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THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES

VOL 4 | DECEMBER | NO 2
1902
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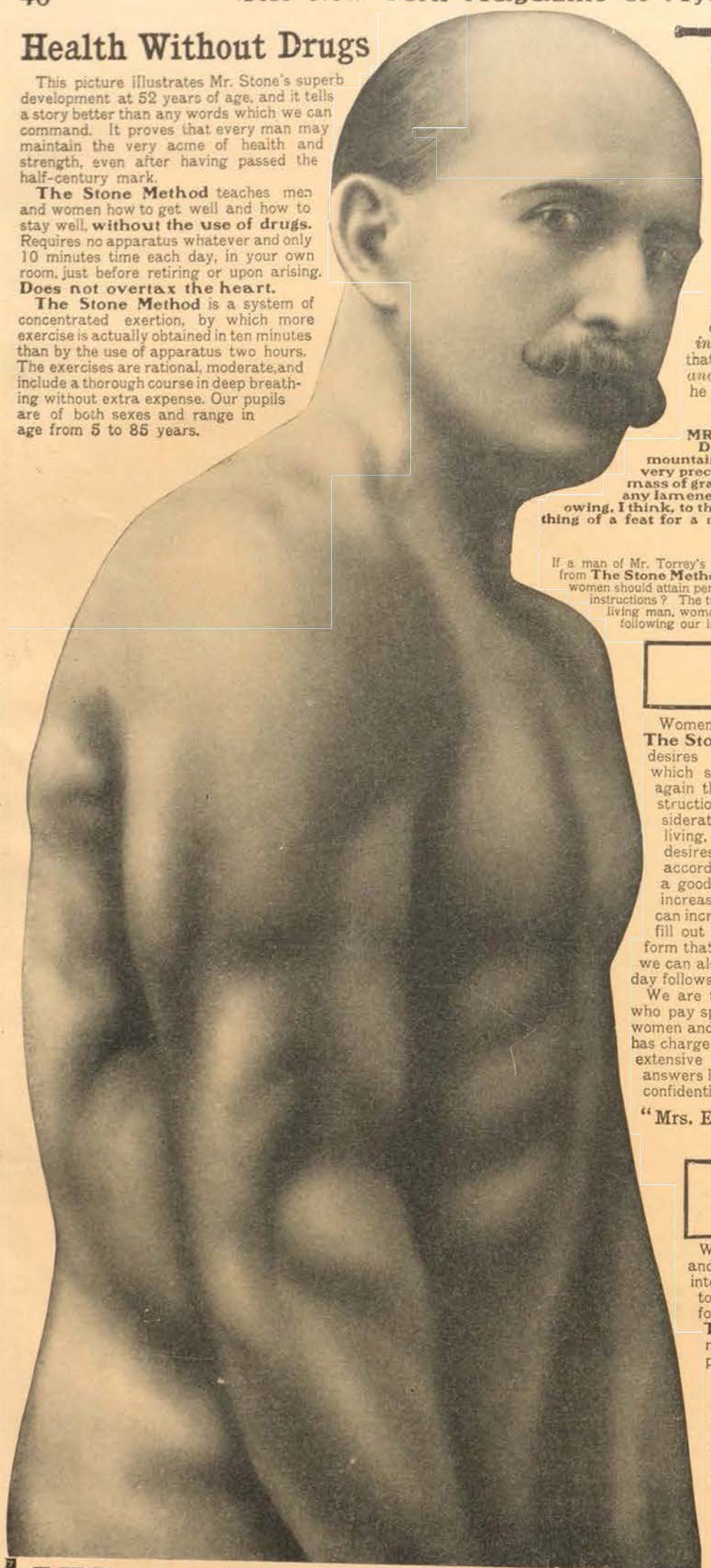
Health Without Drugs

This picture illustrates Mr. Stone's superb development at 52 years of age, and it tells a story better than any words which we can command. It proves that every man may maintain the very acme of health and strength, even after having passed the half-century mark.

The Stone Method teaches men and women how to get well and how to stay well, **without the use of drugs.** Requires no apparatus whatever and only 10 minutes time each day, in your own room, just before retiring or upon arising. **Does not overtax the heart.**

The Stone Method is a system of concentrated exertion, by which more exercise is actually obtained in ten minutes than by the use of apparatus two hours. The exercises are rational, moderate, and include a thorough course in deep breathing without extra expense. Our pupils are of both sexes and range in age from 5 to 85 years.



75 Years of Age

Mr. C. C. Torrey, a clergyman of Tamworth, N. H., 75 years of age, wished to take a course of physical culture, but hesitated on account of his age. After investigating **The Stone Method,** his son, a physician, advised him to take it. He enrolled with us April 4th, 1902, and after one week reported "*some increase of vigor.*" In two weeks he reported "*a gain in strength of legs and back.*" After three weeks he reported that our instructions were "*curing a tendency to stoop in sitting and walking.*" After four weeks he reported that he was "*still increasing in health and vigor,*" and on October 3d, 1902, he wrote us as follows:

Tamworth, N. H., October 3, 1902.
MR. F. W. STONE,
Dear Sir: Last week I climbed a mountain 3540 feet high—Mt. Chocorua—very precipitous at the cone, which is a vast mass of granite. I did this without producing any lameness, and without exhausting fatigue, owing, I think, to the practice of your exercises. Something of a feat for a man of 75! Yours,
(Rev.) C. C. TORREY.

If a man of Mr. Torrey's advanced age receives such marked benefit from **The Stone Method,** is it not reasonable that younger men and women should attain perfect health and development by following our instructions? The truth of the matter is that there is scarcely a living man, woman or child who could not be benefited by following our instructions from 10 to 20 minutes each day.

Women

Women receive quite as much benefit from **The Stone Method** as men, but no woman desires the same muscular development which she admires in men. This proves again the desirability of our individual instruction. In every case we take into consideration the occupation, habits, mode of living, and the object which the pupil desires to attain and give instructions accordingly. We can insure perfect health, a good complexion, and, when desired, an increased chest (or bust) development; we can increase the weight or reduce it; we can fill out those hollow places and give the form that beautiful contour so much desired; we can also reduce the abdomen as surely as day follows night.

We are the only instructors of prominence who pay special attention to the instruction of women and children. Mrs. Ellen Walker, who has charge of this department, has had a very extensive experience, and alone opens and answers letters of a private nature. Address confidential letters

"Mrs. Ellen Walker,
care The Stone School."

24-Page Booklet
with photos from life
FREE

We want to hear from every man and every woman who has enough interest in health and development to read this advertisement. Send for our booklets which tell all about **The Stone Method,** our plan of mail instruction, etc. We have prepared one for men and one for women, which contain many photos from life, showing what others have accomplished by **The Stone Method,** and what you may accomplish if you will. We are glad to send them **FREE,** together with Measurement Blanks and Testimonials, to any person who will ask for them. Don't put the matter off, but write today. Our literature will prove interesting whether you wish to take instruction or not.

THE STONE SCHOOL OF PHYSICAL CULTURE
1685 MASONIC TEMPLE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

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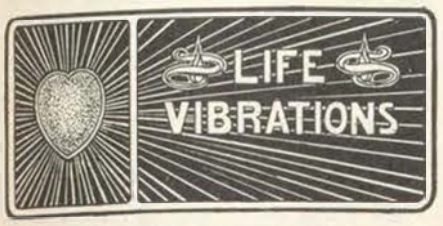

Blessed December

BEHOLD! it is a ruddy time.

What cheer in the red and glowing flames of the fireside!

The frost god is abroad, beautifying all nature with his silvery touch.

The very air is sweeter, purer and clearer.

And the glorious moon is more silvery.

Rich gift of the great God!—Winter.

A glorious year is closing.

It is the season of the GREAT FESTIVAL—the season in which the Prince of Peace came to earth.

BLESSED CHRISTMAS!

It is the season of great joy!

It is December.

Glory be to God!

Come! let us be merry souls in this month when the old passeth away and the new and larger life approacheth.

'Tis time to light the Eternal Light of thy eternal soul—to sing glad and joyous songs.

It is the season when Angels sang as never before—heralding the PRINCE OF LIFE.

Praise His glorious Coming forever!

And now, blessed souls, let us kindly and gratefully kiss the Angel of the passing year and gladly and joyously greet the Angel of the approaching New Year, and remember—

"All round the year the trusting soul
May find the word of promise whole;
The flight of time, unknown above,
Breaks not our Father's boundless love;
Unbroken be the tranquil light
That folds our lesser sphere,
As ever pure and calm and bright,
All round the year."

Subjects of Thought

THE highest statement of the culture of a human nature, and of the best attainment that is set before it, is that as it grows better it grows more transparent and more simple; more capable, therefore, of simply and truly transmitting the life and will of God behind it.

Sympathy and love go together as naturally as the perfume and the blossom; and just as the blossom under the influence of nature's forces ripens into fruit, so the love and sympathy of a Christian life develop into fruit for the blessing of humanity and the glory of God.

Joy is the sunshine of the heart, and cheerfulness and honest mirth bring forth the blossoms and unfold the leaves, and their fragrance sweetens all our lives and the lives of others. Do not worry. Worry drains the system of its vitality and shortens the life.

If each man had the spirit of self-surrender, the spirit of the cross, it would not matter to him whether he were doing the work of the mainspring or one of the inferior parts. It is his duty to try and be himself, simply try to do his own duty.

The heights of spiritual attainment can only be safely reached by those who begin low down and mount upward by patient continuance in well doing, by daily faithfulness in that which is least.

Life Through Christ

How long ago the Christ walked this fair earth,
Beneath the stars He stood, beneath the sun,
By Galilee's bright waves His wandering feet
So often strayed, its waters heard His voice
And hushed their murmurings. At His command
The raging tempest stilled and breathed like a
Young child in slumber, and from the awful
Silence of the grave the dead came back, clothed
With strong new life, treading once more the old
Familiar paths, smiling again into
The faces of their loved ones. In Him Death
Found his conqueror and life took on a
Vaster meaning. Redeeming love bridged the dark
Unseen, swung wide the gates of immortality,
And filled the night of death with the bright beams
Of deathless hope and the clear sunlight of
Undying faith. Down the long centuries
Of passing years rings the God voice, more sweet
Than angel symphonies, filling the soul
With peace, as break the glad words upon our
List'ning ears: "I am the Resurrection
And the Life, whomsoever believeth
In me shall never die." Oh, man rejoice!
Love bids thee come and live. No death is there
For him who, through the love of Christ, doth wait
For blessed immortality. 'Tis love
That calls us home unto our Father's house,
And Death the angel messenger He sends
To lead us onward to the life beyond,
Where are the many mansions, the living
Waters and the pastures green, where Christ shall
Lead us, and perfect, endless being shall
Brighten "where God's own light, unhindered and
Undarkened by a sun, shines forth alone
In glory." Through God's great universe our
Feet may wander, and the glory of His
Love and power shall gladden us for evermore.

—*Eliza A. Otis.*

Sing a Song

IF you'll sing a song as you go along,
In the face of the real or fancied wrong;
In spite of the doubt, if you'll fight it out,
And show a heart that is brave and stout;
If you'll laugh at the jeers and refuse the tears
You'll force the ever-reluctant cheers
That the world denies when a coward cries,
To give to the man who bravely tries;
And you'll win success with a little song—
If you'll sing the song as you go along!

If you'll sing a song as you plod along,
You'll find that the busy, rushing throng
Will catch the strain of the glad refrain;
That the sun will follow the blinding rain;
That the clouds will fly from the blackened sky;
That the stars will come out by and by;
And you'll make new friends, till hope descends
From where the placid rainbow bends;
And all because of a little song—
If you'll sing the song as you plod along!

About Our Troubles

"IN trouble to be troubled is to have your trouble doubled." The only way to overcome our troubles is to let them wear themselves out. If you will pay no attention to them they will soon go away. People worry and trouble much over troubles that do not come.

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

Our thoughts make us. Thinking trouble brings trouble. Thinking good brings good. We can make our life just what the mind thinks. Therefore, how important it is for all of us to think rightly.

There is no real or lasting power in man as he lives on the human or mortal plane. Yet we must *all* live on this plane for a while and perform the labor and toil and drudgery, and suffer the pains and have the pleasures incident to it, and become experienced in the mortal life before we can or will aspire to the higher plane of Spirit—immortality. Eternal Life manifests in countless forms on countless planes—from the beginningless past to the endless future—eternally involved and evolved. We are now more or less involved in matter that we may ultimately be evolved in Spirit. Out of all this involution and evolution comes the divine man—the eternal man—who knows no evil, who cannot suffer, and who exists in Eternal Bliss, at-one with God. So, each soul on this planet is involved in some form of the countless forms, on some one plane of the countless planes of consciousness—in some degree of the Grand Evolution—*all* going onward, forward and upward to the same goal of infinite perfection, absolute freedom and Eternal Bliss. The sooner we know and realize this blessed truth the nearer we are to God and eternal joy and peace.—*The Blissful Prophet.*

Live in the blessed *Now* if thou wouldst see visions of a blessed future.

From the depths of thy soul cometh thy real strength to overcome error, ignorance, superstition, transgression and self-worship.

Each succeeding moment we are nearer universal peace, good-will and universal blessedness. Open thine eyes and see the vision of a better time. Dost thou not hear the divine call to awake and *do*? Listen to the still, small voice that whispers: "FOLLOW THOU ME!"

The New York Magazine of Mysteries

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CHARLES E. ELLIS, Proprietor

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THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES

ARE YOU TRYING TO GET FOR US ONE NEW READER OR SUBSCRIBER?

Spiritual Prayers

(*From many shrines*)

IN the soul itself which lies below all my fleeting desires and external acts, may I make my permanent home. May I remember that my best moments are my most real ones, that I am most myself when I am most like Thee. In the silent protest which lies below every evil thought and makes me wretched until I cast it far from me, may I see the essential nobleness of my own nature. May I honor that nature and be true to it. In spite of all my failures, may I prize myself. May I honor myself too much to stoop to what is low and base. Of every sin may I say, This is unworthy of me. So may I rule my own spirit. So may I emphasize the good and leave the bad. May I learn to say, No; and, most often, No to myself. Free me, I pray Thee, from this internal strife, this war with myself, which prostrates all my powers. May I cease to desire what I know I should not possess. So may I be freed from this bondage to self. So may I be made ready to live for others. So may my little life become useful, happy and blessed —a blessing to myself and to all. Amen.

True Sympathy

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 hot tears falling,
Falling from a brother's eyes,
Share them—and thus by the sharing
Own your kinship with the skies.
Why should any one be glad
When a brother's heart is sad?

—*New York Tribune.*

This Magazine has a two-fold object—to suggest to its readers to search for the Truth and to inspire the soul to hope. We all owe it to mankind to spread the gospel of comfort, that the sad, sorrowful and wretched may be comforted and the most forlorn and discouraged may be encouraged to hope. All misery is allevinted by the mind contemplating the bright and sunshiny paths of life rather than dwelling on that which is dark. The power of optimistic or rational thought to uplift the soul is beyond all calculation; and to fortify the mind against despair and calm itself against disturbing vibrations will always be our aim.

I PLANTED scorn: it died in the garden mold.
I planted love: it bore a flower of gold.
I planted doubt: it withered, lacking root.
I planted faith: it ripened precious fruit.

At Eventide

SWINGING in hammock at close of day,
Sadly thinking of one gone away,
I longed to pierce the vaults above,
To open the gates that hid my love.
"O, spirit," I prayed, "of truth and grace,
Bend down from thy beauteous dwelling place.
A ray of joy to a sad heart bring,
A song of love that our lips may sing."

Ah, listen, was it a voice I heard
As the summer breeze so lightly stirred?
Did I feel a soft hand touch my brow
As these words came to me clear and low:

"Dear mortal, the land beyond is bright,
And naught is known of sorrow or night:
The inhabitants are fair and good,
Kind words and deeds are their daily food;
All your heart longs for, by earth denied,
In this home of beauty you will find;
Let loving charity guide your way
To golden Truth, beyond clouds of gray."

The voice was hushed, and over my breast
There stole the calm of an infinite rest.
And I wonder oft if the voice was real,
While the touch of the hand I seem to feel.

—*S. D. Gardner.*

A Life-Saving Vision

A CURIOUS fact came to our knowledge the other day. The Countess Schimmelmann, a Danish lady well known at San Remo, had a singular experience a short time since. A boy was fishing in a boat at some distance from her yacht. He fell overboard, and would have been drowned had not a rescue party sent by the Countess reached him at the critical moment. But here comes in the strange part of the story. When Countess Schimmelmann dispatched the boat no accident whatever had happened. The boy did not fall into the water till his friends came in sight ready to save him. The Countess had seen in a vision the event which was about to happen. The boy—a fair-haired youth—has been seen in public with the Countess since the occurrence.—*Modern Society.*

Not Doing Anything

TWENTY years ago a discouraged young doctor in one of our large cities was visited by his father, who came up from a rural district to look after his boy.

"Well, son," he said, "how are you getting along?"

"I'm not getting along at all," was the answer. "I'm not doing a thing."

The old man's countenance fell, but he spoke of courage and patience and perseverance. Later in the day he went with his son to the "Free Dispensary," where the young man had an unsalaried position.

The father sat by, a silent but intensely interested spectator, while twenty-five poor unfortunates received help. The doctor forgot his visitor while he bent his skilled energies to his task; but hardly had the door closed on the last patient when the old man burst forth: "I thought you told me that you were not doing anything! Not doing anything! Why, if I had helped twenty-five people in a month as much as you have in one morning I would thank God that my life counted for something."

"There isn't any money in it, though," exclaimed the son, somewhat abashed.

"Money!" the old man shouted, still scornfully. "What is money in comparison with being of use to your fellow-man? Never mind the money; you go right along at this work every day. I'll go back to the farm, and gladly earn enough to support you as long as I live."

"That speech," I said to a friend of mine, one who had spent many years as a conspicuously successful teacher, "went into the bones of the young man's life, and strengthened him for a life of unselfish usefulness."

"Ah!" said the professor, "that one speech was worth years of text-book teaching! And yet it was made without an instant's preparation."

"Far from it," I answered, quickly. "It had taken sixty years of noble living, struggling against sin and self, pressing forward in the paths of righteousness, bearing the cross, following hard after the Perfect Man, to prepare that old Christian to make this speech. Then the moment came, and he was ready to teach the glorious lesson."—*Our Young Folks.*

This is the era of Life, Righteousness and Peace, Progress and Prosperity. "God is in His Universe," and has not made a failure of His Grand Plan.

How We Help the Sick

Any of our readers that are suffering from sickness of any kind are requested to write a personal letter to our Mystic Adept Spiritual Healer. Tell him candidly the nature of your disease, and he will immediately give you SPECIAL TREATMENT, surrounding you with MYSTIC HEALING VIBRATIONS, also giving you TRUTHS that will UNFOLD THE KNOWLEDGE OF LIFE'S LAWS, revealing the secret of PERFECT HEALTH AND LONG LIFE.

There is absolutely no excuse for anyone to be sick or suffering if they understood God's Laws of Perfect Health.

This is truly a spiritual work and cannot be estimated by dollars and cents. IF YOU ARE SICK YOU WANT OUR HELP, AND WE ARE EQUALLY ANXIOUS TO HELP YOU, UNTRAMMELED BY THE DOLLAR MARK.

We want every one of our readers to be HEALTHY, STRONG AND VIGOROUS. If you are sick or suffering, let our MYSTIC ADEPT SPIRITUAL HEALER RESTORE YOUR HEALTH. You know, dear friend, everything involves an expenditure of money, and no matter how good our intentions are, we must have money to pay the necessary expenses of our Spiritual Healer, and we now find that we can carry on this great work for the small sum of $1.00 a month for each person. Many of our friends that have so kindly sent large sums of money to help establish this grand work are hereby notified that $1.00 from each person will now pay all the necessary expenses. We are pleased to make this announcement, as it shows how little money is required to do good and help each other when the right spirit is manifest.

In writing enclose a two-cent stamp for reply. Address Mystic Adept No. 12.

Rich Man Brought to Terms

ROBERT CARRICK, one of the richest bankers of Scotland a few generations ago, was as mean as he was wealthy. Being one day visited by a deputation collecting subscriptions toward a new hospital, he signed for two guineas; and as one of the gentlemen expressed disappointment at the smallness of the sum, he said, "Really, I cannot afford more."

The deputation next visited Wilson, one of the largest manufacturers in the city, who, on seeing the list, cried, "What! Carrick gave only two guineas?"

When informed of what the banker had said, Wilson remarked, "Wait; I'll give him a lesson."

Taking his check-book, he filled in a check for ten thousand pounds, the full amount of his deposit at Carrick's bank, and sent it for immediate payment.

Five minutes later the banker appeared breathless, and asked, "What is the matter, Wilson?"

"Nothing the matter with me," replied Wilson; "but these gentlemen informed me that you couldn't afford more than two guineas for the hospital. 'Hello,' thinks I, 'if that is the case there must be something wrong, and I'll get my money out as soon as possible.'"

Carrick took the subscription list, erased the two guineas, and substituted fifty, upon which Wilson immediately tore up his check.

The hospital was built, and here the best part of the story begins, for the rich man who was thus forced against his will to raise the amount of his subscription soon began to take an interest in the hospital. Before many years he contributed sufficient to endow and maintain it fully.—*Michigan Christian Advocate.*

The kingdom of heaven is ever at hand—*here* and *now*—it is within thee. Call upon the omnipresent God this very day, this very hour, and awake and become *whole* (holy). THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN IS AT HAND.

HOME

By MYSTIC No. 12

'TWAS midnight. The snow had made Mother Earth white. The stillness could be heard. Yet was life a failure? The promise of brilliant deeds, of wealth, of greatness; all was gone. "I am mad." The fever slowly creeps through veins and the brain is numb. Then fancy comes, and strange and fearful fancies go and come like ghosts through ancestral halls on this fair Christmas Eve. Goblins and ghosts and horrors. Death and dread and fear. Yet it is only a dream, life's dark dream; a shadow which made the real unreal and the unreal real.

Mystic lore, coming events cast their shadow before. Only a dream!

Only a mirage upon the sky,
Only a life, yet soon to die;
Only a mortal, tossed by the waves;
Only a nameless one, earth has its graves.
Feasting and fasting, the time soon goes by,
  There are symbols and signs—
No, he cannot die!
The angels in Heaven have left their blest
    abode,
And come to this one who is dying for love;
They bore him up gently, and then in the
    air
Were whispers of love, heard everywhere.
For love it abounded—
  Yes, love then for all,
For this was the home-coming,
  A corpse, yet no pall.

'Twas genuine love and sympathy, too—
Like attar of roses, like violets and dew;
Like perfume and incense,
  Like honey and milk,
Like all that is good—
  Tho' the dress was not silk.
The heart it was pure
  And it breathed out perfume,
Which filled all the house
  With music and tune;
And the fever departed,
  The famine was past,
The heart had found rest,
  And heart-ease would last.
There was all for the mortal,
  And all for the mind,
And all of the people were
  Wondrously kind.

There was music and dancing,
  There was song, there was prayer;
There was all-healing water
  And all-healing air;
There was soul there and body,
  There was rest and repose;
A man was a man—
  Not the clothes were the clothes;
For all left their best in the
  Trunk packed away
And reveled in freedom from
  What folks might say.

There were angels and mortals,
  There were helpers and men,
For no servants were there
  To add to the din.
At meal time a quiet pervaded the air,
  For no one was looking—
They came not to stare.

Like Daniel of old,
  They rejected king's meat,
And came to the table
  Only to eat
What grew on the tree
  And matured in the sun,
Yet floating in milk was the
  Wheat and the bun.
A step to go higher,
  If there be such a one,
All sunshine and glory,
  All colors the sky,
With the rainbow at night
  No sailor would die.

The leaves of the forest were
  Crimson and gold
And the perfume of grapes
  That were growing quite old;
The stillness of summer pervaded the air,
  Oh, who shall tell me
The angels weren't there?
  The glory of mountain,
The glory of hills,
  The freedom from care
And all of life's ills.
  The crimson and carmine,
The yellow and gold,
  The dust in the air,
Its own story told.

For all was illusion—
Illusion of life,
And glory immortal had ended the strife,
The strife for the false,
  For the sham and the show;
The strife for the shadow—
  To let the real go.

The genuine glory of Heaven had come
And God and the angels had found a new
    home,
  For home is the heart, wherever it be,
On Robinson's Island or on
  The broad sea—genuine love and sym-
    pathy.
Though humble and plain,
  Wherever I roam—
"Be it ever so simple,
  There's no place like home!"

The glory of summer, the Indian fall—
    glory of fall;
The glory celestial is over it all.
The green of the pine tree,
  The gold of the wheat,
The glory of autumn
  For lovers to meet.

Says a noted minister, "When I was preaching my first sermon, on a hot summer Sunday, I had just announced the text and had hardly opened my mouth for the first sentence of my discourse when in popped a fly. I could feel him hopping around in my mouth and buzzing like all possessed. A cold sweat broke out all over me. I felt him back in my throat. I glared at the audience. They were looking at me expectantly. I felt that the crisis of my life had arrived and I must act at once. Through my hot brain flashed the thought, 'Shall I gag and spit out the intruder and so make a spectacle of myself before these people who are waiting for the sermon, and thus very likely spoil the effect of it and ruin my reputation at the outset of my career, or shall I take the fellow down and wrest victory from the enemy?' My mind was made up on the instant. I swallowed. Down went Mr. Fly to be converted into flesh and bone and muscle, and I plunged into my sermon and went through it with such zest and earnestness that the rows of people who met me at the door to shake hands declared that it was the best sermon to which they ever listened. And I have been swallowing flies ever since. Whenever one attacks me in the paper or elsewhere I simply say to myself, 'Here's another fly; I'll take him down.' And down he goes. I find it the best way to avoid quarrels and to overcome trifling obstacles which would only be magnified by my opposing them." Many of us, not only preachers and teachers, would do well to follow this noted man's example, for by doing so we would all avoid much inconvenience and unhappiness.

The Promises of God

"He staggered not at the promise of GOD through unbelief; but was strong in faith, giving glory to GOD."—*Romans* iv, 20.

UNBELIEF in the promises of GOD, the Loving Father of All, is what keeps man in woe, misery and unhappiness.

Lack of Love for GOD and lack of Faith in Jesus Christ, THE MASTER and our Saviour, to save us from sinful and evil tendencies, is what staggers some men to-day.

No man can be strong and powerful and helpful until he is strong in faith and gives glory to GOD by his works.

"Man's best food does not consist of the dead bodies of slaughtered and butchered animals," says a Mystic Adept.

"There is no death, the dust we tread
  Will change beneath the summer shower
To golden grain, or mellow fruit,
  Or rainbow-tinted flower."

Let us cultivate that divine part of our minds that makes it easy for us to repel and cast away all dark and gloomy pictures—to wipe away those thought-pictures which weaken and depress us. Know and cherish the Truth: that all thought that causes thee to fear and doubt is false, and have none of it.—*The Blissful Prophet.*

To do good to men is to do good to the whole of which we are all parts: and to do good to the whole is to do that which our hands find to do with all love, all soul, all heart and all mind.—*The Blissful Prophet.*

Tolerance Means Progress

THE progress, civilization and prosperity of the United States is due, in a great measure, to our tolerance and charity—to the enjoyment of freedom of thought. Liberty in religion is one of our greatest blessings and makes us a nation of fearless men and women of broad and liberal minds and kind and gentle hearts. In the Dark Ages of intolerance, bigotry, fanaticism and dogma, men were chiefly engaged in cruel persecution and bloody wars and had little or no energy or time to spend on true religion—science, the arts, literature, invention, commerce and all that makes for the highest civilization and progress.

In this connection Mr. J. P. Cooke has the following to say in a recent issue of The Sunflower:

"There was a time when no such thing as liberty in religion existed. Everything was prescribed by 'Church and State'—as a pair of Siamese twins—what men should believe in, how they should worship, and what forms and ceremonies they should observe.

"It was flat blasphemy to speak carelessly the name of the One, as churchmen understood it. It was guilt to reject an accepted form of faith, iniquity to abstain from the sacrament. To insult a priest was as great an offense as to kill a man. But that age has gone. Ours is a voluntary system. We have no State church or 'doxy.' Every man and woman is free to accept such religion as he or she believes in, or none. A man may be a Christian, a Buddhist or an Atheist. He may believe in a hundred images or in no deity at all; it does not make him an outcast from society if his life, his actions are not unworthy. What then? Is vital religion dead? Has worship faded out? Has true prayer ceased? Do men and women no longer believe?

"I am persuaded at this time there is more clear, intelligent, earnest, living faith in religion in our land than there is in any other part of the civilized world. If the forms and modes are not more universally and publicly confessed, it is more earnest and more sincere. Look at the societies that flourish in this country by voluntary contribution! Their name is Legion.

"Our people are more under the influence of ideas of sanctity and decency than any other people, as a people, on the face of the earth.

"There was a time when the government was regarded as a divine institution planted by the Lord—no matter how hellish or unjust it might be. It was supposed to be ordained of Heaven. To rebel was blasphemy against the highest. The King reigned by divine right. It was a grave offense to say a word against the reigning Majesty. The law could not safely be spoken against or criticised. There was no freedom of the press or of speech. Look at Germany, even to-day, with all of her intellectual strength and development.

"For our country that time has gone. Thank God and his fellow-workers, lately risen from the flesh; His fellow-workers both in the spirit world and in Heaven. The acts of our rulers are freely, even mercilessly criticised by daily speech in the street, on the platform, in the newspapers. Laws are quickly remodeled — the people make their own government. Yet I venture to believe that there is no land where the laws are more respected or where worthy laws are backed by a stronger public opinion. Do we despise our rulers? How did the people feel towards Lincoln? How do they feel towards Mr. Roosevelt? —men and women of all parties or no party. Let a man show himself a noble ruler, a worthy chief, and where in the world will you find a more cordial, hearty, enthusiastic welcome given to his person, to his name and his dignity? There is no other spot on earth where government so readily responds to enlightened public opinion. The enthusiasm for progress and humanity is catching. It runs like wildfire among the warm-hearted sisters of our Spiritual and indeed of all our liberal faiths."

Let us all enter deeper and deeper into life and try to conform to the mighty will of Him who is the source and cause of all life—He who is Life. Then we will begin to realize the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, for all things in the universe are strung on the thread of Life—the Blessed One. Every atom is a part of the beautiful Whole. We are all children of One All-loving Father.

Announcement
FOR THE
Universal Brotherhood

Classes are now being formed in NEW YORK, BROOKLYN, JERSEY CITY, and also in PHILADELPHIA, and other accessible suburbs, for instruction in the Principles and MINISTRY of the Brotherhood, including Healing, SELF-TRAINING and SPECIAL METHODS of Spiritual Development, etc., etc.

This teaching will be preliminary to the formation of Chapters in which members will be initiated into the secret work and privileges of the Order.

Applications for membership in these Classes should be made at an early date, as it is necessary to complete arrangements for the great work in which all members of the Brotherhood, it is hoped, will take an active and earnest part.

For further information address, with self-addressed stamped envelope,
H. A. K. 1△, Magazine of Mysteries.

Extracts from Letters from Members of the Universal Brotherhood of Mystic Adepts

FOR the many who inquire as to the benefits to be derived from a membership in this grand order through the practice of its Degree teachings we gladly submit the following spontaneous testimonials:

"The U. B. M. A. has worked such wonders in my mental and moral economy and I am now beginning to have an individual understanding of the Law, and feel within myself this grand upward movement of mankind. I experience a sublime exaltation in realizing the possibility and reality of the Ideal. It gives me hope, courage, enthusiasm and opens up the vista of a new Life, the beauties and grandeur of which I had never before thought possible. I am virtually a new being in my changed mental and moral state, and I fervently pray and thank God, the Brotherhood and your good self for all these blessings."

"It gives me the greatest of pleasure to be able to send to you six more subscriptions to THE MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES, with money order for $6 enclosed. This makes twenty-three subscriptions altogether, but I hope to get many more. I am deeply grateful to the Mystics of the Brotherhood to be privileged to be numbered as one of them in their holy and faithful work for all mankind. I hope and pray that I may be able to become one of the strong links which form the chain that binds the whole Universe. All I wish is to be useful, in the place I fit in best, and am but a child reaching out with heart and hands toward the great teachers to receive the lessons of Light, Wisdom and Knowledge."

"My work with the first three degrees has been very helpful. Scarcely a day or night passes without some experience."

"The practice of the degrees has been a great help to me. I can see that I am gradually improving all the time. Now, in the future, never hesitate to give me any work you have that you think I can do, as I will gladly do everything in my power to help the good work along."

"I have sent in my application for membership to the Brotherhood of U. B. of M. A., and have been received as a member. Now that I am a different man, I have no words for the benefit I got from it. In practicing the degrees my soul has been lifted to a degree I never thought of. My health has been poorly, but I am well now and able to work, and I am seeing with different eyes."

"No words can express the great love and happiness I feel in this association with the Brotherhood."—Ida J. B. Jones.

"I wish to tell you that we have in our circle in the past month cured two cases of obsession and are working on another."—Mrs. E. Nichols.

If you wish to develop through teachings of U. B. M. A. send for full particulars to Brother No. One, care MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES.

N. B.—The names and addresses of above writers can be furnished if desired.

The Universal Brotherhood of Ancient Mystic Adepts

By Brother No. 1

BROTHERHOOD TIES AND INSPIRING INFLUENCES.

Brother, are you in CONSCIOUS connection with the invisible forces of Universal Brotherhood?

Is your heart touched by the recall of the great and good who strove and suffered for the same ideal as that which now burns as a white flame upon the altar of your heart? Are you quickened into a stirring desire to bear and do when you realize the significance of all the grand, ennobling words that have been uttered by inspired, God-touched lips? Is your heart warmed and quick to formulate a charitable defense of those whom society scorns and the prosperous and worldly proud disdain?

Then, indeed, have you come into the golden chain invisible yet profound and tangible, which animates and binds together all those who love their fellow men.

You are susceptible, though you may not know it, to all thoughts relating to or akin to your ideal, whether they come from the wise of to-day, or the great of yesterday.

Your wish to see perfected the higher, better type of man and woman links you with those who, though having passed, have left the song of Truth behind them. Your aspiration expressed or unexpressed calls to you those who know, brings to you the blessing of their holy influences.

How can you make the connecting touch, do you ask? By the subtle waves of feeling that flow from your soul bearing a message of sympathy, of admiration, of yearning or appreciation. Read something of the life, sweet, humble and beautiful as it was, of that rare old mystic, Jacob Boehme, and you, too, will feel the yearning to know more of the Light of God; you, too, will find the ideal of a mind unmoved by scoffing, sneers, and cruel persecution, a real and possible fact in your own life.

Reading, thinking of, and loving the liver of truth connects you with that one. His virtues become yours, his victories, his strength, are repeated again in you who have accepted and mingled your light with his. He is your Brother by that which binds all great souls—Love of Truth, Love of God, Love of Humanity.

Search the records for lives of religious fervor and exalted attainments in the midst of adversity, if you need renewed courage. Read of Madam Guyon, in her prison cell writing psalms and singing songs of praise and rejoicing for the presence of the Beloved (the Holy Spirit within) even in the prison cell. See if this does not bring to you a fortitude to bear without a murmur and with jealous joy, every imprisonment circumstances and your own failings may have decreed.

Read of Miguel Molinos, another Catholic Mystic whose spiritual message to the world betokens the depth and sacredness of his self-renunciation, and gives you the courage to go on in the holy path laid out by this wonderful Brother, who directed coteries of praying people by correspondence, and who is said to have been the guide of over 20,000 seekers after God. Read of his life of consecration, his earnest efforts to teach troubled souls, that "the soul of man is the temple and abode of God, and that man's duty is to keep it clean and pure from worldliness and all lusts of the flesh."

And when you are faint-hearted and grieved at your apparent failure to do all you have dreamed of doing, all you have striven and sacrificed to accomplish, read the story of the sage who, after giving the best of his life for his race, after dwelling in poverty, feeding the starving, being betrayed and ostracized by the rich and powerful, forgotten by those whom he had served, sought the solitude of the mountains and prayed that he might die. And while in the abandonment of prayer, so runs the story, he was overwhelmed with a great and wondrous peace. His heart-weariness fell away, his soul was uplifted and glorified. He seemed borne aloft as upon clouds of luminous white, upheld and guided by invisible hands. His eyes were opened to behold a compassing throng of radiant souls who were singing songs of victory.

And then an angel spoke, saying: "Behold the work of thy life."

Then he saw as with the Universal Eye. He looked into a home where a father sang to his son. This father had once been a plague-stricken youth nursed by the sage. Now he sang songs of love, courage and brotherhood, that he had learned of the prophet in those far-away years.

In another home he beheld a mother telling the story of the great man whose life made all men better, and through whose tender care the mother was then alive. And the eager children with radiant faces cried, "We want to be like him."

Then he saw one who had been his pupil in the bygone years discoursing upon the great truths which the prophet had taught him. Thousands of eager ears strained to catch the message which fell from the lips of this one who had once been a ragged boy and followed from village to village with other poor people.

And all this the result of fires he had unconsciously kindled in the hearts of those who had been ready to receive and keep it alight. . . .

Does this not thrill your heart to greater efforts, to renewed zeal for the glorious Cause?

What though the night be long? The morning is on its way, and in the day that dawns you will know the true and loyal watchers that have been with you in the darkest midnights.

Courage, Brother, you are one of the innumerable host. Faint not nor be weary. Love will triumph.

Yours in Brotherly Love, H. A. K. 1△.

FOR THE SILENT BROTHERHOOD

(THOUGHT HELD DAILY AT 12 M. AND 9 P.M.)

This, from the great soul of Whittier, whom all the world loves because of his beautiful life, his wide sympathies and universal fellowship with all life, will be a joy-begetting and power-creating thought for our holding, and every member of the Silent Circle will not only receive a special blessing, but be able to give in full measure to all in his or her world.

This is the gem from Whittier:

"All the Windows of my heart, I open to the day."

Hold this faithfully both at the noon and at the evening hour. It will be like a fresh, sweet breeze blowing away all the dust and cobwebs that have been gathering for years in your heart and mind windows. It will keep your mind alert for all glimpses of truth which only a clean, pure mind can conceive. It will clear and keep open pathways for every sweet, sunny thought you are inspired to send forth, and these will be many, oh, Brother, as you keep open all the windows of your heart.

As the physical sun shines into a many-windowed house, flooding its rooms with light and warmth, so the spiritual sun, shining into the open-windowed heart, will make it all glorious with the light of Divine love, and warm with the sweet sympathy of human fellowship.

It is this sympathy which makes Brotherhood possible. If through your sympathy you are open to the needs and sore conditions of your Brother, you will find a way for its expression. This may be in silence when you pass on the street, or in the quiet hours of the night. You never know just what it may mean to the passerby to give forth that sympathy which has in it the tenderness of our Father. A penniless, friendless girl was once saved from suicide by looking into the kindly eyes of Phillips Brooks as she passed him on the street.

The Good Samaritan, whom the Master set before us as a type of all Brothers, must have kept the windows of his heart open, else he could not have known or seen the need or had the will to supply it. Think of him going on his way, intent upon his own business, when he met this man who had been so sorely beset by thieves. Instantly his heart was troubled. It was love-flooded. If the Good Samaritan had not been a man of broad sympathies, his mind would have been bent only upon his own interests, its windows would have been fast closed. If he had not been accustomed to thinking for others, he would have seen no need of ministry, or seeing, would not have heeded. But his heart was open to receive and to give again. He had no prejudice to overcome, no sense of duty to compel; his heart overflowed with that sense of compassion, which is Divinest sympathy; his hands gave spontaneous service. You, sisters, brothers who are afar from what you may call an opportunity, have but to open your hearts. When they are filled, they will perceive and know that which the self can never know. Open wide the windows to the day—the light, beauty and purity of Truth, the day—that stands for everything that is of God's giving, the day—the bright side of every question. It is easy enough to think of the dark side, to be open to all its wretched suggestions; but to see the good in everything, to find the blessing in storm, trial, disaster and humiliation, to smile when the heart is sad, to speak gently when burning with injustice, to forgive when cruelly treated—all this is possible ONLY when the heart is open, when you have become as a little child. Then the trust that comes, the willingness to walk unfalteringly even into what may seem an abyss, when with Whittier again you can say:

"I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air,
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care."

Beloved, look oft upon these golden words and let them illumine your daily path.

Yours in Holy Love,

H. A. K. 1 △.

"Talked About"

THE neighbors talked about her nearly everywhere they met;
They talked about her till she died; they talk about her yet.
The high and low all spoke of her, as did the old and young,
And every gossip tossed her name upon her nimble tongue.

She always kept a-doing things, by night as well as day,
To set the tongues a-going in the swiftest sort of way;
Across the backyard fences and from door to door,
At church and sociable her name was whispered o'er and o'er.

'Twas she who kissed the baby first and blest its happy birth;
'Twas she who helped to guide its feet through all the paths of earth;
'Twas she who watched beside the bed whereon the dying lay,
'Twas she who soothed the stricken friends when one was called away.

The neighbors talked about her nearly everywhere they met;
They talked about her till she died; they talk about her yet.
They talked about her wondrous hands, her heart so full of love,
And now the angels talk of her who dwells with them above.

—*Nixon Waterman.*

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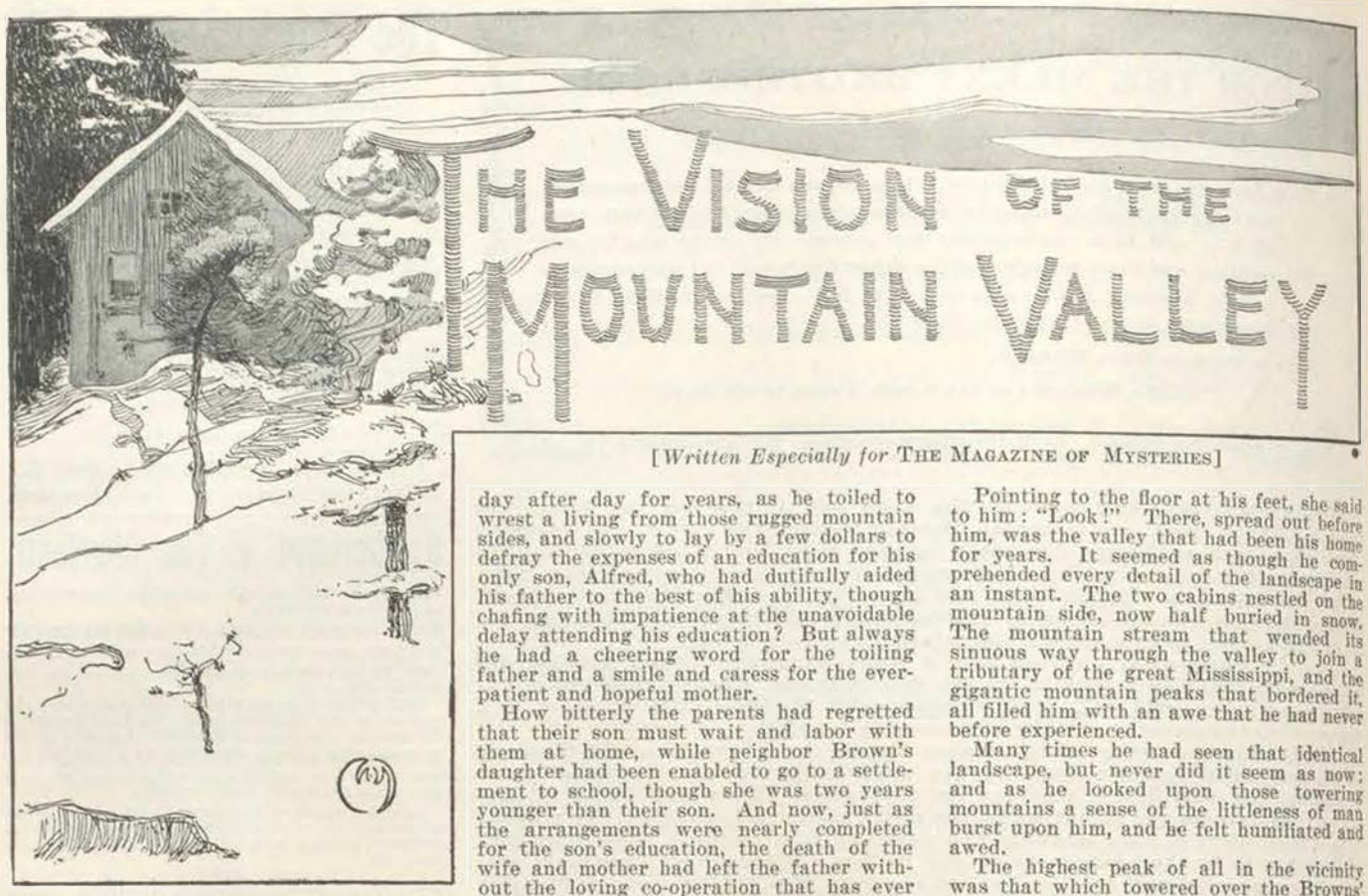

[*Written Especially for* THE MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES]

A STORY OF CHRISTMAS EVE

By Charles H. Bowie

IT seemed as though the feud that had existed for years between the Browns and Smiths must now be broken, as the almost heartbroken father and son watched the shadow of death swiftly steal over the features of the beloved wife and mother, conscious as they were that the only woman within reach, a member of the hated Brown family, who might minister to the wants of the dying loved one, was within a mile or so. But it was not to be, and after the lingering and tender good-byes were said, the loved one laid her burden down and passed to the unknown shore.

As the mountaineer tenderly held one of those delicate, lifeless hands in his, and with his other gently brushed back the silver-streaked locks from the brow, already growing cold in death, the most casual observer could have seen that the load of sorrow was almost more than he could bear.

In abject misery the father and son sat for some time in that desolate home. Finally, with one accord, they arose, and, taking a spotless and neatly folded sheet from a nearby chest, they reverently covered the beloved form and left the presence of the dead, the son to prepare for a journey across the mountains on horseback in quest of a minister to conduct the burial service, the father to begin the construction of a coffin, which, though not lined with satin or bedecked with silver or gold, was as costly as any ever made, for every nail was as though it pierced the heart of the builder.

For two nights and a day the mountaineer and his son kept lonely vigil by the remains of the departed. On the second morning the mountaineer wended his way to a grassy plot of ground, high up the mountain side. His pathetic errand was evident from his haggard and wild look, coupled with the fact that he carried a spade and pick. On his arrival at the grassy oasis he stood gazing for some moments at a little white stone, or rather a collection of them, built to form a miniature monument, which was half buried in flowers, placed there by the loving mother of the babe beneath. After looking long and earnestly at the tiny monument, like one chained to the spot by a grewsome enchantment, the mountaineer gazed sadly over the valley between the precipitous mountains, the valley that contained the homes of the Browns and Smiths.

It was a beautiful morning in June, and as the fleeting cloud shadows raced down the opposite mountain side, across the valley and up the slope the scene was worthy the brush of a painter. But the mountaineer heeded it not. Had he not seen it day after day for years, as he toiled to wrest a living from those rugged mountain sides, and slowly to lay by a few dollars to defray the expenses of an education for his only son, Alfred, who had dutifully aided his father to the best of his ability, though chafing with impatience at the unavoidable delay attending his education? But always he had a cheering word for the toiling father and a smile and caress for the ever-patient and hopeful mother.

How bitterly the parents had regretted that their son must wait and labor with them at home, while neighbor Brown's daughter had been enabled to go to a settlement to school, though she was two years younger than their son. And now, just as the arrangements were nearly completed for the son's education, the death of the wife and mother had left the father without the loving co-operation that has ever been a characteristic of the pioneer women of the great and rugged West.

Fate seemed very cruel to the mountaineer at this time, and as his thoughts wandered back over the past years he could not help but bitterly regret that he and Brown had been hereditary enemies. Though the feud had been started by a comparatively trifling circumstance, the years had only seemed to make it the more bitter, and both Smith and Brown being naturally of a stubborn disposition, had never let pass an opportunity to annoy each other. Thus the families, though near neighbors and the only ones for miles around, had never associated or communicated in any way whatever.

The summer had come and gone when the Angel of Death once more came into that mountain valley, this time to take away an inmate of the other cabin, Mr. Brown, who had been drowned by the sudden rise of the mountain stream, thus throwing his wife and daughter on their own resources. The latter had to give up her studies in the settlement and return to her mother, but she pluckily set to work to carry on the farm with the help of a hired man during the busy season.

Thus the summer and harvest time had passed and the Christmas holidays were once more at hand. The closing hours of the day had been unusually dreary to the anxious mountaineer, the more so that there was a raging blizzard without, and his expected son was long overdue from the settlement, whither he had gone to procure supplies for the home. It was with no little anxiety that the father, as the night settled over the rugged hills, would ever and anon go to the rattling windows and try to pierce the darkness in hope of seeing his son, only to return disappointed to his employment of lacing a pair of snow-shoes with deerskin thongs.

Suddenly he noticed what appeared to be smoke or vapor start from the center of the floor and wend its way toward the ceiling in beautiful and ever-widening circles. As it unfolded, behold! in the midst of it the image of his departed wife!

A hush fell over the house; the windows stopped their rattle, the very fire in the open grate at his feet seemed to hold in abeyance the destruction of the oaken backlog; the air seemed permeated with that calm, sweet peace that counts no time—where it seems as though centuries might elapse, yet one remain as at the instant of contact with that blessed, tranquil peace that is not of earth.

The loving recognition which the white-robed figure of his wife gave him was proof to the mountaineer that she could only have come on some Heaven-sent message, and the slight look of anxiety she wore, he was satisfied, could be erased by his prompt obedience to her request.

Pointing to the floor at his feet, she said to him: "Look!" There, spread out before him, was the valley that had been his home for years. It seemed as though he comprehended every detail of the landscape in an instant. The two cabins nestled on the mountain side, now half buried in snow. The mountain stream that wended its sinuous way through the valley to join a tributary of the great Mississippi, and the gigantic mountain peaks that bordered it, all filled him with an awe that he had never before experienced.

Many times he had seen that identical landscape, but never did it seem as now; and as he looked upon those towering mountains a sense of the littleness of man burst upon him, and he felt humiliated and awed.

The highest peak of all in the vicinity was that which towered over the Browns' home. It seemed to reach to the very heavens, when viewed from the cabin door, and as the morning sun glistened on the newly fallen snow the mountain side seemed covered with countless millions of diamonds, garnets and sapphires, as though the very gods themselves had emptied their jewel caskets on that rugged mountain side for the pleasure of man.

Suddenly the scene changed. An ominous roar arose which seemed to shake the earth to its very foundation. One quick, instinctive glance up the mountain side, over the Brown cabin, and the truth was known. Millions of tons of snow were shooting down the mountain, uprooting trees and tearing giant boulders from their beds of centuries, each one of which lent impetus to the avalanche until it assumed proportions which no work of man could check.

As it was half way down the mountain there rushed from the doomed Brown cabin a beautiful young woman, whom the mountaineer at once recognized as the daughter of his hated neighbor. In her lustrous brown eyes there was no hate, no envy, no deceit, no cowardice, though they gazed up at certain destruction. Though the finely molded face took on the hue of death, yet it was as the warrior riding to battle. Those things were of the flesh; the spirit looked at death unmoved. The heaving bosom and clinched hands denoted the storm and rebellion of the flesh, but as the mightiest tempest that ever swept the ocean only ruffles the surface, so the spirit that is ready to meet God fears not the hand of Death.

Behind the girl came the mother, knowing only too well the purport of the ominous roar up the mountain side. One glance showed the mother and daughter their utter helplessness, and with one accord they sprang within the cabin, and there, clasped in each other's arms, with a prayer on their lips, they resigned themselves to God.

The mountaineer, with the sweat starting from every pore, tried to close his eyes on the scene. He tried to help—to cry out—anything that he might save two beings from a terrible death. But he could do nothing; he seemed chained to the spot, and strive as he might, he was powerless.

As the onrushing tons of débris overwhelmed the helpless women, he seemed to rise above it all and look from other points at the scene of desolation. Where but a moment before had stood a dwelling and its outbuildings, now all was buried under countless tons of débris, and the mountain side looked as though it had been stricken by some mighty giant hand.

Looking over the waste, the mountaineer was surprised to see a human being coming toward him, and a moment later, as the emaciated figure drew near, he was horrified to find it was his son. But how

changed he was! The light of reason had fled, and in those staring eyes one could see the unrest which holds possession of the maniac. His actions, too, filled the soul of the mountaineer with dread, as he repeatedly pointed to the spot where the Brown cabin had stood and kept muttering to himself:

"You killed them! you killed them! If it hadn't been for your inhuman stubbornness they would have been alive, alive I say! Alive, ha! ha! My jewel, my Agnes—alive!"

And he would complete this harangue with a diabolical laugh, only to commence another strain of similar import.

The fetters that had seemed to bind the mountaineer were now suddenly released; tons seemed to roll from him. Once more that tranquil peace came over him, and the torments of hell were passed, and he realized that what he had just looked upon was only a vision. As he lifted his eyes there was still the shadowy form of his departed wife, her face lit up with an encouraging smile. Pointing in the direction of the Brown dwelling, she said: "Go!" And, though years had rolled away and sickness, sorrow, pain and death had come and gone without his once going to his hated neighbors for help or consolation, that one command, which he was conscious had not been spoken but conveyed in a far nobler and greater plane of thought, was enough. The barriers and shackles of years dropped away from him, and he arose a free man, freed from all hatred and malice, willing to do the bidding of that frail, shadowy form that had remained with him but a moment of time, yet had wrought such a change.

As the mountaineer arose to depart on his strange mission, the apparition vanished and he was once more alone. Without hesitating, he went out into the night and storm. It was with no little difficulty that he made his way over the narrow bridle path, now totally obliterated by the snow which had been falling steadily since early in the day. As he neared the Brown home he felt strangely swayed between the old-time hatred and the newly formed resolve to do as he had been bidden and as he believed to be right, when his better nature asserted itself, though what he was going for at this particular time he himself did not understand. He was not a little puzzled as to how he should address those who had been his enemies and what excuse he should offer for calling on them at such a time.

The light slowly assumed the shape of a woman.

As he entered their gate and passed the kitchen window, he could not help noticing the cozy interior and those within, who were so sharply silhouetted against the bright light from the great fireplace, and he was much relieved, though profoundly surprised, to see his son one of the party. He could hardly believe that Alfred was on speaking terms with the Browns, but after looking a moment he was convinced. Stepping to the door, he knocked loudly and awaited the answer in some trepidation.

The door was opened by Alfred, who, on seeing his father, was so surprised and crestfallen that he could only stammer:

"Father, I'm coming—I'm coming. I—I called in here to get—I called in here to get—to get——"

"Waal, did yer git it?" interrupted his father.

At this juncture the fair hostess came to Alfred's rescue, and began to offer an explanation, which was interrupted by the father:

"Don't tell me nothin' about it; I know it all, an' confound it, Alfred, my boy, I don't blame you a mite. By the great horn spoon, if I wuz in your place, I'd done the same thing, for I must say Miss Brown is the likeliest lookin' gal I ever see, except your mother!"

At this rather crude, but well-meant compliment, Miss Brown blushed and tried to hide her confusion by inviting the mountaineer into the kitchen, an invitation he was in nowise loath to accept. When by their cheerful fireside, surrounded by the hospitable company, the effect was like old wine, and to the rough mountaineer it was as an oasis in the desert, for his life thus far had been beset with trouble, and seldom had such an opportunity presented itself. For a time he gave himself up to enjoyment, listening to the gay laughter of Agnes and the friendly talk of the mother.

The evening passed very quickly to all, and it was Alfred who suggested that they had better start for home at once if they expected to arrive there before the dawning Christmas Day. They took leave of their kind hostess somewhat reluctantly, but not without many promises to come again; in fact, they agreed to come the very next day and help to eat the turkey that was already being prepared. They made their way home with considerable difficulty, though the storm had somewhat abated.

The next morning the mountaineer awoke with a start to find the sun had already overtopped the eastern mountains and was shedding its welcome rays into the uttermost parts of the valley. Quickly donning his clothing, he repaired to the barn with his milk pail, to find Alfred had preceded him and had the milking almost completed. Chancing to glance over the valley, the mountaineer staggered as though smitten, for the recollection of that vision of the avalanche came to him as might the lightning from a cloudless sky; and for the first time the full sense of his obligation burst upon him. There was everything just as he had seen it in the vision, and he trembled, for he momentarily expected to hear the roar that would denote the utter annihilation of his newfound friends, the Browns.

Calling to Alfred, in tones of distress and entreaty, he bade him come to his assistance. Quickly strapping on his snowshoes, he started directly for the Brown cabin.

Alfred, who was much alarmed and puzzled at his father's action, lost no time in following, and together they sped as fast as possible over the deep, yielding snow, the father acquainting his son with the catastrophe he dreaded. Every moment seemed an age to the struggling men. Would they reach the scene in time to save two souls from eternity, or would they be only in time to behold their destruction?

By the regular route to the Brown homestead they would have to make a considerable detour, on account of a ledge, some fifty feet in height, which obstructed the way; but this morning the father and son with one accord made straight for the obstruction. Not a word was spoken; their feelings were too deep for utterance; and, as though a word might start the first particle of that dreaded avalanche, they kept silent. As they neared the brink their eyes met, and each saw in the other's a brave determination to save the precious lives they had started to rescue, if it were possible. They well knew the terrible risk they were taking to leap from that great height, but they did not falter. Each quickly jumped and shot out of sight in the snow at the base of the cliff.

Alfred was the first to dig his way out again, and found one snow-shoe broken and useless. He made his way to the spot where his father had disappeared and found him crawling painfully to the surface as best he could.

Alfred acquainted him with the fact that he had broken a snow-shoe, and his father quickly volunteered the use of one of his to replace it, uttering no complaint as he did so, but charging his son to make all speed on his humane errand, an admonition he little needed, for he was making the race of his life.

Great beads of sweat stood on his forehead, his breath came in gasps, his knees tottered under him and a less sturdy constitution would have succumbed to the great exertion.

It happened that Mrs. Brown saw the men leap from the ledge, and much alarmed, quickly acquainted Agnes with the fact. They both came to the door to investigate. As Alfred saw them he waved frantically for them to come in his direction. Wondering what it all meant, but knowing full well that there was something of much importance under way, they quickly adjusted their snow-shoes and made the best speed possible in Alfred's direction, their only wraps being a light shawl and shoulder cape.

As the mountaineer attempted to extricate himself from the snow at the base of the cliff, after his terrible leap, he found he had broken his leg, and this was the reason he had so quickly surrendered his snow-shoe and bade his son rush into the very jaws of death, while he himself remained in comparative security.

He dared not mention his injury to Alfred, lest it might detain him on his errand of mercy; but the pain was very severe, and, coupled with minor bruises, was sufficient to cause him to lose consciousness as soon as Alfred had left him.

On regaining his reason, a terrified glance showed him the dreaded avalanche had done its work and that another chapter of that vision of the Christmas Eve was verified. His terror and anxiety may be imagined. He did not know how long he had been unconscious, but he feared it was only for a very brief time, and he felt sure Alfred had not been able to reach the cabin and effect a rescue of its inmates.

In that case he had not only failed in his mission in obedience to the demand of the spirit from the other world and the dictates of humanity, but had sent Alfred to a horrible death as well. His thoughts spurred him to make a superhuman effort to crawl toward the fatal spot, as though he might yet be able to do something to atone for his past grievous mistakes, but he could not; and with an agonizing appeal to God that his life, too, might be taken, he again relapsed into unconsciousness.

As Alfred saw the women coming toward him his joy was unspeakable, but the smile that overspread his face quickly turned to a look of horror, for a low, rumbling was heard, as though from deep in the earth, and it momentarily grew louder and louder. A glance up the mountain showed him the awe-inspiring spectacle of a mighty avalanche, from beneath which two defenseless women were fleeing for their lives; for now they, too, understood the summons that had called them forth, and, quickly appreciating the circumstance, they struck out in an oblique direction, which took them to the base of a high, steep ledge, at the very edge of the path of the avalanche.

They were none too soon, for instantly

they sank with exhaustion at its base, and tons of soft snow came over the brink, completely shutting them in, but fortunately not injuring them in the least, for the snow that came over the cliff was carried with such impetus that it cleared the base of the ledge, leaving a small open space.

To this circumstance the fugitives owed their lives. They encountered very little difficulty in extricating themselves from their involuntary prison, and were soon on their way to the disabled mountaineer, whom they found, to their dismay, badly, though not fatally, hurt.

They lost no time in applying such restoratives as Nature provided, and in the use of which they were entirely conversant.

On again becoming conscious, the mountaineer felt the soft hand of Agnes on his head, as she bathed the wound in his temples, and opening his eyes, he saw assisting her the mother and Alfred.

But little more remains to be told. The Brown women were homeless and almost penniless. The Smiths—father and son—needed just such help as the women could give, especially at this time; thus, perhaps, it was but natural that one party should co-operate with the other.

A few weeks later, as the circuit rider of that section came over the hills, Agnes and Alfred were united in marriage, and as the ceremony was completed the mountaineer, his face lit up with happiness and contentment, said:

"Waal, I guess bein's you're 'bout it, parson, yer might jest as well hitch up Mary an' me, as 'twill be quite a spell 'fore you're here ag'in."

Thus a double wedding resulted, and it was a union of hearts as well as hands. The descendants of their unions are numerous and often tell the story, sometimes laying stress on the fact that the Mrs. Smiths, when wishing to turn a laugh on their husbands, would say that the morning they saw the men leap from the ledge they thought they were in a hurry to get at the turkey then being prepared for dinner.

This is, as I was told, the story of "The Vision of the Mountain Valley."

Grand Success for You

WHEN success seems most laggard then be especially constant in your purpose to win. When the sky is the darkest be equally confident of the light to come. When the results of effort appear most uncertain, redouble your endeavor. Let not the frost of disappointment chill your hope, nor the blight of seeming failure affect your purpose to succeed. Let your object be worthy of your enlistment and then go sublimely on to attainment, says Realization.

I have watched the ant toil with its burden, bearing it homeward. Many obstacles bar its passage, but it does not abandon its purpose. Again and again it falls with its burden, but as often does it return to the spot, and finally is over. Persistence!

I have seen the instinct-wise insect crawl up a weed and attempt to cross my shoe. A slight movement apprises it of my presence and instantly it stands motionless, like a stem on the weed. It pauses and waits for the possible enemy to pass. After minutes of perfect inactivity it goes on its way. Patience!

A certain capital of Asia has stood an impregnable natural fortress for centuries. Besides, the "balance of power" will not permit its disturbance. Closer and closer draws the nation which hopes to control and says: "We can wait; what are a few centuries to us? All the future is ours."

Apply as much wisdom to your daily life, and illuminate it with the divine optimism of your thought. Be your own master under conditions which would otherwise master you. When the world of matter and events yields least to your hope and effort, then be the brightest and most confident and purposeful. Keep the song in your heart and the will in your mind, and do not flag in your effort, for in truth your endeavor itself is a sufficient reward; and as to the rest, just note how the succeeding days will turn seeming failure into success. Then keep right on with the smile and the song and the work, and let them all be genuine, and you will succeed.

The beauty and power of language is its power to economize words—to speak great truths in a few simple words. Thus the soul always speaks, while the mind and intellect incline to a multiplicity of high-sounding words.

If I love and obey my Loving Father in Heaven no harm can possibly come to me.—*Frank Harrison.*

EDITORIAL SAYINGS OF HELEN WILMANS POST

FAILURE is success if there is a growing intelligence in it.

Failure is the negative pole of success at all times. Whether the person involved has the brains to understand it and to patiently feel along the line until the positive pole is reached, is another thing. But the positive pole is there. There never was a negative without its positive, and they are the different ends of the same thing. All one needs is the vitality and the intelligence to keep moving. Push ahead is the watchword of attainment. Nothing can possibly come between failure and success but the man himself; there is no impediment between these two extremes but just him. To take himself out of the way and keep on going is all he has to do.

Funny, isn't it? Never in all the world do I feel so strong as when I have made a failure. It takes the wrong road to point out the right one. But for the wrong one, we would not know the existence of the right one. Oh, life is a delicious thing, anyway. It is movement; it is vitality; it is something to do. Thank the Lord for plenty of work. What is that part of Genesis that talks about the curse of work being pronounced on man because of his disobedience? Thanks to Adam for his transgression and to Eve, too, for eating of the tree of knowledge. Clever people, those progenitors of ours, in spite of the fact that they have undergone thousands of years of misrepresentation. We are growing big enough at last to understand the wisdom of their action.

I used to search for Heaven. I was going there sometime. I joined a body of saints who thought they knew the right road. They did not know it; they were mistaken; they are still mistaken, but I am no longer with them. I remained behind in what to them seemed a desert. I saw possibilities in the place; they did not. And now it turns out that this place, which I am in right here, this "sin-cursed" earth, is Heaven; the real, true Heaven. It was always so, but our eyes were shut to its beauties, to its mighty resources. The fact is, Heaven is wherever there are eyes that can see. To see with the animal eye is one thing and to see with the eye of the intellect is another.

Every day the world appears more beautiful to me. By this same sign I know that I am growing. The fact that I see more beauty to-day than I saw yesterday proves that I am on the direct road to that realm of immortal life and power that we call Heaven. How many times it has been said, "Heaven is not a place but a condition," and I did not understand it. It *is* a condition and it is a condition of intelligence, too. It manifests only to the intellectual sight. In saying this I am not using figures of speech and I am not exaggerating. I am telling literal truth. Every evening when the sun sets, it seems as if I had never before seen a sunset to equal it. And in the morning when I look out of the always open window, the landscape has changed. I am rapt in admiration and frequently call others to come and see the improvement. This thing has only been manifesting in a noticeable degree for a few months. And at last it came to me that the landscape was not changed, but that my ability to see was.

Why do we talk about another world of ecstatic beauty and of leaving this world of woe? The fact is, we do not know what we are talking about. The sodden condition of our brains must be changed, for there will never be anything for us but just the conditions that co-relate them. Expand the mind and the world puts forth new beauties. We must lift ourselves or we will never come in contact with that which is above us. Beauty is everywhere; good is everywhere; only these exist and they are enough; they make a Heaven far beyond our highest hopes. There is but one thing for us to do in order to reach this Heaven; it is to grow big enough to recognize it. Earth is very circumscribed to the mole, and the world is full of human moles to whom the choicest gems of beauty in all the universe would be nothing but dirt. All things are right without; let us do the improving within.

This is why I am always talking of self-development. Self-development means the development of everything. Self-development means the enlargement of the universe. More knowledge is what we want. More knowledge makes us more alive, and enough aliveness is all the happiness one can stand. Think of this and the conquest of old age and death will not seem so improbable. To gain knowledge is easy; it yields itself to the diligent searcher and its presence is vitality. Vitality means more life, and more life means less disease, less death, less weakness, less of everything leading downward to the grave.

More vitality will take every line out of the face of old age; will lubricate every stiff joint with the vivifying life fluid of youth; will brighten the dim eyes. It will make the man over, and because of his acquired experience it will enable him to build the social and business conditions of the world over on a vastly improved plan. In fact, there is nothing that life cannot do. It is only the absence of life that puts everything in chains, that makes work of what would otherwise be play. The absence of life nullifies *us*, prevents us from seeing and knowing and doing and being; leaves us with our faces turned downward toward the ground, and with the weight of the world on our shoulders.

To escape from all this only needs the acquisition of that knowledge which a study of the powers of mind confers. To understand the power of mind, the power of the positive over the negative, puts everything desirable in our own hands. No one yet has the faintest idea of the mighty mastery of life over death even when exercised on the unconscious plane. In a recent paper published at Stockton, Cal., I find the following item, not the first of its kind, coming under my own observation:

"Two large mushrooms growing through a heavy concrete floor in the Miller warehouse clearly demonstrates the immense power of growing vegetation and is also attracting considerable attention. M. P. Stein, who owns the building, noticed the concrete and bitumen floor was being forced upward in the shape of two hillocks. He could not account for the change in the smooth surface for several days until the bitumen split open and two mushrooms forced their way upward into the fresh air.

"By actual measurement the mushrooms grew through four inches of solid concrete and two inches of bitumen, and there was not a sign of crack in the floor before the fungus came through. The pressure was simply too great and the flooring gave way. Dozens of people have visited the warehouse to see with their own eyes what they could hardly believe from others. The bitumen and concrete are split open for several inches on either side of the two mushrooms, which are getting to be quite a good size."

Observe the power of life over death in this instance; of positive over negative; organization over non-organization; the will over the no-will; the "I" over that which is minus the "I," and then let your reasoning faculties work on the case a while. Let them carry you out over the broad field covered by this immense subject of mind control, and see if you can think of anything that mind cannot conquer when the vitalizing power of growing knowledge is daily added to it.

Mary Magdalene

WHEN the Master's hand touched the rusted wire,
Its harmony had fled;
The shrine held but that wild, strange fire
That glows above the dead.
But back to the spring-time of her youth
Came the visions she had when a child,
She knelt and quaffed at the Fount of Truth,
And looked in His face and smiled.

She put aside her jewels and dress;
She bade her lovers farewell;
And on to her angel holiness
Did she grow 'neath the magic spell;
The hot blood cooled, the red rose died,
And when her heart was given,
She ne'er again left the Saviour's side,
But followed the Cross into heaven.

—*Abbie Walker Gould.*

Psychology for Mothers

By MRS. EFFIE W. MERRIMAN

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"Psychology for Mothers" was commenced in the August issue of The Magazine of Mysteries. This is a very valuable series of articles, and every mother should read every instalment. We also publish it in book form at $1.00, postpaid, or in unique pamphlet form at 50 cents.

EVERYDAY DIFFICULTIES

IN the home where love reigns supreme, and where the spirit of God is recognized as the essence of every life, the mother is seldom called upon to interfere between quarrelsome children, yet such difficulties do sometimes arise. Just what to do in such an event depends very much upon the previous training given the children. If the mother has followed the suggestions usually worked out by those who believe in the in-dwelling presence of the spirit of God, and in the power of the spoken word and concentrated thought, a gentle admonition is sufficient; but when these ideas are not accepted until the children have formed undesirable habits, the difficulty is greater. There is no family so inharmonious, however, but peace and love may finally reign over it, victorious, if only there be one member who persistently invites them to come in.

There are parents who make it a point not to interfere with their children's disputes except in serious cases. They believe it to be desirable for their children to learn, early in life, to fight their own battles.

"Fight it out among yourselves," they will say, "and don't come to me with your tale-bearing."

They hope, by such methods, to make their children courageous and self-reliant, as well as reticent regarding the short-comings of their friends; they usually succeed in making them firm advocates of the doctrine, "Might makes right," in its generally accepted meaning. Worse yet, they expose them to the untold dangers that always accumulate where there is inharmony. Harmony cannot dwell with contention. With this thought in mind, the wise mother will make every effort to banish quarrels, disputes, and nagging from her home before they have won a foothold.

It is a good plan to separate the children, immediately, so that the nerve-storm in one little body may not act upon another. These nerve-storms are not to be looked upon simply as evidences of an ungovernable temper; they are more sensibly dealt with when considered as one of Nature's outlets, as described in a previous chapter. There are few grown people who do not recognize the fact that they often seemed impelled to show temper, that they sometimes take a fierce pleasure in being ugly, and that they always feel better, even though very much ashamed, when the storm has passed off. This isn't the work of the devil, dear, discouraged friend, any more than the lightning flash is a breath from the nostrils of his Satanic majesty; it is simply a fact in Nature, which, as yet, we are not quite wise enough to understand.

There was once a dearly loved preacher who was noted for his serenity. Nothing ever seemed to disturb him, nothing made him angry; he was regarded as a model in the matter of self-control. One day, a privileged guest saw him suddenly leave the house after a trying hour spent with an eccentric parishioner. Running to the window, she saw him enter the barn. What seemed to be a bag of bran lay upon the floor. He kicked it viciously, evidently employing all his strength. Again and again did the pastor's boot seek the object of its seeming wrath until at last, quite out of breath, the pastor sat himself upon the bag, and calmly wiped his steaming brow.

"Now I know how he manages to preserve so unruffled an exterior," said the guest, to herself, and she certainly had discovered one of his secrets. He had worked all his life to get control of a naturally high temper, and had succeeded so well, that, for years, no one had suffered because of it—unless we personify his friendly enemy, the bag of bran.

When one has gone far enough in the study and practice of self-control, the energy wasted in these nerve-storms can be put to good use, but it takes a long time to reach that stage of perfection, and, meanwhile, the excess of nervous energy cannot be safely bottled up. It must have an outlet, but it is not necessary that other people should become victims of it; better use the bag of bran.

As soon as the child is old enough to understand, which, by the way, will be at a much younger age than most people think, it is well to tell him about the nerve-storms to which most people are subject. You will have a good opportunity to draw comparisons during an electric storm, and it will not be difficult to make the child understand how manifestly unfair it is to make others suffer simply because his nerve force is gathering for a storm. Teach him the manliness of going away by himself until he has worked it off, and do not forget to praise him when he tells you of his little successes in that direction. Go farther than that and secure his confidence by confiding in him. Tell him how you managed upon some occasions when he chanced to see you hurrying to your room where you could be alone. Tell him some of your methods, and then ask him how he manages, and you may learn something to your advantage.

We have no right to make life more difficult for others. We should never forget that each has his own burdens to bear, and that no one should be compelled to bear a part of ours, also. If we feel ill, or worried, or unhappy, or cross, we show our bravery in keeping it to ourselves. Teach the children this, and you have given them an important lesson in the acquirement of harmony. "Children, children! where is your bag of bran?" will then be sufficient to put a stop to the controversy. If it is not, send them into a room by themselves.

There are good reasons why every person should be alone for a part of every day. It gives an opportunity to store up magnetic force, and enables one to better preserve one's own individuality, when again brought under the influence of the magnetic force of others. For the same reason, two persons should never sleep together. It is a barbarous custom which cannot too quickly receive the condemnation of the enlightened. Frequently children are cross or irritable simply because they are not alone enough. The baby should sleep alone from birth, and he should be left alone in a room, when awake, as often as possible, that he may know real rest. There is no reason to suppose that he does not find the constant pressure of another very trying, just as grown folks do.

Explain to a fretful child why you send him away. It must not be considered in the nature of a punishment, but of a remedy. He must not go feeling that you are displeased with him, but that you understand his need, and are making it possible for him to find relief. A mother never broke up a habit of quarrelling by commanding her children to desist; such a course is as bad in its way as it is to permit the wrangling to go on because "all children quarrel."

The mother must be resolute in her efforts, if she would succeed, and she must treat the difficulty more as a disease than a sin. She must try to understand the child, and help him to understand himself; she must teach him the necessity of self-control, and help him to attain it, and then she must watch over him and see that he is not robbed of his nerve force by too intimate companionship with those who draw upon him. She must teach him the value of solitude, and encourage him to get into a habit of withdrawing himself from the society of others whenever he feels a nerve-storm gathering.

Mothers are frequently troubled because their children must either associate with rude companions, or have no playmate outside their own family. It is a question with them as to which is the lesser of the two evils, and too frequently they decide it by discouraging the visits of the neighbor's children. Without doubt, such a course saves the mother much anxiety, but it robs the child of a right. It is right and necessary that he should learn how to live in a world where every one is different from himself.

The mothers who have taught their children the principles already outlined in these lessons will not borrow a great deal of trouble regarding the neighbor's children, for they will be quick to discover the remedy for any possible evil. Rude children are not going to insist upon quarreling with children with whom they want to play, when they learn that to start a quarrel means to be left alone. At first, they may be very exasperating in their cries of "coward," but even a rude child soon learns to bow before a power which he cannot define but is made to feel.

"Why did he run away?" they ask the mother of the well-trained lad.

"To get self-control," she answers, pleasantly, and then, if she believes that she is in any sense her brother's keeper, she explains her statement as well as she can to little ears that are quite unaccustomed to such lessons, and a good seed has been planted.

"Must I always keep still when he abuses me?" her own boy may ask, for it takes a long time for weak human nature to learn that there is no real satisfaction in retaliation.

"Must you show symptoms of small-pox because some other boy does?" she might ask, by way of reply, and thus remind him that temper is really a form of disease which no sane person would wish to invite.

"Never do or say anything because some one else has set the example. Have a good reason of your own."

This lesson, carefully impressed upon the mind of the child, will prove a great safeguard when he is associated with rude companions. Let him hear it over and over again, both in his sleeping and his waking hours.

"Charlie's conduct makes no difference to us, my child. I am not asking whether he ran away from school, but why you did so. Surely, not because Charlie did. He cannot influence you to do wrong, unless you allow him to. You would not take poison because another boy did, you know. Charlie is not at all to blame because you ran away from school. There must be a fault within yourself that needs remedying!"

It can easily be seen how such reasoning would bring a child face to face with himself in a way that could not but have a good effect. Never let any one else be blamed because your child did wrong. By so doing, you weaken his will power and make it easier for him to come under bad influence. Make him understand that he, and he alone, is responsible for his actions, and that if he does wrong it is a sign of weakness which calls for prompt action on his part. Always insist that he is a reasonable being, and when he fails to give a good reason for his conduct, make him realize that he has failed to act up to his God-given power.

"But, mamma, I did it without thinking;" that excuse is always difficult to overcome, but the tendency to thoughtlessness can be entirely eradicated if one is only sufficiently patient and persevering. Talk with your child about that, also, when he is asleep as well as when he is awake.

When a child understands that he is responsible for his own actions, and that he must be able to give a good reason for what he does, he is not going to be easily influenced by any one, and more especially by those of whose actions he does not approve. These lessons, added to that of self-control, and the manliness of bearing one's ill-temper alone, will make him comparatively safe from any evil influences which might otherwise result from association with rude companions.

Impure speech, impolite actions, disorderly habits and lack of cleanliness! How few mothers there are who have not done battle against one or more of these hindrances to perfect morality! But she who has made use of the system of training already outlined has found the key to final victory.

When the child has been taught to regard the body as the earthly home of the soul, an important step has been taken, and it becomes comparatively easy to teach habits of cleanliness. It is well to use expressions that the child will understand, for they make the most vivid impressions.

"Poor soul! How badly it must feel to live in a dirty body!" Or, "Do you suppose, Jamie, that your beautiful, pure soul

was willing that your lips should use such a naughty word?" is usually sufficient to start thought in the right channel.

One mother reports satisfactory results from this method: She leads the little culprit into a room where they can be undisturbed, and talks with him about the power of thought, or some similar topic, until she has gained his attention; then she takes both of his hands in her own, and bids him look her in the eyes. Her own glance is as calm, serious, and unwavering as she can make it. This is done simply to hold the child's attention, and is fully explained before she compels his gaze to meet hers.

"I want to make an impression on your mind, Jamie, that I hope will be lasting, and I cannot succeed unless you give me your closest attention. It is for your own good. Your real self does not want you to use coarse language, or be less than a gentleman in any way, but so far you have found it hard to be good. If a sufficiently clear impression can be made upon your mind, your will power will be strengthened, and then you can overcome the temptation to do wrong. You do it, now, before you think; but you can be taught to think first, and then you will not need to feel ashamed."

With this explanation she takes the child's hands, as already described, and looks steadily at the pupils of his eyes, then says earnestly, deliberately and impressively: "Jamie, the real you never says naughty words, or acts in an ungentlemanly manner. The real you does not quarrel or tell falsehoods. The real you loves cleanliness and order. The real you is the soul that dwells in your body. It is close to God. It is part of the spirit of God, and it loves beauty of language, beauty of action, beauty in every form. Jamie, listen! You must give the best there is in you an opportunity to express itself. You must let yourself be so filled with the beautiful spirit of God that your body cannot express anything not in harmony with that perfection. You are God's own lovely boy, Jamie, and this lesson will never be entirely obliterated from your mind."

Ought I to say that the mother must be a living example of what she would impress upon the mind of her child? It seems as if that should be unnecessary; yet only yesterday I heard a mother say, "I don't know what to do with Roy. I'll be blamed if I haven't had to whip him three times, during the last week, for swearing." I dislike to quote that speech, but it contains a lesson not to be missed. This woman considers herself a lady, and she has many friends who agree with her. She moves in good society, and is really anxious to break her boy of the habit of swearing, while quite blind to the fact that she, herself, is responsible for it. If your child does wrong, it is not a bad plan to silently take yourself to task for bad behavior.

Another mother, of quite a different type, has never been troubled by her children using bad language. She attributes this to the fact that she began when they were small to teach them that there are two ways to make most statements, and that the pleasanter should always be chosen.

Should her son say "I hain't got no pencil," for instance, she would not correct him like this: "Don't say 'hain't' got 'no.' It is wrong." Instead, she would say, gently, "My son, you should say, 'I have no pencil.'" She does not believe in deepening a bad impression by repeating it. Her children are never allowed to say, "He told a lie" when mentioning another's lack of veracity, but are taught to say, instead, "I think he did not tell the truth." In this way, gentleness of expression is taught, and coarse language crowded out of their vocabulary.

This mother seldom says, "You did wrong, my child;" instead, she asks, "Do you think you did right?" Instead of saying, "Don't you dare disobey me," there is the cheerful assurance, "Of course, you will obey me." Should the child fail to meet her expectations in that respect, she would not say, "Tell me why you disobeyed me," but, "What was your reason, dear, for not doing as I wished?"

This mother believes so much in the power of the spoken word that her faith has become the strongest imaginable force in the training of her children, and she certainly has no reason to complain of results.

One might go on almost indefinitely with suggestions along this line, for the difficulties presented to mothers seem never-ending and as varied as the faces in a multitude; but with the principal thought in these discourses as a key, the solution of very nearly every problem presents itself. The thought is as old as God, for, being truth, it is God. It has had many exponents who have dressed it in all manner of styles, and each presentation has found favor with some one. I do not lay claim to originality, but I hope that some one may be attracted by this presentation of a truth—some who have passed it by, in other garb, without recognizing it as a friend capable of helping them—willing to help them—out of the everyday difficulties which now make life a burden. Bring God into your everyday life, dear mother, and the perplexities incident to raising a family will all give place to the satisfaction that comes with assured success. You will then experience the psychologist's delight in watching the wonderful effects of mental suggestion, when properly applied, and every day will bring you victories over self that will make you better and better fitted for the joys and responsibilities of motherhood. Bring God into your daily life. Think of Him as being with you every moment, ready to show you the way out of all the little difficulties, as well as the larger ones, and you will be filled with a sense of peace that can never come to those who call to God from a distance, or imagine that His assistance is only to be asked in moments of great peril. He is with you now, and it is His pleasure to help you in your care over your growing family.

THE END.

Accidents Neither Good Nor Evil, Said Seneca

To show how that the favors or the crosses of fortune, and the accidents of sickness and of health, are neither good nor evil, God permits them indifferently, both to good and evil men. It is hard, you will say, for a virtuous man to suffer all sorts of misery, and for a wicked man not only to go free, but to enjoy himself at pleasure. We should say, "If I had known the will of heaven before I was called to it, I would have offered myself. If it be the pleasure of God to take my children, I have brought them up to that end. If my fortune, any part of my body, or my life, I would rather present it than yield it up. I am ready to part with all, and to suffer all; for I know that nothing comes to pass but what God appoints." Our fate is decreed, and things do not so much happen as in their due time proceed, and every man's portion of joy and sorrow is predetermined.

Providence treats us like a generous father, and brings us up to labors, toils and dangers; whereas the indulgence of a fond mother makes us weak and spiritless. God loves us with a masculine love, and turns us loose to injuries and indignities. He takes delight to see a brave and good man wrestling with evil fortune, and yet keeping himself upon his legs, when the whole world is in disorder about him. No man can be happy that does not stand firm against all contingencies, and say to himself, in all extremities, "I should have been content, if it might have been so, or so; but since it is otherwise determined, God will provide better." The more we struggle with our necessities, we draw the knot the harder, and the worse it is with us; and the more the bird flaps and flutters in the snare, the surer she is caught; so that the best way is to submit, and lie still, under this double consideration, that *the proceedings of God are unquestionable, and His decrees not to be resisted.*

It is said of Moody that when he had prayed the prayer of faith for anything he would immediately go about acting as though he had received it. That is the kind of active and aggressive Christians that is needed; not men who flaunt about here and there and everywhere without purpose or aim, but Christians whose hearts have been prepared by prayer for the accomplishment of a definite purpose. We need to be divinely aggressive in this age to reach men. We ought to be wiser in our generation than the children of this world are in theirs. —*Rev. A. N. Metzger.*

Can ye not discern the signs of the times?—*Matt.* xvi. 13.

I have always observed the thread of life to be like other threads or skeins of silk, full of snarls and encumbrances.—*George Herbert.*

He who foresees calamities suffers them twice over.—*Porteus.*

Doing good is the only certainly happy action of a man's life.—*Sidney.*

Powerful Divine Thoughts

Consider this, your goodness is of no use if you are not good to others. The good of goodness is that you can wrap others inside it. It ought to be like a big cloak that you have on a cold night, while the shivering person next to you has none. If you make no use of your goodness, what is the good of it?—*Mrs. J. K. Clifford.*

We all, reflecting as a mirror the character of Christ, are transformed into the same image from character to character—from a poor character to a better one, from a better one to one a little better still, from that to one still more complete, until, by slow degrees, the perfect image is attained. Here the solution of the problem of sanctification is compressed into a sentence. Reflect the character of Christ, and you will become like Christ.—*Henry Drummond.*

Our need of God's help for the meeting of the petty vexations and the minor trials of our every-day life is as real as it is for the supremest struggle of our being in the final conflict with the arch-enemy of our souls. And as to the relative measure of God's power requisite for our aiding, who shall say what is much or what is little for God to do? God is as ready to aid us in one time of need as in another. We can depend upon Him alike when to us our requirements seem great or seem small. He who will help us in our dying will help us also in our daily living. He knows your need. It seems to you that no one can know it, it is so vast. He knows it better than you do yourself. The multitude of your own aspirations are not present to you, are lost to you, but He has caught them all in His own vessel, and will see to it that all are duly fulfilled. He knows your need, your bodily and your social need, your need to-day, your need yesterday, and your need to-morrow. And He knows it that He may supply it.—*George Bowen.*

What Holy Men Eat and Drink

John P. Cooke

To spiritually-minded Idealists belongs the credit of introducing a theory and practice of pure and chaste dietetics. The people who regard man as a soul, first taught this wisdom. The doctrine that human beings are souls, that live on air and light; that food should be simple and nutritious; that meats should be discarded and fiery liquors abolished; that wines or grape juice should be substituted for "spirits," and pure water for wines, has in all ages been taught by the Mystics and Idealists. The ancient prophet of it was the Samian Sage, Pythagoras. The idea was that as the body was, for the time being, the dwelling place of the soul, its lodging and home, its prison or its palace, its organ and instrument, its box of tools, the medium of its activity, it must be kept in perfect condition for these high offices. They honored the flesh in the nobility of their care of it. They were purifiers and refiners of matter; regarding it as too exquisitely mingled and tempered a substance to be tortured and imbruted.

The materialist prescribes temperance, continence, sobriety, in order that life may be long, and comfortable, free from disease.

The Mystic prescribes them in order that life may be intellectual, serene, pacific and beneficent.

Bronson Alcott said: "It is the doctrine of the Samian Sage that whatever food obstructs divination, is prejudicial to purity and chastity of mind and body, temperance, health, sweetness of disposition, suavity of manners, grace of form and dignity of carriage, should be shunned.

"Especially those who would apprehend the deepest wisdom, and preserve through life the relish for elegant studies and pursuits, abstain from flesh, cherishing the justice which animals claim at man's hand, nor slaughtering them for food or profit."

A purer civilization than ours can yet claim to be is to inspire the genius of mankind with the skill to deal dutifully with soils and souls, exalt agriculture and manculture into a religion of art; the freer interchange of commodities which the current world-wide intercourse promotes, spreads a more varied, wholesome, classic table, whereby the race shall be refined of traits reminding too plainly of barbarism and the beast.

There is an infinite worthiness in man, which responds to the call of worth. And all our particular reforms are but the removing of some impediment.—*The Universal Republic.*

HEART TALKS

By Helen Van-Anderson

THERE are many sides to truth. Examine all, but do not mistake the parts for the whole. One set of philosophers say "there is no growth," that "what is, is." Another that "there is growth or development through evolution, experience," etc. Both classes of thinkers are right. From the spiritual standpoint there *can* be no growth. The spirit is all wise and perfect, has no beginning and no end. But the human *consciousness* which changes, expands and varies, certainly attains to knowledge through experience and the evolution of relative and external conditions. It is from the viewpoint of human consciousness that all things change. When the consciousness can be so polarized to the abstract verities of the absolute that for the time being relative conditions are lost sight of, or at least in abeyance, it can be said "there is no growth." Each view has its place and value. Each is equally necessary to the broad-visioned, illumined soul. Together these views reveal the dual aspect of Life. They explain both the human personality, with its many vagaries and eccentricities, its inconsistency and variableness, and the poised, majestic individuality which stands unmoved amid mind or matter elements that "clash and roar" like tumultuous breakers of the sea.

To personality, which in its ultimate stage of perfection becomes the expresser and revealer of the individuality or God essence, there will of necessity be changes, because of the nature of the world of relations, which continually change. The broadening and deepening of the stream of consciousness comes through experience; hence the continual unfoldment. With every experience comes a new outlook, a new understanding of nature and life. What we saw and believed yesterday was true to the vision of yesterday, but we may see more to-day and still more to-morrow.

Don't be afraid to grow! Don't be afraid to say what you think, or fear for what your friends may think.

What if you did say something yesterday that you cannot believe to-day?

Is it not necessary that you learn something new all the time if you truly *live?*

Don't crystallize. Keep your ideas *movable.* Be consistent to *yourself* and never mind what other people think. This means be true to the latest revelation and you will always be receiving revelation. Your consciousness will expand more and more and you will speak as one who *knows*, because you are willing to interpret experience and to be taught by all things.

You will thus be able to understand those who may believe what you long ago rejected, but you will not be intolerant or bigoted in your conversation, for with the open child spirit of learning anew the truth in all things, you will ever remember that it is the *point of view* which determines conclusions. To one, therefore, who still believes in a hell of fire and brimstone, you can be tolerant and kind, because your larger view has given a greater understanding and a greater love. You may look back and remember the fear which rose in your heart when you were under the sway of the hell idea and the inexpressible relief that came when your conception of Divine love displaced your conception of Divine wrath. Because of your own experience you can understand the experience of those who have not yet passed through or finished with it.

As every soul is on the path of Eternity and destined for the same goal, he who is most advanced is better able to help those who are in the rear; hence experience and evolution are necessary as links in the whole human chain. Differentiation is but the varied expression in parts of the perfect and eternal unity.

Look about you, then, dear friends, with the *knowledge* that difference of opinion simply means different experiences and a different stage of development. Be patient, be charitable with those who differ from you. Let each one hold to his view as long as it is truth to him, as long as it satisfies.

"To thyself be true and it must follow as
the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

Be fearless and stand by your convictions, even if you have new ones every hour. As Emerson says, "A man who stands united with his thought, conceives magnificently of himself. He is conscious of a universal success, even though bought by uniform particular failures." Why? Because he is not divided against himself. All his forces leap to fulfil his thought. He invites the light of Truth to shine into his whole being. He then radiates all he receives and becomes a scintillating reflector of the universal light.

What would happen if you should believe a certain vital truth, but would fear to express or acknowledge it?

You would settle into a kind of life rut of weak mental protest and unhappy restrictions. Fear of persons, conditions or fate would be with you always to seal your lips and burden your heart. And under these circumstances could you use your talents? Could you increase them? Could you make life glorious and beautiful because of *your* light in the world?

Think on these things.

And yet, my precious friends, this fearless freedom to be and to do does not mean vaunting, boastful, aggressive dominion. No, it simply means freedom to speak or be silent *when* it is right and wise and kind to speak, or be silent when no principle is sacrificed and no true dignity is lost. On the other hand, it means the master state of mind that decides serenely upon the administration of all affairs, both personal and impersonal. It means willingness to concede all benefits, opportunities and experiences to those who need them, to live clear-eyed and calm of heart, knowing that "all things work together for good to those who love God."

This much for the philosopher who believes in experience. It is the greatest teacher in the human world!

And now about the other—he who insists that he never can grow or become, *because* he already *is.*

Verily this seems a flat contradiction, but remember the story of the shield that was both silver and gold.

Of course, the perfection of which the mind at first may only dream is a *reality* to the spirit, and it is spirit which is the man, not the mind or body. These are only vehicles for expression. He who can so wed his consciousness to spirit that he knows not flesh (for the time being) can say *I am life, I am intelligence, I am love,* etc., etc.—because this is true of the spirit when it would be grossly false of the body or mind.

The practical aspects of these two views are important, because they make life appear what it seems, what it may be, and, above all, what it *Is.* It is necessary to have experience and growth in order to *build* character.

It is necessary to recognize and acknowledge Perfection *now*, in order to *be Character.*

This is why God has given the human being two sides—one is man, who must put on the garment of Divinity; one is God, who must wear the garment of humanity.

Yet forget not that no word, no opinion, can change the *absolute.* What is true of the immortal You will be forever true, whether you are conscious or not.

Back of the darkest clouds shines the sun. Back of the blackest evil in the mind or heart abides the Perfect Good in the Spirit.

Words, opinions, actions will change and affect the relative or human consciousness, because that is changeable, but they cannot change or affect the Spirit, for that is changeless. When you say, "I am weak, sorrowful, sick or discouraged," your words will affect your consciousness and so your body and character, because your conviction is based on what you see and feel. But when you conceive of the Absolute, the Divinity, which is your *real* I, and say, "I am strong, joyful, whole and fearless," your words will reveal and bring to light the demonstration of the truth of the spirit; yes, even through mind and body, which are but means of expressing thought, or, more broadly speaking, *Life.*

To continue in the right words is to bring demonstration in right conditions. "Life and death are in the power of the tongue," said Solomon.

And now, dear hearts, the sum of it all lies in this: Know both aspects of your own being in order that you may understand both Divinity and humanity. Find the Sun of righteousness with healing in His wings (the Sun of the Spirit), shining within you; let storms of experience come and go; but KNOW that back of all darkness is the light, back of all tumult, the calm, back of all strife, peace. Then speak of these things that are true, lovely and of good report. Thus will you find the possibility of being in the world but not of it, thus will you find the Christ way of overcoming the world, the flesh and the evil.

Let this word start you on the way to the real rest of the Spirit—"*Peace.*" Think it, feel it, yield to its sweet influence and its gracious power to make you "calm in the midst of tumult, able to possess *your self*, though all else be lost."

Self-possession means soul dominion.

God speed you on your heavenly way.

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Peace, Peace, Be Still

THERE is a presence ever with the soul,
That dwells by faith 'mid things that are above.
There is a Power thy anguish to control,
When thou dost pine for unforgotten love.
Peace, peace, be still!

The Seer sees in life on the Earth-plane much struggle, much toil, much labor, much service, and much work which is needful and helpful to evolution of souls individually and collectively. Each soul eventually emerges victorious and joins the Eternal GOD, its source.

If we love GOD we love all, and if we love *all*, then *all* love us, and we are eternally joyful and happy, and at peace with GOD and *all*.

Purity of thought, feeling, action and diet is the best stimulant to the being. When a man does not cultivate this purity, he is almost certain to indulge in artificial stimulants to still the cravings of the spirit, but these deaden the finer sensibilities, without satisfying the longing of the soul.

It is really easier to *live the life* than talk about it. We think and believe and talk too much and *live* too little. We dwell too much in mental vibrations and *live* too little in the Vibrations of the Soul.

Desire is one thing and Aspiration is another. Desire is of the Mind and Aspiration is of the Soul. When man really aspires he has few desires. Aspiring to live a holy life cleanses the mind and heart of disturbing desires.

No one can render honest and successful service that is not filled and thrilled with the Holy Spirit. Earnest endeavor with enthusiasm and optimism is the way of the Holy Spirit.

Faith is the Christian's foundation, and hope is his anchor, and death is his harbor, and Christ is his pilot, and heaven is his country.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

Faith and obedience are bound up in the same bundle. He that obeys GOD trusts GOD; and he that trusts GOD obeys GOD.—*Spurgeon.*

This Beautiful World

To him who sees with clear vision and who is possessed of a normal mind this world appears beautiful. And why, pray, should it not be beautiful? Is it not God's world? As we are and think, so appears the world. If we have disordered minds, then we see more disorder than order in the world.

Heed not the folk who sing or say,
In sonnet sad or sermon chill,
Alas, alack, and well-a-day,
This round world's but a bitter pill!
Sometimes we quarrel with our lot,
We, too, are sad and careful; still—
We'd rather be alive than not.

"A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver," says the proverb. Here are a few words by Sydney Smith that will fit any human being in any age, state or condition: "Take short views, hope for the best and put your trust in God."

What's best in life, O busy brain:
'Tis the glad power to strive again,
'Tis inspiration's joyous thrill,
And work, the balm for every ill,
Work's best in life.
—*Elizabeth M. Champney.*

Hope is our only hope.—*A. Z.*

He who despairs wants love, wants faith, for faith, hope and love are the three torches which blend their light together; nor does the one shine without the other. —*Mentastasio.*

Dante places in his lowest Hell those who in life were melancholy and repining without a cause, thus profaning and darkening God's blessed sunshine.

A Bishop Who Stands by the Bible

THE recent confirmation service at Christ Church, Rochester, N. Y., was marked by a vigorous address by Bishop Walker, of the Diocese of Western New York, on the attitude which the Church should take toward the Bible. Bishop Walker is one who holds consistently and unswervingly to the teaching of the Book from the first to the last.

"I would impress upon you who have taken this great step in life the importance of study of the Bible," said he, "and I also desire to emphasize the importance of reverence and careful study of all its teachings. Some, speaking from the pulpit even, would tell you that there are certain portions which are to be followed, and others which are not worthy of serious belief. I say to you that the Bible has stood the attacks of ages, and stands to-day firm and unshaken.

"Let the thought that those who have sought to belittle portions of the Bible have gone and are forgotten be the proof to you that it is divinely inspired. You should read and study it as a whole, receiving into your innermost being all the wealth of divine teachings which its pages contain."

Bishop Walker said that the New Testament is veiled in the Old Testament, and that the Old Testament is unveiled in the New. He urged greater attention to the Old Testament and its doctrine.—*Rochester Union and Advertiser.*

Carnivorism is a habit nearly related to cannibalism, and in the Light of this Age of Light will be given up by all refined and cultured ladies and gentlemen. The flesh of dead animals is not a clean, pure or inspiring diet, to say the least; nor is it the most nourishing, digestible or healthful diet.

Man, an Eternal Soul, is always working and progressing from planes of mistake and error to planes of Truth and Light; in a while, by knocks and blows and falls and experience, joys and pleasures and successes he struggles into the Eternal Path of Light and Life and lives eternally in the Sphere of Omniscience and Omnipotence, at-one with the Blessed Eternal One.—*A. Z.*

Angel whisperings: our intuitions which inspire us to persistently aspire.—*A. Z.*

Aspiration Brings Realization

By M. W.

OH for a flood of inner light, a star
That eagle-like, sees deep, and wide, and far;
A faith that trusts, whatever may betide;
Divine belief that naught can push aside;
To feel that all is safe within His hands,
While joy and pain alike make up the strands,
Woven through all one's purposes and plans;
To learn to see beyond the worthless mess,
In our small selves; to measure real success,
Not by our failures, wishes unfulfilled;
Not by that which we might have done or willed;
To know the goal toward which we are to run,
Shall be accomplished, for each little sun
Shall reach the splendor of th' Eternal One.
Like grains of sand blown by—we know not what,
Tossed here and there by petty scheme and plot,
The ghosts of too prolific mem'ry haunt the eye,
And when we wring our hands, and long to die;
Or like the little child that fears the night,
We cry and wail, and straightway call for light.
We, human nature, finally forsake,
When, lo! with life immortal, now awake,
What once we dreamed, no more an earth-bound clod,
We find instead of self, we're like to God.
—*Occult Truths.*

The great spiritual wave which is now sweeping over the world brings with it great wants, but it also carries with it the means of satisfying those wants. Do not despair.—*William Walker Atkinson.*

Even the Agnostic, after much observation and long thinking, concludes that it is probable there is a GOD that rules and governs the universe.

Free Your Soul

THE fleeting, changing vanities of this world have nothing in them worthy of our attachment to them. These are no part of an Eternal soul. A great soul diligently works in this world with tremendous force and energy—like a God—but he does not attach himself to the world or its fruits. The mighty God of Truth says we can work in this world and live in peace, joy and happiness, provided we do not become attached to the world and forget the great, loving Father of the whole universe, who desires us to live free on the universal plane and not be attached to any *one part* of His universe. How foolish to prefer the paltry things of the world to the grand and eternal freedom of living in bliss with the Omnipresent One. Let us live in the Universe with God and not be chained to a bit of earth. Let us soar to the Angel World, pure and free souls. In these suggestions it must not be inferred that we are in the slightest degree to slight or neglect any labor, service or work we can do here on earth. Not at all! The more divine we are the more and better work we will do. It is only the free and non-attached, God-loving soul that can do the great and lasting works of the world. In all ages God sends great souls here to straighten out the world, and all of these great souls are non-attached. Moses, Socrates, Buddha, Jesus were only sojourners here, to iterate and reiterate the one great truth of salvation—faithful and persistent service without attachment. This is the great, universal religion—loving, faithful service to God and all beings without attachment to the world, the work done or the fruits of the work. Enjoy the fruits in a rational way, but be not attached to them. This is the highest teaching in the universe—it is the highest truth, and is the Voice of God Himself whispering to the soul.

What joy, what peace and what bliss would be in this world if all men here were attached only to God and did the work of the world as God intends us all to work, without attachment—as free souls.

But some selfish one says, How can we be happy without fame, honor and fortune? Bless you, a great soul often has all of these, but is not attached to them, because he *knows* they are empty, so far as peace and happiness are concerned. "The most brilliant fortune is not only frail and dangerous, but it is often a source of the most painful uneasiness. There are sighs and sufferings on the throne, as well as in chains and dungeons."

All fortune is transitory. "The fashion of this world passeth away."

So the greatest teaching of this new and great age is the ancient teaching—to love God with all your soul, heart and mind; serve, labor and work cheerfully with all your soul, heart and mind for the good of the whole—without attachment. We must realize fully that this great and beautiful world is as important as any other planet or star in the universe, and that we are not here by chance, but by divine order; that we are here for a grand service, and if we do our work well and cheerfully, without insane attachment to the things of the planet, the sooner we will be freed from the Path of Delusion. Then all dreams of the air will cease. Then we will live long, useful and happy lives, rich with that bliss that always comes to that soul which works for God and man and the whole universe, out of pure and holy love with non-attachment.

In whatever condition our lot may be cast, we shall always be able to progress if we have an aim and a will—a will to do God's Will, which is to strive hopefully, cheerfully and contentedly. And we shall always be respectable and serviceable and an ornament to useful society if we trust God and trust and respect ourselves. Never be foolish and weak enough to be ashamed of your state or condition, and you will then add royal dignity to your life and its pursuits, no matter how humble they be. Cheerfully and patiently do what comes to your hand to do, and complete your labor or work before turning your hand to anything else. This, precious souls, is an *old* thought and has always dominated every man and woman in the world who has made his or her life great—complete. It is the simple yet plain truth that will lead any one to the highest attainment of which they are capable.—*F. H.*

Do not adore or worship writers of books. There is only ONE to adore and worship, and He is the Mighty GOD.

A CHRISTMAS EVE

(*Written Especially for* THE MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES)

By CLARA O'NEIL

IT was Christmas Eve in a great Southern city, and the night had closed in wild and stormy, ending a day of cold, wind and rain, such as rarely visits that southern clime, even at this season of the year.

The day had been a particularly trying one, and after long, hard rides and still harder tramps, I had at last, just as the clock was striking the hour of eleven, seated myself before the open fire, lighted my pipe and prepared myself generally to enjoy such comforts as fall to the lot of a hard-worked bachelor physician. I was so weary that the only definite thought that I had was a hope that the benediction of health would fall upon the great city this night, and that I would not again be called from my warm, cozy quarters.

Reclining in my great easy chair, enjoying the grateful warmth of the room, I was soon lost in watching the little rings and whiffs of smoke that rose from my pipe, floating before me in clouds and forming a background for the pictures memory was weaving for my tired brain this night.

Soon the room, with its surroundings, faded entirely away and before me rose another, in a far-off New England village, a room filled with merry, laughing faces, bright with youth and anticipated joys—the faces of brothers and sisters, long passed from sight; the kind, loving face of a dear mother and the white-bearded, smiling one of a kind father—all gathered around a Christmas tree, whose limbs bent low 'neath the tokens of love and good will, while rows of ruddy-cheeked apples sputtered on the broad hearth and a table, laden with all that completes the happiness of hungry youth at this glad time of year, is seen through the open door leading to the great dining-room.

It is scarcely formed ere it changes and fades, and great fields of white, glistening snow spread away before me, and the ring of merry bells keeps time with the music of a sweet voice in my ear, coming up from the depths of furs and velvets, from which shine the only pair of eyes in the world which has ever had the power to quicken the blood in my veins or to make my heart change its generally prosaic beating. This picture, too, changes, and as I look a little closer, I see not the sweet face by my side, but a heap of cold, white snow piled high over a mound of earth which covers the dearest hopes of my life.

My reverie is broken by a feeble rap at my door, and I start up to find that I have been thus dreaming for more than an hour, and that the Holy Day that heralds "Peace on Earth" has once more descended upon us with its wealth of blessings and good will. Shaking myself together, I open the door and peer into the darkness, rather expecting to see Poe's raven, but, instead, a poor old creature, no whiter but bearing the human form divine. Trembling from the cold in every limb, he enters at my bidding, and, in response to my greetings, answers in a tremulous voice:

"Yes, marse, a pow'ful bad night. Reckon de bayou 'll all be friz up 'fo' mornin'."

"Oh, not so bad as that, Uncle, let us hope," I replied; "but it is certainly a very bad night for any one to be abroad, and it must be something very serious which would send one so feeble as you forth in such a storm."

"Yes, sah; yes, sah. Marse Morton mos' dead I reckon; 'low as how he won't see no mo' Christmusses."

"Does your master desire me to go to him?" I asked, dreading the answer.

"Right away, quick! Marse ain't ben out'n dat air room fo' mo' dan a week."

Here he rolled his eyes mysteriously and spoke in an awed whisper, with a decided emphasis on "dat air room."

Bidding him warm himself by the fire while I prepared myself for the trip, I made all possible haste, thinking that a bad job was best soonest over. And it was not long before I was following him through the blinding storm which whirled and eddied in wild gusts around the corners and swept in uninterrupted fury along the bare, deserted streets.

Although the wind was at our backs, it was sometimes with difficulty that we kept our feet beneath us. Taking the old man's arm and bidding him lean upon me, we kept as closely in the protection of the buildings as possible.

But where was he taking me? On, on we went, it seemed to the farther extreme of the city; and, as I later discovered, I was nearly correct in my imaginings. But at last we came to what proved to be the end of our journey, to a high stone wall, surrounded so thickly by trees and shrubs and creeping vines as to be almost hidden from view. Taking a key from his pocket, my guide made several unsuccessful attempts with his numbed fingers to undo the fastenings before he finally surrendered the key to me.

I finally found the keyhole in the great rusty padlock, and after no little effort was rewarded at last by hearing the great rusty chains and bolts fall away and the gate swing open before us.

What was this place to which I was being taken—a prison or an asylum?

Through the darkness and the storm I could faintly descry a long, low building. Dark, save for one dim light coming from a small window in the farther end of the building toward which we now made our way, stumbling over what seemed to be walks, plants, and even running into small trees in the darkness.

The negro preceded me, and opening a low door and bidding me enter, disappeared with a "Good-night, marse."

By the dim light burning I soon discovered that I was in a rather large but low room.

At first I did not discover its one occupant, but a low, clear voice attracted my attention, and turning to the right, I saw, reclining on an ottoman, such a being as it had never before been my fortune to meet.

That it was an old man was clearly to be seen. But how old must ever be a matter of conjecture.

The face was like parchment, surrounded by locks of snow-white hair, which fell far down upon the emaciated shoulders, and the hands, naturally delicate, were more like the talons of some bird than the adjuncts of a human being.

In a room, Oriental in its fittings, in the presence of such a type of humanity, it was difficult to realize that I had not been transported back to the days of the Patriarchs.

I did not wait a second bidding to be seated, for I was almost too exhausted to stand, although anxious to see my patient, for surely this man, though aged far beyond the common lot of man, could not, while possessing those clear, steady, brilliant eyes and low, strong voice, be in very urgent need of a physician.

But I was soon informed of my mistake, and in a voice as clear and musical as that of a young girl he began:

"Dr. Huntington, your fame as a physician is only equaled by your reputation for honesty and reliability, and it is from knowing that your character in these respects is above criticism that I have called you to me to-night."

"The question of the value of your services will not be estimated by the price of drugs.

"In that small green box on the table at your side you will find coins and jewels to fully recompense you for your services, and I desire you to take it with you when you leave the house.

"Now I must proceed, for my time is short."

First asking me if I had ever been a student of occultism, and being answered in the negative, he said:

"Then I must begin at the beginning by saying that we as human beings are complex in our organism, living on an equally and correspondingly complex globe, and that the laws and customs that prevail on this, the lowest of the several planes, do not necessarily obtain on those of a higher order.

"While there is a distinct line separating these planes, as there is dividing the rooms of a graded school, yet the knowledge, the wisdom and the experience of these different planes merge one into the other so closely that there is no distinguishing line, just as the knowledge gained in one grade at school is simply a continuation of that of a lower, and likewise merges into that of the next above it.

"To make myself clear to you, let me say, though still living on this plane, I believe myself to be ready for promotion to the one next higher, and that ere the dawn breaks over the city I will be with you only in spirit.

"And my reason for calling you to me to-night was that I might place in your care such property as I possess, which is no trifling amount, and which I desire you to expend in any way which your good judgment recommends for the benefit of the poor among your patients."

The man was evidently insane. His chances for living were apparently as good as mine, but I was interested, fascinated by the man and his surroundings, and quite content to remain until morning, when doubtless his delusion would leave him.

After a moment he continued:

"I have now reached a stage in my journey toward the Infinite known as Adeptship, and to-night, for the first time, I am going to voluntarily lay down this body and henceforth dwell in one on a higher plane, unless circumstances demand that for the good of humanity, or to aid me in my work, I act for a time through a material form.

"In that case, understanding as I do the power of precipitating matter from the higher, invisible elements, it will be but a simple matter for me to again clothe myself in a garment of such material and to again walk the earth, a man among men.

"I shall go to join my brothers to-night, my brothers of the order to which I have attained, whose lodge, although as real a fact as our lives are facts, is not a matter of location, but condition and realization. To attain to it, while it brings added obligations in our relation to our fellow-men, brings also a wonderful knowledge and view of the possibilities of our common humanity and marks a stage through which all must pass, either through the natural progress of the race or hastened by our individual efforts.

"I will not go unattended, and as the time draws nigh you will be permitted, do you so desire, to be present when I receive my august guest."

Here he arose with a step as firm and elastic as that of a youth of twenty years, and brought out from a recess in the wall a queer-shaped urn, which he placed in front of the low seat which he had been occupying.

Throwing a small bunch of herbs into the vessel, he lighted them. As they burned they sent up a mist of white smoke and sweet-smelling perfume which filled the room and caused a soothing, dreamy effect to steal over the tired senses.

As it burned and flickered he bent low over the urn, crooning meanwhile a low, rhythmic chant.

Sometimes it would sink to a low, weird dirge, then again rise and mingle in its wildness with the night wind, then again fall into a low, soft cadence as if he were crooning a lullaby.

Seeming to become satisfied that the incense in the urn was burning satisfactorily, he resumed his seat, continuing his song, and, folding his hands one over the other, fixed his eyes on the still rising smoke, which now rose and settled in response to the vibrations of his chant, and which ever and anon seemed to be taking on definite shapes.

Soon these became more marked, until from out of the mists that now whirled and swerved and vibrated, like a conscious being, a form appeared—at first faint and undefined, then becoming clearer and more definite in outline, until there stood before us a man—a man aged in appearance, as was the one we called our host—and with the same Oriental cast of features and litheness of step.

Going to the ottoman on which was seated my entertainer, he reached forth his right hand, which was grasped by that of the other, and together they commenced a slow march around the urn in which the incense had now burned low, and as they marched, keeping their faces ever toward the urn, their forms seemed to gradually blend with the smoke and altogether grow fainter and fainter as their chanting grew slower and softer, until I started up with a shock. The incense had burned out, the smoke died away, and with it had vanished the two forms which I had been watching so intently.

I rubbed my eyes to assure myself that I had not been dreaming, and just then the light of a new day—a day which annually brings a new reminder of God's gift to the world—broke over the earth.

Arising and shaking out my stiffened limbs, I wended my way slowly homeward.

The storm has vanished with the night, and a merry Christmas is over all the land, but it will be many a day ere the events of that Christmas Eve will be effaced from my memory!

Make yourselves nests of pleasant thoughts.—*J. Ruskin.*

SAYINGS OF THE BLISSFUL PROPHET

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

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

INVOCATION

Hear, O Infinite Perfection, my prayer: Let Thy mighty love flood my soul, my heart and my mind, that only kind, tender and sweet words of Love may be written here. Out of the Infinite Depths of Omniscience may I gather pearls of Truth that will inspire men to love more and hope more and do more for the good of the Whole. Appoint me, O Omniscient One! as Thy humble medium to write in plain and simple words the blessed truth about Thy mighty and Eternal Love, Thy tender care and mercy for ALL and the Oneness of ALL. *Amen.*

THE Universe is the effect of Infinite Love. Omnipresent Love is in, through, back and beyond all Nature and evolves and sustains the Universe. Infinite Love is attraction, affinity, gravitation and repulsion—action and reaction. It is the controller, arranger and changer of all matter—the eternal motive power of the Universe. Atoms, planets, solar systems, the Universe are in continuous and orderly movement through this mighty Eternal Force — LOVE. Certainly GOD IS LOVE.

The more love a man has in his heart the more powerful he is. Personal magnetism and power to do and achieve is only a manifestation of this mighty, omnipotent Love. Again, Love is Light and Life, and as we become conscious to its omnipresence, omniscience and omnipotence and open our hearts and minds to its mighty power the soul is made blissful. Love is patient and cheerful and frees us from our petty troubles, apprehensions, doubts, fears and despondency. It is the highest religion there is—to love. There is nothing that will take you so near to God as to love all things—animate and inanimate, "good" and "bad." Love clears, cools and brightens the mind. "How can a mind that is gloomy and dull love?" asks a great Hindu Sage.

So, precious souls, have nothing to do with any religion (?) or philosophy that makes you gloomy and morbid. True religion makes the soul glad and joyous and the mind strong and calm and sane and sober, and fills the heart with love and sweet charity for *all*. True Love is not a respecter of persons, and it sees neither *good* nor *bad* in the universe; it sees only Eternal Progress of all parts and the Whole. True Love is never Carnal-minded. True Love is *Universal*.

Up to the present New Age of Love man has had a religion filled with cruel fanaticism. In all the past, religionists have talked much of Love, but did not live it. Read history and count the billions of human beings that have been cruelly and brutally slaughtered in the name of religion. "If these fanatics talk of love, it is false; they want to kill others."

Love is constructive and never destroys. All charity and tolerance and freedom come through Love. It makes us strong, blissful and never miserable.

"The man who always feels miserable will never come to God. It is not religion to say, 'I am so miserable.' Every man has his own burden to bear. If you are miserable, try to be happy, try to conquer it." With Love you can overcome or conquer anything. Love makes one strong.

"God is not to be reached by the weak; never be weak. You must be strong; you have infinite strength within you. How else will you conquer anything? How else will you come to God? At the same time we must avoid excessive merriment. A mind in that state never becomes calm; it becomes fickle. Excessive merriment will always be followed by sorrow. Tears and laughter are near kin. People so often run from one extreme to the other. Let the mind be cheerful, but calm. Never let it run into excesses, because every excess will be followed by a reaction."

The greatest lovers in the world are the holy, calm, serene yet blissful mystics who love *all* things in the universe—an extreme, tremendous and eternal love for the great God and all His children. Moreover, these Holy Adepts, who are little known and rarely seen by the world, are the GREAT SOULS of this planet and the universe, who do the great and lasting works—all through Love.

At the present time many of these blessed and blissful souls are silently and secretly and mystically working in all parts of the world, telling men and women the truth about God and His Universe and stripping their minds of ignorance, superstition, bigotry, intolerance and fanaticism.

Man is now fast realizing that he is *not* a body with a soul, but is an ETERNAL SOUL with a body; that all that is great, true, good, powerful and lasting in his makeup is divine, and that divinity is Love—pure Love. God is Love and is the Goal of *all* souls. There is nothing beyond God and Love—omniscience, omnipresence and omnipotence. As we *all* proceed along the GRAND PATH of the GREAT EVOLUTION we delight more in spiritual bliss than in sensual pleasures, and our love and charity broaden and deepen and we cast out of our minds fears, doubts and childish dreams and begin to reason, love, worship the Most High and *do, achieve* and *accomplish* for the good of the great WHOLE—the great ALL.

Each soul, through its countless experiences, in a while realizes its oneness with the Eternal One and then begins to love and become great and powerful—joyous and blissful. Such is the power of Love which is the All-good in the universe.

O God! Thy mighty Love is greater than we know. We pray Thee that the Great Day has come when we are all getting greater glimpses of Thy radiant Light. Our only prayer is for Thee, Blessed One, to infuse into our hearts and minds the love of Thy sweet and precious Name, that we may realize and live only in Thy Eternal Love.

Knowledge is the goal of *all*. When we *know*, we truly and fervently and persistently love and are united to God. There can be nothing higher in the universe than Infinite Love, which is God—Infinite Perfection.

Love, in its highest manifestation, is perfectly unselfish and is universal. Infinite Love knows no change; it is the only persistent, eternal and changeless force or power in the Universe. All other things slip away from us and change.

Not so Infinite Love. On the Earth-plane "we grasp for something, and find it slips through our fingers, and then we grasp for something else. On and on, then comes light; we come to God, the only One who loves; His Love knows no change, is ever ready to take us in."

To really learn to love we must commence with God and concentrate all our thoughts on Him who is the Loving Father of ALL. In this way we learn to love ALL, and in a while empty our minds of all selfishness, greed, envy, anger and hatred and open it up to the Divine Mind—Divine Love. Then man becomes more than man and rises beyond all these small and petty ideas of dualism, time, creation, Heaven and hell; he has forever lost his carnal-mind and is truly divine. "Man then becomes transfigured into God, animals become transfigured, everything is merged in that one Ocean of Love."

Divine Love teaches us this world is not the aim and end of the soul. This world is only a station in the Eternal Evolution, where the soul tarries for a while; it is only an incident, our sojourn here, no matter how many countless millions of incarnations the eternal soul may have on this planet. Yet a most important and vital experience is our relation to this beautiful little planet. Love has placed us all here to build and complete a planet and in a while will release us from our labor, service and work here and take us to a higher and better plane of existence in the Universe. But before one can hope for advancement along the Eternal Path one must realize this Mighty, Infinite Love of the Universe and work and serve as a part of the Whole, with only Love as a motive. Love is the only reality in the Universe.

To more fully realize the tremendous power of Love, we must become non-attached to this world. Live in the world and love it, and all that is in it, and labor and serve and work with tremendous energy, with love as your only motive—but do not get attached to the world or the fruits of your labor if you would progress and have knowledge, wisdom and bliss.

Non-attachment does not mean that you should idly dream here on earth. It means work, work, work all the time, doing faithfully and lovingly and willingly and cheerfully each and every duty that comes to hand, without care or attachment to the fruits of your efforts. The Holy Mystic Adepts are tremendous workers, but are fully non-attached. They live and work and exist as God-men, because they are one with God. The great God is omnipresent and non-attached, hence His omniscience and omnipotence.

O Precious, Eternal Souls, learn to love more, and hope more, and do more for the good of the Whole, and your existence will be blessed with that peace that passeth all understanding.—*The Blissful Prophet.*

Heaven is filled with Angels of Light, for there dwelleth Our Saviour, the Prince of Light.—*A. Z.*

BENT BACKS STRAIGHTENED.

Injured and Deformed Human Figures Brought Back to Health and Beauty by a New Invention.

When the Creator designed the human body He made it upon lines of perfect beauty. Deformities which have developed in form and figure have come about through man's mistakes or through injuries received by accident. Nothing is more pitiful than to see man or woman with form twisted from the natural to something unsightly and repulsive.

Probably no more common deformity, or one which causes more suffering exists than curvature of the spine in its numerous forms. In this disease the spine becomes misshapen, the elasticity of the cartilages is lost and the figure grows out of all true semblance to man or woman. With the deformity comes many times pain almost unbearable.

A scientific appliance has been invented by one man who suffered terribly from such trouble for thirty years, and this appliance is now accomplishing so many and such rapid cures of this affliction, once considered almost hopeless, that surgeons and physicians are astonished. There is certainly help and cure for the sufferers from spinal troubles and it lies in giving nature an opportunity to right itself. How to accomplish this without making the cure as bad as, or worse than the disease, was the problem before the inventor. He has solved it and has produced an appliance which is at once comforting and curative. It is made upon principles based on the dearly bought experience of the inventor himself. It is so arranged that it lifts up the weight from the tired, twisted spine, and lets it rest upon the hips, at the same time being itself so light and pliable as not to oppress and chafe the wearer.

It is a God-send to people who have suffered agonies from pain and deformity. It gives rest and a chance for restoration to the spine. It carries its burden while nature restores injured bone and tissue.

Those who are afflicted with heavy, protruding abdomen, particularly women who have been weakened by maternity or other causes, find in the abdominal appliances the most grateful rest and ease imaginable and eventually absolute cure for weakened muscles as well. Victims of these ills who have been saved from them by this invention, join in declaring the Appliance priceless in value. Here is what one has said:

"I have worn your Brace, No. 2, with great comfort for more than eight months. My trouble was from a heavy abdomen which pulled on my spine. Your brace seemed to be just what I needed. No fleshy person can afford to be without one of these braces for a single day. Bertha B. Potter, Jamestown, N. Y."

The Philo Burt Mfg. Co., 70 Twelfth street, Jamestown, N. Y., makers of these appliances, will be glad to correspond with any person who hopes that he or she might find help as did Miss Potter. Send them a card or a letter and see for yourself what they have. You will certainly not be disappointed.

NOW TRY IT!

Ella Wheeler Wilcox says that reading **The Nautilus** "will aid in concentration of thought and in many other ways." It will help you to health, wealth and wisdom. SEND NOW 25 cents for six months' subscription, and receive as premium the editor's latest booklet, "Just How to Concentrate." Order of the author, ELIZABETH TOWNE, Dept. 8, HOLYOKE, MASS.

The Hindu Yogi's Prophecy

The Occult in India

THE following account about the psychic powers of the Hindu Yogi is not overdrawn.

In India the Bhakta Yogis (God-lovers) have wonderful powers of prophecy. These Holy Men who work without pay—who are mendicants and will not touch money—are great adepts. Their love and service to God and man, and their total surrender to His will gives them powers that to the ordinary mind are marvelous. Here is an account written down by an English lady of culture and refinement:

On a sultry evening in April I was standing at the gate-way of the compound, when a *Biragi* or Hindu mendicant devotee of middle age, with his person and long hair covered with ashes, passed me along the public road; he looked at me earnestly for an instant without stopping, however, or marking me by any recognition. On proceeding a few steps, and turning round, he said: "In the name of God, it is given to me to say what will be your fate." I called to an orderly in the compound, and told him to give the man a rupee. "No," said the man, "I ask for nothing, but your fate is on your forehead, and I will, if you like, disclose it to you."

"I suppose," said I, laughing, "you get your living by doing so."

"I can do so only," observed he, "to a few persons, and you are one. I do not desire money."

"Well," said I, "begin; tell me who I am, and if you make a mistake I will have you punished."

"You are," said he, "the wife of the General Sahib, you have a son and a daughter."

"I had," I remarked, "but I have lately lost the former."

"No," said the man, "it is as I say."

"Well, go on."

"You are about to leave this country and go to your own." (Now I must here remark my husband had repeatedly declared his intention never again to leave India.)

"And when is that to be?"

"Very soon."

"Shall we arrive safe?"

"You will; but fourteen days after you leave this country the General Sahib will be in the hands of God!"

Up to this point of the dialogue I had listened listlessly to what passed, but now, thoroughly aroused and alarmed, I exclaimed: "You wretch! what have you said?"

"It is not I," said the man, "but your fate that speaks. I tell you in eighteen days you will be on board, and will have everything here sold but one horse."

"Here," I exclaimed, "is the stable with several horses; show me the one we won't sell."

Running his eye rapidly down the line, he pointed to a gray and said "That one." It was a birthday present from the General, given me two years before.

"Well," said I, affecting to laugh, "as you know so much, tell me, shall I get home and see my child?"

"Yes," said he, "you will see your son as you are leaving this country, but shall not speak to him; he will wave a cloth at a distance. You will arrive in Europe, remain there for a short time, but your trouble for money will compel your return here; but you will again go back, and after a time your money will come and you will be happy."

Everything up to this period has occurred exactly as the man predicted. That evening as we were having tea, the General, who had so often expressed his dislike to living in England, and a determination to live in India, suddenly exclaimed: "What say you to a trip home? I have spoken to F., and he has promised me a passage by the — if we can manage it by the ——, so I have made up my mind to it."

I was so paralyzed that the cup fell from my hand. I gazed at my husband, but it was too true. Within a month all arrangements were made, everything was sold except the gray Arab horse, which, being a birthday gift, was given to ——. We embarked on the — of March, in perfect health, and as we cleared the lighthouse a boat was vainly endeavoring to overtake us. With a glass we could distinguish a European waving a handkerchief; it proved afterward to have been my son, whose death in the Upper Provinces had, two months previously, been reported to us, and whom, could I then have recognized, I should have been in a manner prepared for what followed. In ten days more the General suddenly fell upon the deck, was taken to his berth, and on the fourteenth day was, as the mysterious mendicant had predicted, in the hands of God. I arrived at home safely, and it remains to be seen whether the rest will prove true. At all events, here I am, back again in India to try and arrange my money affairs and the dispute about the General's will for F—— would not advance any more money.

Colonel Fraser, of India, to whom the above account was given, observes: "Such was the story. It speaks for itself. I shortly afterward heard that my kind friend, Mrs. W——, had left for England."

How to Be Powerful

USE your brains instead of letting them use you. To let your mind run on undesirable things is to abdicate your rights and let your brains run you. Now YOU are far greater than your brains, which are simply a bundle of *habits of thought* with one little, tender spot where you can pour in *new* thoughts to form more habits or change old ones. This one spot where you can pour in new thought is the point of IMAGINATION. You can *use* your brains by *imaging*, imagining desirable statements of life. Thus you pour in new thoughts and habits which will remake your brains after a better fashion, and free them to receive still higher thought. To let your brains use you is to keep yourself in a mental treadmill. To use your brains is to express daily more and more of what YOU are.

If we could all realize the woe and misery—great suffering—caused by thoughtlessness, what a bright and happy world this would be. For instance, how thoughtless we are about the care and kindness we ought to extend to the speechless animals. Surely, they are God's creatures. As we advance into the Higher Life we will hear of wealthy men and women endowing homes and hospitals to care for old horses, and sick, starving, homeless cats and dogs. God's love is not limited to the human family.

What we most need to learn is this: That we may be laying up heavenly treasures of which nothing can deprive us, whilst we are laying up earthly treasure of which we cannot be sure for so much as an hour.

Blasts from Ram's Horn

FAITHFUL works must rest on firm faith. They who love melancholy live in misery.

Perfect liberty is manifest in delight in duty.

Policies make good tools when forged out of principle.

Our thoughts are the pigment with which we color life.

It is well to have your fuel before you buy your kettle.

You cannot scatter sunshine out of a face like a vinegar cruet.

Our lamps do but cast shadows when the true light is shining.

You can measure a man's title to heaven by his deeds on earth.

The church founded from wrong motives can never do right work.

The best way to bring others to our ideals is to get there ourselves.

Environment will no more save a man than a new case will regulate an old watch.

When you have learned to be a true saint in your home, heaven will take care of itself.

He that does good for good's sake seeks neither praise nor reward, though sure of both at last.—*William Penn.*

The best man is he who tries to perfect himself, and the happiest man is he who feels that he is perfecting himself.—*Socrates.*

It is evident that there will eventually take place an integration by which all orders of phenomena will be combined and recognized as differently conditioned forms of one ultimate fact.—*Spencer.*

Life Works

By M. R. Reiser

IN the springtime of existence,
When the bounding heart beats high,
And can meet, with brave resistance,
Ev'ry storm that hovers nigh,
Then is life's auspicious hour
To do battle for the Right,
While the mortal frame hath power,
And the soul is filled with light.

Ere the shades of indecision
Make thee halt in doubt or fear,
And obscure thy spirit's vision
Till each truth shall disappear,
Choose thy pathway, upward leading,
Whate'er be thy work in life,
Then go onward, nothing heeding—
Victory will crown thy strife.

Though thy lot be hard and trying,
Some good work is thine to do,
That will win thee love undying
In each heart that's good and true;
If thy gifts are great and many,
God requires some sign of thee—
Help thou those who have not any—
Do thy best, whate'er it be.

All have something they may render
For man's universal good—
Riches, talents, feelings tender—
All shall yet be understood;
For the truths that long have slumbered
Yet shall be proclaimed abroad,
Days of darkness shall be numbered
By the light and love of God.

Though the morn' is long returning
To the watcher of the night,
Yet the stars, more brightly burning
Ere the dawn, send forth their light;
Let thy deeds, like stars, be shining
O'er life's gloom with holy ray,
Giving clouds a silver lining,
Till they melt in perfect day.

Brave thy heart, for God is o'er thee,
Tread in faith thy toilsome road,
Others long have gone before thee
With less strength and greater load;
Do thy duty, nothing fearing,
Though thy sky is overcast,
In that better dawn's appearing
God will own thy works at last.

Seven

From the St. James's Gazette

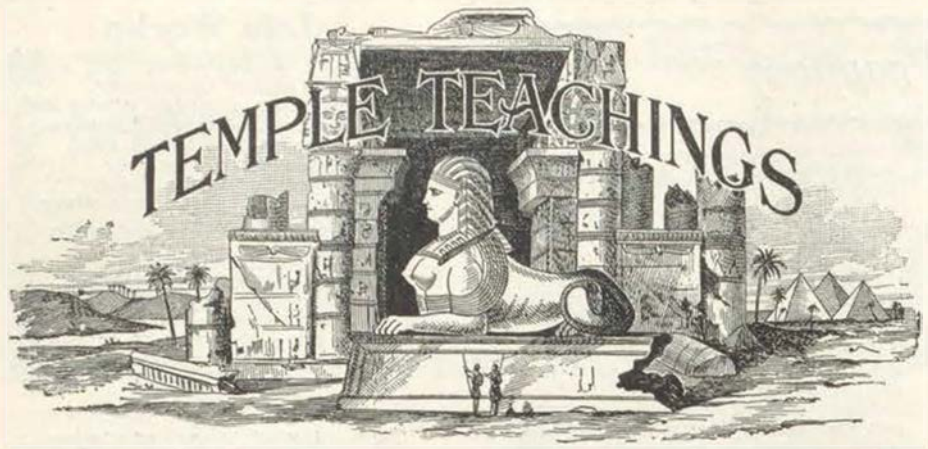
NUMEROUS are the queer beliefs concerning the number 7. From the very earliest ages the seven great planets were known and ruled this world, and the dwellers in it, and their number entered into every conceivable matter that concerned man. There are seven days in the week. "seven holes in the head, for the master stars are seven," seven ages both for man and the world in which he lives. There are seven material heavens. There are seven colors in the spectrum and seven notes in the diatonic octave, and the leading note of the scale is the seventh. Be it noted that the seventh son is not always gifted with beneficent powers. In Portugal he is believed to be subject to the powers of darkness, and to be compelled every Saturday evening to assume the likeness of an ass.

[Seven is a great mystical number. New York has seven letters in it and is the most positive city in all the world. All great adepts have long been agreed that NEW YORK is to be the great center of this planet. Chicago comes next with seven letters. Newport has seven letters, and is a great social center. All cities with seven and ten letters in their make-up are positive cities. PROVIDENCE, with ten letters, is a wonderful spiritual and business center.—*A Mystic*].

Austrian Wonder Doctors

THE Provincial diet of Upper Austria has resolved to grant three peasants residing at the remote village of Landhaag—Francis, Karl and Wenzel Stadlbauer—the right of undertaking the duties of doctors. These three brothers cannot read or write, but they enjoy the reputation of being wonder-doctors, and of having performed some miraculous cures in cases of broken legs and arms. The country folk believe that the family Stadlbauer is endowed with the power of healing wounds.

The resolution to this effect was carried by 23 votes to 13, and several deputies affirmed their belief in the miraculous powers of the three peasants. The doctors of Upper Austria now threaten to strike if the permission granted to the three peasants be not withdrawn.—*London Daily Mail.*



One thing have I desired of the Lord; that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life to behold the beauty of the Lord and to inquire in his temple.—Ps. xxvii. 4.

WOULDST thou know more of the state whereby thy soul shall be led into the secret place and be continually fed in the Temple? Know then, oh, my child, thy heart must be quit of all yearnings and desires of the flesh. Then thou wilt find even more of the heavenly manna at thy right hand, and if thou wilt seek internal solitude, the real silence in which I will teach thee shall be thy reward.

Three steps there be toward this vast, commendable silence. One when thou ceasest from unwise words, one when thou ceasest from all desires, one when thou ceasest from all thoughts.

Impossible? Nay, my child, not so, and if thou wilt persevere in the appointed way, with all sincerity and diligence, thou shalt come to Me in the white Chamber of Revelation. Heed well while I reveal to thee the Law.

In thy Being there are three spheres or circles of life consciousness. The first, or outermost, is the sphere of human interests, desires, thoughts and feelings. The second, or middle realm, is the sphere of knowledge of things and conditions. The third, and innermost, is the sphere of heavenly Love and Wisdom.

As a natural human being, my child, thou art born into the first, in order that thou mayst learn thy relation and manner of adjustment to the outer, or natural, world; also that thou mayst choose of thine own free will whether thou wilt bind thyself to the natural sphere, by attachment to its attractions or to the realm of earthly knowledge, or whether thou wilt rise upon the wings of thy soul into the highest sphere where thou art forever free to come and go, to descend and ascend, to be or become.

When thou hast chosen whether to abide in the without or the within, thou wilt be given different lessons or experiences whereby thou wilt be tried as by fire and proven sincere and true. While still in the outer world, these experiences will hurt thee cruelly, and in thy anguish thou wilt oft be tempted to forsake thy longing for the higher way, yet if thou be true, as **oft** as thou mayst faint by the wayside, **I, my** beloved, do send angels to comfort thee and to bear thee up, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone; and in all thy grefs and despairs and strivings I am with thee, though thou in thy sufferings oft turn away from Me and look only upon that which distresses thee.

By so doing, beloved, thou thyself art thine own hindrance, for is it not with thee according as thou thinkest in thy heart?

This thou learnest slowly and with painful trials, knowing not the significance of it all while still bound to the natural or middle sphere. But some great day in the midst of thy travail, mayhap, or in thy unlighted, toilsome climb upon the path, when thou seest not nor hearest aught of heavenly sign, thou wilt be new born. In the inmost, the heavenly sphere, wilt thou find thyself a new creature, wise, free, strong, blissful, love-filled.

The first birth was of the body, the earth, earthy; thy second birth was of the Spirit, of the heaven, heavenly. Thy Soul will announce herself. Thou wilt *be*. Thou wilt *know*. Thou wilt *love*.

Yea, perchance thou mayst descend again and again to the natural sphere, and be again a creature of passions and desires; but canst thou be illumined as before? Canst thou forget the transcendent effulgence of that heavenly radiance with which thy soul, heart and mind were baptized in that moment of thy freedom? Oh, child of mine, I love thee always thus, but thou, unheeding, becomest wayward and forgetful, and so remainest long in the state of bondage. Yet as my Love endureth, I *know* thine own will at last will seek again the supreme state. As one who, being hungry and is fed, returneth again to the bountiful table, so thou wilt, in thine own time, choose to return to Me.

My child, I wait for thee. Ever am I ready to lift thee into this sphere of my Being, which is thine also when thou wilt claim thine own. The way of preparation?

Know, Beloved of my Heart, it is only as thou canst renounce thy *self* and *all* that self holds dear, only as thou canst be *detached* from all that lieth in the outer realm, that *thy consciousness can be joined to Mine.*

"*Ye are dead. Your life is hid with Christ in God,*" saith one great and wise in Temple Teachings.

Understandest thou this? *Thou, the self, hast no life. The self is dead—is nothing* (for cometh *not all* power from the *Spirit?*) When thy Consciousness is fixed in the outer and middle spheres, *thou art living as self, not spirit.*

Only as thou canst realize thy nothingness, thy utter emptiness, so canst thou be filled with the Allness of my Presence—thy apportioned Spirit.

Never canst thou find the inner solitude, the perfect contemplation in which I may commune with thee, until thou canst realize thy *utter* nothingness and know thy oneness with, and absolute dependence upon, Me, the Holy One of the Temple.

When thou knowest this most sure and certain truth, thou wilt speak few words and wise. Thy tongue will be consecrated to heavenly sounds and thy lips to sweet issues. This thy first step.

When thy heart is detached from works, persons, places, things, thou canst sit in calmness and ascend at will into the blissful state. Nothing of the earth will hold thee, for thou art free from delusions, dreams and desires; hence neither poverty nor riches, so-called love, nor hate, fear, anger, pride, nor any other earthly passion, can have sway over thee, except as thou descend into the lower spheres and *do less* than thou knowest to do. This the second step in thy progress, not only in the heavenly path, but in the ascent to the heavenly sphere.

And the third—the ceasing from thought—*that* canst thou, with intent and earnest practice, accomplish also.

In thy sittings in the secret place, the holy chamber in the Temple, withdraw most earnestly thy *attention* from aught in the external spheres. *No matter what conditions of thy person, family, circumstances or world assail thine eyes or ears, for that space of time set apart for Me,* heed them not, nor even recall them to thy memory. Let them leave thy mind as the dew leaves the flower in the morning sun—absorbed by the sun—thy spirit. Look not upon any picture thy fancy may present. *Heed nothing, think nothing. Strive not, nor long for anything.*

In thy Spirit thou art *complete, perfect, conditionless.* Here thou hast Peace.

Thou desirest naught, for thou hast All. Thou thinkest naught, for thy mind is submerged in knowing, as thy heart is submerged in loving. Pure, unspeakable, abstracted from all particular thoughts, yet pregnant with *Thought*, is this Silence, in which my Spirit would commune with thee, oh, my Child.

Canst thou not understand this saying of one of my Blessed ones? "He that hath God hath all things, and he that hath Him *not, hath nothing.*"

—*Lotu H. P. B. I.* ✪

My Little Cross

IN my hand's small, shallow cup
Lies a cross,
And about my fingers thin
All the chain is tangled up,
Out and in, and out and in.
Tears? I have no tears to shed
For my loss;
She would rather have me keep
Peace of heart—to know instead
That I do not weep and weep.

In the hollow of my hand
Glows and gleams
This, her little cross, and she
Somewhere sees, can understand,
That she is not "dead" to me.
Somewhere in the land Beyond
Of our dreams,
In the spirit land of light,
She is waiting, she is fond!
So I do not mourn to-night.

—*John M. Waring.*

Whence—Whither?

By J. B. Steele Handy

O STRANGE, mysterious Essence, Spark or Flame,
That animates awhile this shell of clay;
Then, noiseless as a shadow steals away,
Mysteriously, even as it came—
Obedient to God's unerring laws—
It leaves behind it nothing save a name.
Is this life but a temporary pause—
The stepping stone to worlds far more sublime,
Until, at last, the promised goal is gained
And absolute perfection is attained?
Eternity—a ladder that we climb;
But is this world the first and bottom rung—
The launching on that journey through all time?
Since no one knows the source from whence it sprung,
And since that soul must live forevermore,
Ah, who can say it has not lived before
On some dim planet in the heavens hung?

In moments of sub-conscious reverie
Strange forms before my mental vision throng;
I hear some half-forgotten melody,
Or fragments of a half-remembered song.
For one brief space they dance on memory's brink—
Oh! that they would a little longer stay—
But ere I can supply the missing link
That bound us once together, lo, they fade away.
All, all in vain my memory I rasp,
They are too dim, too shadowy to grasp.
Ye transient glimpses of a veiléd past—
Inhabitants and scenes of other spheres;
Of worlds through which this deathless soul hath passed
In its unceasing flight through endless years;
We are old friends—I feel it must be so—
And lived and moved together, centuries ago.

SALESMEN'S TRIALS.

Bad Food is One of Them.

Road traveling is rather hard on salesmen. Irregular hours, indifferent hotels and badly cooked food play smash with their digestion.

An old Philadelphia traveler tells how he got the start of his troubles by using Grape-Nuts. "For years I was troubled with a bad stomach, which gave me constant headaches and pains all through my body, caused by eating improper food. I spent considerable money on doctors, who said I had indigestion, and after taking medicine for a year and it doing me no good, I decided to go on a diet, but the different cereals I ate did not help me. If it hadn't been for the advice of a friend to try Grape-Nuts, I might be ailing yet.

"I commenced to feel better in a short time after using the food; my indigestion left me; stomach regained its tone so that I could eat anything, and headaches stopped. I have gained in weight, and have a better complexion than I had for years. At many hotels, the salesmen will have nothing in the line of cereals but Grape-Nuts, as they consider it not only delicious, but also beneficial for their health in the life they lead." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

THE INSPIRED PREACHER

By HENRY BURNS GEER

THE inspired preacher is stronger than self — he embodies more than the mere personality of man. He is a part of the great Mystery—a living, moving, mortal channel through which the Great Spirit is brought in touch with man. That there are such preachers we all know. They are the inspired of God and His true representatives on earth. They touch the heart, they awaken the soul, and they bring into activity and action that part of man which is more than mortal.

The one great touchstone of the inspired preacher is his power to delineate the truth. His words strike home to the soul because the truth of what he says lays it bare. And in the truth that he reveals there is power, because truth is eternal.

The people tire of Cant, Hypocrisy and Veneering and their souls long for the truth. Therefore, when a speaker of the Word, who is fearless and honest — who shows his sincerity of soul in every word and gesture—tells the people of their sins, and points out the way of redemption, they hearken unto him gladly.

The preachers of the great city hold devotional services after prescribed, conventional forms; the choirs sing as they are paid to sing; the Sabbath schools are kept open after a fashion, and an occasional new scholar is enrolled. Perhaps, also, a new soul is added to the list of those who claim to have found the light; 'ut, in it all there is a sameness—an empty hollow formality that breathes not the spirit of the Master. It is all a bundle of dry husks, that lack the richness of the true grain. This lasts for months, perhaps for years, and the richness of genuine inspiration appears to have departed from those who, according to ritual and the forms of the church, are the spiritual guides of the people.

And then, there is a revelation! The Mystery of the great Divinity is thrust upon the people—for an inspired spirit has come among them, and the glory of God is revealed. Inspiration has supplanted formality, and the teachings of one who is in touch with the fountain source of Grace is a quickening power that all realize. The descending spirit touches the spark of immortality and it expands and grows with a fervency and warmth that electrifies the whole personality.

This is the spirit of God in man; it is the eternal of man, his *EGO* that responds only to the genuine—to the truth. It is the Mystery of life, and it is immortal. Therefore, it responds to the power of Divinity only; and is subject to the influence of the Inspired word, when recited by man.

This influence—this secret force of Divinity—works on the spirit of man in divers ways, and often without the intervention of one inspired. It comes, sometimes, to the soul and communes with it in secret; to the weary, troubled soul that has tired of things earthly and longs for things eternal. Such souls confront the channel of Inspiration—the source of the Most High—and it needs then but a tear or a prayer to set in vibration all those finer, nobler sentiments that are born of Divinity, and which, in times of sorrow, reach back to the source of all true love, compassion and sympathy.

This it is that reveals the immortality of the soul of man. That which has immortal longings cannot be of mortal origin. It is the one spark Eternal that glows in every mortal breast. It is the source of life on earth and the germ of life everlasting. It is the source, the inspiration of all that is good and noble in man; and when a preacher of the Word, one who is in touch with the fountain—one who is inspired by the Great Divine Spirit—speaks of the Mercy, the Justice and the Forgiving Love of the Great Father of All, the listening soul responds with vibrations of Love, Peace and Joy, vibrations that cease not until they encircle the Immortal Throne.

A man comes among the people—a man clothed in the garb of the ministry—but a man who, in earlier life, was sinful; a man, however, whom God, in His wisdom, snatched as a brand from the burning and inspired him with the Holy Spirit. This man goes before the people and talks to them simply, plainly. He was not educated for the ministry; he was converted from Sin. He tells them of the Mysterious Spirit that overtook him in his evil course and t rned him from his sinful ways. And then his words become strong and powerful. The people feel that back of him, or within him, there is a Strength and a Spirit that is not his own. His words move them to tears—perhaps to laughter—and then back again to the tenderer emotions; and when he speaks of the love of God, their hearts cry out, for they are touched by the Spirit that inspires the speaker.

They receive the Truth and are made glad. This is because the Soul of the man who spake to them was in touch with the Fountain of Grace—the Spirit of the Most High.

And, again, the Spirit is visited and comforted in song. The singer is moved by the Spirit of Grace. The voice and tl e words are but so many vibrations of God's will, of His Infinite Love for man, and the listening Spirit receives the Merciful Vibrations with joy and peace.

It is all but a part of the great Mystery of Life, of the Grace and Mercy of God and the Life Eternal.

Cause of Miracles

JESUS spent much of his time in the wilderness on the bosom of God, polarizing by prayer and affirming the power of the Father which enabled him to overcome such mighty difficulties. Miracles have always followed those who have made their life a song of praise to the living God. We may have a wonderful mental power, and preach the highest truth, but the power that harmonizes and heals is ours only when our mind has entered the pure ocean of Bliss, and been magnetized by contact with the positive pole of Divinity. Then we are endowed for the time being with the power of the Cause of causes, and all causes obey the one who realizes this dominion. Again and again must one retire from the world and unite themselves with the source of power, for in overcoming the conflicting vibrations of the world-mind the soul is constantly in need of the omnipotent Power that abides with the Father.—*Vitality.*

Love is the first comforter; and, where love and truth speak, the love will be felt where the truth is never perceived. Love, indeed, is the highest in all truth; and the pressure of a hand, a kiss, the caress of a child, will do more to save sometimes, than the wisest argument, even rightly understood. Love alone is wisdom; love alone is power; and, where love seems to fail, it is where self has stepped between and dulled the potency of its rays.—*George MacDonald.*

O blessed Eternal Spirit, why do I forsake Thee and Thy soothing Love and Calm for those paltry worldly trifles that only disturb and distress my soul? Will I ever learn that Thou, and Thou alone, canst give me real joy, real peace and real power to do? Why is it that we will persist in deserting Thee, Holy Spirit? Why do "we sell the thrones of angels for a short and turbulent pleasure?"

When the sea in mist
By the light is kissed,
The mist-cloud hurries away.
When the world is sad,
If the heart be glad—
The sadness cannot stay.

—*H. V.*

Emerson said: "Beware when the great God lets loose a thinker on this planet. Then all things are at risk. It is as when a conflagration has broken out in a great city, and no man knows what is safe, or where it will end. There is not a piece of science, but its flank may be turned tomorrow; there is not any literary reputation, not the so-called eternal names of fame, that may not be reviled and condemned. The very hopes of man, the thoughts of his heart, the religion of nations, the manners and morals of mankind are all at the mercy of a new generalization. Generalization is always a new influx of the divinity into the mind. Hence the thrill that attends it."

Sunshine of Hope

THE great soul overcomes all obstacles with the sunshine of hope. To be strong and happy we must learn not to give way to despair. Love, Faith and Hope are the weapons to use in fighting life's battles and bearing its mysterious burdens.

Kate Sanborn says in her cheering and optimistic way: "We all must hope or flop and fall down into a slough of despond, and nothing can be so useless or foolish or uncomfortable or repelling to others as such a senseless proceeding. Hope may seem at times as fleeting and illusory as the rainbow itself. But, believe me, the pot of gold at the foot of the beautiful bow is more than a myth. It is certainly found by those who determine, come what may, to live in the sunshine of hope, hoping ever, not forgetting full faith in a bright Beyond. Be like the grass, which, though often trampled on and crushed, rises elastic and serene, a daily blessing and a daily lesson."

The sunshine of hope can only flood our whole being when we pause for a moment in the worriments and distractions of the mind and commune in silence with the great Silent One, who is in truth the sunshine of hope. Let us cease to be arrant cowards! Let us be men! "Be every minute, Man, a full life to thee. Despise anxiety and wishing, the future and the past."

If you are sour and bitter and murmur and complain, you cannot expect the bright and sweet sunshine of hope to flood your mino heart and soul.

Thoreau truly said: "Man is the artificer of his own happiness. Let him beware how he complains of the disposition of circumstances, for it is his own disposition he blames. If this is sour, or that rough, or the other steep, let him think if it be not his work. If his looks curdle all hearts, let him not complain of a sour reception; if he hobble in his gait, let him not grumble at the roughness of the way; if he is weak in his knees, let him not call the hill steep. This was the pith of the inscription on the wall of the Swedish inn: 'You will find at Trochate excellent bread, meat and wine, provided you bring them with you.'"

And the pith of life is to bask in the sunshine of hope and have none of the despair of fear, doubt or impatience.

"The possible stands by us ever fresh,
Fairer than aught which any life hath owned."

Cheerfulness and patience at all times, under any and all circumstances, clears the atmosphere of all the clouds of despair and despond and lets into our souls, hearts and minds the sunshine of hope.

"What though corroding and multiplied sorrows,
Legion-like, darken this planet of ours?
Hope is a balsam the wounded heart borrows
Even when anguish hath paisied its powers:
Wherefore, though fate play the part of a traitor,
Soar o'er the stars on the pinions of hope;—
Fearlessly certain that, sooner or later,
Over the stars thy desires shall have scope.

"Act! for in action are wisdom and glory;
Fame, immortality, these are its crown;
Wouldst thou illumine the tablets of story,
Build on achievements thy doom of renown.
Honor and feeling were given thee to cherish;
Cherish them, then, though all else should decay;
Landmarks be these that are never to perish,
Stars that will shine on the duskiest day.

"Courage! disaster and peril once over,
Freshen the spirits as flowers the grove;
O'er the dim graves that the cypresses cover
Soon the forget-me-not rises in love."

In the sunshine of hope the soul soars to its God and is in a holy calm and borrows no care, anxiety or trouble. "Hope is the wing by which the soul ascends."

Hope on then, weary soul! Your only hope is in hope. Hope is the divinity within you and will give you peace and calm in a little while. True hope—strong hope—is swift.

"True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings,
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings."

(Written Especially for The Magazine of Mysteries.)

FOR the third time since my arrival I peered through the venetian blinds of my window and saw the same scene enacted. A wagon drove up to the house and there was lifted from it something heavy and valuable, I judged, by the care with which it was handled. The object was so completely draped in black that its nature could in no way be imagined. To the incident itself I would have attached no special importance, had it not been for the peculiar conditions under which I had gone as assistant to Professor Maule. At first I ascribed them to the fancy and whims of an old man and a scientist, but taken in connection with what I saw, the whole presented an aspect of trickery and deception and filled me with a suspicion which was maddening, because so indefinite and baffling.

"You will come as assistant," the Professor said when engaging me; "but I shall expect you to comply with any reasonable request I make. I am an old man and have fancies which must be humored."

My finances at the time were at rock bottom, and the salary offered was so generous as to cause my immediate acceptance; then, too, I was flattered to be chosen from so many to fill a position of trust under the leading scientist of the day.

I had been at my post a fortnight before anything suspicious occurred. One evening, however, as candle in hand I was about to go to my bedroom, the Professor stopped me in the hall.

"Mr. Bannerman," he said, "you will oblige me by retiring at once upon reaching your room. Bolt your door and draw down your blinds. I am going to make an experiment. I wish to send my astral body to you in sleep and convey a sentence which you will remember upon waking. As you know, I am something of a sleep-walker, and it is to guard against my actual presence that I ask you to lock your door."

Our conversation that evening had turned more than once upon telepathy, and the possibility of reducing it to a scientific basis, and forming rules whereby it could be taught and acquired. Although I thoroughly doubted his ability to project his astral body at will, I was nevertheless willing to put it to the test.

I went to my room as usual, and was about to blow out my candle, when a slight click came to my ears. I unlocked my door to look into the hall, but to my surprise the door would not yield; it had been bolted from the outside. Then I laughed. The Professor had determined to make sure surer. His astral body, if it came, would be genuine. I put out the light and went to bed. Sleep played truant. A quarter, perhaps half an hour, passed. The moonlight filtered through the blinds, and one ray fell slantingly across the bed. I imagined the moonlight caused my wakefulness, and determined to carry out my part of the programme, I arose and took up my rain coat to make a curtain across the blinds. I was stretching my arms up to put my idea into effect, when, glancing through the blind, I saw a wagon drive up and the black-draped objects taken from it. To-night for the third time I witnessed the same scene, and waited in vain for the Professor's double. It is more than strange! Never have the midnight objects been transferred to this house but on occasions when I have been locked in my room, on what I now believe to be a ruse to make sure of my absence. Perhaps some explanation will be forthcoming. Professor Maule is kindness and gentleness itself; of what can I suspect him? A scientist must be judged by other laws than those which govern society. I am determined to keep a diary, to note any occurrence which seems out of the common and unusual.

July 26th: Can it be that I am mistaken about the Professor? He is trying to conceal something from me, of this I am convinced. The midnight episodes have apparently ceased, but my suspicions are even more awakened. My mornings are usually spent alone in the study, and as the Professor is exacting in little things, I remain there at work until 12.30 and then join him at luncheon. From this programme I have not deviated until to-day. The Professor has known where to put his hand upon me at any moment. This morning I was busily engaged in an experiment which the Professor regarded as important. It was to determine the value of ammonia as a fertilizer for the use of plant life. So preoccupied was I with my work, that I was unaware of another's presence until a hand touched me on the shoulder. Turning, I saw Mrs. Benson, the aged sister of Professor Maule, who had come down, she said, all the way from London to consult with her brother on a matter of importance. I helped the lady into an armchair, and at her request went off in search of the Professor. Nowhere could he be found, and I was about to give up and return to the study when I thought of the attic and the possibility that he might be found in the secluded retreat where he carried on his most delicate and absorbing experiments. Once only had I been admitted there, and that upon the evening of my arrival, when, as a preliminary to any agreement between us, I had been subjected to several tests as to my nerve force, susceptibility to rapid impressions and mental poise. I went up the narrow stairs rapidly and knocked. For a moment there was silence and then the door was opened suddenly and the Professor stood before me. Almost instantly he shut it again in my face, and I was left there in mortification and astonishment. Curious as it was, that moment's gaze had photographed a peculiar impression on my mind, an impression, so to speak, of a colored atmosphere. While I stood there trying to collect my thoughts and decide what to do, the Professor reappeared. After locking the door behind him, he turned to me.

"Young man," he said, "forgive my rudeness. It annoys me exceedingly to be disturbed in my studies, but I am sure you came with reason."

I explained the nature of my errand as briefly as possible, and, with a return of his good humor, the Professor patted me on the shoulder and went down stairs. Why should he so resent my presence? Is he concealing something in his attic laboratory? I am at a loss to imagine. The impression of colored atmosphere, though but the glimpse of a moment, was too vivid to be an illusion. He does not dislike me, of that I am convinced. My data is so meagre, my suspicions so indefinite, that I feel like one who is fighting an invisible enemy in the dark.

July 30th: For several days I have scarcely seen the Professor. His work is of such a nature as to absorb him completely. Now and again he looks at me as if weighing something in his mind. Can it be that he suspects I suspect? Last evening our conversation turned upon surgery, and to my horror the Professor gave out the following opinion:

"No definite results can be obtained," he said, "until human subjects can be used for experiments; then only can surgery become an exact science."

Human subjects! Vivisection! Yet his love for animals was such that he restricted his table to a purely vegetable diet. "The intellect can never gain ascendancy over the body," he told me, "unless that which gives it nourishment is pure and clean. As long as we feed upon the dead bodies of our fellow creatures will our minds remain in bondage to the senses."

I looked at him and wondered, but a greater surprise was to come.

"Could you not," he said, "so arrange your evening's work as to lend me a hand? I have some boxes in my study which must be removed to make room for a new cabinet which is coming down from London."

I was more than astonished at the prospect of entering that holy of holies again, but curbing my anxiety, I told the Professor that I was entirely at his service. Ten minutes later we were bending over a large oblong box, which was securely padlocked and fastened. A dim light burned on the study table and the room looked quite as I had first seen it on the night of my arrival. The unknown, indefinite something, of which I was conscious in the daytime, was absent at night. There was no time to theorize; the box in question was so heavy that it was all we could do, when exerting ourselves to the utmost, to carry it down two flights of stairs and place it in an annex of the kitchen. In spite of our fatigue, we kept at work until five boxes had been transferred. What they contained was an utter mystery to me, but I did not dare to question. I tried to dismiss the subject, but again and again, after I had gone to my bed, strange fancies chased through my head. The boxes seemed crushing me and the sleepless hours passed. I heard the clock strike three; mysterious objects had been brought into the house at night. Were these same objects, in some form or another, being quietly removed in boxes? Was I ignorantly participating in crime? The thought brought me to my feet. Could it be possible? Human subjects! Such awful possibilities arose before me that my heart fluttered. If crime were being perpetrated in that house, was I guiltless? I slipped on my dressing-gown and opened the door; my duty was evident. I must ascertain the contents of those boxes—and, well, I would do my duty.

Noiselessly I crept down the stairs and through the halls to the kitchen. All was still. No light was needed, for the moonbeams sifted through the half-closed shutters and made objects semi-visible. In the corner where we had placed the boxes but *one* remained. A chill ran along my back as I went over to where it lay. I was about to form some plan for forcing the lock when I saw it would be unnecessary, and with a sudden determination I opened the lid. Earth—nothing but earth—through which I vainly sought to discover some hidden horror. Baffled, disheartened and more puzzled than ever, I made my way back to my room.

July 31st: This morning I was ill and nervous, but as the Professor does not believe in either, I tried to appear as usual. No reference was made to our work of last night. The forenoon passed as usual. We were sitting over our tea and crumpets at five when the Professor picked up that morning's Daily Telegraph and glanced down the columns. Papers were necessary evils to the Professor. He had no time for the news of the day. He was creating, building, discovering, all of which he sent out through the dozen or more scientific journals which were ever ready to absorb and circulate what information he might give them. The papers were as so many fashion books to him, and I watched him with interest as he turned the pages. Suddenly he uttered a smothered exclamation, turned pale and flushed in turn. An item, marked in red ink, attracted my attention, and I saw that it affected him strangely. While I hesitated whether or not to leave the table, the Professor arose, threw the paper on the floor and hurried out of the room. What had happened? Curiosity overcame me, and stooping, I picked up the sheet. A line of red ink ran down half a column. I glanced at the first item: "Floral Fête at the Alexandra Palace! Giant chrysanthemums of great beauty! Five thousand pounds prize, etc., etc."

Nothing of interest in that. I scanned the lines to the second item.

"Mystery still surrounds the disappear-

ance of Arthur Fennick and Sanders Bothwell. The most minute search has failed to give the slightest clew. Every spot within three miles of Weybridge——"

I dropped the paper hurriedly as the Professor re-entered the room and sat down to his tea as if nothing had happened. I made no comment on his hasty exit, nor did he, yet I noted that he was careful to pick up the paper when he had finished and take it away with him. My mind was a chaos of fancy, and I made an excuse to get out for half an hour, in order to secure another copy. Once alone in my room, I read the paragraphs carefully. Two well-known business men had mysteriously disappeared from their country homes near Weybridge. They had been last seen together, and both had disappeared so utterly as to leave no trace whatever. For two months every search had been made and the detectives were helpless and hopeless. No motive could be found to explain the occurrence as voluntary, and foul play was feared.

I had been living near Weybridge for two months and more. Strange I should have heard nothing of all this before! The Professor knew none of his neighbors, yet what could it all mean? The strange objects brought into the house; my locked door; the heavy box I had helped to carry, and now the marked notice which so strangely affected him. Separately, the events admitted of ready explanation, but taken as a whole they presented a chain so curious and inexplicable that for the moment I was staggered. As I thought over the series of events there came to my mind that peculiar impression of colored air which had so puzzled me. Something was wrong. I had been engaged for a purpose of which I was ignorant. I had been used, deceived for what? The more I pondered the more I became convinced that the secret would be found within the attic study. Was it my duty to tell my suspicions to the police and call them in to investigate, or should I try to seek it out alone and appeal to the law only when absolutely necessary. A genuine admiration for the eccentric old man, in spite of my distrust, influenced me to adopt the latter. On the morrow I will do or die.

August 1st: I awoke early this morning with my determination unaltered. I hoped rather than expected that the Professor might go out for a walk or drive, and thus afford me an opportunity of investigating the study without his knowledge. On pleasant days he frequently goes out to get the air, but to-day he seemed restless and preoccupied, and I fancied that he looked at me as if he could read my suspicions. I was evolving a plan whereby I could give him a small dose of chloral in his tea, when he surprised me by saying: "You will oblige me by going to my study and bringing down two large glass jars which you will find on the table."

I could scarcely conceal my delight, yet there came to my mind the possibility that in sending me alone he was but putting into effect some plan of his own. Perhaps I, too, might——. There was no time to deliberate, and with less courage than I had felt for forcing an entrance I went quickly up the stairs. The door was ajar, and I was astonished to find the room almost dark. A candle burned on the table near the glass jars, and its feeble glimmer was the only light of any kind. Windows there were none, and I wondered that one should build a room with no possible means of lighting or ventilating it. Where was the colored atmosphere? Surely the room had been flooded with sunlight then! A table, two chairs, a bookcase and a small cabinet were all the room contained. I hardly knew what to look for or where to begin. There was nothing unusual about the chairs. I recognized them as belonging to the set we used in the dining-room. The bookcase was filled with various scientific and metaphysical works, and the cabinet, which I found unlocked, contained an assortment of bottles filled with liquid. What the nature of that liquid might be I could not judge so hurriedly, and I concluded to defer that until I had more time. From the cabinet I turned to the table and pulled out its drawer. Note paper, clippings from various papers and what seemed to be a closely written diary. I was about to open it and read, when a slight noise attracted my attention, and looking up I saw the Professor in the doorway. So astonished was I by his sudden appearance that I let the diary fall to the table, and stood looking at him in helpless uncertainty.

"Young man," he said after a pause—and I noted his voice was neither angry nor surprised—"when you have finished with my private papers I will give you an explanation of what has mystified and perplexed you."

So great was my astonishment that I could make no reply, and he continued:

"I have read your mind from the first, and your suspicions have not been unknown to me. In order to give you more material to build on I spoke yesterday of human vivisection. Until to-day I wished to keep my secret. Now it is known to the world—the result at least. It might have been better had I taken you into my confidence, but my secret was of such a nature that I determined to keep it to myself.

"The objects you saw brought into the house were chrysanthemums in pots. They were taken into my study here for experiments. My interest in the matter was entirely scientific, but it changed somewhat after my sister's visit. She came down from London on purpose to tell me that a prize of five thousand pounds had been offered for the largest and most beautiful chrysanthemum exhibited at the Floral Fête. From that hour I determined to win the prize. You were at that time experimenting with ammonia and other fertilizers, while I was experimenting also with the *Blue Ray*."

As he spoke he touched a button in the wall, and what had been the ceiling of the room divided and folded up, as it were, into two rolls, leaving us apparently roofless, with the sunlight streaming down upon us. Then I saw that between us and the air was a covering of the most transparent glass, which so concentrated the sun's rays that I began to feel uncomfortably warm.

"That glass is a lens," said the Professor, "and I might say a burning glass as well. Should we remain under it for an hour, we would be rendered unconscious. Of that later. In connection with matters metaphysical, you have probably heard that orange is the color of brute creation, green the individualization of this planet, and blue the color of life. When I say color, you understand that what is so called does not really exist, but that the different rates of vibration are so discernible to us—vibration producing the illusion of color to our limited intelligence. As green is essential to man's material advancement, so also is blue necessary to his bodily development, and science is slowly awakening to the fact that undeveloped forms, withered limbs and hands, and stunted bodies, can be treated most effectually under the Blue Ray."

The Professor paused and touched another button in the wall, and there unfolded a deep-blue curtain or miniature sky under the glass through which the heat was greatly lessened. Colored atmosphere! Now I understood it all! Rolling up the dark-blue curtain, he unfolded others, all blue, but differing in shade from the palest turquoise to the deepest sapphire.

"With these I have experimented," continued the old man, proudly, "and a multitude of beautiful flowers have been raised beneath its rays. In its essence all life is one." Then unfolding the morning issue of The Times, he read: "To Professor Maule has been awarded the prize of five thousand pounds for the largest and most beautiful chrysanthemum ever seen. Thousands crowd the Alexandra Palace to see the wonderful specimen. Surely the Professor has some mighty secret at his command—some scientific fact of which the world is in ignorance." Then turning to me, he asked, "Are you satisfied now, Mr. Bannerman?"

So bewildered was I by what was revealed to me, so marvelous and far-reaching were the possibilities it contained, that I could make no reply for the moment, and like one in a dream I gazed at the ceiling of azure and felt the magnetic thrill of the *Blue Ray*.

It All Depends Upon You

Frank L. Stanton in Atlanta Constitution

It isn't the way that is stormy—
Where the storm-clouds hide the day—
It isn't the thorns that pierce the feet:
It's just how you walk the way!

It isn't that lions linger,
With teeth that are keen to slay—
It isn't the sorrow to-day—to-morrow:
It's just how you walk the way!

It isn't that crowns await you—
The gold of the rainbow's ray—
It's only the Faith that lives through death:
It's just how you walk the way!

The heart that feels the approval
That comes from a kindly deed
Knows well there's no sweeter music
On which the spirit can feed.
—*Edward P. Sheldon.*

Psycho-Vital Energy

JOSEPH STEWART informs us, in Realization, that psycho-vital energy is that which is generated by thoughts and emotions, and is not only most valuable to health and character, but an essential in the upbuilding of the magnetic forces. He says:

"Many phenomena justify the recognition of this force. We will consider here some simple methods of conserving and using the resident quantum of it which each one possesses.

"In some persons and for a period of time there is an active manifestation of this energy tending to the production of phenomena outside the limits of the body. If encouraged, the result is wasteful of this most desirable element. This energy is evolved for the benefit of one's self, and if due appreciation is had of the elements which existence allots to him for his well being and advancement he will not unwisely and recklessly throw them away.

"It is not in this extraordinary manner and measure that the majority dissipate this energy, but by the unperceived drain of wrong thoughts and actions. Irrational thought is a dissipater because it involves some *excess* of false opinion and a maladjustment to truth. Anger and excessive emotion are speedily destructive, while anxiety, sorrow and remorse slowly but surely dissipate it. On the other hand, the evenly balanced mind, rational in all things, open, free and adaptive to truth as it evolves in the consciousness, creates no friction or maladjustment to use up the vital forces needlessly. Joy and pleasure free from excessive expression, and optimism which opens the soul to all helpful relations along the lines of least resistance, make no useless employment of this energy.

"Conduct is usually obviously associated with thought, and either aids or hinders the conservation of this energy. Excessive exercise and labor, irrational and useless movements either of the whole body or of its parts, sub-conscious habits of movements, irritability and 'nervousness,' to say nothing of unwise though conventional sex relations,- all are powerful dissipaters of this energy.

"The earnest conservator will seek to correct all these errors. He will endeavor to direct the modes of thought from these harmful expressions and to cultivate those which do not destroy. He will avoid the excesses of action and assume a control over his movements, eliminating the irrational, the sub-conscious and the purposeless ones. Vigilance for a time will be entirely effective, and short exercises of control of the body by will, as by the inhibition of nervous movements, holding the body in a pre-determined position or posture, etc., will soon confer desired power.

"These are considerations which may be borne in mind at all times for the purpose of conserving this energy. Consider now means of bringing it directly under the control of the mind in order that it may be consciously directed for health.

"One should first become acquainted with his forces. For this purpose, and for the further purpose of establishing a familiarity with conditions from which subsequent exercise shall proceed, it is well for the student to set apart twenty minutes or half an hour daily, either early in the morning or at evening, during which he shall sit quietly and undisturbed, wholly relaxing mind and body. The place should be suitable, and the requirements as to preliminary conditions named in the articles on Concentration and The Silence may be profitably followed. The eyes should be closed and the attention withdrawn from the thoughts of environment and previous occupation.

"In this exercise there need not be any special effort beyond this mental and physical relaxation and quiescence. Its purpose is to accustom one to this working point of advantage, and an immediate effect is to gradually stop the waste of psychic energy and gathering it to the organism acquaint one with its existence. The flow of energy follows to some extent the direction and purpose of thought and act, and when these become quiescent dissipation ceases, and the massing of this power becomes evident—as by feeling its flow over the body.

"Follow this exercise for a month, if need be, until you find it becomes one of ease."

Spiritual Enlightenment comes to the soul that earnestly seeks GOD with Love. Love is the key that opens the door to GOD and all the Mysteries.

How We Help the Sorrowful and Discouraged

Some of the Mystic Adepts connected with this Magazine are powerful helpers through prayer alone.

Any reader desiring the prayers of this Adept can have the same freely and without cost by merely sending a written request for prayer to "Mystic No. 9," care of "The Magazine of Mysteries."

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The prayers of a Holy Mystic—a true God-lover—are all-powerful.

The prayers of The Mystics are very powerful; get into our vibrations. May the peace of the Blessed One be ever with our readers.

"The Mystic Circle."

Lessons in Palmistry

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.

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"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.

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 MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES, 22 North William Street, New York City.

The Brighter Side

"EVERY cloud has a silver lining,"
Every fear has a brother hope;
Beyond the darkness the day is shining,
And flowers are fair on the flinty slope.

"Every cloud has a silver lining,"
Every dark has an after day;
Love and labor, thyself resigning,
Knowing that God's is the perfect way.

"Every cloud has a silver lining,"
Christ can heal thee of all disease;
Cease, oh, mortal, thy vain repining,
And know that the end of pain is peace.

"Every cloud has a silver lining,"
Death and duty are things divine;
Beyond the darkness the dawn is shining,
And Heaven's peace will be thine and mine.

—*Charles Henry Morgan.*

Prayer to Our Angel Guardian

From St. Vincent's Manual

ANGEL of God, my guardian dear,
To whom His love commits me here,
Ever this day be at my side
To light and guard, to rule and guide.
Amen.

The Desired Guest

By Eleanor Marchant

THE two most important qualities of a guest are tact and observation, and these must lead you to notice and do just what will give pleasure to your friends in their different ways of living.

I am quite sure all my girl readers would, if possible, let their hostess know the day and hour of their arrival. Surprises are very well in their way, but few households care to have a friend drop in without warning, for a protracted visit. Let your friends know, too, soon after your arrival, the probable length of your stay, as they might be diffident about asking you, and yet find it convenient to know. A visitor has no excuse to keep her hostess waiting, and it is unpardonably rude not to be prompt at meals.

Keep your own room in order, and do not leave your belongings all over the house. If your friends are very orderly, it will annoy them excessively; and if not, their own disorder will be enough. Do not be too hasty about expressing your likes and dislikes for the menu placed before you. I know of a Western girl visiting a friend in an Eastern town to remark at the breakfast table that she considered no breakfast to be complete without a fruit course.

Make up your mind to be easily entertained. If your friends invite you to join them in an excursion, express your pleasure and readiness to go. No guests are so tiresome as those who do not meet half-way a hostess's proposals made for their pleasure. Still, I should advise you to take some work, already begun, or a book you are reading, that you may be employed when your hostess is engaged with her own affairs, and not be sitting about as though waiting to be entertained. A lady I once knew told me she never took a nap at home. "And yet I do," she said, "when I am away visiting, as I know what a relief it has been to me, at times, to have company take a nap after dinner."

While visiting, remember you will probably meet many who are strangers to you, and they may not seem specially attractive, still they may be dear and valued friends of the family you are visiting. Be careful about criticising them, and whatever peculiarities you may observe in the guests or family, do not sin against the law of love by repeating things to their disadvantage which you may have noticed when admitted to the sanctuary of the home.

I should not even ask a servant to do for me what I could easily do myself. The family had their time filled up before you came, and you must remember you are an extra one and will make some difference. Provide yourself with all such necessities as ink, pens, paper and postage stamps, so you will not start your visit by borrowing from your friends.

On leaving, do not forget to express your appreciation of the kindness which has been shown you; and also remember your "bread and butter" letter, which should be written to inform your friends of your safe arrival home. If you will follow faithfully these few hints, I am sure you will be invited to go again, and will be a guest who will be "a joy forever" to your friends.

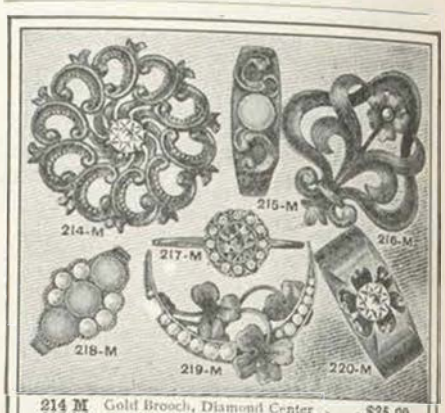
The tendency of the religious world has been to lose sight of the living, present, spiritual power. Men have indulged themselves too long in idle dreams of future peace and blessedness. It is time they awoke and realized that God does not insult or ignore our manhood or the noble gifts He has given. Just as in life, the most of us feel that some glorious future is in store for us, and we are looking forward to that bright day, regardless of the present, letting things come and go as they will while we gratify the present whim and the passing pleasure, so it is with our spiritual life. We are looking forward to the realization of the bright things, the glorious gifts, while we disregard the very conditions which will produce them. The self-indulgent man does not hope for self-control as he looks upon and admires some fellow-being who has mastered himself. He only really hopes for it when he rises in his power and might and holds himself faithful until he is endowed with power from on high to make that condition his very own. —*Rev. George Prescott.*

In the gain or loss of one race all the rest have equal claim.—*James Russell Lowell.*

The more you fly from Nature the more she follows you, and if you do not care for her at all she becomes your slave.

By the establishment of continence tremendous energy is gained, and great psychic-mental powers acquired. The chaste brain has tremendous energy, gigantic will power, and without that there can be no great mental strength. All men of gigantic brains are very continent. It gives wonderful control over mankind. Leaders of men have been very continent, and this is what gave them power. Therefore the Yogi must be continent.

Overcome the belief in evil with the belief in good.—*Occult Truths.*



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Patience

CHEERFUL patience is one of the highest manifestations of hope and faith. What ills and distresses we all suffer from our impatience! Life is imperfect without patience. In our toil, our labor and work patience helps us more than anything else. All great and good men are patient—they have a genius for patience.

Thou canst not see grass grow, how sharp soe'er thou be,
Yet that the grass has grown thou very soon canst see;
So, though thou canst not see thy work now prospering, know
The print of every work time without fail shall show.

Patience is optimism, and in time fills us with an occult or psychic force or power that will work wonders. With patience and hope and faith we reach the Most High.

Let us pass through this little space of Eternity, called life, with patience and contentment, knowing that action and Eternal Progress is the order of all things—the Divine Order. Let us be free and fearless and not distressed by the past, crushed by the present nor dismayed at the future. Remember that to bear our misfortunes bravely, without murmur or complaint, is to turn them into good fortune. "To be troubled when in trouble is to have your trouble doubled." God loves action, doing and achieving, and cares not for your pining and whining and moaning and groaning if you have strength to act. "To the persevering mortal," said Zoroaster, "the blessed Immortals are swift."

Our Hope

SUCH is, I believe, the great hope of the human race. It does not lie in the "Progress of the Intellect" or in the conquest of fresh powers over the realms of Nature, not in the improvement of laws or the more harmonious adjustment of classes and states, not in the glories of art or the triumphs of science. That which will truly constitute the blessedness of man will be the gradual dying out of his tiger passions, his cruelty and his selfishness and the growth within him of the God-like faculty of love and self-sacrifice; the development of that holiest sympathy wherein all souls shall blend at last, like the tints of the rainbow which the seer beheld around the Great White Throne on high.—*Frances Power Cobbe.*

Let us dwell in the sunshine of hope and make our hearts glad by seeing the real or bright side of life. Past regrets and present sorrows and future fears are no part of the aspiring soul. Open your mind to hope and God will flood it with sweet cheer that will melt and dissipate all fears, doubts and sorrows.

Fluent, pleasing versatility is fruit of classic thought. To commune with self, silently and earnestly, on a plane of purity and with purpose undefiled, is the abridged route to enjoyment of higher blessings in life. In language simple and forceful the soul's inspirations, transformed to words, find eager, appreciative, attentive listeners.

While we fully realize we are an eternal part of one great Eternal Whole, we will no longer fear and doubt, and drudge and struggle; we will then know what to do, how to do, where to do and when to do. "The wheel of Life turns ceaselessly," and it is when we are at-one and in harmony with Universal Life that we cease to suffer and mourn.

"He who sees the Lord equally abiding in all does not injure himself by himself, and so attaineth the highest goal."

You cannot legislate a man to be pure and holy. "Man makes laws, and not laws man."

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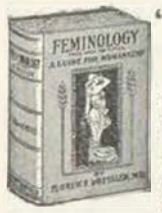

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EACH soul has access to the Universal or Divine Mind. You, dear reader, are "a party to all that is or can be done." Within you is all power, all force, all energy, all hope, all courage and all happiness, if you will but rouse your soul and cast out of your mind all doubt, all fear, all delusion, all censure and all condemnation. Life and Light, Peace and Happiness and Health and Strength are as free as the air we breathe, if we stop all pining and whining and moaning and groaning, murmuring and complaining, and look up with cheering optimism to the all-good. Come, dear brother, let us once and for all time cast out of our being all these dark clouds of despair and let the Eternal Sun of Light and Life heal and strengthen and brighten and sweeten our lives.

We must not take life so seriously. Life in its fullest is not a burden, but a glad song. Calm yourself, eternal child of God, the loving Father of all, and listen to His sweet and calming voice and the songs of the angels who are ever near and trying to soothe and help you.

Let us dwell with the Most High and have peace, freedom, power and grace in full measure. Away, dark and gloomy thoughts! You are no part of me. I am life of all life and light of all light because I am the eternal child of the eternal God of all life and all light. Oh, Omnipotent Mind, cast out of my mortal mind all these delusive dreams of an angry, wrathful, avenging Father and the countless goblins and devils of fear and doubt and let the sweet God of Love and Peace forever dwell within, that I may realize I am an eternal soul, ever going onward, forward and upward to the highest.

With realization of oneness with the Eternal One, we become sane and normal and forever dwell in peace and happiness. Blessed soul, dry thy tears; thou art one with Universal Life. Sad heart, become glad with joy; thou art a child of the All-Father. All men are divine! But all men are not yet awake or cured of their insanity. In our morbid dreams, before we awake to real Life, we magnify and multiply and create all forms of fear and doubt until we are almost fit for a mad-house.

It was Emerson, I believe, who said this world was God's insane asylum, where he sent His deluded angels to be cured. It would seem as if this was true when we see the children of God making so much account of what is trivial and transitory and magnifying temporary ills to great calamities. We are much disturbed by burdening our minds with the insane idea of time—of beginning and end. God knows not time, and the emancipated or rather awakened soul has no conception whatever of time. The soul lives in the present—the very now. The soul is eternal. No power in the universe can harm or destroy the soul, because it is the only eternal, pure, simple in the universe. You, blessed soul, are eternal! Realize that truth, and you are saved from all delusion and insane thought about time and creation, a monster God, and a Satan or Devil. Realize you are a part of the Great One, and you will not commit so-called sin or evil deeds. Live in the Universal Mind, and you will live with the true God and the Angels. Live in the Universal Mind, and you are all love, all peace, all calm, all power and all force of the universe—you are omnipotent, omniscient and omnipresent. The very first step towards this union with God is to count all teachings false that in any way try to frighten you into the Kingdom of God. The soul enters the Kingdom through Love and not through Fear. Indeed, fear is the great bar to God and eternal freedom. "God is Love."

So brighten up, sweet soul, and bundle up all your fears and apprehensions and imaginations and cast them where they belong—into the imaginary Hell. Then, with love and adoration for Universal Life, calmly and silently and serenely wait for her to enter your being. She will not keep you waiting long. Soon the soul which is your real self will join itself with the incoming Holy Spirit called by many names—Universal Mind, Divine Mind, Universal Life, the Breath of Life, etc.—and the miracle of your eternal freedom and emancipation will have been worked.

The Kingdom is within and without, above and below. We say the Kingdom is within because we must first rouse the soul to act on and stimulate the mind to free itself from its countless delusions and vain imaginations. Through the action of the soul on the mind, the mind frees the mind, and in the end, through this psychic-mental operation, the soul is emancipated and becomes at one with God.

Back of the mind is the real man, soul. The mind is the instrument of the soul, and by its master, the soul, is made sane and normal. So the mind is man's greatest instrument, and all souls on this planet, to a more or less degree, are training and cultivating the mind for one grand, ultimate purpose—the emancipation of the soul. Back of all mental science is spiritual science or omniscience—the Divine Mind. As we said at the beginning of this article, each soul has always access to the Universal or Divine Mind. We are all parts of one grand Whole. We are all of us children of one great God. We all pass through the countless degrees of evolution and finally come to the Most High. Each soul is in a different degree of evolution and is surely working out its salvation. Those who are far on the path give to the world their experience, which is helpful and inspiring. Good and wise men who really live with God speak hopeful words of truth, which is known in these days as cheering optimism. Optimism and pessimism are not two extremes; the optimist is sane and normal, while the pessimist is abnormal. Fanatics and zealots without wisdom frighten the children of God with involved theories of good and bad and an ever-angry and avenging Father. They are not in touch with the Universal or Divine Mind, and consequently see much disorder in the world and the universe. When we let the light of reason shine on our path, and hold ourselves in calm and serene patience, we readily discover that the great intelligence or God back of all and in all and through all in the Universe is progressively orderly; that the order of yesterday is not the order of to-day nor will the order of to-day be the order of to-morrow. Blessed Omniscient One, how well Thou knowest what is best. So, dear souls, let us all look at the real side of the Great Evolution and realize that all our petty trials here on earth are only temporary and can be overcome entirely if we will but live in peace and harmony with the Universal or Divine Mind and be soothed with the Divine Melody that always comes when we listen to God and the Angels. A simple, trusting life is full of sublime truth and peace. To have access to the universal mind and thus become at one with Universal Life, we must cease our fretting and fuming and close the mind to all fear and doubt. The trivial experiences of one day or one life do not amount to much when we fully realize that we are eternal souls. With realization of what we really are, life becomes deep and sublime. With love and faith in our whole make-up, and the passing of fear and doubt, we fall into easy relations with everything in the universe and are at home with God.

Each soul may be said to be the Radiant Center of the universe when it realizes its oneness with God or the Universal Soul. The advancing soul soon discovers that there is no great gulf between saint and sinner; that all souls are on one path, going to one goal; that he who appears ahead to-day will become spiritually lazy and lag to-morrow and let his tardy, sinning brother overtake him. In a while all reach the blessed goal and look back and smile at their foolish fears. It is well to understand that in our worries and apprehensions we close the soul to light and the mind's access to the Universal or Divine Mind. It is also well to know that we make the journey hard or smooth, that the soul has all power to command all light—all things.

"Man is his own star, and the soul that can
Render an honest and a perfect man,
Commands all light, all influence, all fate,
Nothing to him falls early or too late.
Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,
Our fateful shadows that walk by us still."

Oh! Blessed God, the Light and Life of the universe, come unto me more fully, and reveal Thyself to me, and help me to know Thee, that I may receive and dwell in Thee forever and ever.

Consciously or unconsciously, all beings here on the earth-plane are helped and strengthened by the sweet presence of angels.—*A. Z.*

Thou art made of Eternal Mind and Spirit and art Eternal. Why these silly fears and doubts and apprehensions?

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The Measure of Time

If physical science has any lesson for the metaphysician, it is this: Time is not to enter into his thought as a factor save as a measure of unfoldment. By the fact of Evolution, the idea of duration is eliminated from our consideration. All is Unity. All Power, all Life, all Intelligence, ever has been, ever is, ever will be. With the old theory of creation, all the old idea of time passes away. Where nothing is created there can be no age, no time. There is no old nor young. These words in their former significance are eliminated from our vocabulary. ONE manifests in millions of ways, and that ONE always IS. The earth is a manifestation of the ONE. The earth is not old! It is not growing old! It is unfolding. The One is in it and is evolving through it. The ONE is Life, and earth is only Life in manifestation. The ONE is energy, and earth is only Energy in manifestation. The ONE that is manifesting as Life and Energy can never grow old. Because IT is limitless, IT is timeless. The ONE, called IT, HE, ENERGY or GOD, is Universal, Infinite, Omnipresent, Omnipotent, Omniscient, Measureless; IT can know no years.

The Soul, that which says, I AM, is not something separate from the ONE. It is a manifestation of the ONE. Like earth, it is the ONE in manifestation. Behind the Ego, the I AM, is all infinity, ready to manifest, as behind the brook is all ocean of which it is a manifestation. The Soul has no recognition of time. Years are only the recognition of consciousness of changes that have taken place in its own manifestations. "Life maintains itself by constant changes," we are told. Could one remain stationary in unfoldment for two consecutive moments, however short they might be, there would be a loss of individuality, because there would be a loss of consciousness of self.

Amid this unfoldment that we term consciousness, the Soul changes not. It only manifests more and more of that which it is. Because the sun in its shadow passes from equator north or south, I am no older. These changes change me not. Like the Universal Life of which I am a manifestation, I am changeless. I am the same yesterday, to-day and forever. I am unfolded more than I was in that condition of consciousness that we term yesterday. That which I term "last year," is the condition I was in twelve months ago. Time is the record of my unfoldment. As I am more, time is more to me.

When one shall change his idea of time from that of duration to the idea of time as a measure of unfoldment, he will make in his life the greatest possible revolution. Disease, sorrow, pain, and even death will pass away. These are all connected with the thought of the limitations of time. How old is he? How old am I? How long have I been here? "How long, O Lord, how long?" These questions suggest, at once, limitations, want and death. Fifty years old? Away with the thought. Fifty years unfolded! This suggests life—Infinite Life! Life unfolds endlessly. Fifty years are the measure of growth. The writer of this is sixty-two years unfolded. He is neither young nor old. He has nothing to do with that old, false conception of age. I AM! AM is present tense. AM knows not time nor change. I AM! Years are not the measure of my duration; are not the measure of my power. Time is only the measure of my consciousness of Being. Why not BE more with each day's sun? I *am* more! Each day I unfold. Each day I manifest more power! Each day I enjoy more, love more, think more, therefore I *am* more! All I know of my Self, all I know of the Life I am, is by manifestations. To live is to think and to love. Years are the measure of thinking and loving. I have loved and thought sixty-two years. I have memory of this thought and love for only fifty-nine years. This is measure of memory. Loving and thinking, I am each day conscious of BEING more.

Time is my opportunity. Years are tallying my growth in consciousness. When will the tally be complete? When I have exhausted Infinity. Immortality has loaned to mortality this method of measurement. I work wonders *in* time. None are wrought *by* time. Were I to cease manifestations. Time would not be. In Soul I am measureless. In consciousness I am that which I measure by time. But I am more than time can measure. I AM all that Infinity can manifest.—*Henry Harrison Brown.*

"Where I Failed Before"

I WAS watching a carpenter once as he worked at a board set on one edge in his vise. The edge of the piece of lumber was quite crooked and he was trying with his plane to make it straight. Carefully he would push the plane along the edge, and then going back he would look across it, his eyes on a level with the top of the board. Over and over again this was repeated, until at last the carpenter seemed satisfied. Once across would not do. There would be places where he failed at first to bring the edge down to a level.

"I was compelled to work a long time before I could do that apparently simple thing as it should be done," he said in response to my question. "It looks easy enough, but try it. There will be so many places where you will fail at first."

"Where I failed before."

Ah, yes. That is the story of so many things.

"I wish I had my life to live over. Do you suppose I would do as I have? I can see now just where I failed before. I would like to try again."

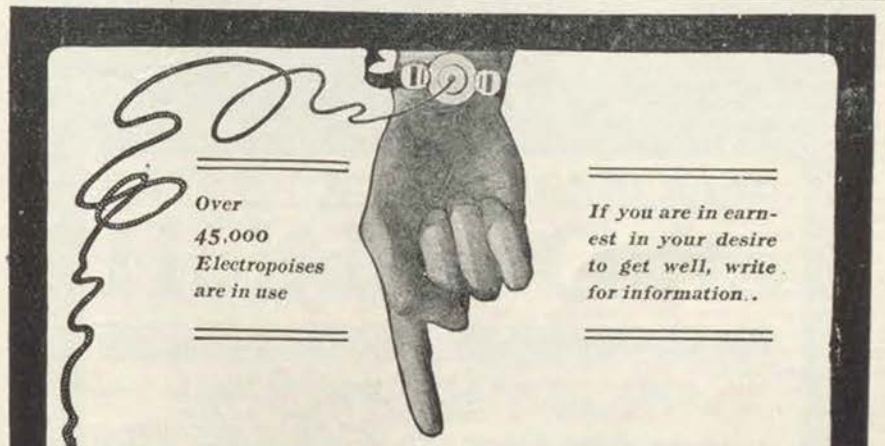
God does not think it best we should go back and begin over, but he does give us a chance to make right the wrong we have done; and is not that a blessed privilege? Think what it would mean if we never could say to the one we love, but whom we have injured, "Forgive me! I did not mean to say the unkind word. It came before I knew it. I do love you. I am so sorry!" Think how the heart would ache if the one we have wronged were to be snatched away, leaving us no time to make right the mistake we made! So I say, God is very kind to give us a chance to go over the board again, and take out the crooked places.

But think how unwise it is to wish that one could live his life all over again! What reason is there for thinking that we would be any wiser than we were when we first began? No; there would be too many hard and bitter things all along the way. Let us not ask to go back, and begin again. Let us rather ask for wisdom to shun the evil places where we fell before. And then? Then go on bravely to the end.

Up in the Adirondack region, deep in the heart of the woods, there is a deep well worn right down into the solid rock. Very true and even are its sides, and the traveler wonders what ever could have caused such a strange formation of the rock. But if he dives deep down into the well he will find a single stone, round as a marble and worn almost to the size of one's thumb. That little stone, carried round and round by the tiny brooklet which made its way down the ravine, ground its way through the flinty stone year after year until it dug that deep cistern. The chafing of the stone as it worked away to get out did it all, but never was that pebble able to rise above the brink and escape the wearing of the current as it pushed remorselessly against its side.

Just like this would be the pain and trouble of living life over, if we were given the power to do so after every mistake we made. Our whole lives would be worn out trying to get away, and all we would do would be to dig deeper and deeper the tomb which held us prisoners.

Let us not ask such a thing; but do let us pray the Father for strength and grace to live better to-day than we lived yesterday; for courage to say from the heart: "I am sorry; forgive me"; for strength to show by our everyday walk that we were earnest in saying what we did; and finally for His guiding hand to keep us from slipping where we did before.—*Epworth Herald.*



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BRAHMAVADIN

By Susan Deare

IT had been a wild Western day—the fitful gusts of wind sweeping across the Los Vedas valley, whose wide and level expanse offered no resistance to the invisible, howling giant. As the rapidly declining day deepened into dusk, the wind grew fiercer and the rain dashed against the windows, as if to mask their fury with the blackness of the night.

I had grown to womanhood in the city and had come, as a bride, to this small town with my husband, whose business interests centered here.

To-day had been the first time he had found it necessary to leave me alone, and my comfort was not augmented by the knowledge of his cold and cheerless trip to the oil territory, some thirty miles away. He had started when "the morning was young and fair," and was not prepared for the severe change of weather. The sand storms would perplex even an old-timer in daylight. I dared not think of Arthur, a stranger, at their mercy at dead of night.

I replenished the fire in the open grate and nestled into a big rocker—to wait.

The clock announced seven, eight, nine and on till eleven, every minute seeming an hour; the gale whistled, moaned and wailed an accompaniment to the sharp, steel-like ring of the rain on roof and pane. I thought I should shriek aloud in my terror and anxiety. Surely, something must have befallen Arthur; even though reasonably detained at the wells, he would have been here long ere this.

I had nervously paced the floor until I dropped into my chair, exhausted and almost hysterical.

The little clock chimed twelve; and with its silvery notes a strange peace came over me; the air seemed heavy with a fragrant incense, and a feeling of stupor took possession of my senses. I vaguely wondered at my indifference, but made no effort to shake it off.

Almost immediately I felt a presence, and there advanced into the room, from my "sanctuary" adjoining, the figure of a man, draped in Oriental robes. Strange to say, I felt neither alarmed nor astonished, but, on the contrary, was pleasantly impressed as if in the presence of a congenial friend.

He stopped a few feet from me, a smile of rare beauty and harmony lighting his small, dark face, from which the black eyes seemed to glow and sparkle with a strange and powerful light; a lock of dark hair crept from beneath a turban of soft yellow.

"You do not seem surprised to see me," he said. "I am Brahmavadin, the Hindu mystic. I come thus to be of service to you and yours. In my humble way I endeavor to give my help where it is most needed, and the Light has given me wondrous power to make for good. Through harmony alone can I do for the children of the Father—harmony, the perfect and unperverted law of nature—the lack of which bars me from many a scene of desired action. Favorable conditions surround your home, therefore my visit."

He paused and smiled again. I started to speak, but he waved me to silence, naught but kindness in his face.

"You have forsaken your usual trusting calm to-day—it is not well. Fit yourself to all circumstances as they arise, allowing fear or distrust no lodgment in your heart. As I find it well to fit my mode of expression to each individual case, so must you prepare for the various conditions each day offers. Be of good cheer—the Father is worthy of trust—even when the spirit is sorely tried. Your husband is well, but at this late hour the town is in total darkness, and although but a few blocks away, he does not know his whereabouts. His faithful horses are exhausted and about to fall. The creek yonder is swollen to a rushing torrent, and I fear he may miss the bridge. Go at once and draw the curtains that the lights may guide your husband safely home."

With this he seemed to *fade*, rather than walk, back into the sanctuary, leaving me alone with my thoughts.

I started—did I awake? I do not know, but with a bound rushed to the rooms on the west, and flung the curtains high. I lit every lamp in the house and strained my ears to catch the least sound, but heard nothing.

The wind died away to a gentle breeze, the rain ceased—and I waited.

Suddenly I heard a sound of horses splashing through the muddy streets; nearer and nearer it came, over the bridge and into the yard. I ran to the door and called: "Arthur, Arthur."

"Do not come out, little one. I must attend to the horses at once," answered my husband's voice with a strange thrill in it.

I poked the fire into a cheerful blaze and prepared warm food and clothes for Arthur, who soon came in.

I ran to him. He took me in his arms and said:

"Little wife, you saved my life. We were making straight into the rushing stream when your beacon lights flashed out."

Christmas Wishes

I WISH for thee
Light snowfalls in thy heart,
To make its chambers pure and white,
For Christmas-tide of love and light,
And generous outgivings.

I wish for thee
The holly wreaths and Christmas bells
Which symbol what the music tells
Of life and joy that richly swell
The stream of human love.

I wish for thee
The sweetest gift that e'er can come
Within the heart, or realm of home—
That rare and never-ending song
Of "Peace, good-will to men."

I wish for thee
A symphony of sweet content,
That, like angelic voices blent,
May fill thy soul with melody, and bend
Thy heart and will toward God.

—*Helen Van-Anderson.*

Every trial is an opportunity in disguise; do not let it slip by unmastered. Boldly take away its mask, and you will be glad that you have this problem to solve. What was before looked upon with fear and trembling, will present brighter aspects to you; and you will be pleased with what you now account a privilege.—*Fred Burry.*

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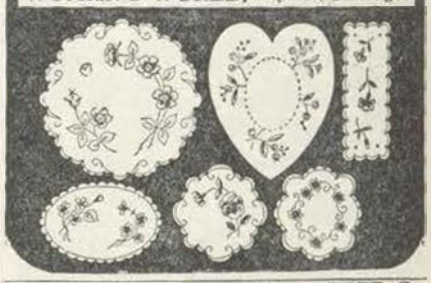

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HELPFUL AND INSPIRING THOUGHTS

WHY should we throw away content and happiness because we are denied affluence?

The mysteries of life are unveiled as we enter deeper into Spirit, Mind and Matter. Psychic-mental science is to-day opening the soul and mind to new and higher truths. So let us patiently and hopefully persevere in our evolving and unfolding, and in a while our aspiring souls will be at-one with Omniscience and the veil of mystery will be forever lifted.

Sweet toil is often the only balm that will heal our sorrows. The last words of the great French surgeon, Velpeau, himself an eminent illustration of his dying exhortation, were *"Toujours travaillez"*—Always work.

To-day, no matter what may be its joys or sorrows, is the best day you ever lived.

Live *to-day* that you may have more life to-morrow.

He who would make life grand and noble must have high ideals and patiently strive to realize them.

If the poor man cannot always get meat, the rich man cannot always digest it.—*Henry Giles.*

Reputation is what men and women think of us; character is what God and angels know of us.—*T. Paine.*

Each day we need to take some forward step till we gain power to study nobler things.—*Sophocles.*

There is one word which may serve as a rule of practice for all one's life. That word is *reciprocity.* What you do not wish done to yourself, do not do to others.—*Confucius.*

Self-reliance comes in its fullest measure when we realize that within us is all power; when we live in trust of our own powers and hope. "God will not have His work made manifest by cowards" and weaklings. Put your whole soul, heart and mind in some work and trust in God. We never know the great force that resides in us until we are compelled to rely on it. Adversity and calamity often develop our latent powers as nothing else will. Franklin said: "To be thrown on one's own resources is to be cast in the very lap of fortune, for our faculties there undergo a development of which they were before unsusceptible."

Rapid and more rapid is the onward march of progression. Whatever is progressing goes onward and onward. Whatever is not progressing holds kindred with the past—is stationary. Whatever goes forward, goes to the Deity. Who would not be willing to be tossed on the Gulf Stream of progression, to be wafted to climes of Heavenly wisdom, where aroma the sweetest is breathed that ennobles the soul; where no turbulent passions can reign, but where the mind will continue to expand until time shall cease and eternity be explored?

When near cares press, get on the circumference and view them. When your happiness depends too much on any one, widen the horizon. Balance distances. The pressure of near things decreases in intensity according to the square of the distance. The universe is yours and any part of it may become the centre. Do not let near things get too large, grow out of proportion, so that they shut out all else. The universe is yours. Rise in your might and possess it.—*Julia E. Gray.*

All true work is done with reference to the ultimate good of the whole.

Never value anything as a producer of eternal peace except the small wee voice of thy soul; the divinity within thee is the only eternal power that can lead to Eternal Bliss.

Cheer Up

CHEER up! The rose is redder
Than the ones we saw last year;
The mockbird's song is sweeter,
And happier to hear;
The grass is getting brighter,
And fairer yet to see—
The world is growing better
Than it ever used to be.

Cheer up! The sky is bluer
Than it was a year ago;
The very smiles are gladder
And have a richer glow;
The raining and the sunshine
Are helping you and me—
The world is growing better
Than it ever used to be.

Cheer up! The rose is sweeter,
The birds have newer songs;
We find more things to please us,
And dream of fewer wrongs.
There's always lots of honey,
So let's be like the bee—
The world is growing better
For folks like you and me.

There is no gift or grace like true, unselfish love. Love is God, and God is love. Nothing pleases God like true love. Nothing pleases man like true love. And now abideth, of the blessings of God among men, faith, hope, love, these three; and the greatest of these is love. Why should any of us fail of having and showing the best of gifts in God's sight and in the sight of man?

Help Yourself

There is a depth of meaning in these words—**help yourself.** No attainment worth the having has ever been made without self help.

All who are in earnest to accomplish a definite purpose within the scope of their intelligence can do it, **but they must help themselves.**

If you believe that a strong, sound body and an active mind are desirable possessions to attain success in life, you can secure them by building yourself out of the right material—Natural Food.

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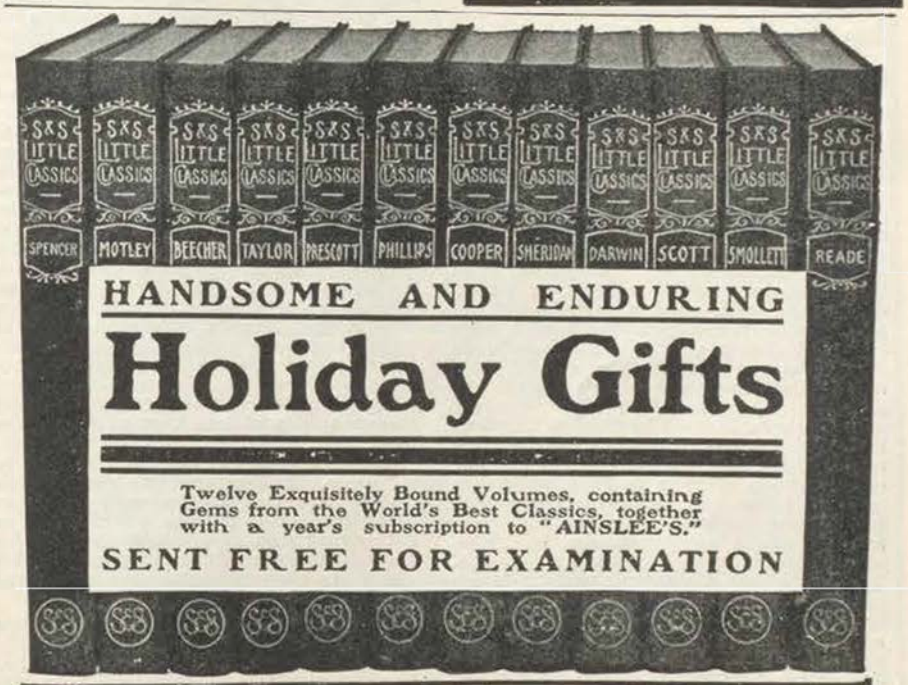

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The life of flesh is but a span
  Of breath and sense called fate,
But life of man is something more
  That speaks of love and hate.
By learning how to read the hands
  Of the universal clock,
Man learns to guide his force aright,
  And saves himself from shock.
His life ne'er ends, his love ne'er wanes,
  He circles planets bright,
He fits himself for heaven's abode,
  And dwells in love and light.

—*Zamael.*

S. W. S., York, Pa.—You were born under the rule of the sixth sign of the Zodiac, the airy sign, Libra. This is the second of these signs, and is one in which many of the higher intuitional qualities are centered and brought to perfection. You have artistic qualities which you should cultivate, but in making your living you must confine yourself chiefly to some work of a clerical nature, in writing, and in handling books and documents of a legal character. Cash investments in real estate will also give you some good results. You are most liable to illness affecting the liver and kidneys. These troubles can be overcome to a great extent by careful diet and the continued use of fruit to keep the system in order. You need to cultivate more system in your methods. Avoid holding anger and do not be easily wounded by trifles, and you will have a much happier life. You should select your companions in domestic life or in business from those born between January 20 and February 21 of any year, or among those who are born under what are called the fiery signs of the Zodiac. Liver troubles come to you as the result of unnecessary worry. There are also some nervous troubles to which you are liable. Your astrological colors are crimson and light blue. The sapphire and the opal are your birth-stones. Friday is one of your fortunate days of the week.

Lucy S., born Dec. 4, 1876.—I find from the date that at the time of your birth the life-giving Sun was in the Celestial sign Sagittarius. This sign is, in part, of a double nature, and gives you some dual characteristics. The Earth at the same time was situated in the Zodiacal sign Gemini. These positions make you very active and frank in your manner, and loyal to your friends. As a rule, you are generous and honest in all business dealings. You are sincere in thought and would not willingly do anything to injure another. In company you are quite entertaining, and by trying to entertain or amuse others you can gain social success. The highest attributes of your nature are your powers of loving and providing for others. You have strong religious tendencies which, when cultivated, will give you ability in speaking or writing on this subject; in fact, many noted clergymen, also many teachers and lawyers, are born nearly as you were. Your love of Nature leads you to enjoy outdoor sports, and your love of beauty or artistic sense gives you success in designing. You should be careful not to engage in too many things at one time. You need to be careful to hold your temper under control and not become irritable over trifles. You should frequently take a long walk in the country and practice developing the lungs. Your astrological colors are red and golden.

J. H. S., born Oct. 30, 1877.—Tuesday, the day of your birth, was named for the Scandinavian god, Tuisco, corresponding to the planet Mars. The fiery impulses of this planet are the cause of much of your ambition and courage. This planet is the ruler of the sign Scorpio, under which you were born. You are a keen observer and gain knowledge by seeing others do different kinds of work. When your spiritual nature is roused you pay much attention to religious matters. You have the power of becoming an eloquent speaker and having success as a clergyman or teacher. In an undeveloped condition as to spiritual qualities, you are liable to be mixed up with some scandal or have trouble with the opposite sex. There are times when you are inclined to be jealous and even cruel in your severity. By control of this tendency you can develop a dignity of character which will make you very much respected. You are a lover of the good things of the world, fine foods, society and pleasures; also of travel, especially on the water; you love outdoor sports of all kinds, and have a strong desire for fair play in any game. Your sense of justice leads you to give in return as you receive, and to exact from others all that is due you. You have strong stamina and will stand up for your rights under all circumstances. Red and brown are your astrological colors, and your birth-stone is an opal.

H. C. J., St. Louis.—I find from the date that at the time of your birth the life-giving Sun was located in the Celestial sign Pisces. This is, therefore, your ruling or birth-sign. It is a fortunate, negative sign. It gives you many of your higher emotional qualities. The Earth at the same time was located in the active, Mercurial sign Virgo. You possess some mediumistic or psychic powers which connect you closely with the unseen or spiritual world. There are more mediumistic persons born nearly as you were than at any other time of the year. There is no doubt of your being able to cultivate this power and make it of use to yourself and to others, by practicing a pure life and lifting the thought to a contemplation of the highest ideals. You are naturally a great reader, and in early life you enjoy novels. In later years you will have come into a desire for deep or profound thought and will derive much education and pleasure from it. If you will concentrate your energies in one direction, you can undoubtedly achieve success, so as to free you from anxiety and restlessness. You have a lack of confidence in your own abilities which will prevent your gaining success in a professional line unless you overcome this with determination. You have a retentive memory and a strong desire to gain knowledge. You realize in yourself the truth of the saying that "Knowledge is Power." Your birth-stone is the amethyst. Your fortunate day of the week is Thursday.

R. S. B., born June 30, 1864.—Dear subscriber, at the time of your birth the life-giving Sun was situated in the Celestial sign Cancer. This is, therefore, your birth-sign. It is a maternal or domestic division of the heavens, the first of the Watery signs, and is of a negative, magnetic character. You have strongly developed emotions and sympathies, and a love for harmony in domestic life, but when you are interfered with in any way as to the work you are doing, you are liable to become offended and give way to an impulse to drop the matter or become discouraged. You should not do this. You are inclined to be rather timid in expressing yourself, because of fear that others will not be satisfied with or approve of what you do. You should seek the most harmonious associations it is possible for you to obtain. You find it very hard to accept dictation in any way. You are fond of ornament, jewelry, etc. You are slightly changeable in your tastes. You are quick to resent injury or criticism, but you are liable to have some faults of your own which should be studied, among which are selfishness, vanity and inconstancy. Your chief illnesses are such as are the result of mental worry or strain, etc., and affect the chest and the stomach. If the mind is at ease you become more healthy. Your most favorable companion in domestic life or in business affairs is one who is born between the 20th of February and the same date of March, or between the 23d of October and the 23d of November. Your birth-stones are the emerald and moonstone. Your astrological colors are white and green. Your fortunate day of the week is Monday.

C. S. R., born Oct. 28, 1875.—The Celestial sign Scorpio is your ruling or birth-sign. Those born under this sign partake of two antagonistic natures. The highest and the lowest are born here, according to their plane of intellectual advancement or environment. Your sign is a negative, magnetic one. This causes you to attract energies that can be transformed into healing forces. Even your silent presence is sometimes beneficial to others if you are filled with sympathy and kindness toward them and desire to aid them. You have qualities which would make you a successful practitioner, and would have a peculiar adaptability for work with chemicals. Study for professional work will develop your highest faculties. Your strength of will would carry you through in opposition to the methods and manners of others if you choose to assert it and live as you believe to be right. You are most liable to illness which affects the small of the back and the region of the kidneys or spine. You should choose a companion for domestic life or for business from persons born between the 20th of February and the 21st of March, or between the 20th of April and the same date of May. Your birth-stones are the topaz and the opal. Your astrological colors are dark brown and red. Your fortunate day of the week is Tuesday.

F. B. L., New York City, Feb. 27, 1850.—In answer to your questions, I judge from the Zodiacal indications that you are best adapted for work of a domestic or agricultural character, which would require you to devote most of your time to handling some earthy or food products. Unless you engage in this on your own account, as in farming or dealing with groceries, you must accept employment of a similar nature and hold to it. Cultivate order, for you are sometimes liable to overturn things while searching for something, and leave them as they lie. Talking too much when excited, also asking questions and not waiting to be replied to, are faults you should always avoid. Your chief illness comes from not taking proper care to avoid exposure and wet feet. You must always guard against stomach troubles, and be careful in regard to your diet. Your astrological colors are green, white and gray. Your birth-stone is the amethyst. Your fortunate day of the week is Thursday.

F. J. F., Moose Jaw, born Jan. 17, 1878.—The twenty-seventh degree of the sign Capricorn is that in which the Sun was situated at the time of your birth. You have excellent indications as to a business career, and will become quite well off. You should devote much time to the improvement of the mind, and by a study of the sciences of Geology, Mineralogy, etc., can prepare yourself to make some very important gains in the country you are now located in. Before you reach middle age you should also give much attention to music, for there is a possibility of your developing much talent in this. You should be very careful of your diet, for you are liable to some liver and nervous troubles. Your companions in business or in domestic life should be persons born between the 20th of April and the 20th of May, or between the 22d of August and the same period of

September of any year. Your astrological colors are dark brown, maroon and blue. Your birth-stones are the onyx and the topaz. One of your fortunate days of the week is Saturday.

W. A. M., born June 25, 1888.—The Celestial sign Cancer is called your birth-sign. By your having come into the world at this time you come under this ruling, and have a sympathetic, home-loving disposition. This is the first of what is known as the maternal or domestic d vision of the heavens. It is also the first of the Watery signs, and is of a negative, magnetic character, but a somewhat ambitious department of the heavens. You are extremely sensitive and easily offended. You sometimes appear peculiar and are misunderstood by others on account of some eccentricity. You have much desire to be well thought of, to appear well to others, and love to dress well. Your ambition also leads you to seek some work in which you can become famous. There are many noted teachers, writers and financial leaders who were born nearly as you were. You have excellent ability for acquiring knowledge which is practical or scientific and which can be applied in advancing the interests of humanity. If you could control your feelings or your retiring sensitiveness and push forward with determination you could become very successful. The emerald and the moonstone are your birth-stones. Your astrological colors are white and green. The moon rules the sign of your birth.

A. W., St. Louis, born Feb. 22, 1872.—The portion of the Zodiac under which you were born was the third degree of the sign Pisces. You love research and some branches of history. You must try to overcome habits of indecision and hesitancy and learn to make up your mind positively and quickly. One of your faults is an attempt to join in or interrupt the conversation of others. Reason upon this calmly and try to control it. Hypocrisy or the denial of your true character is also a weakness of your nature which should be studied. You should try to avoid carelessness, melancholy and anxiety as to the future. There is a tendency in your nature to become morose and sullen when reproved. This, too, should be studied. This is told you, not for the sake of scolding, but to enable you to be on your guard and to cultivate the most agreeable manner of living, so that you may become successful in every way. Your chief illness comes from not taking proper care to avoid exposure and wet feet. You must also guard against some stomach troubles, and be careful in regard to your diet. Your astrological colors are green, white and gray. The amethyst is your birth-stone.

ANNIE F. Mc., born Oct. 13, 1886.—There is some clairvoyant or psychic ability inherent in your nature. You have much love for law and order, and are reserved in the expression of your true feelings. When you give way to your enthusiasm you are too impulsive and are liable to get into controversy or trouble. Your ruling, or birth sign, is an Airy, positive electric sign, giving you ambition and generosity. Your disposition is a kindly one, and there is much courteousness and pleasantness in your nature, which comes from the planet Venus. This planet is the ruler of your birth-sign, which is Libra. You are well adapted to become an instructor in any line. You have the power of impressing others with your ideas and leading them to the attainment of knowledge. In work of an artistic nature, if you will educate yourself and use your talents, you can gain success. Many of the poets, lecturers and teachers of the world are born as you were. Your birth-stone is a sapphire, and your astrological colors are crimson and blue.

WILLIAM S., New York, born Dec. 20, 1884.—The portion of the Zodiac under which you were born was the sign Sagittarius. There is a tendency in your nature which causes you to assume control or to try to lead and direct others. You must guard against that which would cause you to become overbearing or dogmatic in this. You have a strong inclination to provide for the future and can generally save money easily. You guard the secrets of your friends well. Your love of society leads you to some success. You can become an influential leader if you desire to do so, for you are progressive in your ideas and look forward with hope to the accomplishment of your desires. Your sense of justice is strongly developed and you are at times inclined to be benevolent. You will make many friendships. Though you may act kindly to a person who has injured you, you are liable at some time to refer to past troubles you have had with them and wound them. You involuntarily know a person's weakest points, and will attack them there, if at all. You are very liable to say more than you intend to, especially when excited. You are at times quite combative and resist efforts of others which are meant for your good. Your astrological colors are red and golden. The planet ruling your birth-sign is Jupiter.

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Nearly one and one-half feet in height, imported directly from Europe for us. This doll has a beautiful bisque head, blue eyes, pearly teeth, long natural golden curly ringlets, hat, dainty shoes and stockings that can be taken off, lace trimmed underwear, elegantly and stylishly dressed. A magnificent creature of dolldom, sweet and pretty as a picture, and will be a source of endless pleasure and amusement to the little ones.
This illustration is very much smaller than the doll and chair, but it gives an absolutely correct idea of how they look. It is from a photograph just taken and shows the doll all dressed (just as we give it) and the reclining chair, both of which we give **FREE.** A drawing could be made so as to look better than the doll itself, but this is direct from the photograph, and

Photographs Tell the Truth.

Understand this is no printed cloth or rag doll that has to be made up and stuffed, or a cheap paper doll, such as some concerns give, but a real Dressed Beauty Doll. With doll we also send this handsome Doll's Chair, as illustrated in this advertisement, and which we are confident will please you. In addition we will also give you **entirely free** and send in the same shipment with the Doll and Chair, **eight pieces of Indestructible Doll's Food;** it comes mounted on Imi. China plates two inches in diameter, and we send the following assortment: one plate each of Roast Chicken, Cold Ham, Lobster, Blue Fish, Pickles, Plum Pudding, Grapes and Oranges. The food is colored perfectly natural and we know it will delight you. It is something entirely new and novel and will be wanted by all your playmates as soon as they see it.

Our Patrons are Extremely Well Pleased with Our Premiums as the Following Letters Show.

Iola B. Mills, Rochester, N. Y., writes: 'Doll received this p. m. all right. I think it is lovely. Well paid me for my work."

Mrs. F. Cousin, Jacoby, La., writes: "Doll received and we are more than delighted with it. It surely surprised my little girl and she is delighted."

Mrs. Charles Gray, Paines Point, Ill., writes: "Received doll all right yesterday. It was all right; many thanks."

Rosa Fehrenbach, East Bottoms, Mo., writes: "Received my doll from you and was very much pleased with it. I thank you."

Mrs. J. W. Hallard, Easton, Pa., writes: "Received doll for selling goods and was very much pleased with it. Will answer any question any one may ask concerning it."

Lulie Richmond, Harrisburgh, Pa., writes: "I received my doll and was very much pleased with it."

Katie Livingstone, Yulan, N.Y., writes: "I received the doll Friday all right and it was just as nice as I expected. Thank you kindly for sending it so promptly."

Miss G. E. Folger, North Foxboro, Mass., writes: "The doll received O. K. and was very much pleased with it. It was perfectly satisfactory and I must thank you for your kindness."

Mary Welch, Millis, Mass., writes: "I am very much pleased with my doll. My mother would like to know how much you would sell a doll for without selling any goods."

Francis Colston, Wakefield, R. I., writes: "I received my doll in due time and am very much pleased with her. She is beautiful."

Elizabeth Hill, Philadelphia, Pa., writes: "I received the doll with great pleasure and it is very nice. Many thanks for promptness in sending it."

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"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 receive 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 to this Magazine with accounts of their dreams.

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

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

"ASTRA," Bethel, Vermont.—There is no disputing the old tradition that distance lends enchantment, just as largeness does, even in our dreams. That was a brave struggle you had, and the successful effort made to save all those people was truly heroic. Naturally your spirit rose triumphant over the flesh, else that terrible emergency would not have been the inspiration to you it was. More than that, it was the spirit of true love that prompted you to do all these brave acts. And what more can we hope for than to love and to be loved? It is the one subject the Bible teaches us in every book. Love and introspection are two of your chief traits, and through them you will be enabled to accomplish any reasonable thing your heart may desire. The dream clearly foretells this.

JOHN F. MEYER, 132 Nassau St., New York City.—Oh, yes. I remember you and your handwriting very well. Your dream, while seemingly simple, is in reality somewhat complex. And yet the dream has a certain daring significance, because the spirited horses stepped before you in numbers and you could not overtake them. The direct meaning of the dream itself is that you will, by your own undaunted efforts, amass wealth and enjoy life to its fullest extent. I only want to say that you must do good whenever opportunity or occasion offers. This will be your special privilege, not by any means accorded to all. We face a future labor-laden, yet full of promise, and it will be your lot to relieve many from cruel want. And great will be your portion for this.

PHILIP DELPORT, 35 Hinckley St., San Francisco, California.—There is no reason why you should wish to dream no more. Quite to the contrary, it is the duty of every man to cultivate the spirit of his dreams, for by so doing a vision may come to him that will be the means of changing the tenor of his life completely. Even in the dream you so deplore, you saw oats in abundance. That can mean nothing but good to you and to yours. There is a full harvest coming that you will enjoy as never before. In spite of the terrible accident that befell your good mother, you must think of her often as she was to you when a boy; then your dreams will be not only delightful, but peaceful.

"Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all Her paths are peace."

J. W. S., Topeka, Kansas.—What you really saw in your dream were the five satellites of Jupiter, one of the grandest, if not the grandest planet of all the starry constellations. The stars trying to uplift you unto themselves, and the happy feeling you experienced during that moment, should of itself make you understand that the dream was a singularly spiritual one, given you at a time when you most needed upliftment and encouragement. The doubt you hold is perfectly natural, but if you should be blessed with another dream partaking of the same nature (and you are apt to be), you will lose that fear. Think of this often, for it will help you:

"We are such stuff as dreams are made of,
And our little life is rounded in a sleep."

E. A. MCDONALD, Livermore, Alameda Co., California.—Yes. Your dreams *do* mean more, much more than you can explain. The picking up of the nuggets signifies that there is much for you in the future. But the increase and betterment of your life will devolve entirely upon your own efforts. Even in the dream, you were warned not to touch the gold, and this alone would mean that in the years to come more is held for your happiness than you now anticipate. Then, again, that you dreamed the same dream more than once holds a meaning lost to most people. Go slow. Think carefully of every new movement you have in contemplation. And if ever you should come to the point where you are seriously in doubt, write to me; open your heart fully and I will respond.

MARY ANTON, Brooklyn, New York.—Your dream of ascending steep city hills, no matter how laborious the climb may have been, means a distinct advancement, for the reason that you reached the top in safety, and then had the hospitality of the inn offered you. Having with you your dearest friend to partake of that hospitality is a happy omen also. Bless you, no. Your struggles have not been in vain. With you, as with others, the darkest time is just before the dawn. Draw on that fine fund of courage you already possess, and, as the great John Burroughs says, "your own will come to you." The day was beautiful in all the splendor of the setting sun, and the atmosphere of the dream perfect; something unusual in the general run of dreams. Cultivate your memory, and make a record of all your dreams. It will repay you in more ways than one.

IDA JOSEPHINE BURGER JONES, Peoria, Illinois.—In the first place, allow me to thank you for the outlines of your finely proportioned head sent me. Your series of dreams is something wonderful, and somewhat difficult to disentangle, but no woman could dream as you do and not come out absolutely triumphant. Let us take the disagreeable part first and forever dismiss it after. You are making a brave struggle for freedom and you will gain it. I refer now to your property troubles, and rest assured, justice, *exact justice*, will be meted out to every one concerned, and I could not wish them a worse punishment for their wrong-doing. For, remember that justice is absolutely impartial. The wide and white pathways that you see when you are alone! How transcendently beautiful! Manage to be alone often. For this will be the greatest help that will ever come to you. No need, then, to run to others for advice. Live in the holy influence of Prince Ishmael as long as you can, and resume the correspondence if possible. Pay no attention whatever to the evil and brutal influence you mention. Remain apart, and pray in the "silence" morning and evening. The rest will come.

MARGUERITE, New York City, New York.—*Soyer tranquille*, as the French say. To dream of snakes should hold no more terror for you than it has for other people. Quite to the contrary, the animal is held sacred in India, and crawls in and about the house, nor does it dream of hurting anybody. I am glad you have never killed one, for that would be a bad sign. Even you admit that you have never suffered from their being, except through fear. Your dreams are liable to be more or less uncomfortable for a time, because you have a dual nature in active operation, and it is sometimes difficult for you to follow out the idea uppermost in your mind. Your demonstrations, coming in a semi-conscious state, should be a lasting proof that God has you in His keeping and that these same demonstrations will come to you again and yet again.

Q. Q. HONEYSUCKLE, Frankfort, Kansas.—Contrary, I fancy, to your expectations, your dream, partaking of holiness in itself, does not carry with it the spirituality one would expect. The meaning, however, is plain to be seen, for henceforth your sympathies will not be misplaced. Your charities will be dispensed with a finer and freer hand. There is another theme and ideal interwoven in the vision, and that is sympathy. Never be afraid to give openly of it, for sympathy is the bond that makes life worth the struggle, and the sympathy of sorrow is much stronger than the sympathy of prosperity. Increase and broaden your virtues, and blot out forever from your remembrance the small vices. If all you have to give is a hearty hand-clasp and a genial smile, withhold them not, for the Lord loveth a cheerful giver.

"DOCTOR CHARLEY," San Diego, California.—Your dream should have left its beautiful impress upon you after awakening, and I think it did. Nothing could have been more radiant than those portholes illumined electrically from within, and the whole battleship ablaze with light from stem to stern. Some dear friend of yours is leading the way to life and light for a brother less fortunate than himself, and a life well spent will be the reward for both. The ship riding alone, the alluring length of river, and the first kiss of the sun shining upon the water, mean that this ship will never come to grief. The impearled pathway of an orient star will be the track she will pursue, and you need never fear to travel by the high seas.

L. D. TIBBETS, Argenta, Montana.—To dream of bay and sorrel horses is a good enough sign, because a horse is one of the noblest beasts God ever created. Your dreams of them, however, rather lose in any significance that might attach to them because the dream recurs so often. The fact that, as a rule, they are thoroughbreds and high-steppers saves the dream from absolute monotony. You did not say as to whether they displayed much action. I think you would be successful in the breeding of horses, for you are careful, painstaking, and no detail escapes you. Then, too, you have an accurate eye for graceful lines and curves, but above all, and this quality is the main one, you hold the love of the animal in your heart.

PEARL LOBDELL, Fessenden, North Dakota.—Do you know, I think people like you, who live in the country, have rather the advantage over city folk, in that your contemplations are longer and finer. While it is true one may at any time, and in any place, "commune with his own heart, and be still," for all that, the country, with its beautiful distances, colorings and quiet haunts, is apt to lull one to rest and lead to paths of contemplation. But more than all, it awakens the heart to love. The white fowl in your dream is symbolic of an awakening for you to light and strength, that will in time insure much happiness not only to yourself but to those you hold most dear. The taking of that little life was not the best thing that could have happened, but you, at least, have the comfort of knowing you were not sponsor for the deed.

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, 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.

Live on the Divine Plane

Likes and Dislikes

By Lucy A. Mallory

THE mere emotional plane is the childish plane of life. Because a child cannot control its mind and regulate its thoughts, it is governed by the emotions of the moment. It likes those who give it toys and candies, and dislikes those who would not let it eat candy if it were not good for it.

Mankind, as a mass, are on this childish, emotional plane. The most popular religion is that which appeals to their emotions. But emotional religion is feeding people on spiritual candies, and the penitentiaries and insane asylums are full of the victims of this kind of religion.

In nearly all the affairs of life the masses are controlled by their emotions, or, in other words, their likes and dislikes, without exercising their reasoning faculties. Likes and dislikes are poor educators. How many there are who like those things which degrade them and entail endless miseries upon themselves and others; while they dislike that which is the best for their welfare and upbuilding.

The leaders of men to-day are those who appeal to the emotions of the masses—to their likes and dislikes. Most people think that to use reason is to defend what they like. But any one who thinks, can readily see the detriment of adopting this standard as the ultimate of existence. Everything that has any real value requires much thought and toil to be expended upon it. Nearly all evils are due to the desire to have emotions of a pleasant or exciting nature.

Even in the New Thought there are people who look for that which feeds their emotions. They highly commend a paper at one time for feeding their likings, and the week after they want their paper stopped, for some of its ideas had aroused unpleasant emotions.

The Age of Truth and Reason has begun. All emotions must now be regulated by these. The spiritual lessons must be learned, irrespective of likes and dislikes, for Truth alone can free us from our woes and miseries.

The sensational press that portrays crime and criminals, to feed the perverted emotions of mankind, the emotional religious systems that subvert reason to superstition, and the cruel hunting of animals, the extravagant feasts and follies of society, that are merely indulged in to excite the emotional nature, must all disappear.

Emotion and reason are good when allied, but when divorced, strength of intellect without emotion, and overflowing emotion without intellect, are both detrimental to spiritual progression. Intellect barren of emotion makes the Materialist; emotion barren of intellect makes the superstitious, creed-bound follower. The perfect union of emotion and reason evolves the true religionist and gives birth to Science-Religion. The appeal for Truth must be, then, only to the facts, correlations and laws of the certain known and knowable world about us; to our Earth, and to the actual history, relations and growth of mankind upon it.—Torch of Reason. But all Truth comes first from the domain of the invisible—the spiritual. The "known and knowable world," in any period of its evolution, has never given an entirely new invention to humanity. Edison's electric motor, or phonograph, or quadruplex telegraph, was not born from the known and visible, but from the unknown and invisible. New ideas are spiritual factors that cannot be reasoned out of existence or ascribed to spontaneous outbursts from Matter-Idols.

To become emancipated from the predominating race-thoughts—the thoughts of greed, lust, hatred, vengeance, malice, pride, envy, retaliation and condemnation—is the great task before humanity. It is these race-thoughts that speak themselves unbidden into the uncontrolled minds of humanity and dominate the daily actions of men, women and children.

These old race-thoughts have become gigantic growths through recognition and cultivation. Happiness is impossible, either here or hereafter, for the one who has made them part and parcel of his consciousness. Their seat is in the heart of each human being, and they must be transformed before a "change of heart" can take place, and the "Holy Spirit come and abide in their place." Thus will "the pure in heart see God."

Fix it firmly on thy mind—the truth of all truth—we are all of us composed of one stuff and are animated by One Spirit. The only difference in all living beings is their different degrees of evolution. And this is a good and wise provision of Providence, for what a dull and stupid world it would be if we were all alike—all in the same degree, or taking the same degree. In diversity there is both unity and progress. The Divine Purpose of *all* life is for it to reach one end—one goal. Take care, thou who art a little farther along the Path of the Grand Evolution, lest thou seest some brother that is not as saintly as thou art—for lo and behold! the great God may open thine eyes to all the past ages and thy countless incarnations and confuse thee with shame at what thou hast been.—*The Blissful Prophet.*

No man can ever go forward to a higher work and service and perform it satisfactorily to himself, to his God, or to his fellow-men until he has faithfully and perfectly performed the work which he already has in hand. Thus it is that great leaders of men rise from the humblest positions in life to the very highest. These great souls evolve from the lowest to the highest planes of life because they know and obey the Eternal Law of Evolution—the Divine Will. Men and women fail of attainment because they begin at the wrong end of life; they seek an easy and royal road, when there is no such road and never will be. Fools shut and blind their eyes to this simple truth and delude their minds with all kinds of false thoughts, and in a while suffer the tortures of the damned through following these phantoms of delusion. Truth teaches perfection by Divine Evolution.

Divine Evolution works not by fits, starts and jumps. It is an Eternal Progression. It is as regular in its movement as the sun, the stars, the planets, the moon, the earth; indeed, it is all these. It is the Eternal Life and Divine Motion in all things—seen or unseen. It is the omnipresent Spirit of God moving on, in and through the ALL—the Whole. It is the Universal Life, *involving* and *evolving* without beginning or end—eternally. It is the Universal Intelligence—omniscience. So when we closely and keenly observe men (eternal souls) with our Spiritual Eyes, we see that those who are a little farther on the Path of Divine Evolution are calm, sober, steady, sane, wise, serene, blissful and happy and forceful and helpful, and these advance-guards caution men if they would really DO and ATTAIN, they must not hurry, scurry, flurry or worry through life, but evolve and unfold in the Divine Way.

Our thoughts are always calmer and sweeter and divine when we dwell upon the mighty love, omnipresence, omniscience and omnipotence of God; when we look around and see in all Nature such perfect intelligence and wisdom; when we look at the myriads of stars and planets and think of their orderly movement; when we gaze on the mighty ocean and think of its majestic beauty and its utility and wonderful place in the economy of Nature. In such moments of contemplation of God's mighty works who can say that Blind Chance has anything to do with the Universe?

Universal contentment in the world in its present degree of evolution is not possible and would be fatal to Universal Progress. Phillips Brooks once said: "Sad will be the day for every man when he becomes absolutely contented with the life that he is living, with the thoughts that he is thinking, with the deeds that he is doing, when there is not forever beating at the doors of his soul some great desire to do something larger, which he knows he was meant to do because he is the child of God." What man needs is universal patience and calm with his divine discontent; love, faith, trust and hope in God and himself. Let us then spread wide the gospel of Patience and Optimism.

Cease to be poor and small in mind! In order that we may expand, develop, grow and progress and become the greater beings near the Most High we must cease to think of the poorer and smaller beings we have been.

When you conquer your enemy by force, his better part remains unconquered.—*Chinese Sage.*

Blessedness is unwavering repose in the One and Eternal.—*Fichte.*

If thou wouldst know Supreme Bliss, realize thy eternal existence—existence beyond time.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX UNDERTAKES NEW WORK

Favorite Author Becomes Associate Editor of The New Thought Magazine.

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The many friends and admirers of Ella Wheeler Wilcox will be interested to learn that this gifted author and thinker has connected herself in the capacity of associate editor with the New Thought magazine, and that hereafter her writings will appear regularly in that bright publication of which the aim is to aid its readers in the cultivation of those powers of the mind which bring success in life. Mrs. Wilcox's writings have been the inspiration of many young men and women. Her hopeful, practical, masterful views of life give the reader new courage in the very reading and are a wholesome spur to flagging effort. She is in perfect sympathy with the purpose of

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

the New Thought magazine. The magazine is having a wonderful success and the writings of Mrs. Wilcox for it, along the line of the new movement, are among her best. Words of truth so vital, that they live in the memory of every reader and cause him to think—to his own betterment and the lasting improvement of his own work in the world, in whatever line it lies—flow from this talented woman's pen.

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Spiritualism in Relation to Life

Address by J. M. Peebles, M.A., M.D., before the London Spiritualist Alliance

THE following soulful address by Dr. Peebles, recently delivered before the London Spiritualist Alliance, and reported in Light, of London, will inspire all aspiring souls. Dr. Peebles has been traveling and working all over the world during the past fifty years for the cause of Spiritualism, and his spiritual knowledge and wisdom and great devotion and enthusiasm cause him always to be listened to with deep, profound and enthusiastic attention.

Dr. Peebles, who was received with prolonged applause, and after gracefully acknowledging a handsome bouquet of beautiful flowers presented by Mrs. Manks, of Philadelphia, said:

"Watchman, what of the night? . . The morning cometh."

Inspiration, from *inspiro*—in-breathing—is universal. It oversweeps the epochs of all past ages, and is just as fresh and forceful now as in time's earliest morning. God is not dead, nor were the doors of Inspiration's temple forever closed when Malachi ceased to prophesy, Socrates to converse with his divine *daimon*, and John to see visions on rocky Patmos.

Athanasian sectarists may have turned their backs upon the everflowing fountain of inspired truth—upon that light which "lighteth every man that cometh into the world"—but the light still shines, and, like a mighty river, widens with the soul's unfolding.

If Isaiah and Shakespeare, if Carlyle, Emerson, Longfellow, and Lincoln, were not quantitatively, they were qualitatively, all equally inspired—inspired as were the prophets of old, because God, the Divine Fountain, the Infinite Consciousness, Life and Intelligence, the Source, was and is One. Seraphs, angels, and spirits of various grades of intelligence and purity have ever been the intermediaries in sympathetic touch with us.

Inspiration warms the nerve centres of the brain, and kindles into liveliest activity the fires of the higher moral nature. It feeds and nourishes the spiritual; and Spiritualism is an affirmation, the basic foundation of which is demonstration. Spiritualists, through careful, critical investigation and persistent research, have become the religious positivists of this period. They are the earnest advocates and philosophers of demonstrated facts, which facts, physical, mental, and psychical, verified by consciousness, intuition and reason, combine to give the very highest degree of certitude. The great souls of song and psalm and philosophy that made radiant the past, were spirit-inspired men. Spiritualism, as the distinguished Alfred R. Wallace writes, is a "scientifically established fact."

PHENOMENA AS SCAFFOLDINGS

Jesus of Nazareth, standing upon the summit of moral science and real Hebrew Spiritualism, and holding with some of the disciples a spiritual séance upon the Mount of Transfiguration, talked with the returning spirits of Moses and Elias. There is no record of any dead angels or spirits. Heaven's doors of mercy and tenderest sympathy were never shut. John, on the mountainous Isle of Patmos, saw and conversed with one of the old prophets, "a fellow-servant." God is unchangeable. Deific laws are unvarying, and lute-like voices of love have vibrated out of the silence through all the agone ages. The Hydesville concussions half a century ago or more were not deceptions in a Methodist family; were not curious occult inventions, but the discovery—the re-discovery—of the bridge consciously connecting the world visible with the world invisible. These, or similar phenomena, were known to the ancients, as the old cuneiform writings and the remotest Akkadian inscriptions now being deciphered by Orientalists abundantly demonstrate. These spirit manifestations were needed in our time as a check to materialism. They were means to an end. They were scaffoldings in constructing that magnificent temple of truth whose inspired builders, with their divine teachings, were ultimately to enlighten and transfigure the world.

CHANGING ATTITUDES OF SCIENCE

Social science, mental science, metaphysical science, and especially psychic science, are just as much sciences as is that university-taught science called physics, the text-books of which, though authoritative to-day, are repudiated by the next generation. There have been new discoveries, widening knowledge and deeper research, necessitating frequent alterations and amendments in the classically arranged and tabulated "natural sciences." The chemistry of my academic years is no longer chemistry. This should induce modesty, a virtue with which Haeckel and his materialistic satellites are not too familiar. Truths, as fixed principles interrelated to cause and effect, do not change. It is our conceptions of them that change, which changes demand frequent revisions.

SPIRITUAL SCIENCE SUPERIOR TO PHYSICS

The original atoms and constituents constituting the physical sciences as booked by Humboldt, Tyndall, Huxley, Lord Kelvin, Virchow, Haeckel, and other observing experimentalists, cannot be cognized by the sense-perceptions. Scientists cannot get even a glimpse of them with the thousand diameter microscope; they cannot measure them by any lineal measurement, melt them in crucibles of intensest heat, nor weigh them in the most delicately-balanced scales. And further, of the origin of these hidden molding forces they know absolutely nothing. Denying inspiration, and rejecting the spiritual as scientific helps, these intellectual giants are of necessity agnostic materialists. But why should the results of their investigation—why should the physical sciences of which the aforenamed distinguished investigators are students—be labeled "sciences" in preference to the discovered and carefully-classified facts of spiritual phenomena? Is matter to take precedence over mind? Is physics superior to metaphysics? Is the hypothetical atom to be more honored than consciousness, intuition, or moral reason? Certainly, gravity does not think; electricity does not solve mathematical problems; the telegraphic wires do not originate the messages they transmit; polarization does not philosophize, nor does the mad avalanche, rushing thundering down the mountain side, crushing alike the infant and the aged, manifest a particle of benevolence or reason. Metaphysics must necessarily precede physics and research; mind and morality should, *must* constitute the corner-stone of all true science and spiritual unfoldment.

JUSTICE TO SPIRITUALISM

Telepathy, psychometry, mental therapeutics, and these "New-Thought" theories, worthy of consideration, are allied to, and factors of, psychic science, the substratum of which is Spiritualism in some of its various manifestations and demonstrations. What lack of manliness and moral justice, then, is all this vociferous voicing of "mental science," and the "new-thought" flirting, without the bare mention of their maternity. Acorns may be pardoned for expressing no gratitude to the life-imparting oak. Incapable of reasoning, they know no better; but liberal thinkers know, or ought to know, that Spiritualism, centred in spirit—*essential spirit*—is the Father-Mother fountain of all these higher sciences. It is the vitalizing, fruit-laden vine, of which telepathy, psychometry, "New Thought," Mental Science, and theosophical speculative assertiveness, are the branches—some of which, I confess, are sadly distorted, requiring trimming, training, and very careful watching. Some Spiritualists, even, are apparently without the courage to make confession of their faith. Asked if they are really Spiritualists, they will hesitate, and say, "Oh! well; I am an Investigator, you know." But, surely, such a reply by a really convinced Spiritualist can hardly be regarded as quite consistent with genuine loyalty to the truth.

"Watchman, what of the night?"

In this colonizing age of commercialism, this maddened rush for pelf, power and luxury, there is a reversion of thought and tendencies toward the gross materialism of ancient Greece and Rome. Epicurus, in the time of Leucippus, a Greek philosopher, denied the immortality of the soul, and taught the self-origination of life on earth through matter, or rather, the interacting affinities and forces in matter.

Democritus held similar notions. The Roman poet Lucretius (born B.C. 95, and ending his life by suicide) predicated life, not upon essential, conscious spirit, but upon the vibratory motions, attractions, repulsions, and atomic laws inhering in matter. His life is reputed to have been very unhappy. Much of the wordy theorizing to-day concerning the origin of life is as fruitless as to talk of the origin of space. Life being allied to God, the Infinite Spirit Presence, had no origin. It is eternal. Related to time and mortality, all manifest life on this planet must be the resultant of antecedent life. Nothing can never produce, nor become something.

DEAD MATTER VERSUS SPIRIT

Vital action does not belong to ordinary matter. Force cannot spring from non-force, nor life from absolute death. As there is organic and inorganic, structureless and non-structureless matter, there is also "dead matter," as scientists and such distinguished living microscopists as Prof. Lionel S. Beale, F.R.S., F.R.C.P., F.R.Mchi.S. (vice-president of the Victoria Institute), and other illustrious authorities, prove beyond cavil. Professor Dewar, in his late address before the British Association for the Advancement of Science, when treating of liquid and solid hydrogen; of helium, crypton, xenon, and neon, as recently discovered, invisible atmospheric elements, remarked that "helium when liquefied, would be as hard to see as a ghost in the sunshine." He was further reported as saying that "certain seeds frozen for a hundred hours in liquid air" caused "their protoplasm to become inert, but," said he, "on *non-living* matter the effects were much more marked." To contend that there is life in matter, or that life permeates matter, is a very different thing from saying that matter is *alive*, consciously alive. The former is true; the latter is unproven.

Standing several times in the King's Chamber of the Great Pyramid, Egypt, I saw before me a solid block of granite weighing several hundred tons. It has stood there, according to learned Egyptologists, several thousand years, stationary and cold. Is it dead or alive? The proof that it is dead and unreasoning lies in the fact that it did not cut itself out of the Syene quarries, did not transport itself across the country, did not lift itself up on to the fiftieth tier of that great pyramidal pile of stones, nor did it architecturally adjust, chisel, and beautifully polish itself. It is dead and speechless, dead as atheistic spiritism.

Spirit is life—life in activity; and action implies something to act upon. This something may be denominated unseen substance, which, impulsed, and duly manipulated by immutable laws, becomes matter, somewhat as invisible steam becomes ice, or sunbeams become coal strata, tangible to the senses.

UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD

Conscious, regal-souled man is not an Eden-fallen display of total depravity, not a materialistic mist floating in the immensities, not a wailing waif cast up from the non-purposeless past by fortuitous combinations of interacting atoms and conflicting forces; nor is he a "religious animal," as extreme Darwinians have taught; but he is a thinking, rational, moral being, whose first conscious thought-act is existence; the second is the perception of the existence of others, and the third relates to the acting social relations between ourselves and others, which, deepening, implies the family, the race, the nation, the international relations, a world-wide brotherhood—and still widening and rising in conception, includes in one universal brotherhood all those circling, glittering planets that dot the deep, unfathomable spaces.

RELATION OF THE INFINITE TO THE FINITE

Exalted and towering as are man's aspirations, he is finite, and the finite necessitates the idea of the Infinite. No machine can cause itself. Tesla manufactured a nicely-shaped talking man, but the thing did not—*could* not—reason.

No unthinking machine can evolve, or construct another machine; nor can any individualized finite, unaided, produce another finite. Not even a blade of grass can grow on an iceberg. No egg on a rock can, without warmth, hatch a living bird, nor can the new-born babe live, clothe itself, and grow without antecedent life, love, and

intelligence; and the source of that life is the Infinite, our Father-Mother—God!

If it be said by the antagonizing carpist that the "Infinite may have had a cause behind it," the say-so suggestion is of little account. The logical reply is, if any be required, that *that* would render the Infinite finite, involving as pitiful a contradiction as to state that a circle was triangular-shaped, or that a sphere was tetrahedron in form.

There must necessarily exist between the Infinite and the finite some such relation as obtains between cause and effect—that is, there must invariably be something in the cause to which the effect corresponds. The process of creation, or rather manifestation, implies consciousness, purpose, adaptation, wisdom, and power, resulting in the glory of divine man—a spiritual being.

The activities seen in structural forms neither create nor constitute life. They are the effects of life acting upon and through the structures. Conscious life is the inducing, compelling power, from which functional activities emanate. The life of man, then, is not merely mental or muscular activity, but rather spiritual vitality, proceeding primarily from the higher Divine Source.

ORIGIN OF LIFE ON EARTH

From whence is it? It is from the inflowing Infinite Life, and is much more than mere existence. The rock and the oyster exist, but they do not really, consciously live and aspire to higher states of being. Sensations are not reasoning faculties. Tendencies do not create, they only incite; neither do functions create organs, but organs, adapted to use, manifest functional activities and aims.

There are doubtless units of force, vehicles for consciousness, in numbers infinitely beyond all mathematical calculations, generated in the bosom of the Divine Life, and flowing therefrom something as crystal drops emerge from an ever-flowing fountain.

These units, atoms, monads, may be considered as infinitesimal segments of the circle of being—as semi-detached entities, sympathetically and spiritually connected by the rarest films of vibratory ether to the Infinite Life—the energizing, infilling, overbrooding Father-Mother Spirit.

In consonance with the above, Professor Fleming, in a recent science monthly, writes of monads and invisible corpuscles as fragments chipped from a neutral atom, calling them "electrons," or "ions"; and he considers that one atom of hydrogen may contain from seven hundred to one thousand of these inconceivable, infinitesimal electrons. If this be science, it is surely getting very near to spirit.

These ethereal entities and ions, evidently unlike in possibilities, unlike in germinal potentialities, are naturally adapted to different planes and spheres of etheric existence—endless diversity in unity. Nature quite as much abhors monotony as a vacuum.

These units of consciousness are evidently climbing up to better conditions, and to more complex structures, toward the beëtting keystone in the arch—perfected manhood! The distance they reach, and the altitude they attain, depend much, if not altogether, upon the original germinal life, or infilling potency. Aspiration is the measure of destination. The platform vaporings of pseudo-scientists extolling the properties of matter without any indwelling consciousness or intelligent purpose (though they are ever compelled to admit some self-forming adaptation of means to ends), have become tiresome. It is not strange that Haeckel's and Buchner's books are not read as they once were. Mental icicles are not inviting to the sensitive touch. It is not pleasant to read, or think that one's body, life, and conscious spirit are at death to be packed into a coffin, and all to become alike graveyard dirt!

EFFECTS TRANSCENDING THEIR CAUSES

Conversing once with Thomas Carlyle, at Chelsea, he characteristically pronounced America "the great maw, that was ever hatching out desperate and pestilent things." There was something of truth in this. The last America-hatched fad to be put as a tag upon Spiritualism is that "effects transcend their causes. . . We see evolution everywhere." Yes, but evolution implies something—some substratum to be evolved from; otherwise, we have the silly position of something from nothing. Evolution is but half of the circle. Involution in time must precede evolution. The sensible old farmer said he "could not get water out of his well till there was first some in it." If effects transcend their causes, all fathers' sons should be Isaac Newtons, or Emersons. A wheelbarrow of wood and iron, as a purposed effect, should "run" the man that made it. Turtles' eggs, sand-warmed and hatched, should produce strong-winged eagles. Automobiles, being effects, should build and guide themselves. "Oxygen and hydrogen," says this newborn philosopher (?), "combine to form water. . . The effect, transcending the cause, is unlike the cause." But the very word "combine" here used, indicates motion; motion necessitates a moving force, and a moving force implies life, all of which agencies combined, we are gravely told, are not equal to the effect, water. Here is logic run mad! This theory squarely dispenses with God, and is therefore rankest atheism under the guise of Spiritualism. One may be a Spiritist and at the same time an atheist; but cannot well be an atheist and a real heartfelt Spiritualist, because the latter is necessarily reverential, encouraging prayer and holiness of life. In Anglo-Saxon the word "God" is used in the sense of "good," and who, morally capable of a religious emotion, does not find both peace and profound philosophy in contemplating the Infinite Good?

THE SPIRITUAL LIFE

The mere conversing with spirit intelligences behind the veil does not constitute a Spiritualist. If it did, then African Voudous and American Mormons are Spiritualists; but emphatically they are not. The ancient Assyrians, as the cuneiform tablets testify, held intercourse with the dead. Promiscuous converse in Moses' time with spirits that "peeped and muttered," was called necromancy, and forbidden. It may have been demonism from the dark chambers of the underworld; if so, the forbidding was justifiable. Israel's seers stood on the higher plane of inspiration, prophecy and angelic ministrations. Seers and sitters alike should be examples of purity and moral excellence. Conscientiousness, fidelity to the principles of right, righteousness, cleanliness, and a candid search for the truth, should be the actuating motives. In this religious attitude largely lies the secret of Mrs. Everitt's séances, so wonderful, convincing, and spiritually uplifting.

The same may be said of Mr. George Spriggs' séances, both in Australia and Cardiff. His influencing spirits, as spirits always should, arranged the conditions. The photographer necessarily arranges the conditions for the picture. The farmer, with plough and spade, controls and fixes the conditions for the ripened harvest; and so spirits, dwelling on that more spiritual plane of existence, are the most competent, and should be permitted, to fix the conditions for the manifestations. In Mr. Spriggs' séances the sitters were selected. They were to attend punctually. Each was to take a bath before entering the consecrated room; all were to abstain from meat-eating, intoxicating drinks, and tobacco, and were to fast from breakfast time till after the evening sitting. Here were purpose, system, and moral integrity. And with these conditions, spirits proved the passage of matter through matter in both a subdued light and in broad daylight. Fruits, flowers, nuts, branches of trees, and bits of rock were brought through solid walls in profusion. The spirits, clothing themselves in substances, materialized, and in the quietness of twilight walked about in the greenhouse and garden. Lately I witnessed very similar manifestations in the elegant residence of Mr. Thomas W. Stanford (Melbourne), brother of the originator and founder of the Stanford University in California, and the reputed richest one in the world. The medium was Mr. C. Bailey, and his controlling intelligences always opened the sittings with prayer. All such orderly, religious séances tend to lead the researchers from the physical up to the psychical; to impress the mind with the sublime thought of immortality; to arouse the inner conscience, to quicken the spiritual faculties, to reform vicious habits, and attune the soul to the harmonies of infinite love and perfection.

THE SPIRITUAL AND THE CHRIST-LIFE

As aforesaid, Spiritualism is of God, and therefore divine. It was in Jordan's waters that Jesus clairvoyantly saw the "spirit," descending like a dove, a beautiful symbol of his mission. Previous to this heavenly baptism, he was Jesus, the Galilean carpenter, traveling, according to Hafed and Talmudian writers, in Egypt and other Oriental lands; but now He was Jesus Christ—the anointed, the divinely illumined. There was no miracle in this. It was natural to spiritual law. Every Spiritualist should be baptized from the Christ-heavens, becoming a Christ now. "As many," said the Apostle, "as have been baptized into Christ, have put on Christ." Let Christ be formed in you. And again, the Apostle said, "Christ liveth in me." Christ should live in every one.

Afire with the Christ-spirit, Jesus declared that "believers in Him" should do the works that He did, and "even greater works." He chose the Apostles, not because of their scholarship, but because of their susceptibility to spirit influences. Paul never saw Jesus Christ in the flesh, and yet he was more the founder of this now-a-day Christianity than Christ. A Jew by birth, a Pharisee by education, he was to the end more of a spiritist than a Christ-illumined Spiritualist. Though stricken down by spirit power on his way to Damascus, and though caught in vision up to the "third heaven," he confessed in his writings that he was the "chief of sinners," and had not yet "attained." His real name, as traced in the Talmud by the late learned Dr. Wise, president of the Hebrew College of Cincinnati, Ohio, was *Acher*. Afterward he was called Saul, and still later Paul. Changing the name when traveling was common in that period. Plato's real name was Aristokles. Paul preached Christ as the loftiest spiritual altitude to be in his time attained. Paul, being confessedly given to "diplomacy"—another word for duplicity—wrote of "salvation by faith," and said that "without the shedding of blood there was no remission of sins." Evolution was doing its work, however, in the apostolic period; and when more highly inspired, he exhorted the Jewish believers to leave their "first principles," their Pharisaic religious motions, and "go on unto perfection." And again he wrote: "Being reconciled, we are saved by His (Christ's) life." Mark this; it was and *is* the life—the life of justice and mercy, the life of purity and love—love inspired by faith, and guided by wisdom, that saves.

The parabolic style of writing was common in the early days of Christianity. When Paul wrote that "this rock was Christ," he had no reference to a granite boulder. And when Jesus said, "Except ye eat my flesh and drink my blood there is no life in you," he did not intend to encourage cannibalism. This was the symbolism of Oriental imagery. The real meaning was, "Except ye partake of my spiritual doctrines, and drink or assimilate these spiritual teachings, there is no life in you, because it is 'the spirit that giveth life.'" The spiritual Christianity of Jesus Christ, and the spiritual illumination of Gautama Buddha, and true Spiritualism, are all in perfect accord; the essential thought being that it is not belief, not creed, but *character* that saves.

KNOWLEDGE NOT THE WORLD'S SAVIOUR

It is a stock phrase among many spiritists that "Knowledge is the world's saviour." Knowledge is *not* the world's saviour, neither is ignorance. Knowledge, unless guided by a high moral motive, is dangerous. The most knowing men are the most crafty in crime. Forgers are excellent penmen. Counterfeiters are often fine mechanics. Bank defaulters may be expert accountants.

Dr. Webster, Professor of Chemistry and the Natural Sciences in Harvard University, America, owing Dr. Parkham a debt that he could not cancel, murdered him in the university building, and then employed his *knowledge*—his chemical skill in acids and heat—to conceal the terrible crime. He was tried, convicted, and executed, and Andrew Jackson Davis clairvoyantly watched the process of his dying, and his entrance into the world of spirits—not the spiritual world, or summerland-world of love and harmony, but the Tartarean world of spirits.

Death, the act of separating the material from the spiritual, settles no final destiny. Jesus preached to Hades-imprisoned spirits, which preaching implied repentance and reformation. When in Palestine a number of years ago, I plucked and ate delicious grapes in hell, the Valley of Hinnom, Gehenna, that "hell-fire" (*St. Mark* ix, 47) where the "worm was never to die, nor the fire to be quenched." Progression spans all worlds, visible and invisible. Returning spirits confirm and exemplify this gospel—a gospel, not so much of hope, as of knowledge.

But the future out of mind, it is infinitely better to reform to-day—better to do

right and live right *now*. Duty was the keystone to the moral philosophy of the great German philosopher, Fichte. To his students he said: "Duty is the foundation of a successful life." In all mental equipments, moral qualities should be put forward as guiding principles. There are not two worlds, only two aspects of the one world, visible and invisible. It is but a filmy mist that separates them. The clairvoyant eye can pierce it, and the clairaudient ear, like John's on Patmos, can hear the vibratory voices of the other-world intelligences. We may and should live the spiritual—the heavenly—life now, as a foretaste of those evergreen shores and temples of truth that, over there, await the truly good.

THE RELIGION OF SPIRITUALISM

Pure and undefiled religion is a divine soul emotion, inspiring reverence for God and love to man. And religious Spiritualism, in contrast to materialism, or atheistic side-show spiritism, is a life, emphatically a life of love, guided by wisdom, a life of consecrated self-sacrifice for that truth which makes the soul free indeed, and was never making such rapid strides as now. Its progress is co-extensive with the progress of English-speaking nations. It is not noisy and boasting. Comparatively quiet and incisive, it is leavening the great lump of priestly ecclesiasticism. And in a few centuries, as the English language will be the cultured international language of the world, so will Spiritualism be the religion of the world, chanting the triumphant anthem:

"O Death, where is thy sting,
O grave, where is thy victory?"

SPIRITUALISM AND THE AFTER LIFE

Death, to the pure in heart, is but going one step higher to clasp the shining hands of the loved ones gone before; or it may be compared to the rose, that climbs up the garden wall to bloom on the other side. It is not so much the mission of Spiritualism to teach men how to die, as how to now live the strenuous, manly life of the just; it becomes us to make every day one of moral improvement and self-mastery. Our angel-teachers plead with us not to miserly live for self, for gain; nor to grovel underground like moles; but to move up out of the cerebellum along the pathway of intellect to the coronal brain region—the soul's parlors, where come angel guests to talk in tenderest tones of love.

Mr. Astor, one of New York's great multi-millionaires, influencing a sensitive, wrote thus: "I am not happy; better for me that I had been an orphan and begged for bread in the streets than to have been the hoarding, grasping man I was, treasuring up that which I could not take with me to this new state of being. Could I live my earthly life over again, I should pursue a very different course. Pray for me." Emerson wisely said in his "Conduct of Life" that "he who gathers too much of the earthly, in the very act loses an equal amount of the spiritual."

SPIRITUALISM AND REFORMS

The overbrooding spiritual spheres are doubtless the spheres of inspiration and impressional causes; and Spiritualism, which so marvellously materialized to the sense-perceptions in 1848, at Hydesville, was begotten in the heavens. So considered, small matters are, in results, often the mightiest. A babe, in a Bethlehem manger, three centuries later shook imperial Rome to its foundations. A tiny apple-stem broke and showed to Newton the law that binds in one the starry universe; a tremulous tendon in a frog's foot gave birth to galvanism; a kite revealed the lightning's powerful armament; in a bit of amber lay hidden the mighty force of electricity; tiny coral insects lifted up islands from the ocean; scattering, floating weeds told Columbus of a world afar in the West; and a few gentle tappings some fifty years ago in a midnight hour at a Hydesville farmhouse, told of a peopled world unseen, and bridged the distance, hope merging into knowledge, and faith into fruition.

Soon the world felt the quickening force. Reforms were conceived in the heavens and mapped out to be materialized on earth. William Lloyd Garrison, the anti-slavery agitator, and an avowed Spiritualist, rose from pacing the floors of a Baltimore prison to see ere long slavery die and himself crowned with a nation's honor.

A few years ago Hudson Tuttle, writer and author, took me in his carriage to see the old brick Edison homestead, where young Edison, the world-famed inventor, attended his first spiritual séances. He is still impressionable and inspirational.

In 1863 the martyred Abraham Lincoln attended several spiritual séances at the house of Mr. Laurie, Washington, D. C. This gentleman, whom I well knew, was a government employe in the Post Office Department, and Mrs. Miller, his daughter, was a superior medium, whose séances S. P. Kase, called the "railroad king," the Rev. John Pierpont, a Unitarian preacher and poet, the Hon. D. E. Somes, ex-Congressman, General N. P. Banks, Major Chorpening, and Abraham Lincoln, with other distinguished personages, quietly attended.

Hudson Tuttle, writing in The Banner of Light, March 7, 1891, says: "Mrs. Nettie Colburn Maynard was constantly consulted by President Lincoln, and the communications he received through her were of the most astonishing character. The result of battles was foretold before the telegraphic dispatches, and on several occasions advice was given and accepted, which, acted on, proved of momentous consequence."

It was well known in government circles that Lincoln frequently consulted the spirits through Colchester, Foster, and other sensitives, and it was quite generally understood that it was through messages from the ascended fathers of the Republic that Lincoln was induced to sign the proclamation that struck the shackles from four millions of human beings.

The Stanford University of California, reported to be the richest (including its lands and estates) in the world, owes its origin to Spiritualism. The son of Senator Stanford, an ex-Governor of California, while touring in Europe, gathering relics and costly curios, passed away by a fever attack, while in Italy, to a higher life. He was an only child, sixteen, and full of promise.

"The Stanford family was a spiritualistic family," as Thomas W. Stanford remarked to me while attending one of his séances, just before I left Australia. This gentleman was for many years the American Vice-Consul in Melbourne, and his name, because of munificent contributions, is chiseled on the front of the Stanford University Library in California. These cultured, free-thought Stanfords, in this trying affliction, finding no consolation in church dogmas, consulted trance and clairvoyant sensitives. And, while considering the subject of constructing a mausoleum to the memory of their son, he, from spirit life, suggested that the most satisfactory monument to him would be the erection of an unsectarian educational institution. This desire of their spirit-risen son ultimated in that magnificent university which already has some two thousand students in attendance. It is the purpose, so I am credibly informed, that when these landed estates are sold and the income put into this institution, there shall be no tuitional charges to students. Here, then, is that Spiritualism, which is of God, made practicable, in educating the young of both sexes on an equal footing; and non-sectarian education in the line of evolution must be the great crowning work of this twentieth century.

"Lo! I see long blissful ages,
When these Mammon days are done,
Stretching forward in the distance,
Toward a never setting sun."

Spiritualism not only demonstrates a future existence, not only teaches the certainty of suffering in all worlds for wrongdoing, not only encourages invention, art, science, exploration, and all sanitary enterprises, not only shows memory to be the "recording angel," and self-denial, nobleness of purpose, purity of life and sweet spirituality to be the ascending steps to heaven, but it strikes the chains from millions of slaves and builds unsectarian universities. These angel ministries ever appeal to the silent, persuasive, and most powerful incentives to a better life. And though no subtle chemistry can impart a more delicate odor to the rose, though no lapidary can burnish the stars, nor rhetorician's art add to the moral beauty and dignity of a true altruistic life, yet every one can cultivate that loving-kindness which disarms resentment, that patience which endures suffering, that gentleness which neutralizes acidity of temper, that forgiveness which obliterates personal animosities, that sweetness of disposition which adds lustre to all the heavenly graces, that consciousness of right which inspires justice, and that tender charity which, combined with the other virtues that angel messages inspire, make the harmonial man—Heaven on earth—

"The golden age lies onward, not behind.
The pathway through the past has led us up;
The pathway through the future will lead on
And higher. We are rising from the beast
Unto Christ and human brotherhood."

The Day Is Gone

THE day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village
Gleam through the rain and the mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me
That my soul can not resist.

A feeling of sadness and longing
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain.

Come, read to me some poem,
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of Time.

For, like strains of martial music
Their mighty thoughts suggest
Life's ceaseless toil and endeavor;
And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,
Whose songs gushed from his heart,
As showers from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start.

Who, through long days of labor,
And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume
The poem of thy choice.
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And silently steal away.

—*Longfellow.*

To pardon those absurdities in ourselves which we cannot suffer in others is neither better nor worse than to be more willing to be fools ourselves than to have others so.—*Pope.*

A TUG OF WAR.

Coffee Puts Up a Grand Fight.

Among the best of judges of good things in the food line, is the groceryman or his wife. They know why many of their customers purchase certain foods.

The wife of a groceryman in Carthage, New York, says: "I have always been a lover of coffee, and therefore drank a great deal of it. About a year and a half ago I became convinced that it was the cause of my headaches and torpid liver, and resolved to give it up, although the resolution caused me no small struggle, but Postum came to the rescue. From that time on, coffee has never found a place on our table, except for company, and then we always feel a dull headache throughout the day for having indulged.

"When I gave up coffee and commenced the use of Postum I was an habitual sufferer from headache. I now find myself entirely free from it, and what is more, have regained my clear complexion, which I had supposed was gone forever.

"I never lose an opportunity to speak in favor of Postum, and have induced many families to give it a trial, and they are invariably pleased with it." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Astonishing Experiments in Spiritualism

ONE of the oldest and most conservative journals of Psychical, Occult and Mystical Research in the world is Light, of London. It treats these subjects in a deep, profound and dignified way and is over-careful to avoid printing anything of a sensational or untruthful character. The following extract, found in a recent issue of Light, is a reprint from The Harbinger of Light, another journal of high character, and will be read with interest by students of psychic and occult phenomena:

The Harbinger of Light records some truly astonishing experiments in Melbourne, under strict conditions. The nature of these experiments and the character of the results can be gathered from the following paragraph:

Here are tangible proofs of spirit agency. Here is a medium in deep trance, seated in a chair at a table, surrounded by a dozen or so of intelligent and watchful observers. On each side is a vigilant onlooker who would perceive the slightest movement on his part; but he does not stir hand or foot. Presently a heavy substance is heard to fall from the ceiling, apparently, and this proves to be an object which no money could purchase at the moment in Melbourne. It may be the swathings of a mummy from Thebes, with the sand of Egypt clinging to its fibres; it may be a head-dress worn by the hill tribes of India; it may be a living bird and its nest from the tropics; it may be a manuscript from Susa or Persepolis; it may be coins of early Rome or ancient Greece; it may be live fish and moist seaweed from the South Pacific, or the personal ornaments of an African chief on the banks of the Congo. There they are! Who brought them? Not the medium; not any human being assembled in the circle. Then "Unde derivantur?" That is the question.

A Message to Some One

THE Benediction o. Love be upon us!

Something—I know not what—urges me to say this as I write. It may be the Spirit of Love itself, which seems to breathe through every line and page of your Magazine, appealing, as it does, to my innermost being. I know not. I know only that LOVE in its larger and fuller sense—*the spirit in us of love*—is the one thing necessary and needful in this life, or in any life to come! Love is the keynote of the universe. Religion simplified is Love. True charity—what is it but Love? A helpful deed? Love. A cheering word, a tender touch? All Love. That which animates and sways the soul of man and dictates all the higher achievements of mind or being is ever and always some form or quality of LOVE. Out of Love, God created man and his co-worker and companion, woman. Out of Love, He whom we call Jesus gave Himself as a vicarious offering to death and the grave because of the backslidings and sins of the whole human race. The ruler in the Court of the King and the ruler in the fisherman's hut by the sea are one and the same—LOVE. And so on, along every line, and every plane, and in every human heart that beats, and every soul that aspires, LOVE is the King of Kings and the Lord of Lords!

A tender thought expressed, a look, a touch,
May not be much,
But to a soul a-starve with unfilled need,
'Tis precious drink and holy bread, indeed.

Who loveth much shall stand as God's Elect
In His respect;
Then why give only stones for simple bread,
A grudging crumb, when thousands would be fed?

Into His temple of the flesh he came,
The Child unstained;
But night came soon, the light without grew dim.
O hearts! we have not learned to love like Him!

—*S. V.*

For not in far-off realms of space,
The Spirit hath its throne;
In every heart it findeth place,
And waiteth to be known.

Thought answereth alone to thought,
And Soul with soul hath kin;
The outward God he findeth not,
Who finds not God within.

Then go not thou in search of Him,
But to thyself repair;
Wait thou within the Silence dim,
And thou shalt find Him there.

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CHEERFUL CHATS

By Frank Harrison

Courage, brother! do not stumble,
Though thy path be dark as night;
There's a star to guide the humble;
"Trust in God and do the right."

Simple rule and safest guiding,
Inward peace and inward might—
Star upon our path abiding;
"Trust in God and do the right."
—*Norman Macleod.*

INSPIRING words!—"Trust in God and do the right." Implicit trust in our Loving Father will carry one through any of the woes and miseries and perplexities of our earth existence. More than that, if the trust in God is strong enough, they will forever disappear.

Happy and even Blissful Existence is possible *now* and *here* as well as hereafter, if we will but put *full, complete* and *perfect* trust in God.

Trust in God in its highest degree comes when we fervently and persistently love Him as the Loving Father of *All*, and never conceive Him as angry, wrathful or revengeful.

The great and Eternal God of Love is beyond all petty human attributes—of punishments and rewards—which cruel, ignorant and superstitious men of the past ages have attributed to the Blessed One.

Man will creep and weep, and moan and groan, and pine and whine, and fumble and stumble, as long as he believes in and worships a small, petty, tyrannical God sitting somewhere on a throne with an iron rod in one hand and a golden harp in another.

Come, courage, brother! There is no such God and never was. Know the blessed and redeeming and saving truth of all truths: Thou art an eternal child of an eternal God—the Loving Father of All; that God is truly Love—omnipresent Love; that no matter how dark thy path may be, in a little while it will be lighted by the Eternal Light and Radiance of God's great love. Thou hast temporarily closed the windows and doors of thy soul by clouding the mind with the curtains and veils and bars of ignorance, superstition, bigotry, dogmatism, fanaticism, hatred, envy, greed and selfishness, fears and doubts, and no ray of thy own soul can penetrate the darkened mind and light thy path until thy soul, by its fervent and persistent heat, burns and melts away these veils and bars.

Fill thy heart of hearts with universal and eternal Love, and thou wilt "trust in God and do the right," and reach the goal—the Most High.

The power of Love is so great that even its mere semblance or simulation gives man somewhat of power.

Universal Love is man's only power to overcome all obstacles in the eternal Path of Life and is the only power that can make him really trustful and rightful in all his thoughts and acts; it unites and harmoniously relates him to the Supreme Good—the Blessed Whole. It is the eternal star that lights him on the path to the goal of Blissful Optimism—his normal state.

Universal Love ultimately opens the mind to all Truth, all knowledge, all wisdom; and to *know* and be wise is to be fearless, courageous, forceful and helpful—to be continuously trustful in God and do the right thing all the time.

The simple rule to all attainment is to begin by loving God with all thy soul, all thy heart and all thy mind. This will lead thee to that eternal joy and peace that passeth all understanding and will forever implant in thy eternal existence, whether in the physical body or out of it, implicit trust in God and an ever-abiding power to do the right.

Love God fervently and put full trust in Him and you need give no thought to right or wrong, because you will *naturally* do the exact right thing at the right time, and will become a most *positive* soul to influence other souls to do the same, even though you utter or write not one word. Your very presence in the world will *positively* influence, more or less, all negative minds. It is through trust born of mighty Love that we help ourselves and the great *Whole*. One loving and trustful soul helps to leaven the ALL.

As we love and trust God we become cheerful and happy and make countless others cheerful and happy.

A morbid, disturbed and pessimistic mind is the effect of a lack of love and trust in the All-Good, and helps to keep men negative and colorless—cheerless and dis-eased.

With positive love and trust in our souls, hearts and minds we become divinely powerful, and like the Angels, radiate and spread light and sunshine of Infinite Love wherever we are.

Universal Love is omnipresent, and to be eternally illuminated and electrified by its wondrous power we have but to instil a small bit of the essence of loving kindness and gentleness toward *all*, in our hearts and minds, and it will expand the heart and mind until they are large enough to take in the whole universe.

Love cannot enter the mind or heart as long as we keep their gates and doors locked and barred with selfish, morbid and pessimistic thoughts of fear and doubt and hatred. Listen to the divine words of Whittier:

O Love Divine—whose constant beam
Shines on the eyes that will not see,
And waits to bless us while we dream
Thou leavest us because we turn from Thee!

Nor bounds, nor clime, nor creeds Thou knowest,
Wide as our need Thy favors fall;
The white wings of the Holy Ghost
Stoop, seen or unseen, o'er the heads of all.

Fervent love for God is the only way to inspire hope, faith and trust in the Blessed Father—and is the only means to right action. With trust we always *do* what lies clearly at hand to do. With love and trust we cannot falter nor faint.

God is man's only stay and guide in the moil and toil and turmoil of our existence on the earth-plane.

God is enough! thou in whom hope and fear
Toilest through desert sands of life, sore-tried,
Climb trustful over death's black ridge, for near
The bright wells shine; thou wilt be satisfied.

God doth suffice! O thou, the patient one,
Who putteth faith in Him, and none beside,
Bear yet thy load; under the setting sun
The glad tents gleam; thou wilt be satisfied.

By God's gold afternoon! peace ye shall have;
Man is in loss except he live aright,
And help his fellow to be firm and brave,
Faithful and patient; then the restful night!
—*Edwin Arnold.*

Universal Love—love for the great All—makes us strong in hope and faith; it makes us trustful children of the Blessed Father; it makes us kind, gentle, considerate, courteous, cheerful and helpful.

To trust in God and do the right fills us with courage and tremendous hope.

"Be strong to hope, O heart!
Though day is bright,
The stars can only shine
In the dark night.
Be strong, O heart of mine,
Look toward the Light."

The hope of the Universal Lover is gladness and joy and peace, and makes of life a blessed melody—because he loves and trusts in God and is thus actuated to right and sane action.

Trust in God and do the right and spread good cheer and sunshine in all the world. Let your life be a glad song and not a dirge. Be filled with inward peace and inward might that paints only bright pictures—hopeful sunrisings and glorious sunsets. Emerson said: "Don't hang a dismal picture on the wall, and don't daub with sables and glooms in your conversation. Don't bewail and moan, don't waste yourself in dejection, nor bark against the bad, but chant the beauty of the good. Set down nothing that will not help somebody."

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THE HOUSE OF SORROWS

HE came into the room, locked the door, and sank into a chair. He had tasted the bitter cup of suffering, for he had been betrayed by his friends. With the loss of faith in those he had trusted, his good name was involved, and he had become responsible for a large sum of money, which he could not refuse to pay and still consider himself an honorable man.

He got up and paced the floor rapidly; as he passed a table covered with books, he caught sight of a pistol. He uttered an exclamation, and hastily taking up the weapon he put it out of sight. "It is much harder to live than it is to die," he said grimly.

He sat down on the bed while he went over the agitating details. There was one way out of the difficulty, but it involved the sacrifice of another. He considered the matter carefully.

"Never!" he said at last. "If I have to take advantage of others to keep the high places of the world, I will remain forever obscure."

He fell wearily against the pillows, but he was too excited to sleep. And presently the angel of sleep descended, and he slept.

And while he was sleeping, some one touched his hand and said: "Come, dear, world-worn mortal, let me take you to the House of Sorrows, for there you will gather courage to resume your labors."

Then he rose gladly and took the hand extended, for it was she that he had loved above all women, she who had gone to the mystic country, and left his heart desolate three months before. And seeing her he felt strangely comforted, because he knew that she comprehended his troubles.

When they arrived at the House of Sorrows, many people were going in, and every face was sorrowful with the woe of the world.

And still holding the hand of the woman that he loved, the man seemed to comprehend the pain of human existence. And the tears rose to his eyes as he asked himself the unanswered question of the centuries: "Why must men suffer?"

There were men with haggard faces, and young men with despairing eyes, but the faces of the women moved him more than all.

"Is it the common lot that all must suffer?" he asked.

"It must be so," said his companion, "until men understand the Law."

"The Law?" he questioned; "but surely if men knew a Law they would not suffer."

"They will not believe the Law," she said. "They have had it ever since Christ lived on earth to show men the Way."

And the man marveled as he said to himself: "Have I, too, heard the Law?"

Then the soul within him answered: "Love God, and keep His commandments."

And presently they came to the Lake of Consolation, where many people were gathered, and some sat under the trees, and some by the borders of the lake. And as the man looked into the clear water, he was suddenly released from his sorrows.

And as the people passed about him he perceived that they were different from the people on the earth, and he said: "Are these the spirits of men, and am I dead?"

Then the woman smiled deeply into his eyes as she answered: "These are the souls of men and women asleep upon the earth. When they think their hearts are breaking they are brought here by their guardian angels to be comforted. God does not forget His children, He giveth His beloved sleep."

"Do all sleeping souls come to be helped?" asked the man.

"These are not sleeping souls," said the woman gently; "the soul never sleeps."

Then he looked at her with a new expression, as he said: "Will you come for my soul every night so that I can learn the Law? Would to God that I were one of His beloved!"

"All men are His beloved," said the woman, "but the children of men must overcome the world."

"How?" asked the man; "tell me."

"To-night you overcame evil with good," she answered; "that is the Law."

"Then I will live to overcome the world," he said, "and I will regard temptations as the stepping-stones to Life!"

And while they sat by the lake many of the people departed, and others appeared. And those that went away had a new light upon their faces. And many of the women that came were mothers, and the people made room for them as though they were entitled to a greater consideration. And when the mothers had sat a little space by the lake they hastened away as though they could not remain long.

And into the faces of every one that passed through the House of Sorrows and sat by the Lake of Consolation, came a look of tranquillity and of comprehension.

* * * * * *

Then the soul of the man was disturbed with a great confusion; there was a sound of roaring, and wild shouts of anxious men. And when he came to himself he was being dragged from his bed through flames of fire and smoke.

"It was like waking the dead," said one of the men that had rescued him. "If we could have aroused you before, you might have saved something."

"Yes," said the man, as he gazed upon the flames, "I am a beggar now."

"And what are you going to do?" asked his friends, anxiously.

Then he who had learned comprehension in the House of Sorrows, whose soul had been refreshed by the Lake of Consolation, and whose waking mind held the vision of a peaceful figure under the green trees, smiled into their faces as he said: "I am going to overcome the world."—*Marcia Davies.*

He Whistled on the Way

No deeds of fame enshrined his name—
  No laurel wreath or bay;
And yet he made earth happier;
  He whistled on the way!

When sorrow frowned and stars were drowned
  In stormy skies and gray,
He saw the light stream through the night;
  He whistled on the way!

And even grief found sweet relief—
  Hope shed a brighter ray,
And hearts he knew not blessed him
  For whistling on the way!

And when from life's dark shadows
  He passed into the day,
They wrote above this line of love:
  "He whistled on the way!"

We cannot honestly and safely receive the praise of men unless we deserve their love.

Practical wisdom consists in saying the obvious thing at the right time. True courage consists in doing the obvious thing in an emergency.

Do what you can, give what you have. Only stop not with feelings; carry your charity into deeds. Do and give what costs you something.

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Most sincerely and gratefully yours,

J. G. B. HEATH.

A PRACTICAL TALK

By FREDERICK W. BURRY

Written Especially for The Magazine of Mysteries

ONE notable thing about many writings to-day is the candid element in them. And by this their strength is marked—the element of candor in them—the element of personality.

A good writer impresses his personality on every word. It is like talking to a man; in fact, to read a vital work of this nature brings you closer to the man behind the pen, by a subtle principle of mental telegraphy.

Many people find it hard to write because they are afraid to say what they feel; they do not even think it—they are afraid to think—and so, when they speak, they stutter and stammer, and when they write it is in stereotyped phrases which they learned at school.

Literature is not mere words. It must be alive to be worthy of the name. It must be so realistic that it transforms a sheet of paper into a mirror for your soul.

All great writings are interpretative. That is what words are for, to show you to yourself.

Paintings are often life-like, but they do not possess the potency of words—these can become human in their intenseness and reality.

Wonderful is the power of the Right Word—the Word of Encouragement and Health and Power.

What do I love so much as a few kind words? Perhaps I sometimes like to read them better, for I am then not confronted with the weaknesses and imperfections of the personality who is the medium for their expression.

After all, what is the use of meeting people so much? There are lots of writers whom I love and admire, whose personalities I am sure I have no wish to see—not that I could be disappointed with them (as some have been with me), for the appearances of people are with me of very little account—the real man is sufficient—the character—and this I can discern in what a man writes, either in a letter or a book. And I cannot be deceived by any of the customary vanities therein, either.

As you grow older and your being becomes matured by that infallible guide to all Results—Experience, Life will become very real to you. You are all children, every one of you, no matter how many winters and summers you may have seen.

Remember that this earth is yet in the infant stage. People are part of the earth: as they mature, the earth will also. How long will history take you back? Only a few thousand years. And what is this to the infinite duration of the universe? And just take a look around you; look at this continent—miles and miles of unexplored land, and what is explored only partially developed.

The earth is a mine of tremendous resources. Nature's forces are yet to be utilized. What man has done in the way of invention is only the barest intimation of what he may and will do.

People are getting tired of the old humdrum existence. Tired of mere eating and drinking and pleasure-seeking—it seems such a wearying routine—the same old things every day. They travel round the globe (those who can afford it) and they return to the place where they started from, declaring they have seen everything there is to see; but, alas, what do they know? Nothing. They might just as well have stayed at home—they would have been just as wise and just as happy.

Yes, people are getting tired. They have hunted everywhere for Happiness and they have not found it. They will never find it until they learn to keep still, and in the silence of self-introspection Happiness will come to them; it will not have to be sought after.

Travel and other luxuries are very good things—we can appreciate them better when we have first learned to appreciate the simple things around us.

There is pleasure to be gained even out of scrubbing a floor. Can you scrub a floor? I can; and I have done so—once. I shall never forget the pleasure I experienced as down on my knees I perseveringly scrubbed away, until the perspiration dropped from me and mingled with the water; doubtless, because of my inexperience, I made the work unnecessarily hard; but it was a great treat to watch the floor getting cleaner and cleaner; and when the job was finished and the floor was dry, the nice white floor gave me a sense of satisfaction. I had seen lots of clean floors before, but this one I had made clean myself, which altered the whole appearance of it to me. Possibly it was not so clean as floors scrubbed by more experienced hands; but it seemed cleaner, and that was sufficient. I am going to repeat this experiment of scrubbing some day. Just now my leisure hours are taken up with other things, though it is a question whether these are of more importance than the simple task of scrubbing a floor.

Around you, in your daily affairs, in your present opportunities, are the possibilities of happiness. Work brings more happiness than anything else. You need something to occupy your mind. Give your brain occupation—something useful, something of service, something wherein your hands are also called into operation.

Don't you know that exercise gives strength and makes you grow? But you must not let all your exercise be in one direction. Variety is necessary; your nature demands it.

It is because people have allowed themselves to drift into ruts that they are incapable of the divine art of Appreciation. We enjoy and understand things by contrasts.

What do the wealthy know about Life—those who never had any hill to climb; those whose sole manual occupation has been confined to the pressing of electric buttons, and whose mental occupation has been limited to such stupendous questions as what to wear, what to eat, where to go? They have never lived!

In order to live, you have got to know; and in order to know, you have got to feel.

Yes, you have got to feel. You may read from now till doomsday, and you may observe what others do, and these things are all very well in their way. But this is not Life. Life comes from Experience; yes, you have got to feel.

For two thousand years churches have been raised and services held in honor of a certain carpenter's Son. With adulations and prayers and praises, millions have offered up their worship at countless Christian altars. But a more absurd contrast between the recorded life of that carpenter's Son and His professed followers could not be imagined. I will not say that all have been like this. In every age there have been a few earnest souls who have acted differently from the multitude—who have been religious and faithful and earnest; and these few have saved the Christian Church from perishing.

Ah, my friend, it is a wonderful thing to be sincere, to be candid. To allow your ideas, your actions, freedom. To breathe the fresh, pure air of heaven without fear, and to allow your thoughts wings, flying the celestial ether, without fear.

This is to be awakened, unfolded. This is to feel strong, and to be strong—to have command over Life in all its phases. Oh, a wonderful thing is Sincerity. It is worth more than the dollars and fine clothes and fine houses and journeys to distant lands. Sincerity opens out LIFE.

I want to be distinctly understood, however—and I never tire repeating it—that I am not an apostle of Poverty. Simply because the Wealthy have often allowed their souls to become slaves to their money is no reason for despising materials altogether. I would see the day when all men are wealthy, having control of the earth's resources, and using the same as masters should use it—for service in humanity's needs at large.

What I detest is Selfishness. I like to see people free and open and loving. I like to see them thinking of others. For we are all one; and every day makes this Oneness more real to me.

In a world of absolute plenty, why should we ever know what Involuntary Poverty is, any of us? There will come a time when men will not know its meaning—if they ever desire the experience of doing without things, it will be purely voluntary. This time will be a time of Freedom—when men will be awake and alive—free to think, to breathe, to have all they want.

Our wants now loom up like a large regiment of some enemy; they make demands and we are unable to accede to them. We are at their mercy—at least we have been. But we are now ascending the Throne of Mastery. And the wants that are reasonable we are learning how to satisfy, and the rest we are able to turn away.

Many philosophers will tell you to kill your desires. They possibly mean something different from the literal and popular interpretation of this teaching—at least some of them most likely do. I do not believe in killing desire—I believe in mastering it. Desires are forces; and all our forces are ours to control, to direct, to master.

Mastery is the highest type of Happiness—that is, the Mastery which is based on Self-control. The Will of Man is the Centre of his Being; it is for him to learn how to make a right and harmonious adjustment between the Centre and all Circumstances.

It is all right and expedient to make the most of Circumstances, but most men need to learn how to make the most of their Centre—their Will; then Circumstances arrange themselves in automatic, serviceable relationship.

The average life is dull enough; it is not particularly painful or pleasurable. It is insensible.

Those who read periodicals like THE MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES are not likely to belong to this general run of people, who go through life, as the saying is, like "dumb, driven cattle." You, dear reader, can feel—I know you can. You have suffered and you have enjoyed. But you feel yourself rising to a plane of Consciousness that calls for a fuller measure of Life's Sensations—you now want to Live, with yourself at the Helm. You are tired of inanities. You want Satisfaction. You want an outlet for the abnormal energies of your nature; they are abnormal because they are above and beyond the average or normal.

You want to make a Life—a World—of your own. You want more Light, more Interpretation, more Wisdom, more Power.

Perhaps you have not before fully realized that you wanted these things, but now that I tell you so forcefully, you know that it is so.

And I can see the glimmer of the Light of Recognition in your eyes as you read this page; I catch the inspiration of your new-born Intentions; I have wakened some hope, some suggestion in your mind. That is all I wanted to do. I will now leave you to work out the rest yourself. Leave you, did I say? No, I cannot leave you. See, I stretch my hand out to you. Grasp it; and we will march along together, and achieve and conquer.

The world is open for all of us. Much is yet to be done in it. In some way, all have a peculiar part to play in Life's Evolution—a part that will be played all the better as the performers first prepare themselves by Self-examination.

Life is all right. The world is growing better. Never mind what some people say. We are unfolding. And mark my word for it, the next few years will be the record-breakers of History—and I am not prophesying any evil, for I know we are entering the age of Unfoldment—of Power and Happiness.

The Divine Hand alone can uphold and sustain thee. "Fear not, I will be with thee!" Who can show us any good but the All-good?

Common sense is the gift of heaven; enough of it is genius.

How We Master Our Fate

is a great book, by Ursula N. Gestefeld. This is a practical work, descriptive and explanatory of human experience, and shows just how to make it satisfactory. It tells of **Destiny** and **Fate**, how to **Care for the Body**, of the **Hidden Body**, and much more of immense practical value. Price, 75 cents, postpaid.

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is a companion volume to the above by the same author. It teaches just what its title says, how to be **Rid of Poverty**, the **Use of Remedies, Natural and Controlled Old Age**, and a large variety of other things that you ought to know right now. Price, $1.00, postpaid. The two books in one order, $1.50, postpaid. **The Gestefeld Publishing Co., 183 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ills.**

LIFE VIBRATIONS

If all needed experience and growth of man can be gained in the Spirit World, why then should there be any earthly embodiment? We start as pure eternal angels from God; incarnate in matter to help establish a planet; lose our consciousness in the Lethe of matter and through countless æons of time make the conquest of matter, regain consciousness and return to our source—God. It is an endless period of Involution and Evolution. "Souls are evolved from this perfect fount, where they were previously involved." It is the Eternal orderly work of God in His Universe. From plane to plane and sphere to sphere we eternally work for a manifold purpose—to establish or evolve worlds, solar systems, and beautify the grand Universe. Oh, Eternal Soul! know the wonders and grandeur of Immensity, and be not so attached, limited and blinded with the attractions of this small planet! Behold the starry heaven, and let thy mind go out into the vast depths of the Universe and ask thy God if there is any limitation in time or space to thy soul. The answer will surely come, "No! blessed soul, no! Thou art me and I am thee! We are beyond all time and all space; we are the builders and what is built; the perceiver and the perceived; the *all* in *all*, through *all* and beyond *all*—the ETERNAL ALL!"

Any one who would possess great wealth must first learn the occult rule of not permitting wealth to *possess* him.

The whole world loves, adores, worships and serves that person who is all soul—divine.

Each succeeding day the universal and infinite power operates in a larger and fuller way, as can be readily seen by any clear and keen observer. As an instance, look at the wonderful discoveries and inventions that are daily being made, all of which certainly tend toward a larger and fuller enjoyment of life. It is indeed a dull and stupid mind that, amidst the wonderful phenomena and miracles of life, cannot discern progress along all lines, and the promise of a golden future. Wake up out of your pessimistic dreams and realize the Truth—that to-day is the brightest and best day the world has ever seen, and that to-morrow will be brighter yet.

This Magazine is intended to be a Monthly Message of Hope. YOU, if you aspire to the highest attainment, will be inspired to new hope and new effort if *you* will but read it regularly.

Our desires, in great part, are prophecies of what we are to really realize sometime, somewhere.

To the Yogi everything is bliss, every human being to him is an Eternal Soul, every human face that he sees brings cheerfulness to him. That is the sign of a holy and virtuous man—to see the good in all.

External purification is keeping the body pure; a dirty man will never be a Yogi. There must be internal purification also.

As we are loving, kind, gentle, patient, amiable, tolerant and considerate, we acquire that easy politeness, courtesy and simple dignity that marks great character. Souls possessed of these qualities are not egotists and possess that most fascinating charm that we call Personal Magnetism.

The bliss and peace and power that comes to him who overcometh all these false ideas about *time*, beginning and end, creation, salvation and dualism is indescribable. With knowledge comes power. Man is never a great worker until he has cast out of his mind all ideas or thoughts of *limitation*. We are souls—eternal souls—in no way limited except by our minds.

True happiness is never known until self is outgrown. All misery comes from the mind thinking it is something separate and apart from the multitude. We are all one, united in the ALL—the Universal Life.

The supernal message of the soul is in one word—LOVE.

"When God is within, it matters little what is without."

What is Truth? That which thy soul speaks to thee in the Silence. It is Love in eternal action for ALL.—*A. Z.*

All beings, whether so-called "good" or "bad," are animated by One Intelligent Force—God. The Omniscient One, in building a new planet like ours, manifests or expresses Himself in countless billions of forms in all vegetation and from that animate being of one cell up to the type of the most perfect man who is so complex and formed of countless cells. Again, in all atoms, minute as they may be, is that *attracting* and cohesive force of the Blessed One (which in animate beings we call love), which causes atom to seek atom, and form the ocean, the stone, the mineral and the countless combinations of matter. So, truly, "that which exists is One, sages call it variously." Oh, canst thou not see this *one*, all-pervading, omnipresent omniscience and omnipotence? It is the one mighty power of Love that holds *all* things in the universe together. It eternally changes forms in an intelligent and orderly progression and never destroys; it is constructive and not destructive. GOD IS LOVE! This is the age of Love and not Fear! There is only fear and weakness and no virtue in being a God-fearing man! Come, stand erect, eternal soul, and be a God-loving man!

Never speak of the length of time which you have been doing a thing, unless you are pretty good at it. The best way is not to speak at all of any achievement, but let your work speak for itself.

The Best Thought of this age demands that we should rise from the *concepts* of the finite to knowledge of the infinite. Thus we reach the *Supreme Good*.

The vengeance of the Lord is the word of truth, which cuts like a two-edged sword. It is the execution of the law, "Whatever a man sows, that shall he also reap."

Revenge is suicidal. It is like the rage of the hive bee, in stinging a supposed enemy it kills itself.

The conduct of other people is a mirror in which we can see ourselves; therefore condemn not. The language of love is "Like myself." We are or have been guilty of the wrong thought, if not of the manifestation or incarnation of it.

As species and variety are necessary to beauty and perfection of the whole, so are individualities in friendship.

We now live in an age of Light that will yield countless great and perfect persons, because men are choosing and worshipping a God of Love. Blessed Age!—*The Blissful Prophet.*

That which we do best is done by the guiding Hand of God and the Angels.

Precious soul, ever remember thou knowest thy duty better than any one else does. At every hand are well-meaning souls full of zeal, but who lack knowledge and wisdom, who seem to know thy duty better than thy *self* knoweth it. Listen only to thy soul—thy *self*.

Thou art the only One whose action was, is and ever shall be glorified, and whose commands shall ever be obeyed!

Thou art the ONE who changest by His command the dishonored to the highest state of honor, the weak to be strong, the failing to have power, the confused to be in peace and the doubting to have strong faith!

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The Yogi Adepts' Conception of Power of Mind

THE Yogi Adepts of India who give up the world's attractions and yield their whole lives to prayer, study and works for humanity, in order that they may solve all the problems of life for the benefit of All, devote much time to the study of the mind. With the mind they analyze and study the mind, and in a while get full and complete control of it. The Yogi teaches that the mind vibrates on many planes—from the lowest animal plane to that of the most perfect man. Swami Vivekananda, in his Yoga Philosophy (Raja Yoga), says:

"We find, in studying history, one fact held in common by all the great teachers of religion the world ever had; they all claim to have got these truths from beyond, only many of them did not know what they were getting. For instance, one would say that an angel came down in the form of a human being, with wings, and said to him, 'Here, oh man, this is the message.' Another says that a Deva, a bright being, appeared to him. Another says he dreamed that his ancestor came and told him all these things. He did not know anything beyond that. But this thing is common, that all claim either that they saw angels, or heard the voice of God, or saw some wonderful vision. All claim that this knowledge has come to them from beyond, not through their reasoning power. What does the science of Yoga teach? It teaches that they were right in claiming that all this knowledge came to them from beyond reasoning, but that it came from within themselves.

"The Yogi teaches that the mind itself has a higher state of existence, beyond reason, a super-conscious state, and when the mind gets to that higher state, then this knowledge, beyond reasoning, comes to a man, metaphysical knowledge, beyond all physical knowledge. Metaphysical and transcendental knowledge comes to that man, and this state of going beyond reason, transcending ordinary human nature, sometimes may come by chance to a man who does not understand its science; he as it were stumbles into it. When he stumbles into it, he generally interprets it as from outside. So this explains why an inspiration, or this transcendental knowledge, may be the same in different countries, but in one country it will seem to come from an angel, and in another through a Deva, and in another through God. What does it mean? It means that the mind brought the knowledge by its own nature, and that the finding of the knowledge was interpreted according to the beliefs and education of the person through whom it came. The real fact is that these various men, as it were, stumbled into this super-conscious state."

That the trained and non-attached mind receives and sends forth thought vibrations from and to all parts of the Universe—from and to minds in physical bodies or minds in ethereal bodies, is well known.

The great soul, whether in a gross physical body or out of it in fine ethereal body, transmits its messages, with this difference, that with the psychic-mental power the field of action is the Universe, while with the mechanical plan the distance of transmitting a message is limited to a few miles near the Earth's surface. Moreover, in the super-conscious state, tremendous volumes of knowledge and wisdom are flashed from mind to mind throughout the whole Universe—from sphere to sphere—all by the medium of super-conscious thought vibrations in the natural medium of psychic-mental energy, the Omnipresent Ether. Hence we have those ever-present phenomena, which have been in evidence in all ages, of Spirit-return, converse and communion with God and the Angels, and inspirational speaking and writing. This planet is only one speck in an infinite ocean of planets, suns (stars) and countless spheres, many so fine and ethereal that only those who have reached the super-conscious state and got beyond reason can comprehend their great number and their great beauty. We are only one link in an infinite chain of worlds or spheres, and the minds of men are so many instruments all connected with the Infinite Spirit and the Infinite Reservoir of knowledge, and sometime and somewhere we all awake or evolve into that super-conscious state, when we become both receivers and senders of the glorious messages of Truth. This super-conscious or illumined state is the effect of full and complete union of man with God. It is a state of intense action and complete bliss and serenity. It is that phenomenal and divine action that *does* and *achieves*—that has inscribed on its banners "Eternal Progress toward Eternal Perfection." It is optimistic, because it is a sane, normal, dignified and divine state. Optimism is not the extreme of pessimism; it is the normal state of a well-ordered, healthy mind that is at-one with the Divine Mind. All progress, all civilization, all healthy action, individually or collectively, depend upon the state of mind—whether in a conscious or a super-conscious state. So, dear souls, let us all move patiently and merrily on in the Grand Evolution until we become united with God, and reach the Blessed State—the super-conscious state.—*The Blissful Prophet.*

When the Yogi does not receive presents from others he does not become beholden to others, but becomes independent and free, and his mind becomes pure, because with every gift he receives all the evils of the giver, and they come and lay coating after coating on his mind, until it is hidden under all sorts of coverings of evil. If he does not receive anything free the mind becomes pure, and the first thing it gets is memory of past life. Then alone the Yogi becomes perfectly fixed in his ideal, because he sees that he has been coming and going so many times, and he becomes determined that this time he will be free, and that he will no more come and go, and be the slave of Nature.

There is no higher virtue than love for *all* and non-injuring. "There is no happiness higher than what a man obtains by this attitude of non-offensiveness to *all*."

Concentration

IT is a thought within a thought,
A mighty will to do,
A centre where the mind can dwell,
A prayer serene unto
The Universal God of love,
The inner man, the true;
It brings the forces far and near,
Creates the tiniest flower,
'Tis the workroom of inventive man,
It builded Babel's tower:
It is wisdom's lever drawing
From that Infantismal plan,
To lead the spirit onward
From the Lord God unto man:
It drew those wondrous atoms
To a realm of perfect light
Where the conscious and subconscious mind
Transmits that inner Sight;
To concentrate is mastery,
The key to Wisdom's seat;
Once in that Silent Stillness
The at-one-ment's full complete.
As the Christ King we can conquer
And reign supreme, within;
Till we reach that mystic highway
Where the word is: Elohim.

—*Mrs. R. E. B. Gillespie.*

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THE PRICE OF SUCCESS

By WILLIAM E. TOWNE

You say you want health and wealth, and yet when circumstances begin to adjust themselves in such a way that your desires may be gratified you kick and complain. If you get anything worth having in this world you will have to pay the price for it, you will have to *earn* it.

In order to obtain health and wealth you've got to want them badly enough to comply with the law by which they may be obtained. You will have to *agree* with that which you want in order to obtain it. You cannot always obtain things in just *your* way. If you owned a barn in the country and wanted to convey water to it you would first naturally look for a spring which was situated on a higher level than the barn itself, in order that you might not be compelled to work against the law of gravitation in accomplishing your purpose, but if you failed to find a spring adapted to your needs you might still be able to obtain a water supply provided you had a suitable spring at a lower level than your barn from which the water could be forced to the higher level by hydraulic pressure.

Now, in the case of the attainment of health and wealth, you've got to want them so much that you will try more than one method, if necessary, to obtain them. You've got to comply with the law of health and wealth, even if it impels you to certain acts which you would not ordinarily choose. If you are indolent by nature, you will need to agree with the law of activity, of action and reaction before you can attain success. If you are lacking in concentration and inclined to spread your mind over half a dozen occupations without doing anything well, you will have to focus your powers. And so on through the list.

Set yourself earnestly to work to EARN what you desire, regardless of obstacles, regardless of what other people may think about it, and then stick to it and you will win out. You then *agree* with the law by which your desires may be realized. You work in harmony with the universe, and all the powers of the universe work *with* you because you work with them. When you really desire success you will soon learn to *enjoy* doing the things which bring it to you. The one great desire will *unify* the lesser desires and bring them into harmony.

The Power of Money

He who has an inordinate desire for money usually gets much of it, gets attached to it and is not happy; he has money, and money has him. Man's will concentrated on acquiring money is all-powerful. Yet this is a poor way to acquire material wealth, and is sure to bring much woe and misery—lasting misery. The following, from Occult Truths, will be of interest:

"It is a divine paradox that he who has no will at all may receive all things. Many people who had subdued love of money, find it flowing in upon them in quantity greater than they can use. It is an occult law that destruction of desire and of will opens the fountains whence flow all blessings. In this case, as there is no attachment, so there will be no bad Karma to be gotten rid of hereafter. The young man of great riches, who asked what he should do to inherit eternal life, was told to sell all that he had and give it to such poor people as needed its lessons. He went away, sorrowful because of the attachment which barred him from the Kingdom. Money does not bar us, but love of money does. The test is perfect willingness to be stripped of it. When the willingness to be stripped has truly come, the money may stay, but don't fool yourself by PRETENDING not to love money, for such self-deception is even worse than love of money and will canker the whole life."

Marvelous light and life that through the mind flashes in inspiration and thought too subtle and lofty to frame in words! As when the inter-stellar force which sweeps from sun to sun first impinges our heavy atmosphere and bursts into motion we now call light, so this potent consciousness that dominates the worlds within ourselves flashes into new, unthought and lofty phase when it emerges further through ourselves and illuminates the conscious mind with its states.—*Realization.*

The Force That Conquers

By John H. Haworth

Nor by might nor yet by power
Shall we conquer in the fight;
"By My Spirit," saith Jehovah,
"Comes the triumph of the right."
Not for strong ones is the battle,
Nor for swift ones is the race,
Weakest things confound the mighty
When we take the weak one's place.

Shall we trust in improved armor
In the thickest of the fray?
Will our great Goliaths totter
If we still forget to pray?
Not in eloquence or learning,
Nor in practiced eye or hand,
Is the secret of our service
That shall bless a needy land.

By His spirit, all-pervading,
God alone is glorified,
As His works are wrought within us
And His power is multiplied.
Wouldst thou be our overcomer?
Lay thine earthly armor down,
Join the never-ending anthem,
Wear the victor's glory-crown.

From the secret of thy closet,
Where thy weakness meets His strength,
Go, in conscious power for service,
God will bless and crown at length.
Lo! the "Grace of Christ" sufficeth,
It will meet thy deepest need;
With the "Power of Christ" upon thee
Thou shalt overcome indeed.

If man is the creator and source of power of his habits, can he not remove that power and destroy them? The power that creates can destroy.

Sail outward on that inward sea
Of consciousness sublime;
And far beyond the gates of time,
The weight of words or sense of rhyme,
Learn what it is to be.

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NOV 20 1902

Suggestion is interchangeable. The mortal has no power except that given it by the immortal for a time.

The human body is an organism used by two classes of spirits, commonly called good and evil, mortal and immortal.

Man can sow what he pleases. God pities the one who chooses to sow seeds of ignorance and vice.

Recognize your relationship with the universe and all its parts and you will be more loving.

Character is a bundle of habits. Habits originate in the mind and are registered on the body.

Forms are destructible, but life is eternal. As forms are evolutionary so is spirit; it is circulating.

"In quietness and in confidence shall be your strength."—*Isaiah* xxx, 15.

As things of life die without food or exercise, so a habit will perish if you cease to exercise it and to feed it with its proper thought.

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Experience is the beginningless past; the great *now* and the endless future will take us to the Most High—infinite perfection.

So, come! let us be calm, serene, sane and merry, and look on all books, all writings and all teachings as merely *suggestive*.

Swami Vivekananda, in his great work on *Raja Yoga*, says: "Experience is the only teacher we have. We may talk and reason all our lives, without ever understanding a word of truth, until we experience it ourselves. You cannot hope to make a man a surgeon by simply giving him a few books. You cannot satisfy my curiosity to see a country by showing me a map; I must have actual experience. Maps can only create a little curiosity in us to get more perfect knowledge. Beyond that they have no value whatever. All clinging to books only degenerates the human mind. Was there ever a more horrible blasphemy than to say that all the knowledge of God is confined in this or that book? How dare men call God infinite, and yet try to compress Him into the covers of a little book! Millions of people have been killed because they did not believe what the books say, because they would not, could not, see all the knowledge of God within the covers of a book. Of course this killing and murdering has gone by, but the world is still tremendously bound up in a belief in books."

All that books can do is to stimulate and inspire the mind to aspire and *live the life*. A holy seer, sage or adept can write about eternal bliss and show the means and ways to attainment, but no one can have perfect bliss and perfect power to do until they actually *live* and *experience* what is written.—*The Blissful Prophet.*

The testimony of all holy adepts in all ages is uniformly the same—that love for God, meditation and contemplation of Him, and going into the Silence and *Listening*, will carry one to the Most High—infinite perfection.

Love

Peace, troubled Soul! The sweet evangel,
Love, calls from the silence—
Lo! I come, in strength and power,
Yet gentle as the sound of silver bell,
All ills to heal.
For where Love enters, Hate cannot abide,
Envy and malice flee, to hide
Their hideous forms;
Unconscious that the face of Love
Is ever smiling, radiant as the sun;
For Love is Light,
And God is Love.

—*Helen C. Clark.*

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Thoughts for Every-day Living

Disappointment feeds development in earnest souls.

Decide what it is your duty to do, do it, and never regret anything that comes in its train.

Temperament is wax before the human will and God. Natural traits are powerless before normal decisions.

The man who never makes any mistakes never makes anything. Many chips, broken instruments, cuts and bruises belong to the history of any beautiful statue. Persist in spite of everything.

One of the commonest mistakes and one of the costliest is thinking that success is due to some genius, some magic—something or other which we do not possess. Success is generally due to holding on, and failure to letting go. You decide to learn a language, study music, take a course of reading, train yourself physically. Will it be success or failure? It depends upon how much pluck and perseverance that word "decide" contains.

The decision that nothing can overrule, the grip that nothing can detach, will bring success.

Remember the Chinese proverb. "With time and patience, the mulberry leaf becomes satin."

There is a certain borderland in which we must live no small part of our time. It is not the country of compromise, but of give and take. We are bound by deep conscientiousness to be truthful, but that does not mean brutally truthful. Truth need not be a ragged edge of rock, but, while profoundly structural, it can be grass-grown and fragrant through gentle arts of cultivation. We are bound to be polite and self-denying, but bound also to let others deny themselves for us. We are bound to give, but no less to receive. We may have a right to be annoyed, but we need not wholly live up to it.

We may be obliged to reprove, but we can instantly plan some scheme of kindness. Life demands a firm hand, but there is no law against wearing a velvet glove.

"Joy" is a larger word than "happiness" or "amusement" or "diversion." It includes all of these, but much else—trials, tests and tasks. Happiness is a thing of happenings. Amusement is turning aside to muse or cultivating the Muses after work. Diversion is being put on another track for a little while. But joy belongs to all that happens, and to work as well as amusement or diversion. It is like a good appetite and a good stomach, it likes and digests everything. Everything is kindling for its fire, wheat for its barn, fish for its net.

It finds in work co-operation with God, no matter how lowly or monotonous the task. It suffers and endures for that which is to be when the work is done, when the iron becomes steel, and the rough marble a thing of beauty. In temptation it finds the warrior's delight; in victory and defeat, if an honorable one, the comfort of knowing that God understands every campaign; if a dishonorable one, the sad but hopeful joy of honest repentance and a new determination.—*Maltbie D. Babcock.*

Cultivate the friendly spirit. If one would have friends he must be worthy of them. Make friends early in life. Hold fast to your friends. It is one of the commonest regrets in after-life that early friendships were not kept up. Make a point of having friends among your elders. Friendship between those of the same age is sweeter, but friendship with elders is more useful, or, rather, they supplement each other.—*Theodore T. Munger.*

The exuberant bliss of *living the life* cannot be compared to any sensual delight known; it fills us with a power to do great and lasting works for *all;* it is a joyous, endless life full of bliss that fills us with sunshiny optimism and gives us tone, character and dignity, so that we walk erect like gods and do not crawl as worms of the dust. *Live the life,* if thou wouldst walk and talk with God and the Angels. And what is it to *live the life?* It is to live with God, the Loving Father of All—in truth and justice and harmonious relation to the All.

"There is no beautifier of complexion, or form, or behavior, like the wish to scatter joy and not pain around us," said the great Emerson. The aim of this magazine will always be to spread the sunshine of love, hope, faith, and courage as much as it can, as far as it can, and as long as it can.

What a blessed age! "Hear ye not the hum of mighty workings?"

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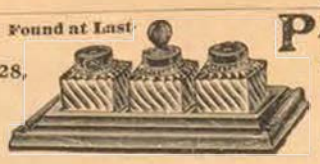

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SHORT ASTROLOGICAL DELINEATIONS, COVERING THE TWELVE PERIODS OF THE YEAR.

♑ All persons born from December 23 to January 20, 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 January 21 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 a good companion; are practical. We can show you how to achieve great success. Be sure to read bottom of this page about our grand free 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 sensible and thoughtful; anxious to gain knowledge; have mechanical ability; are positive in your opinions; when determined, are successful. You can become very successful if you will follow the Mystic Astrologer's advice. Wealth, health and happiness come to all Pisces people when they listen to the Mystic Astrologers. Read how you can get a full Mystic Astrological Delineation free, on this page.

♈ 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 Mystics 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 under the sign of Taurus. You live in the realm of sensations and emotions too much; very fond of good living; can acquire great wealth if you go about it right. The Mystic Adepts can tell you how to become fortunate and happy. Learn how to get great occult powers. We will send you a long Mystical Delineation free, according to conditions printed at bottom of this page.

♊ All persons born from May 22 to June 21, inclusive, were born in Gemini. You have a vivacious, restless and anxious nature; intensely aspiring and energetic; suffer much at times because you do not know how to use your wonderful occult powers. Mysticism is your realm. The full Astrological Delineation, described at bottom of this page, can greatly help you to get command of unseen forces. Read about it.

♋ All persons born from June 22 to July 23, inclusive, were born in sign of Cancer. You have a sympathetic and emotional love nature; are model housewives or husbands; love home and family; can amass fortune and be very happy if you will give attention to psychic and occult powers. The full Astrological Delineation, which we give free as per offer at bottom of this page, will give you the Mystic way of having health, fortune and happiness. Read about it.

♌ All persons born from July 24 to August 23, inclusive, were born in Leo. You are jovial, sympathetic, free and friendly; kind and loving. Be careful and guard against selfishness. You can acquire wonderful psychic, magnetic and hypnotic powers by studying occult and psychic science. Read, at bottom of this page, about the free Astrological Delineation we will give you. It will pay you to follow the Mystic Adept's advice.

♍ All persons born from August 24 to September 23, inclusive, were born in Virgo. You have a cool, calm, confident bearing; you ought to be very successful, as you can excel in anything you undertake. The Mystic Adepts can help you, and you ought to give attention to study of occult and psychic subjects. Read our great offer at bottom of this page; a full Astrological Delineation, as there described, will be of great value to you.

♎ All persons born from September 24 to October 23, inclusive, were born in Libra. You are modest and retiring; your inner nature is receptive, intuitional, 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 Adepts, as they can help you. Read notice at bottom of this page to get great help.

♏ All persons born from October 24 to November 22, inclusive, were born in Scorpio. You have great vital forces; capable of endurance; have magnetic and hypnotic powers which ought to be developed in a scientific way. This magazine and the Mystics can help anyone develop psychic powers. Read our free offer of a full Astrological Delineation, printed at bottom of this page.

♐ All persons born from November 23 to December 22, inclusive, were born in Sagittarius. You are earnest, fearless, honest, frank, jovial, combative, generous, friendly; very sympathetic and outspoken; you detest deception; are quick-tempered and impulsive. Be careful to curb your anger. You are often misunderstood. Astrology can help you; can point the way to success and fortune. Send for free Astrological Delineation, as per offer at bottom of this page.

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