conscious Child of the One.

My Own Shall Come

SERENE, I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind nor tide nor sea;
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,
For lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays;
For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways,
And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,
The friends I seek are seeking me;
No wind can drive my bark astray
Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone?
I wait with joy the coming years;
My heart shall reap where it has sown,
And garner up its fruit of tears.

The waters know their own, and draw
The brook that springs in yonder heights;
So flows the good, with equal law,
Unto the soul of pure delights.

The stars come nightly to the sky,
The tidal wave unto the sea;
Nor time nor space, nor deep nor high,
Can keep my own away from me.

—*John Burroughs*.

We ought to measure our actual lot and to fulfil it; to do with all our strength that which our lot requires and allows. What is beyond it is no calling of ours. How much peace, quiet, confidence and strength would people attain if they would go by this plain rule!—*H. E. Manning*.

When the last shred of the personality is gone all that can thus suffer has passed away, and in the perfected Adept there are unruffled peace and everlasting joy. He sees the end toward which all is working, and rejoices in that end, knowing that earth's sorrow is but a passing phase in human evolution.—*Annie Besant*.

Those Who Are Born to Conquer

SOME men seem born to conquest, says Success. Wherever they are, they dominate and command the situation. These natural victors have great self-confidence; they know that they are able to overcome obstacles—that achievement is their birthright. They go through life, taking it for granted that they shall control their surroundings; they are convinced that there is but one power in the universe, and that they are a part of that power. They act as if they had their trolley pole upon the great trolley wire of infinite power, and that they are equal to any task, no matter how great. They have grasped the truth that there is no limit to the universal strength, and that their power of achievement is bounded only by the limit of their confidence.

Such people are optimistic; they never doubt or hesitate; they have no anxiety about the morrow; they do not worry, and are not over-anxious; they feel that they can do the things they undertake, and do them well. They are the people who accomplish the great things of the world; the giants, who turn neither to the right nor to the left; who do not go over obstacles, but through them, and are always equal to the occasion.

A man of this stamp, who has a firm conviction that there lies within him such native strength, such ability to do things; who has a passion for achievement and is thoroughly convinced that he has vigor and courage, will seldom fail. He needs only to remember that whatever he does must be governed by right.

No talent, no self-denial, no brains, no character, are required to set up in the grumbling business; but those who are moved by a genuine desire to do good have little time for murmuring or complaint.—*Robert West*.

BLESSED ARE THE MERCIFUL.

The Inner Self

By Fred Burry

THE composite nature of man has been a subject which has engaged the minds of thinkers in all ages. The office of his inner or higher being is understood to be that of guide and counsellor—is in fact his real Self; while the form reflected in the mirror is an image thrown upon the canvas of Existence, and is in a sense the shadow of the real entity as yet behind the scene of vision.

It is the mistake of many scientists that their research is confined to the mere dissecting and external investigation of phenomena. Their deductions are the result of the most superficial experiment; they ignore the inner side of life; and because of their one-sided view, their conclusions are incorrect. And how shall the inner side of life be explored? By an entire inversion of the methods of the "schools." Not by curious seeking, or hard, plodding thinking; but by giving up, by the mastery of indifference, by not thinking so much as feeling.

Yes, it is by coming in a conscious touch with the inner life that we can alone understand it. Designations are all very well for external things, but the inner life transcends the nature of Design, for It is the Designer, therefore cannot be limited by the imposition of any ordinary name. It is to be felt rather than defined; in this way is interpretation to come about.

This inner ego is not bound by the laws of time and space. The whole nature of external existence is transitory and ephemeral, and to seek for any abiding contentment in such a realm is only to court disappointment. It is by passing, letting things go, giving up, that we maintain happiness, since this attitude leaves the ego free to move, free to breathe.

Such a widening of our life, first dictated by the simple feeling of good fellowship, brotherhood, love, begins immediately to loosen the wrappings of the long-drawn-tight veil of separation, until at last, when the individual life is fully prepared, the shroud of matter is completely unveiled. Then the throne of mastery is reached.

How very simple! By losing, letting go, expanding one's life, we gain all. What an exchange!

Such things as study, book-learning, intellectuality, culture, wealth, are nothing beside one little act of true kindness. The little act of kindness opens the doors of the universe. A wonderful seed germ is such an act, and grows to a rich field of blossoms.

The act of true kindness springs from a soul freed from narrowness and condemnation, or at least from one who is waiting for the liberation from this sense of evil. The kind action liberates the mind from the thought or recognition of evil, and opens it to the recognition of the eternal goodness of every atom, every condition.

It is by the simple process of living day by day the life of love, the life of freedom, the life of non-condemnation, that we reach our destined goal of the glorious beatific Vision or Consciousness of Self.

Astrology and Fatality

By Weldon J. Cobb

COMPARATIVELY few will ever understand exactly what Astrology teaches on account of not having the necessary time to investigate. It is generally conceded by thoughtful people that one's experience seldom proves demonstrative to another unless witnessed through their own physical senses. Tell a friend that such a cause will produce such a result, and he at once has his doubts, unless he has had like experience, and, being in doubt, he will go to considerable expense in some way to demonstrate the fact to himself.

Humboldt says: "The universe is governed by fixed laws." By this, I presume, is meant what is said; not a part of the universe, but all, human beings as well as inanimate objects. One man can produce results which another can, if using the same methods. But as no two men are equally talented, no two have ever produced equally the same results. One can readily reason why some people have success and others failure.

Astrology does not conflict with any other occult science. It will demonstrate that one born at a certain time will have an intellect whereby he can cure disease by faith, or power of will, or by laying on of hands, and by the use of drugs at a proper time. It teaches that there is a supreme intelligence of which man is a part, and is fated to reach a realm whereby he will be subject to higher laws, while disease and discord are the other pole of the magnet.

What Men Seek in Religion and in Church



THE REV. DR. LYMAN ABBOTT declared in a recent sermon that the need of men is "real religion," and that much so-called religion furnished to hungry souls is but husks. Clergymen of more conservative tendencies believe that the great need is greater orthodoxy, closer holding to the old faith and the old teachings.

What is the purpose of religion? What impels men to attend church? What fills even those who think themselves religiously indifferent with a mystic craving that is the very foundation of religion? Is religious feeling born in man with his other instincts, passions and cravings? Is it a growth of his developing intellect? Is it an added feature of his spiritual life, implanted by divine inspiration to effect his salvation?

We have no hope of answering a question as old as thought among men. We propose merely to discuss the matter with readers of this Magazine. Every human being undoubtedly feels within himself some stirring of the religious feeling. Scientists, anxious to establish a point, pretend to discover in exceptionally primitive peoples total absence of religious sentiment. But to make their point they are compelled to prove that the people described as lacking religious feeling possess only the qualities of low orders of animals.

Religious feeling appears to have its birth in fear and its highest development in a religion of love.

Dread of the elements, of lightning, thunder, wind, aroused in primitive minds respect and awe of some power above comprehension.

At first the gods worshipped were gods of evil. Later, gratitude for escapes, for life preserved in the face of danger, originated the idea of a good god working against the evil gods. Then came the worship of both good and evil gods—with a special tendency to propitiate the evil gods, which were supposed to be most active.

As the religious idea became less material the gods were made to represent various feelings and ideas, instead of mere material phenomena. There was a god to represent bravery, one for commerce, one for wisdom, etc.

Throughout the entire development of the religious idea this fact is apparent.

Men's religious feeling impels them to worship that which seems most admirable in their eyes—or that which seems most to be dreaded. The lower races and lower religions teach a religion of fear. The higher religions attach more importance to rewards and to hope.

The perfect religion, the highest open to our conception, came with the advent of Christ—and He dealt alone with the highest of feelings, true brotherhood and love of the truth for its own sake.

Is it possible in dealing with men's religious needs to establish any sort of religious teaching that will appeal to all men alike?

We believe not. One man will find his deepest religious inspiration and overwhelming impression of the majesty of God in contemplation of the starlit heavens.

Another, perhaps a humble African with brain half formed, requires the singing of tearful hymns, the deep sighings of hysterical fellow creatures packed closely around him, and perhaps a vivid painting of the horrors of hell-fire contrasted with the comforts of a city of gold.

Our Lord took His apostles aside when they were fatigued, and said, "Let us rest a while." He never drove His over-tired faculties. When tired, "He sat by the well." He used to go and rest in the house of Martha and Mary. He tells us all to let to-morrow take care of itself, and merely to meet the evil of the present day. Real foresight consists in reserving our own forces. If we labor with anxiety about the future, we destroy that strength which will enable us to meet the future.—*Ullathorne.*

EVERY minute of our tranquillity is purchased with patience. It is the great sacrament of peace, the sanctuary of security, the herald and the badge of felicity.—*Vaughan.*

There are minds recently accustomed to thinking which take delight in the cunning arguments of so-called liberal preachers.

Possessors of such minds, as pleased with their mental toy as a child with his new ability to walk, employ eloquent, intelligent clergymen to preach religion to them without offending the majesty of their discriminating intellects. Such minds often make fashionable preachers prosperous.

Since religion is the expression of that which is best in man, does it not follow that there must be as great variety in religious teachings as in human nature?

In its lowest, as in its highest forms, sincere religion tends to improve mankind. It develops the highest branches of intellectual effort, since it stimulates interest in the wonders of creation and in all the great mysteries of the universe.

Each man is compelled by religious feeling to fix his thoughts and ambitions upon that which is best in himself. Even in religious thought we are mere pygmies, intellectual insects.

Our noblest religious conceptions merely see God as infinitely good according to our conceptions of goodness, infinitely wise according to our little ideas of wisdom. Absence of the little earthly sins that we know of constitutes divine virtue in our eyes. We imagine the Ruler of the Universe to be an absolutely perfect being, different from us only in omnipotence, in foresight and perfect moral character.

Each of us—whether he knows it or not—imagines God to be an individual as perfect as each of us can conceive.

In that very primitive conception is displayed the working of eternal wisdom. For contemplation of qualities above us and outside of ourselves could do us no good, whereas reverent study of the perfection of qualities within our understanding, and even within our reach tends constantly to make us better.

Every man is made better by religion and every man is made better by attending church—no matter what religion or what church—because his religion makes him imitate the best moral picture that his intellect can frame.

There are forms of religion, forms which do the greatest possible good, that are mere childishness to men of certain intellectual stature.

There are religious feelings which guide the most able and most useful of men which would seem barren and sterile to the primitive mind which asks of religion excitement and superficial emotion.

For all the animals which He has put here God's wisdom has provided food and shelter; for all grades of human intellect He has provided such religious conceptions as they require, such as will carry them on to higher conceptions of His power and will.

It is useless to ask what sort of religion shall govern men.

Rather let us be thankful that religious teachings are as various as the grades of intellect to which they appeal.

Wasting no time in speculation as to the real religion, let us hope that all the religions may thrive, and that their expounders be so enlightened as to do the greatest possible good to the greatest possible number.

"I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance."—*Matthew, ii, 17.*

Every religion makes of those who believe in it better men.

Every religion, every form of religion, calls sinners to repentance. The work of each is needed.

Be pure; be strong; be wise; be independent. Let the world go, if it is necessary that the world should go. Serve the world, but do not be the servant of the world. Make the world your servant by helping the world in every way in which you can minister to its life. Be brave; be strong.—*Phillips Brooks.*

WHILE a healthy body helps to make a healthy soul, the reverse is yet more true. Mind lifts up, purifies, sustains the body. Mental and moral activity keeps the body healthy, strong and young, preserves from decay, and renews life.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

Keep Up Courage

By Frank Harrison

I OFTEN meet a friend of mine whom I am pleased to call a nobleman. Not many years ago he was the possessor of great wealth, and through ill-advised investments lost all, at the age of fifty, an age when it is pretty hard lines for a man to commence all over again. He did not utter a murmur at his losses, but immediately sought employment, with a cheerful spirit, and securing a clerkship at one thousand dollars a year, began to work like a Trojan and regulate his expenses according to his income. He had a wife and two charming daughters, and fortunately they were sensible women, who did not mope and grumble at the change from a life of luxury to that of living on a sum which hitherto would have cut a small figure in paying their one item of expenses for horses and carriages. And not only this, but my friend and his noble women dependents so regulated their affairs that at the end of one year they had managed to save two hundred dollars. This was five years ago. The second year saw my friend earning twelve hundred dollars, and one of his daughters earning nearly five hundred, every cent of which she saved and gave to her father. Noble girl! To make a long story short, up to the first of last May my friend, through his energy, pluck and good sense, and the assistance of his daughters and wife, had accumulated the tidy little sum of thirty-five hundred dollars. With this sum he purchased a half interest in a small but well paying business, and he tells me he is now on the way toward rolling up a second fortune. One of his daughters has married an estimable gentleman, and the other one is engaged to a worthy man of considerable wealth. So you see what grit, patience, humility and utter forgetfulness of the past have done for my friend and his. It is never too late to mend and straighten out our affairs if we only go about it in the right way. People don't care a rap about what you have been, and it is utter folly for those who fail in any undertaking, or who lose their wealth, to idly sit around talking about their misfortunes. All legitimate work is honorable, and if you cannot be a prosperous silk merchant, you can be a clerk or run a peanut stand, and if you pocket false pride and regulate your expenditures to less than your earnings, you are making great gain, and will get to the top, and in getting there will be happier than the defunct millionaire who exists on what he once had.

These Verses Were Composed by a Prussian Poet in the Seventh Century on His Death Bed

TELL thou my friends while weeping
They my words descry;
Here you behold my body sleeping,
But it is not I.

Now in life's immortal flickering
Far away I roam;
This was but my house, my covering,
It is no more my home.

This was but the cage that bound me,
The bird has flown;
This was but the shell around me,
I, the pearl, am gone.

Over me as o'er a treasure
Hath the spell been cast;
God has spoken at His pleasure,
I am freed at last.

Thanks and praise to Him be given
Who has set me free;
Hence forevermore in heaven
Shall my dwelling be.

There I stand my face beholding,
With the sense of light;
Present, future, past unfolding,
In that radiance bright.

Passing through the plains I leave you,
I have journeyed on;
From your tents why should it grieve you,
Friends, to find me gone?

Let the house forsaken perish,
Let the shell decay;
Break the cage, destroy the garment,
I am far away.

Think on God His love forever,
Know His name is love;
Come to Him, distrust Him never,
He rewards above.

I behold each deathly spirit,
All your ways I view;
So the portion I inherit
Is reserved for you.



THE following extract from an editorial by Rev. S. C. Greathead, an eminent writer and lecturer in the Higher Thought movement, is of special interest to all who would be whole—have perfect health:

Health and Salvation are absolutely synonymous in the Greek of the New Testament, for the very word which is translated "Salvation" means health. In Matthew's record we read, "And behold, a woman which was diseased with an issue of blood for twelve years came behind Him and touched the hem of His garment, for she said within herself, 'If I may but touch His garment I shall be whole.' [Saved.] But Jesus turned Him about, and when He saw her, He said: 'Daughter, be of good comfort, thy faith hath MADE THEE WHOLE,' [saved thee] and the woman was MADE WHOLE [saved] from that hour."

The truth is that our limited idea of the salvation of the Soul is not Scriptural, let alone scientific and philosophic. Salvation is health, Scripturally considered, and I challenge any impartial and accredited Greek scholar to disprove this statement. This Salvation or health applies to the Spirit, Soul and body. Thus, a saved soul is a healthy soul, and a saved body is a healthy body. Let us discredit forever the God-dishonoring, man-dishonoring idea of salvation other than that of the convalescence of the soul from the disease of Sin, whatever definition you like to give of Sin.

The people have imbibed the idea that salvation is some wretched subterfuge by which the soul becomes forensically justified apart from a spiritual recovery to health.

The process of our salvation, or, to use another word, our sanctification, or holy (whole) making, is from centre to circumference, from spirit to soul and from soul to body. First we have a whole, or healthy, or saved SPIRIT. This can only come by a process of re-generation, which implies a BEING BORN BACK, or born again, or, as the Greek puts it, "born from above."

Let it be clearly understood that regeneration and Spiritual Salvation are correlated ideas, for Regeneration is the application of Salvation or Spiritual health.

Regeneration, however, is an orderly process, a FORMING OF CHRIST IN US, and it involves the Sanctification of the Soul and the glorification of the body. Thus we see that salvation is health of spirit, soul and body. The "Radiant Centre" of Health being found in the SPIRIT, it radiates outwardly to the soul and body.

The four dimensioned powers of the spirit are Faith, Hope, Love and Worship or Loyalty. Thus a saved or healthy spirit is a spirit which exercises the potentialities of Faith, Hope, Love and Worship.

Let these faculties be quickened within us, and we have the Soul's awakening in God's likeness. Henceforth mighty forces are liberated from within, for these spiritual faculties are dynamic, and become the regnant principles, controlling motives, thoughts and actions. A new fountain of life is opened up within, and sin and uncleanness pass away before the whelming cleansing flow.

The spirit has struck new vibrations, and is in tune with the universal Cosmos and with God. Henceforth the Spirit-Life is merged consciously in the great wheel of the life of God, for God is Health, and the Spirit has

"We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths; in feelings, not in figures on a dial. We should count time by heart throbs. He most lives Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best."

A MAN in any station can do his duty, and doing it can earn his own respect.—*Thackeray.*

found its health in Him. It is convalescent, it is well.

We can readily see then that, having found the Spirit-centre of health, it ought not to take us long to find the soul-centre and the body-centre; for the spirit is dominant over the soul and body, and what is predicted of the one ought to be predicted of the other.

We need here and now to remember that the supply of health which we find centralized within our spirits is INFINITE. We are infinitely healthy, or we are not healthy at all, that is, POTENTIALLY. The fulness and perfection and all-roundness of our health may not have come to the surface, and so into manifestation, but it is there IN EMBRYO, waiting to be evolved.

The statement, I AM HEALTHY, is, therefore, quite in order, for, potentially, as a living Spirit I am possessed of the germinal health of God. All that is necessary is to go on affirming as true of the soul and body that which is true of the inner spirit.

The Scriptures clearly teach that personal health is an immanent quality, and that, practically, the physician heals himself. For instance, Jesus said, "THY FAITH HATH MADE THEE WHOLE," which means that the voluntary exercise of the spiritual faculty had effectually operated upon the bodily organs.

The Healer who follows closely in the footsteps of the Master will strive always to cooperate with the patient rather than to overrule his judgment, much less subjugate his will.

It may be asked, however, does no efflux pass from the Healer to the patient? I believe that it does, whether by the laying on of hands, or absent treatment; but we must understand the nature of the efflux. On one occasion Jesus perceived that "virtue" had gone out of Him.

What was that virtue? The word so translated in this place signifies "power." Now we are bound to assume that the woman in question had strong faith and hope, for she said, "If I may touch but His clothes I shall be whole" (saved), just as flame rushes to flame, and reinforces it, so the Spirit-flame of Christ's faith and hope rushed to hers and reinforced it.

Here we have true Divine Healing, which is a reinforcement of the human immanent power by the Divine power. Of course, I do not distinguish between the human and the Divine, for the truly human is truly Divine.

Take an illustration again from the man with the withered hand. Christ said to him, "Stretch forth thine hand." Physically he could not, but spiritually he could, and Jesus called forth in him the latent power of faith and hope; and directly these came into exercise, physical conditions were changed, "and he stretched it forth; and it was restored whole" (saved), like as the other. Thus the great law is that matter is subject to spirit, which is the secret of all Health, Development and Success. The only difficulty is that matter is in evidence, while spirit is more or less latent, which makes it necessary for it to be called forth by reinforcement.

Both patients and healers should take this into mature consideration, for therein lies the secret of much apparent failure. Jesus Himself met with the same conditions, for he said, "A prophet is not without honor, save in his own country and in his own house," and it is recorded of Him that "He did not many mighty works there BECAUSE OF THEIR UNBELIEF."

LET US look to the future, and not to the past.

The secret of success in society is a certain heartiness and sympathy.—*Emerson.*

MAKE THAT PARTICULAR FRIEND OF YOURS A CHRISTMAS PRESENT OF A YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THIS MAGAZINE—ONLY ONE DOLLAR FOR A REMINDER OF YOU THAT LASTS THE ENTIRE TWELVE MONTHS.



I do not own an inch of land,
But all I see is mine—
The orchards and the mowing fields,
The lawns and gardens fine.

The winds my tax collectors are;
They bring me tithes divine;
Wild scents and subtle essences,
A tribute rare and free.

And more magnificent than all,
My window keeps for me
A glimpse of blue immensity,
A little strip of sea.

—*Lucy Larcom.*

HONOR and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part, there all the honor lies.
—*Pope.*

FREEDOM is not the right to do as you please,
but the liberty to do as you ought to.

GREAT things through greatest hazards are achieved,
and then they shine.—*Beaumont.*

If you love yourself overmuch, nobody else will love you at all.

Go wake the seeds of Good asleep throughout the world.—*Browning.*

THINGS seen are temporal; things unseen are eternal.—*Paul.*

BELOVED, Now are we sons of God.—*John.*

THE thing we long for, that we are,
For one transcendent moment,
E'er the Present, poor and bare,
Can make its sneering comment.
Still through our paltry stir and strife
Glows down the wished Ideal,
And Longing moulds in clay what Life
Carves in the marble Real.

—*Lowell.*

JUST God and I with naught between.
John White Chadwick.

BLESSED is the man who has found his work.—*Elbert Hubbard.*

THOUGH He slay me, yet I will trust in Him.
—*Psalms.*

I CANNOT drift beyond His Love and Care.
—*Whittier.*

Oh, More Than Music!

OH, more than music is the voice
That murmurs God's dear will!
What confidences He would give,
If clamoring hearts were still!

The morning would His mercy speak,
The night His love would tell,
And beauteous nature, myriad voiced,
Would whisper, "All is well!"
—*Mary F. Butts, in Sunday-School Times.*

Morning Memorandums

SUNDAY—
Govern the lips as they were palace doors,
the king within;
Tranquil and fair and courteous be all words
which from that presence win.
—*Sir Edwin Arnold.*

MONDAY—Gentleness, when it weds with
manhood, makes a man.—*Tennyson.*

TUESDAY—
Good nature and good sense must ever join.
To err is human, to forgive divine.
—*Pope.*

WEDNESDAY—
Many strokes, though with a little axe,
Hew down and fell the hardest timber'd oak.
—*Shakespeare.*

THURSDAY—
He that needs five thousand pounds to live
Is full as poor as he that needs but five.
—*George Herbert.*

FRIDAY—Our content is our best having.—
Shakespeare.

SATURDAY—Wise sayings are not only for
ornament, but for action and business, having
a point or edge, whereby knots are pierced
and discovered.—*Bacon.*



How They First Found Gold in Klondike

THE story of how gold was first discovered in Klondike, purely by accident, is very interesting. It was in 1894 that three men, while looking for gold, discovered the dead body of a man who evidently had been "prospecting."

"Poor fellow!" said one of the trio. "He has passed in his checks!"

"Let's give him a decent burial," said another. "Some wife or mother will be glad if ever she knows it."

They began to dig a grave. Three feet below the surface they discovered the signs of gold. The stranger was buried in another place, and where they located a grave they opened a gold mine. The existence of another reef was found out by just as trivial a thing.

An adventurer awoke one morning without food or money. He went out and shot a deer, which, in its dying agonies, kicked up the dirt and disclosed signs of gold. The man staked out a claim, and opened one of the most profitable mines that have as yet been worked.

"Dead Man's Claim," the name given to another rich mine, was discovered by a broken-down miner while digging a grave. A miner died when there were several feet of snow on the ground. His comrades laid his body in a snow bank, and hired a man to dig a grave. The gravedigger, after three days' absence, was found digging a mine instead of a grave. While excavating he had struck gold. Forgetting the corpse and his bargain, he thought only of the fact that he had "struck it rich."

Largest Ocean Steamer in the World

This is the most wonderful age this planet has ever experienced. Every day we see evidences of tremendous progress. Everything is moving along in a grand progressive way.

The new White Star line steamer Celtic, the largest vessel ever built, was successfully launched a few days ago in the presence of a large and representative gathering.

The Celtic has nine decks and capacity for 2,859 passengers. She will carry a crew of 335 men. Her tonnage is 3,600 tons greater than that of the Oceanic, and much greater than that of the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse, her displacement being 12,500 tons greater than that of the latter vessel, while her displacement and tonnage are 10,300 over that of the Great Eastern.

The Celtic's dimensions are as follows: Length, 680.9 feet; beam, 75 feet; depth, 44.1 feet; gross tonnage, 20,880; net tonnage, 13,650. The Celtic will have a displacement of 33,000 tons and is not intended for speed. She is designed as an emigrant carrier, and will comfortably carry 1,700 emigrant passengers.

This big boat can carry an army. Only a few years ago such a vessel would have been thought impossible. Who says the world is not improving?

How beautiful become all the "little" things of life when we see more of divinity in the human! Straightway we learn there are no "little" things. It is the human consciousness, untransformed by divinity, which belittles or magnifies until all right proportion is lost. The world waits, creation waits for the anointing of our blind eyes.

LIFE, true life, is not mere guarding against sin, but growth in good and toward good.—Brooke Herford.

A Marvelous Detection

SHOWING HOW SCIENCE AND INVENTION CAUGHT A KIDNAPPER

As science and invention progress the acts of the wrong-doer are more easily prevented and detected. Here is an interesting account of how a professor of astronomy, a powerful telescope, the telephone and the bicycle prevented a criminally disposed person from kidnapping a little girl, and also causing the arrest of the kidnapper:

While testing a powerful telescope from the roof of the Bausch & Lomb optical factory at Rochester, N. Y., the other day Prof. Andrew Lynn and Albert Kirschoff detected a kidnapper making off with his intended victim, and by the prompt use of the telephone effected his capture.

As is usually the case in testing the big telescopes, the focus is adjusted on the lake, seven miles distant, and gradually diminished as it is sighted up the river, until the bridge below the factory is reached. Professor Lynn was at the eyepiece, and had reached a point two miles below the optical works, when he detected a man half dragging, half carrying a little child through the bushes that line the river banks on the flat below.

As a carriage was sighted on the bridge below, apparently awaiting the man and his victim, and the men guessed the situation, they hurried below and telephoned the police station what they had observed. Two officers mounted on bicycles were hurried to the scene, and captured the kidnapper. His victim proved to be the five-year-old daughter of an employee of the gas company.

Progress Thousands of Years Ago

THE middle-aged man who has explored life to weariness and whom novels will no longer stir, may find his sense of mystery and wonder excited anew by the account of discoveries in buried Egypt. Prof. Flinders Petrie, who has devoted his life to exploration of the soil and research into the history of that ancient land, completed recently a series of highly instructive and suggestive lectures at the Royal Institution, London. Long-buried tombs of ancient kings have been discovered and explored, and, although in nearly all cases these have been previously pillaged in the Roman age, enough of their contents remains unbroken or overlooked till now to afford ground for reconstructing, in outline at least, a wonderful and unsuspected civilization. When we are shown, for example, specimens of goldsmith's work dating from 4,750 years before the Christian era, which have never been surpassed since in technical skill, working of designs, variety of form and perfection of soldering, we are sobered somewhat in our belief that the process of time means progress and that the present is the best and noblest era of civilization. We are proud, for instance, of the products of modern steam spinning and weaving. Yet the linen woven six thousand years ago was finer in thread and closer in web than our finest cambric.

THE energy of disappointment and despair produced by limitation and defect, the energy of sorrow for our dead, of hopeless passion and of ruinous loss, the energy of noble shame for good things left undone and ill things done—all this can be transmuted into energy of use and good and helpful holiness.—J. W. Chadwick.

If you want to cry for joy, cry. If you want to shout, shout. If a hearty laugh will do thy soul good, why, there is no prohibition against it in all God's word.—Rev. J. C. Solomon.

Disease a Mental Spectre

By Henry Wood

DISEASE primarily is only a mental spectre, but it constantly inclines to bring forth an outward and visible progeny. A conscious fear of any particular disorder is not necessary to its production, but the general acceptance of disease as an entity, together with unconscious fear—hereditary, or taken on from environment—puts us on its general plane, and then it may embody any one of its many forms. It is not a creation of God but a product of false and inverted human thought. It has only that power with which traditional theories, beliefs and fears have crowned it. It is an inheritance built up of falsities and delusions; a cumulative structure of morbid impressions seen in the illusive atmosphere of ignorance and sensuousness, it owes its existence entirely to abnormal usurpation. Man must free himself from "the law of sin and death," by grasping his higher and spiritual selfhood, and this is no impossible or chimerical attainment.

While, during this generation, none may fully attain the pure ideal on account of the great ocean of materialism in which all are immersed, yet even now enough is practical to prove the mathematical exactness of the principle, and that health and wholeness are teachable and have an absolute educational and scientific basis. Past thought has limited us in all directions. We have tethered ourselves to self-imposed posts by imaginary cords.

But the general thought-atmosphere is growing purer, and the increasing number of those who live in the higher consciousness will render ideal attainment less difficult in the future. It is morally certain that during the twentieth century the dark clouds of sin, disease and death will be dispelled to an amazing degree.

I Do Not Fear

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox

I do not fear, though poor my worldly store
And scant the riches that with me abide.
I wait the will of one whom I adore
And know the future years will bring me more:

He will provide.

I do not fear, though day may follow day
When darkling clouds their silver linings hide.

I know the sunshine yet will come my way;
No skies remain forever bleak and gray:

He will provide.

I do not fear when through dark nights of rain

My road leads on. I do but trust my Guide,
And know my journey will not be in vain,
And at the end the recompense for pain:

He will provide.

Self-Reliance

INSIST on yourself; never imitate. Your own gift can present every moment with the cumulative force of a whole life's cultivation; but of the adopted talent of another you have only an extemporaneous half-possession. That which each can do best none but his Maker can teach him. No man yet knows what it is, nor can, till that person has exhibited it. Where is the master who could have taught Shakespeare? Where is the master who could have instructed Franklin, Washington, or Bacon, or Newton? Every great man is unique.—Emerson.

REJOICE in the Lord alway; and again I say, Rejoice. Let your moderation be known unto all men. The Lord is at hand. Be careful for nothing; but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God. And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus.—*Epistle to the Philippians.*

THE doctrine of evolution fills a gap at the very beginning of our religion; and no one who looks now at the transcendent spectacle of the world's past, as disclosed by science, will deny that it has filled it worthily. Yet after all, its beauty is not the only part of its contribution to Christianity. Scientific theology required a new view.—Henry Drummond.

THIS MAGAZINE AIMS TO BRING LIGHT, LIFE AND HAPPINESS TO EVERYONE WHO READS IT.



 * Free Astrological Delineations are given to all yearly sub-
 * scribers to THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES provided
 * the request is made at the time the subscription is sent. 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.
 A Psychic Voice says: "You
 have our help, brother."
 Following are the brief delin-
 eations for this issue:

Heir to Vanderbilt Millions

AN heir has been born to the Vanderbilt millions. On Nov. 24, 1901, at 10.10 P.M., a son was born to Mr. Alfred Gwynn Vanderbilt, of New York, the present head of the famous Vanderbilt family.

THE MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES'S Mystic Adept Astrologer, upon being told the time and place of birth, cast the child's horoscope and gave the following reading of it, without any knowledge on the part of the Astrologer as to the paternity or social position of the infant.

We believe the horoscope and reading to be of sufficient interest to our readers to be published here, and we shall frequently give in these columns interesting horoscopes and valuable forecasts regarding important events which will be interesting and instructive, making this page alone of our Magazine worth the full subscription price to each one of our readers.

The Vanderbilt heir is the first child to be born of the union of Mr. Vanderbilt and Mrs. Vanderbilt (*nee* French), whose marriage last year was one of the chief social events among New York's Four Hundred, taking place with great eclat at Newport.

Mr. Alfred G. Vanderbilt, it will be recalled, was the younger son of the late Cornelius Vanderbilt, the older son, Cornelius, inheriting by his father's will only a few of his many millions, as a punishment for insisting upon marrying to please himself instead of pleasing his family. Young Alfred, father of the now much-talked-of "Vanderbilt Baby" not only inherited the bulk of his father's enormous fortune, but was made the masculine head of his branch of the Vanderbilt family.

The infant son has made his advent under exceedingly propitious worldly circumstances. Let us see what the heavens augur for his future.

HOROSCOPE OF THE VANDERBILT BABY (BORN 10.10 P.M., NOV. 24, 1901—MALE)

The sign Sagittarius is the birth sign of this child, and the planet Jupiter is its ruler. This of itself would show the child to be endowed with noble qualities, for in the ancient sciences Jupiter has always been regarded as the most benefic of all the planets and Sagittarius a strongly moral and intellectually expressive sign, with tendencies to endow its natives with high mechanical ability. The sign Leo, which was on the ascendant at the minute of birth, is the next important factor, and this, ruled by the Sun, which is the body through which we receive all life upon this planet, gives the child an exceedingly bright prospect for vital development. This sign and the sign of birth are both fiery vital signs, and give much impulsiveness and strength to body and mind. The Moon was in excellent aspect to the planets governing his financial matters and show him to have been born with every possible chance for a successful life. This was the

highest planetary influence at the time of birth, though the planet Mercury was ruling the exact moment. I have not entered into detailed calculation as to the length of life, but it promises to be long. There are, however, some quite critical periods to be passed before he reaches mature age, notably between the second and third years; a sharp, feverish illness about the beginning of the fifth, followed by some lingering illness, from which he will recover with a change of constitution which will enable him to settle down to a more regular state of health, to continue many years. During his eighteenth and nineteenth years he will probably try speculations and meet with some losses, which will serve as quite a lesson to him in the ways of men of finance.

At this time, unless he has been carefully trained to have great regard for truth and adhere steadfastly to truth under every circumstance, he will be led to some trick of trade which will greatly injure him in the esteem of his associates. If he proves himself true in every respect during this trial, he will establish himself in an almost impregnable financial position, and will receive considerable renown for the integrity of his methods.

The excessive vitality given by his ruling planets causes him to take much active out-of-door exercise and to become quite proficient in sports of all kinds. He will also have much love for all animal life, especially horses. He will show mechanical ingenuity quite early in life, and should be allowed to learn some trade in which there is a practical knowledge given in handling metals and tools. He will have much love for machinery of all kinds, and may develop some inventive power which will make him renowned.

During his twenty-first year the directional motion of the Lunar Orb will be affecting his Seventh House, and at the same time there will be a transit of the Moon over the radical place of the planet Venus, which will be a strong incitement to marriage. It will require much effort for him to avoid marriage at this time to a lady of fair means, a close neighbor or relative, rather tall and slender, of very agreeable manner, with brown or light hair. The year 1924 holds good prospects for his financial success. His planets and their positions in the Zodiac show January, May and September to be his most fortunate months during each year, and Sunday and Thursday his fortunate days. His spiritually elevating colors are the blues and violets. The white rose and violet are his flowers, and he should be given musical instruction, and held to the tone vibration of *A natural*, at the international pitch. This will greatly aid his success and improve his health, giving an increase to his happiness in life.

ZAMAEI.

"SON OF MASS," born April 11, 1854.—You come under the rule of the intellectual and martial sign, Aries. This is the first sign of the Intellectual Trinity, and gives you the possibility of many high attainments. You have been endowed with aspiring qualities which it would be well to cultivate. Mars is the ruling planet of the sign of your birth, and his influence is the predominating influence in many of the martial or military persons who are born under your sign. You should try to conceal any extreme impulsiveness, for this is one of the influences of an evil aspect to

your planet, and you should study yourself well in order to know the effect of the planets upon you. It is through study of this kind that the Adepts rise to the higher knowledge of Mystic Truths. Your colors are white and red, and you should wear a bloodstone. You have been led into a knowledge of certain occult qualities which can be developed, and which will bring you to a very superior power of realization.

S. Mc N. L.—Being born on the 11th day of December in the year 1827, you come under the rule of the sign Sagittarius, which is a very noble and moral sign, being the last sign of the Fiery Triplexity. It gives you good mechanical ability and shows your success in mechanical employment. On this account, as well as on account of the position of your ruling planets, you are closely related to metals in the selection of your occupations. Should you move from where you now are, it should be toward the East or Southeast. And I should advise you to search in this direction for that which you have lost. You should cultivate the better qualities of nature and try to develop that psychic intuition which will lead you into the discovery of that which is best for you. This will bring you remarkable success.

LAURA O., March 11, 1884.—You were born under the watery sign Pisces, and have been given a very ambitious nature, but the planetary influences surrounding your birth have caused you to be very anxious and restless. You have been inclined to worry unnecessarily about small and trifling things which should have caused you no anxiety. You should now try to cultivate contentment and love for those with whom you are associated, in order to develop the highest psychic principles within yourself and attract to you influences which will assist not only in making your own life happy, but in making you powerful for good to others. It is by effort of this kind that you will bring about events which will make the balance of your life happy in every respect.

S. B. L., April 15, 1870.—You were born under the fiery sign, Aries, and have been given much impulsiveness of character. You should try to control this, also cultivate a love for all living creatures. If you earnestly seek to develop the good qualities which are inherent within you, you will make yourself very useful and happy. The chief happiness for you will come through the attraction of powers which will enable you to assist others. You should wear a bloodstone, and your health will sometimes be improved through the influence of vibrations received from the color red.

A. K., S. Dak., Nov. 2.—You were born under the influence of the sign Scorpio, which is the central sign of the Water Triplexity, and you have strong vitality and many noble qualities which if developed will lift you high above your associates. You should have a great deal of outdoor exercise and sunlight in order to preserve good health. Your astrologic colors are brown and red, and your birth stone is the opal. You will find Tuesday to be one of your fortunate days, and you should take advantage of this point in beginning new enterprises.

F. I. B., Nov. 17, 1855.—You were born under the sign Scorpio, which is classed as one of the reproductive signs of the Zodiac, and this sign in your case gives a vitality and magnetism which should certainly be cultivated in every possible way. By concentrating all your energies upon one purpose in life you can develop a remarkable force of character and make yourself a leader among those with whom you associate. You have been given excellent intellectual qualities, and have a strong love for scientific study of all kinds. Your fortunate periods during each year are the months March and July, and your birth stone is the opal. Read and study along the higher lines of thought as much as you can, for it is through this that you will reach your grandest attainments in life.

Mrs. S. P. T., Jan. 17, 1871.—The sign Capricorn, under which you were born, is represented in Egyptian symbolism by the Goat, "Capricornus," and if you will study the inner meaning of this symbol you will find most of the work you have to do in life must be that of the head, or that your success is to come mainly through the use of intellectual faculties. You would have good success in any clerical occupation. You need to concentrate your mental energies exclusively upon one purpose in life in order to become truly successful. The sign under which you were born is sometimes described as being the dark and earthy sign. You must realize from this that it is through darkness and earth that all seed must germinate in order to come to maturity and bring forth fruit. Study the inner meaning of the sign of your birth, and you will receive light upon many important subjects.

BESSIE T., May 5, 1838.—You were born under the earth sign, Taurus, which in Egypt-

tian and Hindu Symbolism is represented by the Bull, showing the strength and determination of most Taurus people. Patience is one of your best qualities, and your ruling planet being Venus, gives you much love for art and music. The emerald and topaz are your birth stones. The latter will give you the best vibrations for health. You should live in a quiet place, away from excitement and discord.

FLORENCE, July 21, 1880.—You were born under the noble and powerful sign Leo, and the Sun is your ruler. You should study the attributes which the Sun spreads upon the earth, and try to develop the noble qualities which you have within you. Warmth and love are qualities which only require expression to rapidly increase in force. Through them you can attract to yourself friends and associates, but you should be careful not to utilize friendships in selfishly advancing your own interests, but try rather to shed your light upon others and do them good. You are shown to be somewhat independent and impulsive, and you need to scrutinize yourself closely. Try to develop only your best qualities. Your birth stone is the ruby, and your fortunate periods during each year will occur in the months December and April. You have excellent vitality and will live to reach much happiness and contentment. You will have an exceptionally favorable period during the year 1904.

ALBERT N. D., Born April 6, 1847.—You came to this planet this time under the Sign of Aries, the same as the souls of the three preceding delineations, and we will therefore ask you to read them carefully. In looking up your Horoscope we find that you can amass wealth and be very successful, provided you are led by the Spirit. All Aries people, to be successful and happy, must first become spiritualized. You have had a great many troubles in the past; but we see from Oct. 1, 1902, a very bright future for you. With much attention to occult and psychic science as presented in this Magazine you can have perfect health, a long, useful and happy life.

C. W. R., Born Feb. 9, 1848.—You came to this planet this time under the Sign of Aquarius. This is the last sign of the Air Triplicity. Up to the year 1902 you will have passed a turbulent and eventful life, full of sorrow and trouble. According to the planets, the Spirit is now reaching you, and from now on your life will be calm, peaceful and happy. You would make an excellent Spiritual and magnetic healer; but we would not think you would be successful with Hypnotism. Live a pure, clean, unselfish Christ-life, and pray to God for Strength and Wisdom, and you will be very successful and happy. Don't make a change until next October (1902). Patiently, honestly and cheerfully work at your present trade, putting God into every stroke of work you do, and you will develop tremendous psychic or divine power. Remember that the goal of mankind is Knowledge, Wisdom, Perfection—at one with God, the All-Wise One. Pleasure is not the goal of the soul. With all pleasure living in the senses, there is much pain, sorrow and grief. You know that by your past; we see it in your horoscope. When the soul dwells with God and the Angels, it knows exactly what to do, when to do and where to do. Seek in the heart the source of evil and expunge it. He who would enter on the path of power must tear evil out of his heart.

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 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 MORE SUBSCRIBERS WE HAVE THE GREATER WILL BE OUR FORCE FOR DOING GOOD. WITH THE HELP OF OUR READERS WE WILL SCATTER BROADCAST TO THE MULTITUDES THE DOCTRINE OF HOPE AND OPTIMISM. WE ARE DOING OUR PART BY SPENDING EACH MONTH THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS. WE EXPEND A GREAT DEAL MORE MONEY THAN WE RECEIVE, BECAUSE THE SOULFUL PEOPLE INTERESTED IN THIS MAGAZINE HAVE A GRAND OBJECT IN VIEW. WILL YOU GET FOR US ONE SUBSCRIBER.

To The Suffering

BE OF GOOD CHEER

How many poor souls are beset with incessant doubts and fears as to the God-given power which is the rightful heritage of all—of even the lowliest of human creatures! In man's negative condition an awful dread paralyzes his efforts to better himself. We all of us have our moments of despair and indecision, with a longing to turn in any direction for advice and sympathy; and yet, if we but knew, the remedy has ever been within ourselves—waiting to be called forth by right thinking—to heal our maladies, mental as well as physical.

Every now and again a deeply pathetic letter reaches us—the yearning of some struggling soul to climb to a loftier plane of Spiritual Seeing, so that peace and sunshine may come into their lives. The cry of agony, and oftentimes unavailing regret, that goes up from the suffering ones is heartrending. Yet the cause of all their misery is not hard to find, nor, happily, difficult to overcome.

We make our own environments, and we can surmount them if we will. Are we weak in some particular purpose? Then let us be strong by using proper thought. Do we find we lack self-control? Then let us endeavor to strengthen the will by unceasing effort. Are we, in spite of good resolutions, easily tempted to diverge from the paths of honor and rectitude? Then let us strengthen that part of our character by correct methods. Do not let your environments conquer you; YOU CAN CONQUER THEM! It is all a mental attitude—whether our troubles arise in the mind or in the body, and we can soon change conditions if we set about the task in the right spirit.

First, let us stop appealing to external influences—the objective side of life—for help. Advice is well enough in its way, but it cannot compare to that which we get by a few moments' silent meditation with the divine part of ourselves—the ETERNAL SOUL. It is within the reach of every one of us to acquire at least a fair share of happiness, let the conditions be ever so bad, even though the physical part of us is falling to pieces (literally) with disease. We have spoken about this before elsewhere, and have given the remedy—RELAXATION OF MIND AND BODY, a perfect restfulness of brain and flesh! And this cannot be done by spasmodic effort. It must be rather the result of constant practice and regular action. Following out these simple hints, be true to yourself, and watch the result. Some day it will come to you, with the suddenness of a lightning flash, that happiness has at last arrived to reward your efforts, and you will scarce know how it came.

Oh, ye suffering ones! who have all the needed forces hidden within yourselves (to promote your growth from unfavorable conditions to those in accord with your soul longings), make the effort now—seek happiness as it should be sought, with a full and loving heart. Send out kindly thoughts to the whole world; harbor no malice, no enmities; be charitable and merciful to every living creature; speak not ill of anyone, and see nothing but that which is good in your fellows—God's creatures. THEN WILL THE VIBRATIONS OF LOVE RETURN TO YOU INCREASED ONE HUNDRED FOLD. You will begin also to get glimpses of a mysterious and joyous change in your prospects, both 'n mind and body and worldly advantages.

In conclusion, one of the chief objects of this Magazine is to change for the better (by a loving solicitude) all unhappy conditions in every walk of life—to console the sorrowing, to uplift the struggling soul to overcome all evil tendencies in self and others—in short, to send out loving, helpful vibrations to all of God's creatures!

So far our object has been successful. Thousands of beautiful and grateful letters reach us week after week wherever this Magazine has been read. These letters are to us a Tower of Strength! They impel us to renewed efforts to go on with the good work—to reduce the sum of human suffering wherever it can be found. Don't you see, dear friends, what a noble life-work we have set up for ourselves?

GERALD CARLTON.

"God is the Goodness of the good,
The glory of the great;
God is the Beauty of the soul,
And its entire estate.
God is the ocean limitless,
That doth all springs supply;
God is the 'I AM THAT I AM,'
The self of every 'I.'"

"He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man, and bird and beast;
He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

Special Notice to Our Readers

We have a few copies of the first volume of The Magazine of Mysteries, which consists of the May, June, July, August, September and October numbers, bound in cloth with gold lettering, for \$2.00, postage prepaid. The binding costs \$1.40, and the six numbers at ten cents each brings the total up to \$2.00.

The requests to start subscriptions with the May number have been so numerous that our supply of that number, together with the June, July, August and September numbers, is completely exhausted, except the limited number that we have bound in cloth. As a great many of our friends would like to have one of these bound volumes, we suggest that if you desire one to send your order promptly, as our supply is limited to one hundred volumes.

We also take this opportunity of telling our readers that, as the first numbers are now out of print, all subscriptions will necessarily have to start with either the November or December issue.

"Lessons in Palmistry"

THE best and most comprehensive book on Palmistry we have yet seen is one recently issued under the title of "LESSONS IN PALMISTRY," by a great Psychic Palmist, "Maria Andrews."

We can highly recommend this book to anyone desiring to become a palmist or who wishes to read his or her own hand.

Anyone can easily understand these lessons in palmistry, as they are profusely illustrated with excellent engravings, showing in detail the many different kinds of hands and the lines of the palm.

The author of "LESSONS IN PALMISTRY," who hides her identity behind the pen name "Maria Andrews," has made a life-long study of cheirosophy—the science of palmistry—doing so for pure interest in the study and not for professional gain. She is a member of one of the oldest and best known English families, as a girl meeting in her own home, where they were constant visitors and long-time friends of her family, Bulwer-Lytton, Charles Dickens, Thackeray, Anthony Trollope and others of their contemporaries of national note. Bulwer-Lytton and Dickens were firm believers in the science of cheirosophy, and through their interest in it, and later for its own sake, the writer of these lessons found it a most attractive study, no less for cultivated people than for men of world-wide fame.

"Mrs. Andrews" looks upon the hand as an open book to all who can read it, and in forty years of travel and active life she has proved to herself and to her friends the truth and worth of the science in helping the youth of both sexes to determine their career from the knowledge, written in their hands, of their talents.

The widespread interest in Palmistry, and the difficulty of learning anything about it from the involved and contradictory works previously put upon the market, are certain to win for "Maria Andrews" clear and practical instructions the permanent place they deserve.

We have secured an edition of this valuable work, and as long as it lasts we will be pleased to send a copy to any of our readers at only 25 cents a copy. It is a book of 68 large pages, profusely illustrated. Address all orders, enclosing 25 cents, to THOMPSON & Co., Publishers, 22 North William street, New York City.

Soul Food

KINDNESS is love at work.

The soul that loves to serve is safe.

More great poems are lived than written.

Religion is nothing but the faculty of love.

—Buddha.

The laws of Nature are the thoughts of God.—Oersted.

From God let us begin; in God let us end.

—Theocritus.

All knowledge is worthless that is not of use to others.

Strife for truth is a kind of praise to God.—

C. P. Nettleton.

We never perceive our sins till we begin to cure them.—Fenelon.

Thoughts, like the pollen of flowers, leave one brain and fasten to another.

It is the sense of separateness from the

Source of All that makes men cowards.

When man becomes attuned to music of

celestial spheres, his thought can heal at any

distance.



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

DOROTHY DALE:—Your wonderful so-called dream is clear to us, and it means much to you. In the first place, you are a psychic, and in your sleep have the power to leave your body and travel great distances. To the soul there is no time nor space; time and space belong to the mind and body. The soul that is much attached to the body and identifies itself as the mind or body is bound and not free, and hence is limited. The most difficult truth for mortals to realize is that they are eternal souls, only temporarily living in a body; that the body is merely the vehicle or vessel that carries them over the ocean of life, and when it fully serves its purpose is cast off, the same as mortals cast off a worn garment for a new and better one. All souls in the universe are doing this eternally, evolving from one physical plane to another—from the lower to the higher. In your sleep you did not dream, but really left your body and went to a forest in India where you met an old ascetic Yogi who practices the "black magic," and he tried hard to hypnotize you, or cast a spell over you. But being strong spiritually and psychically you had the power to resist his powers (darkness) and came back to your body safe and unharmed, with an impression that there are wonderful and mysterious experiences for the soul at hand all the time. He who loves and seeks God and the Bright Ones will escape all harming influences. You are surrounded by Angels who will keep you from all harm, and if you will seek Light from the Blessed Ones, and live in the Spirit, you will become very happy—reach a high state of consciousness. So, dear soul, we urge you to live in the Spirit and fear not; with God and Christ in your heart no discord or inharmonicity can come into your life, and sometimes you will be able to leave your body and be with the Holy Ones, where there is only joy, peace and bliss. Your experience was not a dream, but an excursion of your real self—the soul—on a little voyage of discovery. It demonstrates that no harm can come to you; it opens up a new realm of psychic experience for you. But you must be careful and let your mind dwell much on the Blessed God, who is the All-Father and ever protects His children.

MRS. A. M. S.—To dream of seeing the Blessed Lord, Jesus Christ, indicates that you are far on the Path which leads to eternal joy and glory; it also means that some joyful event is to happen; that some sorrow or grief is to pass out of your life, and joy and happiness take its place. All in all, your dream or vision means that more light, more peace, and more happiness are to enter your life from now on. This Magazine will be a great help to you, as it uplifts the souls of all who are striving to reach God, Light and Wisdom.

AURORA.—All who have visions of their dead relatives or friends can rest assured that

these visions are real; that the departed souls are trying hard to reach out to those they have left here on the earth-plane. No doubt your father is with you in spirit most of the time. If humanity could only know and realize that the transition called "death" is a new birth into a brighter and happier world than this, there would be little or no sorrow or grief at the departure of our friends to the brighter spheres. God and His Angels do not wish us to mourn and be sorrowful at anything that happens, and a true God-loving soul never does mourn or grieve. "Thy way, Blessed One, and not my way," is the prayer of a Great Soul who really loves God. Your dream means that a love affair which deeply interests you will terminate all right.

C. K.—Your dream signifies that you must not worry about anything; that you must work cheerfully, with faith and hope in your heart. Doubt, fear and gloom about the petty affairs of this life cause much disease, much weakness and much failure. Pray to God for His Mighty Love, and be grateful and thankful for the many small blessings that come to you. Cast out all fear and place your whole trust in the Higher Powers.

CURVE CROSS.—Bless you, sweet soul, you saw a great vision that signifies that your soul is reaching out to God and His Hosts of Blessed Angels. We Mystics dearly love all religions, all sects and all Churches. Your Church, the Roman Catholic, can help the soul to reach the highest realms of joy and bliss. In our ancient brotherhood of Great Souls are many who worship at the holy shrines of the Roman Catholics. Of course, we Mystics worship at all shrines; that shrine which happens to be the most convenient. Some of us attend church regularly. The church, the temple and synagogue are all helpful to aspiring souls—true God-loving souls. You have many friends in the Angel World, and they are constantly reaching out to you, and reveal things to you in your dreams, as you are spiritually minded and fully receptive to spirit messages. Pray to God for Light, and ask some Catholic father to enlighten you. We will pray for you, as we do for all who are perplexed or in trouble. But the priest of your Church can guide you. We do not believe it is wise for you to try and discover who poisoned your brother. As to Eugene, we can assure you his soul is in the Spirit World and is being well cared for by the Angels. Pray for the peace of his soul; such prayers will help him and help you, too. Never did a soul go to the Blessed Father with a prayer that it was not uplifted. Sincere prayer to the Great God is a tremendous power to rouse and awaken the soul.

L. H.—Your dream about the shavings and door signifies that your soul is hungry for spiritual truths, and is reaching out for Light. Soon, dear soul, a great door will open for you and all that is vague and mysterious to you now will be made plain. You will then realize that there is perfect order in God's great universe, and what appears as "bad" is really in the end good; that all souls are eternal children of our Blessed, Loving God or All-Father; that all souls, whether in a gross physical body or an ethereal body, are progressing—ever going onward, forward and upward to the Bright Spheres, where there are joy, gladness and bliss everlasting. Your dream about Mrs. Grover Cleveland, with the picture of the Blessed Jesus on her right cheek, was a reflection of the Christ within you; it means that you must ever hold the Blessed Master as your highest ideal. With Christ in our hearts and minds we live in peace and harmony, and often hear the sweet voices of the Angel Hosts. You have wonderful clairvoyant powers. Modern Spiritualism can teach you much.

E. E. E. E.—Your dream about the stars and the letter E means that you will soon be very happy. The Angels are trying to reach you through a dream, to tell you how happy all are in the Angel World. We are pleased to hear that you are fond of looking at the beautiful stars. We Mystics love the stars, and when we gaze on them and marvel at their great size and their tremendous distance from this small earth, our hearts and minds are filled with adoration at God's wonderful universe. What a Mighty One it is who rules

and governs the earth and the heavens with its countless millions of grand and glorious orbs! You probably know and realize that nearly all the stars you see are Mighty Suns, many of them much larger and brighter than our own glorious Sun, around which are systems of planets, similar to our own Solar system. These Suns are so many billions of miles distant that to the Earth people they appear as small points of light. How grand and glorious are the works of the Great God!

E. J. A.—Your dream about the Moon signifies that you must give special attention to Spiritual matters—soul growth. The dream about the broken ring also means that you ought to look to God and divine Light for all strength, especially in times when your mind is disturbed and you are sorely perplexed and in trouble. God, or the All-Good, is the soul's only refuge in times of woe, sorrow and grief. This Magazine with its soulful and inspiring messages will help you much.

J. N.—Your dream about the stone wall means that you will soon be very prosperous; it also means that you must free your mind of all anger, envy and malice. Your life has been full of obstacles, and now you are about to overcome them all. We will pray for you; but you must also pray for Light, Guidance and Wisdom. Some wise spirits are trying hard to reach you; modern Spiritualism can help you much.

E. C. MCKINLEY.—Dear soul, your dream about your sister clearly means that good Angels from the Angel World are trying to give you a message. Pray to God that they may reach you with their tidings of joy. The dream about the angry lion trying to devour you, and that when you knelt in prayer the lion came to you in kindness and gentleness, clearly shows that earnest prayer to God for His Fatherly love and protection will always be answered. We are delighted to have souls like yours read our paper. The GREAT WORD is printed in this Magazine each month. Seek for it and get Eternal joy and bliss.

CURIOUS.—The meaning of your dream is that you are soon to have unexpected good fortune, which will make you very happy. Your life will turn out all right. You will be very happy and prosperous when you live in the Spirit and have full faith in the goodness of the Blessed All-Father; we are all children of God, and He cares for us better than we think.

SUE W.—Much happiness is to come into your life; the dream also signifies that you are progressing in Spiritual growth. We would suggest that you strive to realize your oneness with the Great God. You have wonderful psychic or soul powers, and when you can have full love for, and full faith in, God and His Angels, you will be reached and helped by great unseen intelligences.

OLIVIA.—To dream of being in a forest indicates that you must be on your guard against evil thoughts. The mansion and barns in your dream signify that either you or someone near and dear to you is to be happily married. Guard against criticizing or condemning the acts of others; keep your soul peaceful and tranquil by remembering that God and His Angels are looking after the interests of all beings; that all souls are going onward to the Blessed One.

R. BUCHSTAL.—To dream of a wheat field signifies that you are to be very successful and happy and will acquire wealth. Dreaming of the watch signifies that you must give attention to cultivating the spiritual side of your nature. Remember you are a child of God and are an eternal soul.

ROSE G.—Your friend will return. Be on your guard against people trying to poison your mind with evil thoughts.

BESSIE M.—To dream of dirty cobwebs means that you are afraid of poverty. Now, to be afraid of poverty is to invite it. To succeed and be happy in this world we must be fearless and not be apprehensive or fearful; those who reach success and happiness are souls who show their love for God and His goodness by always being happy, hopeful and cheerful under any and all circumstances, hence their success. This Magazine clearly points the way to health, wealth and happiness. Read it regularly and get into our vibrations.

C. S.—Your dreams signify that you must look up to God for real happiness; that your soul is hungry for spiritual food. We are not on this planet for "fun" and pleasure, but for labor, work and service and to acquire experience and knowledge. As long as man lives in his senses and on the plane of pleasure he will suffer much pain.

CHARITY.—To dream of a corpse means that you will have long life; you will also receive

some good news in a letter. Pray to God earnestly for Light, Guidance and Wisdom in your trouble.

MRS. AMALIE H.—To dream of negroes means that you are to meet with vexations and annoyance; that you are prejudiced in your views of people. Now, dear sister, the soul in each being, whether poor or rich, good or bad, black or white, is pure and eternal; it comes from God, and will return to God, and you must be loving, kind and patient with all of God's children, even as the great All-Father loves all of His children, and is ever kind, patient, gentle and loving to all. In time, with this great and everlasting love, God wins all souls to Him.

L. D. B.—Your dream signifies that you have psychic powers; it does not signify that the young woman loves you. If you will live in a simple and pure way, with God in your mind and heart, great blessings will come to you. Some spirits are trying to reach out to you and help 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 do not 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.

Life's Mirror

THERE are loyal hearts; there are spirits brave,

There are souls that are pure and true;
Then give to the world the best you have,
And the best will come back to you.

Give love, and love to your heart will flow,
A strength in your utmost need;
Have faith, and a score of hearts will show
Their faith in your word and deed.

Give truth, and your gift will be paid in kind,
And honor will honor meet;
And a smile that is sweet will surely find
A smite that is just as sweet.

Give pity and sorrow to those that mourn;
You will gather, in flowers, again
The scattered seed from your thoughts out-
borne,
Though the sowing seemed in vain.

For life is the mirror of king and slave—
'Tis just what we are and do.
Then give to the world the best you have,
And the best will come back to you.

LIFE is just as hard as we make it. This is true, although you may not care to admit it, because prejudice and selfishness will not allow you to look beyond a single step. Hurl the rock as far as you may, it is the arm that hurls it that is made weak or strong by the exercise. "Laugh and the world laughs with you," weep and you will give every negative heart around you the blues. You cannot save the world. It is not lost. Have you not already discovered this by your contact with it? You cannot save your soul. That is not the work you have to do. It is not lost, nor is it in any danger of being lost. The Truth knows where it is, and the Truth will save it.

I THINK that the first virtue is to restrain the tongue. He approaches nearest to the gods who knows how to be silent, even though he is in the right.—Cato.

Told in a Dream

In a late issue of the Horse Review, John Trotwood Moore says:

Speaking of a local storm in Chicago last spring that did a great deal of damage, this incident is related:

The Harlem race track was the scene of the incidents of the weather display.

"Something tells me that I am to get struck by this lightning," said Johnnie Bliss, an exercise boy, to a group of companions in the stables of C. E. Brossman at the track in the afternoon, while the storm was raging.

"Nonsense," laughed one of the stable boys. "You are afraid; that's what ails you."

"No, I am not afraid," retorted Bliss, "but there is something, I cannot describe it, but it warns me that a bolt of lightning will strike this stable, and I am to get hurt or killed."

His companions made light of the premonition as they stood around in a little group watching the storm, and began to banter him about being superstitious. He left the other boys and went into the stall of La Mode, a fine two-year-old filly owned by C. E. Brossman, the man who developed and handled the famous mare Imp during her remarkable turf career. He had just reached the filly's head when there was a terrific crash, and horse and boy rolled over in the stall.

A great hole in the side of the barn directly in front of the horse told the now thoroughly frightened stable boys what had happened, and they rushed to the spot and lifted up their companion. He was conscious, his body perfectly rigid, the muscles drawn and the whole frame paralyzed from the shock. The filly was dead, having been killed instantly. The lightning bolt had followed a wire which runs from the roof down the side of the stable and into the wall.

La Mode, the filly which was killed, was purchased by Brossman as a yearling, and her owner would not have taken \$5,000 for her. She had not run a race, but was being kept as a dark horse, with the expectation of making a "killing" when the Harlem track opened. She was highly bred, being by the imported sire Watercress, out of Ailee.

Bliss will recover from the shock, and the other boys are regarding him with a feeling of awe since the accident, so sure was he that something was going to happen.

"Didn't I tell you," he said, as he was being carried out by his companions, "that I would be struck?" In future every boy at the race track will back Bliss's tip to the last dollar, as all say he must be possessed of second sight or something as good.

This incident is not so remarkable as one which came under the writer's own notice last November. On the 20th of that month, at night, the worst cyclone in the memory of the inhabitants swept over El Campo, Tex. On the Mt. Pleasant pike, a few miles out, lived John Thomas, a prosperous farmer. On his premises lived an old negro woman, who came to him the afternoon before the storm and told him she had had a dream the night before, and "the angel" had told her to move out of her house, as it would be totally wrecked, and not to stay in it another night. Mr. Thomas tried to dissuade her by laughing at her fears and telling her dreams went by opposites, but she insisted on moving at once. Finally he sent her to Mrs. Thomas, who, finding she could not overcome her fears, allowed her to move into the kitchen with all her family. That night the cyclone struck the vacated cabin the first thing and swept it away. When Mr. Thomas told her of it she expressed no surprise, but told him "the angel" had told her that many would be killed further up the pike. Morning proved it true—thirty being killed. We know these facts to be true, and, while not believing in prophecies and dreams, there seems to be in some people, perhaps in all of us, at times, an unknown second nature which is capable of foreshadowing impending danger.

(In this Psychic or Soul Age many persons are acquiring psychic powers that enable them to see and sense happenings of the future.—Editor.)

"Influence of the Zodiac Upon Human Life"

WE are pleased to recommend to our readers a book by the above title by Eleanor Kirk. It is a simplified work on astrology, of great merit. It will tell you the truth about yourself, your family and your neighbor. It will strengthen you. It is not awkward, because the year of birth is not necessary to the true reading of your character and future possibilities. It will show you how to use your talents, to have health, wealth and happiness. The price is only \$1.00, post-paid. Address all orders, enclosing \$1.00, to THE MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES, No. 22 North William street, New York, and the book will be promptly forwarded.

A Prayer With Meaning

Offered by the Rev. H. S. Bigelow, of Cincinnati, July 4, 1900

"OUR Father who art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy name. If we have any claim upon Thy favor or any right to call Thee Father, may it be because we have not knowingly trampled upon the rights of any of Thy children.

"Thy kingdom come; may we speed its coming by making the acts of our Legislatures accord with the eternal laws of that moral government which is supreme above the nations.

"Thy will be done on earth as in heaven. May we prove the sincerity of our faith by practicing in senate chambers the lofty precepts which we profess in the sanctuary.

"Give us this day our daily bread. We ask not for the bread of others. Give us the bread that is ours by right of useful labor. May the claims of justice be so completely satisfied in the laws of the land that all may have bread; that the starving millions may be fed, not by charity, but by the labor that wears no chains and knows no master.

"Forgive our debts as we forgive our debtors. In the name of eternal justice, grant us only that measure of liberty which we accord to the weakest of our neighbors.

"Lead us not into temptation. Give us the moral courage to turn our backs upon the alluring visions of the kingdoms of this world and their glory.

"Deliver us from evil. Now, when the chains are being forged and golden padlocks are being fashioned for our lips; when men are forgetting the faith of the fathers to put their trust in the might of armies and the majesty of fleets; now, save us from the thrice-cursed murder which kills in the name of the Prince of Peace.

"Before the sacred altar of our Father's God, we pledge renewed devotion to the principles which have made the flag we love an emblem of hope to the oppressed of all the world.

"May we never covet the gold which drips with the tears of bondmen. May we never feel strong enough to do wrong. May we do justly and love mercy, and walk humbly with our God; and to Thee shall be the kingdom and the power and the glory forever. Amen."

Longer Life for Everybody

THE MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES, through its mystic adepts, is spreading far and wide the gospel of Hope and Optimism, and suggesting that it is good for the soul to hold the body for a great period of time here on the earth-plane.

We say to our readers that the soul, through its great instrument, the mind, can build a strong, healthy and harmonious body right here and now; that it is man's duty to construct a pure and holy temple (body) for himself—the soul.

All who will study metaphysics, spiritual science, occult and psychic powers, will be inspired and get into the higher vibrations of life and being, which make for health, strength and a long and joyous life in the body.

In this connection we quote the following editorial from the New York World:

In spite of strenuous modern ways the average of human life is longer, the average of human health higher, than ever before.

British insurance actuaries have been for years revising the figures which express the "expectation of life" at any given age. From the cases cited by sixty companies it appears that, even since 1863, the length of life has considerably increased.

It is the man of middle age whose chance has most improved. Below thirty and above eighty the new tables differ slightly from the old, though always in the direction of longer life. But between thirty and seventy-five a modern man's prospect of living has improved decidedly, the maximum of increase being at fifty-five.

Better sanitary measures, greater regard for pure air, more exercise, are producing this gratifying result. Modern science is abandoning the theory that diseases are necessarily hereditary. Consumption especially is no longer so considered. A high American authority has said that he would as willingly insure a thousand persons taken haphazard on Broadway as a thousand who had passed a medical examination, with its careful queries about the health of one's parents and grandparents.

The rule of living long is to live rightly. And never was the art better understood than now.

DEEP within the life of everyone lies the statue of a perfect life. Shape your life to make manifest the divine within you.—Annie Besant.

"It's well. What matters talking? It's the soul. Give us more of body than shows soul."

Psychic Delineation By Handwriting

A MYSTIC ADEPT, who is a Chirographical Seer, writes for this department each month brief and correct psychic delineations of character by your handwriting. This is free to yearly subscribers only, and the request must be made at the time the subscription is sent. 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 assumed name or initials for print. We never print the real names in this department.



OF 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 so many 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.

WOLTOCHI.—Your letter is unusually interesting, for it brings a splendid nervousness with it, which is always a sign for the attainment of your heart's desire. Many voices speak for you, but the most important one who guides you in everything—although you are unaware of it—says: "A little more patience, and calm your ambition a little." While nothing is more commendable than to be moderately ambitious, still it is sometimes a fault to be too much so. You are strong morally, mentally and physically, and if you will only pray more earnestly to God and read constantly of the great things THE MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES has achieved, I am sure you will go on your way rejoicing, for the voices speak often for you.

A. B.—Your writing tells me that you are on the right path, and you are bound to continue there if you will only constantly watch and pray for an upliftment into the higher plane of thought. I can see you are honest in all your sayings and doings, and naturally, the angels will reward you for this. Always remember that sincerity is more precious than jewels or fine gold. Certainly, your duty and everybody's duty lies in caring for their dear ones. If this were not so, what kind of a world would this be? We know that our paper has exalted many souls, therefore we urge upon you to read and re-read its pages many times, for it will surely help you. Hundreds of our subscribers commit to memory some of our finest passages, then write us of the unspeakable joy that is theirs in so doing.

MARION F.—Every line of your letter brings a psychic power. You are unusually blessed in this direction, and I beg of you to cultivate your talents so far as in you lies. You can pass into the Higher Thought with less difficulty than most people. There is much magnetism as well. Therefore, it behooves you to praise God and be thankful for the hundred ways by which it is in your power to make others rejoice. The light seems to fall about your feet, and then fills the room, which, being interpreted, means that you are growing in grace and power every day. May the angels guard and keep you always, so that you may continue for many years the good work you have so auspiciously begun.

W. A. K. S.—Your letter, as I hold it in my hand, brings forcibly to my mind the fact that you are born here to achieve great things. Our prayers are always yours for the asking, and the prayers we offer up as requested have more potency. There is much calmness and greatness in your make-up, and simplicity, too. These elements go to make the "grand man." Sit in the silence often, in order to gather more strength. You could heal if you gave time and study in that direction. However, as you stand, you are a splendid example of what a man should be in his desires and aspirations, which is saying a great deal in your favor. Furthermore, as the Bible says: "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he."

ALICE FAIRHALL.—Light and Truth and Understanding come to every soul who takes

the pains to read THE MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES over carefully, thoughtfully and in the spirit of divine love. Thousands upon thousands have cheerfully and enthusiastically acknowledged this fact. But even had they not written us of their joy, we would know this to be true. You must learn to demonstrate over the fact that you are lonely. The blessed angels are hovering over you all the time, and I hear a voice in the distance, saying: "If she would only have more faith in us, and more courage in herself." And rest assured you will have, for we will pray for you. I would advise you to enjoy all the sunshine you can.

C. S.—You must have more confidence in yourself, for then only can success come to you; more than this, you must live up to the spirit of your convictions. No man can be true to himself or to anybody else unless he thoroughly believes in himself. You are an excellent thinker, and arrive at conclusions not too hastily, hence your judgments are always listened to with profound respect. I can see you have justice tempered with mercy, two of the rarest and finest traits God has vouchsafed to man. Pray constantly for more light, and you yet may do much good in the world.

PAX.—Now I cannot understand why black despair should ever enter into your heart. You are a brave man, for the good God has made you so. Never acknowledge the dark side of anything. Look ahead for success. Think success. Talk success. Dream success, and success is bound to be yours. A man cannot always change his station, but I feel that your brave struggle for a better existence will surely be rewarded, and that the bitter environment of strife and struggle will be exchanged for one of peace and joy. The angels are ever watching and guarding you. For this be thankful, and only believe that Hope will again revive your soul, and make life worth the living.

ORWELL.—I hardly have to touch your letter to know what an earnest, sincere man you are. There are many and various degrees of sincerity, as you know, but you seem to have what we Mystics call the "over-soul" in this divine quality. Truth lies all about us; it is hidden in a well, except to those who cannot see it. You stand in a soft effulgent light, and the voices say: "Let him lead others in his own good way, for his spirit is gentle, and he has much understanding." It rests with you to make anything of yourself you choose to be. The gift of allaying pain is yours if you care to use it. It is also given to you to bring joy and gladness to all about you, and particularly to those near and dear to you.

F. W.—We can well understand how nervous prostration may come to one living in these strenuous and noisy, bustling times—where no quiet reigns, but we can not understand how a man of your superior mind and splendid education has failed to triumph over your affliction. We Mystics, of course, believe in constant prayer, not necessarily a machine-made prayer, but, as Samuel Taylor Coleridge has so beautifully expressed it:

"Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed—
The motion of a hidden fire
Lies hidden in the breast."

We will pray that you may be delivered from your sufferings.

M. A. K., Seattle, Wash.—Your letter, as I hold it in my hand, brings the very calmest and best of vibrations. Light and Truth could come to you in no better or higher way than as a little child. You may remember the words in the greatest of all books, "And a little child shall lead them." Not only Heaven, but this very earth upon which we now live and move and have our being is full of signs and symbols by which we can be guided. We Mystics set great store upon sitting in the "silence." We advise this for all. It is bound to give anyone

who conscientiously follows the plan, poise, power and a certain majesty of being. The strong desires within you will certainly be gratified. Your understanding of the Psychic world will be increased. Great blessings are in store for you, that you do not dream of now, and for which I feel sure you will render thanks to God and the Angels.

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.

VICTOR HUGO ON IMMORTALITY

I FEEL in myself the future life. I am like a forest which has been more than once cut down. The new shoots are stronger than ever. I am rising, I know, toward the sky. The sunshine is on my head. The Earth gives me its generous sap, but Heaven lights me with the reflection of unknown worlds. You say the soul is nothing but the resultant of bodily powers. Why, then, is my soul more luminous when my bodily powers begin to fail? Winter is on my head and eternal spring is in my heart. Then I breathe at this hour the fragrance of the lilacs, the violets and the roses as at twenty years. The nearer I approach the end, the plainer I hear around me the immortal symphonies of the worlds which invite me. It is marvelous yet simple. It is a fairy tale and it is history. For half a century I have been writing my thoughts in prose, verse, history, philosophy, drama, romance, tradition, satire, ode, song. I have tried all. But I feel that I have not said the thousandth part of what is in me. When I go down to my grave I can say like so many others, "I have finished my day's work;" but I cannot say, "I have finished my life." My day's work will begin again the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley; it is a thoroughfare; it closes in the twilight, to open with the dawn. I improve every hour, because I love this world as my fatherland. My work is only beginning. My monument is hardly above its foundation. I will be glad to see it mounting and mounting forever. The thirst for the infinite proves infinity.

MAN'S WRONG CONCEPTION OF GOD

MAN lives in the senses and disobeys all the laws of Nature and suffers disease, poverty and early death of the body, and then whines, murmurs and complains at an unjust God who thus afflicts him.

The truth is that man's ignorance of and disobedience to Nature's Laws, not God's Will, is what causes him to suffer in the body and mind, while here on the Earth-plane.

The Eternal Law—the Divine Law—is that man must not live wholly in the senses; must live morally, simply and purely; that he must control his desires, ambitions, passions and appetites.

God has not human attributes; that He is angry and wrathful and afflicts us with pain, disease and early death of the body is not true. We reap what we sow. All is cause and effect. There is a cause for every effect. We delude ourselves when we blame God for our woes and miseries. God is eternal love and light and strength. Our suffering comes from our lower natures and not from God.—Frank Harrison.

WHEN Christ showed us God, then man had only to stand at his highest and look up to the infinite above him to see how small he was. And, always, the true way to be humble is not to stoop until you are smaller than yourself, but to stand at your real height against some higher nature that shall show you what the real smallness of your greatness is. The first is the unreal humility that goes about deprecating human nature; the second is the genuine humility that always stands in love and adoration, glorifying God.—Phillips Brooks.

WE must awake from the sleep of mere animalism to the consciousness of the oneness of our finite souls with the Infinite Soul, and learn to feel that the divine life throbs in the veins of our inmost being, and that we are eternal souls, ever going forward to our Heavenly Father, the Mighty God of the Universe.

FAITH IS THE LAW OF LIFE

FOW could man fail to have faith that God is, since there are evidences innumerable without and within? Is not creation itself sufficient evidence of the Creator? Is not the perfect law and order in the system of worlds sufficient evidence of an all-wise Cause? Have faith then in the great Architect—in His power, His wisdom and His goodness: have faith. Let not your hearts be troubled about anything, but put your trust, practically, in spirit, who knows your every need; and who is back of everything—working all things together for the good of all who love Him. You need not be fearful when you know the divine hand—the All-seeing—is leading you. He can make no mistake. Take hold of His hand, then let your fears and doubts depart as a little child loses all fear when mother's loving, wise hand leads it. God is not far off; He is the indwelling and omnipresent Spirit; repose your confidence in this Almighty help.

Faith is not without reason. You have every reason to have faith. You cannot lift up your eyes without seeing something that says, have faith in the source of life; have faith in the power everywhere manifest. The rose that lifts its head and the birds that fly would teach us to have faith—all things do tell of their source and its power by their very being.

"Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." Your faith in the unseen is proof of its truth, and makes it substantial and real to you; for without faith you cannot see spirit, nor feel its presence, nor hear its voice, although it is ever with you and waiting to be known as you are known of it. Everything that has been accomplished through human agencies has been by faith.

Faith is not superstition nor religious twaddle; these are the offspring of ignorance; while faith is our inspiration and our strength in every endeavor to achieve on every plane of life.

We have to have faith in our physical endeavors, in our mental endeavors, in our spiritual endeavors, or make no progress in any direction. Have you ever realized how helpless one is who sits and says "I can't"? This is equal to saying I haven't faith, and so there is no use to try. What could one accomplish if he had no faith? Would his hands and mind not be listless and idle? I declare unto you faith is a motive power far greater than we have dreamed of possessing. "All things are possible to them that believe." Lay hold of faith and do not let her go, for she is your life.

The very worlds were framed through God's faith in His word; and you are a miniature god—created to be in the image and likeness of the Supreme. Have faith, then, first in the Supreme and next in yourself and fellow-man.

It is a faithful Creator who has endowed us so richly with inherent powers. That blessed spirit does walk and breathe in us and we in it. Let us become conscious of the fact and be at-one with the divine. Faith is perfectly natural and yet a divine power. Is not every created thing divine from its very source? Then put on your robes of divinity and no longer appear as a beggar. How? Through faith—faith that God is, and is a rewarder of them that diligently seek Him. Faith that spirit is an intelligent presence who speaks from within and from without, who never fails you, and who, through circumstances, is instructing you and refining you as silver and gold are refined. Faith that this life is a part of creation's work, making you to be in the image and the very likeness of God. "For He shall sit as a refiner of silver till His perfect image is reflected back from our hearts and faces. Think not the trials of life are strange, for the spirit refines in the furnace of affliction."—Isaiah.

The early followers of Christ understood their trials as being beneficial to their spiritual growth; and so they lived a life of non-resistance and did not interfere with the fires of suffering, purging and purifying their lives. We should have this same living faith in our Father's dealings with us—the same faith Jesus had when He said, "Thou couldst have no power at all against Me, except it were

given thee from above." No one, then, can raise an arm or a thought against us except the power comes from above, and that is for our good.

It did not seem to be good that Jesus was crucified, nor do your daily crucifixions seem good, but grievous and evil. But how do you know, if you had faith to "resist not evil," what great good might come to you from it?

Suppose you would cast your old faith away, and try this new and living faith. Suppose you would put all your confidence in good and none in evil. Suppose you would put all your trust in Spirit, in Life, in Love, in Wisdom as directing her creations and dealing justly with her own; how do you know what the outcome would be?

Faith is a law of life. It is ever operating in our lives if we know it or not. It is true that the "just live by faith"—they do not live by works nor by their efforts in any way, but by faith, which is the motive power back of their works. And not only do the just live by faith, but everyone lives by such faith as is in him; only the just have a conscious, living faith in principle and in truth which never fails them; while the unjust have to live by faith in their own efforts; these have to strive for a living in the world of competition; they have no peace; but the just have that calm, inward assurance of the faith of God established in their hearts by experiences that have taught them of the Father's unfailing care and love under all conditions.

"Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? Yea; they may forget, yet will I not forget thee." There is One who never forgets, and who is worthy our hearts' perfect confidence.

Faith is our spiritual vision; through faith we see divine love that never forsakes us, but enables us to see eventually the justice in all things. Faith, when we possess it, never fails us, but is our strength through the darkest hours, illuminating the way and making every bitter thing sweet and every hard thing easy. Thus the way of life is simplified and made straight, and the troubled heart finds rest—rest that ever awaits us, rest that is our own in spirit, but can only be realized through sweet faith.

Faith belongs to our intuitive nature; it is not of the sense man who is naturally skeptic, and very limited in his power to know. It is of the inner or spiritual man—the higher nature that is ours from above. The more perfectly this nature is let to live in us the greater will our faith become, and through it all powers will be found residing in us. It is only through faith that we can become consciously and truly one with God.

Whoever believes it possible to become one with God has the faith requisite to start on the journey heavenward, Christward, Homeward. The possibility is yours to attain through faith. Your faith is what you believe in your inmost heart—beneath the surface, deep within, you will find your true and living faith—your own heavenly voice, your own spiritual truth, your own indwelling God.

Again I would say, begin to use daily such faith as you possess; begin to live by it, that it may increase until it fills your whole consciousness with life and peace through the knowledge that all is well, and that all are evolving into the perfect creation of God according to the blessed unfailing laws of life.

When Love Is Done

The night has a thousand eyes—
The day has one;
Yet the light of the whole earth dies
With the dying sun.
The mind has a thousand eyes—
The heart but one;
But the light of the whole life dies
When love is done.

THERE is no saying shocks me so much as that which I hear very often, that a man does not know how to pass his time. It would have been but ill spoken by Methuselah in the nine hundred and sixty-ninth year of his life.—*Cowley.*

The Ideal of Success

By Marion Mulford

OUR daily life creates our ideal of success. Never do we find an identical ideal repeated. Every one of us, simply by thinking his own thought, and living his own life to the full, is approaching his ideal of success in life. This being true, the ideals of all men have their significance for us. The ideal of success is created by our own thought directly, and indirectly through the reaction of associations upon thought. Like all ideals, it brings at once success and the limiting of success. Only by realizing the full sense of an ideal can we know the whole struggle of the worker. Yet for each of us there is an individual way. We ourselves are seeking it: the where and when are perhaps still hidden from our reason. But deep in our hearts is rooted the assurance that the time will yet come, and somewhere, somehow, we shall attain our ideal of success.

Our daily life creates our ideal of what success ought to be. Pain and pleasure, victory and defeat, are necessary as the complementary attributes of human character. The world asks, "Has a man succeeded?" That is all. No question of ways, ideals or methods; only, "Has he succeeded?" Even if the world does not ask, each man must ask and decide these questions for himself. To succeed in life there must be no coward's sigh of exhaustion, no selfish prayer for mercy from competition, no idle resignation to an easier lot. Have not all the great achievements of our lives come to us in moments when the cup was bitterest?

Someone has jokingly said that the purpose of speech is to conceal our thoughts, and this may be true of unskilled speech. The most skilled cannot do more than suggest our thoughts. We shall read and study the lives of those who have succeeded in one direction or another, and we shall endeavor to emulate their great achievements, but, after all, we shall find that we can gain from them no more than a suggestion to help us in our struggle onward, for each one hews out a pathway for himself.

In planning, make sure of essentials, and leave the details to work out as you meet them. To every man where he stands, using the means that lie to his hand, comes success if he will. Every man's cottage stands upon some high-road to success. Arise! and stop not till the goal is reached! That which comes to your hand to do, do with full strength and fear not. Murmur not at the need of a fixed purpose. But this understand: not one effort shall be in vain. The dream of success shall be less, not greater, than success itself. Shrink from no demand that the struggle makes on you. Be strong, fearless, resolute.

Service, the Almighty Spirit

I KNOW it is a very confusing statement. Gamblers and thieves sometimes gain wealth and power; but search closely, we find they have supplied a demand. Kings have power and armies have power, great power to commit legal murder—because the multitude demand a supply of brute force—and every demand is supplied. But those who live by the sword shall die by the sword. Wars create bonds and interest, and bonds and interest cause social dry-rot.

We have rich and powerful citizens, some of them more powerful than States, so it is said. They have power to bribe and corrupt Legislatures. But, whence came their power to bribe and corrupt and steal? Go to the very bottom, we find they have served (not taught) and served better than others.

In the omnipotence of service we have our sole warrant for the millennium. Some of us must cease to regard education and legislation (Church and State) as omnipotent, and learn to supply ordinary demands at right terms. Then comes the millennium. Service is the Almighty Spirit.—*Jas. T. R. Green.*

"Nora Ray, the Child Medium"

is a story of everyday practical Spiritualism, which commends it to the general reader. A little waif left upon the doorstep of a most worthy couple is kindly received, and in process of time develops remarkable mediumistic powers, which finally result in her regaining a valuable plantation property of which she had been defrauded. The book is thoroughly spiritual, intensely interesting, and carries the leading character through many trials and dangers, but her unseen guides being in constant attendance, impress, protect and advise. 120 pages, good, clear type. Only 300 copies left of the first edition. Sent to any address on receipt of 50 cents in silver or stamps. Address Procter Brothers, Publishers, Gloucester, Mass. Send at once.

Remarkable Spiritual Phenomena

BY DR. G. STERLING WINES

IN January, 1894, I became acquainted with Frederic Fox Jenkin, a son of Katherine Fox Jenkin, one of the famous Fox sisters. The extent of the phenomena that he was capable then of producing was "the raps," which, by means of pointing to the alphabet, would spell out the names of dead and living persons. Belonging, as he did, to a family who are remarkable for their psychic powers, I wished to determine to what extent this hereditary endowment could be augmented by means of hypnotism. I may state, in passing, that all individuals with whom I have experimented, who possessed marked mediumistic or psychic capacity, are more or less, in a varying degree, hypnotic sensitives. This is especially true of those who produce physical phenomena, such as slate-writing and spirit materialization—in fact, complete lethargy is absolutely necessary to this last-named phase.

Mr. Jenkin proved very susceptible, and by frequent experiments, from the most simple to the most complex, I developed him to what I consider for this particular phase to be the most remarkable that I have met in my experience, which has been varied and over a period of twenty-five years.

My *modus operandi* was as follows: I would take a ouija board, with the alphabet in large letters upon it. I would hold in my mind the name of a person, living or dead. Taking a pointer in my hand, and commencing with the first letter of the alphabet, following slowly along the board, and when I passed by the first letter of the name, without any intimation on my part of what I was seeking, three distinct raps could be heard on the table, indicative that the letter had been reached. In this way the full name would be spelled, with the details of birthplace, date of month, year, etc. In the case of those that were dead the same accuracy was possible. Many dates that I could not recall have, upon subsequent investigation, been found to be in the main correct.

These phenomena I have shown to many prominent people, and, in order to verify this statement, I will refer to an interview we had—I think it was in March, 1894—with Rev. Minot J. Savage. Knowing that he was interested in all phases of psychic phenomena, and desiring that he witness this remarkable psychic power, I called on him and asked him if he desired to have a private séance. He appointed an hour when we should meet at his study in his church. At my suggestion he made an alphabet on a sheet of paper, and I requested him to think of some person that was dead, and to take the pencil and trace the letters in the manner I have already mentioned. The first name spelled was one of the two founders of the Psychic Research Society of London. The name was given in full, the place of his death, which, I believe, was in

London, and the date. All other details were accurately given as to the disease, etc.

Three other tests were made of some members of Mr. Savage's family. In every instance the same accuracy was obtained.

Mr. Savage was so well pleased with the result of the séance that he wrote to Mr. B. O. Flower, editor of the *Arena*, telling him of it, and Mr. Flower made an appointment with me to witness the same phenomena. Mr. Flower's wife was present at this séance, which was a great success in every particular. There was a question in regard to the accuracy of the month—I am not certain whether it was February or March—that one of the individuals died. The raps gave March. Mr. Flower thought it was February, but, on consulting some manuscripts, he found that the intelligence the raps conveyed was correct. These remarkable phenomena involve many subtle psychological problems. First, as to whether it is simply a matter of mind reading or clairvoyance, thought transference, etc.; second, what relation the phenomena of the raps bear to the organism of the medium, or is there extraneous intelligence that is involved in the results obtained?

It is a most significant fact that with every individual that purports to communicate by this means, there is a distinct differentiation to be observed between the individuality (if I may so express myself) of one rap to another. This is a peculiarity that, so far as I know, has not been stated or its sequential import sufficiently emphasized.

When discussing this question, to my mind this marked differentiation is of very vital import in maintaining the thesis of spirit return. If it is argued that the organization of the psychic produces the phenomena of the rappings, some explanation as to this marked differentiation is absolutely essential to maintain that thesis.

I called Mr. Savage's attention to these facts, and he replied that he had observed the same phenomena with other mediums, and I asked him why the spiritualistic explanation of the phenomena was not the most rational and reasonable one. He showed an unwillingness to commit himself conclusively on this topic, and I did not urge it.

Those that are endeavoring to solve the problem from any other standpoint than that which is maintained by the Spiritualist must take these self-evident facts into consideration, and give them the full significance they deserve. This is a vital issue, and is one that cannot be ignored or easily put aside.

Having witnessed phenomena so remarkable and accurate as the above, I had expected to find some recognition of the same in a magazine article from Mr. Savage, and sufficient time having elapsed to give him ample opportunity to do so, I now for the first time make public the above-mentioned incident.

Tolstoi's Thoughts on Death

"I AM feeling better," said Tolstoi to a recent interviewer at Moscow, "and to tell the truth, I am rather sorry for it, as I love to be ill."

"Sickness and suffering destroy what is moral in man, solely to prepare him for something better." And lowering his voice, he continued: "Don't let Sophie Andrejevna (the Countess) hear us. Between you and me, I wouldn't like to get well again. If I do I promise you to write down the thoughts on life and death—if there is such a thing as death—that have crystallized in my brain during the past weeks while I lay here prostrate, undisturbed, happy. Their upshot is that death is but an incident, an episode, in our present existence, while life itself never terminates."

"Hence death has nothing terrible; it portends only an intermezzo in eternal life. As the slave looks for the liberator, so I look for death—look for it any moment, would welcome it under all circumstances. And when it does come a shout of joy shall arise from my breast like that escaping the mouth of a new-born babe entering upon the phase of life which you and I are now enduring."

It is the crushed grape that gives out the blood-red wine; it is the suffering soul that breathes the sweetest melodies.—*Gail Hamilton.*

From Life

A CROWD of troubles passed him by,
As he with courage waited.
He said, "Where do your troubles fly
When you are thus belated?"

"We go," they said, "to those who mope
Who look on life dejected;
Who weakly say good-bye to hope.
We go where we're expected."

In our spiritual natures we are like automatic valves. As long as we open ourselves to lower motives and indulgences we close ourselves to the higher by that very impulse. When we close the lower, we open the higher. The choice is always ours.

We influence people according to what we are.—*Rev. Henry Gardner.*

THERE IS more to rest than mere physical rebuilding. There is no rest without peace of soul. Every luxury that wealth can bring, every pleasure that amusements can bestow, cannot bring rest without peace. Nature herself is powerless to bring strength to tired souls without peace. There is no rest where conscience is not at peace.—*Rev. R. D. P. Bennett.*

Don't Worry

By Dr. J. A. Eichwaldt

How to be happy is a question that has been asked time and again. Still the same old question is being asked and it is evident that the world has not yet learned the great secret, the art of being happy. There seems to exist so little happiness and so much the opposite that the question naturally arises: "Do people want to be happy?"

In looking about us, anyone with ability to observe will see that the entire life of every human being is nothing more nor less than a race for happiness. Why, then, do so few actually reach the goal? It certainly cannot be because of a lack of sincerity or unfaithfulness to the purpose that keeps so many from attaining this object. It must be either because there is something wrong with the methods by which we hope to attain it, or because "happiness is not of this world," which is only a "vale of tears." Are you one of those who do not believe happiness to be one of the earthly possibilities of man, or do you imagine that you are too good to be happy among people, so many of whom are "worldly" and but a few are saints? If you believe the former, let me assure you that you are wrong and that you may experience happiness, *worldly* happiness, if you but will. If you belong to the latter class, I have but little patience with you.

It is true that happiness is a state of mind—a frame of mind—and therefore, one who possesses the ability to concentrate to an extent that will enable him to mentally withdraw from unpleasant conditions in his environment, may be happy—in his mind. Diogenes was an illustration of such happiness. Entirely ambitionless, he was satisfied to live in a tub and even threw away his drinking cup because he discovered that he could quench his thirst by using the hollow of his hand.

True happiness, however, is *more* than a mere mental attitude. It is consistent with hard work and struggle in the conquest of circumstances, although such struggle may not always be crowned with victory. Let us determine the quality of our actions, both mental and physical, at the very outset. We derive neither pleasure nor benefit from the worry habit. It neither helps nor inspires us nor does it benefit our neighbor. Why, then, bother with it, since it is only a barnacle—an impediment. Let us cut it loose from us and see whether or not we have added to our happiness. After all, Diogenes has taught us a lesson, crank as he undoubtedly was.

Most people's worry is caused by other people—so they say. They think that they would not worry if it were not for others. In fact, there are almost as many different causes for worry as there are people in the world. Some of the causes would be valid if worry was of any use, but by far the largest majority of them are imaginary. Imagination transcends mind in this particular. The *cause*, being imaginary, produces the mental state called worry, which again reacts upon the physical. Thoughts are forces, and as such will invariably produce effects which will be desirable or otherwise, according to the quality of the thoughts producing them. The effects of worry are many. Wrinkles, gray hair, premature old age, nervous prostration, are some of the undesirable results produced by worry. Cultivate your WILL! Only people of strong will can be happy at all times. "Solar plexus" methods give instant relief and are excellent for the purpose of controlling the worry habit, but do not stop there. You cannot expect to achieve perfect freedom, not only of worry, but also of every undesirable condition, unless you train your mind in concentration and develop the strength of your will. Exercise it, then, in your attempts to conquer the worry habit. WILL to be happy. Do the best you can in all matters pertaining to yourself and your neighbors, and don't worry about the results. You may fail at first, but try—try again.

(The above is a condensed article from Thought, by Dr. J. A. Eichwaldt. The doctor knows what a foe to happiness worry is, and handles his subject without gloves. He might also have added that there is one certain way of overcoming worry—rhythmic breathing—easy, rhythmic breathing—breathing with the regularity of a pendulum's motion, just before going to sleep.—EDITOR.)

THE ruling factor in this earth life is plain labor, work and service, and the soul that fulfills its part cheerfully, honorably and without murmur or complaint is far on the Path—is near God and the Angels.—*Frank Harrison.*

WHEN religion goes down and irreligion prevails, I take My birth to establish it again. Whoever approaches Me through whatsoever forms, I reach him. Know that all men are traveling along My ways.—*The Gita.*

Telepathy; or, Thought Transference

How to Send Thought Messages Thousands of Miles



THOUGHT transmission is the process of projecting thoughts from one person to another through the medium of the etheric element—the element employed by nature for transmitting heat and light from the illuminated astral bodies, says a writer in the Path Finder.

As astronomical scientists have computed that light is escorted through space by this unseen power, at the wonderful velocity of about one hundred, and sixty thousand miles per second, and as it is a fact, though not established by the same authority, that Thought Transmission is equally swift in its flight, and that this human energy can be transmitted to any part of the world, and received and intelligently interpreted—it is not outside the bounds of reason to predict the early demise of the present method of rapid transit. And why not, by the same process, communicate with all the inhabited planets of the Universe? Indeed, so marvelous has been the development of the human race during the past quarter of a century, in the direction of fathoming the so-called hidden mysteries of nature, that before the close of another decade we may reasonably look for the introduction and establishment, throughout the world, and in all probability with the far off planetary spheres, of a permanent system of Thought Transmission, independent of all mechanical devices now employed by modern inventive genius.

But it is not because of the benefits that may accrue by the mere interchange of communication that Thought Transmission will be heralded with the world's plaudits, but by reason of the benefits from a physical, moral and spiritual standpoint, that must necessarily inure to mankind.

Thought Transmission, however, is by no means a new thing. It is as old as time, but its modern application is new to the generation of to-day, except to that portion known as occultists and students of the occult sciences. But profound thanks are due to the long-suffering and persistently tabooed students of nature, who have preserved the wonderful truths respecting life's evolution, until the world was ready to receive them. This time is now at hand, and humanity is about to reap the benefits and knowledge that a complete understanding of man's relations to the Universe will vouchsafe.

Thousands of people, even to-day, are being cured of all manner of diseases through the medium of Thought Transmission. Not only are all physical ailments that man, in his ignorance, has visited upon the flesh being successfully treated in this manner, but all the so-called troubles and disappointments of life are converted into joys and blessings. Poverty and old age are being dissipated and all the imaginary burdens of life are being forced to the rear, and opulence in its manifold forms is taking their place. Not only are all classes of ailments being successfully coped with by this wonderful process, but the subjects treated and cured are so strengthened and enlightened as to be able to accomplish the same marvelous results.

But these achievements are in no sense miraculous. There are no miracles or hidden secrets. Jesus performed no miracles, and was possessed of no secrets that the whole world may not know. "It is not I that do these things, but the Father that dwelleth in me. He doeth the work." And again, "They that come after me shall do all these things and more," are words spoken from the I within Jesus; the same I that abideth in every human brain—the real Soul life. And the truthfulness of these statements is now being verified every day in the year by advanced students of nature, who have discovered that all the wonderful powers possessed by Jesus, and more, are the rightful heritage of every human being. More than two years ago Jesus tried to impress these truths upon the minds of men; but outside of a few faithful followers it has taken the world all this time to understand them. It has remained for the patient searchers after truth during the closing years of the nineteenth century to rightly interpret and put into execution the simple statements of facts made by the Nazarene.

And who is responsible for this blind ignorance and perversion of truth? Theology. This is the contribution of theology to the progress of mankind, and theology has performed another wonderful feat. It has spent

two thousand years trying to teach man how to die, instead of teaching how to live. But maybe these experiences have been necessary lessons in life. It takes some people a couple of thousand years to absorb a little common sense, especially when all Christendom is teaching the reverse of the truth.

Thought—persistent thought—is the discoverer of all truth; and truth, like the soul, is indestructible.

Coming back to the subject of Thought Transmission, we find that all positive thought dominates, and is supreme over, all thought of a negative (weaker) character. Thus it is that the strong influence the weak. But let no one think for a moment that he can use this positive power to the disadvantage of the weaker character, and escape responsibility. Every thought sent out finds its centre. If it is good, it finds refuge in the object to which it was directed, there to leave a permanent impress. If the thought be evil, while it finds the centre for its reception, and leaves a temporary adverse effect, it sooner or later finds its way back to the sender, and works out its purpose to the detriment of the latter. This is one of the inexorable laws of nature that there is no escaping.

No thought can ever be recalled by the transmitter in whose brain it was generated. All thoughts go forth and perform their mission for good or for evil; and while the evil thought of the positive person may, seemingly, work an injury to the negative one, still this would be impossible except that the negative person needed and required the experience, in order to further his development and bring him into an intelligent understanding respecting his own Divine powers.

Many of these lessons may be learned in a moment or in an hour or in a day, or it may take a year or a century or the period of a thousand reincarnations. The rapidity with which the knowledge of right physical and spiritual growth is developed alone determines this.

But the time is near at hand when all the thoughts of man will be like an open book. Indeed, they already are to many of the highly developed students of psychic power. But a large percentage of the whole race will soon possess the ability to read and correctly interpret all thought waves. There will then be no such thing as so-called crime. If every person understood that an evil thought could not be generated without its being known, there would then be an end to crime in every class, as thought precedes every conscious act in life.

The obstacles to overcome in reaching the conditions in life referred to are not difficult. Unconscious growth, through the process of the law of evolution, will, sooner or later, bring everyone to an intelligent understanding; but this is an exceedingly slow process, and in the light of the present enlightened conditions, very few would be willing to consciously retard their own progress. The proper way, then, for the earnest searcher after truth who desires to reach this high eminence as speedily as possible, is to constantly direct his thoughts within himself instead of without. Latent within the human brain lies every truth in life. Intelligent thought, therefore, directed within, will divulge the most glorious truths concerning man's birthright that the universe possesses.

This does not mean that man shall find out all these things and then be obliged to die before experiencing their fruition; but it does mean that man shall protect himself here and now—in the physical body—so that he may enjoy all the delights of his hopes and desires right here in the flesh.

This will be the overcoming of the last enemy, which is death, spoken of in holy writ. "I am the way and the truth and the life." "He that believeth in me shall not perish." These words have no reference to a personal God, but to the I within man himself. Every man who looks within himself finds God (the Universal law of life) the Saviour of his own Soul; and, therefore, "he that believeth in me" (the I within) "shall not perish," but "shall endure forever."

But what of him who seeketh not the kingdom within? Poor, weary Soul! Again must the battle of life be taken up, housed in a new physical body; and again and again must new experiences be had, and their lessons learned, till the last great enemy shall have been overcome; for death comes to the physical body only when the soul grows weary of waiting for the earthly tenement to recognize the Divine power that establishes its right to eternal life.

Through the medium of Thought Transmission the world is now in hot pursuit of the Last Enemy.

Meditation

MAN is the climax and culmination of forces which for ages have been seeking harmonious expression. In the Secret Silence he attains Complete Consciousness, oblivious of conflict, aloof from discord, swinging as a bird upon a lofty branch, far removed from what distracts the soul from the symphonies of peace. To attain this triumph is the supreme desideratum of the human heart. Thus shalt thou attain who seekest not in vain, and thus shall be thy song of triumph: "I am the culmination of perfecting powers. In me unseen forces attain to consciousness. The Infinite becomes self-conscious. I am the seer and the knower, the soul and sense of things, the magnet of all harmony. I am Peace, Perfection, Patience and Power. I am the Central Point on which converge the contending energies of space, fusing in me the Human and Divine. I am all-informing, all-sufficient. I draw unto myself all that I need out of the abundance of Nature, as the seed gathers from the sun and soil the essence of flower and fruit that lies within its bosom. I am Harmony, Happiness, Health. I wait, serenely, and all things come unto me. I am Conqueror, Owner, Sovereign. I will, and it is done! Amen!"

EVERY man has a kingdom over which he is born to have absolute sway—the kingdom of his thoughts, his realm of mentality. Few of us as yet realize this sufficiently to take upon ourselves the true dignity of our kingship. We are heirs to a divine inheritance, and rulers over all conditions if we will but claim our birthright; and however much we may seek to shift our responsibilities and to throw the blame of our mistakes and misfortunes on others, we shall find, if we look into ourselves, rooted deep in our human nature, and underlying all outward appearances, the belief, amounting to knowledge, that each man is master of his thoughts and therefore maker of his own destiny.—*Expression*.

Better Than Gold

A TENDER smile on the lips we kiss,
A flush of joy on the cheek,
A clinging grasp in the hands we press,
Love's tones when the dear ones speak;
Ah, friend, these are better, a thousandfold,
Better than glittering heaps of gold.

The light of love in a shining eye,
Dear arms that around us twine,
And peace that deepens as the years go by,
Unchanged by the flight of time;
Oh, these are the treasures of price untold,
Better than heaps of shining gold!

The swift, warm touch of dear little hands,
The music of childish words,
Sweet voices that ring from morn till eve,
Like songs of summer-time birds;
Oh, these are treasures to keep and hold,
Better, far better, than silver or gold!

The little home, with vine-clad door
And song-birds under the eaves;
The bowers where childhood's fairies sing,
To whisper of wind and leaves,
Is better than castles grand and old—
Is better than gifts of burning gold.

FAITHFULNESS is the explanation of many a successful career. Opportunity, ability and the friendly assistance that may be given all tend to further one's efforts, but the persistent, undaunted faithfulness to the labor in hand, in the very face of opposition and hindrance and obstacles, is that which conquers. The character that is developed by devotion to duty, in life's smallest undertakings, is being equipped for glorious achievements. Therein is found the secret of success.

ONCE realize what the true object is in life—that it is not pleasure, not knowledge, not even fame itself, but that it is the development of character, the rising to a higher, nobler, purer standard, the building up of the perfect man—and then so long as this is going on, death has for us no terror; it is not a shadow, but a light; not an end, but a beginning.

WE can do much in this world if we only will. LOVE for every living being is the GRAND SECRET! Any work that tends to ennoble our thoughts is the Mecca of physical well-being. The reading of our Magazine brings its readers into the harmonized vibrations of superb health—spiritual, mental and physical. It creates a desire to live the Higher Life—to be gentle, merciful and just to all.—G. C.

Some Instances
of the Prophetic,
the Relative
and the
Sequential

DREAMS

Pres. McKinley's
Vision of the
Letters
Which Spelled
"ELECTED"

FOR several days following the tragic event at Buffalo on September 6 short paragraphs appeared in newspapers throughout the country telling of this or that person who had dreamed that the President was to meet with a mishap. Little interest, of course, was taken in such possible coincidences, for, apart from the fact that it did not make much difference whether anybody had dreamed it or not, there was the natural bent to scoff at aftermath "dreamers," as persons either seeking an ephemeral notoriety or who were a little bit unbalanced mentally.

And yet who can say that all who declared they had dreamed of what later actually happened were not speaking the truth? Very wise men have devoted years of study to dreams and dreaming, and it has generally happened that when one of them had finally arrived at what could reasonably be called a plane or finished cycle of sequential demonstrations, some new phenomenon occurred which set all the careful observation at naught.

There is one point, however, upon which all scientists who have given the matter thought agree, and that is that dreams may be prophetic. Nor need the "prophetic" dream be an isolated one, for many persons may dream of the same events, and all within the same period of time.

Dream students who have for years been trying to make dreaming one of the serious things of life have fixed dreams in three classes: the prophetic, the relative and the sequential. This is a great help to a dream enthusiast, and anyone who cares to take the trouble to sift and record the dreams of those around him will find that the three heads mentioned will do very well to put all dreams under.

Many persons attach great importance to dreams; some probably have had cause to do so, while in the case of others it is purely by reason of that part of the average human being's make-up called superstition. The learned Bishop Newton, Dean Swift, Thomas De Quincey, Plutarch and lots more of the poorly paid but reliable old recorders of thought, found dreams interesting subjects, and in their manuscripts are found many recitals of dreams which they considered of sufficient importance to chronicle. The dreams of Pharaoh, as recorded in the Bible and as interpreted by Daniel, may be mentioned in the same connection.

The statement that many persons may dream prophetically of the same events is based on observations made by dream students, who declare that a mysterious element described as thought-waves may affect a number of brains in the same way, and when the body is inert in sleep the subconscious self, which, it is asserted, is never still, grasps the mystical threads of what is termed the "external thought," and in the passing of its temporary occupancy of the brain leaves the impressions that on waking are called dreams.

Whenever the dreams are of a prophetic nature they are usually in connection with some event or events that suggest a train of thought that leads into the future, and but few instances are recorded of a prophetic dream "out of a clear sky," so to speak.

An instance that will be typical is that of the Wolf family of Denver, Col. The Wolfs were of the middle class of life. The father was a carpenter, the mother was an intelligent housewife and a member of two small reading societies; her brother was a teacher of the piano, and much interested in the only child of the Wolfs, a son, who showed a precocious aptitude for music.

At the time the incident occurred, the boy, who was fourteen years old, had gone to a near-by town to attend a social function given by some friends. In the evening the brother of Mrs. Wolf called at the Wolf home and took supper. After supper the conversation turned to the boy and his future, of which the family loved to talk. This evening, however, the conversation took on a doleful tone, and before they were aware of it they were conjecturing of what a sorrow it would be to them all should the boy suddenly die, and the probability of heart trouble, which he already had in its early stages, taking him off.

When the brother left to go to his lodgings the unhappy part of the conversation came back to him. His sleep was sound till about daylight, when he awoke with a feeling of vague uneasiness. He dismissed it and went to sleep again, and dreamed that he stood on an eminence and saw a woman standing over a bed on which his nephew lay, and while he could not see the woman's or his nephew's face, he could plainly hear the woman say: "He is dead, poor boy, he is dead." He tried to awake, but could not rouse himself, and the doleful words of the woman kept ringing in his ears.

When he fully awoke he was cold and damp with fear. He looked at his watch. It was a quarter past five. He was unable to shake off the terror of the dream, and dressed himself for the day. He decided to go to the Wolf home; for what purpose he could not reasonably say; he just wanted to go there. It was a quarter past six o'clock when he reached there and found Wolf up and sitting beside his wife, who was trying to quiet him, and telling him he must not mind dreams. Wolf had dreamed that he saw his boy reach out his arms to him and softly say, "Good-bye, I am dying peacefully." When he awoke it was twenty minutes past five—five minutes later than when the uncle had wakened.

At twenty minutes past seven a telegram came telling of the death of the boy at about five o'clock that morning from over-indulgence in cake and a nervous excitement caused by a long performance on the piano the night before, which the physician said had overtaxed the boy's heart, which was weaker than they had thought it to be.

The following is more in the line of the prophetic dream. It was dreamed by an old servant of the late Vice-President Hobart. This servant was an old colored man, who was very much devoted to Mr. Hobart, and who had been the recipient of many small favors from him.

About six months before Mr. Hobart was nominated on the national ticket, the old darkey, whose name was Steve, accosted him and said: "Boss Hobart, if you don't mind, I want to tell you 'bout a dream I had dis mornin'." The future Vice-President stopped with his usual good nature and told him to tell it. Steve then went on to relate how he had seen Mr. Hobart "mount a pair of great red stairs and set on a judgment seat, and with a big gold hammer boss a whole acre of de wisest old men you eber saw, an' dey was all bald-headed," he concluded.

Mr. Hobart repeated the story to a friend later, and attributed it to an inspiration made by an old suit of clothes given to Steve some days before. However, Steve could not read, and there was no general talk at the time of the honor that was later conferred upon Mr. Hobart.

Another "prophetic" dream was one that Mr. John D. Rockefeller has told as being part of a very indifferent boyhood. One day when the world was a sad study to the quiet boy that Rockefeller is said to have been, he went to bed quite discouraged about it all, particularly at his inability to own certain books he desired. While asleep he dreamed he was a giant in stature and had just built a building the ends of which he could not see—and every nook and cranny of the big building was filled with every book known, and he owned them all. Mr. Rockefeller's library is now noted, and his endowments to the Chicago University add further interest to this dream of his boyhood.

A dream that seemed really prophetic, the recital of which will be doubly interesting at this time, occurred to President McKinley. The writer was a witness to a recounting of it by the President himself, who at that time was only Major McKinley. The dream occurred in Canton about a month before the election that first made him President.

It will be remembered that thousands of men and women, in bodies and individually, made pilgrimages to Canton to express goodwill and their wishes for his election. The scenes in front and at the sides of the McKinley home suggested a swift-turning human kaleidoscope rather than part of what

is usually a sleepy old Ohio town. The writer had gone to Canton to interview the future President, and on the day of arrival there was more than the usual crowd around the McKinley home.

When an audience was finally secured, it was in the Major's study, on the west side of the house, where he had sought a few moments' surcease from the handshaking in the yard. One of the questions asked him was:

"What to you seems the most important thing in this campaign?"

There was no delay in the answer. With his face lighting with that flash that those near him know so well, he rose from the chair where he was seated, and walking quickly to the front window he gave the curtains a strong, vigorous jerk, disclosing a full view of the cheering mass of people in the street, who twisted and turned in their attempts to get in line. With one hand on the curtains and with the other half raised and pointing to the scene, he replied:

"That! That picture which is occurring here day by day, made by those men and women who come from the most remote part of our United States to show their confidence and wish me success, is the most important thing that any man could consider, and God help the man who ever betrays their trust."

The last sentence was said more to himself than to the two or three present, and as he finished he let the curtains fall and walked back to the centre of the room in a meditative mood. Suddenly he raised his head with a twinkle in his eye, and turning to a confidant, he said:

"Dave, I had a dream this morning, and I am going to tell it, with the provision that these gentlemen (referring to the two newspaper men present) will not use it as local color matter."

He was assured the story was safe, for the time at least, and he continued:

"Just before I got up I turned over for that extra wink we all like to get, even in campaigns, and I dreamed I was driving down by the old county line road, when I saw a great mass of people coming toward me, and I stopped to see what it all meant. As they came by me they smiled in the most genial way, but as though there was some great surprise afoot. I noticed they were all dressed in deep blue. In a short time the sloping country in front of me was covered by them, and as far as I could see there were people standing so close together that nothing else could be seen but the sky.

"Suddenly, at a given signal, thousands in the centre of the mass quickly whipped off their blue coats, under which were white ones. At another signal they put on broad white hats. As I was beginning to wonder what all that was for I saw that the people in white were so placed that in the centre of that great black throng, in letters a mile long, one word had been formed, and that word was—'Elected.'"

"I have always heard that dreams go by contraries," continued Mr. McKinley, "and I am afraid that dream was what the boys out in the stables would call a 'Hoodoo,'" and with that he hurried out of the room like a boy who had been caught in the jam closet.

Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish is fond of creating diversions for her friends in the way of entertainment. Several years ago, with the aid of Harry Lehr, she had prepared a great surprise for some hundred or so of her intimate friends in the shape of a vaudeville show to be given in her Madison avenue home, by members of the four hundred. The greatest secrecy had been observed in the arrangements, as Mrs. Fish wanted to spring a good strong surprise on the guests she had invited.

Everything was going on swimmingly, when Mrs. Fish one afternoon lay down to get a few moments' rest, a day or two before the function. She dropped asleep long enough to dream that a poor but otherwise respectable member of the set ruled by her, tempted by an offer from an evening newspaper, had sold the information that Mrs. Fish was to do something big and unusual, and for a further consideration would undertake to secure some facts anticipatory of the coming show.

Mrs. Fish awoke startled and full of unpleasant feelings, and calling one of her servants she instructed her to go and sound a telephone alarm for Mr. Lehr. The servant had no more than left when Mr. Lehr himself was announced. He was ushered in, carrying with him a copy of one of the evening papers, and there, in flaring type, was an announcement of Mrs. Fish's coming show. There was a council of war, but there was nothing to be done for the present. Mrs. Fish could not bring herself to believe that the person of whom she had dreamed could be guilty of such a thing, but at any rate, she sent for her and gave her the "third degree," so to speak.

The woman professed innocence, but Mrs.

Fish, not quite satisfied with her expostulations, was careful several days later to see that the same person received some exclusive information about some coming events that were to be created for the purpose. Two days later the late edition of the same paper that had printed the previous story had a full and picturesque account of the supposed events. The woman was cut from Mrs. Fish's visiting list.

Lillian Russell, who has an abiding faith in Christian Science, is a firm believer in dreams. Recently she was breakfasting with some friends at the Casino in the Park. It was about twelve o'clock noon. As the party were "topping off" the breakfast with the cream and chocolate, Miss Russell, who had been quiet for some time, said:

"I had a queer dream before I got up this morning. I dreamed I received a present from some unknown admirer—a pair of silken slippers with solid gold heels. I tried them on, and the silk disappeared seemingly, leaving the gold heels fastened to my feet, with which I walked around, making a most dreadful clatter." Then, jokingly, "I wish I had a dream book to see what it meant."

As she finished, one of the men of the party said:

"You don't need any dream book, Miss Russell. While you were telling of your dream I was casually looking over the entries for to-day's races in the paper, and Gold Heels runs in the second race. After your dream I don't see how she can lose, and I shall telephone a commissioner to get as much money on the horse as I can spare out of my poor little \$800 a week."

Gold Heels won in a romp at 3 to 1, and the same party dined that night after the theatre on bookmakers' money, while Miss Russell's jewel case was victor by a handsome crescent pin.

During the investigation of the sugar scandal by a United States Senate committee some years ago, J. Pierpont Morgan was a witness before the committee. The first meetings were held in a parlor on the second floor of the Hoffman House. The first morning Mr. Morgan appeared he was alone. He entered the side door of the hotel, and made his way to the stairway leading to the second floor, passing John E. Searles on his way, who stood by the elevator. Mr. Searles nodded good morning, and said the car would be there in a minute. Mr. Morgan shook his head, and kept on going toward the stairway. Mr. Searles stepped along with him, and together they walked upstairs.

As they reached the first landing Mr. Morgan remarked:

"I ate some new melon last night, and it made me dream I was falling in an elevator, and I am going to keep out of elevators all day if I can," and just the faintest suspicion of a sheepish smile crept round the corners of his mouth.

History does not record how many elevators went to smash in New York that day.

That picturesque old veteran of pugilism, John L. Sullivan, who is now engaged in the strenuous pursuit of coin on a bookmaker's stool, had a dream once that made all sorts of trouble. It was before his "Waterloo" with Corbett, and occurred on the morning of the day of the fight.

Sullivan, who had not observed all the rigid rules of diet that a prizefighter should, had passed a restless night, and just as his trainers were about to rouse him for his morning's bath he gave forth a bellow that shook the rafters of the training quarters, and then leaped out of his cot on the floor, where he stood, wild-eyed and half-frenzied. To the anxious queries of his trainers he half roared:

"Say, what do you think I dreamt? That dude had put me out! Oh, lead me to him now; now," and it was some time before he could be calmed. Ultimately "the dude put him out."

President Roosevelt, while Governor of New York, once said in the presence of several friends that if he had what seemed to be a foreboding dream he knew he was not "in condition," and unless some very pressing business prevented it he immediately took to the gymnasium, or if in the country, to an extra hour or two at wood-chopping, his favorite exercise. Next to sleep he declares it is the best panacea for mental ills that can be found.

T. O. MCGILL.

THE gods will be satisfied with the best you can do, but the neighbors will criticise you just as severely as ever.

EVERY reader of this Magazine can do much good by saying a good word for us; such good words will help us create a tremendous force for good—for spreading the gospel of Love, Hope and Courage.

The Vedas—Free Translation

AN EASTERN MYSTIC ON THE FORMS OF LOVE-MANIFESTATION

LET me give you the full meaning of that word Love. Here are some of the forms in which Love manifests itself. First there is reverence. Why do people show reverence to temples and holy places? Because He is worshipped there. His presence is associated with all such places. Why do people in every country pay reverence to teachers of religion? It is natural for the human heart to do so, because all such teachers preach the Lord. At bottom, reverence is an outgrowth of Love; we can none of us revere him whom we do not love. Then comes Priti—*pleasure in God*. What an immense pleasure men take in the objects of their senses! They go anywhere, run through any danger, to get the thing which they love, the thing which their senses like. What is wanted of the *Bhakta* (i. e., great lover of God) is this very kind of love, which has, however, to be directed to God.

Those who talk of Him alone the *Bhakta* finds to be friendly to him, while those who talk of anything else appear to him to be unfriendly. A still higher stage of love is reached when life itself is maintained for the sake of the one Ideal of Love, when life itself is considered beautiful and worth living only on account of that Love. Without it such a life would not remain even for a moment. Life is sweet because it thinks of the Beloved. *Tadyatā* (*Hissness*) comes when a man grows perfect according to *Bhakti*—when he has become blessed—when he has attained to God—when he has touched the feet of God, as it were, his whole nature is purified and completely changed. All his purposes in life then become fulfilled. Yet many such *Bhakts* live on just to worship Him. That is the bliss, the only pleasure in life which they will not give up. "Oh, King, such is the blessed quality of *Hari*" (lit., "One who steals the hearts and reason of all by His beauty"—hence the Lord, a name of God) "that even those who have become satisfied with everything, all the knots of whose hearts have been cut asunder, even they love the Lord for Love's sake"—the Lord "whom all the gods worship, all the lovers of liberation and all the knowers of the Brahman." Such is the power of love. When a man has forgotten himself altogether, and does not feel that anything belongs to him, then he acquires the state of *Tadyatā*, everything is sacred to him because it belongs to the Beloved. Even in regard to earthly love the lover thinks that everything belonging to his beloved is so sacred and so dear to him. He loves even a bit of the cloth belonging to the darling of his heart. In the same way, when a person loves the Lord the whole universe becomes so dear to him because it is all his.

Rely Not Too Much on Self

THE greatest mistake man can make is to believe himself independent of the Almighty. Learn that it is not ye that speak, but your Father within. Learn that every thought that comes to you is not yours, but that it belongs to the Great God who sent it. You will experience sad mistakes if you do not give the Universal Intelligence credit for your very life.

Don't say these are my thoughts, and believe you control them independent of any force. You deceive yourself if you do this.

When you learn to recognize the Almighty within your kingdom you will have found peace. Don't look for Him anywhere else, or you will never find Him. Turn your eyes within, for God dwells within the secret places.

FOR man is a Divine living thing, and not to be compared to any living brute beast that lives upon the Earth, but to them that are above in Heaven, that are called gods.

Rather, if we shall be bold to speak the truth, he that is a man indeed is above them, or at least they are equal in power one to the other. For none of the things in Heaven will come down upon the Earth and leave the limits of Heaven, but a man ascends up into Heaven and measures it.

And he knoweth what things are on high and what below, and learneth all other things exactly.

And that which is greatest of all he leaveth not to the earth, and yet is above; so great is the greatness of his nature.—*Hermes*.

IT is the demands, not the promises, that make men of us; the responsibilities, not the enjoyments, that raise us to the nature of men and women.—*P. T. Forsyth*.

The Apparition of the Brocken—Bells at Sea—A Harbinger of the Spanish-American War

WHEN the connection of events with each other is unknown ignorance refers them to what is called "Chance," and superstition, which is ignorance in another form, or to the immediate agency of some superior malevolent or benevolent being, but philosophy endeavors to explain that which is seemingly supernatural or mysterious.

Take the following for instance: Near to the Hartz Mountains, in Germany, a gigantic figure has, from time immemorial, occasionally appeared in the heavens. It is indistinct, but always resembles the form of a human being. Its appearance has ever been considered a certain indication of approaching misfortune. It is called the Spectre of the Brocken (the name of the hill). It has been seen by many travelers. One of these travelers, in speaking of the apparition, gives the following account: "In the course of my repeated tours through the Hartz Mountains," he writes, "I often, but in vain, ascended the Brocken, that I might see the spectre. At length, on a serene morning, as the sun was appearing above the horizon, it stood before me, at a great distance toward the opposite mountain. It seemed to be the gigantic figure of a man. It vanished almost as quickly as it appeared." Later, another says: "After having ascended the mountain for thirty times I at last saw the spectre. It was just at sunrise, in the middle of the month of May, about four o'clock in the morning. I saw distinctly a human figure of a monstrous size. The atmosphere was quite calm toward the east. In the southwest a high wind carried before it some light vapors which were scarcely condensed into clouds, and hung round the mountains upon which the figure stood. I bowed—the colossal figure repeated my act. I paid my respects a second time, which was returned with the same civility. I then called the landlord of the inn, and having taken the same position which I had occupied before, we looked toward the mountain, when we clearly saw two such colossal figures, which, after having repeated our compliment by bending their bodies, vanished."

The tourist explains this strange appearance as follows: "When the rising sun throws its rays over the Brocken upon the body of a man standing opposite to fleecy clouds, let the beholder fix his eye steadily upon them, and in all probability he will see his own shadow extending the length of five or six hundred feet, at the distance of about two miles from him."

A well-known writer, in his work on Physics, says: "It happened once on board a ship sailing along the coast of Brazil, a hundred miles from land, that the persons walking on deck, when passing a particular spot, heard most distinctly the sound of bells, varying as in human rejoicings. All on board listened and were convinced, but the phenomenon was mysterious and inexplicable. The different ideas which this would excite in the minds of ignorance and intelligence may be easily conceived. Some months afterward it was ascertained that at the time of observation the bells of St. Salvador, on the Brazilian coast, had been ringing on the occasion of a festival. The sound, therefore, favored by a gentle wind, had traveled over one hundred miles of smooth water, and striking the widespread sail of a ship, rendered concave by a gentle breeze, had been brought to a focus and rendered perceptible."

But here is a case not so easily explained. Several months previous to the Spanish-American War, one evening a flaming, hiltless sword appeared in the northwestern heavens. It was seen by at least half a million people in New York and Brooklyn, not to mention other cities hundreds of miles distant. The apparition held its place in the heavens fully two hours, varying in color from a blood red to a gradually fading pink. The newspapers made their comments as usual next morning, and endeavored to explain away the mystery. "It was a signal from a heliograph," printed one. "A fire at Fort George," declared another. "The Aurora Borealis," said a third. But as the strange apparition had been seen simultaneously in other cities, their theories were untenable, and the whole matter was dropped. The hundreds of thousands who saw the phenomenon expressed their firm belief that it meant war with Spain, and subsequent events proved they were right.

A MAN should, in his youth, guard against sensuality; in his manhood against faction, and in his old age against covetousness.—*Chinese Maxim*.

PLACE THE CIRCULAR DISK HERE, WITH YOUR SIGN OPPOSITE SAME SIGN OUTSIDE OF CIRCLE.

♈

All persons born from January 22 to February 19, inclusive, were born in Aquarius. You are a good judge of human nature; are fitted to deal with the public; are conservative; are fond of public entertainments; are practical. We can show you how to achieve great success. Be sure to read bottom of our grand offer of an Astrological Delineation made by a great Mystic Adept.

♉

All persons born from February 20 to March 21, inclusive, were born in Pisces. You are sensitive and thoughtful; anxious to gain knowledge; have a keen eye for detail; you are successful if you are positive and advice. We can show you how to get one of these Delineations for your sign.

♊

All persons born from March 22 to April 20, inclusive, were born in Aries. You are earnest and sincere; full of life and activity; can do wonderful things if you study occult and psychic forces. The Mystic can help you in a wonderful way. We are offering free, a lengthy Mystic Astrological Delineation. Read notice at bottom of this page how you can secure one. It will pay you to get one of these Delineations for your sign.

♋

All persons born from April 21 to May 21, inclusive, were born in Taurus. You are a steady, practical, and hardworking person. You are a good judge of human nature; are fitted to deal with the public; are conservative; are fond of public entertainments; are practical. We can show you how to achieve great success. Be sure to read bottom of our grand offer of an Astrological Delineation made by a great Mystic Adept.

♌

All persons born from May 22 to June 21, inclusive, were born in Gemini. You are a lively, energetic, and a vivacious nature; restless and anxious; you are a good judge of human nature; are fitted to deal with the public; are conservative; are fond of public entertainments; are practical. We can show you how to achieve great success. Be sure to read bottom of our grand offer of an Astrological Delineation made by a great Mystic Adept.

♍

All persons born from June 22 to July 23, inclusive, were born in Cancer. You are a loving, sympathetic, and emotional nature; you are a good judge of human nature; are fitted to deal with the public; are conservative; are fond of public entertainments; are practical. We can show you how to achieve great success. Be sure to read bottom of our grand offer of an Astrological Delineation made by a great Mystic Adept.

♎

All persons born from July 24 to August 23, inclusive, were born in Leo. You are a proud, ambitious, and a very happy nature; you are a good judge of human nature; are fitted to deal with the public; are conservative; are fond of public entertainments; are practical. We can show you how to achieve great success. Be sure to read bottom of our grand offer of an Astrological Delineation made by a great Mystic Adept.

♏

All persons born from August 24 to September 23, inclusive, were born in Libra. You are a modest and retiring; your inner nature is receptive, intellectual, sensitive, and poetical; you can develop tremendous psychic powers, and we would advise you to give attention to metaphysics, occultism, and modern spiritualism. Listen to the Mystic Adept; as they can help you. Read notice at bottom of this page to get great help.

♐

All persons born from September 24 to October 23, inclusive, were born in Scorpio. You are a great and powerful; you are a good judge of human nature; are fitted to deal with the public; are conservative; are fond of public entertainments; are practical. We can show you how to achieve great success. Be sure to read bottom of our grand offer of an Astrological Delineation made by a great Mystic Adept.

♑

All persons born from October 24 to November 23, inclusive, were born in Sagittarius. You are a jovial, earnest, honest, frank, generous, fearless, combative, sympathetic, friendly; very quick-tempered and outspoken; you detest deception; are curbed your anger. You are often misunderstood. Astrology can help you; can point the way to success for free Astrological Delineation. Send as per offer at bottom of this page.

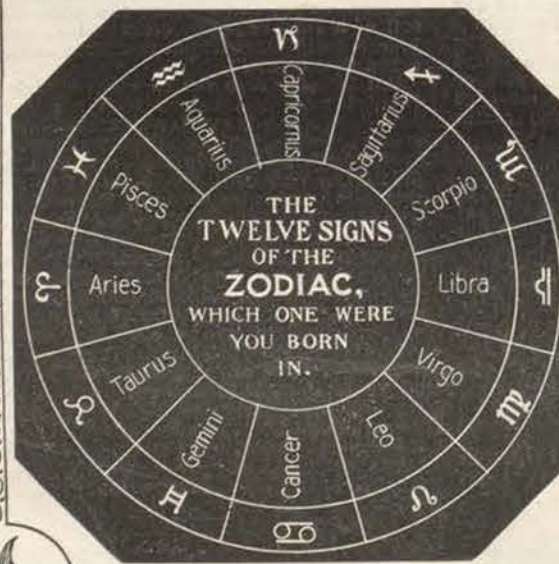
♒

All persons born from November 24 to December 23, inclusive, were born in Capricorn. You are high-minded and self-confident; lover of the beautiful; love literature and science; public-spirited; independent and a natural leader; executive and aspiring. Read bottom of this page showing you how to get, absolutely free, a full and detailed Astrological Delineation by one of the greatest Mystic Adepts in the world.

♓

All persons born from December 24 to January 20, inclusive, were born in Aquarius. You are a good judge of human nature; are fitted to deal with the public; are conservative; are fond of public entertainments; are practical. We can show you how to achieve great success. Be sure to read bottom of our grand offer of an Astrological Delineation made by a great Mystic Adept.

★ HOW TO GET A FULL AND DETAILED ASTROLOGICAL DELINEATION OF YOUR LIFE FREE ★



THE MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES will give, absolutely free, to each person sending one dollar for one year's subscription to the magazine, a lengthy Astrological Delineation, prepared by a MYSTIC ADEPT ASTROLOGER. Be sure to send the month and date of your birth with your subscription.

These Delineations are of great value to anyone who desires to know the Mystic Rules for having Perfect Health, Wealth and Happiness, as they are prepared by one of the greatest Mystic Adepts in the world.

With this wonderful Delineation and the magazine you can learn how to have all the Unseen Forces and Occult Powers help you. There is not a greater blessing than perfect health, prosperity, long life and general success. These Mystic Astrological Delineations show you how to get wonderful Psychic Power. They show you what to do, when to do and how to do to command all of the great planetary, solar, magnetic and psychic forces of the universe.

With your Astrological Delineation, as given by this Mystic Adept in astrological and occult science, YOU CAN AVOID DISEASE, FAILURE AND MISFORTUNE.

Astrology is an exact science, and a Delineation prepared by a true Astrological Adept, who is honest, sincere, learned and conscientious, will be of great value to you.

Remember, you get this magazine one whole year for one dollar, and we send you free your Delineation.

Send date and place of birth, giving year and hour if possible, and one dollar to

THE MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES,
22 North William Street, New York City.