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THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES

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VOL. 4 NO. 3

JANUARY 1903



HABEL WILLIAMSON



The New York Magazine of Mysteries

22 NORTH WILLIAM STREET, NEW YORK CITY

CHARLES E. ELLIS, Proprietor

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY

THOMPSON & CO.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, \$1.00 PER YEAR

To all parts of the United States, Canada, Mexico and Cuba. Subscribers in the City of New York and Foreign Countries please add 36 cents for extra postage.

SINGLE COPIES, 10 CENTS

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THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES

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

Comforting Words

WERE all books in the world destroyed and all writings and teachings cease I would still be comforted by these words of David:

The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; He leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul; He leadeth me in the path of righteousness for His Name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me.—*Psalm xxiii, 1-4.*

O Sovereign Lord of the Universe, Our Blessed Father, how can I be discouraged and confounded when I have Thee to trust?

Whisperings of the Soul

The Reflections of a Fervent Mystic When in the Bliss of Holy Calm

HAIL, Holy Spirit! Thou hast brought joy and peace into my whole being, for Thou hast made me conscious of the eternal life of all souls.

With the old teachings of the *nothingness* and *unworthiness* of the children of God my heart was sad and my mind disturbed.

But through Thee, Blessed Spirit, I know all beings are eternal souls, children of One Blessed Father, eternally united. Blessed truth!

Thou hast opened my mind, and I am no longer blind. Blessed Miracle!

I fear Thee not, dear Father, for my soul, heart and mind is afire and inflamed with Love and I hide myself no longer from Thy wrath; for anger and wrath are no part of Thee.

Out of the depths of fear and ignorance and superstition I prayed to Thee, Father, and Thou didst hear my cry for Truth.

And Thy mild, sweet and gentle Voice whispered through my soul and said: "Fear not, my son; I am the loving Father of All."

And Thou didst tell me, Father, that finite minds cannot fully comprehend Infinite Perfection and Thy mighty Love and tender Mercy.

Again Thy sweet, clear voice didst whisper through my soul: Omnipotence is Love, and Impotence is anger, hate and wrath and fear and the false and untrue images of dis-eased and disordered mind.

Also, Thou hast indelibly impressed my mind with that inspiring truth—that all souls share Thy eternal and everlasting Love, if they will accept and receive it.

That the universe is full of the power of Thy mighty love and the majesty of Thy glory; that Thou art our Father of Infinite Majesty.

That in Thee, O Loving Father! is an infinite treasure of goodness, and that Thy blessings are for all souls; that eternal happiness will be the state of all sometime, somewhere.

The only true way to help a man is to aid him in helping himself. All of us stumble many times during a lifetime, and the duty of a man to his neighbor is to help him to his feet, so he may help himself.—*President Roosevelt.*

At Eventide

THE dying day-god kissed a dense black cloud

And lo! a miracle transpires!
A thousand islets, gorgeous and proud,
Are burning with a thousand fires.

A sun-scorched rose bent low her sleepy head

And breathed a sigh of perfume on the air,

She dreamed of sweet refreshment to be shed

By dews upon her form so fair.

A swallow, with his pinions spread for flight,

Beheld the glory of the distant west,
And soaring upward, hailed the coming night

That promised him protection, peace and rest.

O soul, enveloped in thy cloud
Of sorrow, loneliness and strife,

Take courage! Know its blackness
Doth presage thy quickening to

A glad new Life!

—*Charlotte E. Hunter.*

In the Great Evolution of life—as we all progress from plane to plane—we often stumble in the dark and have to temporarily retrace our steps to the Right Path and start anew. One theory replaces another and eventually, with the experience of it all, we begin to get glimpses of the Eternal Light and the Eternal Truth. Oh, patience! sweet soul; in a little while we will all reach the blessed goal—oneness with the Eternal One. Knowledge and Wisdom—the Truth—like virtue, can only be acquired by love, patience and humility; that to rise we must first descend.

Soul to Soul

A THOUGHT is the wireless message of soul to soul. Your neighbor's welfare is affected by your kind or unkind criticism of him. When we deal with subtle and far-reaching forces of this kind, then religion, which enjoins charity, is brought to the forefront as the most important factor in human life. If you would be at your best you must love your neighbor, for your thought of him will either lift him up or trip him to a fall. The whole trend and swing of the universe bid a man to be honest, just and gentle, for we are so bound together that nobility in one kindles nobility in all, and one man's hurt is an injury to all. Since we are marching, one great company, from time to eternity, let us go as brothers, with a kindly word and a helping hand whenever opportunity affords.—*Rev. Geo. H. Hepworth.*

Excessive Auto-Suggestion

A MERCIFUL Providence has decreed that, in proportion to the degree of unattractiveness or incompetency of the individual man, his sense of self-satisfaction shall expand and flourish. It is doubtful whether in thus protecting the individual against the buffets of a critical world, Providence has shown as much mercy to the general public as to the offender, says Sydney Flower in *New Thought*.

We are all familiar with the man who thinks he can sing; with the man who thinks he can play; with the man who thinks himself an Apollo, an Emerson, or a Lincoln—and, oh me, how well we know the man who thinks himself a poet! We have to deal here with a most fascinating, social and psychological problem: to wit, Is this inflation of auto-suggestion an advantage or a disadvantage to the individual? Emphatically, I hold it to be an advantage both to the offender and his victims.

O sinking heart, O soul in passing pain,
Regain thy courage, from despair refrain.

Thy anguish is but passing, the horrid grasp

Which shakes thy life, thy strength, will soon unclasp.

Let not this trial lack of courage find,
Thy flesh is all controlled by thy mind.

And if thou'dst think that from distress thou'rt free

To meet the test, far more prepared thou'lt be.

Be brave, lift up thy heart—thy weeping eyes:

And send a prayer for comfort to the skies;
And thy poor, racked body will regain

A peace which thou mayst elsewhere seek in vain.

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 manifested.

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

Wisdom

WISDOM hath built her palace walls
Of crystals purely white,
And thro' her wide and stately halls
Gleam rays of Heaven's own light,
To bless the earnest seekers there
With gems of radiant truth—
Her crowns and palms those seekers share
Thro' their perennial youth.

The wise and prudent dwell therein
And claim those niches fair—
For he who would his worth maintain
Leaves Self in Wisdom's care.

Among the treasures of the world
Not one so hard to find—
Like gem, in lowest depth impearl'd,
In darkness long hath shined.

Begin the search ere all too late,
Lest she elude thy grasp—
When mourning o'er untoward fate,
Wisdom undoes her clasp;

And then tho' treading wide the earth,
Her form shalt ne'er descrie;

For things that have uncounted worth
Oft borrow wings and fly!

—*Constance Herbert.*

Love's Ladder

If the ladder of Jacob's fame
Could be fashioned by another name,
The greatest of all great words I'd place
In its stead—*Love*—to give it grace.

As we climb the ladder of life,
We find it one of human strife;

But the laws of love would clear the way
And give to each due right, I say.

For is not Love the open gateway
That leads and leads away

To the "House of God" not made with hands,
In the fair Celestial lands?

Little by little we grope our way
To this ladder that stands to-day

For all humanity, both great and small,
Which leads to God, the "All in All"

—*Mrs. W. F. Rockwell.*

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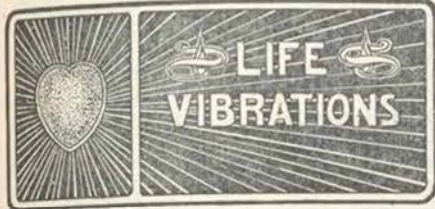
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Vol. IV

NEW YORK, JANUARY, 1903

No. 3

Entered as Second-Class Matter at New York Post Office



ALL HAIL! January—the New Year.
Sing Songs of Joy.

A blessed New Year is here!
FILL IT WITH NEW THOUGHTS, NEW ASPIRATIONS, NEW HOPES, MORE LIFE, AND BE BLESSED.

"Faith that increaseth, walking in Light;
Hope that endureth, happy and bright;
Love that is perfect, casting out fear,—
These shall insure thee a Happy New Year."

The old Italian god JANUS, the deity with two faces, one looking into the past and the other into the future, caused men to call thee January.

But now, in the blessed Now, we children of an older growth and a larger Father look more to the Now—what has a great soul to do with past or future?

Glorious Age!
A more blessed era!
A happier New Year!
A Jubilee time—it is a New Year in a New Age.

I bring you, friends, what the years have brought

Since ever men toiled, aspired, or thought—
Days for labor, and nights for rest;
And I bring you Love, a heaven-born guest;
Space to work in and work to do,
And faith in that which is pure and true,
Hold me in honor and greet me dear,
And, sooth, you'll find me a happy Year.
—Margaret E. Sangster.

Come! precious eternal souls, let us always vibrate with the Eternal, and thus—
Vibrate with the New and the Now—
Vibrate with Life eternal.

"All hail! thou New Year, that, appareled in brightness
Now spring'st like a youth from Eternity's breast."

Rich and blessed gift of God!
A New Year!
A New Year.
Let this year blossom into more Love and more Life and more Light.

Let it be a year of more Freedom, more Progress, more Tolerance, more Charity, more Knowledge, and more Wisdom.

Let us, this blessed year of our Lord, know with Ruskin that, "There is no wealth but LIFE—including all its power of Love, Joy, Admiration, and Progress. That man is richest, having projected the functions of his own life to the utmost, exerts the most powerful influence—and still lives on."

"THERE IS NO WEALTH BUT LIFE"—what inspiring words!

May the great God of Life fill all with love, joy, peace, hope, progress and cheering optimism.

Glory be to God!
Praise His Name for ever and ever!
A blessed New Year is here.
1903!

Life is continuous. Understand the continuity of life—persistence of life—the endurance of life—that life is deathless—if you would comprehend the universal love of God.

It is an excellent sign when man begins to think and meditate on the problem of existence—Why? Whence? Whither?

"Our Father"

THE harps were all silent in Heaven,
For the Master had spoken the word,
And hushed every sound of the City,
That the prayers of the world might be heard.
They rose from the lands of the sunset
To those where the morning light gleamed,
And sweeter than songs of the angels
To the listening Master they seemed.

"Our Father," a little child whispered,
As soft as the sleep-talk of birds,
"Who art—" and the baby voice faltered
O'er the yet unfamiliar old words.
"In Heaven," the mother-voice prompted;
But closed were the sleepy blue eyes,
And the God-smile fell softly in blessing,
O'er the mother and child, from the skies.

"Hallowed," came the petition,
"Be Thy Name," and a fair maiden's head
Was bowed in her evening devotions,
As she knelt by the side of her bed,
And light from on high filled with gladness
Her heart, as sleep came to her there;
Unconscious that she, in her whiteness,
Was helping to answer the prayer.

"Thy Kingdom come," so a voice pleaded,
And again and again came the plea,
In fervent and deep supplication,
From an emerald isle of the sea,
'Twas one of the Master's true workers,
God's pioneer, earnest and brave,
Whose prayers and whose works went together
His brothers from darkness to save.

"Thy Will be done," murmured a widow,
"On earth," and her voice broke in tears;
And the closing, "as it is in Heaven,"
Was only for Heavenly ears.
Yet peace, that had long been a stranger
To her heart, with this healing thought came,
That a dear voice above her had finished
The words that her lips could not frame.

"Give us this day," cried an orphan,
"Our daily bread," for earthly ears
Were deaf to that prayer, and unheeded
Were falling life's bitterest tears.
So, weak, yet by trustfulness strengthened,
The prayer floated up to the Throne,
And He, who forgets not the sparrows,
Looked down, and remembered His own.

"And forgive us our debts," said another,
A man in the prime of his life;
"As we forgive," so a voice answered,
A friend who had parted in strife,
"Our debtors," both finished together;
And the foemen for many a day,
Hand in hand, heart to heart, stood united;
Friends now, for forever and aye.

"And lead us not into temptation,
But deliver us," murmured a youth,
"From evil," and up from his heart depths
The wondrous words came, in their truth,
Then, lo! there fell courage from Heaven
On him who was tempted to stray,
And the dusky-hued Spirit of Evil
Shrank, baffled and helpless, away.

"For Thine is the Kingdom, the Power,
And the Glory," a seraph voice sang;
And through the great arches of Heaven
The wonderful melody rang.
"Forever and ever," a cherub
Re-echoed in music again,
And the lips of the holiest angels
Repeated the solemn "AMEN."
—Mabel Place Smith.

You Will Never Be Sorry

FOR living a white life.
FOR doing your level best.
FOR your faith in humanity.
FOR being kind to the poor.
FOR looking before leaping.
FOR hearing before judging.
FOR being candid and frank.
FOR thinking before speaking.
FOR harboring clean thoughts.
FOR discounting the tale bearer.
FOR being loyal to the preacher.
FOR standing by your principles.
FOR stopping your ears to gossip.
FOR asking pardon when in error.
FOR the influence of high motives.
FOR being as courteous as a duke.
FOR bridling a slanderous tongue.
FOR being generous with an enemy.
FOR being square in business deals.
FOR sympathizing with the oppressed.
FOR giving an unfortunate fellow a lift,
FOR being patient with cranky neighbors.
FOR promptness in keeping your promises.

The Universal Religion

AND what is this Universal Religion that is taking hold of the souls, the hearts and minds of men and giving them such tremendous power to live, to do and to achieve for the good of the Whole?

It is the religion that is sifting out the Truth and what is good in all religions; that has no quarrel with any religion, belief or philosophy; it is the great religion of great souls allied to the Loving, Omnipresent Spirit—Omniscience and Omnipotence.

It is the religion that realizes and comprehends the Omnipresent Love, Life and Light of the Universe—the Universal and Eternal One, call it God, Father, the Most High or what you may—that is in all, through all and above all.

It is the religion of Love and Justice and Eternal Peace, to be possessed now, here and hereafter and forever.

It is the religion that cheers the heart with delight, makes the mind sober and sane and thrills the soul because it is free from all threats and says to all men: "Ye are Eternal souls, moving onward, forward and upward to one goal—Eternal Bliss."

It is the religion without beginning or end and offers man neither rewards nor punishments, but Eternal Life.

It is the religion of Light and Mercy and Joy and Peace because in it is no false God of Vengeance or no Satanic Majesty with omnipotent powers.

It is the religion that tells us to look within and without and see and know and realize that we are all of us eternal parts of one Grand, Eternal Whole, heirs and sharers in the Everlasting and Eternal Kingdom.

It is the religion that rouses the soul to look up and see the blessed angels that are ever near to help us and lead us to the Ancient Path of Everlasting Life and Joy.

It is the religion that makes for all progress and all civilization here and beyond and unites Heaven with Earth, and by tearing away from our minds and souls the veils of Ignorance, Superstition, Bigotry, Intolerance and Fanaticism, we live with God and the Angels in all worlds—the Universe.

It is the religion that makes us wise, sensible and dignified and keeps us from doing unseemly and ridiculous things.

It is the religion that transforms men into workers and not idle dreamers, that will eventually destroy all drudgery and all poverty and all fear, and bring the Kingdom to earth, where men will live in peace, harmony and melody.

Brotherhood Work

Wonderful powers developed by the practice of the U. B. M. A. degrees. A few of the many good words from our brothers, some of whom have received clairvoyance. The gift of healing. One who was dumb. The power of speech, etc., etc.

I am glad to say that I have already felt a change in my inward being and am looking forward with great joy to that degree of perfection which I hope sometime to gain. Yours truly, J. W. Criswell, Steelton, Pa.

It is nearly a year since I became a member of the U. B. M. A., and I cannot find fitting language to express my feelings of pleasure, of honor and delight at being permitted to join so holy a band of men, whose sole object and desire seems to be the uplifting of humanity everywhere, regardless of race or conditions. Whereas I was blind, I now see. Through the instructions of the Brotherhood my entire being seems to have undergone a change, and I feel that I am a new creature, and shall ever bless the day I first saw THE MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES, through which I learned of the Brotherhood of Ancient Mystic Adepts. E. C. Cooper, Sr., Chicago, Ill.

I cannot express the great good all of the degrees have done for me in the unfoldment of the spiritual gifts. Recently my clairvoyance is being restored. I fully appreciate all you say in regard to THE MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES in speaking of its great work. The loaning of mine to others has influenced them to become subscribers. Your beloved Brother, Mrs. F. Sage, San Francisco, Cal.

I wish every one would try to become a member of our beloved Brotherhood; its teachings will give you strength and happiness, bring more peace into your soul, and create a feeling of love toward every one. Sincerely working for others brings peace within. Mrs. Antonie Bobzin.

I can only very faintly express all that I feel in regard to the Brotherhood; the light, the joy, the comfort it is to me. Need I think I have found that "Peace which passeth all understanding," thanks to the Blessed One and to the teachings of the Brotherhood. H. I. Gould, Montreal, Canada.

I am surely getting stronger, and it is owing to the help and inspiration THE MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES and the treatment of the Brotherhood are giving me. I have had a few experiences with the first steps in clairvoyance. Mrs. N. E. McIntosh, Ogden, Utah.

As a result of the practice of the degrees, I can say that I am gaining in Faith, Health and Strength. C. J. Curtis, Willo Creek, Nevada.

I herewith express my heartfelt gratitude to the Ancient Brotherhood of Mystic Adepts for permitting me to become a member of this grand and soul-inspiring organization. I herewith relate to the personal benefits I have received through the teachings and holy vibrations of this Order since I joined the "Holy Seven." Prior to my admission to the Brotherhood, dark clouds of fear, melancholia, darkened at times my mental vision and caused me untold suffering. I kindly advise every subscriber to our MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES who is not a member of the "Holy Seven," to consider the proposition of joining the Brotherhood, because every member of the Brotherhood will be blessed with many personal benefits. Those who are members of this grand and soul-inspiring organization will gain the knowledge that is "external and fadeth not away." God's peace and blessing be with all. Yours in Holy Fellowship, Justus A. Miller, Lexington, Ore.

I am developing nicely in the exercise and am practicing as faithfully as I can, and feel deeply moved at the knowledge I have received. Isabel Mauru, Glen Ebon, Ohio.

We know that all Souls have these gifts, may enjoy these privileges.

Why not join the U. B. M. A.? Send three separate subscriptions or \$3.00 for a three-years' personal subscription with your application for membership to H. A. K. I. Δ., care of THE MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES, 22 N. William St., N. Y. City, N. Y.

The Universal Brotherhood of Ancient Mystic Adepts

By Brother No. 1

NEW YEAR'S GREETING FROM THE MYSTICS OF THE ORDER OF THE UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD, IN FOREIGN LANDS AND AMERICA, TO THE GREAT FAMILY OF GOD'S CHILDREN EVERYWHERE.

In this beginning of the glad New Year which has dawned for us all, we send to each and all of you, our Brothers, our best love and fellowship. In the year that has passed we have had many opportunities, many new insights, many privileges for a grander, truer life of daily service.

The Brotherhood principles have been so deeply appreciated, so earnestly cherished in the hearts of our Brothers whose letters have brought us renewed inspiration and courage to proceed with this Grand Work, that we feel indeed that a new height has been gained in our Journey toward the summit of Truth's Mountain. We are able to look abroad over the length and breadth of the Holy Land of Spiritual Fellowship and to see in hearts unknown to the world many aspirations and plans for doing something for the Grand Cause of Brotherhood. We see individuals and groups of individuals whose lives have been brightened, whose steps have been strengthened, whose hearts have been encouraged to press on with greater and more faith toward the goal of attainment.

Through this unwritten law of Love's making we are able to know of the many victories gained in moments of weakness; the many burdens carried with patience and bravery by those with whom outwardly we have had no association. We see everywhere a lightening of burdens because of the earnest aspiration to come closer to the Infinite Heart, to know more of the Peace which passeth understanding, and in all this retrospective glance we read the signs of what has been done through the promulgation of the Brotherhood Idea.

We feel to-day more than we felt a year ago that this Brotherhood Ideal is understood and appreciated and loved because of what it signifies, universal unity and conscious fellowship in the whole human family.

We feel, dear Brothers, your heart-beats of sympathy, your desire to help all in your sphere of activity, your desire to uphold a standard of brotherly living, and this cements the bonds of universal kinship. We have all been striving, each in our several ways and according to the methods at hand, to add our mite of sympathy and power—begetting courage to those who need it to help them in their progress along the pathway of daily duty, and each effort has been of untold value to ourselves and to the Brotherhood at large. It has awakened us to the great need everywhere of the brotherly fellowship; it has quickened our insight into impulses and vague outreachings that may be in the heart of the humblest and the most ignorant; it has given to us a charity world-wide and deep.

With all this year of additional experience and development it is possible for our wishes to be more richly freighted with the real love and sympathy which the sense of Brotherhood imparts. To every one, therefore, in whatsoever place or circumstance, goes the heart-felt, heart-fraught message of the Mystic Brotherhood.

To all those who sit apart, alone and unheeded, we send a message of real Brotherly sympathy and hopefulness; we say to them be of good cheer, for there are those who, even though they may not have looked into your face, even though they may not have spoken your name, yet included you in their Love Circle. Their thoughts dwell, not only upon your real need, but upon its fulfillment. They ask you to lift up your head and see the beauty that is for you to enjoy. They ask you to open your heart to the influences of the sky, the sunshine, and the wonderful signs of Nature's generosity, which are for you as much as for any other soul. They ask you to do this because they know the law that when your heart is serene and your mind hopeful you are able to come in connection with visible friends, with greater opportunities and with better conditions.

To the unfortunate and the poverty stricken the Brotherhood sends a message of hope, of reassurance that a greater faith and sure reliance upon the Law that provides all things will surely bring response to every need.

To all who are sick upon beds of helpless invalidism the Brotherhood sends its greeting and best prayers for recovery and for re-enforcement of the gracious powers that bring health.

To all classes and all conditions we say, in this New Year that has opened before you, begin not only with hopes, but with a deeper trust in the All Power and live every moment in the whiteness and beauty of the trustful life.

The one gift which the Father hath revealed in every soul is Love. Whoever you may be or wherever, you have found some one or something upon which to lavish your love. In this year let your love be PURER, be NOBLER, be MORE UNSELFISH, be MORE GENEROUS, be MORE GRACIOUS, be MORE GOD-LIKE. Let each day be as a gift to be cherished and used with consecration, with praise and with joy.

As the days pass into months and the months round out into another year, realize, dear Brothers, one and all, that time may bring youth rather than age; lightness of heart rather than heaviness; power rather than impotence, and accept this gift of all gifts, the New Year, as the one to be more worthily deserved, more truly earned than any which have preceded it.

Let the sense of Brotherhood sink more deeply into your heart of hearts that it may manifest this more truly in all your relations to God, Nature and humanity.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO YOU ALL.

Yours in Holy Love,

H. A. K. I. Δ.

THOUGHT HELD BY THE SILENT BROTHERHOOD

(HELD DAILY AT 12 M.)

I, the Spirit, am the Sun of My own Life. I am in the zenith of Being.
I shine out and down upon every valley and mountain-top of My earth

(HELD DAILY AT 9 P.M.)

I listen for the Voice of the Holy Spirit that shall lead me into all truth.
I listen, I hear, I obey

Let us take these, dear Brothers, these noon and evening thoughts, and ponder over them until we thrill with the truth they express. Is there not something that quickens and stirs you into a glow of enthusiasm when you feel the warmth of this Sun that is within you—this Sun of Love that shineth unto the perfect day beautiful and gracious—the ideal day for which through lonely years your soul has longed?

There is strength and buoyancy and joy in the thought of Being, when there is weariness and time in the thought of becoming. Let us try the words of Being—that which is, was and ever shall be, which deals never with time, condition or environment. Let us acknowledge the immortal Essence of the Mighty One within us that it may have sway to shine, to rule, to bless our earth nature even as the sun blesses the earth. Let us know and BE this Inhabitant of the Heavenly Kingdom that IS, not that which is TO BE.

One of the long ago who thought and loved and suffered in order to know spiritual things wrote; "The signs to know the inner man by are: "First, if the understanding produce no other thoughts than those which stir up the light of faith; and the will is so habituated that it begets no other acts of love than of God and in order to Him.

"Second, if when he ceases from an external work, in which he was employed, the understanding and the will are presently and easily turned to God.

"Third, if in entering upon prayer he forgets all outward things, as if he had not seen nor used them."

It is the devotional life that cultures the heart to know and feel the actual life of the Spirit.

It is in our faithfulness to these gems of song or prayer on the Soul side that we shall find the salvation from worldliness and consequent suffering.

"Unto pure devotion
Devote thyself; with perfect meditation
Comes perfect act, and the
Right-hearted rise
More certainly because they seek
No gain
Forth from the bonds of body step by step
To highest seats of bliss."

MYSTIC NO. 7.

A Crooked Thought

A LITTLE crooked feeling
Entered her crooked mind
And like a serpent wriggled,
A resting-place to find.
When finally 'twas settled,
This foolish woman knew
The friend she loved a sinner—
Just crooked through and through.

No proof was there to offer:
'Twas just a crooked thought,
That found a crooked entrance
And all this mischief wrought.
The crookedness continues,
Until outside it shows;
And every day more crooked
This crooked woman grows.

The inner, then the outer,
The soul, and then the skin;
The wrinkles on the surface,
Prove crookedness within.
A crooked thought will always
Despoil the face, you'll find,
From head to foot you're crooked
If you have a crooked mind.

—Eleanor Kirk.

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

I tramp a perpetual journey (come, listen, all!)
My signs are a rain-proof coat, good shoes, and a staff cut from the woods.
No friend of mine takes his ease in my chair,
I have no chair, no church, no philosophy,
I lead no man to a dinner-table, library, exchange,
But each man and each woman of you I lead upon a knoll.
My left hand hooking you round the waist,
My right hand pointing to landscapes of continents and the public road.
Not I, not any one else can travel that road for you,
You must travel it yourself.

—Walt Whitman.



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A Spiritual Essay by a Great Soul

The
Philosophy
of
the True
Life

IN order to enter into the true life, there must be a transformation of character. The natural, *i. e.*, the animal and intellectual man, must be subservient to that which is higher than they are, if they would bear the Divine Image. This is why every truth seeker must come in a humble, child-like spirit, thereby showing his desire to learn, and acknowledging his Superior and Helper. Thus humility is the first soul element requisite on the upward journey. Without humility there is no teachable spirit and progress is impossible. Jesus said that only those who received the kingdom of God as a little child could enter therein, says F. E. in *The Light of Truth*.

I quote Jesus, because, in my judgment, He is perfect authority; and in the world's opinion, He is at least the best of authority. But aside from this, I have learned that when I feel the most humble and aspiring, I receive the greatest help and inspiration; the closest touch of Divine Goodness.

It is in this spirit that we are nearest to God, and the soul opened so His love and wisdom can penetrate and bless.

Humility is like a window in the soul, that should ever be kept open toward Heaven, for light to flow in.

Second—There must be obedience, or not even Omnipotence could transform you. It would have to wait until you were ready to be changed. There is no coercion in Love; you must obey willingly.

The laws of Nature promise you nothing except through obedience to them. Nor does spiritual law promise anything but to those who fulfill it. You must keep the commandments of Spirit; you must do its will; you must live by its laws, if you would be an heir of its life. The commandments, the will, the laws of Spirit are all one; they are not intricate, but simple to understand, so that any one may obey them.

The true way of Life has been made very easy for us to understand and live, through the life of Jesus, whose life was love.

His command was "Love." The law of Spirit-life is love. The will of God is love.

You will see, then, why a transformation is needed. The natural man is selfish—this must be changed into love. How? St. Paul said: "Be ye transformed by the renewing of your minds." Renew your minds with truth. Truth is the transforming power. Let your minds dwell on the things of truth—on the principles of life. We are largely governed by our thoughts, hence the necessity for right and transforming thought.

Thought is a great force for good or ill according to its trend. Then by right thinking we may co-operate with Spirit in our own transformation. Spiritual alchemy is accomplished through the susceptible mind, the baser nature transmuted into pure Spirit-life. It is a mental evolution. By renewing the mind with thoughts of Truth we become spiritually minded, *i. e.*, ALIVE. So we have humility, obedience and right thinking as our part in the transformation to take place.

To think rightly is to think purely, and to think purely is to think in harmony with law, with Nature and with love. It is to eliminate thoughts of hatred in all its forms, as anger, malice, envy, jealousy, intolerance, bigotry. It is to give place in our minds to the Spirit of Truth and Justice and Mercy.

When the soul is in the right attitude, the Spirit will come in and fill it. The right attitude cannot be assumed or forced; it must be heartfelt. There must be soul-hunger; one must feel their need—then humility is natural, obedience a joy and right thinking (*i. e.*, love) is easy and spontaneous.

What more is required of us that we may be transformed into the Divine Nature? These three things, together with prayer, cover all the ground; but it will be helpful to be a little more explicit. An humble attitude is a prayerful attitude; it cares not to be seen, but expresses its needs simply and secretly to the overruling Love, the Infinite Father-Mother.

The obedient attitude looks carefully to

know all the will of the Spirit; it seeks to understand and DO. It finds that it cannot serve two masters and give itself wholly to either one, so it ceases serving gold to seek Truth—the real riches. It learns it cannot hold enmity against a brother and find atonement with God, for all life is one and it is not in harmony with the whole with any expressed life left out; so it forgives and is forgiven.

The spirit of right thinking is progressive. The mind, once started in right channels, progresses onward and upward, because every thought is a seed that yields its increase, and every pure motive and impulse of the Spirit, bringing life.

That thoughts are things, and that we reap them some time after sending them forth, I have evidence plenty in my own life experiences, and can say with certainty that we reap our own sowing, both as to good and evil. If you will note these things as you move along you will find yourself reaping experiences of which you thought, or wished for, months and years before. The lesson may not be just as you would have had it, but it is at hand for your profit. You must learn to sow wisely.

To be transformed from the human into the Christ nature or life requires time and patience, for it must be brought about largely through experiences that give the soul opportunity to learn what really is the true life and how to discern good and evil with a wisdom divine.

Through prayer the soul receives guidance and strength and uplifting when it is troubled and desolate.

A humble spirit is constant prayer; but there are times of special needs and deep desires, when the soul instinctively prays most earnestly. All such prayers are answered. They are never contrary to law, for in moments of great need the soul intuitively prays aright, giving itself for Truth and Light.

A forced prayer of words as a form or custom is a mockery and too shallow to require an answer. When any one tells you that prayer is NEVER answered, you may make up your mind that, whoever it is, has NEVER really prayed. He has never entered into his secret chamber—the Holy of Holies—where he and the Father are all, and where ministering Spirit and Angels hover near to perform the thing required.

Thought is a force that goes out to accomplish that whereunto it is sent. Prayer is the same thing on the highest plane and with the greatest impetus; it could not help but return with its answer from its very nature. The law of its life is in it and sent it forth for a return.

True prayer, of course, implies faith—without it there is no real prayer. Jesus said: "Believe that you receive what you ask for and you shall receive." I have evidences plenty in my soul that this is true; but I do not make petitions as if the All-Wise did not know how to rule His own Universe or save His own people, or that existing laws be set aside, but rather that I might understand them and willingly obey.

Prayer is a most essential thing in the soul's growth and transformation. It is the opening of the soul to all the forces that work for good, visible and invisible, for all these forces are under the control of One—even the law of Love—and work always according to it. The All-Wise uses these forces in the behalf of every soul, and much more those who are earnestly seeking.

To sum up what is necessary for our transformation into Heavenly beings: Come in an humble, obedient spirit, giving the mind to true and spiritual themes and our hearts to love and prayer. The rest will be performed for us by our God, who is Love. Take these as a guide to life: "Non-resistance, humility, obedience, right thinking and prayer."

The True Way

If aught of good hath come to thee
Within the year,
If heaven hath served thee graciously
With cups of cheer,
Give thanks. And if thine enemy
Hath suffered much adversity,
Then shed for him in sympathy
A loving tear.

Make Way for Man

THE crest and crowning of all good,
Life's final star, is brotherhood,
For it will bring again to earth
The long-lost poesy and mirth,
Will send new light in every face,
A kindly power upon the face;
And till it come, we men are slaves,
And travel downward to the dust of graves.

Come, clear the way then, clear the way,
Blind creeds and kings have had their day;
Break the dead branches from their path,
Our hope is in the aftermath;
Our hope is in the heroic men,
Star-led to build the world again;
To this creed the ages ran:
Make way for brotherhood—make way for man.
—Edwin Markham.

Pain and Suffering Help Us

"If none were sick and none were sad,
what service could we render?" sings the poet. Here is a thought a writer in *The Banner of Light* would like to impress upon the mind of every one who reads these words: If there were no ills to be relieved, no woes to conquer, no services to render, how monotonous life would become! Every individual would seek to minister only to his own selfish desires, and endeavor, as far as possible, to escape from every responsibility. Pain is man's true friend and honest helper. By it is he taught to feel for his fellow men, and thereby led into the flowery meadows of fraternity. Personal suffering makes us considerate of the sufferings of others, and compels us to rise above our own trials to render aid to those whose agonies are greater than are ours. If we lost ourselves in self-pity because of some real or fancied injury, progress would at once cease, and we would inevitably be drawn downward to lower levels of thought and action. Grief, pain, agony, suffering of any kind are really angels of blessedness to all mankind. They reveal the kinship of the race, and inspire men to grow in soul by and through the services they willingly render others.

God as Principle is Cause, creation is the effect according to Cause, controlled by it. The human soul, born blind to this truth, conceives of God according to its own natural feelings, a conception fostered by race feeling and belief. Hence the anthropomorphic deity that feels as we feel, that is moved by the same impulses that prompt our action. But with open eyes and the higher conception, this kind of a God vanishes from sight and the Most High comes within range of discernment.—*Light of Truth*.

I would not learn forgiveness by ceasing to feel my brother's sin; I would learn it by coming to know my brother's possibilities.—*George Matheson*.

Hope On, Toil On

OH, my brother, are you weary?
Does the way seem long and dreary
That leads up to the new era
You have pictured in your dreams?
Is your portion one of sorrow?
Yet be brave and try to borrow
From the glory of the morrow
That beyond your vision gleams.

"Never?" Cease the wail of "never,"
For mankind moves on forever
Up the highway of endeavor
To the heights that onward glow.
There is no room for despairing,
But for action and for daring,
And for helping and upbearing
One another as we go.

Oh, my brother, cease complaining;
See, the night of wrong is waning,
And the king of light is reigning,
And the flag of hope's unfurled.
There are evils left for righting,
There are battles left for fighting,
There are beacons left for lighting,
To illuminate the world.

Better days are breaking o'er us;
From the nearing goal before us,
We can hear a joyous chorus
Wafted o'er the years to be.
Through the portals, open swinging,
Notes of sweet and rapturous singing
Down the Future's aisles are ringing
From the anthems of the free.
—J. A. Edgerton, in *Denver News*.

How sweet and refreshing it is to come into the presence of a pure and holy man or woman.

Good Manners



BEHAVIOR is always an index to how much soul, heart, mind and animal tendencies one may possess, or, rather, it marks the degrees of our evolution—what point on the Grand Path of the Divine Evolution we have reached.

All soul vibrations, heart pulses, mental action and animal performance make their mark on the physical body, and create its aura.

An advanced soul has but to look into the eyes of any soul, and clairvoyantly see its aura, to know in what degree of the Eternal Progress it is.

Good manners and good behavior are the effect or natural result of a cool, sober, sane, normal and poised mind wholly controlled by the *Soul*—a spiritualized mind.

The great charm of personal magnetism is a psychic power, the effect of manners and behavior, back of which is Universal and Eternal Love—the Over-soul.

Emerson says: "The Soul which animates Nature is not less significantly published in the figure, movement, and gesture of animated bodies, than in its last vehicle of articulate speech. This silent and subtle language is Manners; not *what*, but *how*. Life expresses. A statue has no tongue and needs none. Good tableaux do not need declamation. Nature tells every secret once. Yes, but in man she tells it all the time, by form, attitude, gesture, mien, face, and parts of the face, and by the whole action of the machine. The visible carriage or action of the individual, as resulting from his organization and his will combined, we call manners. What are they but thought entering the hands and feet, controlling the movements of the body, the speech and behavior?"

Good Manners are the just and right way of doing things. No one who is not fully conscious of the close relation of all beings and all things can have the best manners; a realization of Oneness cures at once and for all time all ill-behavior.

As long as *me* and *mine* and separate-ness are thought-pictures in our minds we are more or less ill-mannered, and our auras or thought atmospheres are cloudy and murky, which auras always insulate our souls from the sweet and holy vibrations of the Spirit and Universal Love—God.

Sweet, pure, amiable, kind, gentle, tolerant and considerate people are always charming and magnetic because they are sane and not ill-mannered—are animated wholly by the soul which has spiritualized the mind and heart.

Manners and behavior in their highest and most beautiful expression in man is the divinity within illuminating his mind and opening the doors of his heart and magnetizing his aura.

Good manners result from an *equalization* of soul, heart and mind.

That is to say, harmony comes when the soul, heart and mind work in harmony and, as it were, merge into one; in turn this one becomes the well-balanced, well-mannered man or woman.

It is the final effect of a perfect spiritualizing, harmonizing and equalizing of the soul, heart and mind—it is Oneness.

Manners are the harmonious ways of conducting all our actions—the divine way of living with sweet and harmonious relations, with all expressions or manifestations of Life and Love.

No man or woman is really religious or really loves the great God who is ill-mannered or ill-behaved.

What often passes for good behavior and good manners is a mere affectation—a sort of theatrical acting.

Good manners can come only from the *soul*—when it has spiritualized the heart and mind—and no man will behave in the best way until he lives in the Spirit.

Again let us quote Emerson: "There is always a best way of doing everything, if it be to boil an egg. Manners are the happy ways of doing things; each one a stroke of genius or of love—now repeated and hardened into usage. They form at last a rich varnish, with which the routine of life is washed, and its details adorned. If they are superficial, so are the dew-

drops which give such a depth to the morning meadows. Manners are very communicable: men catch them from each other. Consuelo, in the romance, boasts of the lessons she had given the nobles in manners, on the stage; and in real life Talma taught Napoleon the arts of behavior." Further on he says: "The power of manners is incessant—an element as unconcealable as fire. The nobility cannot in any country be disguised, and no more in a republic or a democracy than in a kingdom. No man can resist their influence. There are certain manners which are learned in good society, of that force, that, if a person have them, he or she must be considered, and is everywhere welcome, though without beauty or wealth or genius."

Good manners open all doors. Thy power is only in thy soul. All thy culture, and refinement, and charm, is thy soul and nothing else. With the soul dominant man is more than man—he is an angel.

At the last analysis we discover that our best behavior is the natural result of living in the Spirit—on the Universal Plane—without striving for the same.

If we love the All-good, and live in the Universe, at-one with Universal Life, we are free from all affectation, and do not think or act in an unseemly way—we are naturally, without any effort, well-behaved.

It is God, and God alone, that can refine our natures and give tone, dignity and grace to our every act.

Living with God and the Angels, here and now, we cease to be rude, unfair, unjust, cynical, pessimistic, restless, careless, inconsiderate and frivolous.

In love and union with Infinite Perfection, our finite ideas of God, the Universe, and man cease—we cease to be compressed, contracted and limited—our natures, our manners and our behavior change, and broaden, and deepen, and become God-like.

A well-ordered mind—ordered by divinity—is absolutely free from all bigotry, intolerance, fanaticism and other disturbing qualities, and of the possessor of such a free mind we say he is well-mannered.

Good manners are the outcome of living our ideals. So much good and virtue that we can attain to will be manifested in our behavior.

"Then let us fill
This interval, this pause of time,
With all the virtues we can crowd into it."

The Holy City

LAST night I lay a-sleeping, there came a dream so fair,
I stood in old Jerusalem beside the temple there.

I heard the children singing, and ever as they sang,
Methought the voice of angels from heaven in answer rang.

Methought the voice of angels from heaven in answer rang,
Jerusalem, Jerusalem, lift up your gates and sing,
Hosanna in the highest, Hosanna to your King.

And then metho't my dream was changed,
The streets no longer rang,
Hush'd were the glad Hosannas, the little children sang.

The sun grew dark with mystery, the morn was cold and chill,
As the shadow of a cross arose upon a lonely hill.

As the shadow of a cross arose upon a lonely hill,
Jerusalem, Jerusalem, hark! how the angels sing,
Hosanna in the highest, Hosanna to your King.

And once again the scene was chang'd, new earth there seem'd to be,
I saw the Holy City beside the tideless sea:
The light of God was on its streets, the gates were opened wide,
And all who would might enter, no one was denied.

No need of moon or stars by night, nor sun to shine by day,
It was the new Jerusalem that would not pass away.

It was the new Jerusalem that would not pass away,
Jerusalem, Jerusalem, sing for the night is o'er,
Hosanna in the highest, Hosanna forevermore,

Hosanna in the highest, Hosanna forevermore.

Awake! Know that thou art the eternal vessel which contains and carries the eternal and sacred fire of eternal Life.—A. Z.



PRAISE the Eternal Great Cause!
Thou art a part of it.
It is Infinite Love!
It is Infinite Perfection!
LISTEN!
Observe!
Rejoice in its beauty!
Thou art one with the Eternal Great Cause!
Rejoice in its holiness!
Rejoice in its grandeur!
Praise the blessed Eternal Great Cause!

Ripen thy heart with Love for the Most High, and become pure and holy (whole).

This is a blessed day!
I am fired and inspired with the glory of the Omnipresent One.

I am a part of the Great Method and Plan of the Universe.
The Past and the Present have melted into the Blessed Now!

My soul fills and thrills with the Eternal Spirit!
My heart pulsates with Love and Joy!
My mind is cool, calm and serene.
I am with God and the Angels!
Blessed Day!

When thou art calm and patient the Holy Spirit will breathe the life into thy being. "Be patient, and rely in perfect trust on the great ALL of life—infinite and good—which gives thee being, bears thee out and on, and each succeeding wave of life shall bear thee higher, higher still."

It is by the transition of what we call "death" that the soul gains a higher birth.

By the power of the Eternal Will we progress from plane to plane until we reach the Universal Plane where we rest in Eternal Bliss.

Eternal Change is the order of the great Universe. "The Old must pass, the New advance, in spite of creeds and prayers of men. Men must this noble lesson learn to save themselves, by being just, and good, and true, with all they view."

Each and every soul is co-existent with the Eternal Whole—in different degrees of the Grand Evolution. We are all the First Great Cause and the Grand Effect we call the universe. Thus ALL are ONE, the Mighty God of the Universe.—*The Blissful Prophet.*

Whether embodied or disembodied, we pass on and on in perfect order to our Eternal Bliss, where there is nothing but joy, peace, harmony and melody.

The great Eternal Architect makes no mistakes in building His Universe.

"The effectual, fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much."

We cannot live where God is not.

Doing His Best

It somehow seems little enough when you say
That a fellow "is doing his best."
It means that he toils and he hopes day by day

That Heaven will attend to the rest.
He is jostled aside by the hurrying crowd,
Unsought by the lonely, forgot by the proud.

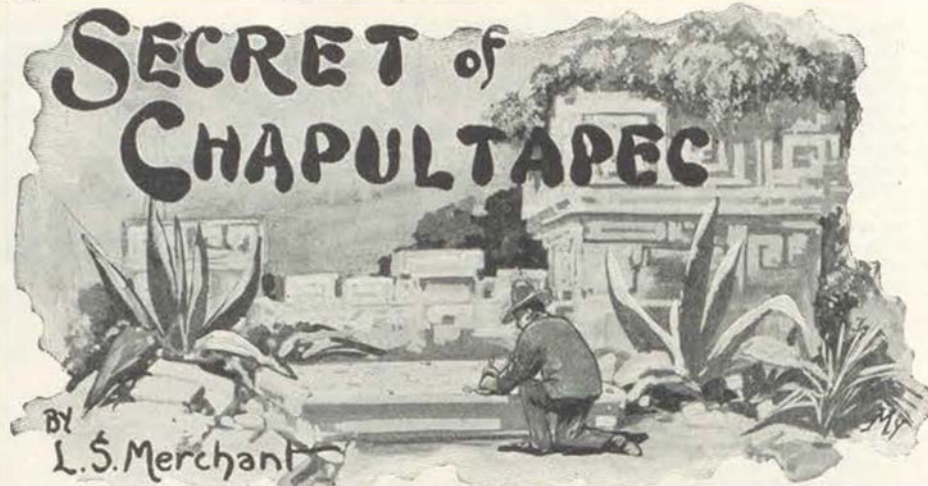
He earns what he gets, and no more is allowed
To the fellow who's "doing his best."

But whenever a crisis arises, we look
To the man who is doing his best.
The prince with his splendor, the sage with his book,

Full oft fail to answer the test.
And when there's a home or a country to serve
We turn to the man with the heart and the nerve.

The man whom adversity's touch could not swerve,
The man who kept doing his best.

—Washington Star.



(Written Especially for The Magazine of Mysteries.)

MEXICO, with its romantic and pathetic history, had always strangely interested me, so, when health and fortune having failed, I was asked by my brother to go to Mexico as his representative and examine some mining property which had been offered him, I eagerly accepted his proposal, glad of the chance which the change of climate might give me to recover my health, and glad also of the opportunity of visiting the land of the Montezumas, of which I had read and dreamed so often.

A month later found me in the City of Mexico, and I already began to feel returning vigor, the promise of future health and strength. I spent the first week roaming about the city and on far-famed Chapultepec. Meanwhile I had met my brother's correspondent and talked with him about the property, which lay west of the city about twenty miles and higher up the mountains. A few days later Signor Morio signified his readiness to accompany me on a visit to the mines, and we started the next day on horseback and made our way over roads as fine as any I had ever seen, the old roads built by the Aztecs. We passed several extensive ruins of towns long since passed away. Signor Morio could tell me no more of these than "They are very old, built long before my countrymen came here."

It was late in the day when we came to the small group of buildings comprising the little village of Terasco, where we put up for the night with friends of Signor Morio. The mine I was to see was about four miles from Terasco, but could not be visited until the next day, as darkness would be upon us before we could reach it. The spot where the little village was situated was beautiful beyond anything I had ever seen; such a wild luxuriance all around; great trees, palms, tree-ferns and aloes growing in beautiful confusion, and as a background for it all the mountains standing up against the azure sky.

The next day we went to see the mine, getting an early start. The road was a good one for the first three miles and then became a mere bridle path, up which our horses went with the greatest ease and brought us to the mine, which I was told had not been worked for centuries. Geology has been a favorite study of mine; this fact was one of the reasons which influenced my brother in sending me to look over the property. A cursory examination gave me great satisfaction. There was a rich vein of onyx which even to my unaccustomed eyes gave promise of future wealth, especially as I had seen a considerable stream of water running down the mountain at no great distance from the mine; this in itself saying much to the discerning mind, if the company my brother was interested in should decide to purchase and work the claim. We spent several hours in our examination, and were about to return to the village when I told Signor Morio that if José would take charge of my horse I would walk back. He looked at me as if he thought I was "out of my head." No Mexican can understand how it is possible that any sane man would rather walk than ride.

"But," said the signor, "you would better ride, Mr. Stanfield. You will be very tired if you walk."

"After being in the saddle so long yesterday, I much prefer to walk," I replied.

"We of the North are used to walking," He demurred a little longer, then said: "I fear you will be lost."

"That," I said, "is not likely, as Terasco is in plain view most of the way."

With that he bade me "good-by," saying: "We will meet at dinner."

On my way up, about two miles from Terasco, I had noticed some ruins at no great distance from the road that looked as if they might prove interesting. It was this fact that principally determined me to walk back rather than ride, so that I might have a chance of examining these at my leisure. Reaching the point where I had seen the ruins, I made a detour and found I had struck a very interesting place. The ruins were of much greater extent than had appeared from the road. To all appearances a vast palace had once stood here. Walking around, I could discern the outlines of the walls, some parts of which were standing; the rest covered by a dense mass of vegetation. Many of the stones were covered with beautiful carvings. I was oblivious to time, and spent some of the pleasantest moments of my life in wandering through the ruins which had once been peopled by a race that had passed away. Within what had been the court of the palace (without which no building of importance was complete), in the midst of a tangle of vines and huge plants through which I strove to force my way, I saw something which arrested my attention. I had noticed pieces of an ancient pavement; in the midst of this was a framework of stone containing a weather-beaten slab of onyx about four feet square. The framework was of gray stone and beautifully carved. What could have been the purpose of the onyx slab with the stone frame, which evidently occupied the centre of the old courtyard? As I stepped upon the slab, a hollow sound was returned. I tried to move it, but without avail, and finally desisted as the sun was rapidly sinking to his home in the west. My curiosity was whetted and I determined to return the next day and examine at my leisure and seek to solve the riddle.

After dinner I wrote my brother about the mine, giving him full particulars regarding it. As I must await an answer to my letter, and in the light of my discovery of the afternoon, I said to Signor Morio that I would stop at the little village for a few days before returning to the City of Mexico and enjoy the delightful mountain air. So he and José went on without me. My knowledge of Spanish was sufficient to serve me without an interpreter in the little village. That night I dreamed of the onyx slab and saw it open, and looking through the opening, I saw stairs descending. Then I awoke.

As soon as I had dispatched my breakfast I once more made my way to the spot which had so interested me the day before, determined, if possible, to solve the mystery that was puzzling me. I armed myself with a heavy geologist's hammer and told mine host I was going up the mountain to search for specimens. I took a light lunch with me and soon arrived at the spot I was seeking. Upon examining the stone and frame, in the light of my dream, I was convinced that there must be some means of opening it. I noticed in the frame at regular intervals certain round figures—"bosses"—were repeated. I struck one after another of these bosses, until I had gone nearly around when I struck one, which I fancied, yielded to the blow. I pressed with all my strength upon the handle of the hammer, which rested on the knob, when it moved slowly down, and as it did so, I saw the slab rising. I cannot describe my delight at the success of my efforts when I saw the slab was upright. At my feet was a beautiful stairway leading down—where? This I must find out. I fortunately was a smoker and equally

fortunate, I had with me a box of vestas. I went down twenty-five steps into a hall lined with onyx. This led into a spacious room in which were many statues and a beautiful altar, as I surmised it to be. Behind this altar I saw a slab of onyx set in the wall, with the same design upon the frame as was carved on the one above. As there was no other exit from the room, I decided this must be a door, to be opened in the same manner as that I first found. I soon discovered the secret spring, and the door stood open, disclosing a passage, along which I went for a distance of several hundred feet, when I found my way was stopped by another door, which opened in the same manner as the others. Stepping through the doorway, I found myself in an immense room, nearly one hundred feet square and about thirty feet high. This room was not wholly dark, for at the end opposite the door by which I had entered, and about ten feet from the floor, there was across the entire distance a strip about five feet wide of some translucent material which admitted a subdued light—onyx, I felt sure—as I could discern faint lines of color here and there. As my eyes became accustomed to the "dim religious light," I was dazzled by what I saw. On every side was gold, glittering gold; furniture covered with the costly metal crusted with gems; vessels and utensils of every size and shape, made of the precious metal; and, what at first sight bewildered me most, four great rolls of sheet gold, that still retained the shape of the carvings they had covered. At last! Was it possible I looked upon the gold that once adorned the entablature of the Temple of the Sun, the disappearance of which had puzzled the Spaniards so much? As I examined it more closely, I became convinced that my surmise was correct. On one side of the room were niches, each containing a beautiful urn—like everything else, covered with gold and jewels; and in front of each niche was a carved chest, inlaid with gold and gems. Opening these, one after another, I found they were made of cedar and contained garments of the richest description, and always among them a cloak of the marvelous green feathers which might only be worn by a Montezuma. There were jewels and personal ornaments of every description, and in every chest was a strange mask, the purpose of which I was for some time unable to decide. Suddenly I recalled to mind the custom in ancient Mexico of covering the face of the dead king with a turquoise mask during the ceremonies that preceded the cremation of the body. Here, in this room, indisputably, were the riches of the Montezumas and their ashes also. My wildest dreams had never compassed such riches as I saw around me! Now every ambition could be realized!

At the back of the great golden chair, set with gems, which I decided must have been a throne, I saw another doorway filled with the usual slab of onyx. This I opened and found before me a passage about five feet wide, and, as I saw by my compass, pointing to the east. I did not attempt to investigate this passage, as I was overcome by the discoveries I had already made. So I went back to the open air and sat down upon a stone and tried to realize my good fortune. I had found the treasure, but how could I remove it? That was the question which must be solved; the answer could develop later. Upon my return to the village, laden with some geological and botanical specimens, I asked "mine host" if he knew anything about the ruins in the vicinity, and mentioned the ruin from which I had just returned.

"I have heard," he said, "that it was a palace at the time the white men came here."

I said mentally: "Yes, no doubt one of the summer palaces of the Montezumas."

The next day I was early on my way to the scene of my discoveries. I determined to trace out above ground the position of that wonderful room, which I was convinced must be on the side of the mountain. By the aid of my compass, I soon traced it and found it abutted on a deep gorge, and would never have been discovered from without. A wonderful hiding-place, most perfectly contrived! I now returned to the room, which I wanted to examine more thoroughly. I had on this occasion provided myself with candles. I was overwhelmed by the riches which I saw around me. Some of the vases were of exquisite workmanship, rivaling the world's best in that line. In addition to all that I had found the previous day, I discovered a number of covered vessels of beautiful red and black pottery, which, upon opening, I found to contain small nuggets of pure gold, enough for a "king's ransom." I now pro-

ceeded to investigate the passage which led from the treasure chamber; so lighting a candle, I entered it and found it had in some portions been hewn through the solid rock, in other parts built of solid blocks of stone, laid with the greatest care. I traversed this passage for a long distance and found one of the marvels in connection with it to be the purity of the air. How had these Aztec builders contrived such perfect ventilation? They must have had more than an ordinary knowledge in many directions to have achieved so much in mechanical lines as I had seen evidence of on all sides. Suddenly I came upon a rock gallery cut in the side of a precipice, with small openings through which light came from without. This extended for more than two hundred feet, when I found myself once more in the closed passage, which I pursued for a long distance. But as there seemed no prospect of reaching the end very soon, I decided to go back and make preparations to pursue the passage to the end, which by this time I suspected would be found at Chapultepec, about twelve miles due east from the point where I entered it.

Returning to the village, I retired to rest early, to be ready for my walk on the morrow. The next morning, with a good supply of candles and a lunch, I left the village and made my way to my treasure house. I had told mine host I might decide to go to the next village. If so, I possibly would not return until the following day. I reached the ruins and entered the stairway, closing the slab before going to the passage below. I had studied the construction of this and the other doors, so I could now open them from either side. I passed rapidly through the rooms and the connecting passage and into the one which I was ambitious to explore. Along this passage I walked, passing the point at which I turned back on the previous day. At several points in the passage, or tunnel, there was a decided dip; at such places there were low steps, which made the descent more easy. I came to another rock gallery, through which I passed, and at its end was the tunnel again. At its entrance I sat down to rest for a few minutes, taking that time to eat my luncheon. I went on my way and was, as nearly as I could judge, about eleven miles from the point at which I entered, when I found myself unexpectedly in a room about twenty feet square. At one corner of the room I found a statue made of wood, inlaid with gold and gems. The face was painted and was that of a white man of pleasing countenance, with long, black, wavy hair and beard. Whom could this statue represent but "Quetzal," the "fair god," whose statue had disappeared when troublous times fell upon old Mexico? At the foot of the statue lay a heap of something which, upon investigation, proved to be human bones, a few pitiful shreds of cloth still clinging about them. Near the skull lay some long, white hair.

Here was a story told with touching pathos. The old priest, who was the last sole representative of the older, purer faith, had served before the image of the god he loved from childhood to old age. The white men came, who were looked upon by the old priest and others as gods, for they remembered the prophecy of Quetzalcoatl, that at some future time he would return to Mexico. But alas! how soon they were undeceived. They found those whom they thought to be gods were indeed very human. The crisis came, and all that could be saved of the treasure of the temple and palace was conveyed to the place from which I had just come. This statue, the chief treasure from the older temple, was taken by the old priest, who was the last in the long procession to enter the gallery, and carried, with weak and faltering steps, to the spot where I found the remains, when strength utterly forsook him, and he lay down at the foot of his beloved god to die, alone and uncared for. No one returned to look for him, for each, as he deposited his burden in the treasure room, went up into the court of the palace, and thence into the mountains for safety. Entering the tunnel again, I continued my journey for about a mile, when I came to a door like those at the point from which I started. This I soon opened and found myself in a small room, from which a stairway ascended; at the top was another onyx slab. I touched the spring, and it was open, and a moment later I stood in a small room, about eight feet square. On the west side of the room was a door, the counterpart of the others. I opened this and stepped into a wilderness of green. Closing the orifice, I was soon able to locate myself. I was at the foot of Chapultepec, on the west side, where the magnificent gardens of Montezuma once

gleamed in all their beauty. I had reached the end, and the long, long mystery of how the Aztecs were able to remove so much of their treasure was solved at last! By this passage, secretly, at night, the gold which had just been stripped from the temple, the costly vestments, the furniture and the throne were quietly and expeditiously carried to the great room which had been made for the last resting-place of their rulers. I was overcome by the magnitude of my discoveries.

After a little I made my way to the City of Mexico, from which place I telegraphed my brother to "come on at once." Before I retired I received a reply, saying that he would be with me as fast as steam could bring him. I rested a day, then hired a horse and rode back to Terasco, to the wonder of those who had seen me go away on foot. A few days later my brother arrived, and I met him in the city and lost no time in acquainting him with my discoveries—of the great wealth which was within our reach.

The matter to be decided was how to remove the treasure without exciting undue observation. We finally decided to purchase the mine and work it and also, if possible, to buy or lease the old ruins, and on this have a small house put up that would cover the entrance to the subterranean passage and serve for our home during the time we stayed in Mexico. We went to Signor Morio and soon closed the deal for the mine, and through him were enabled to secure the ownership of the ruins at a ridiculously low price. We soon hired men to help put up our house, for which plenty of material was at hand. In the meantime we sent for the machinery necessary to work the mine. The mine was a rich and profitable investment, but now, except as a means to an end, we cared but little for it, as our other mine was so much richer. With each load from the mine which was sent to the port some portion of our treasure was removed, and deposited in safety, until all was taken away. We had no difficulty in disposing of the onyx mine when we were ready to return to the United States. Our gold we sent a little at a time to the mint at San Francisco to be coined.

Many a museum in America and Europe is the richer to-day by reason of anonymous gifts of beautiful ancient Mexican garments, utensils and jewels. One roll of gold from the temple rests securely in one of them; in another is the statue of "Quetzal." If any of the curators of the museums in question read this narration they will understand whence their treasures came.

The Higher Life

To dwell with the Most High it avails us nothing to dwell much with our errors and mistakes. It is always wise to seriously reflect on our foolish acts, to look deep down into our souls and hearts and minds and have holy moods of repentance. But to live much in condemnation is weakening and drowns sweet hope, the great healer and adjuster of our ills. Sidney Smith said: "We must look downwards as well as upwards in human life. Though many have passed you in the race, there are many you have left behind. Better a dinner of herbs and a pure conscience than the stalled ox and infamy is my version."

Every burden of sorrow seems like a stone hung around our neck, yet they are often like the stones used by the pearl divers, which enable them to reach the prize and rise enriched.

If we are filled with love, kindness, gentleness, tolerance and optimism, we are also filled with the wonderful, mysterious something men are pleased to call Personal Magnetism.

Some men are greater than the God of theology and orthodoxy, because they do forgive and forget, and are never angry nor wrathful, and are calm and serene under any and all circumstances.

It was only a little leaf;
But on it did shine the sun.
The wind did caress, the birds did sing,
And it lived until its work was done.

It was only a little leaf;
But it took its glad some part
In the great earth's life; and at last
Earth clasped it to her heart.

TRUE SUCCESS

THERE is but one law in the universe that regulates success and failure. We must know the law, obey it and live under it to have true success and happiness. From one of the late Dr. Hepworth's sermons we make the following condensed report, which will be found inspiring and instructive:

Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?—*St. Matthew, vii, 16.*

THERE is an old saw which tells us that nothing succeeds like success, which is another way of saying that success vindicates its own methods. The statement is false and misleading, and as an incentive to youth it is wholly disastrous. To put a disregard of the means employed into a young man's mind and so convince him that if he accomplishes his purpose the world will ask nothing more, is to wound him as fatally as though you drove a knife into his heart.

In very truth, there is a kind of apparent success which spells defeat, and a kind of apparent failure which is reckoned success. In other words, the best thing for a man is to be manly always. A lie is apt to come home to sleep and bring with it a large brood of unpleasant memories; and the man who cheats, cheats himself out of more than he cheats his neighbor. To be straightforward is worth something, and especially in times when temptations are both many and strong.

It is a beautiful world and at the same time an almost cruel world. That is to say, it is governed by law, and the law is inexorable. There are no circumstances under which you can gather figs from thistles. The universe is built on the basis of honesty, and dishonesty finds no nook or corner in which to hide itself. You may demur at this and tell me that many a rogue is happy, that many a man deals in crooked measures and has the respect of the community. I doubt both propositions. Men are measured pretty accurately in the long run, and a man is not likely to wear his heart on his sleeve and proclaim his regrets. The world has not yet been turned upside down. Every man loses unless his life is square. Eternal logic runs in that direction. Wrong is always wrong and right is always right. If you look at life from that standpoint you are safe; if not, you are in danger.

Beneath a man's reputation, which is sometimes a mere mask with false features, is his character, his real self. If that is not upright he has a hornets' nest in his soul and he is being stung to death. He is not at peace with himself, is not content, is not happy, and cannot be happy. If this is not true, then we have made a mistake in our conception of God. I do not care for what that man seems to be, nor for what he poses as being, nor yet for what the people say he is—he has trampled on his immortal nature, has misdirected his energies, and until you can find figs on thistles he will not be satisfied with himself. As far as the east is from the west, so far is he from what God and Nature intended him to be.

Strip off his wealth, tear down his social and commercial position, lay bare his inmost soul, and what do you find? Any material on which to build a character?

God's blessing on a man's honest life is worth more than the whole world's wealth.

The first thing for a reasonable human being to do, therefore, is to get into harmony with the universe, and the second is to stay there. In that statement is included the essential element of religion. It marks an ascending grade from the lower to the higher altitude of mind. Nothing equals in value a noble life. Live well, then, live nobly; live for others, as the blessed Christ did. When you go leave this old earth a little better for your having been in it. Guard your peace of mind, which is the best of all treasures; walk humbly, doing the Lord's will, and you will have nothing to complain of, either here or hereafter. There you have your creed, a short one, indeed, but quite long enough for your purpose.

Every now and then there comes to this planet a Great Soul full of truth and righteousness who *hears* and *obeys* the call of God, and with Divine Power brings back to The Shepherd all the stray and wandering sheep.

REV. L. MASON CLARKE ON
The Energy of Religion

THE Rev. L. Mason Clarke, of Brooklyn, recently preached a forceful sermon on "The Energy of Religion." His text was from John iv, 15: "The woman saith unto Him, 'Sir, give me this water that I thirst not, neither come hither to draw.'" The preacher said: "It is the woman of Samaria at Jacob's well. She has been coming there every day for a long while, in order to draw water, and she is contemplating the delightful possibility of obtaining relief from her drudgery. The Master has told her about a certain kind of water that leaves no thirst after drinking, and she, not grasping his meaning, thinks that her emancipation from toil has come at last. No more weary trudging to Jacob's well. No more carrying of the heavy water jars across those burning sands. Something for nothing. Blessings without effort. Gain without expense. Utopia discovered! 'Sir, give me this water that I thirst not, neither come hither to draw.' And this woman's appeal is always with us, and about it I want to speak today. My subject is, 'The Energy of Religion. The Vigor of Faith in God; Nothing for Nothing, But Everything for Something.' No water without drawing it, not even the water of eternal life. No character, except by achievement. No vital belief, but by winning it. It is this truth to which I beg your attention, and let us see how great the lesson really is.

"To begin with, there is the question of authority in religion, and as this meets us at the very entrance of faith, we are compelled to ask if there is such a reality as an authority which will relieve us of all effort to find out what true faith may be? Is there anywhere a track laid down for the human soul to move along with as much freedom from responsibility as a train of cars runs upon the steel rails which will guide it to its destination? Is there in the world some power which will take charge of my soul and guarantee to save it both now and hereafter without my further concern? I think it is a matter of supreme moment to know what we mean when we speak of authority in religion. For centuries people talked of an infallible church, until Luther's reformation, and for the last thirty years and more some have loved to think of an infallible man—the vice-general of God—speaking *ex-cathedra* as the head of the church. And there is a tremendous power, for certain natures, in the thought of such an absolute oracle. This is the well of water where thirst is supposed to be quenched without the effort of drawing. If you are perplexed and confused and torn with uncertainty, not knowing what to believe, and wondering if there is anything fixed and established, it must be a grateful relief to some to find a splendid church opening its gates to their weary feet and assuring them that there is the track of eternal life already laid down, and here is the certified passage! But at once you ask how you may know that the church is so infallible? And as soon as you ask that you are driven from your comfort of ease and mind. Now, if you get any water to drink from this well you will draw it yourself. You will look into history and see how dogmas are made. You will read how councils are worked and how assemblies are packed and how the lobby is maintained in order to establish high doctrines of religious authority, and out of this comes some sort of infallibility, which is to be the voice of God.

"But at the time of the Reformation the seat of authority was said to be different. Not now the church, but the Bible, is the oracle for us to hear. Here is the word of God. Here is the message of life. Here is the well of living water, and it is no effort to take its blessed refreshment into your soul. Drink and live! Drink and rejoice in abundant life! Yes, let us say it with all the earnestness we can. Here is a well of living water, but it is very deep, and you will never slake your thirst here until you draw with all your might. Let me tell you what I mean.

"To my mind the Bible itself is a perpetual illustration of the whole spirit of the gospel of Christ in this regard. For what

is this book? Did it come complete out of heaven from the hand of God, a crystal deposit of Divine truth? Why, I see thousands of scattered manuscripts, some on parchment, one little portion of First Corinthians on the brittle papyrus, some on vellum and some on cotton paper. I see them written back and forth and blurred and blotted. I see them mutilated and variant. I see them with tens and hundreds of thousands of different readings. I see them with omissions and substitutions and additions, and this is the way the word of God has come down to us. Imagine, then, the toil which this well of water has involved. Imagine, when you take up your Bible to read, what lives of labor have gone into the preparation of this book. What ceaseless pains! What exacting studies! What critical judgment! What profound erudition! So, then, these Scriptures have been subjected to this astonishing experience. They cannot bring us within four centuries of an autograph manuscript of the Apostle Paul. Copies and copies, with all the dangers that beset copying. But yet, here is the book, not only a witness for God, but also a monument to the patient devotion and loving wisdom of the world's scholarship. And so, when we speak of the Bible as the word of God which may be had for the asking, I beg you to remember the story that lies behind the book, the colossal effort that men have put forth to find the word of God. But this is not all. Grant now that you come to these Scriptures in order to find the truth. Do you think you will get water without drawing? Does not His word challenge you on every page? Does it not both fascinate and bewilder you? Go to the book of Job and try to get water out of that well without the effort of drawing. Take the Sermon on the Mount and attempt to refresh yourself there without any toll and go away thirstier than you came. Yes, even that sweetest word of all, 'God so loved the world that he gave his Son'—gather your hearts around that deep, deep well, and quench your thirst if you can without the labor of drawing the water up. You see what I mean. Do you not try to get some understanding of the truth that rests beneath these words of Scripture? Does not the Gospel arouse your best and strongest thought? Water without drawing it? No, not even in the gospel of a free salvation. Not even in the 'simplicity of Jesus.' And when you repeat the commonest appeal yet heard in a revival of religion, 'Come to Christ,' how the words fairly attack the mind! How they start the thoughts into action and stimulate every rational faculty!

"Come to Christ,' 'Come to Christ.' Ah, how little that appeal may mean or how much it may mean, according to whether it puts you to sleep or sets your soul on fire! No, you will get no water of life out of this well except as you draw it yourself. I have said, then, that for fourteen centuries authority was supposed to reside in an infallible Church. Then it was supposed to be transferred to an infallible Book. But now it is being transferred again. The seat of authority in religion is said to be in a Person—Jesus Christ. His voice is final. His word is supreme. Grant it, but do not imagine that you are thereby relieved of the labor of drawing up the water from this Well of Life. Oh, how that marvelous Person awakens thought! How He raises questions! How He quickens your mental energies and brings you face to face with problems that demand your last ounce of intellectual and spiritual force! This is what I mean by the energy of religion and the vigor of faith. The gospel of Christ possesses a majestic authority, but it is an authority that is never really known until it is established in the personal soul. It is the power and presence of God, not above me, but within me. It is not an outward support upon which I may lie down and slumber, but an inner life which is always at work, bringing my thoughts and desires and deeds into obedience to itself.

"For me, then, authority means Christ within my soul. It involves the toil and labor of achieving the Christian character. We scrutinize the credentials of everything on earth which claims to possess authority

for us, and the Gospel is not exempt from this. St. John told his brethren long ago to 'try the spirits whether they are of God,' and to 'believe not every spirit,' because many false prophets are gone out into the world,' and the challenge comes to us fairly. 'Try this spirit of Jesus Christ. Prove it. Establish its authority in your mind and heart by winning these Christian graces for your lives and then see whether it answers more questions, resolves more fears, inspires more motives, comforts more sorrows and imparts more strength of character than any other spirit you can name, and with such toil and labor you will draw water out of the wells of salvation!

The letter fails and systems fall,
And every symbol wanes,
The spirit over-brooding all,
Eternal love remains.
In joy of inward peace or sense
Of sorrow over sin,
He is His own best evidence,
His witness is within.

"Again, I want you now to see the splendid spirit of the Gospel in this regard—the freedom of it, the large liberty it conveys, as it compels us to use our fullest powers, and to determine our own religious faith. There are two different methods operating in the world: In education, in society and in religion. In education, for instance, one method is that of uniformity and the other is that of individuality. Some schools mold every pupil into the same pattern until they are as alike as peas from the same pod. Others seek to allow every scholar to develop according to his native gifts. With the former education is a Procrustean bed, and the youthful minds must be stretched or shrunken to conform to this external apparatus. In society there is such a thing as conventionality, which exercises a mean tyranny over small and timid natures, but which larger souls know how to use as a servant and not as a master. And in the sphere of religion there is a tendency to insist that faith in God is a rigid framework to which the mind must be bound as a martyr is fastened to a stake. Let men should think wrong, they must think only in this established way.

"Professor Huxley somewhere says that he would have been grateful for the privilege of intrusting himself to some all-wise power which would agree to wind him up and guarantee the accuracy of his mental processes. But there is no such 'privilege,' and it would be a sad privilege if there were. For the secret of character is here. You come to the great well of life, and you have to draw up water for yourself. You may miserably fail. You may be dashed to pieces by your own efforts, but character is formed by the very labors of trying to draw the water of life. Some men refuse to think because they are so afraid of error. They seem to say to themselves, 'Let me not question my faith; let me rather draw it closer to my heart.' Then other men will come and say, 'Truth is truth. Let us therefore seek it with all our might. To be sure, we may miss it, but it is better to seek and miss than to hug a delusion.' And the gospel of Christ makes this appeal. We are not like these adding machines which never fail to give a correct result. And we are not to be cast out of each other's confidences because we do not all work alike. We are not to suppose that men are untrue to God because they think so differently and reach such different results. No, the divine way is different.

"Here is the well of life. But if you taste its waters you will draw them for yourself. If you have any faith in God some day you will fight to hold it, and it will be all the more precious to you if you have fought to keep it. But above all, be strong and of a good courage.' Accept this challenge of the Gospel. Love the Lord your God with all your minds. Be afraid of nothing so much as stagnation and cowardice and sin in the soul. 'This is life eternal,' said the Master. What is life eternal? To know the only true God and Jesus Christ. What? To know God! Oh, but that means toil and labor! You will not find Him out to perfection. You will make innumerable mistakes. You will believe things to-day that to-morrow you will throw away, but you will draw refreshing water from the well of eternal blessing. But this leads me to the third thought.

"I have thus far spoken, perhaps, as if the appeal of the Gospel were chiefly directed to our minds. Let me then, in closing, speak of finding out God in another way, namely, by doing what we sincerely believe we ought to do. There is an easy way of talking about religion as if it were some strange and unnatural exercise, when, as a

matter of fact, it is the exercise of the simplest and most natural powers of the soul. For listen, Faith and love and repentance—these are the demands of religion. But do not men have faith in men? Do not they know what it is to answer love with love? Do they never express sorrow for wrong done, one to another? Do they not trust invisible realities every day? And are not these the very powers of the soul which religion takes and keeps in their loftiest exercise?

"But these are the faculties with which we draw water from the wells of eternal life, in commerce and in society and in friendship, and surely religion is not strange and unnatural when it employs only these same resources unrestrained. God does not trench upon our proper personalities. I believe in God, but I expect no ecstasies, no 'angels visitant,' no sundered heavens.

"I believe in God's providence, but I am looking for no burning bush to speak to me, and no dreams will inform me to-night what I ought to do to-morrow. No, I have only my own soul, with whatever few powers God has given me. I shall find His will only by making the best possible use of my own will. I shall discover His thoughts only as I think my own thoughts as clearly, as truly as I can, and I shall be loving Him when I am loving with all my heart the object which I believe He would have me love. That is the Gospel. And it is an immense satisfaction for a man to know that when he is trying to do his best, the infinite God is with him, even though there is no manifestation of it. That is our faith. It is a comfort to be assured that God works along the lines of our native faculties. His providence is not a matter of flashing signs and flaming signals, but a matter of quiet guidance through the valid and natural play of our own common sense and every-day sagacity. And, my brethren, it is astonishing how our religious perplexities grow less when we turn our attention to the business of daily duty. Nothing so clarifies the mind as the doing of some kindly service. Action straightens the thinking. You may sit in your study and raise doubts until they gather like a blue cloud around your head, and then a chance comes to your hand to be helpful to some wretched life, and by taking it, you have felt yourself on solid rock again, and the sky was clearer and life infinitely worth the living.

"I do not undervalue the man whose mind is speculative. He may find some truth. He will at least make some brilliant guesses at the truth. But the man to consult in matters of religion is the man of action. The man who can do things is the man who will speak with the greatest authority. He who gathers up his soul and accomplishes something good for men, it is he who comes closest to the secret of life. Moral action is the road to spiritual intuition.

"Through this the unseen plays upon the things that are seen. Through moral action God diffuses His mighty power, and if you would have your doubts and fears very marvelously lessened, then try the Saviour's rule of action. If any man will do His will, he shall know the teaching. Some are staggering under the weight of the whole future of mankind. Some are already trying to carry the government of the universe upon their shoulders.

"But we know enough to live this hour, this day, and living to-day up to the level of our knowledge, we shall be making the best possible progress toward to-morrow. I only beseech you to draw water from the well of life in this superb manner. Do what you believe to be God's will. Do it, even if you are wrong. Do it, according to the best light you can receive. If you think it is God's will for you to pray, then pray, even though you pray, as Bushnell did, to a mere abstraction. If you think God would have you accept some responsibility, then accept it. No water of life without drawing it. No salvation without achieving it. No character without winning it.

"And though God may give no sign, and no miracle may fall from heaven upon our path, yet, believe me, you and I find God's presence in the right. He is with us when we are in the right, and as sailors spread every inch of canvas when the wind begins to blow with them, so we, putting forth our powers of mind and heart and will, to do the next thing that is, in our best judgment, right, will find the spirit of God working with us to will and to do of His good pleasure. This is the energy of religion and the vigor of faith."

[The above excellent sermon should be read and reread with deep and profound thought. Within it is contained the Mystics' idea of the Energy of Religion.—EDITOR.]



Brilliant

WHEN some beloved voice that was to you Both sound and sweetness faileth suddenly, And silence against which you dare not cry Aches round you like a strong disease, and What hope, what new help, what music will undo That silence to your sense?

"The spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the Gospel to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted; to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind; to set at liberty them that are bruised; to preach the acceptable year of the Lord."

You are nearer your heart's desire than you think. Press on with love of God in your heart and faith in your soul and mind, with no thought of failure, and you will win.

'Tis not the whole of life to live, Nor all of death to die.

All that's bright must fade, The brightest still the fleetest; All that's sweet was made But to be lost when sweetest.

In men this blunder still you find— All think their little set mankind.

I strove with none, for none was worth my strife; Nature I loved, and next to Nature, art; I warmed both hands against the fire of Life; It sinks, and I am ready to depart.

The noblest of all charities is in enabling the poor to earn a livelihood.—Talmud.

Do not confine your children to your own learning. They were born in another time.—Talmud.

Learn first and philosophize afterward.—Talmud.

The sense of right and wrong, the principle of honor, or the instinct of benevolence, are barriers too feeble to withstand the strength of passion. In the tranquil seasons of life these natural principles may, perhaps, carry on the ordinary course of social duties with some regularity. But wait until some trying emergency comes. Let the conflict of passions arise. Let the heart be wounded by sore distress or agitated by violent emotions, and you shall presently see that virtue without religion is inadequate to the government of life. It is destitute of its proper guard, of its firmest support, of its chief encouragement. It will sink under the weight of misfortune, or will yield to the solicitation of guilt.—Blair.

It is of vital and important interest for each man to think about his being here on this planet—where he came from, what he is here for, and where he is going. Read this Magazine regularly in an earnest, sincere and thoughtful way and the GREAT LIGHT will come into your inner chamber where dwelleth the real self—the eternal soul. Learn about the power of the In-dwelling Spirit.

Man in this Soul Age is becoming more and more conscious of the "New and Endless Life"; that he is an eternal soul going onward, forward and upward to God, the Loving Father of All. We are now opening our eyes to "The Abundant Life" and realize the meaning of THE MASTER'S words: "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly." What a grand and glorious message is CHRIST'S MESSAGE OF LIFE! It is the message of the largest life and the best fruit of life here, now, and hereafter. There can be no strong, healthy, vital life without Christ in it. Remember the words: "I AM COME THAT THEY MIGHT HAVE LIFE, AND THAT THEY MIGHT HAVE IT MORE ABUNDANTLY." (John x:10.)

Take life all through, its adversity as well as its prosperity, its sickness as well as its health, its loss of its rights as well as its enjoyment of them, and we shall find that no natural sweetness of temper, much less any acquired philosophical equanimity, is equal to the support of a uniform habit of kindness. Nevertheless, with the help of grace, the habit of saying kind words is very quickly formed, and when once formed it is not speedily lost. Sharpness, bitterness, sarcasm, acute observation, divination of motives—all these things disappear when a man is earnestly conforming himself to the image of Christ Jesus. The very attempt to be like our dearest Lord is already a wellspring of sweetness within us, flowing with an easy grace over all who come within our reach.—F. W. Faber.

God's promises are ever on the ascending scale. One leaps up to another, fuller and more blessed than itself. In Mesopotamia God said: "I will show thee the land;" at Bethel: "This is the land;" in Canaan: "I will give thee all the land, and children innumerable as the grains of sand." It is thus that God allures us to saintliness—not giving us anything till we have dared to act—that he may test us; not giving everything first—that he may not overwhelm us; and always keeping in hand an infinite reserve of blessing. Oh, the unexplored remainders of God! Who ever saw his last star?—F. B. Meyer, D.D.

The avalanche that has slid a mile does not stop for trifles. And the soul of any man who has gathered momentum by years of consistent living shall not stop at a trifle like dying.—Thomas K. Beecher.

Disappointment is like a sieve. Through its coarse meshes the small ambitions and hopes or endeavors of a soul are sifted out relentlessly. But the things that are big enough not to fall through are not in the least affected by it. It is only a test, not a finality.—Wellspring.

What we need is not a new compass every year, but a new determination to steer straight by the old compass, which is the Word of God in Christ.—Henry Van Dyke, D.D.

Cruel Slaughter of Birds Caused by Thoughtless Women

SOME cynic once said, "Woman is cruel, vain, selfish and thoughtless—shallow." Some of the ancient Adepts went so far as to say that women had no souls. It is only some few women that are cruel. Many are thoughtless. If women could only see the cruel slaughter of God's beautiful birds in one year, that their vanity might be gratified, they would think, and never wear a feather or bird as an ornament. Read the following statistics from the Brooklyn Eagle and then think—and pray to God for Light on the subject.

"Last year in Venezuela alone 2,000,000 birds were killed for fashion's sake. One London dealer admitted twelve years ago, long before fashion was so pitiless as now, that he sold 2,000,000 small birds every twelve months. Three recent consignments to London included 10,000 birds of paradise, nearly 800 packages of osprey feathers, 6,700 crested pigeons, 5,500 Impeyan pheasants, 500 bird skins, 270 cases of peacock's feathers, 1,500 Argus pheasants and 500 various other small birds."

It indicates vanity and vulgarity to see women decked out in gay plumage, and refined and cultured ladies do not ornament themselves much in this way.

From "The Light of the World"

PEACE beginning to be,
Deep as the sleep of the sea
When the stars their still gleams glass
In its blue tranquillity:

Hearts of all upon earth
From the first to the second birth
To rest as the wild waters rest
With colors of Heaven on their breast.

Love which is sunlight of peace
Age by age to increase,
Till anger and hate are dead,
And sorrow and death shall cease:

"Peace on earth; good-will!"
Souls that are gentle and still
Hear the first music of this
(Coming), Infinite Bliss!

HEART TALKS

By Helen Van-Anderson

THIS seems to be a day of choice. Continually are conditions and circumstances facing each individual which necessitate a decision as to what course to pursue, what stand to take regarding them. Some people are afraid to choose; some regret when they have chosen. Some are reckless and heedless as to whether they choose rightly or not. Yet all are hurried on to the Cross Road of Experience. Whether consciously or unconsciously, they travel the path that leads to unhappiness or the one that leads to peace. Sometimes this responsibility of choice seems to them a burden, and yet it is this *only* which develops character. The one who is continually deferring to others to decide for him a question of life, or who puts off the day of action because he is afraid to place himself in the Arena of Conflict, is continually choosing a path of weakness which leads to indefinite, colorless character. If you want power to accomplish, if you want knowledge to progress, do the thing when it comes to you, and do it to the best of your ability.

In postponing decisions you are catering to a sense of weakness and to an increasing timidity which will make all undertakings seem tremendous and all efforts futile.

Dear friend, have courage; do your best; realize that *you* have the equipment for accomplishing what lies in your line of duty, and be heroic in beginning when the moment of activity arrives.

George McDonald says: "If you have a disagreeable duty to perform on Friday, do not blacken the hours of Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday in thinking about it." We would add to this: "If you have a disagreeable duty to perform, eliminate from your mind the idea that it is *disagreeable*, and in your mental vision see it already performed. See yourself a hero rather than a shrinking excuse for one. You cannot truly place yourself in the way to perform anything well unless you take hold of the thought of it with vigor and sincerity. It is the habit of looking upon the wrong side of any question and placing yourself in an inactive attitude toward it that causes you to be undecided and fearful. "He who hesitates is lost" is as true of character building as it is of inaction in the time of emergency.

To consider first that you have the power to do; second, that you have the will to do; third, that you have the courage to do, is to be an achiever of victories.

It is thus that you will learn to decide upon the right of every question; the moment it is presented to your mind you will give yourself no time to cower and shrink before the prospects, no time to put on the cloak of fear or the shoes of distrust. The moment a question comes to your mind, see yourself mentally taking hold of it and disposing of it. In that moment is your choice made. Thus you learn to take the path to the right. Thus you learn to become the decider and not the vacillator. Thus you build character.

Is this not worth striving for? How many tears you shed when you are shivering with fear and uncertain as to how to choose, and if, when you have chosen wrongly, you add regret and remorse to your fear and vacillation, you are in a state to suffer continually. Is this a masterful state? Is this a state of peace or joy?

Dear friend, begin *Now* to act upon your best knowledge and according to your best motive. Do not think the gift of wisdom has been withheld and that you do not know what to do. Hath not God put Himself into every soul, and is it not your privilege to acknowledge the God in you, rather than the mortal which is impotent and ignorant?

Solomon spoke truly when he, as the spokesman of the Lord, said: "Acknowledge Me in all thy ways and I will direct thy paths." When your whole mind is filled with *yourself* HOW can you acknowledge God? If your personality and its interests, its environments, its weaknesses, make up the sum of your mental conceptions, what place do you give for the conception of any phase of the Immanent Good? As you know the depth and purpose of your

inmost being which transcends the personal, you will know something of the Divine gifts with which God has endowed every soul. Knowing that you have *your* share of these gifts, that you have your privilege of using them, that they will always respond to your call, is to take the first step in acknowledging God. Suppose you try the plan of thinking of and acknowledging the possession of these inherent gifts which are the gift of God. Can you think of the gift without the Giver? Identify your consciousness with them; begin in your heart and mind to say: "I know what to do, for the Divine Wisdom is my wisdom. I acknowledge the Divine as my Light which reveal the path, which gives strength, which makes possible the accomplishment of every good and true purpose."

Apply this method of thinking of the good as inherent within you; as ever respondent to your need, and you will become a new creature; your old picture of yourself will be displaced by a new one. As you come to feel the self-respect which strength and decisiveness impart, you will see yourself doing as the Divine Wisdom would direct. In short, as you go on seeing the All Light, the light will flood your mind. You will know, and *knowing*, you will be able to do.

This is the antidote and remedy for all inefficiencies of whatsoever nature, for all weakness of will or vacillation of purpose. Realize and acknowledge continually the Divine Gift, and this acknowledgment will make you what you would like to be.

You will find then the veritable fulfillment of Solomon's words: "Acknowledge Me in all thy ways and I will direct thy paths."

Another great benefit, dear heart, will result from this habit of looking at the Light within you. You will cease to make comparisons of yourself with other persons; no matter how great and wonderful their attainments may be, you will not grow envious nor disheartened because yours are not so apparent. Rather than looking outward to others you will look inward to your own centre, where the Light is ever shining. In brief, you will find that howsoever long you have dwelt in the realm of personality in the past, and through which have come your own dissatisfactions and dissensions (largely because of this comparison with others), you are now dwelling in the realm of your own individuality, your Spiritual Godliness.

There are so many complexities of being, so many varying phases of consciousness, that it is necessary to find the Light of the Spirit within you, that all these may be illumined and thus interpreted to your mind. Be not discouraged if you seem slow in finding the Light. You must remember the habits of thought and habitual trends of emotion will have to be changed to accord with your new motive and your decision to live from the inner basis rather than the outer.

For example, in a moment of peace and exaltation you perceive the ideal way to pursue; you resolve to act in accordance with this perception, but almost ere you have begun, some incident occurs or something is said to disturb your equanimity; immediately your emotions are stirred, your feelings are hurt; you feel that you have been misunderstood or unjustly treated; then you act accordingly. The emotional intensity blinds your perceptions, and instead of being what you had planned to be—the ideal liver—you are what you have been in the habit of being—a weak, emotional, blind personality. It is this moment of illumination, dear heart, in which the ideal way is made known to you that you are to live by. True, you may fail many times before you attain, but persevere; take not account of failure; as surely as you do you will be disheartened. The old fears, regrets and other shadows will overcome you and shut out the Light. Therefore we say, seek constantly the moments of peace wherein you become conscious of the Light. Acknowledge the Light so much that your mind is turned to it unceasingly. As your mind contemplates, or rather as your thoughts accord with your ideal, gradually you will learn to control your emotions and your habits of thought. The surest and

quickest attainment is made by thus realizing the root of all power. *That which is, is.*

If it is true that anybody has Divine gifts, it is true that you have them. If it is true that *any* soul has Spiritual Light, it must be true that *you* have it. If it is true that thinking of these things and acknowledging them to be true will enable you to realize them and empower you to act as though they were true, you cannot too quickly come to know yourself as an individual made in the image and empowered to express the likeness of God. Can you see now how you may overcome the weakness of the human and manifest the Strength of the Divine? The weakness of the human is manifested in many ways. All persons in the natural state are imperfect and inefficient in some way. No person may yet have manifested the Divine power and perfection; no person that you or I know may have yet manifested the fullness of the Divine Nature, yet we have many examples of righteousness and One who has been given to us as an ideal pattern, One who has more fully manifested the Flower of Divinity in his human life than any other. To this One as a pattern we may always turn. His example may be to us an inspiration, yet to find the real secret of His beautiful life we must understand the principles by which He lived. Did He not speak continually of the indwelling God? Did He not refer always to the Power of God which wrought through Him all things which He did? Did He not say, "Love to God and love to man is the statement of the whole Law"? Did He not say, "All who believe on Me and the Power which is manifested through Me will be able to do the works that I do"?

Read and study carefully every hint that is given of the Divine Christ which actuated Jesus. Read and study every allusion to this Universal Christ made by the Disciples and the Apostles. See if it does not flash upon you that the *same* Light which made the masterful Life of Jesus will enable you to become like Him. See if, as Paul says, "Having the same mind in you that was in Jesus," you may become like Him.

This Christliness, this living according to the Light that is within every man, is the redeeming potency which will transform us.

It is within the privilege of every one, man, woman or child, to prove the truth of the gospel of love and life, thus making of himself or herself an individual, one who glorifies the Father which is in Heaven. Such an one knows *how* to choose and *what* to choose, because Wisdom (Light) is ever within. He has left the path of uncertainty, because he has believed in and trusted to his God-given gift of *knowing*.

GLASS OF WATER

Upset Her.

People that don't know about food should never be allowed to feed persons with weak stomachs.

A little over a year ago a young woman who lives in Mercer, Me., had an attack of scarlet fever, and when convalescent was permitted to eat anything she wanted. Indiscriminate feeding soon put her back in bed with severe stomach trouble and inflammation of the kidneys.

"There I stayed," she says, "three months, with my stomach in such condition that I could take only a few teaspoonfuls of milk or beef juice at a time. Finally Grape-Nuts was brought to my attention and I asked my doctor if I might eat it. He said 'yes,' and I commenced at once.

"The food did me good from the start and I was soon out of bed and entirely recovered from the stomach trouble. I have gained ten pounds since my recovery, and am able to do all household duties, some days sitting down only long enough to eat my meals. I can eat anything that one ought to eat, but I still continue to eat Grape-Nuts at breakfast and supper, and like it better every day.

"Considering that a year ago I could stand only a short time and that a glass of water seemed 'so heavy,' I am fully satisfied that Grape-Nuts has been everything to me, and my return to good health is due solely to it.

"I have told several friends having nervous or stomach trouble what Grape-Nuts did for me, and in every case they speak highly of the food." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

BEYOND THE VEIL

By FREDERICK W. BURRY

Written Especially for The Magazine of Mysteries



If there were no life outside of the present changing, eluding, unsatisfying daily experiences, we might be tempted to say that life was not worth living. But the hope of a better life has comforted mankind during the long centuries in the midst of its afflictions, and helped to make man more or less patient. He has looked toward the Future, which contained for him so much promise.

In the meantime, the race has gone on unfolding, giving expression to its various ideals, building up great kingdoms and institutions in the world.

This work of Expression, men have felt themselves impelled to be engaged in; even though they often saw the results of their efforts destroyed, there has ever been present a spirit of persistence and constant endeavor, which has made men build again and again, always doing something.

And none of these tireless efforts has been wasted—not one move can be said to have been a false one—mistakes and successes have all in their way helped to mold human life, human character.

What the present majority of people consider to be the end and motive of existence is but a transitory stage of preparation for a larger life. We are living in the midst of shams and delusions—the shock that most people experience in the presence of the so-called failures and deaths is simply the result of a childish, nervous, weak delusion. For there is only life; and there is no failure.

We need to get behind the veils—behind the mysteries. Hidden behind all this phantasmagoria of events around us, beneath the shrouds of matter, beyond the limits of time and space, is the one Real Thing.

To the average mind, any talk about the spiritual, the mysterious, the occult, seems to suggest the unnatural; and some are even afraid to face questions of this character at all, although these questions indeed have to deal with the foundation and substance of Life and Being. But the time must come when such questions must be faced—when they can no longer be ignored.

People refuse to investigate the hidden truths of Life because they have the false notion that what is beyond the veil of common every-day physical facts must be at variance with the pleasures and romance of this life.

Nothing could be farther from the truth. The more we know about the inner life, the more we shall see how co-related and complementary it is to all that is objective to-day; the more we discover about the soul, the greater shall be our knowledge of the body.

Research into the mysterious and occult, when carried on scientifically, and without prejudice or superstition, will be of the most practical value, even for the everyday necessities. Health, wealth, wisdom, and all that makes a man a worthy citizen of the earth, are gained by an earnest study of the mental and spiritual sides of Life.

This is most reasonable, since when we are searching into the so-called impalpable realms of mind or spirit, we surely get in touch with the centre and cause of conditions in the outer world.

Yes, if any one is practical it is a man who is looking for Truth—looking for it where it can only be found; not merely by observation or study of phenomena—which is well enough as far as it goes—but by a deeper, fuller, more real research into the kingdom that lies within.

Even our materialistic scientists are admitting that matter is simply Force; that the atom in its last analysis is simply a vibration; that the whole universe is a state, a condition, a movement of what they call Force; and that if this universe was to stop a quivering, it would vanish out of existence.

They bring everything down to Energy. Energy—what word suggests anything

more impalpable and ethereal than Energy? Indeed, our material scientists again declare that this Energy is ethereal—it is Ether.

Then, Substance in itself is nothing until it comes clothed with conditions that appeal to sense; with form, color, taste, weight—what are technically called Accidents. And the earnest student of the Truth must ignore no side of Life, but must acquaint himself with both the subjective and the objective, with the spiritual and the material, with the soul and the body.

This acquaintance, while it may start with the reading of books and periodical contemplative exercises, must not stop there. Experience is necessary for complete education.

It is not sufficient to think, to talk, to read or write about the Truth—it must be lived.

There are many who will tell you to repeat certain Affirmations; and I know these words of Life are most potent in results. But we must become living Affirmations—each hour and day growing bodily into a positive condition of character—a personality vigorous and vital in every thought and in every atom.

It is necessary that we develop habits of thought and action in line with our Ideals—and the repeating of Affirmations may and will help in this direction, if they are in earnest. They will then most surely pierce through the strata of all material envelopes until we are saturated through and through with renewed vitality, until we are incarnate expressions of the Truth.

As we thus grow in a Consciousness which far transcends the ordinary intellectual surface thinking, we shall see beyond the veils that hide the realms of causation from us—and this Vision, or Recognition, will be a key of Power for us.

For it is only Ignorance that keeps us so incompetent.

And the mighty Truths and Mysteries of Life are all of a simple character—they need not any covering or ostentation or display—the latter conditions are required only by shams and make-believes. Simplicity is grandeur. Truth needs no adornment and no veils—excepting in Man's earlier stages of evolution, when the mysteries of Life are mercifully shielded from his eyes.

How timid is man at first! Barbarians, who have wonderful animal strength, are most superstitious, and afraid almost of their own shadow. And they worship what they fear. In modern times, and among civilized nations, the religion of Fear has also held sway for generations; and to-day you will find men all around you who are constitutionally of the most muscular build, yet quite fearful over conditions which little, delicate women laugh at.

There is a general notion that it is not natural for physical and mental strength to go together. And it is true that they have in the past seldom been together. We are now, however, entering an era of more complete development—in seeking deeper into the cause of things, in coming nearer the centre of Life, we are becoming not only wiser but healthier; we are developing the mind and the body at the same time.

The development of one at the expense of the other is really at the expense of both, for both are indissolubly united, being the positive and negative sides of the same thing.

Idle curiosity is of too superficial a character to be rewarded with enlightenment. Unless a man is stirred with an earnest desire to know because he wants to lead a better and fuller life, for the good of self and all, his research will be in vain. What the mere curious seeker finds out is of small practical account. Theories and principles must be lived, must be made practical, before they are of any use.

There are any number of so-called "truth-seekers" who are simply engaged in a pleasant intellectual pastime; but as for getting right down to practical, physical living of the truth—of course, that would be out of the question.

We want less make-believes—less hypoc-

risy. We want less temporizing and pretense. Let us be one thing or the other—hanging on to the old dead creeds, or radical supporters of the new, the advanced, the living, the real.

In all ages men have lifted up their voice against cant, humbug, hypocrisy—but it seems with little effect, for these conditions appear as rampant as ever. You will find rows of well-bound volumes—"classical volumes"—in the houses of people who think it fine to have such a choice library, who would not dream of practicing the precepts contained in them. If such books are read at all, as they seldom are, the precepts are passed over as the "eccentricities of genius."

You hear people say that geniuses are abnormal, crazy, degenerates; but they will say we need these "unbalanced" characters to make up the world. Who thinks of following in the footsteps of these geniuses—or even of making similar individual tracks? Very few—as yet.

But those who would lift the veil that hides the Realities of Life must get out of the beaten track of custom, must branch away from the habits of the majority. These habits, which are born of the most contracted selfishness, constitute the veils and illusions.

We must expand our consciousness.

Of course, if you are satisfied with the little fragile toys the world has to give you, this article will not interest you; I am writing for those who desire more—for those who would ascend the throne of mastery, of power, of creatorship—for those who would get a better control of circumstances by standing and acting at the Centre—for those who have felt, and are thus made to think—for those who would prepare themselves to lift the veil of Illusion and behold Truth in her Absolute Perfection.

The nearer we get to the Centre of Life, the less we have to fear. Fear is born of Ignorance. Some men fear pain; others fear death; others again fear God; there are a limitless number of other fears which afflict men in different ways, among which may be mentioned the following: the fear of doing wrong, of making mistakes, fear of one's fellows, fear of poverty and losses, fear of the future. But what is the use of enumerating?—we are all more or less under the shadow of Fear. The nearer we get to the Centre, we shall be delivered from Fear, which is another name for the Veil that hides the Truth.

The Centre! This word means so much. Concentration is derived from it. The sun, the soul, also mean the Centre. The Centre is the Will. The Centre is the Man—the Ego—the I Am.

The Centre of Man's Being is not confined to the limits of time and space. Everywhere is the Centre. It dwells in the mystic realm of the Silence.

The Silence! Another word fraught with great import. Right in our midst, behind all the Noise around us, is the Silence. The Silence is the Throne of God—the Sanctuary of Nature. All forms are born from the Silence—all vibrations are struck there.

I will not attempt to go into a long dissertation on the subjects of the Centre and the Silence, but for the present I will leave the above few suggestions with you. Our language is inadequate to define the great mysteries of Life and Being in their fullness; we can throw a certain light of interpretation over the scene—but each must, after all, tread the Path of Illumination themselves.

Wisdom calls for no straining head-work, no fierce plodding of intellectuality. It calls for a sincere life. As we day by day become more sincere and truthful, more kind and gentle and loving—in a word, more natural—the veils so long concealing the Truth, and which would not give way to all our intense tugging and straining, drop away of their own accord. Sincerity breaks down all barriers.

Let the earth be peopled with sincere men and women, and tyrants will tremble, superstition will draw its last breath, injustice will be no more.

A sincere person will bear everywhere a wondrous magnetic charm—an Influence that will be felt by all.

This Influence is now within your reach, to be used in a measure to-day, right where you are, a power for good over yourself and others—in the simplest things of life as well as the greatest—for these terms of distinction count for nothing in the divine reckoning of things. All is Equal—all is One.

Mr. Henry Wood writes to THE MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES: "I congratulate you upon the feast of good things which you continue to furnish to the world."

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

O FATHER OF LOVE! who art infinitely wise and bountiful, give me clearly to know Thy holy Will and use me as an instrument to write down only words of eternal life: let me hear Thy sweet Voice. I am Thy eternal child, ever aspiring to communicate words of Truth, Joy, Peace and Bliss to all souls. Teach me to love Thee more, that I may inspire all Thy children to love Thee more. O Eternal Breath of Life! strengthen me with Thy Omnipresence, omniscience and omnipotence that I may help the Whole, and that all may be done for Thy glory. Amen.

The first step toward attaining to infinite and eternal bliss is to light the inner fire of our souls with burning and fervent love of the Most High—holding the highest ideals and aspirations.

Aspire to *know* and *realize* what we call in our ignorance and superstition the *Unknowable* and *Unrealizable*—try to comprehend the so-called *Incomprehensible*.

Who dare say we cannot know the great eternal God?

All men are not asleep in a morbid drowsiness on the banks of the river Lethe.

Many men are now awake and are walking up and down the earth with cool, calm, serene, sober and sane minds—in Knowledge, Wisdom and Bliss.

What was unknowable yesterday is known to-day, and what is unknown to-day will be known to-morrow.

It is an universal and eternal awakening of man to a realization that he is eternal; that his goal is omniscience; that the Omniscient One places no limit to man's knowledge; it is the drowsy, sleepy, clouded mind of man alone that limits his powers.

It is thy heated, disordered or unawakened mind that limits thee—not God.

God is ever present, ready to possess thy mind, heart and soul if thou wouldst but freely and fully open thy mind, heart and soul to Him and aspire to know Him—aspire to oneness with the Blessed Omniscient One.

The Inner Fire is eternally kindled and set aflame by fervent, universal love and Aspirations to *know* the eternal Truth, and in no other way.

Knowledge and Wisdom seek the seeker, and none others; Infinite Bliss, born of Knowledge and Wisdom, forever dwells in the heart of the Universal lover—the spiritually awakened man.

Pleasure and happiness always come to an end; not so Blissful Knowledge, which is eternal, and places man eternally hand in hand with the Eternal God of the Universe. Blessed Truth!

Go into the Silence with God, and ask only to hear the Silent Voice of Love and Truth, and *listen*, and He will speak from within thy soul, saying that knowledge of Him is the true and eternal goal of all souls that will lead them to oneness and Blissful Existence.

Heed these words: "All knowledge is inherent in *all* men; no knowledge comes from outside; it is all inside. What we say a man '*knows*,' in strict psychological language should be a man '*discovers*'; what a man '*learns*' is really what a man '*discovers*,' the word '*discover*' meaning 'he takes the cover (veils of ignorance, superstition, delusion and lethargy of mind) off of his own soul,' which is a mine of infinite knowledge."

Why, then, slumber and sleep and dream and be frightened and disturbed by these countless nightmares—illusions and delusions?

Come! blessed soul, look to the great God within, who can through the heat of love burn and melt from thy soul the iron lid of ignorance and delusion, and forever arouse and awaken thy mind and relate it with the Universal Mind of infinite bliss.

Hold it in thy mind *all* the time that *all* knowledge is in *all* men, and sooner or later—sometime, somewhere—*all* will come to that plane of consciousness or wakefulness

where they will see, know, walk and talk with God and the Angels, for ever and ever.

The doctrine and gospel of infinite and universal love of God will carry us to universal and eternal Blissful Knowledge—the goal of *all*, and no other doctrine will.

More than that, as this doctrine of absolute Truth makes its way, man's progress will be great and rapid, and peace, harmony and melody will prevail in the world.

The woes, miseries and discords of life here on the earth-plane are caused by a wrong conception of God, man and the universe—of the blind following the blind.

How can man love and realize and attain to knowledge and wisdom and bliss and power if he is taught and believes he is a limited mortal; that God cannot be known?

How can we really love that which we do not know exists?

Because thou art deep asleep and cannot see their bright and beautiful forms, and hear the sweet voices of the angels, does not prove that some whole (holy) and awakened men cannot see and commune with them.

Can a sleepy Hottentot have any true conception of electricity and its intelligent and wise application to the wants and requirements of man? Can he explain how messages of thought are transmitted great distances, by telegraphy, the telephone and wireless telegraphy? Yet, many men know all about how this is done.

If we live in the Spirit we know all that pertains to spirit—the cause of psychical phenomena, occult and psychic powers—the seen and the unseen.

The Holy Seer, Sage and Adept is such by his fervent, universal love and his persistent and patient aspiration to know *all* that he may help uplift or awaken *all*; he exists in the *seen* and *unseen*—the Universe.

"The infinite library of the universe is in your own mind," and it is important that we all know this grand truth and commence at once to aspire for attainment in knowledge of the self, which, when known and realized, leads to all knowledge and Eternal Bliss. "Know thyself!"

"All knowledge, secular or spiritual, is in the human mind. In many cases it is not discovered, but remains covered, and when the covering is being slowly taken off we say, 'we are learning,' and the advance of knowledge is made by the advance of this process of discovering. The man from whom this veil is being lifted is the more knowing man; the man upon whom it lies thick is ignorant, and the man from whom it is entirely gone is the all-knowing, the omniscient."

There have been and are omniscient men on this planet, and now that we have entered the new Age of Love and Light *all* men will rapidly tend toward Omniscience—oneness with God.

We are in the beginning of the real Spiritual Age of this planet; each day we become individually, and as a whole, more spiritual.

This is the Age of Love—universal love—and men are living more and more in universals and less in parts.

The Heart of the Universe is expanding and lifting all men up out of the mire of ignorance and limitation, and it is only the bigot and zealot and fanatic who says man cannot comprehend what he, in his ignorance, is pleased to call the incomprehensible God.

The utilitarian may ask what does this Blissful Knowledge do for man—does it chop wood, hoe corn, advance his material prosperity? It does this and more, too.

It transforms us into sane, normal, rational, practical working men and women; it makes us just, kind, gentle, tolerant, considerate, forceful, healthful, and helpful; it makes us live long, useful, serene, and blissful days *Now* and *Here*; it casts out of our minds all childish and puerile ideas about God and the salvation of the soul. Creation, time, beginning and end; it frees us from all superstition and agnosticism; it makes us co-workers with the omniscient and omnipresent One, and not slaves to poverty and drudgery.

O Blessed Eternal Bliss, born of the knowledge that *all* which exists is *ONE*, and that *all* souls will ultimately reach Eternal Bliss—thy blessed state is indescribable.

The pure and holy man, who really *loves* God and *knows* His mighty power of love, is absolutely free from any fear or doubt or disturbance about the ultimate goal of *all* souls—this knowledge alone brings to his soul *perfect bliss*.

He who loves the world, and lives in the world, working for the world, without any selfish motive, and is non-attached to the world and the fruits of his work, is the soul that has reached Eternal Bliss through *knowing* that which some teachers and preachers say is *unknowable*.

Love God with a pure, holy and unselfish love and aspire to *know* the truth, and the great Angel of Truth will appear to thee with His mighty bands and dwell with thee and enlighten thee.

Remember, blessed souls, He that is sought in fervent love, seeks the seeker, and fills him with all knowledge and Eternal Bliss.

Come! light the inner fires of thy soul and rouse thy mind and wake up; it is the dawn of the bright and Eternal Day of Bliss.

Love, Pray, Aspire to know *all*, and in the Silence *listen*, and the great God will speak to thee through thy own soul.

Go into the holy silence and ask and answer all thy own questions through the omnipresent, omniscient and omnipotent power of God's help.

Empty and cleanse thy mind of *all* thought, except the thought of love for *all*, and then *listen* in a holy, calm and serene way, and the Omniscient One will speak to thee and fill thy mind with high and holy thoughts that will in a while lead thee to all knowledge and sweet and holy Bliss—Eternal Bliss.

Glory be to the great and Eternal God forever!

My Skies Are Seldom Gray

I've had my share
Of carking care,
Of fickle Fortune's frowns;
I've braved and borne
The cold world's scorn,
And had my ups and downs.
Yet I can still
A ditty trill
Or sing a roundelay;
For though I hold
Nor lands nor gold,
My skies are seldom gray!
The stress and strife
Of toilsome life
Have taught me one glad truth—
Not he who must
Crawls in the dust,
But he who will—forsooth!
And so I sing
My song, and fling
My load of care away;
For though I hold
Nor lands nor gold,
My skies are seldom gray!
I would not give
A fig to live
Divorced from fret and moil;
The bread I eat
Is rendered sweet
Because of daily toil.
And so I still
A ditty trill—
A blithesome roundelay;
For though I hold
Nor lands nor gold—
My skies are seldom gray!
—*Jas. B. Naylor, in National Magazine.*

Kissing the Rod

O, HEART of mine, we shouldn't worry so!
What we've missed of sun, we couldn't
have, you know;
What we've met of stormy pain and of
sorrow's driving rain,
We can better meet again, if it blow.
We have erred in that dark hour we have
known.
When our tears fell with a shower, all
alone;
Were not shine and shadow blent as the
gracious Master meant?
Let us temper our content with His own.
For we know, not every morrow can be
sad;
So forgetting all the trouble we have had,
Let us fold away our tears, and put by
our foolish fears,
And through all the coming years, just be
glad!
—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

THE FARMER THE HAPPIEST

Will Not Change His Lot with
a King

ONE day a certain king grew weary of the luxurious life he was leading, for one by one his every pleasure became monotonous, and at last he knew not what to do to make his life endurable. So he concluded that a sure way out of the trouble would be to find out how other kings had lived before him, and to ascertain what they did to gain happiness and peace of mind. Accordingly, he ordered a courtier to collect all the books concerning kings, both in history and fiction, and to read them aloud to him, that he might collect useful information on that subject.

The courtier gathered a great number of these books and read them aloud to the king, who seemed still to be at a loss for information regarding the details of royal happiness. When the king had about given up in despair, the courtier came to an Eastern story of a ruler who had found happiness by changing places with a peasant.

As the courtier attempted to go on with the story, the king held his hand up for him to stop.

"Close the book," said he; "I shall follow the example of the king in the story. There may be a peasant in my realm who thinks true happiness comes to those in power, who could be induced to change his position in life for mine."

The courtier protested against such an experiment, until he thought the safety of his head was involved, and then desisted.

On the following day the king started out behind four white horses, in his best purple and golden crown, to exchange places with the happiest man he could find.

On an almost deserted road he espied a little cabin under some large trees that almost screened it from view. As the carriage drew nearer, the king saw the occupant of the cabin digging in a patch. He seemed as happy as the birds that were singing on every limb; and he himself sang while he pushed the spade in the ground and turned up the soft earth.

When the carriage stopped, the man dropped his spade and came to the fence to see what was wanted.

The king stepped down and asked him some questions regarding the prospect of good crops in the country, and then said:

"I should be very well contented if I were as happy as you were."

"And I," replied the peasant, "should be very happy if I were king."

"You are one," replied the king, as he threw his robes about the man's shoulders and placed his golden crown upon his head. "This is your carriage and these are your servants, who will bear witness that we have changed places, and that I am the peasant."

The joy of the new-made king knew no bounds. He sat in the carriage with all the dignity of the old king. In his heart he fancied he must be dreaming, and pinched his arms and asked his attendants to stick pins in him that he might be sure that he was awake. He thought of his great power with glee and felt happy in the knowledge that he could make the country go to war and cut off the heads of people who in any way displeased him. What puzzled him most was the fact that he had ever been happy before, and he was at a loss to understand it.

"Whip up the horses," he said, "as I wish to reach the palace before sundown."

But, in reality, he feared that the old king might have changed his mind and might be running along the road to overtake them.

When he reached the palace there was little excitement, as all the inmates knew they were to have a new king.

That night he made up his mind to have a grand banquet, such as a king should have. So he ate a most inordinate quantity of the richest dishes, and he did not stop until almost midnight, when he retired.

He was awakened several times before morning with nightmare, and passed so miserable a night that he was tired and sleepy when it was time to arise for the day. While he was a peasant and worked hard year in and year out, he had never known any but nights of refreshing sleep.

But this did not trouble him much. He

concluded that he would soon become accustomed to royal banquets, and that would be the end to sleepless nights. No sooner had he disposed of this trouble than it occurred to him that he had heard that it was a common thing for a king to have his food poisoned. Perhaps his food had been insufficiently poisoned the night before. In that case the servants would make sure to put enough in his coffee to kill him at breakfast.

This was a terrible reflection, and it harrowed the king's feelings in a way they had never been harrowed before. But he went to his breakfast, determining that he would not touch the coffee. Then he concluded that they might deceive him by putting the poison where he would least suspect it.

When he was a peasant he never knew such fear as this. He finished his breakfast in great alarm. His agitation had been so great that it gave him a worried, pale look.

"Is your majesty well?" asked one of the courtiers.

"Why?" said the king.

"Your majesty certainly looks very ill," replied the courtier.

"Then the king was satisfied that he was poisoned. So he threw himself upon a lounge, clasped his hands to his forehead and declared that he had been poisoned, and ordered all the servants to be beheaded if he should die.

Shortly after he was satisfied that nothing serious was the matter, and he went out into the garden to take a breath of fresh air. He had not proceeded far when he noticed some one following him. The follower was between him and the palace, and he could do nothing but depend upon himself in case of an attack. No matter where he walked, this man followed him, so he sat down to see if the straggler would venture nearer. But the man did not. He stood still and watched.

The king thought that he never could be attacked if he allowed his prospective assailant to know that he was watched. So he shouted for help, and in an instant a dozen servants were at his side.

"That man yonder is following me to kill me!" he cried, pointing to the man who stood near.

"No, your majesty, he is not," replied the spokesman of the servants. "He is the man who follows you as a guard, to prevent others from killing or molesting you."

"Is it, then, so common a thing for kings to be killed in this way, that it is necessary to have a constant guard?"

His servants assured him that such was the case.

This disturbed his peace of mind to such an extent that he began immediately to question the absolute happiness of being a king.

When he returned to the palace, there were hundreds of people waiting to see him, on all kinds of business—people to have petitions signed, ministers with schemes of every description, so that the king's head spun, and he didn't have time to think.

After he had been a king two weeks, he was completely undone, physically and mentally, and he regretted the day he had given up his hovel for a palace.

"Perhaps the old king," he thought, "is as tired of my lowly habitation as I am of his crown. I shall go and see if he will exchange places with me." So the king put on his finest robe and his crown, as the old king had previously done, and drove away in his grandest carriage.

As soon as the old king had placed his crown on the head of the peasant, and had seen him vanish in the distance, he went out where the peasant had been digging, and continued the work. After he had worked half an hour, all the rheumatic pains, of which he couldn't rid himself as a king, departed. And he sang as merrily as the birds in the trees, and felt happier every minute. At dinner he had such an appetite that he enjoyed every morsel in a way that he had never done during his entire reign.

That night he slept as he had been unable to sleep while burdened with the affairs of his country. He didn't toss about at all, and he did not wake up until the sun was high. Then he hurried down and had his breakfast while the birds hopped about the door, or sung in the rose-bush by the window.

"I am as happy as a king is supposed to be," he cried, "and I should be happy to know that the present king, poor fellow, would ever be as contented as I am now."

And the old king worked on in perfect contentment for several days, feeling safe from the conspiracies of enemies, and on

the best of terms with his own conscience, so that he was indeed a happy man.

The garden was progressing finely and the new occupant grew happier every day, and saw nothing but sunshine. This continual flow of happiness was never disturbed until one night when the king-peasant had a terrible nightmare. He awoke fearfully agitated and in a cold perspiration.

He had dreamed that he was king again.

He hastily arose and lighted a candle to take a look at the surroundings, to make sure that he was not in a palace and was not a king. He was afraid to go to sleep for fear the dream might be repeated.

That very day, while he was working and singing in the garden, he saw a great dust down the road, and in a few moments the carriage of the king stopped at the gate.

"How is the garden getting on?" said the new king.

"Splendidly."

"Would you not like to give me my hovel back in exchange for your palace and crown?"

"I would not think of it," said the old king. "You must go to some one who has never been a king, if you want to make such an exchange. If you go on a little farther down the road you may find some man who would be glad to wear a crown."

So the new king drove down the road, and asked the first laborer he met if he would like to be a king.

"No," replied the laborer. "I was a king for a few days and that was enough for me; I traded off my crown for this shovel and pickax, because the king who had given it me for a small hut refused to trade back."

The king rode on, and, much to his surprise, every man he met refused the unhappy monarch's offer to make him a king, each one stating as his reason that he had already been a king for a greater or less period.

It seems that every man in the neighborhood had worn the crown at one time or another, and that the king, who was trying to exchange places with the humblest being in the realm, was simply the last man in the land to get it.

Thus it was that the nation was filled with the people who found the greatest happiness in the humblest spheres of life, and learned to be contented without nursing an ambition to be great and powerful.

The peasant-king had to rule all his life, for no one would exchange with him. And when he was bent and tottering with age he would go to the bridge that commanded the main avenue of his domain, with an umbrella over him to keep off the sun and rain, and persistently offer his crown to every passer-by. But no one would accept it.—R. K. Munkittrick.

When a man defies existing laws, he creates others for himself more rigid and severe than those from which he breaks away.

A SOLDIER'S FOE

Knocked Down by Unsuspected Enemy.

Coffee so affects the brain and nerves that proper nutrition is interfered with and the final ending is frequently nervous prostration.

"During the Spanish-American war, I went with my troop to Chickamauga," says Lieut. J. G. Talbott of Springfield, Ill. "If there is any one place on earth where one drinks more coffee than another it is in the army. It is a soldier's 'back bone,' and I can assure you that I drank my share. After several months of hard drilling my health gave out, the chief cause being coffee, bad food, over-exertion and heat.

"On the advice of the surgeon, I tendered my resignation, and with my heart full of regret and my nervous system shattered, I returned home. Almost the first thing the doctor whom I consulted advised me was to quit coffee. That was the first intimation I had that coffee had anything to do with my condition. The next thing was 'what shall I drink?'

"My wife's mother used your Postum Food Coffee and knew how to make it right, so I tried it and grew very fond of it. My nervous trouble soon left; my old time health came back, and that Fall I gained so in flesh that the boys on returning after 'muster out,' hardly knew me. Quitting coffee and using Postum did wonders for me."



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.

COMEST thou with sadness, my child? Nay, be not disheartened. Perchance thou hast looked upon the gifts of others and compared them with thine own, and this hath made thy heart heavy and thy mind clouded. Have I not said to thee, "Look upon Me and live?"

Verily, O child of mine, this will save thee from much suffering. It is when thine eyes look upon conditions in which there is comparison, that thy heart desireth, and in desire there is no rest, nay, nor in envy, for is not that an injustice unto Me, who giveth to all Souls alike?

Consider this, my child: *Every seed bringeth forth after its own kind.* The kind or pattern is in the hidden germ. If thou wouldst have the flower and fruitage of a seed, thou hast but to make the right conditions. I have put within the germ already that lackless, mateless Life, which shall work the miracle of growth, if thou but do thy part. Is this not so, my child?

Canst thou not put into the warm earth the hard, unyielding kernel, dead though it appear, knowing that with sun and rain and time it will spring forth a thing of beauty? Canst thou not, knowing the nature of the seed, foretell with certainty its every stage of growth, its manifestation at every stage? Dost judge that individual seed which may be in a different stage from others, to be unlike them, to be ungifted with the possibilities which in them have already become manifest realities? How, is it then, O child, thoughtless and blind, thou canst not perceive the interpretation of thy apparent lack? Hast thou fulfilled conditions by which thy Soul, holding the germ of My Divinity, may send forth its leaves and flowers, its perfume and fruitage? With this knowledge canst thou judge wisely of what is in thy province, of what gifts thou mayst show forth or otherwise? Canst thou say, because as yet thy Soul is overshadowed by itself, its outer shell, that it hath no life, no powers divine within its central mystery?

Ah, thou whom my heart holds dear, listen! *Except the kernel fall into the ground and die, it bringeth not forth.*

It is *thyself* must be buried, must die; yea, thy personal, selfish I which must fall away and give place to the Wondrous I of the Spirit, which thus breaks forth through earth conditions and reveals the glory which I gave it from the beginning.

Think nevermore, my child, to compare thy spirit fruit with that of other trees in My Garden.

Rather see that thou makest conditions right for growth and bloom. Pluck all evil, envious thoughts from thy mind, all selfish desires from thy heart.

Yea, for a time (the time when thy consciousness is in transition from self to soul) thou mayst seem barren, thy heart heavy and thy mind a blank, but wait! Doth not the seed grow in the darkness? Doth not My Law of growth work thus in the consciousness that rises to identify itself with Soul?

The Law, my child, worketh in the same fashion on all planes, but revealeth itself in countless ways to the one who can understand and execute its decrees. *He who knoweth hath interpretation.*

Cease from desiring, then, O child of mine, by lifting thy consciousness above the realm of desire. Thus canst thou let thy Sun of Love, thy trustful faith, shine upon what seemeth thy barren ground, thy earthly longings and outreachings. Thus will its steady shining pluck desire from thy

heart, and upon thy mind will flash the Light—the Soul-bloom—revealing that in the Spirit, where abideth all abundance and pure delight, there can be not one desire, not one thing that lacketh presence, not one thought that lacketh joy.

Let this Light shine, until thy stalk is filled with blossoms, that is, until thy individuality, thy spiritual I, puts forth its God-like powers, its spiritual gifts.

Thus, O child, may all come to the stage of manifested Godliness, thus each in time shall flower forth with gifts and rare attainments from the heavenly realm, the Garden of the Soul.

Say nevermore, my child, that thou hast no endowment. Thou hast ALL, my child. So hath each Soul. Discern thou always that which is, not that which seems.

Fill thy heart with gladness. Look upon My Beauty filling the whole earth. See how all things, great and small, fulfill their destiny, in showing forth their measure of my gifts. *Canst thou not do the same, my child?*

Repine not at any lack, nor stumble over failure. To hold thyself a prisoner at the bar will keep thee ever in the jail of self. Be lenient and forgive not only those who harm thee, but thine own worst enemy, thyself. To forgive, my child, is sweet, and beareth sweetest fruits.

'Tis one sure way to break away the barriers between thy Soul and Me. Forgive—this one step take, and then Love's Light will shine upon the path before thee and leave its radiant glory on the road behind, so that all who cometh after, if they so choose, shall have a path of Light in which to walk.

Thy privilege is to be a light unto thy world. Canst thou shine without if thou hast not the Light within? Every mote thou seest, either in thyself or others, must then be put aside, be changed and made into a beacon rather than a block of stumbling.

In this remember, child, thou art to see all men as Souls, and if not yet, then to be fruit bearers. And upon them all, as upon thyself, let Love's warm mantle fall, and Love's forgiveness wipe away all memory of wrong.

My child, I know thy heart, and oft will tell thee truths good for thee, as food is good for those that hunger. But come thou into the Temple, and, sad or glad, I will teach thee if thou'lt but look upon My Light and listen to My Voice.

Most tenderly I love thee and cherish thee as the apple of Mine Eye.

—Lotu H. P. B. I.

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The PSYCHIC MAN.

PROF. R. E. DUTTON,
Lincoln, Nebraska.

Has made a late discovery to himself in which he has developed strong mental faculties and power to control the psychic faculties of the special senses. Scent, touch, taste, sight and hearing, the five special senses of the physical condition, have succumbed to the will and mind-power of myself. While I can control these senses psychically, or spiritually, and without any real means of exciting these special senses to control and action, I can, through simple Mind Control, produce the strongest scent, touch, taste, Mental Vision, or Clairaudient hearing and use of my Psychic faculties as though I were in use of the real senses in actual experience. The way I produce this control is by power of my mind to concentrate upon a thought for a few minutes. I become drowsy and begin to emerge into sleep, when this thought held in mind becomes as a great mental picture. At this point I am nearly to sleep, when this mental picture becomes as real as in a dream and begins to pass in succession various scenery of home, country and travels. I never go entirely to sleep, but remember myself enough all the while to control the nature of this vision and dream of the beautiful things as I choose to think the beautiful thoughts. Every one knows how dreams will control the sleeper so as to produce any and all of these Psychic faculties and make the dream seem to the sleeper the truest of reality until awakened. Just so it is that my Psychic faculties are controlled, only they are not controlled at random by unpleasant and hideous dreams, as I retain enough wakefulness and consciousness to make these dreams of the nature all the while that pleases and gives me great enjoyment. Thus my Psychic faculties experience the pleasant odor of flower garden while my thought and vision are of it, or I can dream and sense the touch of ice or hot iron as the mind controls or is controlled by the thought and I see the thought, and if I want to see a gun fired off I will hear the deafening sound, or be blinded by the thought of looking at the sunlight. I can taste the delicious fruit of the orchard in this dream, I become overwhelmed with joy as never experienced in physical conditions, or I can reverse the control of the dream and induce the nightmare, to experience the most terrible feelings one ever felt, all at will, through the mental vision and mind control when partly asleep. This practice has developed my Clairvoyant Sight, Clairaudient hearing, and my Psychometric powers in general. It has given me success in Mind Reading and Psychometry and diagnosing of diseases, and I can read past, present and future.

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PROF. R. E. DUTTON,
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SOUL GROWTH

By M. Mortimer Johnson,
in Mind

HERE are people in this world struggling in darkness. They do not absolutely reject any of the current theories regarding existence after death—some of these they consider very possible, even probable; but you cannot prove it—and they do not know.

These are the people who pass through all the phases of mental restlessness and longing that inevitably accompany the soul growth of great natures. It is from these that we hear most often that twentieth-century question, "Is life worth living?"—does the amount of pleasure and joy one experiences in this little seventy years of earth existence compensate one for the sorrow, the sadness, the misery that is sure to come into the life of every human being sooner or later in a greater or less degree?

If we are placed upon this planet, within certain environments, without so much as "by your leave," and at the end of a paltry threescore years and ten hustled off again to be judged for all eternity; if there is but a single chance for this soul of ours to make success or failure—then the answer must be *No*. But if, on the other hand, this soul life upon earth is no more than a page in the work of eternity; if, in order to become what it now is in man, it has struggled up from the blind, indistinct force of the mineral world through the life of the plant and the sensibility of the animal; if, having at last reached its present state of conscious individuality, it now has for the first time the power of determining consciously at every step the degree of its spiritual advancement—the answer must be in the affirmative. For, if this is truth, to take up the burden of life voluntarily—to take it up in the sense of strengthening and developing this soul life within to such an extent that the progress attained in this step will be recognized and felt in the next—is an object in existence vast enough to inspire one to any height of self-sacrifice or heroism.

We find this world made up of three kingdoms—mineral, vegetable, and animal—all of which exist under and are operated by the same just, unchanging, not-to-be-evaded laws. One of these is the law of cause and effect—that no effect is possible without an adequate cause; another is the law of change and progression—that everything in the Universe moves, from the tiniest atom to the planets themselves; that there is absolutely no such thing as inertia in matter.

We discover that we are here imprisoned in a body of clay with eyes to see with, ears to hear with, hands to work with, and a something else called *reason*—a principle that has seemingly been given to man alone to use to the best of his ability. Now, it is out of the question for the human mind to conceive of something springing from nothing, and we must accept as a first principle the fact that *all that is is effect*, and that everything that does exist could not exist without an anterior cause equal to this effect. But, after recognizing this, no reasonable being can avoid seeing the uselessness of asking what the cause was, what form the first originally assumed, or what motive—what ultimate design—determined the action of our Creator.

Material evolution, under the law of change and progression, has already become an acknowledged scientific fact. The science of cosmogony teaches that this planet gives proof of a passage from a gaseous to a solid state; that millions of years elapsed before it became cool enough for its surrounding vapors to be condensed to water; that the combination of its elements which were at first the simplest, became more and more complex until it reached the form that is the basis of all physical life, and then evolved in an ascending series the progressive chain of plants, animals, and man. Embryology says the vegetable and animal kingdoms are of similar origin; that the same cells are present in the parts and tissues of both. Biology tells of the mutual relationships of plant, animal, and man, and the identity of the law governing the being of all.

Now, every human being has within him, in a greater or less degree of development, a moral nature—not in the sense of a high idea of right and wrong, or even a correct realization of what is best; but, no matter upon how low a level a man's nature is manifested, there is scarcely a human being

that does not consider one action better for him to perform than another. That action may be in the lowest sense vicious, but to his perverted imagination the gratification and advantage that accrue to his self-interest appear to him good; and he commits the act, not because he considers it bad or wrong, but because in this case, from his depraved point of view, the best to his self-interest appears right. This love of the best, even when distorted and perverted beyond all recognition, is the moral spark inherent in the entire human race. And this spark divine, this impress of infinite origin, this hall-mark of God, which manifests itself externally in different degrees, is what we call *soul*. "And though but an atom or larger part, it shall endure."

Nature does not move in jumps; she moves gradually, eternally—and the evolution of the soul is not an exception to the rule—it has taken eons to evolve and organize material humanity; and it is but reasonable to suppose that something of so much greater value—as *soul*—should take at least as great a length of time to become developed and spiritualized.

There is a double evolution, which is spiritual as well as material, going on constantly, the two having traveled together and equally from the very beginning. The spark divine manifested itself first as universal energy, motion, the soul of the mineral world; then as life (a step higher) in the vegetable kingdom; traveling up and on, it became sensibility in the animal, and finally a conscious entity in man. And this spark divine, which has struggled up from blind, indistinct force through the nether worlds, tends unceasingly toward an individual, spiritual existence—with a consequent recognition of its own divinity within.

There are some who have already reached the point where the knowledge of an Infinite Being is part of themselves; they have that God-given faith which is independent of all orthodox beliefs and yet includes them all. To these, the *raison d'être* of existence is already made plain. But there are others who have not even arrived at the point of recognizing their souls, however faintly, and who simply drift through life, bothered by no inward queries as to the how or wherefore of existence. They are satisfied to be, and not to bother.

Now, let us take it for granted that you and I have arrived at a state of soul-progression in which we are able to recognize the divine, progressive principle within, and our responsibility for working out a higher destiny. If we recognize the fact that the soul is an entity—a something that in order to thrive must be nourished and strengthened and developed in the same order that we feed our physical bodies, excepting that the soul (being spiritual) must be fed on spiritual things—then we can no longer plead ignorance. When life thrusts this fact into our minds until, as George Eliot says, it becomes present to us as remorse is present to the guilty or as a mechanical problem is to an inventive genius, then the moment has arrived when "necessity is laid upon us," and to neglect the warning given by One who had traveled far on the road, to "take up the cross and follow Me," is the fatal step backward in the round of existence. It is neglect of the soul life—our spark divine.

The soul must be fed while cramped in this material prison, and we must remember that we cannot select its diet to suit ourselves from temporal things. Nothing of the earth, earthy, will help or satisfy it in any way. It is spirit, even though it be pent up in mortal clay; and it must be offered spiritual food.

The true tonic of the soul is *love*—that love which feels the beauty of all the wonderful works of Nature, from the birds of the air to the blended colors of a sunset; that all-pervading love which perceives infinity in everything—from the bush by the wayside to its brother man; with its concomitant, self-sacrifice for others' pleasure. This is one of the rounds on the ladder of being by which we may struggle up toward immortality.

All beings are co-eternal with the Eternal One, and *all* ultimately reach one goal—eternal and infinite perfection—oneness with eternal Omnipotence, Omnipresence and Omnipresence. So cheer thy soul, heart and mind, thou art eternal!

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As round and round they tumbling go,
 These brilliant sparks of light,
 They teach us all a God to know,
 Or lead us toward that height.
 They seem to move without a rule,
 In strange confusion dire,
 But hold their places, round His throne,
 And breathe His vital fire.
 They teach man of a realm of power
 In which they breathe and move,
 And lead his mind to one great source
 Which thought has christened Love.
 —Zamael.

Mrs. A. R. D., Florence, Mont., born May 7, 1866.—I find from your date of birth that the life-giving Sun was at that time located in the Celestial sign, Taurus. This is, therefore, called your birth-sign. The sign is classed as an Earthy one, and there are three of these in the grand circle of the heavens. This is also the second sign of the circle. It rules the second division of the body of man, below the head, the neck and the throat. The Earth, at the same time, was located in the Watery and emotional sign, Scorpio. These positions would give you a fairly resolute nature and ability in clerical pursuits. You are quite noted for your persistency or determination. You have natural ability for many different things and will gain a wide experience. Your mental faculties will allow you to study on many different lines. When your thoughts are properly concentrated your will overcomes your desires and you accomplish well any work, no matter how distasteful it may be to you. Your companions in business or marriage should be born between the 19th of February and the 20th March, or between the 23d of October and the same time in November. Unless the appetites are under control, you may have a tendency toward brain trouble and troubles affecting the nervous system. Your fortunate stones are the emerald and the topaz. Friday is one of your fortunate days.

Mrs. E. B., Cincinnati, born Nov. 6, 1878.—The Celestial sign, Scorpio, is called 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. The Earth, at the same time, was situated in the Zodiacal sign, Taurus. These positions give you tenacity of character and attach you strongly to any work you may undertake. You have strong will-power, which, if rightly directed, enables you to achieve much success. You need to decide upon a definite plan of work; when you do this you have the firmness or persistency which will bring you good results. You have a strong love of approbation, but should never be misled by flattery. Your vitality is so strong that you are not frequently troubled with colds, and recover quickly if attacked. You have strong appetites and desires, which you should study to control. You are too much inclined to be influenced or guided by the opinions of others and to accept the ordinary customs of life, whether right or wrong, and you cater too much to the effects produced by external appearances or dress. 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. Your astrological colors are dark brown and red. Your

fortunate day of the week is Tuesday. The planet governing your birth-sign is Mars.

EMMA F., Princeton, N. J., born June 14, 1865.—At that time the Sun was located in the Celestial sign, Gemini. This is therefore your birth-sign. Your coming into the world at this time gives you a positive character, for this is a positive, energetic and masculine sign of the Zodiac, or of the grand circle of the heavens. It is classed as a double sign and gives two natures of a contradictory character in your own person. You will note this by your indecision or changeableness. This often prevents your making valuable gains which could be made if you would avoid hesitancy. You have a great love for travel and change. You need to control your thoughts, for sometimes you are liable to commence a piece of work and leave it unfinished. Your dual nature causes you to try to do too many things at once. You have strong religious feelings and can obtain much happiness from religion. You should seek a companion among persons born between the 20th of January and the same time of February, or between the 21st of August and the 23d of September. The stones used as your birth-stones are the emerald and the beryl. Your fortunate day of the week is Wednesday. Your astrological colors are orange and yellow. The ruling planet of your birth-sign is Mercury.

Mrs. JANE B., Greenfield, Ark., born Oct. 13, 1872.—The portion of the Zodiac under which you were born was the sign Libra. It is an Airy, positive, electric sign, giving you ambition and generosity. The earth was at the same time in the Zodiacal sign Aries—a sign of boldness and enterprise. These positions give you an energetic character, with much love of justice. You are very positive and decided when you think you are in the right. You have excellent imitative qualities and can copy well the designs of others, or you can cultivate your artistic qualities and do original work of an artistic nature. You have much love for honesty and justice, but there are times when you think others should be more forgiving to you. You have excellent intuitions, and you are inclined to become mediumistic if you engage in spiritual work. You have strong love and sympathy for others and appreciate the companionship of the opposite sex, although it is liable to lead you into some discord in domestic relations. You are so sensitive that you can often tell when you step into a home whether it is a harmonious or inharmonious one. You have a strong aversion to inharmony, pain or cruelty. You would naturally avoid killing any animal, unless forced to do so for your own preservation. 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 happier life. You should select your companions in domestic life or in business from those born between January 20th and February 21st 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 a 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.

C. H. J. FALK, California, born Mar. 19, 1859.—The portion of the Zodiac under

which you were born was the sign Pisces. It is a fortunate, negative, magnetic sign. It gives you many of your higher emotional qualities. The Earth at the same time was located in the active, Mercurial sign Virgo. These positions endow you with some natural ability for art or designing, which could be cultivated and made of much importance. 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. You are generally willing to accept advice, and you often rely too much upon the suggestions received from others. Your love of home leads you to try in every way to make life happy for those who are related to you. You are always ready to stand up for and defend a friend. You will do all you can for a friend when you have proven him to be worthy of confidence. If placed in a responsible position you will always guard the interests of an employer. You are a little lacking in self-confidence and self-esteem, but you have a strong love for approbation. You should pay some attention to dress or personal appearances. Your mind is always active and gives you an inclination to worry. 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. Cultivate order. Your fortunate day of the week is Thursday. The planet governing your birth-sign is Jupiter.

H. A. W., born at Majure, Cal., on Mar. 1, 1883.—Like the person just described, you come under the rule of the sign Pisces. 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." 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. Your mind is always active and gives you an inclination to worry. You are always looking for something new, and are undecided as to the best course to pursue. By being over-anxious you often get the mind into such a condition that you are not ready to grasp the full benefit of an opportunity when it comes. You are careful and saving in money matters, but are always ready to relieve true distress. There are times when you are subject to periods of depression and anxiety. If you give way to these you are liable to become despondent and neglectful. As a rule, you are faithful to any trust imposed upon you. You have a strong attachment for domestic ties and a deep love-nature. You are trusting, confident and very rarely suspicious of those you love; in fact, your nature is not a jealous one. You would rather do a kind act than do an act to benefit yourself. You are generally willing to accept advice. 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. Your birth-stones are the amethyst and the chrysolite.

R. S. M., Waukesha Co., Wis., born Aug. 4, 1860.—I find from the date that your birth was under the Celestial sign, Leo. By your having been born at this time you come under the rule of the second of the Fiery signs of the Zodiac, and are endowed with some of the impulsive energies inherent to this part of the heavens. You are kind-hearted and generous, and have a strong love for home. You have much self-confidence and determination, which, if rightly directed, will make you attractive, so that you will be surrounded by friends and can become a leader among them. You do not, as a rule, hold good self-control, but are liable to be led by your impulses and act too quickly. Your impulses lead you into many errors, but you have a wonderful faculty for getting out of difficulty. Many of your associates think you are a strong and independent thinker, but you are guided fully as much by your intuitions as by your reasonings. You are not fond of manual labor of any kind, but rather seek to direct the energies of others. You are sometimes too sensitive and allow yourself to be affected too much by your emotions. In copying the work of others or in following the plans of another you

have excellent success, for your power of imitation is strong. You are an acute observer of human nature and are not easily imposed upon. Your magnetic powers are a strong inspiration to others and you are often followed by them in many of your ways. Your best companion in either domestic life or in business affairs will be a person born between the 21st of November and the 21st of December, or between the 21st of March and the same date of April of any year. The chief illnesses to which you are liable will affect the nervous system, the heart and the kidneys. Your birth-stones are the diamond and the ruby.

U. N. G., Princeton, N. J., born July 6, 1891.—The portion of the Zodiac under which you were born was the sign Cancer. This is the first of what is known as the maternal or domestic division of the heavens. It is also the first of the Watery signs, and is of a negative, magnetic character. The Earth at the same time was situated in the sign Capricorn, a somewhat ambitious department of the heavens. These positions cause you to have strongly developed emotions and sympathies, and also lead you to a love for harmony in domestic life and care for the home and the family. You have a very retentive memory of facts, but 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. This often causes you to appear too reserved or haughty, when you really do not desire to be so. If you could control your feelings or your retiring sensitiveness and push forward with determination you could become very successful. You need to be allowed to do most of your work in your own way, and be free from restraint as to the manner in which you accomplish the end you have in mind. As you are sympathetic yourself, you have a strong appreciation of the sympathy of others, and if you have troubles of any kind in your domestic affairs you desire to tell your troubles to others and consult with them. You will do much better if you avoid this and depend upon the exercise of your own good judgment. You are quick to understand anything which is properly explained to you, and can hold it in mind or recall it quite readily. You have a strong desire to lay up money or provide for the future. You have some fear of poverty, though there is little cause for this. You are quick to resent injury or criticism, but you are liable to have some faults, among which are selfishness, vanity and inconsistency. Your chief illnesses are such as are the result of mental strain or worry, etc. 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 22d of November. Your birth-stones are the emerald, onyx and moonstone.

CONROE, MCC., Arthur City, Tex., born Feb. 11, 1892.—I find from the date that at the time of your birth the Sun was in the Celestial sign Aquarius. This is, therefore, your birth-sign. This sign is one which belongs chiefly to the mercantile sphere. It gives you a strong attachment to city life or customs. The Earth at the same time was situated in the Zodiacal sign Leo. These positions endow you with some magnetic or hypnotic forces which, if cultivated, could be made of excellent service. You have excellent ability as a judge of human nature, and can read character readily, so that you need not be imposed on. Through the attainment of the higher forms of knowledge and through intuition you will know just what will be best for those who come to you for advice. Your advice is good and can generally be followed with advantage. This is sometimes the case even with those persons who are more advanced in intellectual studies than you are. In domestic life you are steadfast and devoted. You give too much thought to the effect of the opinions of others. You should not pay so much attention to this. Cultivate your own individuality, but be careful not to overdo matters. If you do not cultivate the better part of your nature you are liable to become boastful and selfish. This will cause you to be despised and will result in your having enemies who may cause you misfortune. When it comes to the consideration of any abstract problem you are a little deficient in your power of concentrating the mind. You need to appreciate holding to one subject and not allowing other things to enter the mind. This will increase your mental powers. You are frequently in the habit of asking advice and then not taking it, but acting entirely on your own ideas. You

have much more than the ordinary development of spiritual force. The faults which you must guard against are selfishness, procrastination and false pride. You should never go in debt for the sake of appearances or personal desires. In selecting a companion for business or for domestic affairs, you should choose one who is born between the 20th of February and the 21st of March, or between the 21st of July and the same date of August of any year. The chief illnesses to which you are liable are brain and nervous troubles and rheumatic tendencies. Your birth-stones are opals and sapphires. The planetary ruler of your birth-sign is Saturn.

HATTIE P., Cleveland, Ohio, born Oct. 29, 1865.—The portion of the Zodiac under which you were born was the sign Scorpio. 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. The earth, at the same time, was situated in the Zodiacal sign, Taurus. You can develop extraordinary genius if you will concentrate all the forces of your mind upon one object in life. You have much physical energy and personal magnetism, which enable you to recover quickly from any illness which may threaten you. You can develop magnetic forces by which you can lead others. 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 or relieve them from suffering. 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 a keen observer and gain knowledge by seeing others do different kinds of work. 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 to you. You have strong stamina and will stand up for your rights under all circumstances. 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.

J. D. B., Cleveland, Ohio, born Aug. 23, 1885.—The portion of the Zodiac under which you were born was the sign Virgo. It is classed as an Earthy, negative, magnetic sign, and has a strong connection with the influences acting upon the region of the Solar Plexus and the stomach of mankind. The Earth at the same time was situated in the Watery sign Pisces. These positions endow you with a discriminating, retiring disposition; still, you are frequently very energetic. You are ingenious and capable. You often go to extremes, but, as a rule, are quite orderly in your methods. You have a stock of vitality which can be turned to good account and you could become a spiritual or magnetic healer if you would cultivate silence and conserve your forces. These forces come from a part of the heavens which governs chemical action to some extent, and gives you good ability for the study of natural philosophy and chemistry. You have some love of dress and you always desire to appear neat, or, if possible, have elegant clothes and surroundings. You enjoy good foods, parties, picnics, etc., and you often lay aside religious or spiritual thoughts to thoroughly enjoy yourself. You are occasionally subject to spells of discouragement or despondency, but can easily overcome this by calm, sober reasoning. You are a great lover of music and can detect inharmonious very quickly. You appreciate harmony and beauty in the home, and need the warmth of true love to make you contented. Spirituality and honor should take the highest place in your desires. Do not let worry or discomfort act upon your mind, for this is liable to cause ill health. You need very little, if any, medicine, but do require rest and quiet. This, combined with some attention to your diet, will generally keep you in good health. Your companion in domestic life or in business affairs should be one who is born between the 21st of November and the 21st of December, or between the 21st of September and the same date of October. Your astrological colors are amber and blue.

M. S. W., Aline, Mich., born Jan. 18, 1837.—I find from the date that at the

time of your birth the life-giving Sun was located in the Celestial sign Capricorn. This is, therefore, your ruling or birth-sign. It is a negative, magnetic, earthy and domestic sign. You are of a very independent nature and do not like to be controlled. You have much love of education or book knowledge, which you acquire by means of your excellent memory. In religious views you are quite firm and inclined toward those societies which have most formality or ceremony. Change of scenery and society is very beneficial to you. You are generally careful in attending to details and desire to see what you have started carried through to a good termination. You have patience and kindness, which, when exercised, will attract others to you and hold them as your friends. You have a deep sense of religious feeling. You love to associate with those who are well educated, and have much respect for deep or profound thinkers. You love to contemplate a highly intellectual subject and reason upon it till you know the truth regarding it. You have a strong intellect, which you hardly ever use to its full capacity. You have high aspirations which can only be realized by firmly concentrating your whole mind upon your attainments and holding to one line of thought. You are of such a nature that if you suffer a sudden reverse it will be difficult for you to accommodate yourself to a limited style of living. Your liability to make yourself miserable by giving way to despondent moods is one of your greatest faults. You appreciate the respect of others, but detest flattery. You have little love for fine social forms, but desire sincerity in the actions of those around you. 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. You are diligent and steadfast as a worker and can adhere to anything you undertake with determination. As a rule, you are careful and orderly in your methods. You would succeed well at the head of almost any large business or corporation where you were required to exercise your reasoning powers. Unless you can get some work which requires you to exert your mind, you are inclined to remain contented to work for a small amount without seeking to better your condition.

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

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

NOTICE.—During the past month delineations, sent to the following persons, have been returned to us on account of some defect in the address. The subscribers entitled to them should apply at once, giving the full name and address, so that we may be sure of making proper delivery:

P. W. H., Gillette, Wis.; S. C. H., Clarkston, Mich.; A. U., Dunn, N. C.; Dr. E. B., Oakland, Cal.; J. B. L., Guelph, Miss.; Mrs. M. L. N., Pleasantville, R. F. D.; E. P., Rochester, N. Y.; Mrs. M. E. M., Orleans, Ind.; I. W. C., Doniphan, Mo.; Miss A. B., Brooklyn, N. Y.; G. W., Great Neck, L. I., N. Y.; Mr. G. P. D., New Haven, Conn.; A. P., Windsor, N. S., Can.; Mattie Q., Romeo, Fla.; S. C. G., Baltimore, Md.; T. B., New York City; Mr. G. A. N., Richmond, Va.; Mrs. Cora N., Richmond, Va.; E. B., New York City; Miss C. L. F., Quebec, Ont.; A. A. D., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; Mary G., Perry, Ind.; August J., Donora, Ga.; Deitrich K., Coldgrove, Ohio; Miss Helen K., Leadville, Col.; Mrs. G. McW., Glen Cove, N. Y.; Mr. J. Van, Rapides, Ind.; Pearle K., Mac-kamas, Ore.; Mrs. F. L. P., San Francisco, Cal.; F. H. H., Clarkston, Wis.; R. A. T., Cottaci, Miss.; K. I. F., Truro, Can.; Mrs. E. G., Bristol, N. Y.; Daniel B., Plush, Ore.; Rev. E. J., Delta, Pa.; Sophie L. M., Rochester, N. Y.; Bridget G., Jamaica Plain, Mass.; Miss Mamie O. C., Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Susie M. B., Woodburn, Ia.; S. P. S., Bryan, Tex.; Miss Ruth C., Madison, Wis.; Henry C., Cedarville, Md.; Mrs. Louise C., Maumee, Mo.; Mrs. Sarah P., Denver, Col.; Mrs. Jos. H., Traver, Cal.; Mr. C. E. E., Chicago, Ill.; Wallace W., Fennville, Mich.



"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:

JENNIE L. KRANZ, 329 E. Santa Clara St., San Jose, Cal.—Certainly, I am more than happy to offer up my prayers in your behalf. Your dream is a singular one, but it brings hope and encouragement to preach the most inspiring doctrine the world has ever known, and to each one it brings a message of optimism. Upon too many lives a winter of discontent has fallen with deadening power. The hopeful soul that looks for good results finds them, and the spirit of optimism is contagious. If failures come, and they will come, to you and to all, they need not be considered final, for those only succeed who can rise above them, and expect better results in the next contest. "Let not your heart be troubled," and your sickness and sorrow will vanish. At best, our lives are only relative by comparison. I sometimes think there are but two emotions to experience—Pleasure and Pain. We would not know the meaning of one without the other.

THEODOSIA, Saint Francis St., Mobile, Alabama.—You will be enabled to carry out your aim in life if you are as sincere about it in reality as you were in your dream. Remember the highest achievement of charity is to love our enemies; but to bear cheerfully with our neighbors' feelings is scarcely an inferior grace. It is easy enough to love those who are agreeable and obliging—what fly is not attracted by sugar and honey? But to love one who is cross, perverse, tiresome, is as unpleasant a task as chewing pills. Nevertheless, this is the real touchstone of brotherly love. The best way of practising it is to put ourselves in the place of buyer when we sell, and seller when we buy, if we want to deal fairly. All the signs in your dream are indicative of excellent conditions for the maturing of your plans. *The work crowns the end. Finis coronat opus.*

XENIA, 852 Sacramento St., San Francisco, California.—I thoroughly understand and fully sympathize with you in your depressed state, and the dream unfortunately enhanced that state, but, with you, as with others, the darkest hour is just before the dawn. The hardest loneliness to bear is not separation from our friends or ordinary associations, but that crush of soul into which our pathway sometimes leads where "out of the depths" we cry with a trace of what Jesus felt when He asked God why He had forsaken Him. Made as we are, the final touch of torture seems to consist in being left alone—utterly companionless. The failure of a dear friend is more than some souls can bear. But then, in such cases, there are other possibilities. "It is not good for man to be alone." Human friendship is a priceless boon. Hu-

man Companionship is a step nearer the divine.

MARY BLOUNT, Meserole St., Brooklyn, New York.—Your dream is a joyous one, and in a measure it is an indication that your life is to be the same. The pleasant flashing of the many waters under the peculiar circumstances means much real pleasure and prosperity for you, that is, if you hold fast to the faith and to your original intentions of dropping your selfishness as one would a cloak, not quite so suddenly, perhaps, but certainly by degrees, and, after all, that is much the better way. Remember that selfishness is a stagnant pool; service is the living stream which in blessing others also blesses itself, and remains fresh and pure. A selfish Christian is an anomaly, if not a monstrosity.

WILLIAM HAZLITT, Spokane Falls, Washington.—For a business man to dream that his proposition has been accepted, foretells that he will succeed in every detail of his plan, which heretofore looked as if it would prove a failure. The dream also holds a warning to be careful in your choice of friends and associations. All of your present and future happiness depends largely upon this, and I therefore hope you will heed the warning. A man's life can be made or marred by the people he draws to him. Do not allow your prayers to eternally contain requests for self. Prayer is not so much getting something from God, as getting God Himself. And when your fortune comes forget not the unfortunate. "Do good by stealth and blush to find it fame."

"NIL DESPERANDUM," Detroit, Michigan.—You are a happy and blessed man, indeed, to have seen the great Krishna in your dreams, for it denotes that your greatest joy will be in pursuit of occult knowledge, and you will school yourself to the taunts of friends, and cultivate a philosophical bearing toward life and sorrow. Life must be divided into sections in order to obtain a broad view. It would be impossible for one person to have had supreme influence, because you are influenced at different times, on different questions, in different moods; and the influence of life is made up of the many notes that produce the chords. But you yourself must be the key-note. Your motto is happily chosen, and by never despairing yourself you will lift the despair of others.

"NAPOLEON OF THE WEST," Denver, Colorado.—The ambition you fostered in your dream is as great as the *nom de plume* you have chosen. But I advise you to despise not the day of small things. Let us reason together. Can a person mean well and take a mean way of showing it? No. A thousand times no. Don't try to be great; just be careful in your little place. God blesses conscientious carefulness in hundreds of places where He blesses conspicuous ability in one place. Carelessness is a crime, and the punishment that follows it is always severe. Ruskin once said that when we fail to praise a man who deserves praise, two sad things happen: we run a chance of driving him from the right road from want of encouragement, and we deprive ourselves of one of the happiest of our privileges of rewarding labor that deserves a reward. Bear in mind that ambition sounded the death-knell for Napoleon, and incidentally changed the map of Europe.

E. C. E., Steiner St., San Francisco, California.—Your dream would signify that you have that power of mind which enables you to bear up under all dangers and difficulties. Courage is a noble trait, and commands the highest admiration and respect. You certainly gave evidence of this trait when the train pulled out of the station and left you. Considering the fact that you are also of an extremely nervous disposition, your courage was put to a fine test, and was not found wanting. And yet I want to say that you scatter and waste your forces, thereby losing many golden opportunities to do good in a special sphere that was intended for you. So many seem to overlook the good that is in them, and scores of brilliant careers are daily ruined through this lack of thought. You can be-

come well nigh invincible if you will learn the pathway of silence. Practice recalling your dreams.

C. McC., North Harpersfield, New York.—The dream you had of death is not as happy as it might have been. It is merely a warning to guard your own health. The second dream of floating is particularly happy and significant and denotes that you will victoriously overcome obstacles which are seemingly overwhelming. You are one whose influence is greater than you think, because your dreams are decidedly spiritual in their trend, and in the course of time will become more so. Every life is affected by other lives. Personal influence is the most important factor in human life. The great man or woman in this world is he or she who makes the best use of his or her powers, to the end that standards of Majesty, Praise and Power may be set for the rest of us to follow.

MRS. J. W. DUNLAP, 1507 Hicks St., Toledo, Ohio.—The small dream you gave me as an afterthought is the one that holds a meaning. You will soon be engaged in pleasant employment, and receive good news from friends with some degree of enthusiasm. It is a mistake to live too much alone. What most of us need is wholesale regeneration. The Kingdom of the Brotherhood can never come until we are all enabled to walk in the atmosphere of genuine brotherly love. Social intercourse does much toward bringing out your own charms. Then, too, it tends to give one a happy balance and a calm confidence. To hear others sing is a portent of more happy tidings soon to reach you.

MRS. C. M. SCHWARTZ, 679 Larrabee St., Chicago, Illinois.—Your age has nothing whatever to do with the nature of your dream, for dreams are beyond time, space or conditions. Your dancing means that some unexpected good fortune will come to you. To hear singing betokens a cheerful spirit and happy companions in most circumstances, but I seem to detect a spirit of sadness, which you must endeavor to banish, for if you do not, it will seriously interfere with the special work you have been especially called upon to do. Be of good cheer. Cheerfulness keeps up a kind of daylight in the mind, and fills it with a steady and perpetual serenity. Be alone every day for at least half an hour, and let this be the time consecrated to yourself for self-examination. By so doing you are certain to gain strength, power, together with an upliftment of heart.

GEORGE O. KAYE, Amherst, Massachusetts.—Your series of dreams is interesting and remarkable, and each one is an invitation to you to cultivate the best that is in you. Culture and the emotions are the mainstays of life, say what you will. You have splendid material in your make-up, and you can do as I suggest, for your dreams are not only spiritual, but celestial as well, and life will be one lengthened song when the greater culture comes. Mind is the creator and re-creator of the body. Healthy emotions vivify it, rouse it from torpor and inactivity. It has been figured that insanity is more common among the farmers, their wives and help, than any other class. The explanation is lack of emotional culture. You cannot fully appreciate or enter into the pleasures of life unless you cultivate the emotions. As to the means, optimism and enthusiasm are fundamental, the cultivation of a sense of fellowship with all humanity, looking always for something to love, to admire, to appreciate. Throw out your best vibrations at all times to all men.

EVELYN P. ESSINGDALE, Waco, Texas.—The crystal brightness of those plates means that just as soon as you shake off your melancholy will you awaken to a new life. I am sure you believe in what our Magazine teaches. Everybody believes in happy messages, noble thoughts and loving hearts. Comfort, Peace, Happiness, Success—Occultism is only another name for all this, striven for, and secured by all serious students of the occult. Walk in the sunshine and the shadow, and gather strength from both. *Fiat lux!*

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.

Truth alone is authority now.

A spiritual man has nothing of pessimism in his make-up.

Science and the Higher Thought is taking the place of ecclesiastical dogmas.

LOVE and KNOWLEDGE can do all things—make health, wealth, joy and peace.

The unsatisfied is satisfied when the mind holds high ideals and high aspirations.

Truth is always based on universal principles, and never on ecclesiastical dogmas.

Aspiration fills the mind with Expectation, and in a while the soul comes to Realization—realization of its high ideals.

Divine Illumination comes naturally and without unseemly action to him who fervently and persistently loves the ALL.

Live in the senses wholly if thou wouldst wholly close thy mind to peace and what is real and beautiful in this really beautiful world.

This Magazine is full of Life vibrations, because all who are connected with it are fully alive and progressive—always cheerfully optimistic.

What cares an aspiring soul about the weariness of toil, labor or work? These bring power and peace and bliss when willingly and cheerfully entered into.

This Magazine teaches and preaches the gospel of Love and Hope, good health, eternal, useful and happy life now, here and there—eternal progress.

Despair and unrest result from fear-thought, and can be removed by changing the mind to love of God and the universe—by holding high aspirations, and projecting love for the great ALL.

Truth is omnipresent. Open the mind and let her in. Know and do. "We have each of us the spiritual eye to see, the mind to know, the heart to love, the will to obey, God," and the power to do if we but choose.

Men who know that they have all eternity in which to reach infinite perfection, and that this short span of life here on earth is by no means final, are the very men who strive the hardest to reach perfection now and here—and they often do reach it now and here.

In prayer, meditation and silent communion with the Spirit there is tremendous vibratory action in the Cerebro-Spinal system which soothes and heals the nerves. There is nothing that will so easily and quickly soothe the whole nervous system as going into the Silence and dwelling with the Most High.

Improvement is Progress! The angels continually sing to spiritual men to urge men of earth to aspire, hope, improve and progress, now and here, without any doubt, fear or question of the future. As we improve and progress here we advance there. Life is continuous, active progression. Improvement is progress!

As we sometimes have horrible dreams and nightmares of hobgoblins and devils, so will it be with some men and women who believe in Satan and Hell when they leave the body at the transition called "death"; and it will take the angels quite a while to restore these spirits to a conscious state. Oftentimes the spirit, when it passes from the body, passes into a beautiful sphere, yet thinks it is in Hell. Such spirits are taken charge of by the angels, who in time remove the illusion.—A Mystic.

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Every Young Man should early know the strongholds and the weaknesses of his nature, that his entire being, mental, moral and physical, may be developed and rounded into perfect manhood and permanent success.

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Every Physician should be able to judge the temperament, inclinations and personal life of the patient more readily than the symptoms of disease. This knowledge should be the basis of the diagnostician's conclusions.

Every Lawyer should be as deeply grounded in an understanding of these immutable truths as in Blackstone. There are laws within as well as laws among men.

Every Clergyman should be able to find the very fountain-head of man's impulses and emotions and by that inner knowledge lead men to individual and higher ideals.

Every Teacher is absolutely failing in the effort to develop the mind of youth, who is not perfectly familiar with every element of every mind, placed under his or her direction.

Every Failure in life will reveal its cause and they who know may in future see the way to shun similar and avoidable mistakes.

Every Success is based upon the great known underlying principles of humanity. Nothing is impossible to him who reads all men aright and so masters and directs his own forces that all men and all things become subservient to him and conduce to his success, whether it be in mental, moral, physical or financial directions.

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By Ellen Frizell Wyckoff

Were quite a little party that night at Mrs. Leslie's. She was an old friend, a Southern woman, and she was fond of gathering all sorts of odd people about her. Bertie Davenport was new. She had found him tucked away in a bit of a studio and had dragged him out to take his place among us. For I was always one of the company when business called me to New York.

"He is poor as a church mouse, a dreamy fellow given to music and painting. He lacks what we Americans call push, and so he doesn't get on. But isn't he good to look at?"

Mrs. Leslie said this to me when the boy had drifted from my corner.

It was after that, and in the midst of a very babel of tongues, that he opened his violin box and took out the little instrument. When he began to play there was no other sound in the room. Suddenly he laid the violin down and slipped away from the applause. I found him in a tiny snugger quietly turning over a pile of photographs.

"It's a pity a fellow can't play a tune or two without raising a row like that," he said, shamefacedly, as I sat down beside the table on which the pictures were scattered.

"But you did it unusually well; you are a genius. You are a very young man, and you play like a master. One can hardly believe that you have had years enough for so much study," I said.

He looked at me silently for a moment and I saw a curious expression in his eyes. Then he said slowly:

"Young? Are people ever really young?"

"You are," I laughed.

"Certainly," he said gravely. "And—I have not studied music at all."

He turned the pictures over idly until he came to a large card. I saw his fingers close over this and his face brightened with quick interest.

"Fine old place," I said, for he was holding the picture now so that I, too, could see it. "It is one of the Southern estates that escaped destruction when so many were ruined thirty years ago."

"You know it?"

He looked at me with eager, shining eyes.

"Oh, yes! It is one of our show places, and only a few miles from New Orleans, my home."

"That is what I could not recollect. New Orleans. Yes, you are right; Tronchal is there!"

His face shone with gladness, and a strange light brightened his dark eyes.

"You have been in the South?" I asked. He shook his head.

"It is not easy to say where one has been," he said.

"You are, then, a great traveler," I laughed.

"Not in the sense you mean. I have never been fifty miles from New York."

"It was your knowledge of Tronchal that misled me."

"It is very curious," he said, dreamily. "I knew the place at once."

He was looking at me with big, solemn eyes.

"The place is much admired; I am not surprised that you have heard of it."

"I have never heard of it till now."

Somehow the look in his wonderful eyes sent little creepy chills over me.

"Tronchal belongs to the Charltons," I said.

"You know them?"

"I have charge of their affairs. My father and grandfather looked after the legal business of the older Charltons."

"Yes, I understood that at once," he said, and again I felt the queer, chilly sensation. "You know all about them—their history. When do you return?"

"To-morrow."

"I should like to go with you, but a week later will not matter. Next Tuesday I shall find you. I know the city; it was only the name of it that puzzled me. That is why I have not found Tronchal before. Curious how we run upon things we have long tried to find! Can't you drop in to see me before you go?"

He handed me a card, and turned, bright and smiling, to meet a group of ladies who had come to beg for more music.

I could not rid myself of the feeling that there had been something strange about the young man. I made diligent inquiry and found that he had been brought up in New York, his father having been a clergyman and rector of one of the smaller churches. His mother's name had been Marion Devereux, and she had come from a little village called Sedberry. Her father had been a farmer. So far as I could learn, there had never been any mystery about young Davenport. Still, the impression remained with me that he was not an ordinary sort of man. I determined to see him again.

When I found him in the tiny studio he was putting the last touches upon a picture. The place was an odd little corner, but I saw at first nothing but the painted face. It was enough to hold the eye of any man. And I knew it—the exquisite poise of the proud head, the lovely, smiling lips and the merry, black-lashed blue eyes. There was in the picture the indescribable something that we call individuality. It was the portrait of one particular woman, and could not be mistaken for any other who in form and face might be like her.

The artist turned from his work and greeted me cordially.

"So you have come! I could not flatter myself that you would remember. New York is so full of interest to a visitor," he said.

"I have found nothing so interesting as yourself," I answered.

He looked up in quick, puzzled surprise and laughed like a boy. I saw then how young he was, how light of heart and how handsome.

He had impressed me the night before as being a bit morbid. My eyes went back to the picture and his followed.

"It has taken a pound of flesh for every week," he said, laughing softly, "but at last it is finished. Do you like it? It is my ideal."

"It is an excellent portrait," I said. "But I am no judge of pictures."

"A portrait?" he questioned, looking at me with puzzled eyes.

"Certainly. I am beginning to believe that you know Tronchal pretty well, after all. This picture is a portrait of Rosalie Charlton."

"Is it? Who is she?"

He turned away to the window, but not before I had seen his face whiten.

"She is the daughter of the master of Tronchal."

He stood for a full minute with his back to me, and I, looking at the beautiful picture, wondered where the artist could have seen Rosalie. She had never been farther from home than the convent school at New Orleans. Where had he seen her?

When he turned from the window he began to show me other pictures, and to

talk pleasantly about them, as if he had forgotten the portrait of Rosalie. I left him, carrying with me a disturbed mind.

There had always been a mystery connected with Tronchal. My talk with the young man had brought many half-forgotten things to mind. I am a practical man, given to the stern, everyday affairs of life. But to-day my thoughts traveled in unaccustomed ways.

The Tuesday following was a day of pelting rain and howling wind. The storm grew with the day and strengthened as night came on. I replenished the office fire and determined to sleep on the lounge before it rather than face the storm. I had made myself comfortable when the bell rang, and I went down to the door. From the wet, wind-torn darkness a man stepped into the hall, and my light fell upon the handsome, laughing face of Bertie Davenport.

"Had you forgotten me?" he laughed. "Those big drops never stop till they find the skin! And they are cold; I thought you had it warm down here in May?"

He looked at me reproachfully as he stood before the fire.

"You have caught us out of company trim," I answered. "But all the same this is a very welcome visit. I am glad to see you."

Somehow this young fellow was no stranger to me.

"Thank you. I walked from the station; not so much as a wheelbarrow to be had for love or money. Keep your street cars dry, don't you?"

"Lightning," I replied.

He laughed.

"Well, anyhow, I found the way. It was fine fun tracing it out. Have you ever dreamed the same dream twice?"

"Yes."

"It was like that."

He stood enveloped in a little cloud of vapor that rose from his steaming clothes. Somehow an uncanny feeling crept over me. I saw something in his eyes that made my flesh creep, and yet a bonnier boy I had never met.

When his clothes were dry and I had found him something to eat, he drew up sociably before the little table and shivered with a childish sense of comfort as the windows rattled and the trees fought with the wind outside.

"I am glad that we are not likely to be disturbed, Mr. Grahame, for I have a curious story to tell you. You are a practical business man, but you know that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy."

He looked at me and I nodded.

"It hardly matters whether you believe my story to-night—you will to-morrow. I shall make no attempt to explain it. We all know and feel much that cannot be put into words."

For a while he sat silently watching the oily flames creep over the black coal.

"You know the history of Tronchal. I want to go back only as far as Caleb Charlton. Do you know anything about him?"

He turned his compelling eyes upon me.

"Do you?" I asked.

"Yes," he said simply, smiling in a curious, reminiscent way. "He was a brave young fellow, with a handsome face and a happy heart, to begin with. Then a woman and love came into his life."

The young man's eyes were wide and soft now, with a strange, far-seeing expression.

"He went away from his home in the strength of his early manhood, and within one little year he returned old and broken. Do you know what had occurred while he was gone?"

"Tell me," I answered, interested to the point of fascination.

"His cousin married the girl who had promised to wait for Caleb. A sort of madness seized him. He married a pretty little creature who loved him, and tried to forget. But the madness grew, and when the honeymoon was but a week old he gave his wife, pretty Elsie Devereux, a bag of gold and came away and left her. She was, he knew, too proud to follow or to make public complaint, and in those days New Orleans was a long way from New York."

"After that he lived alone at Tronchal. People said he was possessed of a devil. Perhaps he was. He came to know, after a while, that a boy had been born to his wife. He sent money for the education of the boy, but he longed night and day for the sweetheart who had been false to him. He worked for years painting her picture. He thought of nothing else. He was tempted to murder her husband and take

her by force, but he wanted more than her beautiful body. He wanted her love.

"So the years dragged on and he grew old. Then repentance came to him. But his wife and her son were dead and he knew not how to right the wrong. He was old and alone. Then he, in his madness, conceived a plan and patiently worked it out.

"In the old house, as you know, there are many odd nooks and corners. The mansion is built on the water's edge, and it was on the water side that Caleb Charlton selected a chamber and fitted it up for the carrying out of his eccentric plan.

"Into this room he carried his favorite picture of beautiful Rose Lawrence, the girl who had been false to him. He carried to it the splendid jewels he had intended his bride to wear. And here he spent hours writing out his own history. To this he fastened his marriage certificate and in it he acknowledged his wife's son. He brought to this chamber his favorite violin, and many articles of great value to the Charltons.

"He loved the place, and he began to be afraid that some one would find it. So he sent away to a distant city and brought skilled workmen to Tronchal. There was but one window in the room, and it was small and set high in the wall. He had this and the door shut with heavy oak paneling, so that the four walls were alike, except that in one the panel moved and gave out into the corridor. The chamber was now securely hidden, and he alone could find it. He wrote a letter to his trusted friend, the old lawyer who looked after his affairs, and fastened it in a leathern case and hung it about his neck by a slender gold chain. If he should die early or late the case would be opened, the chamber found.

"It was by chance that the old man learned that his son had been married and that a child, a little girl, had been born to him. The news disturbed him not a little, and he went to his hidden chamber to add this to his history and to think the matter over well.

"He went to the chamber at dead of night and closed the door, bending his dull ear down to hear the click of the spring that fastened it and shut the prying world away. He set his lantern on the table and wrote a few heavy black lines on a piece of parchment. He looked at the jewels that had been set for his bride, played a wild melody on the violin, and turning the light on the picture of his sweetheart, sat for a long time gazing upon the fair face. And then the old man slept. While he slept the lantern burned, and when he awoke the oil had burned out and there was about him the blackness of darkness.

"He got up and called, but he knew that no answer would come to him. He groped his way to the wall; his trembling old hands touched the smooth oak panels, and he felt for the spring. A tiny painted arrow had marked the place. Round and round the four walls the hands of the old man went. Round and round. But his fingers could not find the spring. He stood still and knew that he was buried in the heavy, silent darkness.

"After a time he found the chair and sat down. He knew that he must die and he was afraid. But he began, presently, to dream of cool, dripping water, and fresh, sweet winds and the laughter of little children and flowers and sunshine. These dreams faded and he was neither cold nor tired nor afraid."

I had listened in silence. Caleb Charlton had disappeared seventy-five years ago. People told the story even now, and there were many versions of it. This young man's was a new one. Was it at last the true one? I wondered if there might be some mysterious law of telepathy by which a freed soul may communicate with one yet in the flesh. It was a new story indeed, and one that raised my gray hair. Presently he went on:

"Then he dreamed again. Queer, shadowy impressions came to him. He was no longer in the hidden chamber, but in the free air under the blue sky. And he was not old and troubled. His face and form were those of a boy. He was strong and full of hope. But the vague memories of the hidden chamber began to be more clearly defined. Perhaps you have yourself felt the curious thrill of a dim, evasive memory of something that happened outside the life you now live. It was like that at first, but it grew and became clear as a landscape grows out from night's darkness and stands clear in the light of day.

"Years passed and the impression strengthened, but he kept it all in his own heart, kept it—till now."

"Man," I cried, "what wicked thing is this that you tell me?"

"Wicked," he repeated quietly. "I don't know. But the thing I have told you is true. To-morrow, when we go to Tronchal, you shall see for yourself."

The house shook with the strength of the storm. Seeing how tired my visitor was, I compelled him to lie on the lounge. Sleep had gone far from me. The boy was soon sleeping soundly, one white hand under his cheek. I sat looking at him.

Caleb Charlton had disappeared seventy-five years ago. His cousin had fallen heir to the property, and now Wallis Charlton was master there, and his son, a young scapegrace, was waiting his turn. For the old place was willed to the son and its value in money to Rosalie. It was easy to see that in a few years of reckless living the scapegrace son would allow the old place to fall into the possession of strangers. Was it possible that Caleb lived again in the person of this handsome boy? I had heard queer stories, and I knew that our mortal minds are able to sound but a drop of the great ocean of eternal truth. I shuddered and longed for morning.

I took Mr. Davenport home with me, and after breakfast we drove out to Tronchal. I had never seen the fine old place so beautiful as on this rain-washed summer morning.

While we waited in the great hall I heard the click of high heels on the stair, and turned to see Rosalie stop and look down. The light from a window far above fell upon her white gown and shining hair. She was Bertie Davenport's picture in flesh and blood! The boy looked up and their eyes met. Even I knew what had happened. She came down to us and I introduced them, but already they knew each other far better than I knew either.

Her father was gone to town, she said in her soft, pretty way, but she hoped she might be able to keep us until he should return.

"You wish to see the old house?" she said when I had made my request. "Indeed you shall, and you'll find it quite worth while, Mr. Davenport. I never tire of it. But it is my brother, who cares nothing for it, who is to be its owner by and by."

I listened to the clatter of the young people, and was quite ready to believe that the queer story of the hidden chamber was nothing more than one of my bad dreams, when we came suddenly to the beginning of a long, narrow corridor. Bertie Davenport grew silent and his face whitened to the lips. It seemed to me that his youth fell from him. He bent forward and walked slowly.

Rosalie stopped and drew back timidly. "What brought us here?" she whispered. "It is the haunted wing next to the water."

Davenport turned and laid his hand upon her arm.

"Go back," he said. "If your father has returned, or when he comes, send him here."

The girl turned and sped frightened away. Davenport went forward and I followed, none too willingly. Half way down he stretched out his hand and laid it on one of the oaken panels. I saw that his fingers trembled. Then the nails whitened and the panel slid back. A sickening, musty smell came to me. I peered forward. Davenport clutched my arm.

"Come," he said huskily.

As we stood in the doorway looking at what was before us, Wallis Charlton came quickly down the corridor.

"Grahame, in the name of Heaven, what is this?"

Mr. Charlton stopped beside me. Bertie leaned against the wall; his eyes, dark with

pain and horror, were fixed upon me. Was the individuality, the ego of Caleb Charlton looking at me from the dazed eyes of the boy?

From the hall a broad band of light streamed into the room and revealed its ghastly secret. Beside the table, propped in a heavy oaken chair, was a ghoulish object, half mummy, half skeleton. The table was littered with time-yellowed, dust-covered papers and long strings of precious stones that eagerly caught at the light. An odd little lantern of tarnished brass and a violin bereft of its strings were near the grim object that sat in the chair. From the ghastly shoulders hung a slender gold chain attached to a mildewed leather case. On the wall hung a woman's portrait, a picture so like Rosalie that seeing it in this place her father started and called her name.

"Grahame, what is it?" "We have found Caleb Charlton," I said. "The boy!" he cried.

Davenport had fallen in a dead faint. Afterward we made a careful examination of the place, and found the papers just as Bertie had described them. My part in the affair was easy enough after this, and Davenport's claim was established, he being the only child of Caleb Charlton's granddaughter.

When Bertie recovered from the brain fever that followed our singular discovery, he had lost the uncanny power of seeing farther into the past than most men see. But I believe now, as I believed then, that he is no other than a re-incarnation of Caleb Charlton himself, though I know nothing of the occult science of psychology, nor the queer old doctrine of transmigration. I give you the story as it came to me.

Of course the young people were married speedily, and I often think of poor old Caleb, happy at last in his re-incarnation.

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VIBRATION

By AQUILLA
RICHARDS

[This article is of unusual interest, coming from an inventor and practical scientist, who has studied deeply into the questions discussed. We are glad to welcome the scientific corroboration of spiritual truths, and feel assured that our readers will look forward with much interest to the promised article, to follow from the same pen, on the LAW OF OSCILLATION, FROM THE STANDPOINT OF PHYSICS AND CHEMISTRY.]

IF a single atom of matter in the eternity of the universe were to cease its vibration (or motion) for the smallest part of time, chaos would follow; because it would be demonstrated that the Law was not perfect.

Motion is the law of all conscious and unconscious life. Conscious life, or comparative intelligence (they are the same), is but the result of motion in some of its forms in matter.

"Nothing" cannot produce motion; and eternal life is dependent upon eternal motion; and eternal motion is dependent upon eternal Energy to keep it in ceaseless activity.

This is a deduction as applied to the whole—to the entity of the parts that constitute life, thought and matter as they pass before our consciousness in all their varied conditions; from the infantile gaze that shows pleasure at a bright bauble, to the thoughtful inspection of the philosopher who looks at the brilliant hues of the same trinket in the laboratory of physics and thought. Every inspection of its rays makes him the more conscious, and increased consciousness by increased inspection and study of those same colors could give the student or the philosopher an eternity of occupation. Why? Because color is not a thing of itself, and is dependent upon the motion or vibration of ether. But ether cannot be a thing of itself—dependent of all other things—because if that were the fact, it would be a source of Law, and not dependent upon law. Thus, the study by deduction of a single atom of matter reflecting an infinitesimal ray of color, would eventually lead the student into lines of comparative thought so great that consciousness of them on this plane could not make further comparison, and would restlessly await the change to a higher state, where it could again renew its labors. For one must understand that the only way we reason is by comparison. If we cannot compare we cannot reason. If we cannot reason we cease being conscious beings, and revert into inert matter. But if we should revert into inert matter, that inert matter is being made to vibrate by some Infinite Power, and we would again be vibrated in consciousness, through the same process of the baby and the bauble and the philosopher. In this process Consciousness would have a limitation by reversion, and consciousness is knowledge by comparison; and after running out and back into matter in this uninteresting monotony, would soon find that that was the eternal limit. Having then placed a limit on his consciousness, he has placed a limit on matter, and as soon as he has placed a limit on matter he has a "nothing" outside and beyond it—and matter of itself being dependent on "something" to move it (vibrate it), would run short of energy when it was vibrated to the boundaries of "nothing," and *ex necessitate*, would stand still—and here I refer to the opening sentence of this writing, *i. e.*, that if a single atom of matter should ever cease its motion for the smallest part of time, chaos would follow. Vibration, therefore, when once started in matter, can never cease, can never return permanently to its initial point of departure, and bids a long farewell to its parent, Energy. Though started in the depths of an endless creation, it goes on and on, ever seeking a resting place, but never tiring. Its motion may be coarse or ungainly as it starts upon its eternal voyage, but it is a thing of life, and has a voice, and though its note may be so deep that one wave length had seen the birth of the Pleiades—and was waiting to rest its completed arc upon the destruction of nebulous constellations pregnant with life yet to be born—its vibration is heard in the harmonies of Nature by some Power, somewhere, at some time.

Man himself is but a vibrating ray of energy. Two opposite mentalities vibrat-

ing under the law of love, or affinity, set in motion a flash of light and fire along the aura of mind's abode, and that wave speeded into matter to take on an expression in matter, harmonizing with the vibration of matter, and builds form and consciousness of matter. But the birth was in spirit! Spirit is ever vibrating upon matter or through matter, and all conscious life is a result of spirit and matter. The essence of spirit, which is Will, is, and always will be, intangible. The essence of matter, which is weight, is, and always will be, tangible. Here we have the antipodes of an eternity, if we can conceive of such a condition. Spirit is all vibration. Matter is all inert. The two were born simultaneously by the Eternal Fiat. One, being all vibration, is ever attempting to impart its motion to the one that is all inert. In doing this, it has labor to perform; and all energy, whether spirit or mechanical, is ever seeking to come to a state of rest—to cease vibrating. But the same Eternal Fiat says, No! And so Spirit labors on, never wearying in its endless effort. Reaching into sleeping nature, with one gentle touch from the vibrating tips of an unseen finger, she touches the cheek of the rose with its first blush of passion, and with the same hand gives the pale semblance of death to a lily of the field. And this is done by vibration.

But let us analyze to some extent and see what relation it bears to conscious life and its effect, as reaching out from ourselves.

We send a mental vibration along the inclined plane of Time with the marvelous speed of thought, without consistency, without care to its ultimate result—the vibration of an oath traveling with a kiss as a companion; a wave of virtue dancing in a "cuttie sark" by the side of a harlot. On they rush in wild confusion, battering weak mentalities into inharmonious delusion, and rebounding from strong mentalities, simply to strike a less fortunate impediment to their onward and outward motion.

Such is the commodity that this new and intellectual era is dealing in. Truly dangerous stuff to handle! Many of us every day are committing intellectual murder by Vibration, and closing prison doors on morally weak beings by the fact that we unconsciously, or consciously, vibrate them out of their normal and harmless way. Such is a general effect of the law of Vibration from an ethical view.

Let us proceed to know this fiend, this Christian, this promoter of good, this promoter of evil, this intellectual giant, this semi-thoughtful pigmy—"Vibration!"

It is a term without sex! Yet it can make personality and character that live through the ages, and can build a stone to pass through geological eras in thoughtless idleness. It can shape matter so solid that the skill of mechanical genius stands appalled in contemplation. And it can weave the thin substance of dreams into beauty and form. If not amiss, I may say:

In dreamland's realms where Fancy builds
In wild, fantastic shape, her hills
And valleys, true to slumber's fiction;—
Though intangible the scene—it fills
The order of Vibration's diction.

It can build of the same matter a mien whose color and configuration would be the envy of a Venus, and of the same substance a countenance so hideous that Nature, undefiled, would blush at the product. Now to the Analysis, if we can, and trace vibration from matter to spirit. For this illustration we will use the simple tone of a bell.

A vibration of air is sent to the ear by the curfew bell that "tolls the knell of parting day."

We will reason step by step. How do we know the air is vibrated? The answer would be, at first thought, because the bell rang. But this does not satisfy the question. When the hammer struck the metal every particle of matter in the bell was displaced from its state of rest; the air resting against the bell with a pressure of approximately 14 pounds to every square inch of surface, was also violently displaced and sent away in a wave, or state of compaction, resulting in vibration; because, the air being elastic, pressed back upon the metal, only to be waved or vibrated away again, from the further fact that the metal was still violently expanding and contracting under the blow.

Having seen how the wave is generated, let us look at its characteristics. First, we find it has length—that it is of a curved shape in the line of its travel, and that it is composed of particles driven closer together and trying to get back to their normal position, and finally, that the particles of air come gradually back to their normal distance apart as the tones die out.

Let us now suppose some one to be standing on the sea within the limits of the waves of sound, and that the effect of the sounds is very impressive, because the curfew tones have recently told of the parting of the day, when a lover, or dear one, was given a last farewell, and that this parting was so associated with the melody of the bell as to awaken the greatest sadness in the mind of the one who stands listening. Picture the scene to be one of beauty in Nature, and the man to be standing in contemplation of the loss of a dear one, while the autumn haze of evening gathers over the departing day. The tones of the bell peal out, sending their vibrations into physical space. This action deals entirely with matter. The ear, through its peculiar formation and adaptability to receive vibrations of matter, performs its function by receiving the waves transmitted to it along a nerve, and allowing them to travel to a greater nerve centre—the brain. Here ends the function of the vibration in matter. At this limit we step into mystery, for the bell has acted in matter, and has by its tones transformed, by relation, a physical condition into mental perception, recollection, memory. How is this done? The only answer we can give at this point is that the vibration of the bell was consistent with the organism of the ear. But, let us go further and see if our deductions will help us to a solution. The air was vibrated, the ear-drum was vibrated, the nerve from the ear to the brain was vibrated, the brain was vibrated. Here our sequence of physical events ceased. Not a word has been spoken, but a thought has been born. Matter has performed a consecutive function, and comes again to a state of rest, as far as the physical senses are concerned. But while the autumn twilight departs, and the chill night silently advances, and the owl in the belfry keeps sullen watch over the adjoining graveyard, "that tuneful peal will still ring on," to be heard in distant ages, when the Will commands Memory to repeat the note.

It is at this point—how a mechanical vibration can awaken a consciousness not of matter—that makes the philosopher a child in reason, until he shall have learned more of the vibrating vinculum that chains mind to matter.

Now, let us step over the line of matter at this point, and observe as much as we can of the mental side, as we call it, or the non-material. First, let us see if our nomenclature is correct when we say "non-material," and after the illustration which will follow we may have a better view of the question. Mind may be insensible to the touch, and it may not be seen, heard, tasted or smelled, but is it any the less matter? Mark a distinction here which we must make between Will and Mind. Will, by its very necessity, must be always intangible. Mind is but the result of cognition of physical events and conditions. Every thought (or mind), traced to its final deduction, will resolve itself to some cognizance of some material state. Will does this.

In the instance of the bell, cited before, the brain was the last substance vibrated. Now, the fact that memory has kept the recollection of these tones is the quickest and simplest proof that the wave (or vibration) transcended matter, and passed from the brain to some other substance of a finer nature—a substance consistent with mental state, for *something* cannot vibrate *nothing*. Let us presume now, for further illustration, that the man has arrived at the age of three score and ten—70 years. He is not composed of the identical atoms which constituted his physical make-up when he heard the curfew bell, nor has he, speaking technically, the same configuration at any time in his life. Tissue is being thrown off and never replaces itself exactly in the same state, any more than the leaf of spring is exactly the leaf of the spring before. Man, in this respect, is a transient being, and the man who heard the bell seventy years before has disappeared. The man as he was then has actually been destroyed by the chemical fire of the stomach in its effort to maintain physical life. Of course, the general configuration of the man remains. In the course of time, oxygen, that universal life-giver and destroyer, will have destroyed the bell, and those same tones can never again be given out. The

bell ceases to exist. The man is also destroyed by the same oxygen. The ear that caught the sad vibrations listens not to the curfew tale as told to the winds and the sea. The brain that analyzed those tones has given back to nature the phosphates and chemical compounds of its composition. Reason, that master of action, has found it an unfit abode—has left his throne—and in its place a hideous travesty on beauty peeps out through empty sockets and laughs the philosopher to scorn and horror. This is the end of a material condition associated with and dependent upon matter. But if we believe in an eternity of mind, it follows, *a priori*, that we must believe in an eternity of vibration, because mind cannot operate on "nothingness." As shown before, mind can have no limit, and being limitless, it must have a limitless substance (matter) to vibrate from and upon; and if the reasoning be correct, matter is therefore as much without limit as mind. Mind, by the same reasoning, no matter to what attenuation carried by its advancing progression, must have a consistent substance to act upon, and that substance must therefore be finer as mind refines its action; and the final deduction is, that matter itself becomes so attenuated that it must cease to exist as the matter we know here, and becomes a substance eventually of so fine a make-up that it is lost to this consciousness here as matter, and partakes more of a spiritual condition, to be acted upon by higher mentality, on some higher plane of existence.

The thoughtless vibration from the whimper of a nursing babe at its mother's breast is as eternal as the profound utterance of the sage. They both transcend matter and never return again to it, unless Memory picks up the vibrations somewhere in eternity beyond the ken of mind and makes them again a subject of consciousness. How it does it, we know not yet. Where it does it, is a field not known to the depths of thought.

Ask the chemist, and he points silently to the balance and the crucible. Ask the physicist; his response is a mathematical formula of the law of energy in matter. Ask the geologist; his answer is a history of the rock. Ask the anthropologist, and he shows you the grim visage of a thoughtless skull that looks inquiringly into space from a fixed position, and as void of answer as Yorrick's gaping jaw was to the melancholy vagaries of Hamlet's soliloquy. Ask the astronomer—whose mind must be a master of science—and he directs your vision to the depths of eternal space, where night is so deep that blazing suns are but flickering points of illumination in an eternity of silent matter.

Then take the bright bauble in hand that fascinated the staring eye of infancy, hold it in front of you as the inquiring philosopher of maturity; ask *thyself*, then, the question, and the answer which speeds from some unknown realm is, Vibration! Vibration! Vibration!

Take one thing up at a time and do it, and see the end of it, and before you have seen the end, do not give it up. He who can become mad upon an idea, he alone will see light. Those that only take a nibble here and there will never attain anything. They may titivate their nerves for a moment, but there it will end. They will be slaves in the hands of nature.—*Raja Yoga*.

Earnestly and patiently aspire for Light and Truth *now*, and thy future will be bright.—*A. Z.*

The goal of each soul is freedom, mastery—freedom from the slavery of matter and thought, mastery of external and internal nature.—*Virchananda*.

Whoever asks any one to believe blindly, or drags mankind behind him through controlling it by his superior will, is an injurer to humanity, though he may not have intended it.—*Raja Yoga*.

The power of Spirit is tremendous. Even one moment each day given to prayer, meditation and the Silence will bring a great amount of benefit. "First of all it will tone down nervous excitement, bring serenity and calmness, and enable us to see things more clearly. The temperament will be better and the health will be better. Sound health will be one of the first signs, and a sweet, beautiful voice."

Heaven's reward is not to him who counts the cost of service, but to him who serves, whatever the cost.

Sociological Points

By Henry Wood

CO-OPERATION is good; but its spirit must be set up inside of men before its political and institutional forms, outside, can have life and duration.

Competition is not in some "system," but in man. If it has unfriendly aspects they appear because he is not reformed from the centre.

The body politic is a great unitary organism, composed of unlike elements, and like the human body, "when one member suffers all suffer."

The only natural and permanent basis for good wages must be skill, energy and faithfulness, otherwise, a premium is put upon inferiority.

There may be good and bad capitalists and good and bad laborers, but capital and labor are always impersonal and both good.

Wealth is good in its place, but true riches are made up of character.

Sentimentally, "the State" is a great omnipresent and beneficent administrative Force; but practically, it is often limited by the politicians of the dominant party.

Strikes and lockouts amount to economic warfare, and all war is costly and cruel to both sides.

A niggardly and oppressive employer is rarely successful, in a broad sense.

No legislation or institution can make men brothers indeed. The fraternal spirit must be born within.

New forms of tyranny often creep in under the guise of reforms of old abuses.

Wealth as a means is excellent. But as an end, it narrows and finally owns its supposed possessor.

Sentiment, and even force, can never make incompetency as valuable as competency.

Inherited wealth often proves a serious handicap to the child of luxury.

The law of supply and demand has not been repealed. It may be temporarily interrupted, but its force and tendency will persist as long as the tides.

The humblest task is good in its place, and may be idealized.

Profit sharing would heal many economic evils. There must be unity of interest.

There is no fixed class in America. Nearly all who have attained eminence in any department have started at the bottom.

As the powers within men are tamed, controlled and brought into orderly harmony, all external phenomena, whether institutions, legislation, capital, labor, land or money, will exactly correspond, for they are secondary and expressive. Mind is the worker and these are but the tools.

This world's no blot for us, Nor blank; it means intensely, and means good. To find its meaning is my meat and drink.

It's Not a Fad

VEGETARIANISM has long passed the "fad" stage, and has been in practical demonstration in England for many years; both in private families and in numerous immensely patronized restaurants.

A belief prevails that flesh food is essential to bodily and mental vigor. This is an old, false belief handed down by our carnivorous ancestors. Modern scientists say that the food value of meat is very much overestimated. Adepts know that much of disease and early death of the body is due to flesh-meats eating. All meats are loaded with worn-out, poisonous matter. Meat over-stimulates, excites the brain and causes much nervousness; its eating makes us indifferent to the cruelty to animals, as it deadens our moral perceptions; it makes one sow to the flesh instead of the Spirit.

A Little Song

SHE sang a little song;
Words soft and low—with trembling,
bird-like trill.
My heart was sore—ay, very sore—with
wrong;
She soothed it 'gainst my will.
She made the world replete
With gladness and the glimmer of green
leaves;
With sheen of sun and shaft of shade,
which greet
The sweet Spring as she weaves.
And since—in sunless street—
Or dismal winter's dreariest, darkest
day—
The memory of her melody makes sweet
One weary wanderer's way.
O soul! to whom God gives
A little song; sing clearly, without fear;
He lays it on thy lips, because there lives
One whom He wills shall hear.

"Unselfish and noble acts are the most radiant epochs in the biography of souls. When wrought in earliest youth they lie in the memory of age, like the coral islands, green and sunny, amidst the melancholy waste of ocean."

I have somewhere seen it observed that we should make the same use of a book that the bee does of a flower; she steals sweets from it, but does not injure it.—*Colton*.

If we do not reach our ideals in this life on earth we will in some other life—*here or there*. At the close of earth life we often hear men say they wish they could live their life over; they mean they wish they knew as much at birth as they do at the transition called death. We say to such men, study the doctrine of Karma and Reincarnation.

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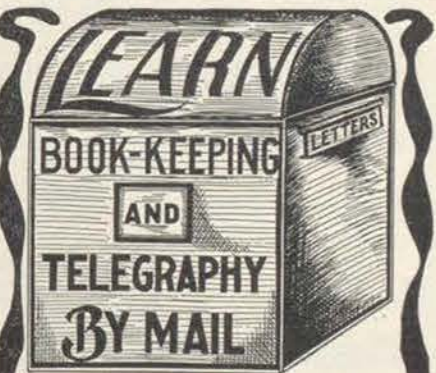
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Let a man hope for any great and noble thing—high success in business or in art, the love of a true woman, his children's growth in every spiritual grace, the advance of some good cause, the destruction of some vested wrong, the triumph of some glorious principle, the opportunity of an immortal life—and the strength and greatness of that hope will pass into his soul.—*J. W. Chadwick.*

LET one fill the soul, mind and heart with any high aspiration and persistently hold it, and in a while that aspiration will pass into the soul and be realized. All ideals are, sooner or later, realized, if we persistently hold to them; hold ideals and do not nibble or "play" with them—live them and have faith in their fulfilment—you will then certainly progress to the Most High.

"Before we can have any progress, we must have faith in the possibility of progress—we must believe in the capacity and destiny of man."

More than that, we must know and feel that in all the universe there is nothing but orderly progress; that all there is, is divine.

The only sane and rational way to meet life is to know that it is eternal; to know that we are life—all being is life; and to know we must first aspire and hold to ideals before we reach attainment.

Thus we seek the Heart of Life—by love, faith, hope, aspiration and holding to all that the soul whispers is true, grand, noble, expansive and progressive.

We draw nearer and nearer the Truth as we aspire and hold high ideals about God, man, the world, the universe—the ALL.

Aspiration is the soul's way to absolute freedom; the opening and expansion of the mind to the truth that life is the very pith and essence of growth and expansion and progress, and is eternal.

Back, in, through and beyond everything and all being is Life—nothing but eternal Life—and man's highest aspiration is to know universal and eternal Life—to have a living conscious oneness with beautiful Life—to know and realize he is eternal Life.

A great soul says: "Beyond all things else I believe in the divinity of all life—this beautiful life. This is a good world. Friendship is sweet, home is dear, conflict is disciplining, and sorrow is refining. On every side are opportunities for growth and study. This world is a place of privileges."

This beautiful world and our life here is indeed a blessed privilege—especially if we aspire and hold and live in aspirations and ideals.

We must live here and do our best and not try to shirk and escape any of our duties—it is God's great plan.

Now and here is the very best sphere for each soul that is here; when we are fully ready to enter a higher and better sphere we will leave this beautiful world, and not before.

What does a great soul—a freed soul—care where it is? It is free from all bonds and limitations now, here or there or anywhere in God's beautiful universe; in absolute freedom, what is there to escape?

And what has an aspiring soul to do with shirking or escaping any or all of the events of life here on the earth-plane?

"As long as it is grievous to thee to suffer, and thou desirest to escape, so long shalt thou be ill at ease, and the desire of escaping tribulation shall follow thee everywhere."

There is a wise saying, to be troubled is to have your trouble doubled.

Non-resistance, and non-recognition of adverse conditions, coupled with high aspirations and living in beautiful ideals, and a love to serve and work for the good of the Whole, with no thought of escape, carries the soul to freedom.

A great soul becomes such by being merry and cheery and willing in all the affairs of life, and overcomes fear, doubt, disease, poverty, and drudgery by non-resistance and non-recognition of these appearances, called "evil"; by knowing they are not real and lasting, as they can be overcome by holding high aspirations, and thus rousing the psychic-mental powers that are within. Life is eternal! You are Life!

Attract more of this eternal and universal Life by being calm, serene, cheerful, merry, willing, and above all, grateful that you are here in this great and beautiful world, manifesting and expressing life.

Close not the doors to this all-pervading Life by closing and cramping your mind and your heart by ingratitude. The blessings of God are great and endless. Bless His name forever!

Acknowledge and bless the All-Good in your every breath—this is holding and living your aspiration.

Cleanse the mind of all thought of "evil" and have only room in it for thoughts of Eternal Progress—in a while you will become a great and mighty worker for the good of the WHOLE.

Pessimists and God-fearing men and women see this beautiful world filled with "evil"; a great, God-loving soul sees in it and the universe only God—only orderly progress.

Constantly seeing the world as "evil" helps prolong discord all along the line and tends to make weak minds believe Life—God—is a dire failure.

A mind filled with thoughts of the "evil" in the world has no room for pure thoughts—strong thoughts—inspirations; holding such morbid thoughts retards man's own progress and the progress of many others.

One foolish or weak thinker makes many others so.

The normal or optimistic mind sees all things in their true value and relation, and is a positive mind that does great and continuous good toward helping others awaken, grow, expand, progress and realize the truth.

A man who really knows is wise, peaceful and powerful, and leads many other men to knowledge, wisdom, peace and power.

All great men and women who really help uplift the world and lead men to the Most High are cheerful optimists.

An optimist is one who aspires, yet feels and knows that the great God is not a failure, and is ordering the whole universe in the exact right way; that the order of to-day is not the order of yesterday nor tomorrow.

A great soul without any attempt to reform the world, reforms himself, and then forms and reforms all things, in a peaceful and harmonious way—without pernicious activity that causes so much disturbance, discord, and inharmony in the world.

Trying to legislate men by external means to be moral is always a failure, and causes much ill-will, hatred and anger—even much bloodshed.

You can win more men by Love and Reason than by threats and punishments.

Glory be to the great God, in this blessed Age of Light, Life and Progress—we know all men are eternal souls, going onward, forward and upward to one goal.

The world makes more progress now in this blessed age in one decade than it did in ages in the dark past.

In union, unity and oneness are man's strength, growth, expression and progress—and all aspiring souls hope and aspire for the blessed state that will come with Universal Love that is now the essence of the present Higher Thought.

The dynamic power of the Higher Thought is making man progressive as never before—it is making him more than mere man now and here.

We are learning, too, the power of projecting silent thoughts of sweet, pure love on all men—regardless of color, sect, belief, non-belief, or religion.

"If instead of a gem or even a flower we cast the gift of a lovely thought into the hearts of all, that would be giving as the angels give."

To do our best we must love and aspire and live in ideals. All men have somewhat of aspiration and ideality; project silent love on all and you rouse these aspirations and ideal thoughts in all men and strengthen your own aspirations and help the fulfilment of your own ideals.

"GOD HIDES SOME IDEAL IN EVERY HUMAN SOUL."

In all our hopes, aspirations and ideals we must go for power and strength and light to the God within; then we can better love all, and help all.

"Inward toward God we must go continually for spiritual force, and outward toward humanity to exercise it, and reinforce it."

"Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act that each to-morrow
Finds us farther than to-day."

All good is ours if we love and aspire;

to love all gives man his greatest bliss and greatest power, and is man's highest aspiration.

There are no souls that do not need your love: we are all children of one eternal All-Father whose love extends to all.

"There is no nation so far off, no people so distant, no individual so obscure and despised, with whom we do not stand indissolubly related, and with whose fate, present and future, the fate of every man and woman is not inextricably woven for weal or woe."

There is but one infinite and universal ocean of Life of which each individual being is a drop.

As we aspire and live in the Spirit, the moods, fancies, illusions and delusions of the mind cease and we become strong, vital, living souls, free from disease, and the transition called "death" is looked on as a blessed birth into Higher Life.

"The Holy Spirit is a spirit, and not one mood of the mind; it is not Sabbatical, but daily; it is not a morning and an evening temper, but a perpetual presence in us."

Come, precious souls! let us love, aspire and progress—grow and expand—and our greatest help and strength are found in love for all, as it brings us nearer to realizing oneness. "The love of our brethren is not another from the love of God; it is but the streaming forth of it, or the reflection of it."

Love, aspire and hope!—*Frank Harrison.*

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Gleaned from The Vegetarian, London

The early Greeks, especially the Spartans, and the early Romans, had a very simple food supply. They kept up magnificent physical training and mental activity, living for the most part like our old English farmers, who were the backbone of our armies, on fleshless foods. Among modern instances, we may select the soldiers of Turkey, the boatmen of Constantinople, the wrestlers of Japan, the runners of India, and many of the best cyclists and pedestrians of England and other countries.

Germany is to the fore in the culture of a children's garden. Professor Baron, who died in Berlin recently, left the bulk of his fortune, estimated at 420,000 marks, for the establishment of an orphan asylum, where the children should be brought up on strict vegetarian principles. The Berlin Board of Aldermen, who were appointed trustees by the will, refused to accept the gift under these conditions, but the Board of Aldermen of the city of Breslau volunteered to carry out the instructions of the testator. Millionaires with fortunes to leave, or to give, please copy.

All stimulation results in subsequent depression in conformity with a well-known law in mechanics that action and reaction are equal and opposite, and if the depression which results from the free indulgence of fresh meat cannot be met by anything in the food line—roast beef being the highest form of stimulation in the domain of food—recourse is, alas! too often had to alcohol, with the deplorable results that meet us at every turn. I have observed frequently in the course of my practice this connection between excessive flesh meat eating and the alcoholic habit. I have seen persons addicted to drink eat three times the quantity any ordinary person would consume, and it was generally the lean and underdone parts that were preferred. Vegetables, as a rule, they cared little for.

At Set of Sun

If we sit down at set of sun
And count the things that we have done,
And counting find
One self-denying act, one word
That eased the heart of him who heard,
One glance most kind
That fell like sunshine where it went,
Then we may count the day well spent.

What Is Worship?

"To do justice; to defend the right; to be strength to the weak; a shield for the defenceless; to raise the fallen; to keep peace between neighbors and nations. This is worship.

"Work is worship. Labor is the best prayer. To fell the forest, to subdue the earth, to delve in the mines for the love of woman. This is worship.

"To build a home, to keep a fire on the hearth, to fill with joy the heart of her who rocks the cradle of your child. This is worship.

"The poor boy ships before the mast—comes home and puts within his mother's hand a purse snatched from the peril of the sea. This is worship.

"The poor widow working night and day keeping the fatherless together, bearing every burden for the love of her babies. This is worship.

"The wife clings to her husband fallen, lifts him from the gutter of degradation, holds him to her heart until her love makes him once more a man. This is worship.

"The boy with his mother's kiss warm on his lips fights for his native land, fights to free his fellow-man, dies by the guns. This is worship.

"He who loves worships."—Robert G. Ingersoll.

Knowing that God is everywhere present, and that He is good, and that all power is His, there is nothing to make one afraid.

I think I could turn and live with animals, they are so placid and self-contained, I stand and look at them long and long. They do not sweat and whine about their condition.

They do not lie awake in the dark and weep for their sins,

They do not make me sick discussing their duty to God.

Not one is dissatisfied, not one is demented with the mania of owning things,

Not one kneels to another, nor to his kind that lived thousands of years ago.

Not one is respectable or happy over the whole earth. —Walt Whitman.

Some nibble away at the husks of belief and consolation of vague theories, beliefs and dogmas, and are more or less miserable; while the aspiring soul will have none of these. It must know, and know it will, for God never withholds knowledge from him who aspires to know. Blessed are they who aspire to know.

It is true we often achieve great results from acting on ideas that only a little while ago we repudiated.

Credos cannot alter facts—the truth. Indeed, the truth is altering credos and dogmas to the extent that they are passing away forever. Blessed days, these!

A calm, sane and dignified study of psychic phenomena opens the mind to the great, grand and wonderful workings of the Unseen. But results can come only by a long, patient, honest, unbiased and unprejudiced study. Many of so-called phenomena are not phenomena at all, but are "fraud," "trickery" and the work of charlatans. These sham phenomena never discourage or disgust the deep and profound thinker or true searcher—he patiently and cheerfully searches and investigates for years and years, and at last is fully rewarded. It takes persistent and fervent love for the All Good, time and patience, and a tremendous hunger and thirst for Light and Truth, before we can see and hear the angels talk and sing.—Frank Harrison.

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The Higher Religion

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Build up heroic lives, and all
Be like a sheathen sabre,
Ready to flash out at God's call,
O chivalry of labor!
Triumph and toil are twins, and aye
Love suns the cloud of sorrow;
And 'tis the martyrdom to-day
Brings victory to-morrow.

In the Higher Religion we begin to recognize and realize "the radiant beauty shed abroad on all the glorious works of God." Our minds become orderly and see order where yesterday we saw chaos. We are becoming sane, and sober, and orderly—normal. We enjoy the *Now* and are thus thrilled with the promises of the glorious future. Each day rips from our soul a veil of ignorance or superstition that obscures it from the Eternal Sun of Light. In a few days all the veils of darkness will be gone and the soul will shine out in its radiant splendor and blend its rays with those of the Eternal Sun of Light—the Radiant Center.

In the Higher Religion Love is the ladder of our faith and hope that gives us strength to climb into the Eternal Heavenly state where fear is not known, and we are made whole (holy) and strong, with power to do, and enjoy, and be happy—eternally blissful. Then we will not pursue power, or peace, or happiness—all these will pursue and possess us, and whether in the physical body or out of it, we will live with God and the Angels.

Our lives are glad songs, when we live in the Higher Religion of Love; in the older religions of fear our lives are dirges. So within our minds we control heaven, hell and earth. Blessed truth!

Our lives are songs; God writes the words,
And we set them to music at pleasure;
And the song grows glad, or sweet, or sad,
As we choose to fashion the measure.
We must write the music, whatever the song.

Whatever the rhyme or metre,
And if it is sad, we can make it glad;
Or, if sweet, we can make it sweeter.

In conclusion, the Higher Religion of the New Age which we have just entered, is giving life and light, tone and vigor, and power and force, and health and strength, and joy and peace to all who live it, because it is the Religion of Love—of God. Glorious Age of Freedom!

Man, in the Grand Evolution, learns sooner or later, that virtue, good morals—the intelligent control of desires and passions—leads him into power, peace and tranquillity.

Even in His own day the deeds and teachings of Jesus were not entirely unappreciated, and the central truths promulgated by the great Nazarene—the reality of the *Divine Life whose name was Love, the sonship of man, the brotherhood of all the children of men*—from glittering generalities became life-governing convictions.

—B. O. Flower.

Sweet Joy

SOMETIMES by dwelling in the joys of the past we cure the sorrows of the present. In moods of sorrow it is well to take a retrospective view of the past and see how it was made up of both joy and sorrow, and how we passed through these moods in safety. Then the mere thought of some great joy in the past will often rouse the soul and stimulate the mind to action that will throw off the present sorrow. Listen to the words of Milton:

Let fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,
Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy;
Which come in the night-time of sorrow and care,
And bring back the features that joy used to wear.

Great men have recourse to many minds for suggestive thought. They gather pearls and gems of thought from thinkers, philosophers and sages of all ages. Being large of soul, heart and mind, they are great receptacles and channels of the universal Truth that runs through all minds to a more or less extent. They are great in thought and action because they lean not constantly on one mind.

Lean not on one mind constantly
Lest where one stood before, two fall.
Something God hath to say to thee
Worth hearing from the lips of all.

If thou become great in soul, heart and mind and accomplish somewhat, then listen for the snarls and growls of envious critics and remember the Persian Proverb: "Stones and sticks are flung only at fruit-bearing trees."

Since ever men toiled, aspired or thought deep down in their souls they have felt that there was a great, unseen, intelligent force guiding and directing them. All men, at times, have faith and hope in that which is high, pure and true—the Most High. It is this persistent faith and hope that keeps us erect and has kept the whole world from becoming mad. Our very best friends are the surest angels of Love, Faith and Hope that visit us so frequently and would dwell with us always if we would but make them an eternal welcome.

Hold this thought persistently, if you would know the truth and be strong and fearless: I am an Eternal Soul; I am the Eternal Child of an All-loving Eternal Father; I am an eternal soul with a body, and I am not a body with a soul. O Blessed Eternal One! my sighing is turned into a glad song, for I am one with the Eternal One. This is a day of jubilee! I've realized that I am an Eternal Soul, ever going onward, forward and upward, at-one with my Eternal Father. Glory!

To want little, and patiently and calmly endure, are the qualities of a manly man—a thinker and a philosopher.

When the Heart Is True

Oh, the beauty of the morning,
Oh, the restfulness of night,
Oh, the precious worth adorning
All the splendid gifts of life
When the heart is true!

Oh, the sweetness of all friendship
As the fleeting years go by,
And the blessedness of living
In this world of rich supply
When the heart is true!

Not a cloud can ever daunt you,
Not a loss can make you quail,
Not a fear can ever haunt you,
Not a doubt can make you fail
When the heart is true!

—Helen Van-Anderson.

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EVERY-DAY RELIGION

By Annie Rex Militz

It is related of Lady Henry Somerset, the philanthropist and leader of the temperance cause in England, that she once led the ordinary life of social pleasure, with little realization of the power for good that was in her. Like many another apparently gay and careless society woman, she had times of deep meditation upon spiritual things, and then it was that she would question "Is there a God? And if there is, whence came I? And if He is, what am I? And what am I to do with my life?"

One day, when she was in the midst of entertaining a house-party at her country residence, The Priory, she left the party to sit by herself for a few minutes under a favorite elm tree. As she sat there in stillness, the old questions began to rise in her mind: "Is He? And if He is, how shall I know it—by what way can I find it out?"

As she turned the riddle in her mind, suddenly a voice spoke within her—not an outward sound, but its words fell upon her inward ear with startling effect:

"Act as though I were, and thou shalt know I am!"

Lady Henry was like one suddenly awakened from sleep. Agitated and thrilled by the strange message, she repeated it over in her mind as she walked to and fro, and could not but confess to herself the wisdom of the counsel.

She retired to the privacy of her own room, and that night she read the Gospel according to St. John, and by morning she had resolved to obey the Voice. She told her guests that she was going into seclusion for a season and they departed. This was the crisis in the career of this noble woman, and her re-birth into that new life whose good works are known throughout the world.

The idea embodied in these words that wrought the magical change in Lady Somerset's life is the same that is found in the words of Jesus: "What things soever ye desire when ye pray believe that ye receive them and ye shall have them." According to these directions, if one would have heaven here on the earth, or would realize the fulfillment of his ideal, let him see it already an accomplished fact and it shall come to pass. How can this be done? The way is taught by every true religion, for the object of religion is the reuniting, or (as the derivation of the word religion signifies) the *binding together again* of heaven and earth, of the ideal with the real.

Every-day religion is that practice in living as though heaven were here now upon the earth, and all men, women and children were our brothers and sisters, sacred heavenly beings to be revered and loved as the holiest saints have adored God.

Humanity is divine. It speaks through the lips of Jesus: "He that hath seen Me, hath seen the Father," and again (in a saying found in the writings of the early Christian fathers), "He that hath seen his brother, hath seen his Lord."

Man, who, according to Scripture, was created in the likeness of his God, is, in his real being, pure and perfect, spiritual and full of wisdom, all-loving and all-lovable. But he seems to be just the opposite, if we judge according to our senses and the early teaching given to the race. He seems to be full of evil, to be of low origin with little power, subject to sin, disease and death. But, now and again, wise and great men have announced this appearance to be all a delusion, that man is not the degraded being he seems, that the whole fabric is a dream from which he must awake, and the process by which the man is awakened is called religion.

Perhaps you have been looking upon yourself as a mere creature of flesh and bones, full of ignorance and subject to chance. If so, then it is time that you awake and come to yourself, for the truth is, you are the child of the great God, and like your heavenly Father, you are spirit, in your real being noble and strong, an immortal, powerful, fearless thought of the Divine Mind sent here upon the earth to carry a message of healing and blessing to it, just as Jesus was sent. It is true of you what the Master said of Himself: "To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth" (John xviii, 37).

It is time that you, as God's son, be up and about your Father's business.

Because of the difference in the mentalities of the dreamers, some awaken to the consciousness of their true self quickly, and others are slow to realize the truth about themselves. To those who are wide awake, religion is a life and there is little of ceremony or other process in it. They go about doing good naturally, radiating health, and by their wish healing the sick, giving instruction in the deep things of God by their conversation and their example, and overflowing continually with love and happiness. But to those who awaken slowly, religion is a process by which they can realize their divinity more and more and not slip back into their miserable dreams of being weak, sickly sinners. They know the process must be continuous; therefore they welcome any suggestions that will aid them every day to more realization of their oneness with God.

One of the best religious practices is to think, speak and act as though God were the only real one in every one, in everything and in yourself—for this is the truth—God, who is the Good, the Life, Love, Wisdom, omnipresent, that is, everywhere. To prove this you must act as though it were so. This is called walking by faith. "Do all things as unto the Lord," said Paul. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren ye have done it unto me," says the Christ.

Seeing God only in every one, you cannot fail to be courteous, respectful, forgiving, returning kind words for harsh ones, disregarding insult and injury as though these had never been done; for, you learn to look through these appearances of evil to the Real One who never knows evil and therefore never does it. Every personality is like a diamond in the rough, and you who are seeking the diamond of the True Self in your neighbor will not be repelled or deceived by the soil and dullness that surround the stone. Your one thought, "the Lord is here," will clear away the rubbish, and as you continue you will be instrumental in polishing the gem and revealing in it the glory of the Lord.

"The practice of the presence of God is the best rule of a holy life," says Brother Lawrence, a lay brother of the Carmelite order of monks, who lived about 200 years ago and worked in the kitchen of a monastery.

Such a beautiful peace rested upon his face, so serene and masterful were all his movements, so full of love and knowledge was he, that he was plied with earnest questions as to his secret.*

He gives his method as that of doing everything as unto the Lord and for the Lord, "that he was pleased when he could take up a straw from the ground for the love of God." What is the difference between such an act and yours of picking up a banana-peel, so that you may save some one from an accident? Did you know that you did that for the love of God? Well, you did. And the only difference between you and Brother Lawrence is that he knew and you did not.

All around us loving, thoughtful, conscientious deeds are being done, and it is the divine one within that prompts their doing, but the doer is not aware of it. So, he tires or he draws a line in the exercise of his forbearance and his kindness, and perhaps grows hard and cold and then wonders where his old peace and satisfaction in good deeds has gone.

Nothing but knowledge can give us the life that is a perpetual joy and song. "Therefore get wisdom," says Solomon—the wisdom that will heal the sick with a word, that will raise the dead with a breath, that will give us power to control the elements and do all the works of Jesus Christ. This is every-day religion.

*His answers were compiled by M. Beaufort, Grand Vicar to M. de Chalons, formerly Cardinal de Noailles, and a translation of the little book is published by Fleming H. Revell, 12 Bible House, Astor Place, New York, which I recommend all students of truth to read and ponder earnestly.

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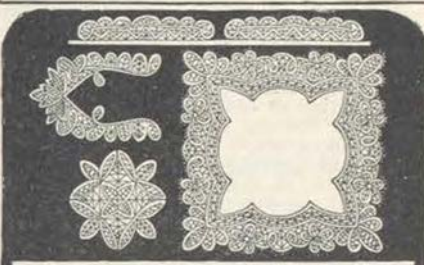


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The elements that give to us perpetual youth and vigor are always in great abundance—are all-pervading. When one goes into the Silence he is in a receptive state to receive these elements.

We are guided to the Perfect Way by the Spirit working on the mind—spiritualizing the mind. How important it is then for one to be cool, serene and sane in mind, that we may Listen and hear the Voice.

Ever hold in mind for the good of the Whole the truth that woman is not the weaker vessel—she is the finer vessel. The Higher Thought is placing woman in the high sphere to which she belongs.—Written by a Man.

The light of the Eternal Sun ultimately comes to all the children of the eternal Father of Love. Not one soul can be "lost." All are children of the All-loving Father. Blessed Truth! All praise and all glory to the Father of Love!—The Blissful Prophet.

When our thoughts, sympathies, desires and aspirations are stayed on the Universal Good—God—we enter the universal sphere of joy, peace, and bliss, and get beyond the limitations of all nature. We are now on the eternal Path of Life that soon leads to Infinite Perfection—to Realization.

A great soul is cheerfully submissive to the guidance of the Holy Spirit and is thus receptive to the guidance and leading of the blessed angels, who are ever at hand ready and willing to lead us aright—lead us to the Most High.

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By
W. D. JONES

WHAT we need to grasp strongly and clearly is the fact of the unity of all things.

Not one particle of matter in the universe touches any other particle of matter, and yet there is no such condition of matter-particles as isolation or independence. There is a ligature connecting all things—binding all things into one. That ligature we cannot call matter, and if we care we may spell it with a large L. It is only a name for an **UTMOST** which is always veiled.

We cannot conceive of a time when what we call space did not exist. We cannot conceive of a beginning for time. The genesis of motion defies us. But taking space, time, motion, without explanation or origin, we are prepared to give some reasonable account of the phenomena of matter appearing in time and space.

Where there was nothing before the sight, there gradually or suddenly comes an appearance. If we observe it closely we note that it possesses certain forms, colors, and is under certain motions.

The natural birth of a sun in the firmament is a wonderful phenomenon until we become acquainted with the process which produces it. The space in which it was born seemed empty, but the "cosmic dust," invisible in particles, was called together by the laws of attraction and gravitation, in such a cloud, that they made an object sufficiently large to come within the capacity of the human eye. This collection of the particles of "cosmic dust" we call a *nebula*. These particles of matter keep pressing closer together under the law of affinity, attraction and gravitation, and as they come closer together their energy and activity increase, until smiting each other in fury, they are melted into one mass of liquid light and heat, and lo! a sun is born. So, out of the invisible come the glorious stars of the glowing firmament.

The thought which underlies our philosophy as solid granite underneath a fruitful soil, is the one great lesson of life and time—so great indeed, that we shall always remain children unless we learn it—

That God is benevolence; that He is everywhere present in the universe, in all things small or great, and that He has arranged all things and guides all things to one end—the good and glory of man, and of any other intelligent creatures who may be in His universe.

As an intelligent creature man must set about the task to discover in what way he may approach and touch this omnipresent God, feeling and knowing that *benevolence* alone is the character and purpose of the Most High.

God is in all things and the divinity—benevolence—of His nature charges all these things as the magnet charges the steel; therefore, if we come in contact with these objects with a positive mind, we shall receive from Him through them all the healing virtues we need for body or mind.

The erroneous teaching that God is located out in the universe somewhere on a throne, out on some lofty celestial mountain, and the only way to reach Him is through some straight and narrow ascending way difficult to climb, must give way to that broader and better thought that God takes up His abode in the human heart and dwells constantly with man. For is not the law of God, as Paul says, written in their hearts?

The trouble with organic theology is that it puts God too far away—locates Him on a throne, in a heaven somewhere, and we must placate Him by a kind of honeyed taffy in the form of high-sounding titles and songs of praise.

To find God is the most difficult task which theology can set before its pupils. "Where can I find Him?" they cry. And years pass away in darkness and confusion, while the soles of their feet, doubt, rests through the years on the heart like a thick veil over the eyes.

Our philosophy brings Him within the reach of every human hand. The divine garments, in all their richness and power, fall within touching distance.

Our philosophy seizes upon these natural agencies in which God is hidden, and uses them to bring men into contact with Him.

Therefore healing benefits are felt for mind and body. God fills all space in the great and small, seen and unseen things. It is our wisdom to put ourselves, with receiving minds, in all the channels of His influence.

ONE UNIVERSAL INTELLIGENCE manifests in different degrees in all beings—in you, in me, in all. Intelligence is increased by looking within the soul, where dwelleth its Light.

Glory be to God! I am free from the ache of belief, and now live in the bliss of Knowledge.—*A Mystic's Prayer.*

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Electric Mentality

By W. D. Jones

It is conceded on all hands that thought is a power, but it is not so clearly understood the mechanics and the scope of mental force.

It is thought that produces anger and anger poisons the fountains of life, destroys appetite and often produces fatal sickness.

It is the power of thought embodied in words or actions which raises the temperature of the blood and excites to personal bloodshed and national wars.

The temperature of thought is caused by the action of minds outside of self. The action of mind on mind is what exhilarates the general of an army, the orator on the rostrum, the poet in his rapt seclusion, the scholar in his studio. The world as a mentality lives on what it borrows from other minds. The power of thought, therefore, cannot be denied.

But "how," says the uninstructed, "does one mind make itself felt on another mind?" In precisely the same way that the dynamo makes itself felt in the incandescent bulb.

There is a power in one place which makes itself felt in another place, near or remote. Distance counts for nothing.

The mechanics of this material phenomenon is composed of wheels, friction and wire.

But in mental power there must be a medium to convey the thought that corresponds with the wire for electricity.

The medium is the great mother of all phenomena—the Ether. It fills all space in the universe so far as the mightiest telescope can reach. It is the most sensitive of all substances, if indeed it can be called a substance in the sense of our notions of the most etheralized matter.

But it is a staying presence, and its vibrations per second make the phenomena of light, sound and color. Any power which can impress this ether, must be conveyed by ether in the direction in which it is sent out. Thought affects the ether as certainly as thought affects the temperature of the body—poisons the mother's milk or produces fatal sickness.

The ground and foundation of telepathy is the common ether. A ray of light, a flash of color, a strain of music are the children of ether.

So, love, anger, joy, health, disease and happiness are the offspring of certain influences impregnating the ether, and conveyed to men from other minds.

We may use this agent unconsciously or we may make it our servant by knowing its natural mission.

If I am in one part of the world and you are in another part of it, I project my thought to you in a force which produces a certain number of vibrations, while in their turn, they produce an effect on your body through your mind, as a certain number of vibrations affect the eye and ear in sound, color and light. As the eye and ear are effective the nerve forces in us are brought to correspondence. Intently fixing the mind on a distant mind will certainly produce impressions on that mind—and through that mind to the body which enfolds it. This is telepathy on a scientific basis, and we are warm on the track of the remarkable *materia medica* which the world has never known or heretofore dreamed about.

The strong elements of the coming science of healing, the fringes of which we are now in, will thoroughly understand and apply the one truth of Arago's report to the French Academy of Science, namely: "Under peculiar conditions the human organization gives forth a power which, without visible instruments, lifts heavy bodies, attracts or repels them according to a law of parity, overturns them and produces the phenomena of sounds."

This is not by any supernatural power, but by the undeveloped and not understood power in the person. "A vital magnetic thread, the thread of thought, connects every individual with an elemental force forming affinities that in due time may react upon him as a boomerang on its thrower," or smite with fatal effect or beneficent power the object on which it is cast. So, after all, our wisdom lies in finding the channels in which Divine currents flow and placing ourselves, by a supreme act of will, in these channels and receiving all of God His goodness sends us.

It is unwise longer to trust to the miraculous or supernatural agencies. Nature, by appointment of God, is sufficient for all human needs. The man or the woman who lives *en rapport* with Nature lives nearest God—therefore fills life's highest behests.

Discover thy self, and the whole world will discover thee.

Self-knowledge will carry thee to the Most High—no other knowledge can.

Suffering and working with patience has made many a man a genius; or, would it be better to say that only a genius can endure suffering and work with patience and a cheerful and willing mind?

Individual power is in exact ratio with one's power to love—to love the ALL.

Man's great and eternal Power lies in the soul and nowhere else—it is *within*.

A great soul has application and ardor for work; indeed, without persistent application and indefatigable effort we cannot hope for much.

The secret powers of God are only secret to those that *fear* Him; to him that fervently loves God there are no secrets or mysteries.

Hope and Faith and Enthusiasm will carry us to the highest attainments; they are essential to the successful attainment of any high endeavor.

The perfect man is the spiritualized, equalized and harmonized man—he whose soul, mind, heart and body work in harmony—whose mind and heart are merged in the eternal soul—when these are one, and this one merged in the blessed Eternal One. Perfection is Oneness.

The ignorant and foolish say of this and that person: "How fortunate! he does not have to work and struggle." Know this golden truth, if thou dost never know another: He only is fortunate and privileged who *serves* and *works* in this busy world.

Open thy being to Life and Health—by cheerfulness, simple, nourishing foods, lots of pure water internally and externally, sun-baths and air-baths—eat the heat of the sun, as it were, as well as "eat air." Then all your organs, and every drop of blood, and every cell, and every nerve, and every tissue will vibrate with joyous, vital life; then will you accumulate vast quantities of CEREBRO-SPINAL FLUID—the most vital fluid in man's organism.

The great American people are ever open to truth, come as she may, and that accounts for our tremendous growth, expansion and progress. It is here that our thinkers and searchers are accepting the higher and purer thoughts and metaphysics of the ancient East and combining them with Western thought, are evolving a new and higher thought that will be a power and blessing to the WHOLE—the whole world. America is to lead all nations in thought and deeds, and produce the highest and purest civilization on the planet. Mark this prophecy!—*The Blissful Prophet*.

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Culture

THE great soul has no desire to shine. "Popularity is for dolls." Life on the earth-plane has a manifold purpose—service, cure of our insanities and to tone us down to a refined and cultured dignity. Emerson in his essay on Culture says: "The fossil strata show us that nature began with rudimentary forms, and rose to the more complex, as fast as the earth was fit for their dwelling-place; and that the lower perish as the higher appear. Very few of our race can be said to be yet finished men. We still carry sticking to us some remains of the preceding inferior quadruped organization. We call these millions men; but they are not yet men. Half engaged in the soil, pawing to get free, man needs all the music that can be brought to disengage him. If Love, red Love, with tears and joy; if Want with his scourge; if War with his cannonade; if Christianity with its charity; if Trade with its money; if Art with its portfolios; if Science with her telegraphs through the deeps and space of time, can set his dull nerves throbbing, and by loud taps on the tough chrysalis, can break its walls, and let the new creature emerge erect and free—make way, and sing peans! The age of the quadruped is to go out—the age of the brain and of the heart is to come in. The time will come when the evil forms we have known can no more be organized. Man's culture can spare nothing, wants all the material. He is to convert all impediments into instruments, all enemies into power. The formidable mischief will only make the more useful slave. And if one shall read the future of the race hinted in the organic effort of Nature to mount and meliorate, and the corresponding impulse to the Better in the human being, we shall dare affirm that there is nothing he will not overcome and convert, until at last culture shall absorb the chaos and Gehenna. He will convert the Furies into Muses, and the hells into benefit."

As eternal man evolves from form to form, plane to plane and state to state, he is more cultured, because his evolution is now *always* on the upward trend. It is a continuous lopping and sloughing off from his nature of all his animal and brute tendencies and a revealing of the angel within—a refining process. "It was for beauty that the world was made." The ultimate analysis, to the great soul, clearly demonstrates that the goal of *all* is infinite perfection—and culture is essential in its attainment.

A cheerful, intelligent face is the end of culture, and success enough. For it indicates the purpose of nature and wisdom attained.—Emerson.

Good and wise men seek knowledge—to know God's plan, that they may co-operate with Him, for the good of the *Whole*. They seek God and omniscience with fervent love for *All*. God is incomprehensible to the carnal-minded. But the whole man—the holy man—who loves fervently on the *universal plane*—can comprehend the so-called "Incomprehensible." To him the blessed Omniscient One opens all portals; to him nothing is closed or withheld. God withholds much from the carnal-minded who see so much that is "bad" and "evil" in the world, for with omniscient and omnipotent powers—psychic and occult powers—they would become cruel bigots and fanatics. We must *live* the Christ-like life before we can hope to know that, knowing which, all is known. We must be as gentle as a dove and as wise as a serpent, and pure and holy, and love *all*—saint and sinner alike—before we can hope to comprehend the "Incomprehensible." The unknown cannot be known until we are absolutely pure and free from carnal-mind.—*The Blissful Prophet*.

O Eternal Soul! from everlasting to everlasting thou art. Awake! Rouse thyself to a realization of thy oneness with the blessed Eternal One. Come! let us sing songs of great gladness unto the great God, the loving Father of *all*. We are His blessed eternal children. Glory!

Come, blessed eternal souls, and let us sing a new and glad song unto God, the loving Father of *All*.

Let us sing only a song of Love: God is Love! God is Love! His tender mercy He extends to *all*, from everlasting to everlasting.

O God! Thou art so good: Thy love endureth forever, and covereth *all*, and winneth all to Thy blessed Kingdom.

Glory be to the living Father of *All*! Praise His Name forever and ever!

The Secret of Personal Magnetism

NEVER throughout all the countless ages has an awakening been more stupendous, nor more specific in its meaning, than the present general arousal, which has revealed to many, hitherto unconscious, the fact that others possess a mystic power over humanity more potent than the authority vested in any crown—a charm subtle yet binding, attracting all, and thrilling latent powers and capabilities with a desire to be and to do.

The possessor may be plain—even homely; may be dressed in modest attire, suggestive of strictest economy; and yet, without beauty, without personal adornment, without wealth or influential friends, there are ever a throne and crown awaiting their arrival, surrounded by an assembly of ardent admirers. Heads turn for a fuller view, eyes open in pleased expectancy, and wills, unyielding as iron bands, hasten to do homage.

Whence comes this magic power, and whither will it lead? Safe it is to say that the one thus endowed is led through shady paths, across which playful sunbeams are ever dancing, beside purling brooks, through flower-strewn byways, with no dark clouds to hide and no sharp stones to mar the ever-radiant journey of life. Whence comes it? Whence comes the fragrance of the rose or the purity of the lily? Countless numbers are searching for this esoteric treasure, ready to lay down all they possess if in return they could become a recognized influence among their fellow-beings.

Oh, searcher, look within! Gaze deeper than the artificial and superficial covering, and behold, beneath this graceful exterior is a divine interior. As the water-lily unfolds petal after petal, disclosing added beauty and fragrance, so a beautiful life develops; each thought, each desire, each aim a pure white petal creating an irresistible force, which, like a magnet, draws all things unto itself.

Every gesture and every expression is but the outward symbol of a well-centered being, with a will which has mastered self and a faith in all good, for "there is naught but good." True personal magnetism is the unsullied charm of a noble life attuned to divine perception, inspiring confidence and love, but, like all things of great value, it has imitations.

Beware!—*Kathryn Kingsly*.

"Hatred stirreth up strifes: but love covereth all sins."

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OJO DE BUEY,

THE MARVELLOUS MYSTICISM OF THE

OX'S  EYE

A New Problem for Students of the Occult.

From the Semi-Orient—home of mystery and heir to the wonderful wisdom of countless ages—a new problem has come, the problem of Ojo de Buey, or the "Ox's Eye." It is a problem of absorbing interest, and students of occult research throughout the world are uniting in a supreme effort to solve it. To achieve this end, every individual interested in such things is urged to assist in the investigation by means of personal experience and discovery.

Ojo de Buey (pronounced "oho de bway") is a beautiful jewel-like product turned out from the great laboratory of Nature. In size and appearance it resembles an ox's eye. For thousands of years the simple people of the Semi-Orient were the only human beings who knew the virtues of Ojo de Buey, but in these latter days its remarkable talismanic powers have become known to a few travellers and sailors, who have seen those powers conclusively demonstrated. The natives of that far-off land firmly believe that the possessor of Ojo de Buey is effectively protected from ACCIDENT, ILL-HEALTH and the EVIL EYE; that his VITALITY and VIGOR will be PRESERVED, and that he will be FORTUNATE and SUCCESSFUL in all his undertakings.

But to the student of occultism the most wonderful phenomenon connected with this jewel, and which is riveting the attention of great minds throughout the world, is the power it has of enabling a person gazing

steadily at it to see reflected on its polished surface scenes of the past and future, places remote and incidents occurring at the moment, at a distance or near by. Faces and movements of lovers, friends or enemies, with their varying expressions, appear to the gazer with a vividness that is startling.

Such a power gives the jewel an inestimable value to its possessor, and accounts for the widespread interest it has created. Naturally the number of Ojo de Buey is limited, but the Natural Research Society of London was fortunate enough to secure all that were available, and for the purpose of obtaining the experiences of intelligent people to assist in solving the great secret of the "Ox's Eye," they will be distributed among those interested in this country and England. Accordingly the following opportunity is offered whereby you can obtain one of these priceless jewels.

This wonderful and most beautiful-of jewels will be sent in a jewel case, with full instructions for observing its phenomena, on receipt of one dollar, the only condition being that those receiving it write us describing their experiences and impressions (except, of course, those of a private character). Anyone choosing to do so may return talisman within 30 days and receive deposit dollar back. To obtain this jewel call on or address GEO. E. BENTON & CO., Dept. C, 131 Tremont st., Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

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To the one sending us the most interesting description of what they have observed of these phenomena we will give \$50.00 in Cash. To the one sending the next most interesting description we will give \$25.00. To the next \$10.00 and to the next three \$5.00 each.

Any person sending for the Ox's Eye as above before February 1, 1903, is eligible to compete. Description of the phenomena observed must reach us on or before February 25th. The prizes will be awarded the first week in March, and the names of the Prize Winners will be published in the April issues of the magazines in which this notice appears. No person either a member, an employe or in any way connected with the firm of Geo. E. Benton & Co. can compete for the above prizes.

POTENCY OF THOUGHT

By LEWIS R. HILLIER,
in The Sunflower

It is very true that "thoughts are things." An intense thought becomes an astral creation. It lives as a part of the individual. It is discoverable by clairvoyance. If people would realize that no deed or thought could ever be totally extinguished, they would think twice before they undertook to commit a crime of any kind.

By the power of soul-perception and spiritual influence hidden things are revealed, and thoughts and deeds considered unknown are laid bare.

Thought molds the body during growth—from childhood to old age. The cells of the body, to a certain extent, are under the control of thought and are constantly changing. It is not one thought that causes changes in the body, but it is continued and often-repeated thoughts that cause changes to become so pronounced that they are visible to the naked eye.

There is much truth in phrenology and physiognomy. A person of good moral character and beautiful ideals will often present a face which perhaps will not be beautiful as mere physical attraction is concerned, but there will be a sort of holy light radiating from and seemingly shining through the mortal. In other words, the spiritual aura will be, to a certain degree, perceptible to the mortal eye.

How quick some people can tell a learned person from an illiterate person; a good man from a bad man. Every part of an individual is pervaded and permeated with his thought. We see it stamped on the face and hands; in the dress, walk, speech, poise, handwriting and daily life and actions. A book publisher once remarked that he had rather have pen-written than type-written manuscript submitted to him, as he could form a better idea of the author, and whether he had brains or not. In this connection I may remark that a young book seller would predict to his fellow clerks what sort of a book a customer, just entering the store, would buy. He rarely failed, and his successful prognostications were a source of wonder and amusement to his friends. It is probable that he formed an almost instantaneous impression from the dress and general appearance of the customer; and, perhaps, he possessed a certain degree of sensitiveness of which he was unaware.

The power of thought to create health and happiness is highly recommended by many intelligent people, and as thought is at the beck and call of every person, it should be used freely in creating pure and upright characters.

If you have a friend who is in trouble, or if you know any one who is down in the world, send them a good thought. Sit in

the silence and send out vibrations of strength and cheerfulness to the suffering in body and soul. By thinking good thoughts of others you increase your own health and happiness.

A sensitive person will feel the vibrations of thought, be it good or bad. By thinking pure thoughts, the sensitive may become positive to evil. When a sensitive person thinks evil thoughts he attracts and becomes receptive to a low order of astral influences.

If a person uses bad language and associates with others who are on a low moral plane, he will, perhaps, find it a little difficult to change his habits. He should avoid contact with bad companions and seek the purer atmosphere of upright people. Most any person will give a kind word to the one who is struggling to reform. Although the path is difficult, and when the person may think he has full control of his thoughts and words, he will often on the impulse of the moment utter some bad word which clings to him as a remnant of his old life. He should not be discouraged at this, but he should determine never, never to use the word again. Any one with perseverance can alter their thought and speech.

Our sub-conscious life or subjective mind is always ready to fall in with our own ideas or suggestions. If we are pure in thought it will, with the still small voice of conscience, warn us against committing evil deeds. If we hold wicked thoughts and ask ourselves if we should do such and such a thing, our subjective mind will present arguments, showing the pleasure and enjoyments to be derived by a gratification of the senses, and the deed is done.

To those who have long entertained bad thoughts, the voice of conscience is muffled by the wild clamorings of the lower animal propensity.

There are many people who delight in being ill and talking of their ailments to others. At the start, and for a long time, there will probably be no result. But with the repetitions of thoughts of sickness, the describing of imaginary symptoms to sympathizing friends, the real conditions of disease at last appear and the patient is truly sick.

Many people worry their lives away by perverted and senseless thought, when they otherwise might have lived useful and happy lives.

Profit by the examples around you. Look at those who have harbored evil thoughts, and then at those who have had pure thoughts. The former often end in madhouses and prisons. The latter pass serenely to spirit life, and their influence lingers like the perfume of a crushed flower.

Good character rests upon a record, and not upon a prospectus.—Ingersoll.

"No one was ever made utterly miserable except by himself," said Sir John Lubbock, to which we add: Man can turn even misery to bliss if he endures it for a little while with that patience that is born of fervent love for the All Good—God.

THE MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES is not only a tremendous success in itself, but it brings success to those who read it, and love and live the truths printed in it. Let us give all the glory to the eternal God of Love and Truth, who is Life that makes for all progress, all success, all happiness and all peace, harmony and melody—to the all-pervading Good. *There is only God!*

The indwelling Spirit of Truth renews day by day our hope and courage and power to do—nothing else can.

Spiritual Science reveals a universe throbbing and beating with Life that is eternal. As far as eye may reach, or mind with its most subtle powers penetrate—all is eternal life, ever globing itself in new forms and ever plumbing itself for loftier flight.—George A. Fuller, M.D. And can you doubt, when you look about, and see this ceaseless, eternal life, with its peace and strife, that thou art one with it—an eternal spark of the Eternal Fire or Energy of the Universe?

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He who holds the body for a great age—a ripe age—never thinks of any definite number of years which he intends to live in the body; nor does such a soul live at all in the past or the future, but is filled with intense life each day—he lives Here and Now—for to-day only. As a truth, he who lives for to-day only soon comes to the blessed state when he fully and completely realizes that he has always lived in the beginningless past and will always live in the endless future, and can hold the body as long as he pleases.—The Blissful Prophet.

What a blessing is a sound, sane mind, especially when we use it for the good of the Whole! Descartes said: "It is not good enough to have a sound mind; the principal thing is to make a good use of it."

Know this, eternal soul, it is blessed bliss "to live in Universal Consciousness"; to be at-one with the All we must become Universal Lovers, and then we eternally exist in Universal Consciousness.—The Blissful Prophet.

"FROM ALL COMES ONE, AND FROM ONE ALL."

"God is Spirit," and must be worshipped in Spirit and in truth.

This Magazine will always print about the importance of living the life Here and Now. "A religion or a philosophy which lacks the possibilities of making happiness and success of the present can scarcely be leaned upon as a hope for future peace and happiness."

Divine Will

OMNIPOTENCE and Omniscience come to that soul who fully and completely surrenders mortal or human will to the great God. By so doing we lose nothing but gain *all*. We are then led by the Holy Spirit, which makes no mistakes. Our minds, instead of being dull and sodden and drunk and insane with the dissipation of phantom chasing, when the Divine Mind and Will is in control, become illumined, sober and sane, and we have the New Birth. All worry and apprehension ceases and we begin to *live the life* in power and bliss that come through union with Omnipotence and Omniscience. With respect to this grand truth, William E. Towne says:

We are seeking for that PRINCIPLE which lies back of mere animality. Before we can find it the animal will must be "given up" entirely. This seems, to those who are living a healthy animal life, like a step backward, but it is not so. If we did not understand the laws of Nature it would seem like a step backward when we bury a seed in the earth, yet we know that out of that burial will spring a new manifestation of Life.

So when we give up the individual will and our individual desires we gain that which is far more precious than any happiness they could ever have brought us. There is no sacrifice in this. We do it because we desire to do it. If we hold the idea of sacrifice in mind we shall fail to reap the good results which attend the one who willingly *chooses* such a course.

"He that humbleth himself shall be exalted."

"He that loseth his life shall find it."

"The first shall be last and the last shall be first."

"Pride goeth before a fall."

Beware of the pride of animal strength and the pride of will. Give up will power and all personal desire if you would enter the kingdom of joy.

The animal man exults in his physical strength and in his will power, yet his life is beset with all sorts of troubles and it is but a step from the cradle to the coffin for him. We want something more than this. We want something better. Mortal parenthood can give us only this, and so we say: "Let us pass on to something else, let us take the next step in our unfoldment."

This step must be taken in faith. We must have an abiding faith in SUPREME PRINCIPLE—LAW—GOD. This alone will bring us safely through.

Eternal life must *grow out of* the temporal, animal life, which serves as a foundation for the new life.

Will power and generation go hand in hand. Both must be outgrown as the regenerate life unfolds.

This is not a negative method of solving the question. It is the most positive method that could be devised. The man who yields his will to the Divine Will finds himself in possession of unlimited power. Power comes through repose.

In this progressive age man is taking broader views, and doing and achieving more. The Present Thought is for growth, development and expansion without fear-thought or doubt-thought about the ultimate results. Individually and collectively men are saner—more optimistic—than ever before in the history of the world, and have a power for progress, prosperity and civilization that a century ago could not have been conceived by the mind. The great Seers of to-day see that this is only the commencement of the millennial era. It is the commencement of the Age of Love and Light and Power and Force—it is the dawn of the Eternal Day. Much that ignorant and sentimental pessimists decry is the *sovereign good* for the WHOLE. Evolution has evolved a phenomenal life potency which has broadened and deepened the finite mind until it is almost infinite.—*The Blissful Prophet*.

Dost thou *know*? Then pray to the great God within thy *self* for wisdom to use thy knowledge.—A. Z.

Long is the night to him who is awake; long is a mile to him who is tired; long is life to the foolish who do not know the true religion.—*Buddha*.

Modern Spiritualism has led man into the highest realms of being, new fields of thought, and kept lighted the conscious light of reason.—*Alonzo Danforth*.

Truth shatters the chains of error. Love burns away delusion and illusion. God is Love. Glory be to God forever and ever!

"Work Only Conquers"

VIRGIL, the great Latin epic poet, was the son of a potter.

Horace was a shopkeeper's son.

Plautus, one of the greatest Roman comic poets, was the son of a baker.

Dr. Samuel Johnson was the son of a book dealer.

Robert Burns, the Scotch poet, was a plowman in Ayrshire.

Oliver Cromwell was a brewer's son.

William Shakespeare, the "chief literary glory of England," was a yeoman's son.

The celebrated American engineer, Robert Fulton, was at one time a jeweler's apprentice.

Daniel Webster was the son of a small farmer.

From the most humble origin, Thurlow Weed became one of the leading journalists of the United States, and a great political leader.

William Cullen Bryant was the son of a physician.

This great age demands an optimistic religion.

The whole Universe is before you, and *within* you is all knowledge of its mysteries. *Look within and listen*. The Voice will speak if you will calmly, patiently and silently listen in the *Silence*.

Ambition is of the mind and intellect and is good in its way for men who live wholly on the material plane—in a while it will lead them to Aspiration. But Aspiration is of the soul.

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A UNITARIAN VIEW OF THE ISSUE IN RELIGION
From the Boston Christian Register

OUT of all the diversities and controversies concerning religion in our time, an issue is slowly emerging, which will make all other questions seem unimportant. Is any religion given by divine revelation and supernatural authority? If so, which religion has been so given; what are its credentials, and what is its authority?

When it comes to the final test, there is no escape from the most extreme position of the Catholic Church, or a total rejection of it. Revealed religion is infallible, if God knows the truth and knows how to tell it. A religion given by supernatural authority is not to be neglected or resisted. It has the right to command the allegiance of every human being. Outside of this religion there is no truth that can be set over against it, and beyond its jurisdiction no human being has the right to live, or, living, to choose his own course of action. Under the claim of supernatural authority there can be no room for doubt; there can be no liberalism and no liberty.

There never has been a time in the history of the world when this question could clear itself of all the accidents of tradition and belief; but the time is at hand when the churches and the theologians must decide whether religious truth is to be sought as all other truth is, and its authority be that which all truth possesses, or whether it is to be received as a gift, to which nothing can be added and from which nothing can be subtracted.

The secret of a happy life is unselfishness. He who is always thinking of himself in his planning and execution, is doomed to many a disappointment, and fails to make the social and commercial adjustments that bring out the noblest and purest experiences. He who has regard to others and delights in doing good as he has opportunity, has the mind of Christ, and leaves, wherever he goes, a savor of noble service and obtains his reward in lives benefited, in a God glorified, in the approval of his own conscience, and in the commendation of the appreciative and the good. This is the kind of life that is worth living, and evokes the fullest and noblest of human efforts.—*The Presbyterian.*

The BLESSED ONE, who is Omniscient, Omnipotent and Omnipresent, is leading in all the affairs of men, and will continue to do so.

The Mystics say to all, live one day at a time, always performing faithfully and honestly all the duties that are yours to perform, with full love for God, full faith in God—implicitly trusting the Infinite Power—and then you will grow and develop and evolve as never before, and greatly expand your sphere of usefulness. This is the way all great men and women live.

We can only get the "I CAN AND I WILL" feeling into us when we really rouse the soul, and go to GOD for Light, Direction, Guidance and Wisdom, as the Blessed Christ, the Master, taught us to do. Then you will say "I can and I will because God, and Christ, and the Holy Spirit and the Holy Angels are leading me." Divine Leading leads the soul to the highest realms of peace, joy and bliss and power, now, here and hereafter.

We are all brothers and sisters, members of one great family, sharers of a common service, and ought to be fully united by a common love for the Eternal God, the Loving Father of All. Some in this Great Family obey the Loving Father and live in peace and harmony; others wander away from the Blessed Home, and become prodigal sons; others are perverse, selfish, willful children who seemingly prefer to live in pain and pleasure. But at last, sometime, somewhere, the Loving Father of All, by His Patient, Persistent and Insistent Love, wins the hearts of all of His children, and they come into Eternal Peace and Joy and Happiness.

"At night my gladness is my prayer,
I drop my daily load;
And every care is pillowed there
Upon the thought of God."

"Vitality is endless growth." Vitality is a spiritual energy. Holy men are full of vital energy. "All nature is enlivened by the omnipotent vitality of the Divine Mind." The Holy Spirit gives strength and power to cure and endure disease, grief and sorrow; it heals and reveals fountains of glowing health; it soothes and smooths our life struggles.

Heaven is both a Place and a state, where dwelleth God, the SON, the HOLY SPIRIT, Arch Angels, Holy Angels, and Blessed and Holy Saints.—A. Z.

A sincere thought for God written, printed or spoken, or not recorded at all, is a vital seed cast into the universal realm of mind that will grow, increase and multiply. Every copy of this Magazine that is placed in the hands of any human being will be helpful in the uplifting of souls to God.

Come then, oh care, oh grief, oh woe;
Oh, troubles mighty in your kind,
I have a balm ye ne'er can know—
A hopeful mind.

Statistics the world over prove that religion is conducive to health and vigor and long life. Mary Elston, a Christian negro woman, who lived near East Aboga, Ala., recently passed out of the body at the age of 131 years. Her descendants number 150. She had lived through six wars and could remember George Washington.

God Is Love

It is the evil within us that creates the false and angry God. As a man is himself, so will be his God. If a man will give me his conception of God, I will read his character with ease and without mistake. Write it deep on the tablet of the heart that the Blessed Father is never angry and does not punish us; we ourselves punish ourselves. It is man's misconception of God and seeing and feeling the effects of his own misdeeds that created both the angry and wrathful God and his satanic majesty, the devil. GOD IS LOVE! Swedenborg said: "It appears as if the Lord was angry when man's own evil punishes him; which is permitted out of love, that his evil may be removed, like the case of parent and child."

After all, there is but one simple, eternal law that governs all—the Law of Love—of Justice.

"That very law which moulds a tear,
And bids it trickle from its source,
That law preserves the earth a sphere,
And guides the planets in their course."

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"SHALL I live after death?"

"Through interrogation man learns."

"The eternal 'Why?' 'How?' and 'What?'"

The moment a man asks a question he passes the boundary line between brute and man. Unquestioning, he has been like the brute, the unconscious and ignorant servant of law; by questioning he has begun to be the conscious and intelligent servant of law."

By *knowing* and *realizing* truth man ceases to be a servant and becomes a *freed soul*—a master.

So the ancient question, "If a man die shall he live again?" always comes up as man passes the boundary line between brute and man.

It is a question that marks the beginning of the soul's awakening and is a blessed sign that in a while he will enter the realm of Knowledge that will make him free—a master in knowledge and nature.

It is one thing to *believe*, and another to *know*; belief may cause some happiness, but is always more or less clouded with fear and doubt; knowledge is positive bliss and makes one absolutely fearless.

Belief in a future life is based on faith; while knowledge of the existence of the soul after "death" is based on the testimony of countless sane and reputable men and women in all ages, who have held communion with the departed, and also on one's own actual experience and knowledge in that respect.

Any one with a clear, searching mind and an honest and persistent desire to *know* can, by patient, careful and discriminating search for the truth, have more or less positive knowledge—on any matter on which he concentrates his mind. This is especially true with respect to whether or not man exists after death.

Psychical research, soul culture, metaphysics, and an exhaustive study of all related phenomena in a calm, sane, patient state of mind will give any one abundant evidence of the most *positive* nature that all men do exist, in an intelligent and progressive way, after the life passes from the body. More than that, man in such investigation will sooner or later realize that he pre-existed—that he is an *eternal* soul, existing from everlasting to everlasting.

Life is one eternal and continuous chain of existence; there are links below man and links above him; he exists in countless forms, on countless planes, in countless ages, and in countless spheres. Says Festus:

"On, said God unto the soul
As to the earth 'Forever.' On it goes,
A rejoicing nature of the infinite."

Modern Spiritualism has clearly proved to millions of souls that there is a blessed, progressive future life; and with its *knowledge* says: "Man, thou shalt never die."

All great poets *know* through direct communion with angels and spirits, that once dwelt in earth bodies, that there is a future progressive existence for *all*—a more blessed existence for *all* than here on the Earth-plane.

"For death is but another name for change,
The weary shuffle off their mortal coil,
And think to slumber in eternal night,
But lo! the man though dead, is living still;
Unclothed, is clothed upon, and his mortality
Is swallowed up of Life."

And thus—

"Death with solving rite,
Pours finite into infinite."

Search and search with thy soul, thy mind, and thy heart for the truth—the truth that will make thee free.

Know and *Realize* thy oneness with the blessed Eternal One and be eternally free from ignorance, superstition, doubt and fear—be blissful.

Only *knowledge* and *realization* can bring to thee that peace that passeth all understanding; belief and faith alone cannot take thee to the Blessed State.

Search *within* thy soul and *know*—know the glorious truth that—

"All the boundless universe is life;
There are no dead!"

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The Gospel of Optimism
By Henry Wood

THE great need of the present hour is cheer and hope. While philosophical optimism is theoretically accepted, there is a strong every-day current of its opposite which the average man finds hard to stem. The ubiquitous great black headlines of the daily press, with their burden of abnormality and crime, stare him in the face, and he finds himself immersed in a mental atmosphere of negative and unwholesome character. Even if he be aware of this general misuse of the law of suggestion, he finds it not easy to isolate himself from the seething panorama about him. The quality of consciousness and even character is determined by what the thought dwells upon.

Men to-day need hope, faith and encouragement more than cheap fuel or beef. Material things are good in their place, but even these are won through a spiritual optimism, while a chronic state of discouragement tends toward industrial weakness and failure. We are saved through high ideals. They kindle the intellectual forces, invigorate the physical energies, and make success more easy in every line of effort. An undue emphasis upon material things and a craving for physical luxury makes man like an over-fatted beast. Unless he strive to mount in thought and consciousness he sinks through an earthy gravitation, and things own him instead of his possessing them.

The slums need optimism more than temporary bread and meat, because encouragement is the road to permanent material achievement. Independence, manhood and character are the shining goals to draw men forward. Poverty is made worse and more helpless by a despairing envy and class prejudice. Men need to be leveled up, and not made more dependent. A true socialism and a vigorous individualism are but two sides of the grand human unit. That is a counterfeit socialism which mainly emphasizes some mere division of seen things as a panacea for human ills. Moral socialism is a spiritual quality, inside of man, and when once there it will find suitable outward expression.

The humblest task is honorable and may be idealized. If a man digs a ditch, let it be a good ditch, and he has fulfilled a worthy mission. The offensive ostentation of wealth—or rather some wealthy people—is a sign of dry-rot in our civilization. It should be socially reprovved and not aped and encouraged. But selfishness and even oppression are not confined to any particular class or rank.

Some people almost seem to expect humanity in general to be dishonest and corrupt. Let us rise to better things and see the good side of our neighbor, and thereby help him to make it manifest. The evolution of the race is upward, and a deeper view will reveal more of the divine in our fellow-men than we are apt to see upon the surface. Let us emphasize character, which is the only thing that lasts. Let the valleys be filled and a human highway cast up upon which men may move forward toward higher ideals and a diviner destiny.

Serve Where Need Is Found

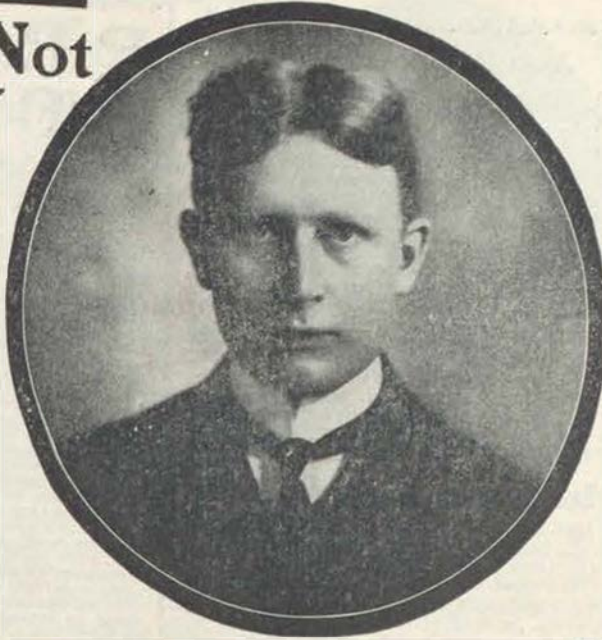
STILL keep the armor on,
The strenuous life maintain;
All honored victors thus have won,
And thus you must attain.
Gird up your loins, O man,
For perils grave abide,
Let foes within or foes without
Turn careless feet aside.

The fight is ever on,
And evil is alert,
By stealth or by defiant blows
Its falsehoods to assert.
Should care or fear oppress,
And all the way seem dark,
Look up and hail the coming dawn,
The rapture of the lark.

A drone within the hive,
Ignoble is the shirk;
He garners up no precious store
By self-ennobling work.
The Master came to serve;
In fellowship divine
You will augment your human strength,
With borrowed luster shine.

Half-hearted do not wait
The mandate of the King:
In loyal and abounding love
Unbidden service bring.
Your loins still girt about,
Your burning lights afore,
Rejoice to serve where need is found
In Truth's victorious war.

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A Philosopher Indeed

He was ever contented
With friends and with foes;
If he sinned, he repented,
If he fell, he arose.

When the weather was melting
He thanked God for heat;
When the winter came pelting
He praised God for sleet!

When fortune beset him
He thanked God for wealth;
When poverty met him
He praised God for health.

And when fate bereft him
Of all that was best,
With death only left him,
He praised God for rest!

Making a Gentleman

REV. DR. MADISON PETERS, of Brooklyn, N. Y., tells the mothers of the land how to make their boys gentlemen. He says:

"Let your boy with the first lisplings of speech be taught to speak accurately on all subjects, be they trivial or important, and when he becomes a man he will scorn to tell a lie.

"Early instil into your boy's mind decision of character. Undecided, purposeless boys make namby-pamby men, useless to themselves and to everybody else.

"Teach your boy to have an object in view, the backbone to go after it and then stick.

"Teach your boy to disdain revenge. Revenge is a sin that grows with his growth and strengthens with his strength. Teach him to write kindnesses in marble, injuries in the dust.

"There is nothing that improves a boy's character so much as putting him on his honor—trusting to his honor. I have little hope for the boy who is dead to the feeling of honor. The boy who needs to be continually looked after is on the road to ruin. If treating your boy as a gentleman does not make him a gentleman, nothing else will.

"Let your boy wait upon himself as much as possible. The more he has to depend upon himself the more manly a little fellow he will show himself. Self-dependence will call out his energies, bring into exercise his talents. The wisest charity is to help a boy to help himself.

"Happy is the father who is happy in his boy, and happy is the boy who is happy in his father.

"Many sons of most pious fathers turn out badly because they are surfeited with severe religion, not the religion of Christ, who was Himself reproved by the prototypes of such severe men."

Silver Threads Among the Gold

"DARLING, I am growing old;
Silver threads among the gold
Shine upon my brow to-day;
Life is fading fast away!"
But, my darling, you will be, will be
Always young and fair to me;
Yes, my darling, you will be
Always young and fair to me.

Chorus—

"Darling, I am growing, growing old,
Silver threads among the gold
Shine upon my brow to-day;
Life is fading fast away."

When your hair is silver-white
And your cheeks no longer bright
With the roses of the May,
I will kiss your lips and say:
"O my darling! mine alone, alone,
You have never older grown;
Yes, my darling, mine alone,
You have never older grown."

Love can nevermore grow old;
Locks may lose their brown and gold,
Cheeks may fade and hollow grow,
But the hearts that love will know
Never, never winter's frost and chill;
Summer's warmth is in them still—
Never winter's frost and chill,
Summer's warmth is in them still.

Love is always young and fair;
What to us are silver hair,
Faded cheeks or steps grown slow,
To the heart that beats below?
Since I kissed you, mine alone, alone,
You have never older grown;
Since I kissed you, mine alone,
You have never older grown.

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By Ella Wheeler Wilcox
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A MAN has propounded seven questions for my answering, which would require a three-volume book were I to fully express my ideas regarding the different subjects.

These are the questions:
First. How can we best overcome selfishness?
Second. How can we learn to love our enemies?

Third. Why is there so much evil in the world to-day, and what will be the result of it?

Fourth. Do you believe in capital punishment?

Fifth. Do you think the soul of man lives after the body dies? If so, what is its experience?

Sixth. Do you believe God made a "Jack for every Jill" on earth?

Seventh. How many kinds of love are there in existence?

First. You can best overcome selfishness by saying every morning when you first awaken, "I am God's own reflection, created in His image. I am unselfish, and He will give me strength to-day to do exactly as I would be done by—in my home, in my business, in public conveyances, at places of amusement." Then watch yourself and work to carry out that purpose. It will not be a task which can be achieved in a day, week or year. It must be done patiently and persistently, and if you fail at times you must not be discouraged to begin. Neither can we reach the perfect state of loving our enemies, all at once. Indeed, most of us will find that to obtain sufficient self-control to treat our enemies kindly is as far as we can reach in one life.

Second. The first step in this direction is to realize that all wrong-doing, all cruel acts which make people our enemies, are the result of ignorance. If our enemy is the most brilliant man on earth, yet if he is unkind or disagreeable, he is ignorant of the great principles and truths of life which are all based on love. Therefore be sorry for him—do some act to make him ashamed of his enmity. Follow the Hindoo philosophy—meet injustice with justice and falsehood with truth, evil with goodness—and perhaps your enemy will prove to be a friend. These are the steps toward the higher plane of loving your foes.

Third. There is not as much evil in the world as there was 100 years ago, because there is not as much ignorance. The world grows better and will continue to as it grows more enlightened. Read history and you will find my words true. Our newspapers exploit evil-doing to-day, and we imagine there is more of it than really exists. There is no society in the world so corrupt to-day as the courts of England and France were a century or two ago.

Fourth. No man has a right to take another's life.

Fifth. That which has always existed must continue to exist. We are part and parcel of the Supreme Cause, and cannot die—we only change form. Immortal spirits exist all about us in various stages of development, is my belief, and God's messengers, our guardian angels, are always at command.

Sixth. I believe each soul on earth has somewhere its sex mate—that mate may not be found in this life, but yet exists.

Seventh. There are many kinds of love in the world.

Affection is often mistaken for love, and so is passion.

A great and complete love between the sexes embraces all three emotions—affection, love, passion. Mind, heart and body all unite in this love.

But it does not come to every life. Many natures are incapable of experiencing it. Many women have affection without passion; many men have passion without affection.

Only when a man and a woman both give the three-fold love can the emotion be experienced in its purity and perfection.

The soul often whispers to man that he is greater than he thinks. At times all of us get visions of a brighter to-morrow. Such thoughts are divine truths and the Cheering Voice of our loving Father to give us new hope and new courage. Often what we think is the dark and bitter end is the bright and sweet beginning. Cheer up, faint heart! God and the angels are ever present to help us in our Earth pilgrimage.

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The reason the great adepts are not in sympathy with modern spiritualism is not that Spirit Return is *not* true, but because they *know* it is true and that it is both demoralizing and dangerous to hold communion with earth-attracted spirits. It is glorious to commune with saints and Angels, but not spirits. The only way to come *en rapport* with the Angel World is to *live the life*, as taught by our Blessed Savior, THE MASTER.

Spiritual growth comes by frequently going into the silence and avoiding all argument and discussion about religion and spiritual matters with any one. Commune with and *listen* to the blessed God within. A great Yogi, in speaking of arguments about spiritual matters, says: "Give up all argumentation and other distractions. Is there anything in this dry intellectual jargon? It only throws the mind off its balance and disturbs it."

A man may conceal his name, his age, the circumstances of his life, but not his character. That is his spiritual atmosphere, and is as inseparable from him as the fragrance of a rose from the rose itself. In the glance of the eye, in the tones of the voice, in mien and gesture, character discloses itself. All the company may be equally well dressed, but not even a child shall mistake Blue-Beard for St. Nicholas, nor Circe for Diana.—*Celia Burleigh.*

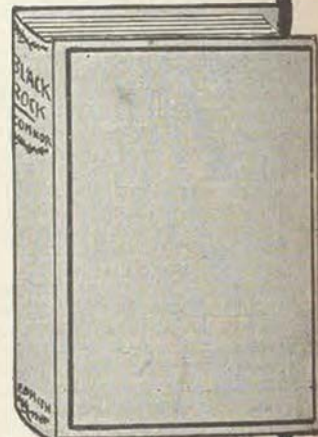
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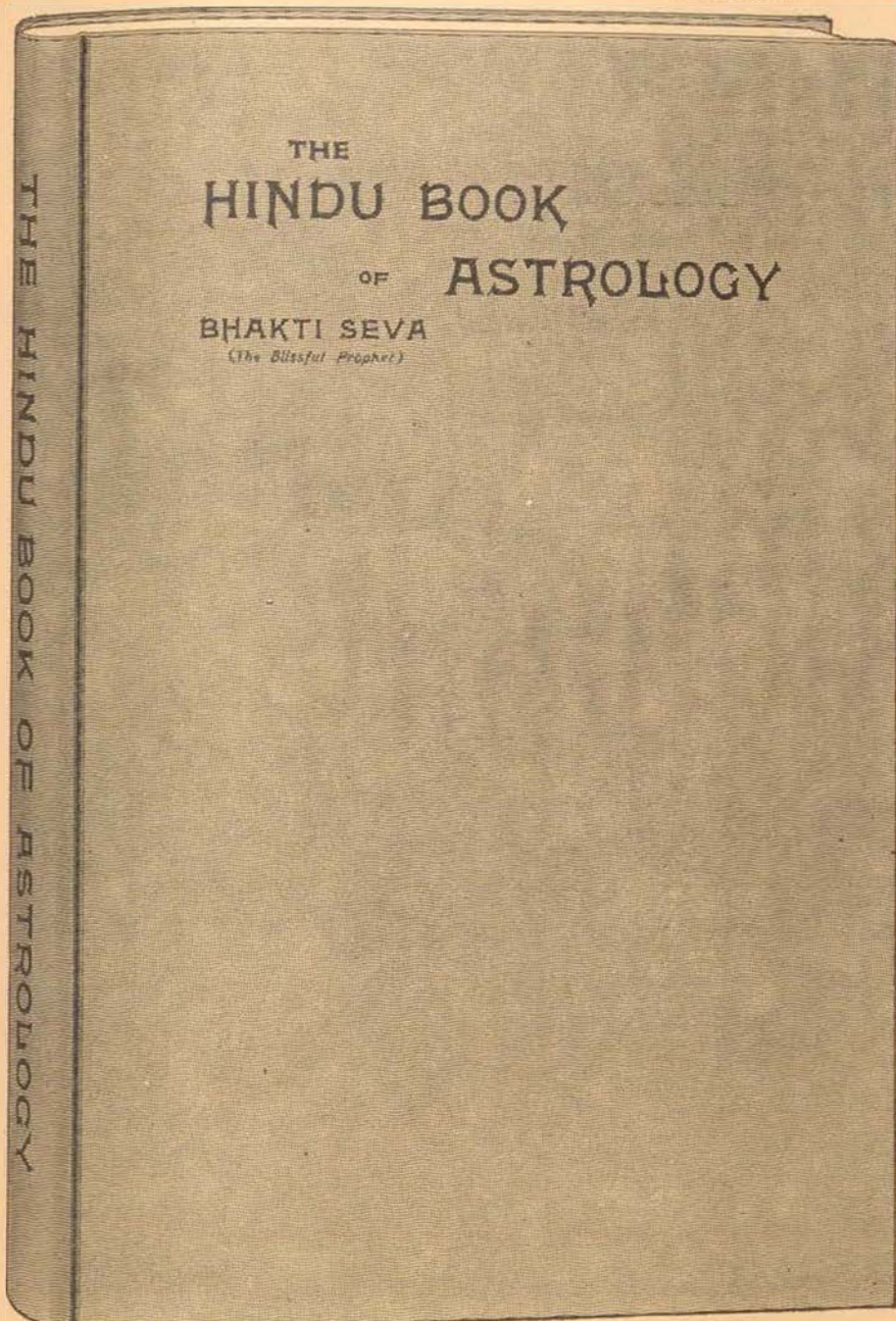
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