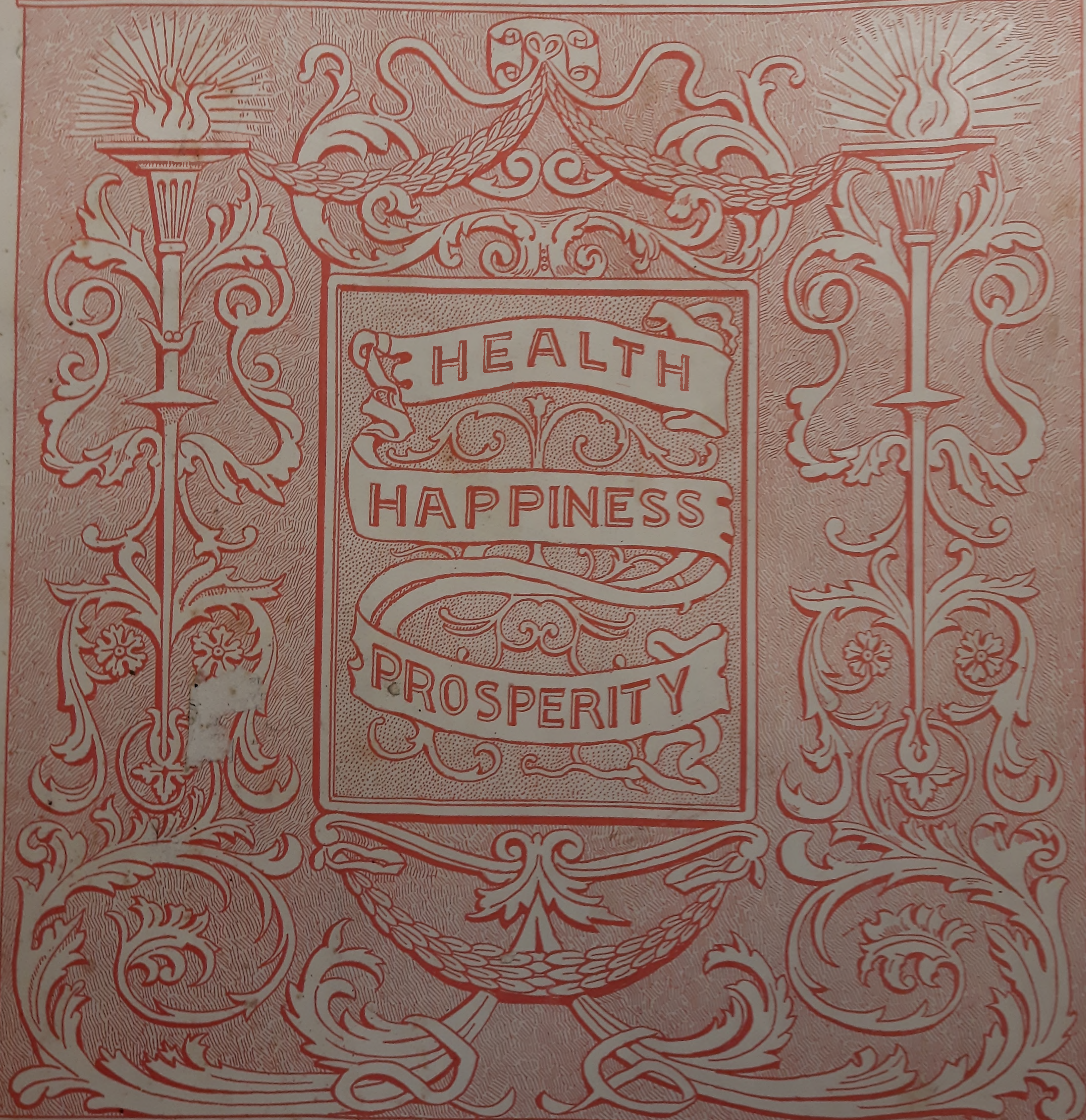
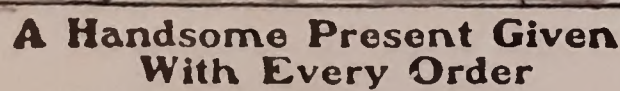


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NEW YORK MAGAZINE
OF MYSTERIES



DECEMBER, 1905.

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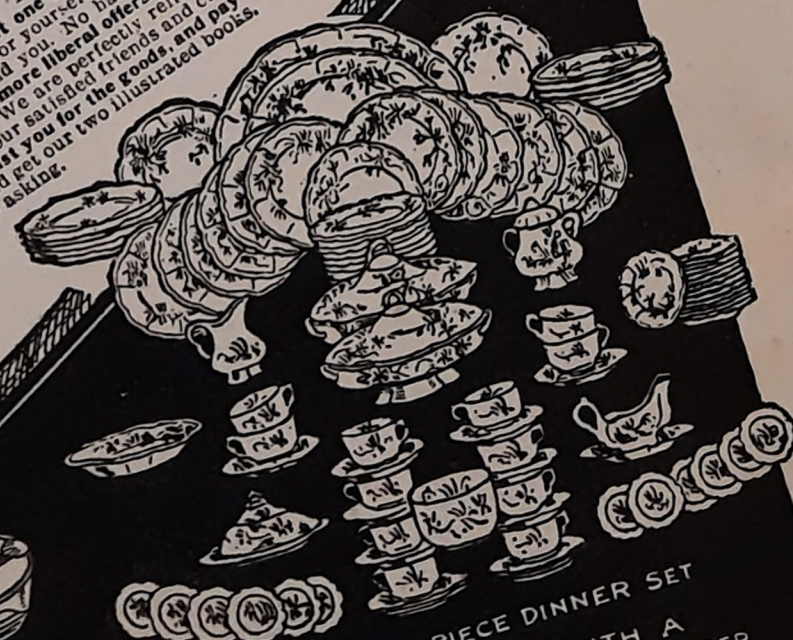
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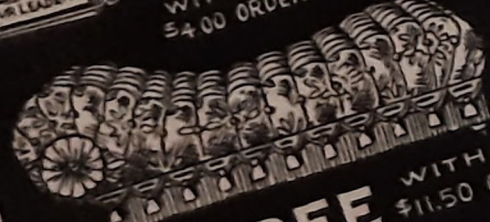
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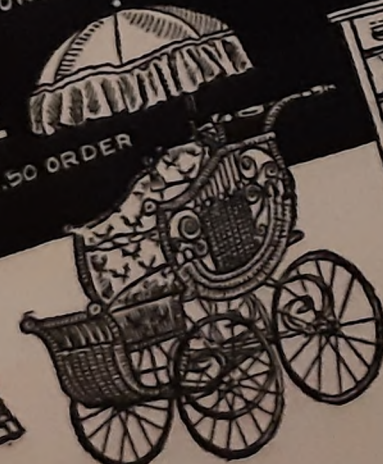
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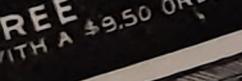
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THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE

OF MYSTERIES

A MAGAZINE OF HEALTH, HAPPINESS AND PROSPERITY

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Vol. 10

NEW YORK, DECEMBER, 1905

No. 2

THE JOY OF CHRISTMAS.

THE gift time is here once more, the time for loving deeds, for good wishes and open-hearted hospitality.

To everyone Christmas means something more than any other holiday. It is at Christmas that we feel a holier, deeper heart throb for the poor; we are able to understand the longing in little children's hearts for the coming of the mysterious gift-bringer they call Santa Claus; we enter into and appreciate the buoyant mirth of the young people; we are tenderly thoughtful for the dear mother and father whose self-sacrificing love made dear our childhood's happy Christmas-times; and for the still older ones who have worked and wrought for us and others, our generous spirit of love is active.

At Christmas-time it is easier to forgive those who have wronged us, to be reconciled with our neighbors, to overlook slights, to see something good in everybody, and to go forth with Christmas cheer in our eyes and on our lips.

All these signs of an inward gladness, of a universal friendliness, are apparent in every city, town, village or country hamlet throughout our land, and the whole world where the name of Christ is known. Have you thought of this?

Have you realized that all *your* joy, and all the world's joy at this season, is because of the exaltation and adoration in the human heart of an IDEAL?

Yes, the Ideal Man, the God-Man, the Man who came to the world to show it how to LOVE, whose coming was to bring joy to every creature and to establish the kingdom of Love upon earth.

The love that pulsates through you at Christmas-tide, and moves you to express your better nature in words and deeds of loving service, is a touch of that Love which is the Light of men, and which was so wonderfully embodied in Jesus that He stands as He has stood for two thousand years as the Great Type of a perfected Humanity. He is illumined and glorified by Love. That is what made Him what He was and what He is.

You are what you are to-day with all your possibilities of loving, because of this great Ideal which has been enshrined in the hearts of Christians through all these centuries that have passed since His coming.

You have only to *let the same mind be in you as was in Christ Jesus* in order to be, according to your measure of love, a wonder worker, a gift giver as He was.

What this mind was you can know in a faint degree by what you sincerely feel and express at the Christmas-time. It is the sign and seal of what you may feel and express the whole year if you will.

Because the world feels the warm touch of this sweeping tide of Christly love it is blessed and vivified with new life as surely as the Christmas season comes. Why should we not have a continuous Christmas season?

How great the thought that Love is the Light of the World! How literally true that this is the Christmas love that, in a mighty stream of light sweeps through men's hearts, warming, cleansing and giving them new and holy life!

You, dear readers of Our Magazine, are in this river of Love. You are channels also, through which it flows out into the highways and byways of life. You, each and all, are growing in the grace and power of the Christ love, because you are longing, hoping, *working* to bring into some life or lives what *you know* of this great Love which has helped and blessed you.

We know this because we feel it in your thoughts, read it in your letters, see it in your warm, earnest helpfulness in helping send *Our Magazine* to your friends and neighbors who need the Magazine's *clear, simple interpretation* of the Christ Gospel and the Jesus life.

We feel a close and closer bond with you in the thought that you will join with us in the wish and effort to fill not only Christmas Day, but *every* day for all the world with the true light and joy of Christmas.

THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES

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CHARLES E. ELLIS, PRESIDENT

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THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES

Entered as Second-Class Matter at New York Post-Office



Heap high the board, let joy abound,
The Christ is at the opening door,
For dying years let knells resound,
New-born the Christ has come once more.

BEHIND you, as behind the Shepherds of old, lies all the bitterness and barrenness of the ages, before you as before them, the joy of the whole earth, the unspeakable glory of the arisen and living Child of Promise.

Let not your heart longer dwell upon the Law and the Judgments of your past. Wanderings and hungerings and thirstings are to be seen no more. Now has come the tender love of Mary the Mother, the gentle affection of Joseph the Father, the sweet concord of lives made one. All these are yours. If you will refuse to scoff as did the proud of that first Christmas Day, if you will humble your life so that you have no part with Herod on the throne of the Roman, if you will come with the Wise Men of the East and bow before the miracle of your own spiritual birth, you may be one to hear the triumphant, echoing song "Peace on Earth to Men of Good Will."

In humility and travail you have lived. How much the year has taught you! Know forever this truth: however hard the lesson the end is revelation.

Out of the East Window of life you see how the fairest sentiments of mankind are symbolized. The gift to the child, the love made Lord of all, the sweet confessions of men and women loving each other, the garlands and the quaint customs that link us to bygone ages; these are visible forms of the appearing which God makes.

Wintry whiteness on the earth but the flowers kept safe beneath the snows, frost and cold upon the winds, warmth and joy within the houses where those winds beat upon the panes; these are types of the conflict which develops soul, of the testing which brings to us the joys that never die.

Happy are they who have entered into the knowledge that Christmas is to bring! To them this season will be as an hour with the saints and seers of all times. They will find the gladness beneath the turmoil, they will find freedom in the Ways of Truth.

The long nights are with us now, but the reign of darkness is broken with its hour of greatest night. Longer visits from the sun, shorter dominion for the shadow, this is the type of what we may have if we end the year by looking Eastward, beholding the rising day of Truth.

Brothers of the great tides of humanity, let us gather for this Eastward look! Let us turn our faces homeward to that unseen hearth where our loved ones wait, where the Infinite Peace is a burning and a shining light to all within that vast House of many Dwelling-Places! Let us through the weeks of Holiday time make ourselves fit for the creation of a higher consciousness than we have known. Sin has no power to the aspiring soul. Evil has no authority to quench out joy. Let us forget self in the daily sounds of human activity until the bells ring out eternal forgetfulness of all that is not born of God.

The Heralds of the Morning are abroad with shining wings.

The glorious proclamation has echoed through the skies.

"Release for every captive heart," the angel chorus sings.

And "Glory to the new-born King" the host of earth replies.

BIBLE BREAD.

For the bread of God is he (Truth) which cometh down from heaven, and giveth life unto the world.—John vi, 33.

It is the spirit that quickeneth; the flesh profiteth nothing. The words that I speak unto you they are Spirit and they are Life.—John vi, 63.

This is that bread which came from heaven . . . he that eateth of this bread shall live forever.—John vi, 58.

When you think of Christmas think of the Christ tide of love in your heart. Let it overflow in thought and deed for the "little ones," the poor and homeless and desolate-hearted. That you may more truly serve in the Christ Spirit, say many times night and morning: *I am Thy servant. Teach me how to serve. Open my eyes to opportunities, open my mind to beauty, open my heart to love, open my lips to comfort, open my hands to minister. Thus shall I help to establish the real Christmas of peace on earth, good will to men.*

When you feel depressed over the conditions of those who are weak or wilful, say in calm, firm tones: *This is not my problem, but theirs and Thine, my Father. Fill me so full of Thy light, that I shall, by shining, show them the way of life. They are Thine, even as I am Thine. Thou canst comfort. Thou alone canst guide. Let me be lost in Thee, that they shall look unto Thee and know Thee through Thy work in me.*

When you want to know more of God's great truth, yearn earnestly to be faithful in living all the truth you know. Let your words be few and your thought deep while you study the meaning of Jesus's words: *He that doeth the will shall know the doctrine.* Then say with all your heart: *Give me the heart and the will to do that which is given me, as my portion of Thy work, whatsoever it may be.*

When you would be uplifted with a great joy, an abiding peace, say earnestly until your heart is satisfied: *I forgive all in this world or out of it, every sin of commission or omission. I forgive (or) take away all remembrance of evil or suffering or failure. I send forth love, as a benediction, a beneficence, a baptism. (I am a radiation of Love sent forth from Love to love all the world. I pray that Love do its perfect work in me, and through me.)*

NOTE.—Each month we print these selections on gray cardboard, suitable for hanging on the wall, to keep before you as a constant inspiration. Send 10 cents to this office and we will mail you one of these beautiful souvenirs. Order early, as supply is limited.

"Thy Kingdom Come"

Oh, just to help a little to bring it nearer, nearer—
The day of peace and beauty that is faintly
dawning now;
Oh, just to have the vision that may see it clearer,
clearer,
Tho' the heavy mists still linger upon the moun-
tain's brow.

Every gentle deed shall hasten; every pure un-
selfish longing
Shall speed the great endeavor, and shall draw
fulfilment nigh.
For, when faith and love inspire, there are angel
forces thronging;
And the heart of hope is strengthened by an im-
pulse from on high.

Frances M. Milne.

Always say a kind word if you can, if only that
it may come in, perhaps, with singular opportune-
ness, entering some mournful man's darkened room
like a beautiful firefly, whose happy convolutions
he cannot but watch, forgetting his many troubles.
—Arthur Helps.

In the pure soul, whether it sing or pray,
The Christ is born anew from day to day.
—Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

MARGARET B. PEEKE has given us
a very beautiful Christmas story in this
number. It takes us back to the sixth
century of Christianity. Be sure to
read it.

From the deep human heart to the Infinite
Heart there is a line along which will pass the
real cry and the sympathetic answer—a double
flash from the moral magnetism which fills the uni-
verse. Its conditions are not found in theological
belief, but in the spirit of a little child.—Samuel
Chapman Armstrong.

Courage, Brother, someone is waiting to hold out
the brotherly hand. It will help much even if it
has only love in it.

Christmas is the time for warm hearts and open
hands.

Christmas

Ring, temple bells, the tidings glad,
'Tis Christmas morn;
Sing, children, of your Brother Christ,
On this day born!

List, all ye weary-laden ones,
With sin and wrong,
List to the Love-redemption psalm
The angel song.

Each Self bring frankincense and myrrh
And diadem,
Each Self make of its Calvary
A Bethlehem.

Each Self be minister of Light
To God within;
Each Self be incense offering
For all life's sin.

Each day a Holy Temple Place,
Each hour a shrine,
Each moment be an altar-prayer
To the Divine.

Each thought be angel message of
Joy to the sad,
Each word a psalm of good-will
And tidings glad.

Each day be the Nativity
Of Christly deed,
Each soul have its bright Eastern Star
And others lead.

Within each heart Divinity
Be lowly born;
Within each life a Bethlehem,
A Christmas morn.

Each thought be Holy Child of Love
Of Christly birth;
Each day be the Nativity
Of Peace on Earth.

Margaret I. Cox.

Has the light of the Star flashed into your life,
so you are ready to take your gifts to the Christ
Child?

Do you long to be nobler and better each day?
Then do your very best in living *one moment at a
time.*

BUSINESS SUCCESS THE RESULT OF YOUR MENTAL ATTITUDE

WE fully expected to award the prizes this month, but so many letters are coming in, and everybody is so interested, that we want to give our readers a still longer opportunity to study these lessons from life, furnished by the experience letters.

Remember, it was so simple a thing as the *falling of an apple* that gave to the world Newton's discovery of the *law of gravitation*. It was a little boy's interest in watching the steam push up the lid of the teakettle that, after years of study, enabled Robert Fulton to build the first steamboat.

"Straws show which way the wind blows."

The signs, even the smallest, tell of the law, so read carefully these many signs of the law of success.

These letters are splendid teachers, for they give illustrations from the personal experience of people who are proving in the daily struggle and stress of life that *there is a way out of every difficulty, a victory to crown every defeat*.

Now let us have a letter from *every one of you* who can give a proof of this law, that will set the whole world free when the whole world know show to use it.

Write with ink, on one side of the paper only, and make your letter brief and to the point.

Letter No. 1 gives a picture of steady faithful holding to the *right mental attitude* despite all appearances, and as the writer truly says, she and her husband "are on the path of attainment spiritually and materially." This because they not only know, but are *faithful* in holding the right thought.

Letter No. 2 shows the value of a definite plan, and a faithful following out of rules that lead to success. The whole letter, brief, pointed, clear, is a showing forth of the happy combination of theory and practice. Both are necessary. Study carefully the Life Maxims and make them yours. They plainly point out the path of a well-ordered and successful life.

Letter No. 3 is a splendid example of success gained through the *sending of silent thoughts of success* to one who *did not even know* he was being so helped. Read No. 3 over and over until you see that it shows the law which all may use if they will; that *every good thought is a power for good*, and creates a *vibratory current of like quality*. It sets forces working which before were *unorganized and inert*, because they were not *directed into definite channels*. This vibratory current for success was kept in constant activity by the *regular, daily, faithful and FAITH-FILLED practice of sending success thoughts*. This way of helping one another is the constant theme and practice of our Magazine. It is one which may be used for all manner of good deeds and kindly helpfulness.

Letter No. 4 is especially valuable in proving what *immediate* and remarkable changes may take place in conditions and circumstances when the mental attitude is *right* instead of *wrong*; when it is facing the light instead of the darkness of life. In this case, a *mere sentence* was sufficient to change her opinion of herself. As in a flash she saw herself a *success* instead of a *failure*, as one who *could do whatever she chose to do*, instead of one of the "dumb, driven cattle" in the great army of the defeated.

RIGHT ABOUT FACE NOW, all you who are in the valley! *Face the mountain-top!* Let the sun shine upon you, and walk forth to win the crown of victory.

Letter No. 1.

Dear Magazine of Mysteries:

Since you have kindly invited experience along the lines of correct mental effort bringing success, I am impelled to send in mine. It may reach some eye whose owner needs the help we did, and who will make the trial and experience the blessings we have found.

Three years ago my husband was taken ill and confined to bed nine months. Before the illness we had been struggling along partially successful materially, but in a very unsatisfactory manner. I can see now how much the lessons were needed, and how good our Father was in seeking the "sheep that had gone astray," but at the time and during the following troubles we were very rebellious. My husband was first beginning to be up a little the following spring when our house took fire in the night and burned to the ground, with all we possessed in the world. As soon as possible my husband obtained employment, although unable, as it afterward proved, to continue. Of course all this time debts were accumulating, and with no means of obtaining a livelihood and no home, the outlook was dark indeed. Someone recommended a certain brand of whisky as being good for stomach trouble, and my husband started to use it. Christmas found us at a very low ebb—sickness, poverty, debts, the use of liquor growing and general misfortune. About that time I saw an advertisement of THE MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES, and the "Mystic Success Club," and sent for sample copy, thinking if help was to be found we certainly needed it. The sample copy and statements about the "Success Club" interested us, so that we subscribed for paper and joined the Club. May God bless the paper for the good it did. We studied the Degrees, and as a first result my husband stopped the use of liquor that was really killing him. The year wore away with very little improvement financially, but we were learning all the time, for we were beginning to look for the cause and not at the effect. Debts and disappointments still came, but our faith grew. We began to reach the point of non-resistance to find God a Father, literally and practically, not a far-off something to dream of, but "an ever-present help in time of need." Every failure brought renewed strength, every slip back into the old pessimistic way of thinking, new determination to go on. There would come apparent openings, and then they would unexpectedly end. But we were looking for "Heaven within." When poverty and lack manifested we denied them, and affirmed plenty. God had made the whole beautiful world for us to

(See next page)

enjoy. We are told in the Good Book the silver and gold are His, and the cattle on a thousand hills, and it is *all* for us, His children. We kept our faith growing, and about four months ago my husband secured a position here at good remuneration—about the highest paid here. Everything began to straighten out. We secured a place to live here so that he did not have big board to pay, as most do. In fact *everything* began to open out, and we are paying our debts and are happy, joyful and full of love for all God's creation, and thanks for His great goodness. Some may not consider this success, but we do. If we work we are well paid, and are given the strength necessary. We feel we are on the "Path of Attainment," spiritually and materially. We are still studying, and at times stumbling, but our effort to *restore harmony* is our first thought. If this meets the eye of some discouraged one, I say take heart. Your circumstances can scarcely be worse than ours were, and through right mental effort and prayer we are fast overcoming the remaining difficulties. God loves you personally, individually, and if you will only have faith as a "little child" you can accomplish *all*. With much love for the whole universe.

Lovingly your sister,

DOROTHY ROBERTS,

Victoria Gold Mining Co., Deadwood, S. D.

Letter No. 2.

To The New York Magazine of Mysteries:

The story of my success? There is no primrose path to Success. The route is long and tortuous.

Confronted with the problem of self-support at the age of fifteen years I had scant schooling, no experience, no capital and no talent to put on the market—a poor schoolgirl on a lonely prairie.

Destiny makes no mistake when she declines to rock us in the lap of Luxury! The great Dr. Talmage used to pray: "Thank God for poverty—for disappointment—for defeat!"

"On stepping-stones of our dead selves we rise to higher things!"

Success is the result of co-operation, of system and of merit. This trinity is possible only through perfected plans, persistence, pluck, progress and patience. It was a long step from my first wee cash earnings to my present salary (a salary in four figures that I have a never sleeping ambition to expand into six)! I used common sense backed by good, hard work. We can do most anything we have a mind to if only we do it well enough! To others I give my rules.

STEER THE CRAFT OF DESTINY BY THE COMPASS OF SUCCESS! WHEN THE TRADE-WINDS BLOW. Remember my Life Maxims:

Never despair.
The Golden Rule is the measure of character.
Make every opportunity a great one.
NOW is the accepted time!
Never let Disaster court Defeat.
Be a captain courageous in the battlefield of business.
A good name is the soul's jewel.
Be courteous, careful, resourceful, original, persevering, magnetic and magnanimous.
Divine justice is unerring. We reap what we sow.
Cheerfulness is next to godliness.
The Law of Right-Living is Right-Thinking.

MISS MARGARET HUDDLESON, M.D.,
No. 1901 Fourth street, N. E., Washington, D. C.

Letter No. 3.

To the New York Magazine of Mysteries:

The proof of the power of thought and faith was very clearly demonstrated in an experience I had last February.

My husband is a newspaper man. We came to a large city and he established a new paper with no principal but a desk, a pad and a pencil.

Through the influence of a friend we found a publishing house where they would print the paper each week for a very small sum, this to be paid in weekly instalments. For two years we made just enough on which to live, and both had to work very hard, I in the home and he in his business.

I have been a reader and a firm friend of THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES for a number of years, and last spring, when things were at a very low ebb financially, the thought came to me, "take the Magazine's advice and send your husband 'Success thoughts.'"

It came to me as though a voice had spoken it, and I seemed to be led right along.

The month of February is the dullest month for newspaper prosperity, because the merchants have not yet begun the active spring advertising.

On the first day of that month I began my work. Promptly at twelve o'clock each day I went to my room, drew the blinds, put on comfortable easy clothing, and relaxed every muscle in my body, closed my eyes and waited. I seemed to gather force; it came to me. Then I would say very distinctly and clearly, calling my husband by name: "You WILL have SUCCESS. SUCCESS is yours. You are in success vibrations. SUCCESS is yours."

I would repeat this sometimes for thirty minutes, until I could almost

FIFTY DOLLARS IN PRIZES

WE want everybody to succeed in Business.

We want everybody to know the power of thought as shown by a continuous mental attitude in making failure or success.

So we offer \$50 to be divided into twelve prizes, to be paid for the Twelve Best Letters which give TRUE instances where the proper Mental Attitude has brought financial Success.

The money will be divided as follows: The First Prize will be \$25, the Second Prize will be \$10. There will be Five Prizes of \$2 each, and Five Prizes of \$1 each, making \$50 in all.

We want your best thoughts setting forth your EXPERIENCES as to the way you secured your success.

THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES.

22 North William Street, New York City.

(Business Success the Result of Your Mental Attitude.—Continued.)

follow the thought as it reached my husband, who was downtown at work. I felt success was going to him. I seemed to see it. Then I would ask the Higher Power to give him business insight and to guide him that he might know how to grasp every opportunity as it came.

In just one week after my efforts my husband came home so enthusiastic and with such good reports of the day's work—I simply worked all the harder for him. I can't begin to tell the wonderful advance we made that month of February.

Delinquent subscribers came with back pay, and new subscribers poured in their money. Merchants seemed willing and glad to advertise, and big page ads came that before we had never hoped to reach. My husband would say, "I can't understand it." It seemed to dazzle him. I could not tell him of my efforts, for he has always said such things were nonsense, and he is not yet ready to understand. But I knew, and continued the success thoughts, and at the end of the month we had taken in one hundred and fifty dollars per week for the whole month, where the month before we had fallen below and could not meet running expenses. That money put us on our feet, and since then we have been each week making our deposit toward a little home we hope to build this spring.

I know success thoughts did this, and I feel the victory was even greater than the average, because my husband was perfectly ignorant of any help along that line.

FLORENCE FESLER,

405 East Twenty-second street, Indianapolis, Ind.

Letter No. 4.

Dear Magazine of Mysteries:

In reading the Magazine I have become interested in the prize stories, and will relate my experience; if it is not the best, I will certainly be pleased to read the other one, for I can think of nothing worse than mine.

For twenty years I was a total failure in everything I undertook. Each failure made the next one more certain and more complete, as I was less able to bear it and more sensitive and nervous by it, until I was physically and mentally unfit for business or work of any kind, and as I was totally dependent on myself my case was desperate.

A little later, when I was suddenly thrown on the world to get my living by my own exertion, I was all but frightened to death, and only pride urged me on to the work. I got employment, and was so anxious to please that I grew too nervous to accomplish anything, for their frowns made me faint and ill.

This intense feeling of course kept me unstrung. This went on as I said for twenty years; my health was gone, and, I repeat, my case was a most desperate one. I still had my pride left, and that was all.

Then I met my present employer, who seemed to understand my disposition, for he said, "All you need is self-confidence, and you can get this self-confidence and be a successful woman if you wish to." A little more kindly talk, and he handed me some reading matter on that subject to take home to read. On my way home I thought of what he said, and although I had never heard of such a thing as self-confidence—and Success in this mode of

thought—yet I understood at once. It came to me like the sun bursting through dark clouds.

That night I read and read, absorbing it all until I glowed and expanded with successful thoughts. Self-reliance seemed to form as I read; the world changed from a dark, cold, cruel world, to one warm, cheerful and prosperous, and I was the central figure in it; it all meant *Me*. The good news took effect at once and has never left me since.

I spent the rest of the night in planning what I would do with all the money I was going to make, so as to use it to its best advantage. The next morning I went to work full of courage and good cheer, feeling and knowing that I would succeed. I felt my ability to do things as well, if not better, than anyone else was doing them. I had such a general kindly feeling for all there or anywhere. Self-reliance began to grow and build me up so fast that I laughed at myself and said yes, and there is more to follow.

I was the wonder of everyone who knew me. I had the feeling that I was a kind of a magnet that drew Success to me. I was able to meet strangers easily and comfortably for the first time in my life. My health of course rapidly improved. I began to be very valuable, and was accordingly appreciated by my salary being raised.

I found out that I was a very capable woman, a splendid manager over others in the work, and was placed at the head of the entire business, and have retained that position with perfect satisfaction to all concerned for the last eight years, and expect to be here as long as I am a business woman.

My bank account is in a comfortable condition, and the future altogether looks bright and assured from every point of view. There was no reason why I should have been such a complete failure all those years, going from place to place looking for a position which I was not able to keep after getting it, except that I had not learned to *Know Myself*, nor to respect myself, and to bring the best instead of the worst out of me.

Now I have a feeling of perfect confidence in myself. I can do anything; I fear nothing; nothing can happen but what I can overcome and turn it into success. I feel there is something in me that is equal to anything that can happen. Success is mine! I have but to make way for it to come to me.

I would not allow a discouraging thought or a disagreeable thought to take possession of me for a moment. I very quickly tell it to go, that I have neither room nor time for it; that its influence is gone forever. I advise anyone to think well of themselves. There is so much that is worthy of cultivation in us that will fit us for successful men and women.

Respect yourself and live up to that respect. Think well of yourself; think the best qualities you possess the only ones that are worth thinking of at all. Put the baser, lower qualities out of mind—ignore them as if they were not, and give the best and brightest part of you a chance to grow, and it will grow if given a chance.

Do not depreciate yourself; rely on the great *Something* within you, and success is sure to come as the flowers to bloom when the warm spring sun shines on them through the cold ground, and as naturally, too.

Sincerely yours for the good work,

LORETTA J. LAWRENCE,

38 East Fifth street, Dayton, O.

Christmas Greeting

While angels shout their Christmas joy,
Across the crystal sea,
Yet may some linger very near
With "peace on earth" to thee.

—M. E. HATCH.

The Bread of Life

By Charles Brodie Patterson

Written especially for
THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES

THE one true purpose, the deep, underlying purpose in the worldwide lesson of material bread-winning is character building—spiritual upbuilding. Every loaf that we earn, every mouthful we consume is symbolic. They are nothing in themselves, they are of value to the life only as they symbolize the verities beneath. There comes a time to every growing soul when no "bread that perisheth" will any longer answer its needs. Riches surfeit, all superficialities pall. Only reality can satisfy a hunger so real. "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled." Hunger is prophecy. "For in every 'Oh, my father! slumbers deep a 'Here, my child!'" Perhaps there is no hunger so deep, so vital, so insistent in this everyday world as the desire for human sympathy. We get what we give. If we are truly giving our lives to help others, then the lives of many will be ours to enjoy and share. If one comes to you for help it is not for you to inquire how the need came about. "Neither do I condemn thee" leaves the individual soul to work out its own development, its own problem. None of us is "without sin," none can rightly judge his brother's motive, none of us can afford to withhold, can dare to withhold aught of help, of sympathy, of love from any other soul that cries to us for it.

Now, how can we utilize the channels, first, of mental inflow—mental food—so that this supply shall minister to our spiritual growth? To begin with, what do we read? There must be light and shade in the world of books as well as that of

action, but there need be no morbidness. In few volumes, perhaps, can there be found such depiction of degradation and evil as in "Les Miserables," and yet throughout it all the underlying motive, the wide understanding and love is such that at the close of even the most depressing scenes one feels an uplift of purpose, an optimism, a hope that is akin to the divine. Things like these, though the tale may be of the nether side of life, leave a wholesome taste in the mouth and are not morbid. The final test of anything is "Does it work?" What influence has it? The taste for what is not wholesome is not a natural one. On the mental as well as on the physical plane the healthy organism, left to itself, will choose the food best suited to it. Our daily conversation also is a phase of food. Don't dwell on the trivial and superficial. When others recount their ills, do not add to the tale. There is a middle course between the brusqueness or indifference of a final refusal and the spurious sympathy of a maudlin acquiescence. Declare for the ideal—"strike the note," as Maeterlinck says—and it will echo and re-echo where you least expect it. True sympathy does not require that one gives oneself up to another and enters into his diseased or mistaken condition. On the contrary, the first requisite of true sympathy is that one "hold fast to that which is good," and for the sake of the soul which it would help. When we gather to ourselves thoughts of illness or health, we are treating ourselves and through ourselves others. And we must abide by the resulting conditions. We relate ourselves to all other people who are in the same trend of thought—they are then our relatives in a truer and more lasting sense than blood could make them. When Christ said, "I have meat to eat that ye know not of" it is not necessarily in any mystical sense that we need interpret this. For the soul truly and constantly in touch with the Infinite there is not the physical waste of body or the same need of material sustenance that there is for one yet on the lower planes of development. We are apt to think of the twelve disciples as men of great

understanding, but if we refer to the conversations Jesus had with them, we will realize how almost childish in their conceptions they were throughout their association with Him. "Are ye also without understanding?" He asked them more than once. And yet later they came through "the Spirit of Truth" into great insight and illumination. The language of the Spirit is one—the same to every soul. It was expedient that Christ should go away, He said, that this Spirit of Truth should come. "It will show you all things." The highest revelation—God's final word to man—must come through man, is constantly coming through the soul of each of us. This is the "every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God" by which man shall live. This is the manna of the soul—fresh every morning. God's kingdom will never come in this world until we ourselves bring it. We must make over the world—make our own world of health and beauty. This we can do only by transforming our own lives first. If we allow our minds to be filled with jealousy and hard feelings, if we harbor unkind thoughts toward our neighbors, we shut off our supply of light and life. The Spirit must find a free channel of expression in the mind. Every inner realization must be outwardly realized. There is no element, no part of the outer world which has not its image in the mind of man, its counterpart in the soul. If once we were truly masters of our own moods, our own thoughts and lives, we could change the face of the whole earth. There is nothing that would not be amenable to us. Even now we can change the atmosphere about us by our thoughts and feelings. To be filled with the spirit we must give of the spirit—continually, ungrudgingly; this is the law. This influx and outflow of the Universal Spirit is the true life. This is the sustenance that the world knows not of. Creeds and forms, conventions and symbols have their places, but this is the life of them all while they have life—this is the source of all life. It is the Christ principle in us—what Christ meant when He said, "I am the bread of life which cometh down from Heaven."

HEART TALKS

By Helen Van-Anderson

Written especially for
THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF
MYSTERIES

I WISH I could do more to help in the world, but my hands are tied; I can only look afar off and wish.

So writes one who is awakened to the need of the world for more knowledge and better living.

It is a wish so commonly uttered, that perhaps a few glimpses out of my soul window will throw some light on how to solve the question.

It is true the poor world needs all the help and helpers it can have, but there are many ways of helping. It is by no means necessary to become a public speaker or worker to be one of the world's co-workers.

Think of all the needs of humanity, of the individuals who compose the home, the school, the church, the State.

Can you not find some way to minister to the individuals around you, whether they be the children, or the old people, or the workers who are out in the field, or some of God's own, either in your home or neighborhood?

"Inasmuch as ye do it to the least of these ye do it unto Me," said the Master.

This is because we are all members of one body. The help of one is the help of all. You, sister, are helping the world by your very wish to help, for even this is a light in the darkness, and when you think of it the least you are doing some kindness because of it.

Let me tell you of a blessed woman I know who is doing a great work in so quiet a way that many even of her warmest friends do not realize it. Several years ago she was left a widow with two small boys and a comfortable and modest little home. She is one of the loveliest mothers I ever knew, and though with her heart throbbing with love for the whole world, she devotes her life and her love to her boys. Often she, too, says: "How I wish I might do for others, but my work lies here." Yet she does much in the church and out of it—always in the quiet, unassuming way that makes her felt as an influence everywhere.

Two or three years ago she took a boy to board and go to school, as his mother was obliged to be away a great deal, and this meant much to her and also much to the boy. Into his life were being woven golden threads that can never wear out nor become dim with age.

He is with her still, and his comradeship is a help and an opportunity to her own boys in bringing out their character and good qualities.

Last year someone in another city who had heard of this wonderful lover and mother of boys begged that she take into her home and under her influence a boy who, though only eight years old, would steal from everybody and lie without restraint.

Did she say, "No, I cannot. He might pervert my own boys. Besides, I have neither desire nor time to be burdened with him?"

Far from it! No; this great-souled woman, out of the abundance of her love, said: "I don't know what I can do, but send him along. The Father will help me."

The boy, who at home was branded as a thief, came into this love-lighted, love-ordered home, and

during the six or eight months that he had been there, up to the time she told me about it, had never but once transgressed, and then with penitent tears speedily confessed and begged to be reinstated in the confidence of his beloved Mrs. —. He is one of her prime ministers in the home.

Think what all this means! What a life-work! How far-reaching, how blessed its influence!

And this dear sister does it as one who is commissioned with a divine mission, but in the sweet unconsciousness of a selfless love.

She is a factor in the world's redemption from sin and suffering. She is holding the light in the dark places of a little boy's soul, and because of this the darkness is becoming light and the crooked places straight. A few days ago I was told by a mutual friend that she has recently taken another boy to live with them.

Does this woman need a place in the public field? Does she need to sigh for a place among the workers?

Nay, she is a worker. She is so busy doing the work, she herself knows not that she is doing it. But there are many ministries that are not named such, yet they are all as important to the world as those named and honored in the world.

I have another dear, sweet friend who is a lover of all lives and living things, and she, too, though unknown to the world, is both a voice and a presence from the Realm of Love. Always her eyes are keen for the rights of animals and her lips ready to speak in their behalf. Many an innocent creature owes comfort, happiness and good care to her ministry.

She is rich in devices for brightening the outlook and life of those who are lacking in friends or opportunities. One of her delightful ways of scattering blessings is to invite city dwellers who live in dark rooms and amid city noises to share with her for a while her country home, where they may be in the midst of velvet meadows, tree-clad hills and the wonderful charm of Nature in all her varied garments of glory.

This in itself is an enlargement of soul. It gives a lasting joy, and is one of the gateways into Paradise. I have been among the recipients of her bounty, in this sharing of beauty, and I know whereof I speak. Even now my soul carries brimming measure of the good received, and the overflow is translated into new views and blessings for you who read these words.

That which feeds and ministers to the soul is never lost, but is continuously renewed, enlarged and translated into varying and communicable joys to all the world.

Never say again, dear heart, that you wish you could be a world-worker without realizing that you can be one now, wherever you are, whoever you are. Be up and doing, whatever your hands find to do.

You will find plenty to do, if you look near enough home. That which is far off seems unattainable; but near, very near, are opportunities as great as any in the enchanting distance.

"Even in the most commonplace life the part that is done for God is enormous." Can you not make yours commonplace and fill it full of conscious ministry?

A Story of Lights

ONE night when the sun had disappeared and birds had tucked their heads beneath their wings to rest, one of the night birds flew close to an electric light.

"Of what use are you?" asked the bird. "You give so little light compared with the sun!"

"I do the best I can," said the light. "Think how dark this corner would be if I were not here! People walking and driving might run into one another, and someone might get hurt."

"That's true," said the bird; and away he flew. Then he came near a gaslight, standing apart from houses and busy streets.

"Of what use are you?" asked the bird. "You do not give as much light as the electric light!"

"I do the best I can," said the light. "Do you not see that steep bank just beyond? If I were not here someone might fall to see it and fall."

"That's true," said the bird; and away he flew. Soon his sharp eyes spied a lamp in a window.

"Of what use are you?" asked the bird. "You do not give even as much light as the gaslight."

"I do the best I can. I am in the window to throw light down the path, that Farmer Brown may see the way when he comes home. I do the best I can."

"That's true," said the bird; and away he flew. But again his sharp eyes spied a light—a tiny candlelight in a nursery window.

"Of what use are you?" asked the bird. "Your light is so small! You do not give even as much light as a lamp."

"I do the best I can," said the candle, "and I can be easily carried from room to room. Nurse uses me when she gives the children a drink of water at night, or sees that they are snugly covered up in bed. I do the best I can."

"That's true," said the bird; and away he flew, thinking as he saw the many lights, here and there, little and great, "All are helpers!"—*Kindergarten Review.*

Just a little bit of feather
And life and song, all held together
By a heart almost too small to beat,
And cobweb wings, and twinkling feet.
Where, in a body as small as this,
Does he store the passion of joy and bliss
Of life in its utmost ecstasy
Which his little throat pours out to me?
No shadow of fear his heart can know.

"I am only a little sparrow,
All over the world we are found—
Yet our Heavenly Father knoweth
If one of us falls to the ground.

"I am only a little sparrow
A bird of low degree,
Yet the Father is always watching,
And no harm can come to me.

"I have no barn nor storehouse,
I neither sow nor reap.
God gives me a sparrow's portion
But never a seed to keep.

"And I have a coat of feathers,
It is very plain, I know,
With never a speck of crimson
For it was not made for show.

"But it keeps me warm in winter,
And it shields me from the rain;
Were it bordered with gold or purple
Perhaps it would make me vain.

"I fly through many a thicket,
I light on many a spray,
I have no chart nor compass,
But I never lose my way.

"And I fold my wings at twilight
Wherever I happen to be;
For the Father is always watching
And no harm can come to me."

I am only too glad to renew my subscription to your inspiring Magazine. From cover to cover it gives soul-thrilling messages of God's love and the law of life. God alone knows the good it has done me. In times of grief or sickness it helps and strengthens. Print this letter that others may know and share my joy.

LEWIS VICTOR DURAND,

Milton, Ky.

Leaving the past behind, asking no praise, pay or reward, submitting ourselves to the grand law of the world, turning the way of faith and hope, giving ourselves to the nearest present duty, asking ourselves only what does right or truth or love bid, we thus enter into the joyful life of the children of God.—*Charles F. Dole*

My Happy Spirit Flies

"SHUT IN!" Ah, well, my body lies,
Confined and pent these walls between,
The while my happy spirit flies
As free as wavelets' dancing sheen!
Three angels softly press the key
That holds my soul in sombre thrall,
Then lightly float and whisper me,
God's mercies and His love for all.

With one, the Angel of the Past,
I tread the paths of childhood's days,
Forgetting pain; I gladly cast
All care aside for childish plays.
We stray through fragrant orchard aisles,
And gather fruitage, red and gold,
Heap hoards of nuts in fragrant piles,
And every hour doth blessings hold.

The Present Angel comes to me,
A wondrous gift within her hands;
Through books we sail on distant seas,
And wander far in foreign lands.
We mingle with the hurried throng
Of workers in the great World's shops,
With jostling crowds are borne along
To deepest mine or mountain-tops.

And then the dearest of the three,
Sits down at eve beside my bed,
The Angel of the blest "To Be,"
When all of light and life are fled.
A future bright she holds to view—
With many paths till then untrod—
O Soul, be patient, brave and true.
What glories wait who walk with God!
Irene Pomeroy Shields.

And whoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones
a cup of cold water, only in the name of a disciple, verily, I say
unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward.—MATT. x, 42.

The Mystic

Success Club

The MYSTIC SUCCESS CLUB stands for the work of helping every individual to find God, his own God-like powers, and his own work. THIS DONE, HE IS BOUND TO SUCCEED.

No Man is Born into the World whose Work is not Born with Him.—LOWELL

HEALTH

That Thy ways may be known on earth, Thy saying HEALTH among all nations, let the people praise Thee, O God; let all the people praise Thee.—Ps. lxxvii, 23.

HAPPINESS

HAPPY is the man that findeth wisdom and the man that getteth understanding.—Prov. iii, 13.

PROSPERITY

This book of the law shall not depart out of thy mouth, but thou shalt meditate therein day and night, that thou mayest observe to do all that is written therein, for then thou shalt make thy way PROSPEROUS, and thou shalt have GOOD SUCCESS.—Josh. i-8.

SUCCESS is not made in a moment, but your word, hope and glad expectation of success set in motion certain operations of the law that bring you what you have already earned.

All your life, whether consciously or not, you have been working for success, but the question is, did you work RIGHT? Do you realize the importance of always speaking the positive word of success, of keeping the feeling in your heart warm with love and assurance?

Success is yours if you are a success in yourself—i. e., in being and doing that which is noble, admirable, honest and generous. This makes you a magnet, and out of the whole wide world you draw your own to you. Your own of friends, opportunities, work, money, power, position, everything.

This means Health, Happiness and Prosperity.

Are you looking for these, working for them, deserving them?

Then your life must be lived on the Brotherly basis, on the grand foundation of faith in God and faith in man.

This is the bedrock of our teaching in the MYSTIC SUCCESS CLUB. This is the secret of its success. We started the MYSTIC SUCCESS CLUB in connection with OUR MAGAZINE, because we wanted to help every individual to understand and apply the principles of life and living we set forth in the Magazine.

We felt so strongly the need of a clearer understanding of just how to be healthy, happy and prosperous that we used the word Mystic in naming our Club, and Mystic signifies that which is INNER, HIDDEN, SACRED. We know if you truly live the inner Mystic life you cannot fail to express a measure of its fulness and beauty in the outer, so we teach you the law of living it.

When you grow from within out, just as a rose, a stalk of corn or of wheat grows, you will have a harvest of richness commensurate with your own worthiness.

You may have many harvests of Health, Happiness and Prosperity.

If you have faith in God you have faith that every one of His children is equally important; therefore they only need to know their Father and His loving good will to learn to deserve every gift He has for them.

This is what we stand for and what we want to help you to prove: GOD HELPS THOSE WHO HAVE FAITH AND WHO WORK ACCORDING TO THEIR FAITH.

The teachings of the MYSTIC SUCCESS CLUB are very simple—you cannot fail to understand them, and if you are faithful in practice, keeping childlike and sincere in all your efforts, you will soon prove the tree by its fruits. You have only to read the many happy letters we print to see how many are proving.

There are Four Lessons or Degrees which cover the four steps you are expected to take in the work of the Club. To each Degree you are expected to give at least one month's study.

These Four Degrees are called First Degree of Health, First Month.

The Second is the Degree of Receptivity, Second Month.

The Third, Degree of Personal Attractiveness, Third Month.

Fourth, Degree of Realization, Fourth Month.

With each Degree is sent a record blank whereon you are to place your daily report of experiences, study, etc.

In becoming a member of this great Club you are expected to give the very best of your heart to the work, with all the sincerity and eagerness of a little child.

If you do this you cannot fail to be blessed in the results, but you are not to pin your faith to results. Put your faith in God. The Club is a mediator and interpreter, but claims only to help you find God, Whom you may prove to be a very present help in time of trouble.

Seek first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, urges the MYSTIC SUCCESS CLUB, thus repeating the words of the Master. So you, dear Brother, dear Sister, whoever you are, wherever you are, may come into our circle of God lovers and God workers, and help us prove the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of man, both by our faith and our works.

We need you, as you need us, in order to do a greater work collectively than could ever be done individually.

You will realize when you are in the great circle how much unity means.

We do not urge you, but we lay before you the opportunity to join hands with the MYSTIC SUCCESS CLUB, whose object is to show everybody the path to HEALTH, HAPPINESS and PROSPERITY.

As this Club is for Brotherhood and Brotherly help, the conditions for joining have been carefully planned, so that you can join without any difficulty.

The requirements are, four subscriptions to Our Magazine (including your own), which, at one dollar each, makes a total of four dollars for a life membership. This entitles you, without further dues or payments, to all the advantages of the Club. This means, besides the Four Degrees, special messages from time to time, correspondence, counsel and soulful help in every way possible, to suit your special need.

If you are already a subscriber you can get three friends or acquaintances to subscribe. Upon receipt of their names and addresses and the three dollars, we will immediately enroll you as a member, and send you the First Degree and Record sheet with directions for the first month's daily practice.

It takes only a little time each day, but you will be well rewarded for every moment thus spent.

It takes only a little effort moment by moment to live through a beautiful day of beautiful thoughts, but what a wonderful investment of effort!

Health, Happiness, Prosperity! These should be the outer expressions in body, mind and estate of the inner grace of the spirit.

When you are ready, send in your membership subscriptions. NOW IS THE TIME. Your whole life will be changed when you begin to live with your highest motive as the incentive of every action. The MYSTIC SUCCESS CLUB helps you to do this. Awaken others to see this truth. The very effort you make to obtain membership is good for your development, and for whatever you do for your friends you will be greatly blessed.

Count not one aspiration lost, nor any effort a failure, for God is in it all.

Each and every member means added power, strength and opportunity to the individual members as well as the Club, and we will welcome you for the good you will receive yourself, as well as the good you can do for the whole.

We want to help you, as we want you to help us in helping the whole family of God. When you have read and thought over these things that we have said to you about our grand Club and the work it is doing, write and give us a heart message; tell us how

you feel about this way of helping our Brothers. Do you not agree with us that *success* already achieved is the surest basis for further *victory*?

From North, South, East and West we welcome members who feel that this is the *day* and *hour* for doing the great work for the world.

With this writing we send forth a decree that *Health, Happiness and Prosperity* may be yours in ever increasing and abundant measure.

With love and good will to all the world,

THE MYSTIC SUCCESS CLUB,

Care of THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES,

22 North William street, New York City, U. S. A.

P.S.—When writing kindly inclose stamp for reply.

HEALTH

is God's visible gift,
a whole body, which
is a perfect garment
of the soul :: :: ::

HAPPINESS

is the radiance of joy,
the overflow of a soul
at peace with God and
the world :: :: ::

PROSPERITY

is outward proof of
God's boundless re-
sources within and
without :: :: ::

WHAT OUR CLUB IS DOING

A Few Words From the Many Who Have Received Benefits From the First Degree

A FEW GLIMPSES INTO LIVES CHANGED BY THE FIRST DEGREE

Dear Mystic Success Club—Please find inclosed my record of First Degree. I have been two months working my First Degree. I was greatly benefited the first month, but failed to keep the record, so as I knew it would do me much good to keep at the First Degree, I tried it another month. I am not sorry, as I am STILL IMPROVING.

I was cured the first month of the tea habit. I fairly lived on tea. I have suffered for years with stomach, spinal and nervous troubles. I have been subject to sick headache, sometimes having it twice a week; words cannot tell how I HAVE SUFFERED IN BOTH MIND AND BODY FOR YEARS, BUT LET ME TELL YOU I HAVE NOT HAD A GENUINE SICK HEADACHE SINCE I COMMENCED ON THE FIRST DEGREE, AND MY NERVOUS CONDITION IS MUCH IMPROVED. I CANNOT TELL YOU HOW THANKFUL I AM. I AM ANXIOUS TO COMMENCE THE SECOND DEGREE IF YOU THINK I AM READY FOR IT.

With love and best wishes for all members, believe me,

Sincerely yours,
MRS. LUNETTIE VANDENBURG,
West Garfield avenue, Coldwater, Mich.

We cannot have too many such testimonies as yours, Sister. To be helped in breaking any injurious habit is a great thing, but to have a deep inner life of joy and trust, a clear understanding of the Power that makes all crooked things straight, is greater still, for it is the inner life that regulates the outer. When it is good, goodness and health are manifest. Bless you, Sister!

Dear Mystic Success Club—I have just finished working the First Degree, and inclose my report for same. Have received a reserve of health and vigor unknown before, and realize you are giving me something I have been searching for at least twenty-five years, though I am but forty-five years of age. Unseen Forces are much in evidence to me. "Glory to God in the Highest, on Earth PEACE, GOOD WILL to men," sings my heart.

With fraternal love to all the brothers and sisters,
E. E. GILBERT,
149 Central avenue, Ravenna, O.

You convey your joy most forcibly. We congratulate you and bid you Godspeed, Brother.

Dear Mystic Success Club—Herewith I have pleasure in handing you record of my First Degree, which duly came to hand and which I have endeavored to work earnestly.

Great benefits have been derived from the daily concentrating thoughts which have acted on me with great magical power. On or about the 13th inst. I suddenly took ill of Fever caused by my using as beverage a local-made lemonade, which greatly made me shiver on the outset, but with great persistence I was able to cure myself permanently in four days.

I may further state that I have succeeded in removing from me the monotonous conditions which many times enveloped me, and I have become rather buoyant and sprightly with a rapid development of my Perceptive Power, which I attributed to a pure and healthful mind and body.

Another benefit derived from the careful practice of this Degree and the reading of The Magazine of Mysteries is that I could work daily from early break of day to sunset WITHOUT FEELING TIRED OR EXHAUSTED AS FORMERLY.

In fact, I am not able here to express myself of the Magnificent and many Blessings which have been derived by daily impressing myself with such beautiful thoughts.

On receipt of this please forward my Second Degree by return mail.

With Love, Peace and the calm of Universal Life to the members of the Mystic Success Club, I remain,

Your Loving Brother,
JAMES N. LUBEH METZGER,
Sankey street, Kissys, Sierra Leone.

Thanks for your good letter, Brother. You are proving the power of unity and the blessings of fellowship, regardless of all space. You are having many of the signs that follow real faith in God and His goodness. We are with you in hearty sympathy and trust.

Dear Mystic Success Club—I inclose the record sheet of the First Degree, which I have filled out to the best of my ability. I can see an improvement in my general health, and BEST OF ALL IS THE IMPROVED CONDITION OF MY MIND.

Through studying your beautiful work I have come to know THAT THERE IS A POWER that WILL GUIDE AND PROTECT ME and FILL MY HEART WITH LOVE AND TRUST.

Hoping I may receive the Second Degree soon, and that God will aid you in your good work, I am,

Yours in love,
FRANCES JOSEPHINE LIBBEY,
Brookfield Mines, Nova Scotia.

What better start for a new life, than that you have come to really believe in the Power that "will guide and protect you, that will fill your heart with love and trust"? God speed you in the higher path.

To the Mystic Success Club; Brothers and Sisters—I contracted rheumatism about twenty years ago and every winter I have been subject to very severe and very painful spells that would last about three to four months. While working in my First Degree, about the twentieth day rheumatism came to me. I had always before suffered the greatest of pain for four to five weeks; my feet and arms would swell almost to bursting. But this time after only two days I could walk. Have hardly any swelling, and nothing bothers me. I get up early in the morning. I feel happy, have a good appetite; in fact, I feel good all around, and will soon go to work.

I cannot thank my God enough for bringing me up to the Altar of Love, Faith and Truth, which I find in your Magazine of Mysteries. I remain to you all in friendship, Faith, Love and Success,

WILLIAM KOHLHAUFF,
1510 South 18th street, St. Louis, Mo.

Your faith and faithfulness, Brother, have brought grand results. Go on steadfastly and you will overcome all. God bless you!

Dear Mystic Success Club—It is over a month since I received your First Degree of Health, and I must say that I have had very good health since

I began. I notice that I feel much happier than I formerly did; when I am alone I have a light heart, and feel always like singing, which I do; I have not felt that way for years. I sleep and feel well, and my health in general is VERY MUCH improved since I began to put your simple instructions into practice. I have used the No. 1 and No. 5 Thoughts only, as I thought they would best benefit me. I failed to keep a record, as I am very busy, and forgot, and partly neglected to keep record. If you think that the above is sufficient to entitle me to the Second Degree, I kindly beg you to send same. I am doing all I can in speaking of The Magazine of Mysteries in order to get new subscriptions. Awaiting your kind reply, I remain,

Very truly yours,
JOHN ZOLLEIS,
731 Robert street, Newport, Ky.

We are much pleased with your report, Brother. It shows a receptive, faithful spirit, and we send you a hearty Godspeed.

GLAD WORDS FROM OUR SECOND DEGREE MEMBERS

Dear Mystic Success Club—I inclose my record of work in Second Degree. I have little to say.

My life is a calm, happy, joyous existence. I am just satisfied to live day by day led by the Unseen Forces. I never knew I could love so deeply. In my daily life I come in contact with rich and poor, white and colored, good and evil, all creeds and non-believers; but I can give all the same smile, the same handshake, and, best of all, the same loving thought. I seem to radiate happiness. I see gloomy faces change in my presence. Anger melts before me. I deal in magic and that magic is love. No wealth could buy from me the lessons I have learned in these two degrees. Am I the same woman who joined the Club two months ago on the verge of despair? Know thyself. I live now in the Spirit, I know myself, I am Spirit, and all things are mine. I asked for your love vibrations and I received them, the most precious gift given to man. Husband is coming in soon, and some others are thinking it over.

I hope I may receive the Third Degree soon.

Your letters help and encourage me greatly. I look forward to the time when I may meet some of you. I hope to be able to send for the club pin soon.

I am yours in sacred love,
MAY E. STEARNS,
85 Lowell street, Somerville, Mass.

Bless you, Sister! What radiations of love your letter sends out. Many will be blessed by reading it, and even more by its silent call to the true love life.

Dear Mystic Success Club—Inclosed please find record for Second Degree. I have finished the Degree and thank God for the benefits I have received since I joined the Mystic Success Club. I feel stronger, healthier and happier than I have in many years; I do more work and do it easier and I hardly know what it is to be tired, but before I joined the Club I used to tire out easily. I used to have to look for something to do; now all kinds of work come to me, and I thank God and the Mystic Success Club for all the blessings that are bestowed upon me.

I am seeing the light of truth as I never saw it before. May God bless each member of our club.

With love to all,
W. E. JONES,
3724 Minnesota avenue, Duluth, Minn.

Your soul has been quickened into new life and this arouses new activities and forces. Go on with joy, for you shall sow to a great harvest.

Dear Mystic Success Club—I send in my report of Second Degree, and can say I am very much pleased with results. But while working this Second Degree for one whole week I had nothing but trouble and trials. It just seemed like everything was going against me, but I was faithful to my Degrees, except those three days, when it was impossible. I couldn't put my mind on anything. But the fourth day I started in again in dead earnest and oh! what a lovely change; my happiness was greater than my troubles had been. It just looked like the Lord was trying my patience, for everything turned out so nice in the end, and now I have such hope and faith for the better. IT JUST SEEMS LIKE SOMEONE IS CONTINUALLY WHISPERING IN MY EAR, "TAKE COURAGE, SISTER, THERE ARE BETTER DAYS COMING TO YOU. KEEP ON JUST AS YOU ARE, AND YOUR REWARD WILL BE GREAT." I never felt so strong or positive before, and I thank God the day I was handed the Magazine, for I feel it has changed my whole life. My time was up the 21st, but I worked up to now to make up for those three days I missed, and if this is satisfactory please send next degree.

Yours in Love and gratitude,
MRS. DORA CONNORS,
1318 Warren street, St. Louis, Mo.

The darkness of those three days, Sister, was a test, and you proved your mettle by beginning again in dead earnest. This is what brought the victory, and the test was your opportunity. You used it grandly. It is only by proving that there can be real knowing.

Dear Mystic Success Club—I have not had the time to devote to my degree work that I could have desired, yet I have been faithful to do a little degree work every day, but have held my record sheet report back, as I did not feel satisfied with it. I must tell you that the power of the silent thought of the Club, I feel assured, together with the vibrations from Mystic No. 12, have helped me greatly, not only my physical condition has improved but I have been successful in selling some lots which I owned here, besides the ones I occupy, and that will help me to pay my taxes in both places and meet other expenses of the coming winter. I now hope as the tide has turned in my favor I may be enabled to sell some if not all of my city lots, so that I can feel that I can devote more time to silent thought and work in the Soul and Spirit more. Notwithstanding the laborious work I have had to perform, I have had a recompense from the thoughts that have been uttered through the lips of some of our most gifted speakers.

I think our motto, Health, Happiness and Prosperity, is inspiring, if we had no other incentive to action, for in those three words we have a TRIUNE UNITY, the Soul, Spirit and Matter of three of the greatest or leading aims of life here or hereafter.

I hope my effort in this Second Degree, though long waiting, may be accepted, and that I shall soon be the recipient of the Third. Shall hope to have more time to devote to the silent work, for without the assistance of the loving Father we should soon go astray.

My last thoughts at night are for the brothers and sisters of the Club, for the silent workers, Mystics and all humanity for the success of our lovely Magazine.

God speed the day when all can possess Health, Happiness and Prosperity.

Your Sister,
E. S. LORING,
Lock box 411, Onset, Mass.

Thanks for your good words. They will carry hope and courage to many.

Dear Mystic Success Club—In sending my second report I desire to say that I am wonderfully blessed. I have been so for ten years that I COULD NOT READ nor sew WITHOUT EYEGLASSES, and could not do either one at night with or without glasses. After getting my First Degree my mind was to lay aside the glasses. I have worked through each Degree without them, read at night until sleep overcomes me. I have been wonderfully blessed with success in every effort. Oh, may the Light of truth shine upon every member of the Mystic Success Club that their every aim and effort may be crowned with success. Pray for me that I may be made whole that I may be a help and a blessing to others.

Yours for success,
MARY A. NEALY,
Columbia, S. C.

Your renewed eyesight is one of the signs that follow. You have done nobly, Sister. Your thought and love for others will bring many blessings.

EXTRACTS FROM THIRD DEGREE LETTERS

My Dear Mystic Success Club—I have just completed my Third Degree, and hope it will be all right, as I have tried so hard to live and do right. When I first began taking these degrees I had made up my mind life was not worth living, but I have taken a NEW LEASE OF LIFE. I can do my work quite easily, and am happy in so doing. The world seems brighter and I am different in many ways. God is good, and if we try to do right will help us. I have advanced physically and spiritually, and don't want to get back in the old way. Pray for us. We are old people, my husband and I. I am 68 and he is 76; have been married 53 years, raised five children and never a death in the family nearer than grandchildren.

May God bless you in your good work.
MR. AND MRS. R. I. HENDERSON,
Racine, Mo.

Splendid! Life has been a blessing, surely. But that a new light and life have come to you we rejoice with you. You will go on with joy to meet the New Day by living in the beautiful Now.

Mystic Success Club; Dear Club—I take the pleasure of writing you a few lines to let you know that I am feeling MUCH BETTER. I sleep well, and my stomach DOES NOT GIVE ME ANY MORE TROUBLE. My kidneys act right, and my nerves are much improved. The jerking of the nerves that I had in the right hip and back is disappearing, and I feel like A NEW BEING physically and mentally. Everyone tells me that I look much better, and I feel so happy and thankful to God and all members of the Mystic Success Club. I send in my record for the Third Degree. I will close with good wishes to all members of the Club.

Yours in Holy Love,
MAGGIE WARING,
305 Oregon street, Redding, Cal.

What a joy to us as to you, dear Sister, to realize these great changes. You are truly blessed in the warm faith which has brought forth such good fruits. Keep on with joy and the abiding peace.

Dear Mystic Success Club—Inclosed you will find my Third Degree. I am sending it to you just as I received it, through the returned letter post.

I earnestly desire that you will deem me worthy to enter into my Fourth Degree, as I cannot express to you in words the blessing my joining the Club has been to me. It brought with it Love, Light, Happiness, Hope and Courage. Awaiting your decision with hopeful eagerness, I am, with sincere and loving Truth, yours,

MRS. WILHELMINA HARRIS,
The Elms, Cambridge, Botley,
Hampshire, England.

In your brief letter, Sister, you have touched the chords that prove your whole being is being attuned to the Master's Harmony of Life. God bless you, as you bless His children.

Dear, Beloved Mystic Success Club—I herewith inclose the Third Degree worked out to the best of my ability. Hope it will be approved and entitle me to the Fourth Degree. I am a very weak child as yet, but I feel that I am slowly growing stronger each day. I have less fear and LOTS OF FAITH IN MY GOD. I feel that He has done WONDERS FOR ME IN THE LAST SIX MONTHS. I never want to go back, but ON AND ON TO GLORY, where all Success Club members are going.

Yours in the Love of God,
C. F. WATKINS,
Roosevelt, O. T.

With your eyes to the light, your mind pure and your heart right, you cannot help knowing the Truth that makes free. God bless you.

To Many Inquirers

The Mystic Success Club is not connected with any specific religion or religious denomination, yet it gladly WELCOMES TO MEMBERSHIP and FELLOWSHIP Brothers and Sisters of all religions or no religion, without regard to sect, race or nationality. It promulgates the solidarity and interdependence of humanity and desires of all souls to grow in knowledge of Truth and the Spirit of Love, by giving to all living beings sympathy, liberty and service.

WELCOME TO THE MYSTIC SUCCESS CLUB.

WORDS OF COURAGE AND FAITH FROM MEMBERS WHO HAVE TAKEN THE FOURTH DEGREE

Dear Mystic Success Club—It has been some two months since I finished my Fourth Degree, and feel that I desire the members to know of the many helps and benefits I have received. My husband's health is better than it has been for the past TWO years, and we both have more faith in the All-Father-Mother, and are willing to trust in Him. We are both happier than ever in our lives because we are working to make other people happy, and as to our prosperity will say we enjoy better business than for some time. We are living day by day, and the Lord provides for our need and enough to help some less fortunate than ourselves, and with His help will always share our MITE with others. I thank God for the privilege of reading the Magazine of Mysteries and for the prayers of the dear members of the Success Club. We are doing all we can to spread the good works abroad. Wishing you all Health, Happiness and Prosperity, I am, as ever,

MRS. MAX DONDEVILLE,
San Antonio, Tex.

What splendid work can be done when both are working together, your letter, dear Sister, fully testifies. We are more than glad to know of your harmony in faith and works. With the light and love you have, you are a great blessing not only to your own community, but to the whole world.

Dear Members of the Mystic Success Club—I have completed the Fourth Degree after patiently and carefully following the instructions as I understood them. And if I RECEIVE NO FURTHER BENEFITS THAN I HAVE ALREADY RECEIVED, I shall feel richly repaid. I shall always feel, at least up to this time, that they have been the HAPPIEST FOUR MONTHS OF MY LIFE. Some time before I secured my membership in the Club I began to feel some alarm, as I discovered my physical strength was falling; I was easily fatigued after very slight exercise. I wondered if I was about to collapse altogether. I did not feel sick, as I have not been for many years. I have not taken a dose of medicine of any sort for fifteen years. But FROM THE TIME I RECEIVED THE FIRST DEGREE, I have been GROWING STRONGER in EVERY WAY. Free from care, anxiety, worry and fear. And I am HAPPY. I attribute it all to the instructions given in the Fourth Degree and also to the co-operation of the dear Brothers and Sisters of the Mystic Success Club.

May God continue His goodness to us all and ever keep us all in the Indissoluble Bonds of Brotherly Love.

E. L. COOPER, SR.,
5037 State street, Chicago, Ill.

We feel that you are being blessed and giving blessings, Brother. Surely soil was good, as your seed was good, to bring so good a harvest. God is the strength of your life, as you have now discovered.

Dear Mystic Success Club—I have just finished the Fourth Degree, and I find myself MORE CONTENTED, MORE SATISFIED WITH LIFE; FREE FROM APPREHENSION AND WORRY. While I am not as well physically as I should be, I am not worrying about it, for I feel I am in the hands of an Infinite Perfection, Who can and will guide and direct me. THE FOUR DEGREES OF OUR CLUB HAVE REVOLUTIONIZED MY TRAIN OF THOUGHT, enabling me to KEEP CALM and SERENE in times of provocation, and the Magazine has been a wonderful help. Those verses of Eliza Pittsinger, in the March number of this year, how they have BUOYED UP MY SPIRIT! I almost feel sometimes as though my soul would leave its tenement of clay, and fly away to the world of Spirit. I think myself extremely fortunate to be a member of such a company as is represented by our Club. What a Heaven on earth it would be if we could draw all men into fellowship, love and justice, and help them to realize God is all and in all! To my mind there never has been a movement started in the world with higher aims or better principles than our Club. For we have struck the natural and true cause which surely leads to success and happiness.

I am yours in love of truth and justice,
F. M. O'LOUGHLIN,
Seattle, Wash.

Your face is toward the East surely, when you realize so much of the good that is and the good that is to be. God is your strength, your joy and your health. May the new light be with you even as the light of the new heavens and the new earth.

"Singleness of purpose, sincerity and simplicity are the necessary forces for the victory of accomplishment, the goal of success."

How to Keep Young

THE fact that one has lived for sixty, or even for eighty years, is no reason why he should feel old.

When Longfellow was well along in years, his head as white as snow, but his cheeks as red as a rose, an ardent admirer asked him one day how it was that he was able to keep so vigorous and to write so beautifully.

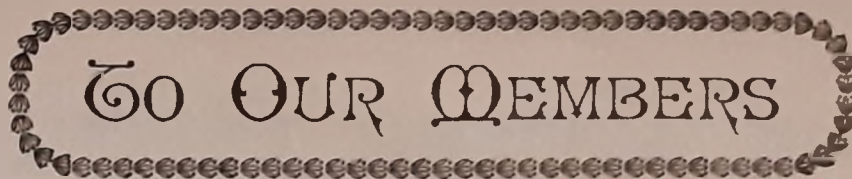
Pointing to a blossoming apple tree nearby, the poet replied, "That apple tree is very old, but I never saw prettier blossoms upon it than those which it now bears. The tree grows a little new wood each year, and I suppose that it is out of that new wood that those blossoms come. Like the apple tree, I try to grow a little new wood each year."

And what Longfellow did we all ought to do. We cannot stop the flight of time; we cannot head off the one event that happeneth to all; but we can keep on "growing new wood," and in that way keep on blossoming until the end.

Reached Biblical Age

CAPTAIN JEROME B. OZIER, who had reached the age of 105 years, was laid to rest August 11. To the last moment he retained a perfectly active and youthful mind. He intended to be 150 years of age unless some accident was to overtake him. He enjoyed perfect health, which he attributed to his moderate way of living, advising "to let tobacco and whisky alone; walk ten miles daily; retire to bed before midnight; never eat breakfast unless some exercise precedes it; to remember that an ounce of oxygen is worth a pound of medicine."

JOSEPH ZEITLIN, of Brooklyn, who recently celebrated his one hundredth birthday, gives the following rules which he has observed all his life: "Never have a doctor, and don't go into a drug-store. Don't worry. Never be in a hurry. Don't eat quick luncheons. Sleep eight hours, if necessary. Use very little meat, if any. Never eat meat in youth. When you reach ninety you need no longer be particular, but do as you please." He rises at 5 o'clock every morning, rain or shine, and retires at about 9 in the evening. He believes in eating plenty of vegetables and fruits and has his beer. As to bread, he draws the line, and is satisfied with from two to four slices a day.—*The Mazedan.*



TO OUR MEMBERS

BELOVED, you are doing *well* in your work with the Degrees. We find, in looking over your letters and reports, that the most of you are having proofs as you go on from day to day, of the value of giving time and thought to spiritual things. You are *proving* that "God is a present help in time of trouble." You are proving that when you know *how* to trust, and to love, fear is taken away. You are proving that it is possible to live a happy life when you live in the spirit and not the flesh. The refrain in your letters is, "I do not worry any more." Many of you tell of renewed health and the prosperity that comes as a result of your new way of living.

All this is encouraging to us as it is to you. We rejoice with you, and at the same time we want you to realize that every sign you have had so far is but the beginning of *more* to follow.

Think often of your small victories as well as your larger ones. Be ready at all times to recall them to mind, for by so doing you will deepen your conviction in the law with which you are working.

And as your FAITH grows, your signs will multiply.

You will then not only have the peace and confidence which *no storm can shake*, but you will be a *shining example*, and a *mighty help* to your friends and neighbors—yes, to the whole world, for the victory of one soul helps to the victory of all.

A Happy Christmas-time to you all!

Make the world a little better as you go;
And be thoughtful of the kind of seed you sow;
Try to make some pathway bright

As you strive to do the right,
Making the world a little better as you go.

Make the world a little better as you go;
You may help to soothe some fellow-creature's woe;

You can make some burden light,
As you try with all your might
To make the world a little better as you go.

Make the world a little better as you go;
As you meet your brother going to and fro,

You may lend a friendly hand,
Lift the fallen! Help them stand!
Making the world a little better as you go.
Annie Aldrich.

Are you willing to do a kindness for the person who has wronged you? Then you have begun to understand how to *overcome evil with good*.

Be patient yet a little longer, sister. There will surely come deliverance if you trust as a little child. It is all in the *trusting*.

A thankful heart is not only the greatest virtue, but the parent of all the other virtues.—*Cicero*.

Chide your soul little; cheer it much. Cheer it with thoughts and words and actions of a wise, humane, noble and heavenly sort. Fret not against nor brood over the limitations of your lot, but consider its divine possibilities. What you can do, let that have your heart and mind and strength.—*Nicholas E. Boyd.*

Beloved, I wish above all things that thou mayest prosper and be in Health.—JOHN.

Our Voluntary Help Fund

AN AUXILIARY TO THE MYSTIC SUCCESS CLUB

GOOD NEWS! Just as we started to write a report of the work for the past month, a letter came, containing a fifty-dollar donation for our Fund. Right on top of that President Ellis put another fifty, so in a few minutes we were one hundred dollars richer than we were before; richer in money and richer in spirit, for these donations with all their loving wishes and REAL, PRACTICAL VALUE do warm the heart immensely, and we feel greatly encouraged in our efforts to make the Voluntary Help Fund a greater help than ever.

We have been much blessed, too, in reading the grateful letters from our members who have been helped by the Fund.

Here is an extract from the letter of one of our sisters, who says:

"Many, many thanks from this poor, iron-caged heart for your contribution. . . . Four straight, upright walls, no door, nor window. . . ."

"Dearly Beloved, I opened the letter you sent, and its contents just passed through my fingers on their way to get help for us. Since I wrote you, my dear husband has suffered much, but has tried to be just as patient and hopeful as possible. He has me read the Magazine all the spare time I have, so he can hear and enjoy it all. He tries to hold the noon and evening thoughts, and all others that I can find time to repeat with him.

"He is still very sick. I have waited on him six months, and have no earthly friend who is able to help me. I am sixty-three years old, and leave it to you TO DO for us WHATEVER YOU FEEL IS RIGHT, for we are blank and bare. We are just striving to trust in nothing but God and the hallowed influence of His Holy Spirit. Oh, do continue to pray for us and love us!

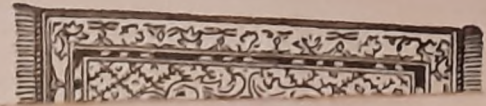
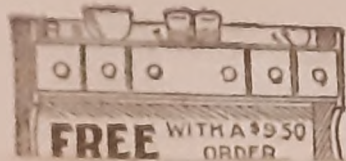
"Your sister,

"_____."

Can you wonder that we hastened to assure this trusting sister that we would do all we could for her, both spiritually and materially? Can you wonder that the sense of gratitude at the PRIVILEGE of serving grows with us, as it must with you who are co-operating with us to make our Fund a SUCCESS in its means and in its works?

We have been able to help others of our Club Members who are equally worthy of the temporary staff our Fund is able to be, while they are in the dark places.

But with all we can do we feel that not the least of our work is holding aloft, as upon a banner of light, these words: WEEPING MAY ENDURE FOR A NIGHT, BUT JOY COMETH IN THE MORNING.—Ps. xxx, 5.



The Three Greatest Madonnas In the World

TO the story of Mary and the infant Jesus may be attributed the pious zeal of those early artists who saw in every mother and child the divine embodiment of the Virgin and her heavenly Babe.

From Cimabue to Raphael, the greatest painter of Madonnas the world has ever known, through many schools of art, by fresco painting and sculpture, the story of the Motherhood of Mary has been told and told again.

The reciprocal affection between mother and child—that maternal love which no other feeling quite transcends, and to which the child responds with all the awakening of its being—has, from the earliest days of literature and art, proved an inspiring theme alike to poet and to painter. In picture and in poem, the world has ever been kept in sympathetic touch with this, the divinest of all human relations.

We are glad to be able to give in this number of our Magazine reproductions of the three greatest Madonnas in the world. They are all made from especially valuable photographs procured in Europe, and give such admirable conceptions of the art treasures they represent as cannot fail, we are sure, of being very much appreciated.

Our first picture is one of very special interest, being a fine half-tone reproduction of Raphael's "*Madonna del Gran Duca*." The original is one of the most cherished treasures in the Pitti Palace, in Florence, Italy, and, next to the "*Sistine Madonna*," and the "*Madonna of the Chair*," is the favorite among lovers of art.

In the original, the Virgin, humble, gentle, radiantly beautiful and full of grace, stands before us looking down upon the Child, whom she holds upon her arm. The dress, which is of a beautiful red, is visible only across her breast, for the full greenish-blue mantle falls from the crown of her head over her shoulders and envelops the rest of her features, which, calm and serene, but not impassive, are of a beauty which even Raphael has seldom surpassed.

The circumstances of the discovery of this picture, and the way it received the name by which it is now universally known, give it an added interest.

Toward the end of the eighteenth century the picture was found in the possession of a poor woman in Florence. She sold it to a dealer for twelve crowns, or about twenty dollars. It was afterward purchased by the Grand Duke Ferdinand III, of Tuscany, who prized it so highly that he would never be separated from it, but took the picture with him wherever he went, on all his travels and even into exile. Hence it became known as the "*Madonna of the Grand Duke*," or "*del Viaggio*" (of the journey).

The second picture is the "*Madonna of the Chair*," or "*Madonna della Sedia*," because the Virgin is seated on a low stool, with the two children, the Christ and John. Mary, with one arm laid over her Child, seems to wish to cover and encircle Him with her whole body—all that maternal love is capable of bestowing seems to emanate from her.



MADONNA DEL GRAN DUCA

The golden lines radiating from the halo around the head of the Child form a cross, while around the others float light golden rings, and we can distinctly see the glorified representation of pure nature.

A harmonious glow irradiates it, which, partaking of a spiritual as well as material nature, constitutes the glory of this great work. Our own Hawthorne, himself a great Mystic and a master of poetic prose, used to stand for hours, day after day, in silent admiration before this beautiful Madonna, during his sojourn in Florence, and he said of it: "The most beautiful picture in the world, I am convinced, is Raphael's '*Madonna della Sedia*.'"

His last and most beautiful Mother and Child is the "*Sistine Madonna*," the pride of the Dresden gallery in Germany. It was in 1518 that the Benedictines of the Monastery of St. Sixtus ordered this picture. They had required that the Virgin and the Infant Jesus should be in the company of St. Sixtus and St. Barbara. This is how Raphael entered

into their views, giving six figures, instead of the usual two, or at most four.

If Raphael in his "*Madonna della Sedia*" has "raised the earthly to divine purity," in the "*Sistine*" he has drawn down the Godlike into earthly form. Everyone feels before the picture that such a woman walks only on the clouds.

Could a record be made of the feeling awakened and expressed by those who have stood before this Madonna, we should see how sincerely individuals of entirely different natures agree that they have been inspired with a deeply religious feeling, and with the further desire to try, at least, to walk in the footsteps of the Christ Child.

To-day nobody stops before the painting without being touched to the heart by its wondrous beauty. There is a great delicacy of execution in all the heads, and Raphael has produced such a Christ, and such a Virgin, and such Saints, as he could not have foreseen except in a pure and holy imagination, nor have wrought out without prayer. No man's religion could well be more genuine than that of Raphael, and, therefore, the Virgin often revealed herself to him in the lofty and sweet face of divine womanhood. Even the brilliant

coloring of the picture remains untouched by time. It looks as though it were painted but yesterday.

It hangs in a room especially built for it. No other work of art is there, save an exquisite marble bust of Raphael himself, resting on a high pedestal, and facing his own immortal "*Sistine Madonna*."

When we compare the "*Sistine Madonna*" with the "*Madonna of the Chair*," we see what a wide variety of pictures there may be on the single subject of the Mother and Child. The "*Madonna of the Chair*" is, as we have said, a home scene, like a picture from real life.

The "*Sistine Madonna*" is a Vision. The figures are lifted above the actual surroundings of earth into a purely ideal and heavenly atmosphere. In the "*Madonna of the*



MADONNA OF THE CHAIR

(Chair" the Mother and Child are all in all to each other, and what attracts us most in the picture is the Mother's love. In the "Sistine" both Mother and Boy seem to forget themselves in the thought of some glorious service to others.

Just a few words concerning the life of the great Raphael.

No life was ever written more fascinating and satisfactory than that of Raphael. From whatever point we regard it, we find it so rounded and complete that it seems more like a pleasant romance than a real human history. It shows us nothing of the usual contrast between a man's deserts and his successes, no struggle, no bitterness, no disappointments, no shadow whatsoever, except his untimely death, which after all, embalmed it in immortal youth. Raphael, the painter whose art embodies the highest aspirations and finest culture, was born at Urbino, Italy, on Good Friday, April 6, 1483, and expired on Good Friday of the year 1520, at Rome, and was there buried with much pomp and ceremony.

Endowed with countless gifts of nature—beauty, genius, the sunniest and sweetest of dispositions, purity and nobleness of character, and a nameless charm which disarmed every enemy and encompassed him with friends—it is no wonder that all the biographies of this favorite of fortune turn to eulogies, and that the sourest critics distill honey in his praise.

The greatest man in painting the world has ever known was also a great optimist. The world was lovely to Raphael, and life overflowing with pleasures. He was always full of fresh hopes and anticipations, and, moreover, he realized them. His last Madonna shows the same youthful exhilaration in labor as the first. Endowed, seemingly, with inexhaustible vital power, he enjoyed and made others enjoy life with him.

The poet Goethe has written that the duty of man is to satisfy

the demands of the day. Raphael fulfilled this. Perhaps, like Goethe, he inspired everyone with the sweet feeling of being in the world only for him, and found his own happiness in satisfying others. If one wanted anything of him, he laid aside whatever he was engaged upon. Even though knowing full well that his own work was of more importance, he yielded to the friendly impulses of his nature which it gave him joy to gratify.

Raphael was disturbed by nothing. The indescribable harmony which breathes from his works only his peculiarly happy and optimistic character could have imparted to them. And it is this personal feeling upon which is based the recognition of his works. The silent admiration with which one stands before them confirms the judgment.

The inward beauty of the paintings of Raphael penetrates, as it were, into our very souls, filling us with sublime and refreshing images. The spiritual glow which makes itself gradually felt is nowhere so effective as in his last, greatest and most beautiful Madonna—the "Sistine."

He studied the Bible long and faithfully, and from it daily gained strength and inspiration, as his life and masterpieces in painting testify—immortal paintings that have imbued religious feelings in mankind for the four centuries that have passed, and, it would seem, will continue to uplift the heart of the world for centuries to come.

Many years ago the only person permitted to have a copy photographed from the "Sistine Madonna," was the late Prince Consort of England. To-day this peerless Madonna is borne far and wide by everyone fortunate enough to secure a copy.

Indeed, a knowledge of Raphael, and the possession of at least one of his immortal Madonnas, has become an element of education in modern life which men recognize as something indispensable to their highest development.



SISTINE MADONNA

For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given: and the government shall be upon his shoulder: and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counselor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace.—Isaiah IX, 6.

"Fear Not! For behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people."



Peace beginning to be
Deep as the sleep of the sea,
When the stars their faces close
In its blue tranquillity;
Hearts of men upon earth,
From the first to the second birth
To rest as the wild waters rest
With the colors of Heaven on
their breast.

Love which is sunlight of peace
Age by age to increase,
Till Anger and Hatred are dead
And Grief and Death shall cease;
"Peace on Earth and Good-Will"
Souls that are gentle and still
Hear the first music of this
Far-off, infinite bliss!

—Light of the World.





The Story of Hilda and Cadmon

A Christmas Story of the Olden Times

Written especially for "The New York Magazine of Mysteries" by MARGARET B. PEEKE



SIX centuries had passed since the Child had been born in the manger, and by devoted monks the teachings of the Christ had taken root in the far-off isles of the sea.

When England was not yet known as England, remote from the culture of Rome and the cities of the East, there dwelt on the cliffs of Whitby a woman who had the gift of prophecy and was called the Deborah of her day. She came of royal blood and religious ancestry, and when she heard the story of the Cross she retired from the world, and, with her wealth, built a monastery that was the Westminster of her time. She had great wealth and spared none of it in the work she had undertaken for her beloved Master.

The abbey of Stronoshalh, built on the topmost cliff overhanging the North Sea, was sought by bishops and kings desiring knowledge and counsel of the holy woman, who could give them wisdom such as no other in all the land could bestow. This abbey became a seminary of great learning, and, as one after another departed from its cloisters to do his work in the great world, he took the fame of Hilda with him, and yet all left a part of themselves with her, in whose heart they were never forgotten. Strange as it may seem, there is no name so famous to-day, of all those who went out of this abbey, of all the bishops and learned men, as that of Cadmon, the cowherd, who had spent his life caring for the cattle in the stalls. Among all the tombs of the noted place, where lie Eadwine and Oswi, who ruled the people at that time, none even knew who they were, while the name of Cadmon is known wherever the history of the church or even of Britain is heard of.

Cadmon had reached middle life and knew nothing of books, but to his cattle he had whispered how he should love to sing of God and His works, and how he mourned that he must always be a simple cowherd in the abbey. Hilda knew this, and her heart ached for his longing to be a singer for his Lord. Many a time had she comforted him with words of wisdom, that to love was better than all, but still she knew the fire was not quenched, but smoldering, ready to break out in discontent. She was now well stricken in years; her hair was as white as the snows that rested on the cliffs in winter, and her eyes were as dark and deep as the sea that dashed against the rocks below. As her years increased the gift of prophecy increased also, and in a vision she had seen Cadmon holding a harp and singing before a crowd of people, and that day he had come to her to tell her that he had dreamed of the Lord and had been promised by Him that the gift of song should be his.

He knelt at her feet and bent his head to receive her blessing, while he begged of her to tell him what the Lord had said to her.

"I, too, have had a vision, Cadmon, and thy patience and thy love are to be rewarded, for thou shalt sing on the Christmas Eve such songs as the world has never heard. There are acts for thee to do first before the gift of song can come to thee, and when thou leavest me, take my words to thy heart and follow all I tell thee."

"But I am very ignorant, O holy lady! How can I sing if I do not understand?"

"The Spirit of God knows all things, Cadmon, and the voice that shall sing will not be the voice of Cadmon, but of the Blessed One who shall come to him."

"I know Him now, for He comes to me when the cattle are asleep and tells me all beautiful things. I do not wish to know what the great men know who come to you for knowledge know, but I want to know about the angels and the world of light that I see in my dreams."

"Shall I tell you of the Christ in the manger, or the Christ on the cross? Shall I tell you what He was before He came down or after He went back to His Father? Be still and listen."

Her eyes closed. She did not move for some minutes, and then she spoke in a tone that was far off and weird. Her words were lofty and filled with the deep feeling of intense emotion. She pictured to him the future of his life as she saw it, of the power of the songs he should sing, of the long years he had been tested to see if his love would grow less, and of the great reward that would be his because he was patient and had faith. And as she spoke she opened her eyes and saw, not the Cadmon who had come to her, but a new man with a face illumined by the inner light and glowing with the spirit of God. She looked out to the sea and, crooning in a musical way, she began to sing:

"Rise from thy knees, O child of the Lord! O man whom the angels love! Go down to the sea and bathe in its waves, then rise and come back to me. The fire must consume and the water make pure; then go to the topmost crag, which will bring to thy soul the baptism rare of the spirit that dwells in the air. When the meteor bright o'er the heavens shalt pass thou must call to the stars on high, And the angels shall come to answer thy call, for the day of thy birth draweth nigh. Go, then, to thy kine at the midnight hour and the vision shall come and make plain; But never a day shall the dumb cattle know the care of their Cadmon again."

Here her voice grew less musical, and, rising to her feet, she almost screamed:

"The powers from on high are encompassing the earth to make come to pass that which long ago was written. Thou shalt never be called Cadmon the cowherd, but through the ages of time thou shalt be called Cadmon the bard of heaven."

"Mock me not, O holy woman! Well thou knowest that I cannot sing, and why sayest thou I shall? What would I give to sing one song of the cattle in their stalls, and the fish in the sea, and the birds on the wing!"

He looked into her face and saw she heard him not, and, knowing her ways, he went softly from her and down the cliffs and threw himself into the sea.

He had done all she had said. From the sea he had gone to the heights and then to his cattle in the stable, and, putting his arms around the neck of the one he loved best, he fell into a sound sleep. When the morning came a voice said to him:

"Eat no food till the day has passed, and then thou shalt sing."

And that night would be Christmas Eve and the great feast of the Thane of Whitby.

"Ho, there, Cedric the Red and Oswald the Strong! Take Wamba and Osgi, on the right and the left to head the procession, and go from house to house, from the manor to the sea, and from the cliff to the uttermost boundary of the fief, and bring hither all who can come to the feast of the Yule-tide, such a one as has never been seen in the land of Britain till now. Leave not the weak, nor the old, but bring them on your shoulders, if need be, and the poor and the stranger, for this shall be the greatest feast ever known, and it shall be known to far-off time as the Yule-tide of the Thane of Whitby when he had heard of the Christ-child of Bethlehem!"

He was interrupted by the cheering of the men who had come at his call. "Hush, men! Do not cheer for mortal man or aught he can do" (when he heard his name on their lips); "think only of the day we celebrate and the story the monk Augustine has told us of the miracles and wonders. Man goes to dust and is soon forgotten, but the Christ will never die and His name will grow greater as the years pass. Go now! Off with you, and climb yonder cliff to the abbey of Stronoshalh and tell the holy woman Hilda for once she must come to the feast that has been prepared for this night. The moon will be at its full, and the spirit of prophecy will come upon her till the heavens shall open before her eyes. Bring every book-worm and priest, every server, and above all, bring Cadmon the cowherd, and we shall make him sing us a song with lips that have never sung a note. Now off, and be back at set of sun to see the yule-logs set blazing and the birds and beasts waiting to be eaten by good Christians."

Cheer upon cheer rang out on the air as the sturdy men started forth on their glad mission. After watching them for a moment the thane turned toward the great hall where the preparations for the feast were in full progress. It was an immense room, utterly devoid of furniture, but filled with long tables made of hewn logs placed side by side with the flat surfaces upward, and by the side of the table were rough benches. The upper end of the room was raised from the other by several steps, and here a table went across the entire end of it, at which the master and his wife Elinor were to sit overlooking the entire room. All the invited guests were to sit here also, and the prophetess would have the seat of highest honor. The thane walked up and down between the tables looking at the holly that hung from the walls and ceiling and the great logs that he had himself cut down with the help of his sturdy men. He was no common man that had planned this feast, and, though he had worshiped in the woods, under the oaks of the Druids, and had brought many a sacrifice to be slain for Woden and Frea, yet, when the monk Augustine came to the island and told him of the new religion, he had been just as earnest for the God of the Christian.

He walked across the room to a door which opened into the kitchen, and as it opened the most delicious aromas of meats in the processes of preparation came to his nostrils. Amid songs and the sound of many voices, he saw a scene that we of this time cannot imagine. Before a row of fireplaces were whole pigs being turned on spits to roast till every inch should be as brown as an oak leaf. Out in the yard he could see through the open door the barbecue and larger roasts of boars and oxen, with the heads turning round and round, to cook slowly and watched by men who could stand the heat of the burning coals.

"By the gods that the heathen know, I swear that never in my life did I smell such meats before, and the Christ has made it so by His blessing. Listen to me, men and women who are honored by being allowed to cook for the God of heaven and earth. When the sun is but an hour high everything must be ready. Not a place as large as my hand must be left on the table where food is not. The peacock for the great table at the upper hall; a boar's head for each of the others with all the fowls around them and the great bodies in the middle of every table. When the fires are lighted you may know that the time has come."

Shouts went up from every throat with a good will, and the loved master crossed to the kitchen and went through the yard to a gate that opened into a passage connecting it with the entrance to the courtyard, around

which the buildings had been built. The manor was one of the oldest houses in Northumbria and had been added to from time to time, until now it covered a vast amount of ground inclosing the court on three sides while a deep ditch made a barrier for the fourth. In one of these recent additions he lived with his fair and loved wife, to whom he had been married a score of years without any children to gladden their home.

He had won her from her father's house in what is now Devonshire, and beyond the fact that they had no children not a cloud had darkened their home. He had always had for her something of the lover and kept her as the one being who had the shrine of his heart, and to-day, as he knocked and at the same instant opened the door, no one could wonder at his devotion. She was in the act of finishing her toilet and stood before a small mirror made of polished silver, with her golden brown hair falling in waves from her beautiful forehead and caught up in a loose knot at the back of her neck. She looked like nothing so much as a lily rising from its leaves. For a moment the thane forgot the feast, forgot the Christ-child, and, embracing her first and falling on one knee before her, he kissed her hand with all the ardor of his first love for her.

"My beautiful one," he said, "you have never been more lovely in all your life. How proud I shall be to take such a vision of beauty to the feast. Those who will see you to-night need never pray to see an angel, both in goodness and grace. Where in all the world is there another who can say they have never caused pain to a human heart but my wife, the Lady Elinor? You are not of the earth, my dear; but do not take flight to-night and leave me alone. The holy Hilda will be here to-night, and when the midnight comes she will see visions, for the moon will be at its full and what she says will be true. Perhaps she will see a child for us to bless us in our old age."

She raised her blue eyes to his and blushed like a girl as she answered, "We cannot ask for more when we have the love of each other and all the blessings God has given us."

Kissing her he said: "I must go now and light the fires for the first Yule-tide we have ever known; come soon to me and be ready to welcome the best friends and followers a man ever had."

He went into the hall and lighted the fires on the hearths, walked up and down once more through long spaces between the tables and, throwing open the doors, he went out to greet his guests and stood waiting till they should come in sight. He had caught up the scarlet cloak which had been placed over his chair, and, throwing it over one shoulder, took his spear in his hand and looked every inch a king while he stood by the side of Lady Elinor in the open door.

"Come one, come all into the hall of feasting! There is enough and to spare, and the mead is brewed and the game is ready. Come in and follow us three times around the tables and sing to merrie Christmas."

With himself at the head and the bishops and priests following and every man in his rank, it was a goodly sight to see, that many would like to see again. When their eyes rested for the first time on the peacock sitting in his royal plumage in the centre of the upper table, they at first simply stared and then shout after shout rent the air, till their voices grew hoarse and their eyes were sure that it was no dream. But Hilda the prophetess was not there. According to rank they seated themselves and, passing the horns of mead, cheered for the thane of Whitby, for the beautiful Lady Elinor, for the Christ-child and all it had brought of gladness into the world. And the feast began. As it chanced, the seat of Cadmon the cowherd was at the extreme end of the tables opposite that of the lady. He drank no mead, but sat like one dazed, with his eyes fastened on the beautiful vision of green and gold sitting by the thane in scarlet. Not a morsel passed his lips. He was naught to the others, for he was only Cadmon the cowherd, who lived with the dumb cattle. It was an hour before midnight, when they could eat nor drink no longer, that the thane ordered the harp to be brought, and, running his fingers across the strings, as was the custom of those far-off times, he said:

"Give it to the most honored bishop who sits at the right hand of Lady Elinor, and then it can go to the next and the next till all have sung us a song and the cocks shall begin to crow. No, we will save the best till the last, and Cadmon shall sing us the first, Cadmon, who can only talk to the cows, and he has never sung in his life. Listen! This will be the best of the night." He glanced down to where Cadmon had been sitting, and nothing could he see of him. In thundering tones he called out:

"Where is Cadmon, who was to be the first singer of the night? When did he go, and was there nothing here that a cowherd could eat? And was there no mead fit for him to drink? Go after him and bring him back, for this is an old game of his, and to-night he shall sing as sure as I am thane of Whitby."

Up jumped the men who sat nearest him and started in pursuit; but, strange to say, not one had seen him go, and they could not tell which way to run.

When Cadmon had fled from the hall of feasting he knew not that the hour of midnight drew nigh. He only knew he must flee before he was made to do that which he could not do; without turning his head to the right or the left, without glancing at the moon, which was almost overhead, without thinking of Hilda or her prophecies, he never took breath till he had reached the stables where his cattle were sleeping. In a path that ran by the sea and then up to the cliffs, he sped as fleet as the wind. Far in the distance he saw a dark figure sitting on the edge of the cliff, and when he saw it he remembered all that had been told him by the holy woman. He then looked at the sea and it did not breathe; he looked at the manor and could see the lights and hear the sound of songs; he looked at the moon sailing over his head, and she smiled on him as she had never done before. He entered the stable and beheld a sight which mortal man has never seen since the world began. Every stall was empty, and in the open place in the middle he saw the cattle kneeling before a bright light.

Cadmon fell on his knees and watched the light growing every moment more bright, till it shone like the sun at noonday. In the midst of this light stood a most beautiful child, with arms extended to him and smiling at him with great love. It spoke to him and said:

"Blessed art thou, O Cadmon, from this hour, because thou hast loved the creatures of God. Because of this the glory of the Lord has come to thee and thy prayer is answered. Thou shalt be the greatest singer in the land; yea, thou shalt be known in all lands where tidings of the Lord have shone forth. Return to the feast and take the harp, and when thou openest thy lips the Spirit shall give thee the gift of song."

Slowly the light faded, slowly the Child vanished; the cattle rose from their knees and Cadmon, moving like to one in a dream, went forth into the moonlight as one who is walking in his sleep. Following him, though he knew it not, was a dark figure gliding in the shadows; it was Hilda the prophetess.

In the hall nothing was changed except that the men were lying on the floor and benches, and their heavy breathings told of effect of the mead. The thane himself was thick of speech and drowsy, with his head resting on the arm of his chair. There was no longer any eating or drinking, and no one saw Cadmon enter until Hilda had passed the length of the hall and stood by the thane.

"Whence comest thou, O holy woman, who would not come to the feast?" he cried, rubbing his eyes as if he could not believe what they saw. "Though late we are glad, and the Lady Elinor shall come back, and the feast shall go on."

He seated her in the chair prepared for her and sent for the lady to return.

"I have come to hear Cadmon sing, and my work is now finished," she replied, looking down the hall to Cadmon, who had seated himself as if he had not left the place at all.

"Men, wake up! Cadmon is here! He will sing us a song, and this shall be the best of the night."

Every man jumped to his feet as if an earthquake had awakened him. All eyes were now fixed on the abbess and Cadmon at the other end of his table. He was no longer the cowherd they had known so many years, but a new man with the glow of inspiration on his face and a dignity he had never before had. He was no longer the man fleeing from the feasters, but stretching out his hand for the harp he seized it, and, passing his fingers over the strings as one who has held a harp all his life, he sat in silence, like one listening.

The stillness of death fell on the scene. Lady Elinor did not move. The abbess by her side moved her lips in prayer. The thane and bishops and scholars looked on wonderingly, and kept their eyes on the cowherd with the harp in his hand. "I must tell you the story of my life before I can sing you a song," he said, rising to his feet. "All these have sung you a song of their making, but mine—which has been kept till the last—is not mine, but was given me by the Christ-child under the light of the moon, which faded away before the great light in which it stood. That light was like the sun at noon, and all the cattle knew and worshiped it. When I was washed upon this shore, the sea took from me all the friends I had on earth. Our blessed lady of the abbey took me in and cared for me and taught me all I know; but it is very little, for I could not remember, and so it fell to me to care for the cattle and make my companions of them. To-night I have found myself, and I shall never be Cadmon the cowherd again. The sea did it all. The sea took away, and the sea has given it back. One plunge in the cold waves, and the door was opened and my old self came back. Again I can see my father and mother in a foreign land; I can hear my mother sing, and it sounds like the voice of an angel. All these years I have longed to sing, and now my prayer is answered. It was born in me as the bird is born to fly. I would open my lips, but never a word would come. At midnight all was changed. The vision came. I obeyed the commands, and at midnight the glory of the Lord was revealed to the simple cowherd among his cattle. I dare not tell you of it. I could not describe the power of that light nor the Child that stood in its midst. The light was brighter than the sun at noonday, and the Child dwelt in it. All the cattle knelt before it, and that Child spoke to me and I became like one blind. I could see nothing on the earth, but I could see the heavens opened and heard music that cannot be heard on earth. Around me now are the ones who know me, and some day will it be said that I was Cadmon inspired by the Child of the flame."

A storm of cheers followed this speech.

The thane rose to his feet, and in a distinct voice said:

"Hear that, all of you! Did I not tell you that Cadmon should sing us a song to-night? Now listen."

But before Cadmon could make a sound the abbess rose to her feet, and with a motion of her hand hushed every sound. Her eyes were far away and her voice sounded from far.

"The thane of Whitby has a great heart, and that his heart is full of love to the Christ this feast shows well; but when he said Cadmon should sing to-night he did not know the meaning of the words he spoke. Cadmon does not sing, but the Spirit sings in him. Henceforth he will never be known as Cadmon the cowherd, but as the first bard of the world. The cliffs of Whitby shall remain; the stones of the abbey of Stronshah will crumble away; bishops shall die and their bones crumble to ashes, but then the name of Cadmon shall be remembered, and it shall live on and on, as long as the tongue speaks the language of Britain. The vision of this night shall be told to millions yet unborn, as they tell us of the three wise men led by the star. I see in the future great cities and learned men and armies led to battle. I see many more coming to this shore, and they come to do honor, not to the learned men who have been taught here, but to visit the place where, in the distant past, one named Cadmon the cowherd saw the vision of Light. They crowd these cliffs. They speak but one name—it is that of Cadmon. I hear them sing the song he sings to-night. I see them search for the place where he saw his wondrous vision. Hilda is not remembered, nor the wise men who have gone forth from the abbey full of learning. Sing, O beloved of God, and let us listen to thee! Sing of the cattle you love so well and all you have seen in their eyes; sing of man and his dead soul that must be awakened; sing of the angels who watch and hear the prayers of the souls in earnest; sing of the divine world that men think nor know of; and when the morning light comes, come to the abbey and be honored as no one has ever been."

When the bard began to sing he closed his eyes and woke such melodies as no man in that hall had ever heard before. With the moonlight upon his head he began:

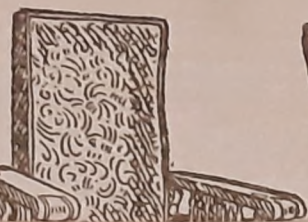
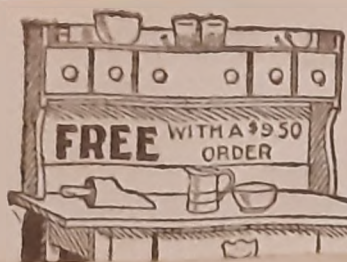
"I sing of the Light divine
That forever and ever has shone
In the world of the heavenly hosts
Around the Eternal throne.
The light that no mortal can see,
That angels forever adore,
While seraphim cover their faces
And bow to its power evermore.

"I sing of the Word that went forth,
A ray of this wonderful light,
To call into being the worlds
That were hidden in darkness and night.
I sing of the morning of life,
That thrilled through the infinite space,
When the stars sang their first song together
As they whirled into movement and place.

"I sing of the atoms that built
The myriad worlds by that light,
And the wisdom that guarded them all
Through the pathless and desolate night.
I sing of the Light I have seen
In the stalls where the cattle have fed,
With the Christ-child aflame in their midst,
Like the Star that the Magi has led.

"Oh, Light that no eye can behold!
Oh, Glory that words cannot tell,
My lips have been touched with its power,
In my soul it forever shall dwell.
The longing to sing of my Lord
I have prayed for from morning till night;
It has not been in vain, for I know
That the Christ-child has come on this night."

This was his prelude, and as he became more and more inspired his theme grew into all that had been and should be till the end of time, and till the morning light came his harp was not laid down. Until this day the story of the cowherd has been known in all lands.



"Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow."

HOW WE HELP THE SICK

All those who 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, that he may immediately give you SPECIAL TREATMENT, surrounding you with HEALING VIBRATIONS, also giving you TRUTHS that will UNFOLD THE KNOWLEDGE OF LIFE'S LAWS, revealing the secret of PERFECT HEALTH AND LONG LIFE.

This is truly a spiritual work. IF YOU ARE SICK YOU WANT OUR HELP, AND WE ARE EQUALLY ANXIOUS TO HELP YOU. We wish everyone to be HEALTHY, STRONG and vigorous. If you are sick or suffering, let our MYSTIC ADEPT SPIRITUAL HEALER RESTORE YOUR HEALTH. We now find that we can carry on this great work for the small sum of \$1.00 a month for each person (HUSBAND AND WIFE AS ONE PERSON, or PARENT AND CHILD AS ONE PERSON when one address does for both). We are pleased to make this announcement, as it shows how little money is required to do good and help each other when the right spirit is manifest.

In response to many requests to send letters inclosed in plain envelopes, we have had printed a special envelope for the Mystic Healing Circle which we are sure will meet this demand, as we fully appreciate and respect your confidence in us, and we wish to protect you from unnecessary publicity as you request.

When writing for vibrations always send GIVEN NAME FOR SELF AND OTHERS, instead of initials.

Please write your name very plainly.

Jesus taught us how to pray the prayer of faith when He gave us the affirmation, "FATHER, I THANK THEE THAT THOU HAST HEARD ME," even though He had not yet said to Lazarus, "LAZARUS, COME FORTH."

So, also, when you send your given name you are spoken to personally by that name AND RESPOND MORE QUICKLY.

We print a few of the many letters received from grateful hearts who have been blessed by the work of Mystic No. 12. Should you wish to aid in this great work and help and encourage the sick, please send in a few words that we may publish.

In writing, please inclose a two-cent stamp for reply. Address Mystic Adept No. 12, NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES, 22 North William Street, N. Y. City.

Understanding

By Mystic No. 12

For as the body without the spirit is dead, so faith without works is dead also.—JAMES ii, 26.

THE real life of the body is the soul or spirit. When the spirit leaves the body, the body is dead. The real man never dies; therefore we have the words of Longfellow, "There is no death. What seems so is transition."

We read that "Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom, and with all thy getting, get understanding."—Prov. iv, 7.

Suppose someone should send you a box containing every part of a watch—wheels, mainspring and all—which, when properly arranged, would keep accurate time.

Yet all this would be useless to you unless you possess the proper understanding of how to arrange these different parts.

You might have wisdom enough to appreciate the value of the contents of the box sent you, yet you would never realize their full value until you got understanding enough to properly arrange them, or found someone who had understanding to arrange them for you.

You have wisdom. All you need is to learn to use your wisdom. I wish to give you understanding of your real self.

Your real Self is the Soul or Spirit that never dies. Therefore live in your real self.

Live in a realization of your Soul life.

Live in a realization of Life.

Your soul builds your body, and when your soul leaves the body we say it is dead. It is the body that is dead, because the life of the body has left it.

Therefore the real life of the body was the Soul. When a person gets lost in a trackless wilderness, he rejoices when the right road is found almost as much as though he were already safe at home among the loved ones, because he has understanding.

He understands that the road he has found after days of hopeless wandering leads to civilization and home.

He knows. No need for anyone to argue with him. He knows. And instead of gloom there is cheer. His heart is full of joy. What to him are

the many miles he has yet to travel to reach the loved ones at home?

Just so, Beloved, let God's sunshine come to you and quicken your understanding.

Life, Life, Life!

There is only One Life and that is God, for God is Life.

"Prayer is the soul's sincere desire, uttered or unexpressed."

We do pray without ceasing because of our soul's sincere desire.

Suppose, after sending your children to school and then to college, after they had graduated with honors and you had found for them positions in the financial world, where they could apply their wisdom so as to earn money; suppose you should wake up some night and hear a great noise outside of your house, and find that your children were outside praying to be taken into the house and cared for again as you cared for them when they were small children. What would you think when you found out that all your efforts in their behalf were all in vain, that they would not apply their wisdom in a practical enough way to earn their own living?

Would you not try again by leaving them to their own resources, knowing that necessity and experience would teach them understanding?

Works

WE read in God's Word:

"For as the body without the spirit is dead, so faith without works is dead also."

I wish to teach you how to work, so that when you have found the road to health by faith, you will work faithfully all the days of your life, so that you will not only have health and life, but have it more abundantly.

Make a little fence of trust

Around to-day;

Fill the place with loving work

And therein stay.

You can help your fellow-men. You must help your fellow-men. But the only way you can help them is by being the noblest and best man that it is possible for you to be.—Phillips Brooks.

Christmas Bells

By Mystic No. 12

To the heart that is sad and weary
I bring a word of joy.
The Christmas bells are ringing,
Pure gold with no alloy.

Lay up for yourselves good treasure,
Where moth doth not destroy;
Lay up celestial treasure,
Pure gold with no alloy.

Oh, the sowing and the reaping,
Oh, the tears you cannot weep;
Oh, the joy of Heaven's greeting,
When at last we all shall meet.

To the heart that sows in sorrow,
To the heart that sows in pain,
To the heart that gives its substance,
With no thought of earthly gain;

To the heart that's sad and lonely,
To the heart that's waiting now
For the call to come up higher
To the loved one of your vow;

To the heart that's crushed and humbled
In the dust with earth-born sin,
Comes the chime from heaven calling,
"Child, your Father calls—come in."

Come into the joy of heaven;
Come into eternal peace;
Come into the joy celestial—
Joy bells sound it from the East.

For unto you the Christ is given,
For unto you the Christ is born;
And a Light shines from the manger
That will still the fiercest storm.

Peace on earth and joy in heaven,
Love of God, good-will to men,
Echoes back the sacred anthem—
Echoes back the glad refrain.

Break the bars of reigning sin,
Let the King of Glory in;
Let the soul vibrate with praise,
Let the King of Glory in.

Who can tell of love like His?
Who can tell of love divine?
Let the King of Glory in;
Let His light forever shine.

Praise

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow.
Beloved, praise more.
Rejoice more.

The Kingdom of God is within you. Let God's Kingdom of Light shine in your words.
Kind words can never die.
You know the law of vibrations.

What we send out comes back to us.

The bread of life (our word) that has been cast upon the waters we find after many days.

Beloved, tell others how they can find health. Let the heart speak. The modern miracle, the printing press, will multiply your words and steam will carry your words of cheer and hope and understanding to those who sit in darkness, waiting for the dawn of hope.

Food

PEOPLE who have tried grains, milk, vegetables, fruit, nuts, etc., find them much more healthful and satisfying than the old way of living. Such diet lengthens life, and the stomach has less craving for stimulating drinks.

Now, you know everybody likes a good dinner, and those who start out in a new way of living should consider this fact and act accordingly.

This has to be taken into consideration when dealing with the other members of your family.

Soups can be made without meat to so closely resemble that made with beef both in taste and looks that will make it easy for you to lead others into new ways that will be better than the old ways. Take time.

Be willing to learn.

Where heart, mind and soul earnestly seeks, you will find. Seek and ye shall find the way to a new life, and you shall be satisfied, because you are living in the law.

Your understanding tells you you are sowing the seed that is bringing you blessings now, and will continue to bless you all the days of your life.

"The richest fruits of God's love hang on the low boughs of the overloaded tree of Providence. Reach up your hand in prayer and pluck them."



Praise

Dear Mystic No. 12—Inclosed please find one dollar for which please send healing Vibrations for another month. I feel that I have received much benefit from the last month's treatment. My sleep has been very much improved and I feel a beautiful quiet influence around me every night. I try to keep my mind open continually to the divine influences. May I learn more fully how to grow as the lilies grow, quietly and silently in God's love and peace. Please pray for me that I may realize more and more God's help.

Very sincerely,

C. C.

Sends Five Dollars

Mystic No. 12—I write you telling you I am improving every day and I wish to keep up with Vibrations for a long time. I inclose five dollars for same.

Respectfully,

E. A.

My Brain Is Clearer

My Dear Friend and Mystic No. 12—Your instructions came all right, and I have studied them every day, and have tried to follow them all to the letter and spirit. I am so glad that I commenced treatment with you, my brain is clearer than it has been for a year and a half. Now after two weeks' treatment I feel much better. I felt your Vibrations the first day and began to get better at once. I want to continue until I am well and strong. Inclosed find one dollar for another month's treatment when the present month is up.

Yours in love and faith,

Mrs. M. B.

All Will Be Well

Mystic No. 12—Your kind loving words received. They fill me with hope and give me strength to go on receiving your Vibrations with new faith. I thank you for your kind wishes to me and I feel that all will be well.

Your devoted sister, with love,

A. H.

Sends Ten Dollars

Dear Mystic No. 12—Inclosed please find ten dollars which I send you in advance for treatment for which kindly send receipt. I am feeling very well and thank you very much for your kindness.

Respectfully,

K. B.

I Am Trying to Help Myself

To Dear Mystic No. 12—Received your messages and was very thankful to receive them. I cannot thank my heavenly Father and you for the good your Vibrations are doing me. God bless you, my dear Brother, is my constant prayer. I am trying to help myself all I can and am feeling so much better. May God bless you, my dear Mystic.

H. F.

I Never Felt Better Than I Do Now

Mystic No. 12—Beloved, I never felt better than I do now. New joys await me. I feel happy in His love. I can walk a little now which I have not been able to do for nearly two years. I never felt better in mind and body. I will send one dollar for another month's treatment, and if you have any reading that I have not received please send it to me. I love to read and study what you send me.

Yours for health,

E. D.

Sends Two Dollars

Dear Mystic No. 12—Find inclosed two dollars for treatment for H., who has improved very much. He seems a changed person, and has not only changed physically, but mentally. He seems happy and hopeful for which I thank you. Thanking you for the good I have received, I am,

M.

I Want to Continue in Your Vibrations

Dear Mystic Adept No. 12—I am so much better than I was that I want to continue in your Vibrations, for I am in need of them. Please find two dollars inclosed for two months' treatment.

G. P.

God Healed Her

Mystic No. 12, Dear Brother—Again I write you inclosing \$1.00 for another month's treatment for my dear charge, M. G., who has greatly improved both mentally and physically. I cannot just now find words to express my very sincere gratitude to you and our Heavenly Father for all you have done for her and myself. She was very ill when last I wrote you. The day after I had written asking you to help me God healed her, and in such a way just as we requested. It was plainly manifested that it was His own hand that healed her. All glory to His dear name of matchless worth. Pray for me, dear Brother, for I need your help so much. May God bless you and reward you everlastingly for all the help you have rendered to your dear Brother in His name, ever giving Him all the praise as is most justly due.

With much love,

M. D.

My Disease Is Now Entirely Gone

Dear Mystic No. 12—Inclosed you will find check for one dollar. Surround me with your wonderful healing Vibrations for one month. My disease is now entirely gone, and oh, how thankful I am to you, my dear Mystic brother, for all the good received, and thanks be to God who has been so merciful. Please send me one or two of your messages. May God bless you and keep you in my earnest wish.

Yours with love,

I. C.

I Want to Keep in Your Vibrations

Dear Brother—I want to thank you very much for what you have done for me. I want to keep in your Vibrations and so I inclose a postal order for two dollars for two months. Please treat me, for I know your heart is full of love for all, and I put myself into your hands with all confidence that you will help me. I read the dear Magazine with a great deal of interest, and it has helped me very much. God bless you, dear friend, for all your kind past efforts in my behalf.

Yours in hope and love,

M. C.

I Have Greater Peace of Mind

Mystic No. 12, Dear Brother—I received your letter, and have been following the advice contained therein. I want to tell you that I have greater peace of mind ever since I wrote you, and my health is improving. I inclose one dollar for another month's treatment. I will remain many months longer until I am well. I desire to thank you for the great help you have been to me through God's goodness, and may every blessing attend you and this noble work.

Sincerely,

H. G.

I Began to Feel Stronger

Dear Mystic No. 12—I received the message with a glad heart. As soon as I got hold of the envelope I began to feel stronger and am getting along delightfully. I will continue in your Vibrations until I am well and perfect. I am trying to do the best I can, and the best I know how. Many thanks for your love and kindness and may God's blessings rest upon you. Pray that I may grow stronger and receive more light and understanding. I am a poor scholar and need your help to guide and direct me in the path of duty.

Yours in Sisterly love,

M. P.

I Am Perfectly Well

Dear Mystic Adept No. 12—I cannot begin to tell you how much you have benefited me. Even before I received your printed instructions by mail I knew and felt that you were helping me. I am perfectly well, and expect to make a grand effort to always be so. Yours is a grand and blessed work and your wonderful work has spurred me on to try to do more for suffering humanity.

Yours most sincerely,

K. C. P.

Gratitude

Beloved Mystic No. 12—I have just returned from a visit to my parents and I find them more comfortable than in years before, and not so unhappy with the conditions that cannot be changed. I bless you with my whole heart and soul, and the all blessed Father for His gift of you to poor suffering humanity. I inclose one dollar for another month's Vibrations for them both. It is such a relief for me to have them both comfortable in health, at least. God bless and keep you safe from harm is my constant prayer.

Yours in great love for humanity,

Mrs. A. C.

Treatment and Printed Messages

Dear Mystic No. 12—Please find inclosed one dollar for another month's treatment. I must tell you how thankful I am to you and my Heavenly Father for the help I have received from your treatment and your printed messages. I have been helped spiritually. God bless you and your great work is my prayer.

Yours, wishing health to all beings,

C. G.

I Can Do All My Work Now

Dear Mystic No. 12—I received your envelope with printed letters, and I have been reading them and enjoyed it so much. I am feeling very well and am happy. I can do all my work now, and it is very easy for me. I am eating wheat and it is fine for my stomach. It is wonderful what a change there is in me. God bless you for your grand work.

Yours,

Mrs. E. B.

Four

REMEMBER, there are four organs of the body that help to cleanse it.

These four are the lungs, kidneys, skin and bowels. These are the four excretory openings. Therefore, to cleanse the system you must have this understanding and help these organs to do their work properly.

To help the lungs, breathe pure air day and night. It is a good plan to have the sleeping-room so arranged or warmed that pure air may be let in from a window without interfering too much with the warmth of the room.

In a former article I told you of the value of bran.

Let me now add to this by telling you of the value of fruit.

Consider fruit as food.

Eat it at meal-time.

Let me also call your attention to the value of pure water.

Fruit contains water in a pure form, and water helps float away the waste material through skin, kidneys and bowels.

Many a severe headache or attack of neuralgia will disappear after drinking freely of lemonade, the first thing in the morning when the stomach is empty.

Pure water is just as good to cleanse the inner as well as the outer man. It is a remedy always at your command.

Buy a still of your own and distill the water used for drinking and cooking. Drink a little water often during the day.

Pure water will cleanse the stomach and liver. And when the liver and stomach are clean and healthy, how quickly the nerves bring the good news to the brain and how happy you are!

Water is a symbol of purity.

Use it freely.

It will bless you.

God's Laws of Life are eternal.

They never change.

They are the same yesterday, to-day and forever.

Trust them.

Rest in them.

Believe in them.

Live in them and let them gently carry you to perfect health, peace of mind and perfect calm and serenity of soul.

What the Sunshine Does for Us

By W. G. Logan

Do we ever think what we owe to the bright, beautiful sunshine? What it means to us and how dependent we are on it for life, health, cheerfulness and happiness.

Sunshine consists of a metallic shower which bathes us with elementary iron, sodium, magnesium, calcium, copper, zinc, nickel and hydrogen, the whole surface of the sun being an unbroken ocean of fiery fluid matter, containing a flame atmosphere of vaporized metal and gases such as oxygen and hydrogen.

Nothing thrives without sunshine; plants, animals and man need it and cannot thrive without it.

It is said that the nude races like the Kafirs of Borneo and others who absorb into their systems the unobstructed power of the sun's rays possess marvelous health, strength, vitality and endurance and power of recuperation, with immunity from disease. With these races, who are so much more pure than the so-called civilized ones, all prurient feelings are done away with, the sun and air kindling the surface of their bodies into wonderful activity, and thus those internal congestions and inflammations which lead to so much animalism are done away with.

It is the sunshine that puts into the grain and vegetables and fruit the chemicals which nourish and sustain and build up our bodies; and the more we eat of those kinds of fruit which can be eaten in a raw or semi-cooked state the better it is for us, because then we get all the virtue that the sun's rays have invested them with intact and not destroyed by the process of cooking.

Fruit should be allowed to remain ungathered until it has arrived at its full and perfect development; that is, till it is quite ripe, then eaten as soon as possible after being gathered, for, from the moment it leaves the tree or plant, the process of decay and loss of its vital particles begins and goes steadily on. The enjoyment also which we derive from eating fresh, sound, luscious fruit, with its delightful tinting and coloring, which we owe to the sunshine, makes it of great benefit to us.

Baths given to infants and young children of sun-heated water in those climates where the sun has great power, are excellent; there is no better tonic and invigorator of the system.

We cannot overestimate the benefits which we derive from the glorious rays of the sun, which gives us light, warmth, cheerfulness of mind, buoyancy of spirit and vigor of body.—Medical Talk.

Laugh and Grow Healthy

It is good to laugh. There is probably not the remotest corner or little inlet of the minute blood vessels of the body that does not feel some wavelet from the great convulsion produced by hearty laughter shaking the central man. The blood moves rapidly—probably its chemical, electric or vital condition is distinctly modified; it conveys a different impression to all parts of the body as it visits them on that peculiar mystic journey when the man is laughing from what it does at other times. The time may come when physicians will prescribe to a torpid patient so many peals of laughter to be undergone at such and such a time.—London Health.

Don't hurry is quite as important as "Don't worry." It should be placed at the head of the list of "Don'ts." Perpetual hurry induces perpetual waste of the raw nerve material. It is criminal to prodigally waste the vitality; it shortens life and destroys the finer forces of the body. Nature works deliberately. There is no real accomplishment in hurry.—Lida Hood Talbot.

Emerson on Age and Youth

"NATURE abhors the old, and old age seems to be the only disease; all others run into this one. We grizzle every day. I see no need of it. While we converse with what is above us we do not grow old, but grow young. The man or woman of seventy assumes to know all, throw up their hope, renounce aspirations, accept the actual for the necessary, and talk down to the young. Let them become organs of the Holy Ghost; let them become lovers; let them behold Truth, and their eyes are uplifted and their wrinkles smoothed; they are perfumed again with hope and power. This old age should not creep on a human mind. In nature every moment is new."

Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God, said Jesus the Christ. That is religion.



OUR IDEAL HOME

PARENTHOOD—"The heart of it is Love—the end of it is peace and consummation sweet—obey."

IS THERE A SANTA CLAUS?

By Jean Kenworthy

Written especially for
THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES

"TELL me, mother, really—is there a Santa Claus? Some of the girls say that it is only a fairy story, and that there really never was a Santa Claus at all. Now, you tell me, mother, for I know you will tell me the truth."

Two pleading blue eyes sought the mother's face, showing in their clear depths that craving for fact and yet a fear that a beautiful fancy might be dispelled.

The mother read the dear face and with a mother's loving heart sought for an answer that would leave the cherished ideal, but interpreted in such a way that the spirit might shine forth through the fair mental picture and lead her little one to a recognition of the great principle that was symbolized by the beloved Santa Claus. So, taking her little daughter in her arms, she held her to her heart and taught her, saying:

"Sweetheart, I will tell you the Truth, and a beautiful Truth it is, too. Do you remember how all through the year you have planned many loving little tokens for those whom you love? Do you remember how much you wanted to do something real nice for Jack Williams the day he rescued Catkins from the little terrier? Do you recall how you planned to make a pair of warm wristlets for Annie to wear while hanging out the clothes on washday? Oh, I could mention ever and ever so many plans that you have told me, and I know you have many more that you have never mentioned. Well, all these desires in your heart were the thought monitors prompting you to do something for someone who had been kind to you—then, dear, do you remember the day Nan broke your best china tea set, and said such cross words to you, and how mother urged you to speak first after your week of silence?"

"At first you did not want to do it, but after a bit you had a little feeling away down in your heart that made you want to be kind to Nan, and the minute you listened to it you went up to her and offered her one of your choice chocolates that grandpa had given you. Do you recall all this? Then listen, if you were to save all these loving impulses, every one of them, up for a whole year and then just let go of them all at once, you would have an idea of what Santa Claus really is."

"Santa Claus is the name given to the loving spirit which puts it into the hearts of people to be kind to each other. When you are seeking to do something for someone else you have forgotten yourself for the moment, and it is your supreme pleasure to give the very best you have. Of course, it is always easier to do favors for those we love, but by forgetting our hurt feelings and giving to those who have not been so kind to us, we are truly showing forth the true Santa Claus spirit, for Santa Claus always has something tucked away for the children, even if they have not been just as they ought to be all the year."

"You know, dear, the children are always warned to go right to sleep the minute they are tucked under the covers on Christmas Eve, and to make no effort to see Santa Claus when he slides down the wide chimney with his bag of good things, and the reason is that we want the children to learn that the spirit is never seen. It is the life back of the action. It is that which shows itself only through some outward sign. So, when you see your gifts on Christmas morning it is really Santa Claus who has sent them, for it is the loving spirit working through your friends and relatives, through yourself when you give. Is it not sweet to realize that it is your dear ones right close to you who have poured out their treasure of affection upon you? And it is their gifts that express to you their love."

"When children are such little folks they could not be told this little story, for they would not understand; so to put it so they can get an idea of it we mothers and fathers draw a picture for them of this wonderful Love which makes father, mother and all want to prepare beautiful dolls, toys, books and warm clothing to be given the children at Christmas-time, and by learning to know Santa Claus and love nature, they learn to understand how to give good gifts to each other and to become, in a small way, little Santa Clauses themselves. Now that you are getting to be a big girl you can know many beautiful truths and learn that there is a deep meaning back of each festival we celebrate."

"Santa Claus will now mean more to you than he ever did before, for men know that he is the spirit of love working through every real flesh and blood person who wants to do loving things. You wonder why we especially give our best gifts on Christmas Day? Why, that is because we are trying to do just as near as we can what our loving Father does."

"Do you not watch mother and father and your friends whom you think are good and true, and then try to do just as nearly what they do as you can?"

"Well, we in our own way try to show forth the loving spirit of God, and when we remember that on Christmas Day our dear Master, Jesus of Nazareth, was given to us by the Heavenly Father to teach us the True Way of Life, we take that day to just pour out all that we have to those we love in grateful remembrance of God's goodness to us. So, my little one, you have the Truth—there is a Santa Claus, and there always will be, for the Spirit of Love is God's own endowment to His children, and everyone has his share of Love. Everyone loves, and Santa Claus is only another name for Love."

"Do you understand now, daughter, about this matter?"

A glance at the bright, eager face was answer to the question before the words came: "Oh, mother, yes, yes, and I am so glad! Really, mother, I was just the weeniest bit afraid of the Santa Claus that came so silently in the night, but now I am so happy to think it was you and dear father who planned all our lovely presents, and we can all be Santa Clauses, too. I'm going to begin right away to be the jolliest St. Nick the girls ever heard of! I know what you mean—it is the something inside, I can't just tell you, but I feel it, and I know that is the true Santa Claus and one I can never lose, can I, mother?"

O the toils of life!

How small they seem when love's resistless tide
Sweeps brightly o'er them! Like the scattered
stones

Within a mountain streamlet, they but serve
To strike the hidden music from its flow,
And make its sparkle visible.

Anna Katharine Green.

He liveth glorified—set far above

Angelic thrones and powers; yet still He bears
Within His human breast a brother's love;

His brow divine a brother's aspect wears;
Still for the griefs of all His own He cares

As when He dried the faithful Mary's tears;
The wounded spirit that in meekness dares
To call Him Master tenderly He cheers.

"The kindly word, how far it goes along life's way!
The kindly smile, how it lights up a sad, gray day!
The kindly deed, how it repays the doer, and how
It sweeps the lines of care from off the troubled
brow!"

Joy does not happen. It is the inevitable result
of certain lines followed and laws obeyed, and so a
matter of character.—*Mallie D. Babcock.*

"Don't be for getting the good things of this
world, and forgetting those of the next world."

A Christmas Lesson

'Twas Christmas-tide, the shops had taken on their
very gala dress.

And into one a little maiden passed
To see what she liked best.

When looking up upon a line she spied a dolly,
decked so fine, with furbelows, and little hat,
And muff and all combined.

"Oh, my!" she cried, "I must have that,
Oh, do, give me this doll."
Her father smiled, and drew his child along.

The little one was grieved and sad, and pouted all
the way,
"Oh, why," she said unto herself, "why can't I have
my way?"

"He does not even answer me, I am not heard at all,"
But all the while her father heard
And in his loving heart,
He thought, "what joy I'll give to her
As we pass farther on."

For he had seen a doll more fair
And clothed in better dress,
He only wished to give her more
And have her joy, not less.

And thus it is we often are dissatisfied and sad,
Because we do not have our way with earthly
toys made glad.

The Father sees much farther on
And leads His child and gives it far more happiness
than the inferior thing.

And thus we think we are not heard
Because He does not give the thing asked for.
Oh, what conceit we have to think that we know
more.
Nellie E. Thomas.

The Enduring Fairy-Lore of Christmas-tide

THE coming of Christmas has brought into prominence new pleas for the "abolition" of Santa Claus and new discussions of Christmas myths that—for the child-mind at least—possess a never-fading interest. For the benefit of children who are still perplexed by "Santa Claus problems" an Atlanta newspaper reprints the reply that Charles A. Dana, the famous editor of the New York Sun, once made to a little girl who wrote, voicing her misgivings because she had been told that there was "no Santa Claus," and pleading, "Please tell me the truth; is there a Santa Claus?" Mr. Dana took up the question in his editorial columns.

"Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus. He exists as certainly as love and generosity and devotion exist. And you know that they abound and give to your life its highest beauty and joy. Alas! How dreary would be the world if there were no Santa Claus! It would be as dreary as if there were no Virginias. There would be no childish faith then, no poetry, no romance, to make tolerable this existence. . . . Nobody sees Santa Claus. But that is no sign that there is no Santa Claus. The most real things in the world are those that neither children nor men can see."

"You may tear apart the baby's rattle and see what makes the noise inside, but there is a veil covering the unseen world which not the strongest man, nor even the united strength of all the strongest men that ever lived, could tear apart. Only faith, fancy, poetry, love, romance can push aside that curtain and view glory beyond. Is it all real? Ah, Virginia, in all this world there is nothing else real and abiding."

"No Santa Claus? Thank God! He lives and lives forever. A thousand years from now, Virginia—nay, ten times ten thousand years from now—will continue to make glad the heart of childhood."

For the Children

Christmas Acrostic

By Ida Cleora Ball

C is the Christmas in which we delight,
H is the holly with berries so bright,
R is the reindeer of which we've read
I is the ice over which they tread,
S is the driver, old Santa Claus dear,
T is the toys he brings each year,
M is the mistletoe we hang overhead,
A is the anxious children in bed,
S is the season when sorrow has fled.

Piccola

Poor, sweet Piccola! Did you hear
What happened to Piccola, children dear?
'Tis seldom fortune such favor grants,
As fell to this little maid of France.

'Twas Christmas-time, and her parents poor
Could hardly keep the wolf from the door,
Striving with poverty's patient pain,
Only to live till summer again.

No gift for Piccola! Sad were they
When dawned the morning of Christmas Day.
Their little darling no joy might stir,
St. Nicholas nothing would bring to her.

But Piccola never doubted at all
That something beautiful must befall
Every child upon Christmas Day,
So she slept till the dawn was gray.

And full of faith when at last she woke,
She stole to her shoe as the morning broke.
Such sounds of gladness filled the air,
'Twas plain St. Nicholas had been there.

In rushed Piccola sweet, half wild;
Never was seen such a joyful child.
"See what the good saint brought," she cried,
And mother and father must peep inside.

Now, such a story I never heard,
There was a little shivering bird,
A sparrow, that in at the window flew
And crept into Piccola's tiny shoe.

How good poor Piccola must have been!
She cried as happy as any queen,
While the starving sparrow she fed and warmed,
And danced with rapture, she was so charmed.

Children, this story I tell to you
Of Piccola and her bird is true,
In the far-off land of France, they say,
Still do they live to this very day.

Winter Roses

Jack Frost has roses to give away,
Red roses, beautiful, fresh and gay,
All ready they are for you to wear.
Wear where? Who knows? On your dress or hair?
No. Roses bright, on your cheeks to wear,
Cheeks, healthy, velvety, glowing, fair,
Stay close indoors, he will give you none,
His blossoms grow in the winter sun,
Go out and play in the cold. You'll see,
Cheeks red with roses, so precious, free.
L. I. Bartlett.

Grandpa's Way

SOMEHOW, through all the day we children used to
dread
When night would come, and mother'd say, "Now
children, go to bed";
Till grandpa came to visit us. He was a soldier,
and you see
He's just as good and pleasant as ever he can be.
The very first night he asked mother with a smile
If the children ever marched to bed in good old
soldier style.
Then he commenced to count: "One, two, one,
two." I tell you, it was fine,
And you don't know how quickly we all fell into
line.
Since then, all day we kind of look ahead
For night to come, when we like soldiers can march
away to bed.
And grandpa says, if we've a task, we'll find it just
the same—
It's so much easier to do if it has a pleasant name.
Florence A. Hayes.

Love everybody and everybody will love you.

CHARLIE-BOY'S PLAYMATES

THE STORY OF THE CRYSTAL

By Anita Trueman

Written especially for
THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES

CHARLIE-BOY sat in one corner of the long window-seat, watching it snow. The fairy flakes seemed to be dancing in the air, whirling and gliding in many directions, before they fell, tired out, on the soft white ground. One big flake drifted against the window-pane and stuck there. Charlie-boy rose to his knees to examine it more closely.

"See, Auntie!" he cried. "What a beautiful crystal! It is just like a bit of white star-moss. How good it must feel to be so perfect!"

"Do you think the crystal can feel?" I asked.
"I don't know," he answered. "Sometimes I think everything feels. Papa says there is life everywhere, and I like to make believe that snow-flakes, and raindrops, and clouds, and flowers, and stones, and birds, and things, are my playmates. Then I fancy they tell me beautiful stories about the things that happen to them. Do you want to know about the crystal?"

I laid aside my book, and Charlie-boy told me the story of his playmate the crystal.

"First the crystal was all warm and slippery. It couldn't stay still any place. It was in a liquid form, and hadn't any shape. Papa showed me some crystals under the microscope one day, and they were very pretty. Then he held the slide over the lamp a minute, and put it under the microscope again. I looked through, and the crystals were all gone. I thought he had spoiled the slide, and was very sorry, but papa laughed, and told me to keep on looking. All of a sudden I saw little lines come, and the liquid began to run together in pretty shapes, and the crystals were all there again. Papa said the heat melted them, and then they crystallized again when they got cool.

"That's how it is with a snow crystal. First, it's just a drop of water, somewhere, in the sea or in a pool in the road. Then the sun shines on it, and makes it feel so warm and big that it wants to fly. By and bye something pulls it up, up, up in the air, and it finds itself in the middle of a big shiny cloud, which the wind is pushing across the sky. It feels good to be going so fast, away above the earth. Maybe it wishes it could get back to the earth and rest, but it can't. It just keeps on flying, until it sees some big white mountain-peaks ahead of it. A cold wave comes through the cloud, and all the little angel water-drops cuddle close together, and the wind pushes the cloud on toward the mountain, until it gets so cold the little vapor children just double up, and form into crystals, beautiful snow crystals. Then they fall to the ground, and lie there until the sun melts them again."

The snowflake which had fallen against the window-pane had disappeared. A drop of water was trickling down the glass.

"See what has happened to our snowflake, Charlie-boy!" I said.

"Yes," he answered, eagerly. "The warm glass melted it, and it has turned back to a drop of water. But perhaps Jack Frost will use it to paint a fairy picture on the window-pane to-night."

Real Beauty

DOROTHY has dimples,
And Cora golden curls,
And Renna's cheeks are rosy—
Folks call them pretty girls.

Plain Patty, she has freckles,
But no one seems to mind;
And everybody loves her,
She is so sweet and kind.

Delia Hart Stone.

The Peace Flag

HURRAH for the Stars and Stripes!
How happy it makes us feel when we see our own pretty flag, away at the top of the flagpole! How proud we are to carry it when we are at play or in our drills at school!

Did you ever see the Peace Flag? It is just like your own flag, only it has a white border which stands for peace. Ask your mama to sew a white border on your flag, and you will see just what the Peace Flag looks like.

Every boy or girl who carries a peace flag is helping to make the world happy. Try it, and you will have lots of fun. When people ask you why you have a white border on your flag, say boldly:

"I believe in peace. I love my own country, but I love all the rest of the world, too."

Then you will be a real hero, for you will have done something for your country and for the world.

The Crystal Garden

WINTER wove a fairy spell
Round my rustic garden.
Every raindrop as it fell
Seemed to chill and harden.
Every blade of grass was sheathed
In a silver scabbard.
All the house was crystal-wreathed,
Shining every clapboard.

Round the eaves a glittering fringe
Of icicles was growing.
Gems of every hue and tinge
On the trees were glowing;
Ruby red and emerald green,
Opal warm and tender—
Aye! It was a brilliant scene
Of Oriental splendor.

Gems were there fit to be worn
On any lady's finger,
But the coy December morn
Would not let them linger.
For the sunbeams softly came,
Like marauders creeping,
Touched the scene with crimson flame,
And left the garden weeping.

Then I mused, in thoughtful mood,
On this show of sorrow.
Sad indeed, such beauty could
Not last until the morrow!
Yet perhaps these tears may be
Sign of due repentance;
For this sin of vanity,
Sorrow is the sentence.

Anita Trueman.

Clarence Alfred and the Bluebirds

By Costella G. Gale

CLARENCE ALFRED knew there was a bluebird's nest in the hollow in the dead limb of the old cherry tree, and he knew there were young birds there, because he had seen the old birds carrying worms in to give the little ones their dinner.

He had driven the old black cat, Nix, away from the tree every time he saw him near there, but one morning, when he went to feed the chickens, he found some tiny blue feathers lying upon the back door-step, and he knew that cruel cat had killed one of those dear birds. The next day he saw old Nix with the other bird in his mouth. He ran after him to save it, but the cat ran under the barn.

Grandma came and tried to get the cat, but she said it was too late. When the little boy cried because the father and mother of the little ones in the tree would never come back again, Grandma said they would see what could be done to help the small orphans that now had no one to feed them nor keep them warm in their nest at night.

First she brought the stepladder and put it against the cherry tree. Then she came out of the house with a hammer and some nails, and she drove several of the nails around the hole which the bluebirds used for a door.

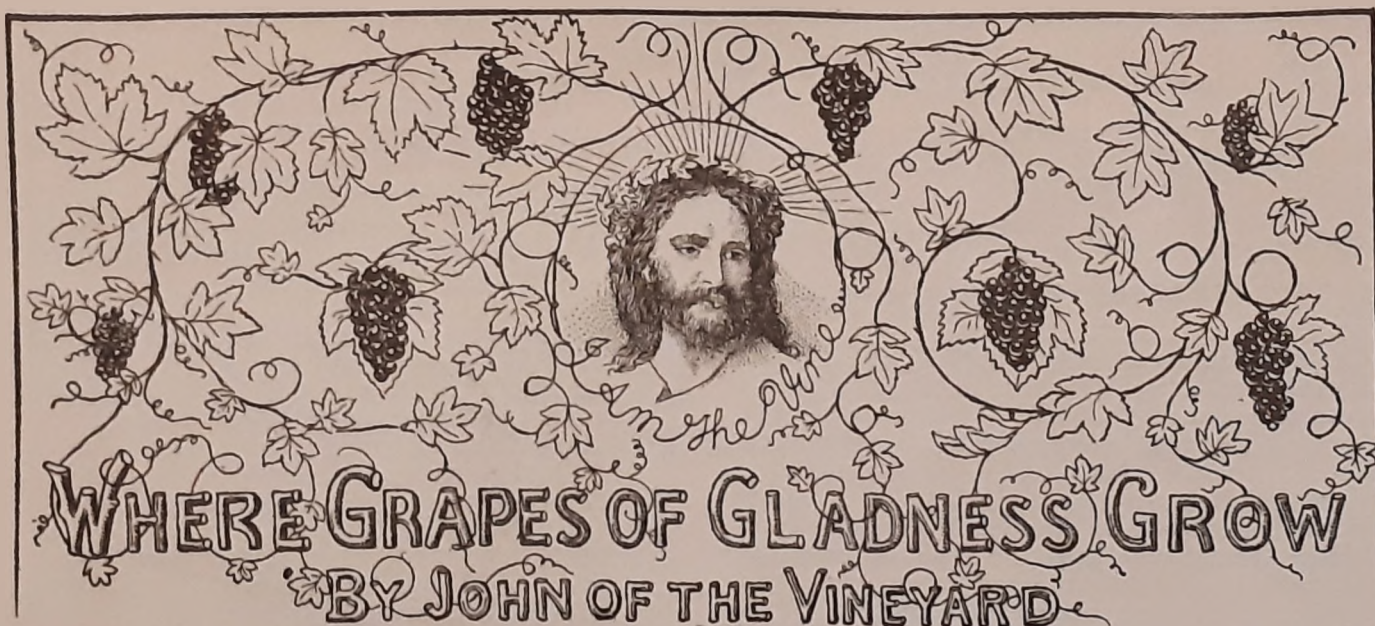
The baby birds all opened their mouths to be fed, for they thought it was their mother with their dinner.

But Grandma did not mind them then. She cut some flannel from an old shirt that was too small for Clarence Alfred and made little buttonholes in it and fastened it on the nails over the door where the birds lived. "That will keep out the rain and the cold at night and the wicked old cat cannot get to them," she said.

Every day Grandma and Clarence Alfred went to the nest once in two or three hours with tiny bits of raw meat and other good things for young bluebirds to eat, and Grandma took the babies carefully one by one and held them in her hand, while Clarence Alfred, who stood beside her on the ladder, dropped the pieces into the open mouths. After a while the young birds would come when they heard Grandma's voice and hop into her hand for their breakfast. They were very greedy; but, you see, no one had ever taught them bird manners. Within a few days they even ate from the little boy's hands, and old Nix never dared come near, but winked his big, green eyes from under the porch and kept out of the way.

Grandma and Clarence Alfred fed the birds and watched over them till they were grown up and flew away, one by one, to take care of themselves. Grandma says they will come back again next spring and build in the home nest.

A Merry, Merry Christmas to all
of you dear children, from THE
NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF
MYSTERIES!



I AM glad God makes a rose, and lives out in it something of His everlasting beauty. But I am gladder for His everlasting beauty which never fades nor passes, but is always here, about me, within me, in all my motions, all my growths. When my heart answers the fleeting rose beauty for beauty, the great truth is that I am consciously alive in the divine beauty which no change can ever engulf or end.

What lies outside of me is there because of what is in me. Except it were in me I could not see it, could not know it. Only as there is some concord between what is within me and what lies without do I come into knowledge; and perfect concord is perfect knowing. In perfect knowing the outer dissolves, as clouds when the sunshine perfectly possesses them. Things exist to thus be dissolved. Then they are like food assimilated, not hindering growth, but ministering to the ever unfolding life.

When we know how to unify with things, dissolving them, their true uses are served. They have led us to God, as the morning star leads us to dawn and in the greater light disappears.

When we do not thus know and master things, dissolving them into the spiritual and eternal, they imprison us, defeat us, kill us. It is like the food which cannot be digested, turning life's manifestation into distress, striking earth's harps with discordant blows, defeating growth. Absolutely the earth has no meaning except in the spiritual truth voicing in you. In that spiritual truth only is freedom—the freedom of knowledge, the freedom of love, the freedom of life, the freedom of being—the attainment of the enlightenment which Sirdatha called Buddha, the spiritual union with the Father which Jesus called Christ, the peace, which passes understanding, which is the peace of God—God known by us, experienced by us, beyond argument or doubt, beyond proof, even as we know and live the sunshine when seeing by it, moving in it, living in it. This is the heaven of The Christ, the Nirvana of the Buddha, the tao of Laotze, the logos of the ancient wisdom.

What is true of the earth without is true of the Bible. When its truth is attained unto spiritually, it passes, ceases to be before the greater light, the light that is within thee. When it is treated as a thing in itself, as a divine revelation apart from the divinity of man, as a thing in which God's will is revealed apart from the revelation of His living will in man, then it becomes a book of shadows, even a book of death. This is what has filled the world with contentions about the Bible and the church alleged to be founded upon the Bible's truths. What bitterness, what dividing sectarianisms, what persecutions and murders have been begotten by this dreadful mistake, that the Bible can have any meaning or authority except in the living, interpreting, truthful, divine soul of man. The Bible can only be an authority to you when the truth in you is awake and answering the truth in it. In its truth is its authority, and truth is always a perception of the mind, a vision of the soul, a realization of the indwelling of God's everlasting spirit of truth. When the Bible is such an authority for you, it has passed before the living presence of the indwelling God in whom is all truth—swallowed up in God as the stars are swallowed up in the day.

With this true, how foolish for you to try to make your spirituality an authority for somebody else. This you cannot do. Attempting it proves that you have no spirituality, that you have a very low and base love of self, that you are a darkening, blighting Pharisee.

What is true of the Bible is true of Jesus, the Christ. Make Him an authority external to the soul, and you have afflicted the world with the affliction with which He was afflicted. There is rejection, scorn, hatred, injustice, crucifixion.

But when He becomes authority by the truth that is in Him, having the harmonious answer of the truth that is within you, then is He glorified with the glory which He had with the Father before the world was. This is what He meant when He said to His disciples, "It is expedient for you that I go away; for if I go not away the Comforter will not come unto you. . . . When He, the

spirit of truth has come, He will guide you unto all truth. . . . He shall glorify Me; for He shall receive of Mine, and shall show it unto you." Until Jesus had dissolved into the spirit of truth, the shadow of His personality was upon His disciples, shutting them out of the glorious light which was ashine in them. They could not see true. He was between them and the light. When the personal Jesus is made an authority over man, then darkness! strife! the death of love! the desolation of the grave! But when the living Christ within Him is shining upon and blending with the living Christ within me, light! peace! resurrection! love!

Here worshipers live in the shadow of a personality, missing the light of the living God who within them is spirit and life and all greatness.

Outwardness is loss. Inwardness is gain. Outwardness is change and passing. Inwardness is eternal. Outwardness is confusion. Inwardness is peace. Outwardness is the world, the flesh and the devil. Inwardness is heaven, spirit and God. When you attempt the external ownership of things, those things become the owner of you, drive you like a slave, imprison you like a criminal. When you would hold your friend in external possession and enjoyment, you lose him in a tyranny of time, in the prison house of sense. Beauty dies out of him as out of a picture when you pass from the perspective into that surface closeness which empties pictures and men of their meanings. Homes wreck and marriages mar because external possession obscures or destroys the spiritual. Only in the spiritual, soul answering to soul, like chords of music unto each other, is there a joyous home and a holy, deathless marriage. Then lovers are always lovers, seeing ever in each other some new glow of human beauty, infinite, divine, eternal.

All power in heaven and earth is within you. Let it awake and greater works than Jesus did shall you do, because He is with the Father and you are with the Father—in the might of loving truth all things expressing you as the violin expresses the mood of the master.

Let what lies without, things or men, Bibles or churches, heroes or Christs, be but stars in the night. Pass beyond them as quickly as you can into the daylight of God shining serenely within your own soul.

Golden Threads

LET us be, at every moment, masters of ourselves. By a single moment's forgetfulness, or one revolt of will, we may destroy all the self-control we have so slowly succeeded in acquiring.—*Charbonnel*.

If I do not keep step with my companions I am because I hear a different drummer. Let a man step to the music he hears, however measured or however far away.—*Thorau*.

The tissues of the life to be
We weave with circles all our own,
And in the field of destiny
We reap as we have sown.

Whittier.

Be true to every inmost thought,
Be as thy thought thy speech.
What thou hast not by suffering bought
Presume thou not to teach.

Dean Alford.

In everything in life, in every new step or development, it is necessary for a man to exercise his most dominant will in order to obtain it fully.—*The Gates of Gold*.

Your eyes shall be opened, and ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil.—*Genesis iii, 5*.

Learn to say "NO." It will be of more use to you than to learn to read Latin.—*Spurgeon*.

HE FAILETH NOT

Zephaniah iii, 5

He Who hath led will lead
All through the wilderness;
He Who hath fed will feed;
He Who hath blessed will bless

He Who hath heard thy cry
Will never close His ear;
He Who hath heard thy faintest sigh
Will quiet all thy fear.

*He loveth always, faileth never;
So rest in Him TO-DAY, forever.*

He Who hath made thee whole
Will heal thee day by day;
He Who hath spoken to thy soul
Hath many things to say.

He Who hath gently taught
Yet more will make thee know;
He Who so wondrously hath wrought
Yet greater things will show.

*He loveth always, faileth never;
So rest in Him TO-DAY, forever.*

He Who hath made thee nigh
Will draw thee nearer still;
He Who hath given the first supply
Will satisfy and fill.

He Who hath given thee grace
Yet more and more will send;
He Who hath set thee in the race
Will speed thee to the end.

*He loveth always, faileth never;
So rest in Him TO-DAY, forever.*

He Who hath now thy heart
Will keep it true and free;
He Who hath shown thee what thou art
Will show Himself to thee.

He Who hath bid thee live,
And make thy life His own
Life more abundantly will give
And keep it His alone.

*He loveth always, faileth never;
So rest in Him TO-DAY, forever.*

Then trust Him for to-day,
As thine unfailing Friend,
And let Him lead thee all the way
Who loveth to the end.

And let the morrow rest
In His beloved hand,
His good is better than our best,
As we shall understand.

*If trusting Him, Who faileth never
We rest in Him TO-DAY, forever.
Frances Havergal.*

God gives us always strength enough and sense enough for what He wants us to do. If we either tire ourselves or puzzle ourselves, it is our own fault. And we may always be sure, whatever we are doing, that we cannot be pleasing Him if we are not happy ourselves.—*Ruskin*.

Love is a perpetual proof that something good and earnest and eternal is meant for us, such a bribe and foretaste of bliss being given us to keep in the lists of time and progressions; and when the world realizes what love urges it to obtain, perhaps death will cease, and all the souls which love has created crowd back at its summons to inhabit their perfected world.—*Leigh Hunt*.

TEMPLE TEACHINGS



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.—PSALM XXVII, 4.

BELOVED, thou art wondering how thou canst pass the festival of the Christ-tide without the presence of thy dear one—thy son who was the apple of thine eye. Grieve not, my Little One. Full well I know the anguish of thy heart, when thou lookest forth upon what seemeth desolation.

But thou canst look beyond. Thou canst lift thy vision far above the clouds of earth. Yea, if thou wilt, thou mayest be with him in his Paradise, the realm of Love wherein no grief can enter.

How? Ah, my child, there is one Way, one Truth, one Life, which my Only Begotten, my illumined One came to show thee. The Christ in Jesus, in thee and in all other souls is the Light.

Art thou in darkness, the dark night of sorrow? Then watch and wait for the wondrous Light. It is not afar off. It is not aside from thee, nor apart from thy being's Being. It is there, e'en in the blackest darkness; it is most near of all in thy heart.

But thou must look for it, must watch as one waiting to be rescued from a deadly peril, must trust and know with full expectation that the Light will shine out in thy darkness and reveal the Way. Then shall thy feet be placed in the path and thy heart, O Beloved, will grow light and tender as a child's, for to thee this Light will be the Mediator, the Redeemer, the Saviour. It is the Christ born in thy soul.

Its mission is to teach thee the way to live, the Truth about Life, and to know that thou art alive with the all-abundant and never-ending Life. What a miracle is this, O my Little One! What joy can surpass this joy? For as surely as thy life is hid with Christ in God, thou wilt know the meaning of earth's mysteries. Thou wilt know that death is but a mask worn by the soul as it passeth into more abundant Life. Thou wilt know that thy precious one is alive and joyous with all powers of life and love.

And thus wilt thou commune with him in Paradise, the heavenly state of love.

Can there be in that blissful state a sense of loss, of fear or selfish pleasure?

Nay, my Beloved, in Love there is only unity, trust and all-expanding joy. This is heaven.

Where is it, dost ask? The Christ now, as in the age of Jesus, saith: *the kingdom of heaven is within.*

So will it speak with thee and teach thee all things whatsoever thou mayest ask, and with thy childlike trust shall grow thy love, far-reaching as the universe, tender beyond words and true as Truth. So shall break upon thy soul the peace that passeth understanding and the joy that, like the light of morning, groweth brighter unto the perfect day.

With love and peace and joy, canst thou not minister as Mine Anointed to my little ones round about thee? Canst thou not see with Christly vision the city which thy illumined soul may build when thus thou art given to the thoughts and deeds of love, of peace, of joy?

Gone as morning mist will be the old earth life of doubt, of grief, of fear. Gone thy sorrow, gone thy darkness—all, all, O child of Mine, swallowed up in the Light of the Christ, that shineth in thee and through thee.

Thy grief is as but a dream of the night. Thy love the reality of the day.

As the Christ Child, the Love Spirit is born

within thee, so wilt thou find thy Star of Bethlehem, thy shepherd thoughts, thy wise men with their gifts, all a part of thy Christ birth. And thou, too, shalt shine as a Star, shalt be humble and pure as the lowly shepherds, shalt give as the wise men to the Child in the manger—the helpless, naked, unknowing world.

He who giveth a cup of cold water in My name, or doeth good unto one of the least of My little ones, doeth it unto Me.

Beloved, seest thou why the feast of the Christ is the great feast of joy? Seest thou the deep meaning of this universal giving?

As the sunlight floodeth the earth, making the earth to yield of her flowers and fruits for the benefit of all her children, so doth the Christ light flood the earth nature of mankind, bringing forth that which was hidden and causing the desert places to flow with streams and to blossom with beauty.

My Beloved, this is the day of days. Rejoice for the child that is born within thee, for the child thou mayest become, for the child to whom thou canst minister.

These words cover a great meaning. Think well, and it will be clear that thou and thy world are of a similitude with the Most High and His world.

Dost understand?

Harken again. The Child born within thee is Consciousness of Spirit. The Child thou mayest become is the mediator or minister of the Spirit. The Child to whom thou canst minister are the sorrowful, the poor, the sick, the halt and blind, thoughts and conditions within or without thee, namely, the world.

When thou art in the world, but not of it, then mayest thou know the Christ in thee hath overcome persecution, tribulation and all manner of affliction. Then indeed wilt thou live in the heavenly city, even the new Jerusalem, that thy Christ hath builded.

Thus have I shown thee prophecy; yea, in thy human life will it come to pass, when thou canst understand the real Christmas.

And now, O Dear One of My heart, I would have thee know My tenderness, My love for thee, My closeness to thee.

For this wondrous Christ, Beloved, is My Own and Only offspring sent forth into the world to shine in its darkness, yet forever with me and bearing from me my very Life to all living things.

As the light of the earthly sun is sent forth, yet can never be separated from the sun, so is My Christ the Light of My Life, sent forth from Me yet never separated from Me. The light of the sun hath many manifestations, many streams of radiance, yet is ever the same light; so is my Christ the Light of every man who cometh into the world. In Me and of Me is this Light, yet is it My manifestation in all creation.

Think on these things, Beloved, so shall ye have the understanding as well as the vision, the power as well as the feeling, to be what thou wast ordained to be from the beginning of the world.

Now, have I given to thee knowledge and power, for thou hast been as one dead, because of not knowing.

Read and read again in My great Temple Book the story of Jesus, the Christ manifest.

So shall ye know more and still more of the Way, the Truth, the Life as they may be revealed by the Christ in thee.

Thou art my Beloved. Peace! May it come unto thee and go from thee. Good will to all men and glory unto the Highest; yea, the Most High. May the joy of this Christ-tide leave thee never and renew thee forever.

HELEN VAN-ANDERSON.

TO-DAY

UNSULLIED comes to thee newborn;
To-morrow is not thine,
The sun may cease to shine
For thee ere earth shall greet its morn.

Be earnest, then, in thought and deed,
Nor fear approaching night;
Calm comes with evening light
And hope and peace—thy duty heed.
To-day. *Ruskin.*

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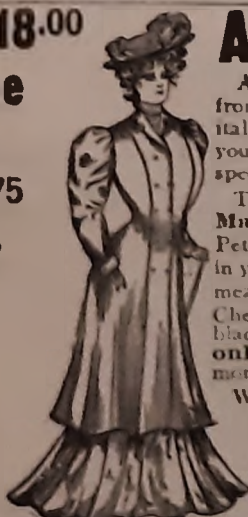
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The Producing Power of the Spoken Word

By LIDA HOOD TALBOT

Written especially for THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES

O H, loving heart, are you sore with some hurt of this mortal life? With some sorrow which no word of love can soothe? With some wound for which there is no present cure? With some strain of necessity pressing hard upon you? Are you alone, facing the hard, bare world with every effort lying broken and fallen beside you and no one to comfort or smooth the path before you, only yourself to face the coming day and the meagre hours of its struggle? With no tender hand to touch or loving voice to bid you courage or lift in prayer to God for your speechless tongue?

Has death touched you and left you facing a blankness you never guessed nor dreamed of? Has defeat annulled your hopes and shaken the fair edifice your heart has builded for your Beloved's residence and happiness? Has life suddenly assumed ugliness instead of beauty and brought you an empty cup instead of one brimming with its wine? Is the chalice lead instead of gold?

Can you imagine what it is to be dead and, while lying in your tomb, resting in its silence, to hear a tender voice calling you to "arise and come forth"? and to realize, on coming forth, that this is what you died for—to be made ready, able to hear the tender Voice of Love; that death was the only way you could be made to hear the Voice? That death was the Pathway of Life?

Do you think there is no help nigh, nothing of strength that can reach you and bring you peace out of your great tribulation? That only a dull resignation to endure is the only help you have in your trouble?

I know full well how like preaching every word for your comforting sounds in this, your day of hurt. But let me say just this, have you tried to speak for your relief to God? To put into speech, just common speech, such as you would address to your father or mother or any near and loved friend? If you have not, try it. Talk out your trouble to Him whom you have held as the Creator of all things in either your religion or philosophy.

Only through the deepest exigency may we prove the prevalence of God and His nearness and the working fact of His help. Only by calling with that sure certainty that He will help may we hope to find how marvelously productive are the hidden forces which act through the "spoken Word." Out of great tribulation and suffering have I spoken the Word and been answered, my words justified and my redemption proven.

Only get hold of the conception of God's nearness and of the fruitfulness of His Will to those who depend upon Him, and then speak your word of Faith and Love! And find for yourself the result! Make yourself a protégé of the Lord, and see if He will not more than answer your faithful call.

"There was never such a Paymaster as the Lord." When you lie down at night speak your word of Freedom for your release, and your boldness, and your intelligence, and your love. Speak yourself into strength, into action, into intelligence, into culture, into spiritual conception, and find yourself becoming like that whereunto you have set the seal of your Word. The word is infilled with power, is potent with life-giving force and will produce according to your belief, faith and positiveness of the ability of God to produce evidence of His Nearness!

Say: MY WORD SHALL SPEAK UNTO AND REACH THE DEATHLESS PART OF ME.

"MY SOUL, MY STRENGTH, MY WILL, UNTO THY WILL, for in this uniting I will be the instrument of Divinity and show forth the Divine Law of Spirit power, and prove it to be all the Law there is."

Keep this attitude and prove for yourself the truth that has power to set you free and above the lowlands of your troubles, upon the hilltops of peace and understanding. For only through understanding and having proved the truth for yourself can knowledge come and faith be born producing evidence of the substance of Spirit.

Christ was the Spoken Word of God, and so are all men who, through faithful lifting of the soul, awake to the consciousness of the Fatherhood and manifesting power and will of God.

Christ was the Word made flesh, to be redeemed into a still higher power, the power over death and all defeat, and prove that it is the Word of the One God made flesh that it may also win the victory of Life by its word of power through knowledge and faith.

Why Count Tolstoi prefers THE WISDOM OF THE MASSES TO THE INTELLIGENCE OF THE CLASSES is to be in our January issue.

The Sun Is Always Shining

ARE you waiting in the valley,
'Mid the mist and clouds and rain?
Are you longing for the morning,
When the sun will shine again?
Cease your waiting and repining.
Do whate'er you find to do
Of the duties all around you;
Thus the light will soon break through

For the sun is always shining,
Though the clouds obscure your view,
Shutting from your earthly vision
All the wide expanse of blue;
You must mount up to the hilltop,
Where the air is pure and sweet;
There you'll find the sun's still shining,
While the earth lies at your feet.

And while drinking in the ozone
From the mountain-top of love,
In the realm of spirit fancy,
All earth's sordid cares above;
There will come to you the knowledge
That there comes to every soul;
Clouds and rain, as sun, are needed
To make up the perfect whole.

You will cease all useless struggle
For the baubles which, if gained,
Would but prove a sad delusion,
Worthless and to be disdained.
Strive but for the pure and noble
In whate'er you think or do;
Then, no matter where the sun lies,
It will always shine for you.

Alberta Knowles Wallace.

Sir Oliver Lodge, one of the leading physicists in England, says: "If anyone cares to hear what sort of conviction has been borne in upon my mind, as a scientific man, by twenty years' familiarity with these questions which concern us, I am willing to reply as frankly as I can. I am, for all personal purposes, convinced of the persistence of human existence beyond bodily death, and though I am unable to justify that belief in full and complete manner, yet it is a belief which has been produced by scientific evidence that is based upon facts and experience."

Prayer

By Elizabeth L. Gould

GRANT us, O Lord, the grace to bear
The little pricking thorn;
The hasty word that seems unfair;
The twang of truths well worn;
The jest which makes our weakness plain;
The darling plan o'erturned;
The careless touch upon our pain;
The slight we have not earned;
The rasp of care, dear Lord, to-day,
Lest all these fretting things
Make heedless grief, oh, give, we pray,
The heart that trusts and sings.

PASSING OF PORRIDGE.

Makes way for the Better Food of a Better Day

"Porridge is no longer used for breakfast in my home," writes a loyal Briton from Huntsville, Ont. This was an admission of no small significance to one "brought up" on the time-honored stand-by.

"One month ago," she continues, "I bought a package of Grape-Nuts food for my husband, who had been an invalid for over a year. He had passed through a severe attack of pneumonia and a grippe combined, and was left in a very bad condition when they passed away.

"I tried everything for his benefit, but nothing seemed to do him any good. Month followed month, and he still remained as weak as ever. I was almost discouraged about him when I got the Grape-Nuts, but the result has compensated me for my anxiety.

"In the one month that he has eaten Grape-Nuts he has gained ten pounds in weight, his strength is rapidly returning to him, and he feels like a new man. Now, we all eat Grape-Nuts food and are the better for it. Our little five-year-old boy, who used to suffer from pains in the stomach after eating the old-fashioned porridge, has no more trouble since he began to use Grape-Nuts, and I have no more doctor's bills to pay for him.

"We use Grape-Nuts with only sweet cream, and find it the most tasty dish in our bill of fare.

"Last Monday I ate four teaspoonfuls of Grape-Nuts and cream for breakfast, nothing else, then set to work and got my morning's work done by nine o'clock and felt less tired, much stronger, than if I had made my breakfast on meat, potatoes, etc., as I used to. I wouldn't be without Grape-Nuts in the house for any money." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. There's a reason.

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Stories of the Mystics

By Emily S. Bouton

Written especially for
 THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES

IV

APOLLONIUS OF TYANA

THIS one among the greatest of the more ancient mystics has been named the Philosopher-Reformer of his age, which was in the first century of the Christian Era. He must have been a contemporary of Paul, who was also an Initiate and possessed of the powers which come from a knowledge of the mysteries hidden from all except those illuminated by the light of the Divine Self.

Strangely enough, the world knows little of the real conditions prevailing during the years immediately following the birth of the Christian religion, except what is given in church history, and the latter is colored wholly by that which concerned the new-born religious thought. Of anything outside of that, of the religious associations among the Greeks and Romans, of which there were many, all is exceedingly vague and unsatisfactory, so that Mr. G. R. S. Mead has well said "that it is only by piecing together laboriously isolated scraps of information and fragments of inscriptions, that we become aware of the existence of the life of a world of religious associations and private cults which existed at this period." His own deep research has enabled him to give us perhaps a clearer picture, uncolored by prejudice, of Apollonius and his times than any painted by other writers. And it may be added that recent archeological discoveries are helping to illumine these pages of human history, as well as those of many thousands of years previous.

Apollonius was not a follower of the Nazarene, but he was among those educated in the Pythagorean schools, and his was a life of purity and self-denial. That he was not alone in his philosophy, even though among both Romans and Greeks there was much of corruption in what were known as the mystery cults, is certain. Philo, who wrote about 25 A.D., asserts that "in his day numerous groups of men, who in all respects led this life of religion, who abandoned their property, retired from the world and devoted themselves entirely to the search for wisdom and the cultivation of virtue, were scattered far and wide in the world. . . . In Egypt there are crowds of them in every province, or nome, as they call it, and especially round Alexandria."

It is important to remember these things, because they show that humanity, at the time that Jesus lived and taught, was not yet wholly depraved, though the spirit of *The Word* had departed from the majority, leaving only the letter. It is also important to remember that the Roman Empire was then at the zenith of its power, and that religious liberty was guaranteed to her subjects. The persecutions of the early Christians was for political reasons, they being looked upon as Jewish revolutionaries who desired the restoration of the Republic.

Such, in brief, were some of the conditions existing during the life of Apollonius, who was a philosopher and a mystic. He was born in the early years of the century at Tyana, a city in the south of Cappadocia. There are many legends concerning wonderful happenings at the time of his birth which are, however, of little account to us to day. His parents were people of fine descent, wealth and culture. We are told that at an early age he gave signs of a powerful memory, that he was of a studious disposition and possessed of remarkable beauty of person.

While yet a boy he plunged into the study of philosophy with the greatest ardor, choosing finally, out of the many systems of thought which he pursued, that of the Pythagorean school. This he seized with a comprehension far deeper than that of his teacher, and at the age of sixteen lived with the priests in the temple of Æsculapius, and soon became famous for his piety. Young as he was, he began the life of asceticism, which he followed thereafter. He wore nothing but linen, refused to touch anything at table that had possessed animal life, and considered that the only pure form of food was what the earth produced, namely, fruits and vegetables. Nor would he drink wine, for, though it was made from fruit, it "destroyed the composure of the mind."

When he was twenty his father died, leaving a considerable fortune to be divided equally between himself and his brother, a wild young fellow some three years his elder. He remained at the Temple of Æge until he became of age and then returned to his home in Tyana, his principal object being to

win his brother back to a moral life. How he succeeded in this his biographer gives but little account; but it is known that Apollonius made over half of his share of the estate to take the place of the portion which his brother had exhausted in riotous living, and this generosity, combined with his earnest words, seems to have accomplished his purpose. The rest of his patrimony he distributed among needy relations, keeping for himself only the barest pittance. He had already determined never to marry, and hence required but little for his support.

The five following years he gave to the keeping of the Pythagorean "vow of silence," a wholesome discipline, as he believed, but extremely hard to hold, as he was traveling from city to city. It is said that often his strange appearance and manner aroused the scurrilous wit of the people among whom he passed. Many times he came near breaking out against some exceptional insult, but restrained himself with the unspoken words, "Heart, patient be, and thou, my tongue, be still!"

The years of his "vow of silence" being fulfilled, then began the long period of travel from place to place and the real work of his life. This was to bring back the public cults to the purity of their ancient traditions, and to suggest improvements in the practices of the private brotherhoods. Never, however, did he try to impose his own thought or his own philosophy upon others nor seek to displace their beliefs, but only to have them recognize the best and the highest that dwelt in the latter.

In the course of these journeyings, which covered many years, he visited India and Persia, Asia Minor, Egypt, Spain, Africa, Sicily and Greece, during all of which he dwelt in the temples and devoted much time to those who were trying to follow the hidden way.

"Not, however," writes his biographer, "that he neglected the people—it was his invariable custom to teach them, but always after midday; for those who lived the inner life, he said, should, on day's dawning, enter the presence of the gods, then spend the time until midday in giving and receiving instruction in things, and not till afternoon devote themselves to human affairs."

While Apollonius devoted his energies to reconstructing the old centres of religion and putting new life into them, he also took a decided part in influencing public affairs through the rulers of the Empire. To them he spoke fearlessly of their duties to their people, and endeavored, when they sought him—as they often did—to advise them for their good. Several were his friends, but Nero and Domitian, we are told, regarded him with dismay. It is certain, however, that he took no part in any political intrigue, but openly rebuked them when they were false to his high ideals of government.

In a sketch so brief as this must be, many things in the life and character of Apollonius must be omitted entirely. The part which is of the most interest to us to-day and in this connection is that relating to what gave him rank among the mystics—those knowers of nature's secrets which enable them always to speak as having authority. "He knew the hidden things by sight and not by hearing; for him the path of philosophy was a life whereby the man himself became the instrument of knowing. Religion for Apollonius was not a faith only, it was a science. Cults and rites, religions and faiths, were all one to him provided the right spirit was behind them."

SOUND SLEEP

Can Be Easily Secured

"Up to two years ago," a woman writes, "I was in the habit of using both tea and coffee regularly."

"I found that my health was beginning to fail, strange nervous attacks would come suddenly upon me, making me tremble so excessively that I could not do my work while they lasted; my sleep left me and I passed long nights in restless discomfort. I was filled with a nervous dread as to the future."

"A friend suggested that possibly tea and coffee were to blame, and I decided to give them up, and in casting about for a hot table beverage, which I felt was an absolute necessity, I was led by good fortune to try Postum Food Coffee. For more than a year I have used it three times a day and expect, so much good has it done me, to continue its use during the rest of my life."

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"All the nervous dread has gone. I walk a mile and a half each way to my work every day and enjoy it. I find an interest in everything that goes on about me that makes life a pleasure. All this I owe to leaving off tea and coffee and the use of Postum, for I have taken no medicine." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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For him there could be no such thing as miracles. The wonders that he could do were simply using laws of which he had acquired a knowledge. He could heal the sick; he could cure cases of obsession or possession. He foresaw the future and read the past as in a vision. Choosing to do so, he could read the thoughts of others, and he knew without study languages of other nations than his own. These things are not so curious to-day as then, for we know more of psychic possibilities; but it was the possession of such powers that aroused the long and bitter fight against his followers in the earlier and later Christian churches.

In spite of his ascetic life, or perhaps partly because of it, when he had reached the age of four-score years, he was sound of body and mind, erect in bearing, with a certain charm of manner and appearance that was exceedingly winning. He seems, indeed, according to his biographer, Philostratus, to have been a man most lovable, with many followers and disciples, who were attracted by his commanding personality and his philosophy.

Concerning the latter a few deductions and quotations from his writings must suffice. They will be sufficient, however, to show that he taught the same fundamental truths that all great mystics, including Jesus of Nazareth, the greatest of them all, have taught through the ages, with only the variation that the time and environment bring. God is One, universal and all pervading. The types and ideas of things are the only realities. Between the imperfection of earth and the highest divine type of all things are grades of increasing perfection. "The gods belonged to this world of types, of models, of perfections, the heaven world." Within each man is a form of perfection, though not yet absolutely perfect. He believed that the angel in man is the summation of all the finest features the individual has ever worn in his many lives on earth.

"The law," he said, "obliges us to die for liberty, and nature ordains that we should die for our parents, our friends or our children. All men are bound by these duties. But a higher duty is laid upon the sage; he must die for his principles and the truth he holds dearer than life. It is not the law that lays this choice upon him, it is not mature; it is the strength and courage of his own soul."

He wrote the following to one who mourned the loss of his son:

"There is no death of anyone, but only in appearance, even as there is no birth of any save only in seeming. The change from being to becoming seems to be birth, and the change from becoming to being seems to be death; but in reality no one is ever born, nor does one ever die. It is simply a being visible and then invisible, the former through the density of matter, and the latter because of the subtlety of being—being which is ever the same, its only change being motion and rest. . . . Have you not even still the one that's gone? You have, will answer anyone who really thinks. For that which is doth cease not—nay, is just for the very fact that it will be for aye."

There is nothing definite known of his passing from the stage of life, but he disappeared from the pages of history some time after he had reached fourscore years and while he is said to have been still vigorous in mind and body.

Mr. CHAS. E. ELLIS,

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Dear Sir: I can no longer resist writing to express my delight with your wonderful NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES.

I have been greatly helped by reading its pages and am so much pleased I shall join the Mystic Success Club also.

Yours for Success,

CARRIE A. LAWRENCE,

Mt. Sterling, Ala.

Prayer Better Than Lawsuits

WHEN Samuel Harris began to preach he became so absorbed in the work that he neglected to give proper attention to his ordinary business. His family suffered in consequence. Finding, on one occasion, that more grain was absolutely necessary for them than he had raised upon his farm, he called upon a man who owed him a sum of money and told him that he would be glad to receive payment.

"I have no money by me," replied the man, "and I cannot oblige you."

Harris said, "I want the money to buy wheat for my family; and as you have raised a good crop, I will take that, if you like, instead of money, at a current price."

"I have other uses for my wheat," the man curtly answered, "and cannot let you have it."

"How, then," said Harris, "do you intend to pay me?"

"I do not intend to pay you until you sue me," replied the debtor, "and therefore you may begin your suit as soon as you please."

Mr. Harris, in a quandary, left him. Meditating with himself, he said, "What shall I do? Must I leave preaching and attend to a vexatious lawsuit? Perhaps a thousand souls may suffer meantime for the want of hearing of Jesus. No, I will not. Well, what will you do for yourself? I will do this; I will sue him at the Court of Heaven."

Having resolved what to do, he turned aside into a wood and on his knees laid the matter before the Lord. As he prayed all anxiety about the matter passed away. He felt, to use his own expressive language, "that Jesus would become bondsman for the man and see that he himself was paid if he went on preaching." Mr. Harris arose from prayer, resolved, as he said, to hold the man no longer debtor, since Jesus had assumed the payment. He therefore wrote a receipt in full of all accounts against the man, dating it in the woods where he had prayed and signing it with his own name.

Next day, as he was passing by the man's house on his way to a meeting, he gave the receipt to a servant and directed him to give it to his master.

On his way back from the meeting he was hailed by the man, who demanded what he meant by the receipt he had sent him that morning.

"I meant just what I wrote," replied Mr. Harris.

"But you know, sir," returned the debtor, "I have never paid you."

"True," said Mr. Harris, "and I know also that you said you never would unless I sued you. But, sir, I sued you at the Court of Heaven, and Jesus entered bail for you and agreed to pay me; I have, therefore, given you a discharge!"

"But I insist upon it," said the man; "matters shall not be left so."

"I am well satisfied," answered Harris, "Jesus will not fail me. I leave you to settle the account with Him at another day. Farewell!"

This worked so effectually on the man's conscience that in a few days he discharged the debt.

Now, there was nothing extraordinary in all this. It was a most natural and inevitable result. The appeal to another's true and better self, and to his most sacred convictions, never fails. People are afraid to trust these in others, and they like to force their own will and to compel others to submit to it. Hence arise lawsuits—and wars of all kinds. There is a better way which seldom fails, and in the course of time, never.—The Olive Leaf.

Read *Carroll's Conversion* and you will then understand how to make our *Voluntary Help Fund* a grand Success. This is just the work for those who belong to the Mystic Success Club, and all who wish to be true Voluntary Helpers.

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The December of the Spirit

By Owen R. Washburn

Rejoice! Another year has been added to the sum of your experiences. That sin that you slew has been buried beneath the dust of time. That ignorance that vanished in the light will return no more, nor will any trumpets give it resurrection. The baser thoughts that Pain has cleansed with fire are left behind, and far above the weaker self you may now look down into the open grave of what you were and thank God for the gift of Time and Change and Loss and Failure when these have helped to turn you from the downward ways and into the upward paths of spiritual joy.

This month ends a measure of time. Season of outward rejoicing, it should be season of inward prayer for Light. Well was it told that not by day, but in the shadow, in the chill night, as the shepherds kept their flocks and saw but stars, there was heard above the darkened earth the cry of hosts from before the Throne, shouting "Peace on earth" and "Glory to God in the highest," as they heralded the coming of such light as neither day nor night had known. So in our little lives, when the soul is brought to the ground where only starlight falls, where only the driven herds of humanity are about it, we may hear in sudden revelation of Immortal Truth that glorious call which proclaims that in our darkness new Light has shone and the Glory of the only begotten Spirit of the Father has fallen upon us, announcing the death of old bondage, the glory of the crowned Kings of Righteousness.

This is the month of the dying days, of the cold that purifies, the frost that makes sweet the fields. Have you not power, in the midst of the wintry days you may have to meet, to let the chill of adversity cleanse your thought from every useless thing and bring you into that silver radiance wherein you shall see the new days dawn and thank the Lord of All for His manifold mercies in taking us away from lesser pleasures that we may see, even through the leafless vines of our favorite vineyards, the glory of the Infinite Purity?

"All power both in Heaven and on earth is given to you!" You may find even now the key to the doors that bar your path. You may enter in and take eternal possession of the riches God has prepared for you from the foundation of the world. This is your Christ-gift, the gift which the Spirit gives to everyone who receiveth it gladly, the gift of which all other gifts which love inspires by chimney corner and in lighted rooms where the candles glow, are but type and symbol.

As you journey through this month make it the end of all things weak and vain. Let the lesser deaths do their perfect work in you. The new days are at hand, and not more surely does the captive sun go, day by day, nearer the winter horizon only to arise again in new power and glory, than does your life go down among the shadows of sin to rise again from the longest nights and chilliest days into that perfect splendor which Christ manifested as He walked in Galilee.

Therefore look forth from the Windows of your Soul and meet the rising day with song.

Look forth upon the white hills where snow lies deepest and rejoice that under it abide myriad forms of life which shall yet praise the Creator Most Merciful.

Look forth upon the frost of failure and the snows of barren years and give praise that above them is the unfailing splendor of His peace.

We will lift up our lives in the beginning of the days, in the watches of the morning, in the still noonday, in the twilight hours. We will abide in quietness till the Prince of Truth shall be born where the cattle have stood, by the mangers of our lesser servings. We will listen for the songs which are ever sung, we will join in the pilgrimages of the Wise, we will give the perfume of thanksgiving where the new-born Love appears, we will forget the weakness of earth in the presence of Mary the Mother, and of Christ our Resurrection and our Life.

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THE CHRIST CHILD

By W. J. Colville

Written especially for
THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES

THERE are no more beautiful or expressive words in any language than the glowing prediction of Isaiah, "A little child shall lead them." Animals the most ferocious are mentioned in the eleventh chapter of Isaiah as all yielding to the sway of the infant Messiah who is to fulfil the sublimest prophecies and usher in a day of universal peace. Not alone or chiefly as an outside teacher and guide is Messiah to appear, according to ancient prophets, but rather as an indwelling presence enlightening and purifying all. The old idea and practice of literal sacrifice of animals upon a dedicated altar must pass into oblivion and its spiritual significance alone be enthroned in human consciousness.

Truly it may prove literally true that every savage beast shall yield to firm but kindly human rule, for history as well as tradition testifies that every creature below the human level has at some time been made submissive at the command of men. But beautiful and inspiring though this thought must be, it is with a yet higher aspect of the entire question of human supremacy and animal subervency that illumined seers are especially concerned.

Within the economy of every human entity all animal proclivities abide, and these must be submissive to the sway of pure, indwelling divinity before man's rightful sovereignty over all the kingdoms of nature can be demonstrated. Even warriors are heard to declare that war is permissible only as introductory to more firmly established peace, and surely if battles be fought with the end in view of establishing permanent peace eventually, we need experience no surprise when we read the prophetic testimony of illumined seers to the glorious truth that a child, sweet and innocent, shall reign over all the fierce passions which have for ages convulsed our planet and kept far from us all realization of the fairest dreams of earth's most noble singers.

Poetic language insists upon Messiah riding on an ass instead of on a horse, because the humble beast of burden throughout the Orient has been for millenniums employed by peaceful traders whose advent never awakened the slumbering spirit of warfare among those they visited. The beautiful associations of Christmas-tide encircling the Babe of Bethlehem all cluster around one central title given to the Holy Child—the Prince of Peace.

Mystically viewed, the birth of the Sacred Infant is far more than a wonderful historic event; it signifies nothing less than the awakening of the Higher Self in our humanity, so that we begin a new life devoted to a degree of righteousness of which aforesaid we had not even dreamed. Whatever lack of spirituality may have predominately characterized nominally Christian nations, the Madonna and Child everywhere represented in Europe for many centuries must have exerted a softening and sweetening influence in the midst of brutality and strife. It is not rational in a time of just reaction against unworthy superstitions, and most of all against hypocrisy, to confound flagrant departures from primitive Christian ideals with the ideals themselves.

The human Christ adored in Christendom as incarnate Deity exercised a tender influence over the roughest types of humanity in the earliest Christian centuries, and the celebration of the Christian festival created a truly hallowing effect upon the temper and conduct of barbarians. Voluptuous Rome excelled, under its emperors, in all that contributed to force and valor before an era of decadence had set in; but the institution of slavery, which flourished in the palmiest days of Roman supremacy, received no genuine setback till primitive Christian missionaries enforced the magnificent doctrine of universal brotherhood by preaching the gospel of the Son of God and the Son of Man.

It is impossible to bow in adoration before the Christ Child and drink in the spirit of cosmopolitanism without seeking to improve social and industrial relations, and it has only been to the extent that Christendom has been unfaithful to the adored ideal that it has permitted institutions and practices to continue which are essentially hostile to the spirit of its original inspiring genius.

The Christ Child, according to every legend, is everybody's friend, making no distinctions between princes and peasants, but blessing all with equal benediction. The highest principle of our humanity is truly the universal Logos, and wheresoever the divine Word is spoken into expression in human life, heaven and earth meet in the embrace of indissoluble concord. The symbol of a little child has always been naturally a favorite one with poets, painters, sculptors and all who seek through art to appeal to popular imagination.

This symbol can only suggest new and fresh ex-

perience, readiness to embark on a hitherto untried career, with aspirations and expectations all directed toward the consummation of a life not yet fully realized. The shadow of the cross which is often shown as dimly accompanying the Infant Christ did not originally prefigure advancing sorrow so much as it foretold complete development, that matchless symmetry alike of character and expression, which that most ancient symbol was always intended to suggest.

New birth signifies a new story added to the house the soul is continually erecting; for, be the stories three or more in number, the lower must be finished before the higher can be built.

John, the Baptizer, is a herald of the Christ representing the last stage of an exclusive type of ministry which must give place to a spiritual revelation entirely unrestricted.

The forerunner is confined in certain precincts, adopts a special dress and preaches only the surrender of all that defiles the human temple. The birth of the Christ Child is announced by angels to simple-minded, intuitive shepherds, and, by the gleaming of a long-expected star, to the cultured astrologers of Persia and Chaldea. Each receives the summons to the manger in Bethlehem in his own language, each is directed along the road he needs to traverse to attain his goal. The finding of the Infant and the offering unto Him of gifts, most simple and most regal, is an exquisite portrayal of how different classes of people are led to the same fundamental truth and do equal honor to it when they all have found it. Nothing can be sublimer or more convincing than the utter absence of all pomp surrounding the Child who is born on earth to be the whole world's enlightener. All the sweet associations of childhood cluster around the one word, innocence. Childlikeness always suggests complete freedom from guile. The normal child is inquiring, impulsive, but invariably honest and unsophisticated. The Holy Child is born in human consciousness whenever the intellect is so illumined by the indwelling Spirit that it has become a perfect channel through which divinity can work. The perfect child is completely natural, and therefore entirely free from disease. There is a natural science of anatomy and physiology, but pathology is altogether opposed to nature. Some beautiful stories are told in the Apocryphal New Testament concerning the marvelous healing virtue which emanated from the Infant Jesus, among which are several which declare that the water in which He had been bathed, as well as the clothing he had worn, imparted healing grace to sufferers. In the light of modern knowledge these legends are by no means incredible, for when accepted at their face value they only present the righteous, healthy side of the doctrine of infection. Modern fancy runs riot with disease and proclaims vociferously that danger lurks at every corner, so that, no matter where we may go, we are in close proximity to deadly microbes. Gospel records of spiritual healing through the agency of a perfectly refined and healthy physical organism lead our thoughts to the communicability of health and virtue, a safe and sane topic for contemplating.

As the new-born spiritual consciousness develops within us, it triumphs over all liability to disease and conquers temptation to unrighteousness. The Christ Child, as bestower of wondrous gifts at Christmas-tide, loved and revered by children all over the Christian world, is a fit embodiment in poetic story of the higher self of our common humanity, which delights in blessing, and dispenses with lavish hand choice gifts to all who need. We need not look backward nineteen hundred years to find the Christ Child in humanity. We do far better to look around us and within, and give thanks for the continual presence of divinity in human life. Much is lost and nothing gained by constant retrospection. Instead of wishing we had lived in Palestine when Jesus was born in Bethlehem, let us resolve to find the Christ Child in our own souls this present Christmas season. When our friends in the Southern Hemisphere celebrate the Christ's nativity at time of summer instead of winter solstice, when the longest instead of the shortest day heralds the approach of Christmas, though their calendar is literally reversed and all old-time traditions are inverted, nothing is lost to the true significance of the festival which ought to celebrate, not merely commemorate, the bursting forth into expression of the indwelling spirit of peace and good will at every season. As years and centuries roll on, though we drift ever further away from historic situations, we can draw continually nearer to that supremely blessed state which the grandest among prophets ever help us to realize. The spreading of the Messianic spirit is the ever enlarging fulfillment of Messianic prophecies. Whenever peace has triumphed over warfare and nations or parties have given up belligerency and substituted rational pacific arbitration, we have witnessed another birth into externalized expression of the Holy Child, the Prince of Peace, the world's sole elevator.

Amid the joys of Christmas

We bless the Holy Child,
The sacred, loving Infant,
Serene and undefiled,
And 'mid our joyful praises,
Our hearts with fervor pray,
May Christ be born within us,
A constant Guest to stay.

Keynotes

Am I honest with myself here and now? In the answer to that question lies my welfare or my ill-fare. The whole of ethics is involved.

What is right? To be simply, manfully true to what beyond all choosing I deeply feel and know—is right. I am not concerned further than this.

What is wrong? To violate my own inmost sense of truth—the dictates of my soul, howsoever; to disobey that still, small voice within:

"To thine own self be true"

What is wise? To listen quietly each hour to the voice within, for it is divine. To pray to God, and to let the loving thought of Him be in each act. To serve God by serving and loving all the world.

What is prayer? It is receptivity to the Highest, and thanksgiving—aspersion, in the peace and calm of one's own being—conscious communion with God. Prayer is a yearning for harmony.

What is harmony? It is that ideal of order, beauty and simplicity for which I must strive—not toward which I am wafted, but which God unfolds within me as rapidly as I recognize Him and do His bidding.

What is His bidding? That I trust Him even as a little child unknowingly does. That I abandon myself in Him; for in Him I live and move and have my being. "He that loseth his life shall find it" in God. Without God my life is naught. In every thought, in every act, in every minute, therefore, have perfect faith. I must trust Him in all my life as I trust the law of gravity, which is an expression of Him.—*Horatio Dresser*

Man is his own star, and the soul that can
Render an honest and perfect man
Commands all light, all influence, all fate;
Nothing to him falls early, or too late.
J. Moore.

The water placed in goblet, bowl or cup
Changes its form to its receptacle;
And so our plastic souls take various shapes
And characters of good or ill, to fit
The good or evil in the friends we choose;
Therefore be ever careful in your choice of friends,
And let your special love be given to those
Whose strength of character may prove the whip
That drives you ever to fair Wisdom's goal.
Translated from the Japanese.

That song of love, now low and far,
Ere long shall swell from star to star!
That light, the breaking day, which tips
The golden-spined apocalypse!
Whittier.

To help the young soul, add energy, inspire hope,
and blow the coals into a useful flame.—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

These, then, are the three—reverence and self-forgetfulness and active obedience. "With twain he covered his face, and with twain he covered his feet, and with twain did he fly." It is because of irreverence and self-conceit and idleness that our lives are weak.—*Robertson.*

"The man who profits by his own mistakes counts clear gains."

Remember you are immortal; realize your own immortality. Remember it all day long, in all places. Live as men whose every act is ineffaceably recorded, whose every change may be recorded forever.—*Cardinal Manning.*

**We are to have a very interesting article on
VEGETARIANISM
in January Number.
Be sure to read it.**

Dear NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES

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Winning Success

WHAT though success is hard to find,
 'Tis perseverance ever wins;
 Keep hope and work with all your might,
 'Tis then a brighter light begins
 Illuminating the darksome days,
 In which you almost found despair,
 Keep hope and never fear but you,
 Reward for effort, soon will share.

'Tis those discouraged who will fail
 And never win success desired;
 So persevere and see that you
 In all your work shall be inspired
 To benefit some other souls.
 And, for yourself alone, not live;
 But let your efforts ever be
 To happiness to others, give:

Then you will win life's grand success;
 For helping others, you ascend
 And gain the plane where love abounds,
 Where peace and happiness will blend.
 And what is gold to pleasure found
 In having highest aims in life?
 Oh! let us win success through love,
 And not by selfish greed and strife.

Martha Shepard Lippincott.

How common it is for one in mature or advanced life to wish that he were young again! And what a mistake this is! If one remembers joys that he had in former years let him be grateful for them and know that better things, even if not the same as these, are yet before him. The best things to God's children are ever ahead, not behind. If he thinks of mistakes that he then made, let him be grateful that he has not to try the thing over again, lest he might do even worse if he had another trial. If, indeed, he really can do better now, let him do so where and as he is, instead of showing his unfitness for the present by repining over the lost past.—*Sunday School Times.*

The Man From the Crowd

MEN seem as alike as the leaves on the trees,
 As alike as the bees in a swarming of bees;
 And we look at the millions that make up the State,
 All equally little and equally great,
 And the pride of our courage is cowed.
 Then Fate calls for a man who is larger than men;
 There's a surge in the crowd, there's a movement,
 and then
 There arises the man who is larger than men,
 And the man comes up from the crowd.

The chasers of trifles run hither and yon,
 And the little, small days of small things still go on,
 And the world seems no better at sunset than dawn,
 And the race still increases its plentiful spawn,
 And the voice of our wailing is loud.
 Then the Great Deed calls out for the Great Man
 to come,
 And the crowd, unbelieving, sits sullen and dumb;
 But the Great Deed is done, for the Great Man is come—
 Aye, the man comes up from the crowd.

There's a dead hum of voices, all say the same thing,
 And our forefathers' songs are the songs that we sing,
 And the deeds by our fathers and grandfathers done
 Are done by the son of the son of the son,
 And our heads in contrition are bowed.
 Lo, a call for a man who shall make all things new
 Goes down through the throng. See, he rises in view!
 Make room for the man who shall make all things new!
 For the man who comes up from the crowd.

And where is the man who comes up from the throng,
 Who does the new deed and who sings the new song,
 And who makes the old world as a world that is new?

And who is the man? It is *You!* It is *You!*
 And our praise is exultant and proud.
 We are waiting for you there—for *you*, the man!
 Come up from the jostle as soon as you can;
 Come up from the crowd there, for you are the man.
 The man who comes up from the crowd.

Sam Walter Foss, in "Success."

Look out for the bright, for the brightest side of things, and keep thy face constantly turned to it.—*Jeremy Bentham.*

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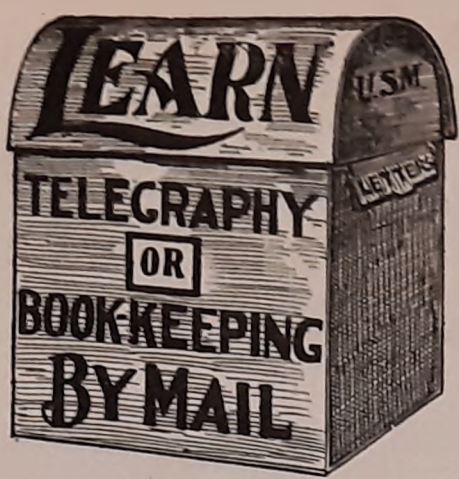
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Blue Coat and Gray

In 1864 several Union and Confederate wounded soldiers lay in a farmhouse in the Shenandoah Valley. Mrs. B—, the mother of one of the latter, rode ten miles every day to see her boy, bringing such little comforts as she could. Her house was burned, the plantation in ruins, trampled down by the army. One day she carried him some beef tea. Every drop was precious; for it was with great difficulty that she had obtained the beef from which it was made.

As she sat watching her boy sip the steaming, savory broth, her eye caught the eager, hungry look of a man on the next cot. He was a Yankee, perhaps one of the very band who had burned her home. She was a bitter secessionist. But she was also a noble-hearted Christian woman. Her eye stole back to the pale, sunken face; and she remembered the words of the Master: "If thine enemy thirst, give him drink."

After a moment's pause, and with pressed lips, for it required all the moral force she could command, she filled a bowl with the broth and put it to his lips, repeating to herself the words: "For His sake; for His sake; for His sake I do it." Then she brought fresh water, and bathed the soldier's face and hands as gently as if he, too, had been her son. The next day, when she returned, he was gone, having been exchanged to the North.

Last winter the son of a Senator from a Northern State brought home with him, during the Christmas vacation, a young engineer from Virginia. He was the only living son of Mrs. B—, the boy whom she had nursed having been killed during the later years of the war. She had struggled for years to educate this boy as a civil engineer, and had done it. But without influence he could not obtain position, and was supporting himself by copying.

Senator Blank inquired into his qualifications, and finding them good, soon after secured his appointment on the staff of engineers employed to construct an important railway. The Senator inclosed with the appointment a letter to Mrs. B—, reminding her of the farmhouse on the Shenandoah, and adding: "I was the wounded man to whom you gave that bowl of broth."

The divine principle embodied in this act of the true-hearted Southern mother was never better exemplified; and the fruit of it, like those of every obedience to divine law, was a natural result and fulfilment of the promise that "Bread cast upon the waters shall be found after many days."

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We have a few copies of the first volume of The New York Magazine of Mysteries, which consists of the May, June, July, August, September and October numbers, 1901, bound in cloth with gold lettering, for \$5.00, postage prepaid.

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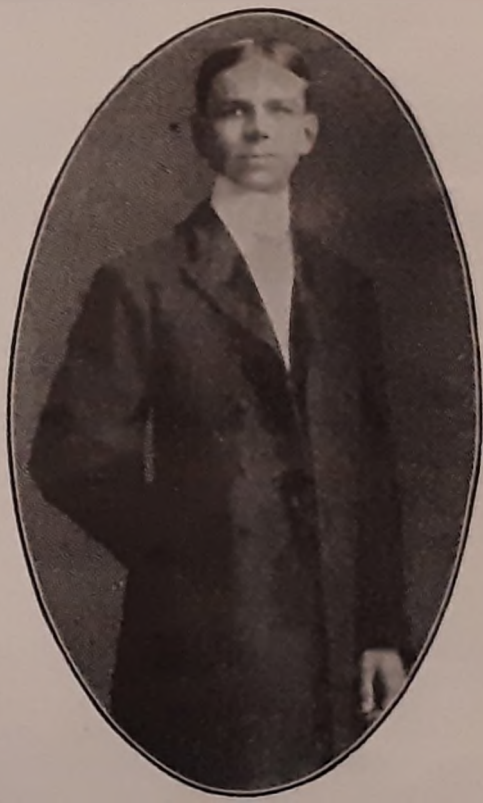
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A Lesson in Vital Energy

WHEREVER you direct your attention, there you send your force.

In vitalizing the body, then, the first great essential is to learn to direct and hold the attention within. As it is difficult at first to concentrate upon the body unless the thought is expressed in action, it is well to begin in the following manner:

Exercise I.—Lying flat upon the back, endeavor to express strength and power throughout the body by making tense each muscle. First, make rigid the toes, then the feet, ankles, lower limbs, upper limbs, muscles of the abdomen, waist, chest and neck. Now raising the arms slowly over the head, stiffen the muscles of the upper arm, forearm, wrists and fingers. Stretch evenly from toe-tips to finger-tips. Then slowly relax, beginning with the fingers. Repeat not less than five times, putting a little more force into it each time.

After relaxing, yield to the inclination to breathe deeply a few times, then become quiet; so quiet that not a muscle moves, and note the effect upon the body.

This exercise equalizes the circulation, helps to gain control over the muscles, and trains the mind and body to obey the will.

Exercise II.—With the muscles still relaxed keep the attention within, and take the thought restfully and quietly through the entire body, beginning at the toes as in Exercise I, slowly move up into the feet, ankles, lower and upper limbs, holding for a moment in the abdominal organs (keeping always a picture of perfect health), then in the stomach, solar plexus, lungs and throat. Now take the thought over the head, holding a moment at nerve centre at back of head, then move slowly down the spine, back of limbs down again to toes. Repeat until every nerve is relaxed and quiet.

This exercise, if practiced faithfully each day, will give you the mental control which will enable you to turn your attention promptly from the useless things that waste your energy and centre it upon that only which you wish realized in your life.

While the mind is in this quiet condition, ask yourself whether or not you are in the habit of breathing deeply. If not, begin right now and practice diligently.

Exercise III.—Place the hands on the sides just above the waist; expel all of the air from the lungs, allowing the sides to collapse. Now inhale deeply, pushing out firmly against the hands. Watch the breath carefully, keeping it steady and regular. This form of breathing (usually neglected) is of the utmost importance in increasing vitality and should become habitual.

These few introductory exercises in the "Vital Energy System of Health Culture," if practiced carefully and with a quiet, steady determination to take control of your own instrument, will be helpful in bringing you into a fuller realization of your own power to express a healthy mind through a healthy body.—*Mae Marie Wilson, in Medical Talk.*

Good Words

WHEN you meet a man that's blue
There's one thing that you should do—
Slap him on the back and say:
"Better luck another day!"
Cheer him up and make him smile—
Don't keep "knocking" all the while
Good words come amazing cheap;
Use them—for they help a heap.

When you see a man in woe
Slap his back and say "Hello!"
If he's down upon his luck,
Cheer him up and give him pluck.
Laugh and grab him by the hand
And then boost to beat the band.
Good words won't cost you a dime.
And they'll help him every time.

When you see a man knocked out,
Stop and ask him what it's about;
Help him to his feet, and then
Urge the man to try again.
Fill his heart with "plucky dope"—
Equal parts of cheer and hope.
Good words help a man along
When he's up against it strong.

If you can't find one good word
Then do not let your voice be heard
Better live in silence than
"Knock" against your fellow-man.
Speak good words or none at all;
Help your fellows if they fall.
Good words help along the way—
Therefore say a few to-day.

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You may fix upon any date within a year for the beginning of any of the subscriptions; therefore, if you are now a subscriber to any one of these publications, this bargain subscription may begin at the expiration of your present one. It is not at all necessary that all three begin at the same time.

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I THINK if thou couldst know,
O soul that will complain,
What lies concealed below
Our burden and our pain,
How just our anguish brings
Nearer those longed-for things
We seek for now in vain—

I think thou wouldst rejoice and not complain.

I think if thou couldst see,
With thy dim, mortal sight,
How meanings dark to thee
Are shadows hiding light;
Truth's efforts, crossed and vexed,
Life's purposes all perplexed—

I think that they would seem all clear, all wise and bright.

And yet thou canst not know,
And yet thou canst not see;
Wisdom and sight are slow
In poor humanity,
If thou couldst trust, poor soul,
In Him who rules the whole,
Thou wouldst find peace and rest.

Wisdom and sight are well, but trust is best.

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We guarantee to grow hair on the balddest head, without reference to cause of baldness or length of time bald. Enclose stamp—particulars free.

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The "SUN" 100 CANDLE POWER LAMP

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SUN Incandescent Gasoline LAMP

Conforms to Insurance underwriters' rules. Branch supply depots in all larger cities. Agents wanted. Get Catalog.

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Tried, tested and in constant use in hundreds of homes, halls, stores, churches. Bracket, pendant, chandelier styles. Safe as a candle. Simple as sunlight.

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MEN'S, BOYS' Youths' Women's Misses' Children's HEAVY BUCKLE ARCTICS

Strictly first quality wool fleece lined, very heavy cloth top, doll heels, broad toes only. Extra heavy throughout. Weight 14 to 18 ounces.
Men's sizes, 8 to 13, price per pair, \$1.09
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Men's Felt Boots and Hurons \$1.45
High grade felt boots with Huron overs. Combination made of pure all wool felt boots, which are reinforced by calf stay sides, back and front, fitted with first quality, 1 buckle Huron overs. Made by best makers. Each article is first quality, guaranteed and should not be compared with the cheap grades of similar goods sold at twice our price. Give size when ordering. Per pair \$1.45.

100 BARS Laundry Soap \$1.75
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Wood Stove 75¢
Air tight, will burn anything but coal.

\$3.48 ELGIN or WALTHAM

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Pair quality 1 1/2 inch elastic web, best fancy pattern, green, black, and red pin stripes, nickel metal snap back, metal loop ends, patent push-off clasp, adjustable wire buckles. Same quality often retail at 25 to 50 cents.

DO NOT ORDER until you receive our free catalogue, order blanks and full particulars. We do business differently from any other firm we know of, and we want to explain our plan to you in full. We sell only to members, and we want you to become one. Anybody may become a member. **SIMPLY SAY** on a postal card, "send me free catalogue," or fill out and mail the lower right hand corner of this page. These prices interest you, our other prices will, and you will feel repaid for your trouble in writing us. Our new method of trading enables us to make lower prices than you can procure elsewhere. If you want to save money we think you will be interested in our free catalogue and full explanation of our plan.

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Good Quality, durable, best assurance. All sizes and widths. Our big catalogue shows a wonderful variety of all kinds of shoes, rubbers, boots, etc.

LADIES' SHOES 96c
Stylish patent leather tip, 2 1/2 inch wide toe, quality. **ALL STYLES** described in our Big Catalogue

32 Cts. BUYS THIS 2-QUART FOUNTAIN SYRINGE

Made from white rubber with hard rubber fittings, three hard rubber pipes, with patent shut-off. Highest grade of pure rubber, and if you do not find it equal to syringes sold by the lowest priced catalogue houses at 75 cts., and by other stores at \$1.00, simply return it to us and we will refund your money.

GIRLS' SCHOOL SHOES 69 cts.

Almost seamless, so they can't rip, leather selected because of great wearing qualities. Made in style, but for wear. Made in wide widths only, from durable, soft kangaroo grain leather, with solid leather counters, soles and insoles, the soles being riveted to the uppers. Weight 14 to 20 cts., according to size. Sizes 8 to 11, per pair 69 cents. Sizes 12 to 1, per pair 75 cents.

BOYS' SCHOOL SHOES 79 cts.
Made from prime, selected calf, wide toes, easily fitting last, low broad heels and strong soles. Best you ever saw for anywhere near our price. Sizes 8 to 11, 79 cents per pair. Sizes 1 to 12, per pair 85 cents.

\$3.98 Buys this All-Wool Men's Suit
This splendid ready-to-wear suit is a fine all-wool cheviot, medium weight, suitable for any season or occasion, good, strong, serviceable, made exactly as shown in cut. Coat is round neck, very dressy, well tailored. Trousers satin lined, double silk stitched, with single breasted vest. Trousers are equally well made, in this year's fashionable widths, and the entire suit is fully described in Free Catalogue.

89 CENTS
Men's Turkey Red Handkerchiefs, 12 for Free Catalogue

89 CENTS
Boys' heavy Plow shoes. Send for Free Catalogue for full particulars of men's dependable shoes and clothing, sent free on request.

39 CENTS
Cents per pair for men's curtains.

\$1.75 BUYS 100 Lbs. SUGAR
Finest white granulated, if ordered with our assortment of high grade pure groceries which are needed and used daily in every home. We do not sell sugar separately at this price, nor break the assortment, as our price is based on packing and handling the entire assortment in the most economical way, and we have not added a single penny to the price to cover unnecessary handling of the goods by selling single articles or packages. Our free catalogue shows complete list of articles in the assortment, explains our liberal C. O. D. offer under which we ship groceries subject to your examination and approval before payment, tells why our method of selling groceries is the best in the world, shows what people say who have bought and used our groceries, and how we can save you an enormous percentage of your grocery bills every month in the year. The catalogue tells how we give away valuable premiums, such as 100 piece Decorated Dinner Sets, Kitchen Ware Outfits, Kitchen Cabinets, Morris Chairs, Silverware, Clocks, Enamelled Ware, Silver Tea Sets, Iron Beds and Mattresses, with orders for pure staple groceries, such as red hot and use every day, probably paying your storekeeper a big profit on them, and still we make wonderfully low prices, lower prices we believe, than you have ever seen quoted elsewhere.

Men's Cotton Fleece Underwear 35c.
Very warm, soft, close knit, heavy cotton lining, heaviest weight, fine quality, sizes 34 to 40 inches chest. Regular 15 cent to \$1.00 quality. Shirts ea. 25c. Drawers to match 25c.

Men's Winter Silk Plush Cap, 39 cts.
Send for Free Catalogue.

99 Cts. Buys This BOY'S SUIT
2 piece Knee Pants, ages 8 to 15 years, double breasted square cut coat, made as shown in cut, in neat and desirable patterns. We have them in great variety of colors and shades. Sold on 10 days' free trial, at the end of which period if you are not entirely satisfied that the goods are more serviceable and better elsewhere at two or three times our price you may return them and we will immediately refund your money. If this suit is not exactly what you want, write us at once anyway, as we sell, describe and illustrate in our different publications an immense variety of boy's knee and long pants suits, reefer, vestee and Norfolk suits, fancy blouse suits, overcoats, fashion figures, and almost everything worn and used in the home. Send for Free Catalogue.

Men's Fur Top 59c KID GLOVES,
Soft fleece lining, very warm, dressy and comfortable. Tan or brown.

Men's Lined 29c Working Gloves
Soft oiled tanned grain leather, soft fleece lining.

28c Buys These Overalls, 240 blue and white double and twist denim. Cut full and large, with double stripe and fold seams throughout, patent buttons on waist bands and

\$1.68 buys this Men's Mackintosh made in a high grade tau color covert cloth, cut in latest five button double breasted front style; velvet collar, neat plaid lining, ventilated armholes, two outside pockets with flaps, large horn buttons and seams, double stitched. Priced elsewhere at \$3.00 to \$4.50.

19c Buys This Men's Hat, crusher shape, made of standard black stock, with 2 1/4 inch wide edge curled brim, 5 inch crown, leatherette sweat band. Comfortable and correct shape. Each 19 cents. 1 dozen, \$2.25. Send for Free Catalogue.

MEN'S SWEATERS 75c.
Heavy ribbed, good domestic wool with just enough cotton to prevent shrinkage and add to its durability. Elastic ribbed, double collar and cuffs, fancy knitted all. Perfect fitting and durable. Comes in black, navy, maroon. Sizes 31 to 44 in. chest. If by mail, postage extra, each 16 cents. Usually sold at \$1.50 to \$2.00. Each 75 cents, dozen \$8.50.

MEN'S PANTS 75c. Extra strong quality. Men's worsted working pants, neat, dark pattern, full regular sizes, never rip seams. Two top front pockets, hip pocket, watch pocket. Adjustable back strap, drop lining, patent rivet buttons, fly front, reinforced crotch, English continuous waist.

9 CENTS buys this men's Necktie, latest style, genuine silk, shaped exactly as illustrated. Complete assortment of patterns, dots, stripes, floral brocades, most popular, fastest selling shades, suitable for any occasion. Often retails at 35 cents.

fly, two front swinging pockets, back patch pocket, watch pocket, rule pocket. Well made throughout. Don't continue to pay 10 to 75c for overalls elsewhere. Each 25c. Dozens \$3.00.

MONEY-MAKING BOOK
General Merchandise Catalogue
GLOBE ASSOCIATION
Chicago, Ill.
INCORPORATED
Capital \$500,000.00
ESTABLISHED 1897
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OUR BIG CATALOGUE contains thousands of illustrations, tens of thousands of quotations, and names our wonderfully low prices on almost everything, including Men's and Women's Furnishing Goods, Heavy Hardware, Photographic Goods, Household Goods, Carpets, Curtains, Agricultural Implements, Pianos and Organs, Watches, Ladies' Capes, Jackets and Furs, Clothing for Men and Boys, Guns and Ammunition, Sewing Machines, Dry Goods, Machinery, Tents, Mandolins, Violins, Bicycles, Jewelry, Crockery, Optical Goods, Trunks, Harness, Saddles, Drugs, Wall Paper, Paints, Guitars, Banjos, Bicycles, Diamonds, Shoes, Magic Lanterns, Furniture, Stoves, Baby Carriages, Safes, Notions, Clocks, Millinery, Sporting Goods, Oils, Pumps, Scales, Bells, Blacksmiths' Tools, Supplies, Electric Goods, Graphophones, Exhibition Outfits, Ladies' Wearing Apparel, Lamps, Mackintoshes, Tombstones, in brief, the lowest prices ever known on almost every article used by mankind.

Ladies' Fine Combed Egyptian Underwear 35c. Send for free catalogue giving full description.

8 cts. per pair buys Ladies' Hose Send for our free catalogue giving full description.

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Ladies' Wrapper 48c
Latest style full standard quality, percale wrapper.

43c. Buys black tape edge, English gloria cloth Umbrella, in either 28 or 30 inch size. Made with enamel steel rod, nickel rods, Congo handles. Send for catalogue containing full description.

26c ea. work- ing shirt.

4c per pr. ing shirt.

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Automatic Shell Ejecting.
This is one of the highest grade breech-loading guns made for either black or white powder. Barrel 30 or 32 in., 12 gauge, wt. 8 1/2 lbs. \$2.98
Catalogue containing full descriptions sent free upon request.

Compass Saw 10c
Spring steel, beech handle

10c Shingling Hatchet
Cast steel, wt. 1 1/2 lbs., Hickory handle, length 15 1/2 in.

4c each buys these Towels, 14 x 23 inches. Cat. free.

\$2.67 for this Revolver 10c
for claw hammer, 10-lb. Steel, Hickory Handle, Length 13 in.

12 QUART MILK CAN FREE WITH 15 lbs. Coffee

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\$1.25 We show a great variety of hats
Elegant Ladies' Turban Hat for Fall and Winter. 1904. Fully described in Free Catalogue

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Please send me Free Catalogue referred to in newspaper advertisement, also order blanks, instructions for ordering and full particulars as to how I may become a member and secure your lowest prices.
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Post Office.....
Street No.....
P. Box or County.....
State.....

A black and white line drawing of a woman wearing a long, hooded cloak with a decorative border. She has a bow at the neck and is holding a small object in her hands. The style is simple and illustrative.

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Any Man

D70

**GROW
YOUR
HAIR
AND
EARN
\$500.**

A FINANCIAL OPPORTUNITY

THE EARNING POWER OF MONEY INVESTED IN

KORNIT

CHRISTMAS

AND

NEW YEAR

KORNIT

To those who know thee not,
No words can paint;
And those who know thee,
Know all words are faint.

PREPARE FOR
THE FUTURE
ENJOY AN INCOME
FOR LIFE

THE EARNING POWER OF MONEY

*Defer no time.
Delays have dangerous ends.*

In a recent article in "Success," Henry Clews says: "Money represents the efforts of man." If

Strike while the iron is hot.

one has a million dollars, he can, for a day, control a force equal to a million men. Every dollar one saves gives him practical control of the services of one man for one day. The man who has the ability and strength to save money can make these moneys work for him as if they were men. The question is HOW and WHERE can it be used to the greatest advantage? If you invest it at small rate of interest, you simply give someone else the opportunity of making your money earn money for THEM; if you spend it, all possibility of making it work for you is lost.

PUT NOT YOUR TRUST IN
MONEY, BUT PUT YOUR MONEY
IN MANUFACTURING "KORNIT"

Co-OPERATION—These are strenuous times. The remarkable opportunities of our day, and especially of our country, make it possible for men of brains to amass great wealth; and wealth gives power to control great industries, to the end that the man of smaller means is crowded out. But right here co-operation comes to his rescue. A company is formed, its stock is sold in comparatively small amounts and the aggregate makes a sum equal to that of the millionaire. The company manages its affairs just as well as the individual, and attains equal results, thus giving to the dollar of the small investor the same relative earning power that is possessed by the dollar of the man of great wealth.

One hundred dollars invested at 16 per cent. interest will earn in a year as much as sixteen men working for you one day. It is, however, possible to make one hundred dollars do the work of ten, fifty or even one hundred men; it depends on how and WHERE you invest it.

Every man is desirous of securing for himself a competency which will enable him to enjoy the fruits of his labor at as early a period in his life as possible. This is a problem, however, which is becoming more difficult and more complex each year. Consider these facts seriously and decide if it is not wise to invest at once in THE KORNIT MANUFACTURING CO., and draw a handsome yearly income from its enormous earnings.

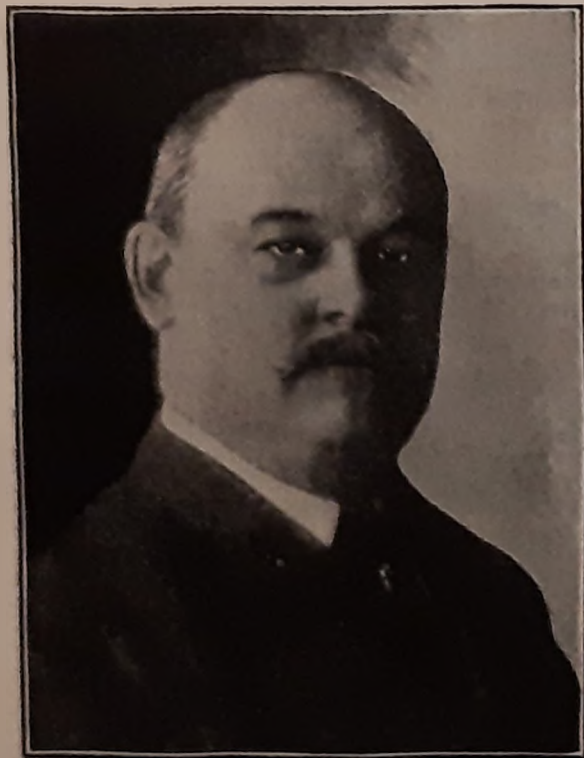
Thus far our fortune keeps an upward course and we are graced with wreaths of victory.

THE STORY OF KORNIT

By President CHARLES E. ELLIS

IT is with much pleasure that I can report to my co-shareholders and the readers of Our Magazine that since the last issue The Kornit Manufacturing Company has made much and satisfactory progress. The work of getting the machinery up and in working order is going on, and it will not be long before Kornit will, for the first time, be produced in this country.

Our Factory Superintendent, Mr. Emanuel, has returned from London after thoroughly inspecting the English Factory. He



PRESIDENT CHARLES E. ELLIS

reports that in England they are overrun with orders. They had on hand when he left orders five months ahead of their working capacity. The Croxson Electric Works, Chelmsford, England, have taken a great interest in Kornit and are using it in a great many departments. We show herewith an illustration of a Bobbin which was made for The Croxson Electric Works. They are using thousands of the Bobbins in many different sizes. They report that Kornit is the best product for these and many other articles, on account of its strong, non-conducting qualities. The Croxson Electric Works in England occupy in that country the same position that The General Electric Co., of Schenectady, N. Y., occupies in this country.

The English Admiralty have thoroughly tested Kornit, and we here show an illustration of an insulated Switch Handle which was made for them. They report that after thoroughly testing Kornit they find it answers the purpose far better than any thing they have ever seen. I might go on and cite many other instances where Kornit has been welcomed into the industrial world, but will sum the matter up in a few words by saying that we feel sure that we have a market here in this country for all the Kornit we can manufacture. We are therefore now bending all our energies to complete our factory.

If every reader of Our Magazine could become a co-shareholder and co-dividend receiver with me in The Kornit Manufacturing Company, it would be a GREAT blessing.

Write me today, make a beginning. You will never be sorry.

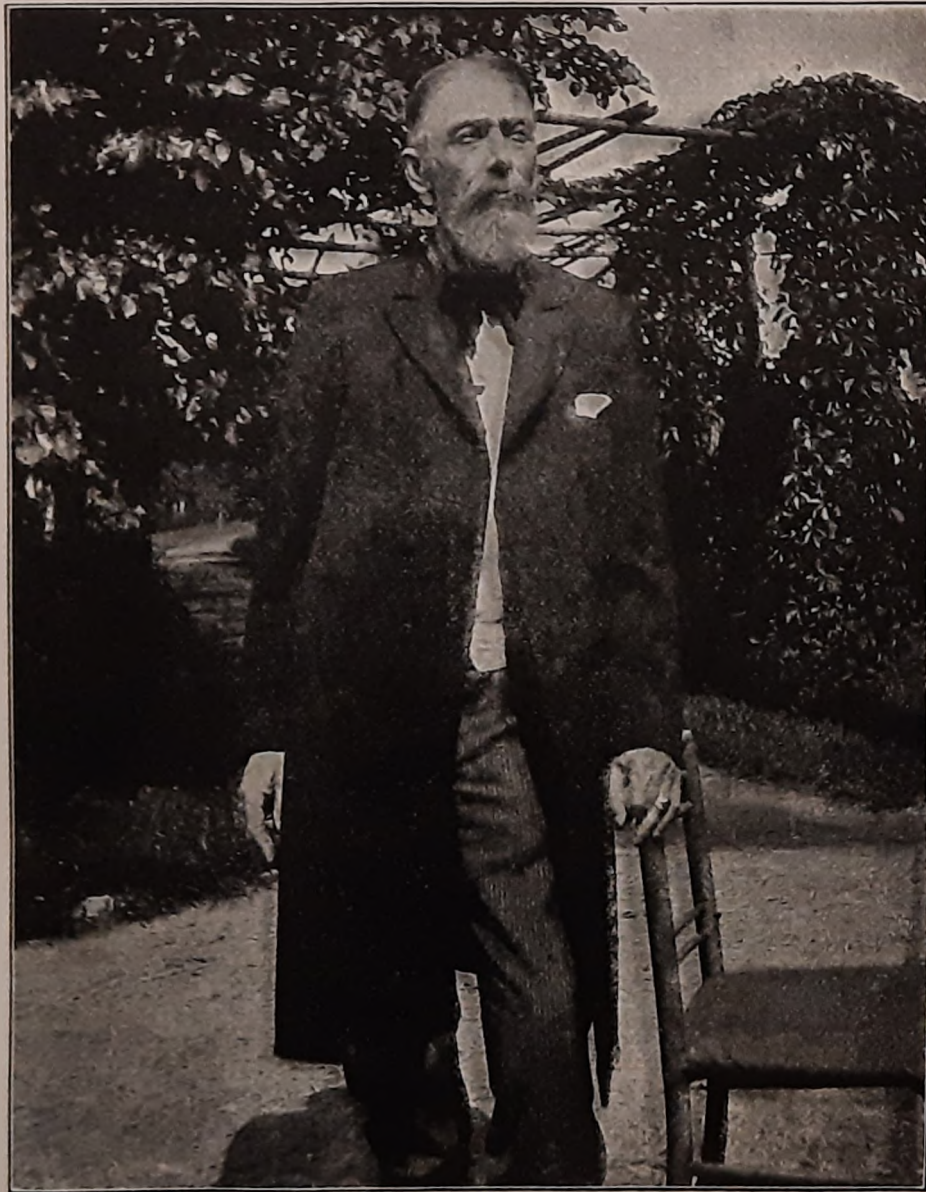
KORNIT was invented by JOHANN GUSTAV BIERICH, a subject of the Czar of Russia, residing at Menkenhof, near Lievenhof, Russia, and is a Homogeneous Horn or Hoof substance. Kornit is produced by grinding horn and hoof shavings and waste into a palpable powder and then pressing under heavy hydraulic pressure with heat into a homogeneous slab. This slab produces a substance which can be sawed or turned the same as ordinary wood. It is of a beautiful black consistency and is EXTREMELY VALUABLE AS A NON-CONDUCTOR FOR ELECTRICAL SUPPLIES. It is a matter of record that the electrical industry in this country AT THIS TIME DOES NOT HAVE A satisfactory material for heavy or high insulating purposes. A slab of Kornit one inch thick was tested in Trenton, New Jersey, by the Imperial Porcelain Works, and was FOUND TO HAVE RESISTED 90,000 VOLTS OF ELECTRICITY. It may be interesting to note here that the heaviest voltage which is transmitted in this country is between Niagara, Buffalo and Lockport, New York. The voltage transmitted by this company is between 40,000 and 50,000 volts. Kornit is equally as good as a non-conductor for electrical purposes and supplies as is hard rubber.

The average price of hard, vulcanized rubber for electrical purposes is to-day considerably over one dollar per pound—at the present writing something like \$1.25 per pound.

KORNIT CAN BE SOLD AT TWENTY-FIVE CENTS PER POUND, and AN ENORMOUS profit can be made at this price, so that it CAN EASILY BE SEEN that where Kornit is EQUALLY AS GOOD, and AS A MATTER OF FACT, in many instances, a BETTER non-conductor than hard rubber, it can compete in every case where it can be used with great success on account of its price. For electrical panel boards, switchboards, fuse boxes, cutouts, etc., there are other materials used, such as vulcanized paper fibre, slate, marble, etc. A piece of vulcanized paper fibre, 3x4x1 inch, in lots of 1,000, brings 20 cents per piece. A piece of Kornit of the SAME DIMENSIONS could be sold with the ENORMOUS PROFIT OF OVER 100 PER CENT. at ten cents. The absorptive qualities of Kornit renders it such that it is FAR PREFERABLE to that of vulcanized fibre. It will not maintain a flame. Of all the materials which are now in the electrical market for supplies and insulators there is, as we have stated above, none that are satisfactory. Kornit will fill this place. Its tensile strength per square inch averages from 1,318 pounds to 1,811 pounds, which the reader can readily see is MORE THAN SATISFACTORY. This test was made by a well-known electrical engineer, who is now acting in that capacity for the United States Government, with a Standard Riehle Bros. testing machine.

If you will carefully cast over in your mind and pick out twenty of the wealthiest people you personally know, you will find in each case that it is a fact that years ago each one of these persons, or their ancestors, learned how to make a little money do a whole lot of work, and that now they and their children reap the benefit in a golden harvest.

You can do the same. Only you must make a beginning. Here is a Financial Opportunity. Take advantage of it now—not to-morrow, but right now, today. You are making money. Why not invest a little and later on reap the benefit? It is a wise thing to do, and the wise and thoughtful people who are doing it are the ones that live in ease.



MR. JOHANN GUSTAV BIERICH, THE INVENTOR OF KORNIT, IN HIS SUMMER GARDEN AT MENKENHOF, RUSSIA

Waste horn and whole hoofs are being sold by the ton to-day, principally only for fertilizing purposes. There is one town alone, Leominster, Mass., where they have an average of eight tons of horn shavings every day. These waste horn shavings are now only being sold for fertilizing material. These eight tons of horn shavings manufactured into Kornit and sold for electrical purposes would easily bring \$3,000. At this price it would be selling for less than one-fifth of what hard rubber would cost, and about one-half what other competitive materials would sell for, even though they would not be as satisfactory as Kornit.

Kornit has been in use in Russia about four years. In Riga, Russia, which is the largest seaport town of Eastern Russia, the Electrical Unions there are using Kornit with the greatest satisfaction, finding it preferable to any other insulating material.

The expense of manufacturing Kornit from the horn shavings is not large, as the patentee, Mr. Bierich, has invented an economical and satisfactory process which produces an article that, in the near future, will be used in the construction of almost every building in this country.

Besides electrical insulators, Kornit can be used for the manufacturing of furniture, buttons, door handles, umbrella cane knife and fork handles, brush and sword handles, revolver handles, mirror backs, picture frames, toilet accessories, such as fancy glove boxes, jewel cases, glove stretchers, shoe lifts, etc., office utensils, such as paper knife and pen holders, ink stands, pen racks, medical instruments, such as syringes, ear trumpets, etc., etc.; pieces for games, such as draughts, chessmen, dominoes, checkers, counters, chips, cribbage boards, etc.; telephone ear pieces, stands, etc.; piano keys, typewriter keys, adding machine and cash register keys, tea trays, ash trays, scoops, mustard and other spoons, salad sets, cigar and cigarette cases, cigar and cigarette holders, match

boxes and hundreds of other useful and ornamental articles, all at a large and remunerative profit.

During July Professor Vivian B. Lewes, of the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, England, and the City Examiner of the London Gas Companies, visited the works in Russia at Menkenhof and Riga. Prof. Lewes was specially retained to investigate and report upon the utility and adaptability of this new invention of Kornit for commercial purposes.

Accordingly, after the most careful investigation and a complete demonstration of the process, the following report was received from Prof. Lewes. He writes:

"LOWER WHITE CROSS STREET, E. C.,
LONDON, ENGLAND, JULY 27, 1903.

"KORNIT.

"GENTLEMEN—In accordance with your directions, I visited the Menkenhof Kornit Works, near Riga, on July 14, and thoroughly went into the conditions of manufacture, with which, however, I had been previously well acquainted, having seen the works in full operation on two previous occasions.

"In this industry, horn cutting and hooft are first thoroughly washed, dried and ground to an impalpable powder, then mixed with a coloring material known as 'Holz Blau,' and after other processes is pressed into the form of slabs under a hydraulic pressure of three hundred atmospheres, a temperature of 130 degrees C. being maintained by steam-heated plates.

"After pressing for about an hour, the hot slabs are cooled under slight pressure to prevent any chance of warping, and are ready to be worked up into the various articles for which its non-absorbent and other properties render it peculiarly fitted.

"The 'Kornit' slabs are then taken to the workshops in Riga, and are fashioned into electrical apparatus and all those forms of articles for which ebony, ebonite, vulcanite and imitations of vulcanite have been employed.

"The cost of manufacture is low enough to insure a large margin of profit, whilst the tests which have been made of it show that as an electric insulator and as a substitute for ebonite and vulcanite it is far superior to them.

"The machinery needed for the manufacture and working up of this material is not of a complicated character, and the waste material from making and working will fetch a substantial price as a fertilizing agent.

"I am of the opinion that any company taking its production would be able to make a very large and lucrative trade.

"I am, Gentlemen, Yours faithfully
(Signed) "VIVIAN B. LEWES."

Beside the responsible and high positions which Prof. Lewes holds in England he is well known in Germany, France and this country, having delivered many lectures in Berlin, Paris and New York before scientific associations in these cities. Mr. Graves, our Vice-President and General Manager, when he was in London on his way to Russia to thoroughly master the manufacture of 'Kornit,' met Prof. Lewes and had a long conference with him. Prof. Lewes, at this meeting, expressed himself even more strongly to Mr. Graves than in the above letter. Predicting that the 'Kornit' industry in the United States was bound to be one of the largest and most profitable enterprises of the twentieth century.

THE GREAT DEMAND FOR KORNIT IN THIS COUNTRY

THERE is one manufacturer alone here in New York that uses 60,000 square feet of insulating material for panel boards every year. He is now using slate and marble, but it is not satisfactory, for the reason that in boring and transportation it breaks so easily. Kornit will answer the purpose of manufacturing panel boards very much more satisfactorily. On 60,000 square feet of Kornit there would be a net profit of over \$30,000, or 50 cents for every square foot used. This one example is cited to show you the enormous profits which can be made. There are a great many other panel and switchboard manufacturers in this country. You may be interested to know that a panel board is a small switchboard. There is one or more on every floor of all large buildings where electricity is used. They each have a number of switches mounted on them, so that those in charge can turn certain lights on or off, and by these panel boards all the electrical power in the building is controlled. They must be of a reliable non-conducting material. Kornit can be used for this purpose almost exclusively. The largest electrical manufacturing concerns in Riga, Russia, are using Kornit only for this purpose, after having tried all other so-called non-conducting compositions. The electrical trades alone can consume a great many tons of Kornit every day in the year. If only two tons of Kornit is manufactured and sold every working day in the year it will enable the Kornit Manufacturing Company to pay 16 per cent. dividends every year. Of course, if four tons a day are sold the dividends would be 32 per cent. per year. This is not improbable. An expert electrical engineer who holds one of the most responsible positions here in New York City, made the statement, after thoroughly examining and testing Kornit for electrical purposes, that in his most conservative estimation there can be ten tons of manufactured Kornit sold every working day in the first year. This would mean that the Kornit Manufacturing Company would pay a divi-

dend out of its earnings the first year of over seventy-five per cent. (75 p. c.). This is probably more than will be paid the first year, but there certainly seems to be a good prospect of paying a large dividend the first year.

THERE WILL BE SUCH AN ENORMOUS DEMAND FOR KORNIT AFTER IT BECOMES INTRODUCED THAT FROM YEAR TO YEAR THE DIVIDENDS EARNED WILL BECOME LARGER AND LARGER. THIS IS THE BEST OPPORTUNITY TO MAKE AN INVESTMENT THAT YOU HAVE EVER HAD.

It is a well-known fact that the most legitimate and profitable way to make money is by manufacturing some product that is "NECESSARY" and one that can be fully controlled, so that nobody else can manufacture the same article. Look at Sugar (which is protected by a high tariff); at Standard Oil, the Telephone, the Telegraph, and we might go on and enumerate many more monopolies. THEY ARE THE BIG MONEY MAKERS OF TO-DAY. KORNIT CANNOT BE MANUFACTURED BY ANYBODY IN THIS COUNTRY EXCEPT OURSELVES OR OUR AGENTS. We own all the patents issued by the UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT to the inventor, MR. JOHANN GUSTAV BIERICH, IN RUSSIA. These patents HAVE BEEN BOUGHT FROM MR. BIERICH and are DULY TRANSFERRED TO THE KORNIT MANUFACTURING COMPANY, and the same is DULY RECORDED IN THE PATENT OFFICE OF THE UNITED STATES.

WE HAVE A FINE FACTORY

OUR Factory is located in Newark, N. J. (Belleville Station). The machinery is now being assembled. To this end the services of the son of the inventor, MR. KURT BIERICH, who is a graduate of FREIBERG UNIVERSITY, GERMANY, has been retained. He will arrive in this country in the near future to take full charge of the scientific construction of the factory. MR. KURT BIERICH spent two years in his father's factory at MENKENHOF, RUSSIA, and six months at the workshops in RIGA, RUSSIA, mastering every minute detail of the manufacturing and working departments. MR. BIERICH, JR., has been employed for six months recently in superintending the erection of a Kornit factory for the English company at Stoke Newington, N. London, WHICH HE HAS JUST BROUGHT TO COMPLETION IN THE MOST SATISFACTORY MANNER. MR. BIERICH, JR., will have full charge of erecting and maintaining the KORNIT FACTORY IN THIS COUNTRY. It is planned that before the present year is over, that our factory will be completed and that Kornit shall be a well-known and UNIVERSALLY USED ARTICLE IN THE ELECTRICAL AND OTHER TRADES OF THIS COUNTRY, EARNING AND PAYING LARGE AND SATISFACTORY DIVIDENDS EACH AND EVERY SIX MONTHS. A few shares obtained now may be the foundation for a fortune or the much desired income for support in the unknown years that are to come. We leave it to you if it would not seem good judgment to take immediate advantage of this opportunity. Anyway, please write me at once and let me know just what you will do. If it is not possible for you to take shares now, write and tell me how many you would like and how soon it will be convenient for you to do so, provided I will reserve them for you. As soon as I receive your letter I will answer it WITH A PERSONAL



KORNIT FACTORY NEWARK, N. J. (BELLEVILLE STATION)

LETTER AND WILL ARRANGE MATTERS AS YOU WISH TO THE BEST OF MY ABILITY.

REMEMBER, I HAVE A GREAT MANY THOUSAND DOLLARS INVESTED IN THE KORNIT MANUFACTURING COMPANY, and the minute you buy a share or more in this Company we become CO-PARTNERS AS CO-SHAREHOLDERS. It is for our mutual benefit to watch and guard each other's interests. I WILL BE GRATEFUL IF YOU WILL WRITE ME TO-DAY, so that I may know just what you will do.

I know you will agree with me that you have never had presented to your notice a better opportunity to make an investment where such large profits can be made, because of the exclusiveness of control, and the great demand and the low cost of the raw material, which is now almost practically thrown away. Join me in this investment, and I assure you it is my sincere belief that in the future you will say: "That is the day I made the most successful move in my whole life."

MY OFFER TO YOU TO-DAY

THE KORNIT MANUFACTURING COMPANY is incorporated under the laws of New Jersey and is capitalized with 50,000 FULLY PAID NON-ASSESSABLE shares at \$10 each. It is my intention to sell a LIMITED NUMBER ONLY OF THESE SHARES at the par value of \$10 each. TEN DOLLARS WILL BUY ONE SHARE, TWENTY DOLLARS WILL BUY TWO SHARES, FIFTY DOLLARS WILL BUY FIVE SHARES, ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS WILL BUY TEN SHARES, ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS WILL BUY ONE HUNDRED SHARES, AND SO ON. After you have bought one or more shares in THE KORNIT MANUFACTURING COMPANY you may feel as I do, that you have placed your savings where they will draw regular and SATISFACTORY LARGE DIVIDENDS.

I SHOULD NOT BE A BIT SURPRISED if these shares paid dividends as high as one hundred per cent. in the not far distant future. Consequently, a few dollars invested now in the shares of the KORNIT MANUFACTURING COMPANY will enable you in the future to draw a REGULAR INCOME from the large profits of the Company as they are earned. THE DIVIDENDS will be paid semi-annually,



PROFESSOR VIVIAN B. LEWES, OF THE ROYAL NAVAL COLLEGE, GREENWICH, AND CITY EXAMINER OF THE LONDON GAS COMPANIES

every six months, the first of May and November of each year. THIS IS ONE OF THE BEST OPPORTUNITIES YOU WILL EVER HAVE PRESENTED TO YOU IN YOUR WHOLE LIFETIME. I HAVE INVESTED A GREAT MANY THOUSAND DOLLARS IN THE KORNIT MANUFACTURING COMPANY, AND I FEEL SURE IT IS ONE OF THE BEST INVESTMENTS I HAVE EVER MADE. I CAN TRUTHFULLY SAY TO YOU THAT I FULLY BELIEVE that you will be more than pleased with your investment, and that you will NEVER BE SORRY. REMEMBER that you here have an opportunity to become interested in a large industrial manufacturing concern manufacturing a product with an exclusive monopoly, which HAS NEVER BEFORE been manufactured or sold in this country.

Remember, that it is by no means an experiment, AS IT HAS BEEN SUCCESSFULLY MANUFACTURED AND SOLD FOR OVER FOUR YEARS IN RUSSIA AT A LARGE PROFIT, and the manufacturer and inventor recently wrote that the DEMAND IS INCREASING EVERY DAY beyond the capacity of their manufacturing facilities.

Now is the time for you to take advantage of this magnificent opportunity to make an investment in these shares. I EARNESTLY BELIEVE that in a few years THESE SHARES WILL BE WORTH FROM FIFTY DOLLARS TO ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS each on account of the LARGE DIVIDENDS which the company will earn and regularly pay each and every six months. It is a well-known fact that shares that pay fifty (50) to one hundred (100) per cent. dividends will readily sell in the open market for \$50 to \$100. THE OUTLOOK FOR THE KORNIT MANUFACTURING COMPANY is such that it seems impossible for the earnings to fall far short of these figures. If the company only makes and sells two tons of Kornit a day for the first year and made a profit of only two hundred dollars per ton this would mean a profit of over sixteen per cent. (16 p. c.) the first year. If this business were doubled the second year, of course the earning capacity would be more than double and the dividends would be over thirty-two per cent. (32 p. c.). Prominent and well-known Electrical Engineers assure me that this product cannot help and is bound to make enormous profits. I would recommend that you send for as many shares as you may wish at once. You in my conservative opinion, can safely count on the large earning capacity of these shares. I will at once write you a personal letter with full information and send you our illustrated book, "A Financial Opportunity," containing a score of photographs of the KORNIT industry, taken in Russia.

Please let me hear from you.

Yours truly,

CHARLES E. ELLIS, President.

712 Temple Court,

New York City, New York.

[Mr. Ellis, besides being President of this Company, is also President of two other large and successful companies, owning shares therein valued conservatively at over \$250,000.00. Mr. Ellis has other investments in New York City real estate, bonds, stocks, and mortgages to the amount of many more hundreds of thousands of dollars. Any bank or mercantile agency will tell you his guarantee is as good as gold. This is a successful man who wishes you for a Copartner as a Shareholder and Dividend Receiver in this company. Remember you will do business personally with Mr. Ellis in this matter.—Publisher NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES.]



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Be Your Own Boss and Earn all the Money You Really Deserve. I Will Give You the Opportunity. READ EVERY WORD and Learn How YOU, Like Thousands of Others, Can Devote Your Time to a Straightforward, Honorable Work which will Easily Pay from \$3 to \$5 Per Day.

I mean just what I say and the marvelous success of those associated with me is positive proof that my method of work is as attractive and remunerative as can be offered by any reputable individual or company. The plan I desire to present to you is entirely new and it makes no difference where you live or what your line of work may be. I will offer you the chance of a lifetime to establish yourself in a permanent and profitable business in your own locality.



Yours for Prosperity, HARRIET M. RICHARDS.

I will give you the opportunity to become associated with a well established business of many years' standing whose foundation is just as solid as the Rock of Gibraltar, and if you act upon my advice under our new plan

A PROFIT SHARING BOND

will be issued to you, under my direction, so that you will be placed in a position to participate in the profits to be derived from a business which readily appeals to all classes of people and offers to both men and women, who are willing to work, a rare opportunity to make money. With this new and original Profit Sharing Bond System, which I have referred to, you are sure to be liberally rewarded for every effort you put forth under my direction, and you will become, as it were, a working partner in a very pleasant and permanent position, which will yield you handsome profits the year around. In fact, I really feel that any man or woman who cannot make money under this new system which I will unfold to you, cannot make money at anything, and I know if you will only take the time and pains to investigate the value of the splendid position I can offer you, you will be satisfied that I am in a position to show you how to make more money than you have ever had the opportunity of making in the past. Indeed, I have a most attractive proposition to offer to any man or woman desirous of improving their financial condition, and all I want is that you, or anyone desirous of earning money, should write to me for full particulars. I will gladly answer your inquiry free of cost, and I feel sure when you have learned all the details you will readily appreciate the value of the splendid position I have offered you.

I WANT YOUR HELP AND WILL PAY WELL FOR IT

for I desire the assistance of only honorable and energetic people, who are able to appreciate the great value of our wonderful Profit Sharing System. The business I wish you to become associated with has been well established for over ten years, and today I can refer you to many assistants, throughout the country, who are making more money than they have ever had the opportunity of making before in all their lives. I repeat that I mean just what I say, and I can furnish abundant proof of every statement I have made, and I hope if you are interested in improving your financial condition you will not hesitate to write to me at once, for I can give you a position that will easily yield

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It has been my pleasure to make many homes happy and prosperous by furnishing desirable employment to hundreds of people, and I can easily send you letters from many of them setting forth the value of the position I am offering to every man and woman throughout the country who is willing to give good service in order that they may earn a desirable income, and if you desire to become closely associated with a business that stands for integrity and honor, I will use my best efforts to establish you in a permanent and profitable situation which will yield you a handsome income throughout the entire year. I want your assistance, and if you are interested do not fail to write to me at once. Your letter will receive my prompt and careful attention, and I know you will be more than pleased with my reply. Address:

Harriet M. Richards, Manager, - Box 156, - Joliet, Ill.

Chinese Treatment of Animals

THEY never punish; hence a mule that in the hands of a foreigner would be useless or dangerous to those about it becomes in the possession of a Chinaman as a lamb. We never beheld a runaway, a jibing or a vicious mule or pony in a Chinaman's employment, but found the same rattling, cheerful pace maintained over heavy or light roads, by means of a tur-r or cluck-k, the beast turning to the right or left and stopping with but a hint from the reins. This treatment is extended to all the animals they press into the service. Often have I admired the tact exhibited in getting a large drove of sheep through narrow, crowded streets and alleys, by merely having a little boy lead one of the quietest of the flock in front; the others steadily followed. Cattle, pigs and birds are equally well cared for.

We met in Paris in 1869 Mr. Burlingame, who was then our Minister to China. We asked him whether a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals ought not to be formed in China. His reply was that there was no such thing in China as cruelty to animals; the Chinese were about the kindest people in the world in their treatment of them.

Geo. T. Angell.

The Influence of the Church

To avoid any denominationalism, it may be said that the church buildings of a place unmistakably show the intelligence and general thrift of the homes of the town.

A stranger in search of a place to locate came into a town, and, looking round, saw a dilapidated meeting-house here and one needing shingles and paint there. Being an irreligious man himself, at first thought he rather favored the idea of such religious inactivity, the atmosphere of which seemed to pervade the town. But on making further inquiries he found that with the decline of the church came lack of interest in public schools, the library and a general shiftlessness seen and felt in the inhabitants and their homes. The saloons and barrooms were the liveliest places. As he was pressed on all sides by eager residents to buy a place he said, as he drove rapidly away to the next town, "What kind of a place is this for my children!"

A certain amount of a town or city's money spent in adorning and maintaining church edifices not only pays big interest on other property, but refines the home, kills off sloth and shiftlessness and enlivens the whole place.

There are no people, as a whole, mind you, equal in morals, sobriety and good citizenship as that which pours out every Sunday from beautiful homes to hear the gospel of righteousness.

Years ago, when the writer was young, a little churchless hamlet became so far lost to decency, so corrupt that it was appropriately named "Hell Street." For many years that neighborhood continued to grow from bad to worse, crime followed the dive, and it was a place to be shunned of a dark night. The houses, once called homes, had grown dilapidated, lacked paint, shingles and glass; the children, as well as adults, were ragged, dirty and shiftless.

Into this almost hopeless condition of the people there came, as if from a better world, two young men who engaged the little, filthy schoolhouse to hold religious services in the next Sunday night. A couple of women volunteered to go and help partially renovate the place.

Those men were surprised to find a house full at the first meeting. At the next a noticeable change in the audience was manifest; the men mostly wore clean shirts, and some had even shaved. In a few weeks they began to build a small chapel—men who were only a few weeks ago called "bums" actually offered to give a week's work to help along the good cause. During the next year or two this place would hardly be recognized as the same village; church and homes were clean, tidy and respectable; the inhabitants were indignant if anyone ventured to speak of it as "Hell Street."

In a few years that little church had completely revolutionized not only that village, but for miles around.

I lost track of this street for some twenty years, and now find that one of those noble young men sickened and died, and the other, not feeling able to carry it on, with Sunday-school, etc., went away. Alas! there was no one found to fill their places, the church was closed, the little village is running down, a spirit of thrift again pervades the people, and they are fast returning to the former deplorable state. Church and home united, they stand; divided, they fall.—G. F. Forbes, M.D., in Medical Talk.

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Give name, post office and nearest express office and size of watch wanted (Ladies' or Men's) and watch will be shipped with privilege of advance examination. Compare it with the above description and if you like it, pay express agent \$6.35 and express charges. With each watch we send our binding written guarantee for 20 years. Reference: First National Bank of Chicago. Capital and surplus, \$13,000,000.

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So Glad It Was a Dream

I DREAMED:
And lo, I mourned the loss
Of jewels, diamonds
All quaintly set in band of gold.
Much had I prized the gems,
And most because I loved the hand
That gave them;
Now they were stolen from me.
Deep grief was mine, and in my foolish dream
"O God," I prayed (and bitter was my cry),
"Help me to find my gems!"

All suddenly I awoke, and waking
(So wondrous the relief)
Knew that the jewels still were mine—
I had but dreamed I lost them;
"I am so glad—so glad it was a dream,"
Was all my heart could say.

Methinks that now I dream:
I have not really lost
The dear ones I no longer see;
And some time, waking on the farther shore,
My heart will give one glad, triumphant cry,
And finding life and loved ones,
Knowing my jewels safely kept for me,
I shall exclaim:
"Dear God, I am so glad—
So glad it was a dream!"

Marjorie R. Johnson.

Chinese Etiquette

WHEN a Chinaman takes his little boy to school to introduce him to his teacher, it is done as follows: The Chinaman arrives at the school; he and the teacher shake their own hands and bow profoundly; then the latter asks, "What is your honorable name?"

"My insignificant name is Wong," is the answer. Tea is sent for, and the teacher says, "Please use tea." The father sips for a quarter of an hour before he says to the teacher, "What is your honorable name?"

"My mean insignificant name is Pott." "How many little stems have you sprouted?" (This means, "How old are you?")

"I have vainly spent thirty years." "Is the honorable and great man of the household living?" (He is asking after the teacher's father.)

"The old man is well." "How many precious little ones have you?" "I have two little dogs." (These are the teacher's own children.)

"How many children have you in your illustrious institution?"

Then the Chinaman comes to business. "Venerable master," he says, "I have brought my little dog here, and worshipfully intrust him to your charge."

The little fellow, who has been standing in the corner of the room, comes forward at this, kneels before the teacher, and knocks his head on the floor. The teacher raises him up, and sends him off to school, while arrangements are being made for his sleeping room and so forth.

At last the father rises to take his leave, saying, "I have tormented you exceedingly to-day"; to which the teacher responds, "Oh, no, I have dishonored you."

As he goes toward the door he keeps saying, "I am gone; I am gone." And etiquette requires the teacher to repeat, as long as he is in hearing, "Go slowly, go slowly."

Does not God visit the virtues of the fathers upon the children as well?—George Macdonald.

"He is unknown to whoso think they know, and known to whoso know they know Him not."—Bhavagad-gita.

"Ultimately all Force will be found to be ONE, and that is Spirit."—Sir William Crookes.

When you are possessed by fear you have what the Vedantins call "hollow veins."

When I see a man anxious, I say, "What does this man want?" If he did not want something which is not in his power, how could he be anxious?—Epictetus.

No nation can be destroyed while it possesses a good home life.—J. G. Holland.

Stronger than steel
Is the sword of the spirit;
Swifter than arrows
The light of the truth is;
Greater than anger
Is love, and subdueth.

Longfellow.

Happiness comes not from the power of possession, but from the power of appreciation. Above most other things it is wise to cultivate the powers of appreciation. The greater the number of stops in an organ, the greater its possibilities as an instrument of music.—H. W. Sylvester.



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By this remarkably successful method, you can be treated and cured in your own home of any form of spinal trouble. The price of the combined treatment places relief and cure (if a cure is possible), within your easy reach. Each Appliance is made to individual measurements and fits perfectly. We have strong testimonials from every State in the Union and the endorsements of noted physicians. We guarantee satisfaction or refund your money at the end of thirty days' trial. No matter how long you have suffered, there is still bright hope for you.

Write and tell us about your own or any case in which you are interested. We will send you our catalogue, which fully explains, by word and picture, how Spinal Curvature, weak back, stooped shoulders and weak abdomen are relieved and permanently cured by the Sheldon Method.

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GIRLS, shall we send you this magnificent doll together with the ring described below? **No money is required.** Just send us your name and address. We will send you **prepaid**, 15 handsome gold finished scarf pins to suit at ten cents each. When sold, send us the amount received (\$1.80) and we will ship both Doll and Ring by first possible express.

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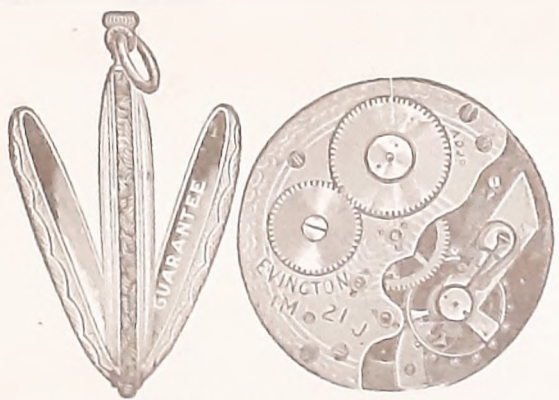
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4. Beaded and Pearl Charm Ring

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SEND NO MONEY. We give 100 premiums for selling our Best Quality **NEW GOLD EYE NEEDLES** at 25c. each. Quick sellers. We give **FREE** with every two packages a **Silver Aluminum Thimble**. Send us your name and address, letter or postal, ordering two dozen needle papers and one dozen thimbles. We send at once postpaid with **Large NEW Premium List**. When sold send us \$1.00 and we will send premium which you select and are entitled to, in the premium list. Write to-day and get extra present **FREE**.
PEERLESS MFG. CO., Greenville, Pa. Box 153

TELESCOPE CAMERA OUTFIT

Darken Your Gray Hair

DUBY'S OZARK HERBS restore gray, streaked or faded hair to its natural color, beauty and softness. Prevents the hair from falling out, promotes its growth, cures and prevents dandruff, and gives the hair soft, glossy and healthy appearance. **IT WILL NOT STAIN THE SCALP**, is not sticky or dirty, contains no sugar of lead, nitrate silver, copperas, or poisons of any kind, but is composed of roots, herbs, bark, and flowers. **PACKAGE MAKES ONE PINT**. It will produce the most luxuriant tresses from dry, coarse and wiry hair, and bring back the color it originally was before it turned gray. Full size package sent by mail, postpaid, for 25 cents.
OZARK HERB CO., Block 30, St. Louis, Mo.

MYSTIC TEACHINGS

I have a booklet which gives some of the mystic teachings about health, happiness, success and the **HEALING POWER** within yourself. These teachings are based upon the doctrines of the **Hindus of India**. Booklet sent for stamp. Address
WILLIAM E. TOWNE, Dept. 8, Holyoke, Mass.

How to Be Youthful

THERE is not a woman in the world, and I doubt if there is a man, who can watch, with pleasure, the lines gathering on the face and the gradual loss of the contour of youth. Some may attempt to cover up their sorrow with such sentiment as the idea of "growing old gracefully" or similar apologies; but the fact remains that permanent youth and beauty are the desire of all.

How glad everyone should be to know that we may all retain and even regain our youthfulness!

Do you know that the wrinkles on the face were not recorded until they had first been wrinkles in the mind? Many people engage the services of a skillful masseur to efface these undesirable lines with wonderful temporary success; but they are back in their accustomed places after a while. The wrinkles on the face are only the effects of inner causes, and it is the mind that really requires treatment. The only lasting treatment for this purpose is self-treatment.

First you must realize that your face is the out-picturing of your subconscious thought. It is an indication of your thought habits. To prevent or cure the wrinkles you must cultivate harmonious, fearless and merry thought. Your mind must dwell upon pleasant things, and you must determine to do a generous share in making things pleasant. You must give up the habit of "wrinkling" your mind when things do not turn out just as you expected or desired. Don't try to recall all the sickness and sorrow you may have experienced in the past. You need rather to concentrate on the happiness and the health you intend to express in the present and future. This mental attitude cannot fail to keep you in the spirit of youth. Nature is doing her very best each moment to give you an abundance of new life. You must give this new life due recognition. Welcome each new thought, and be perfectly willing to let go of the old and worn thoughts.

Of course, you must not neglect your body from a hygienic point of view. Your body is well worthy of loving care. This does not mean anxious care, but happy, earnest attention to the culture of health and beauty. You must freely breathe the pure air, welcome the sunshine, choose only pure vitalizing food, create a daily demand for a cool sponge bath, practice regularly some simple exercises, and let your whole being blend in unison with the thought of life abundant.

One day a strain of music, soft and sweet,
Swept through my soul in ecstasy complete.
So perfect did the melody inspire,
I saw a world in heaven's divine attire;
And when I touched the chord of perfect love,
I found on earth the Heaven I dreamed above.
Dorothy Gaze, in Life Culture.

Hold off from sensuality, says Cicero, for if you have given yourselves up to it you will find yourselves unable to think of anything else. That is morality.—*Matthew Arnold.*

Life's Philosophy

Just a happy, cheerful word when everything's awry;
Just a merry, ringing laugh to hide the wish to cry;
Just a look of sweet content to meet a thoughtless frown;
Just the hand of fellowship to every man who's down.

Just to roll away the stone that blocks another's way;
Just to find some sunshine upon the darkest day;
Just to scatter lots of love where'er its needs are rife—

This makes up the simple philosophy of life.
Gertrude Mercia Whelock.

Happiness consists in doing or intending to do that for which we are adapted, or in preparing ourselves for such work.—*F. S. Weaver.*

You and I Some Day

THESE little jars are beats
To life's sad tune.
That closer bring us
Into soul commune,
With nature's mast.
All trending up—so far—
As tho' 'twere possible
To reach some star—
That shines, O, twinkling,
Seems to say.
Be patient one—
And you and I, some day,
Will live in light,
Most glorious in the sky.
Where happiness at home
Will never die.

Mary J. Scott.

Let us send a sample copy of Our Magazine to your sick or discouraged friends. It will be a blessing undreamed of. Send their names and addresses, and the Magazine will go at once.

BIG DOLL GIVEN

This big, stylish doll, which has Bisque Head, beautiful curly hair, talks, goes to sleep, dressed in beautiful satin dress, ornamented with a ribbon rosette and long streamers in front, large, beautiful trimmed hat, shoes, stockings, underwear, etc., in fact a **GREAT BIG DOLL**—18 inches high, that any girl will be proud to own, can be had free by just doing a few hours' work for us.



THIS DOLL IS READY FOR YOU. SEND NAME TO-DAY

and we will send you 8 of our handsome art pictures, which are large size for framing, in many colors, and sell at sight. Your friends will all take one at 25c. each to help you earn this beautiful present. Send us the \$2 when sold and we will send you this great big doll, exactly as described. Send no money, we trust you and will send the pictures immediately on hearing from you, all charges paid.

GEORGE CLARK, 146 Wilson Bldg., CHICAGO.

Take Your Pants

We Will Make You a \$5.00 Pair Free With Every Suit of Clothes.

FREE Have your new suit made by the best tailors in the United States. "WE ARE." We make to order from strictly all wool cloths for only \$10 the latest style suits, tailored and finished equal to the best.

Our \$10 suits lead the fashions—they are up-to-date—and guaranteed six months' solid wear, or

YOUR MONEY BACK. Write for our samples at once—we will accept your first order without **ONE CENT DEPOSIT**, you pay for suit only after thorough examination and without obligation to accept unless a perfect fit and just as claimed, and equal to **ANY \$25.00 SUIT**. A pair of fine all wool stylish \$5.00 pants, also a fancy dress vest, also a beautiful leather-handled patent suit case all **FREE** with every suit.

On request will send free samples of cloth for suit, extra pants and free vest, also illustration of patent suit case, fashion plate, measurement blanks, tape and full instructions. We dress you in style for every day, Sunday and party day, all for only \$10.

Address: **THE FIFTH AVENUE TAILORS, 350 Kessler Building, Chicago, Ill.**

Reference: Royal Trust Bank. Capital and surplus, \$900,000.

FALLING HAIR AND BALDNESS

There is but one way to tell the reason of baldness and falling hair, and that is by a microscopic examination of the hair itself. The particular disease with which your scalp is afflicted must be known before it can be intelligently treated. The use of dandruff cures and hair tonics, without knowing the specific cause of your disease, is like taking medicine without knowing what you are trying to cure.

Send a few fallen hairs from your combings, to Prof. J. H. Austin, the celebrated Bacteriologist, who will send you absolutely free a diagnosis of your case, a booklet on care of the hair and scalp, and a sample box of the remedy which he will prepare especially for you. Enclose 2c postage and write to-day.
PROF. J. H. AUSTIN, 520 McVicker's Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

SUGAR AND CREAM SET, 25c.

We want your name so we can send you our Catalog of Silverware, China and Glass, and as an inducement we offer this **Quadruple Silver-plated, Gold-Lined Sugar and Cream Set** at about one-tenth its value. You could not buy this set in any jewelry store for less than \$2.00 or \$2.50. This is not a toy but a regular afternoon tea set, with the latest fluted edge, coin silver quadruple plate, gold-lined and lacquered so that it will always retain its polish. Sent postpaid in a neat box for only 25c. Catalog **FREE**.

LANGAN & PHILLIPS CO., Dept. E 138, ST. LOUIS

GIVEN GOLD WATCH AND RING GIVEN AWAY

Guaranteed American Watch with gold-laid case, beautifully engraved, and works warranted by the manufacturers, who will repair any breaks for one year. Perfect time-keeper. Hour, minute and second hands; Arabic dial, very thin. Given absolutely without cost, and with it comes a handsome gold band **Ring** which will wear for years. Simply send us your name and address for only 21 Packages of **BLUINE** to sell at 10c. a package. Every one will buy of you. Return our \$2.40 from the sale and we will at once send you the **Gold Watch and Ring**. We have given away over 2,500,000 premiums.

BLUINE MFG. CO., (Old Reliable Firm)
381 Mill Street, Concord Junction, Mass.

Just to Live

Oh, the glory of life when the heart's filled to
brimming
With its echoing LOVE, and its faith to
believe!
Oh, the glory of day when the sunset is dim-
ming
When the heart of the Soul had been trained
to receive,
Nor motive nor wish, any heart to deceive.

Oh, the glory of LIFE, and the glory of living,
When the green of the field and the blue
of the sky
Freely give of their charm, and grow glad
in their giving,
Whether hour of the Moon, or the Sun,
riding high,
And the heart in its FAITH never question-
ing "Why?"

What joy just in "Being"! The earth
wrapped in gladness,
What joy just to list to the birds of the air!
Dispelled from the scene every note that
bears madness,
What joy just to breathe benediction and
prayer,
And to KNOW strength is giv'n every trial
to bear!

NELLIE HAWKS.

Behold the Lilies

"CONSIDER the lilies, how they grow,"
In all their glorious majesty and power;
As gracefully their wondrous blossoms sway,
And they in meekness trust, from hour to hour.
Behold, the lilies!

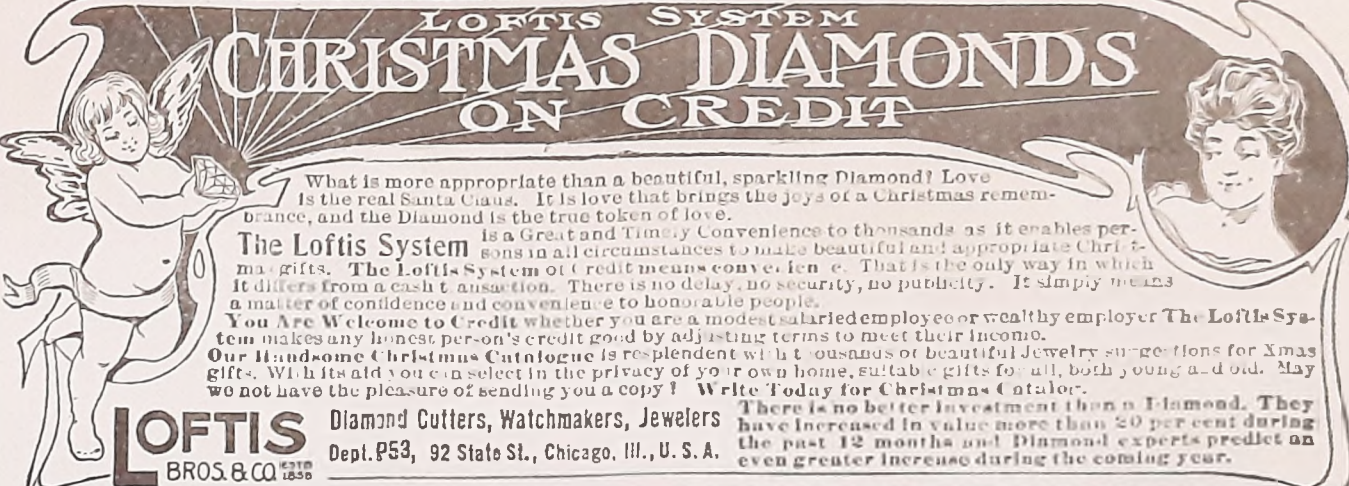
"They toil not, neither do they spin."
Because their faith hath set them far apart
From our poor human lives of doubt—
The Love of God lies deep within their heart.
Behold, the lilies!

Any yet no king of old could ever be
Arrayed like these; they draw from the air
And from the earth the sustenance they need.
We should heed well the lesson. They are fair.
Behold, the lilies!

No golden glory can compare with theirs,
As white and pure they stand—so sanctified
We should bow low our heads in silent prayer,
As we list to the words of Him who cried.
"Behold, the lilies!"

Alice Davis Moody

LOFTIS SYSTEM
**CHRISTMAS DIAMONDS
ON CREDIT**



What is more appropriate than a beautiful, sparkling Diamond? Love is the real Santa Claus. It is love that brings the joys of a Christmas remembrance, and the Diamond is the true token of love.

The Loftis System is a Great and Timely Convenience to thousands as it enables persons in all circumstances to make beautiful and appropriate Christmas gifts. The Loftis System of credit means convenience. That is the only way in which it differs from a cash transaction. There is no delay, no security, no publicity. It simply means a matter of confidence and convenience to honorable people.

You Are Welcome to Credit whether you are a modest salaried employee or wealthy employer. The Loftis System makes any honest person's credit good by adjusting terms to meet their income.

Our Handsome Christmas Catalogue is replete with thousands of beautiful jewelry suggestions for Xmas gifts. With its aid you can select in the privacy of your own home, suitable gifts for all, both young and old. May we not have the pleasure of sending you a copy? Write Today for Christmas Catalogue.

LOFTIS Diamond Cutters, Watchmakers, Jewelers
BROS. & CO. 1215
Dept. P53, 92 State St., Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

There is no better investment than a Diamond. They have increased in value more than 20 per cent during the past 12 months and Diamond experts predict an even greater increase during the coming year.

The Wonderful Mission of the Internal Bath

By means of the J. B. L. CASCADE

Have you read of the wonderful cures made by the Internal Bath? Do you know that it goes to the root of all disease and eradicates the cause? Do you know that many of the greatest physicians of the world, including such authorities as Loomis L. Danforth, M. D., Prof. Obstetrics, Homoeopathic Medical College, N. Y.; Dr. Herman J. Boldt, Professor at the Post-Graduate Hospital, endorse and prescribe this treatment? Do you know that such eminent people as the U. S. Sen. A. P. Gorman, Md.; Ex-Gov. Goodell, Vt.; Adm'l Tyrtoff, St. Petersburg, Russia; Col. A. O. Granger, Girard Building, Philadelphia, Pa.; Gen. T. S. Peck, G. A. R.; Miles Devine, Chicago, Ill.; Lillian Russell and a host of others use the Internal Bath? Is not this worth investigating?

It Cures Constipation.

Vital facts are set forth in detail in a book entitled, "The What, The Why, The Way," which we will send free to every reader of this publication. It is a book of facts that no one can afford to neglect. It tells you the real secret of health. It tells you facts you should know. We will send it free for 30 Days.

Tyrrell's Hygienic Institute, Dept. 9-F, 321 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Handsome Furs for Christmas

EXTRAORDINARY OFFER!

BLACK LYNX NECK PIECE

Given for sending only two (2) yearly subscriptions at \$1.00 each.

BLACK LYNX PILLOW MUFF

Given for sending only three (3) yearly subscriptions at \$1.00 each.

BOTH THE NECK PIECE AND MUFF

Given for sending five (5) yearly subscriptions at \$1.00 each.



The neck piece is made of Beautiful Manchurian Black Lynx. It has six bushy tails. The quality of the fur is first-class. The workmanship is of the best. The design is the latest for this season, and it makes a very nobby, genteel neck piece—one that you will feel proud of. It is fifty inches in length, and is suitable for both misses' and ladies' wear.

The muff is the latest large pillow cushion muff; the newest design for this season. The fur is the Beautiful Manchurian Black Lynx. The muff is extra full size, and made in a beautiful and substantial manner. Remember, you can either have the neck piece alone for sending only two (2) yearly subscriptions at \$1.00 each, or the muff alone for sending only three (3) yearly subscriptions at \$1.00 each, or we will send you the set for sending five (5) yearly subscriptions at \$1.00 each. Sent by express, all charges prepaid. Address "Premium Dept." THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES, 22 North William Street, New York City.

I Am the Paint Man

2 Full Gallons Free to Try—6 Months Time to Pay



O. L. Chase
St. Louis, Mo.

Before my plan was invented paint was sold in two ways—either ready-mixed or the ingredients were bought and mixed by the painter.

Ready-mixed paint settles on the shelves, forming a sediment at the bottom of the can.

The mineral in ready-mixed paint, when standing in oil, eats the life out of the oil. The oil is the very life of all paints.

Paint made by the painter cannot be properly made on account of lack of the heavy mixing machine.

My paint is unlike any other paint in the world.

It is ready to use, but not ready-mixed.

My paint is made to order after each order is received, packed in hermetically sealed cans with the very day it is made.

NOTE.—My 8 Year Guarantee backed by \$50,000 Bond.

I stamped on each can by my factory inspector.

I ship my pigment—which is white lead, zinc, drier and coloring matter freshly ground, after order is received—in separate cans, and in another can I ship my Oil, which is pure old process linseed oil, the kind that you used to buy years ago before the paint manufacturers, to cheapen the cost of paint, worked in adulterations.

I sell my paint direct from my factory to user at my very low factory price; you pay no dealer or middleman profits.

I pay the freight on six gallons or over.

My paint is so good that I make this wonderfully fair test offer:

When you receive your shipment of paint, you can use two full gallons—that will cover 600 square feet of wall—two coats.

If, after you have used that much of my paint, you are not perfectly satisfied with it in every detail, you can return the remainder of your order and the two gallons will not cost you one penny.

No other paint manufacturer ever made such a liberal offer.

It is because I manufacture the finest paint, put up in the best way, that I can make this offer.

I go even further.

I sell all of my paint on six months' time, if desired.

This gives you an opportunity to paint your buildings when they need it, and pay for the paint at your convenience.

Back of my paint stands my Eight Year, officially signed, iron-clad Guarantee.

8 YEARS' GUARANTEE

This is the longest and most liberal guarantee ever put on a paint.

For further particulars regarding my plan of selling, and complete color card of all colors, send a postal to O. L. Chase, St. Louis, Mo.

I will send my paint book—the most complete book of its kind ever published—absolutely free. Also my instruction book entitled "This Little Book Tells How To Paint" and copy of my 8 year guarantee.

O. L. Chase
The Paint Man
111 B Locust Street,
St. Louis, Mo.

WHAT IS IT ALL FOR?

By JULIAN VAUGHN

Written especially for
THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES

DEAR Heart, what is perplexing you? Why all this sighing? Do you ask, What is this universe for and why is it run as it is? Let not your heart be so deeply stirred. It is all for love's sake. It was indeed the Love of the One changeless Goodness which induced Him to blend His life with outer darkness, so that a living world should spring up from chaos.

Throughout time and space, from all the human bearing planets He develops "crops" of souls to enjoy Him and to share His love forever and forever. Joy is His reward, as He is bringing them up into the spirit Sunlight of His Pure Being. So, dear one, be comforted. True, the human heart at times seems to need a trellis for the vines of its love to cling to, to climb and blossom upon.

And such vines you may find, if you will look about you. A mother's love, a sister's fond affection. The dear, sainted soul, that Love that is for one alone; all these beckon you to let the gentle tendrils of affection seek them out and support you.

Yes, it is all done through development. This doctrine, under some form of statement, is accepted by thinkers of every important school in our generation, scientific and popular, liberal and orthodox. It is indeed the watchword of the age. Now development certainly suggests advance, and advance, just as certainly, suggests rightness of direction.

Who and what is responsible for this advance, this loving, heavenward progress? Are men responsible for it? Surely not. With much of it the human race has had nothing whatever to do, even indirectly; with most of it the human race has been associated merely as agent and tool. As we reflect on the matter, the proposed achievements of the human race, the deliberate resolutions and thoughtfully directed efforts have been and are very few and almost insignificant.

Nature, under God's brooding Love and Light, has brought forth man and woman, each with a double nature, one akin to the earth, earthy, and the other akin to the spirit or principle of Light. Even the "dark" principle has light as its eternal goal. "For nothing walks with aimless feet."

The Dark principle in each is his selfish will—his Individual will—or wont. The Light is of the universal will, using the other as its instrument, raising it through the degrees of life, nearer and still nearer unto Itself. The Blessedness of the Living Light and Good.

The heavenly union of the Individual will with the Divine will is Love. This Love is by no means a neutral point of indifference, but is a yielding to the supreme, positive attraction of God, that we may henceforth live and work in perfect harmony with Him as the angels do. This progressive life in man is the crowning flower of creation; it is the organic Identity of opposites. That which is abstract in thought becomes real in nature. It is Real in knowledge and experience. Do good, therefore, that all your experience may result in joy.

If brave men need support in battle—much more do sad, confused or discouraged men and women need it for hours of weariness.

Think as cheerfully and hopefully as we may of the world we live in to-day, look as brightly as we may upon this "scene of life," it is yet true that this earth life has its sad and seamy side.

Whether or not the sad days outnumber the glad days, the bitter more than the sweet, it is yet certain that the sad days come often; that the cups of bitterness are frequent and full. That sometimes we must swallow the very dregs of sorrow. At such times the Reasoned and Reasonable faith of Spiritual Theism, the Religion which the Saviour taught, which He is never tired of teaching, to all who are willing to be blessed here and now with the truth, comes—fresh and living with the noblest, the holiest consolations.

It is ever true that—

"The hour, whose happy
Unalloyed moments
I would eternalize,
Ten thousand mourners
Well pleased see end,
The black stern hour
Whose severe moments
I would annihilate
Is passed by others
In warmth and joy.
Time so complained of
Who to no one man
Shows partiality
Brings round to all men
Some undimmed hours."

"The Instincts teach that the problem of essence must take precedence of all others—the question of whence, what and whither. And the solution of these must be in a life and not in a book."
—R. W. E.



RHEUMATIC PAINS INSTANTLY STOPPED

Also the excruciating pains of Sciatica, Neuralgia, Headache, Cramps, Gout, Indigestion, etc., can be stopped in one to five minutes, and in most cases permanent cures can be effected by the faithful use of

THE VEEDEE VIBRATOR HAND POWER FOR HOME USE

The latest and most phenomenal of all discoveries for the treatment of ailments of the human body. Scientists and physicians are astounded at the wonderful results obtained by the use of this simple little machine.

While a five minutes' test will convince any reasonable person that the VEEDEE VIBRATOR is correct in principle, simple in construction, wonderfully cheap in price and astonishing in results, yet we are willing to send one to any interested person

ON 7 DAYS' TRIAL. If it does not accomplish all we claim send it back. We will leave the entire matter to you. If you cannot quite conclude to order immediately on trial, send us your name and address and we will send you full descriptive and illustrated literature, references, etc. Address

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Extraordinary Book Bargain
Marriage and Morality

Dr. Paul Edwards' Great Book

WE are able to offer our readers a great bargain on Dr. Paul Edwards' great book, "Marriage and Morality."

Dr. Edwards left on a journey to foreign countries some time ago, and as he wished to turn his books into ready cash, he requested us to dispose of them to our readers at one-half the regular price.

The regular price that Dr. Edwards received for this book was 50 cents a copy, and we now are offering to send it to YOU, postage prepaid, for only 25 cents a copy. We ask you to send your order in promptly before our supply is exhausted. This is truly a wonderful book, as it treats the sex question in a clear, dignified manner, and gives a striking picture of Marriage in the dark ages of the past and as it may and should be in this wonderful century of light and progress.

Every Person Should Read This Book. The author truly and rightfully says that "Marriage and Children are the Foundations of the Government." There can be no success without Morality, and Marriage preserves the home, which is truly the foundation of everything.

Send 25 cents in postage stamps right away and we will send you a copy of this remarkable book, "Marriage and Morality."

Don't delay, as our supply is limited. Address

BOOK DEPARTMENT, NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES, 22 NORTH WILLIAM STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

BARGAIN SALE REMNANTS of SILK RIBBONS

BEAUTIFUL SILK RIBBONS
AT LOW PRICES

To close out our tremendous large stock of Remnants of Silk Ribbons, which is the largest in quantity, value and variety in New York City, we have marked the prices way down. These are the most beautiful Silk Ribbons in the East, and at this remarkable mark-down sale we are making an unprecedented and unparalleled BARGAIN OFFER. These beautiful Silk Ribbons were recently purchased at wholesale auction sales at prices which will enable our lady customers to secure unheard-of bargains. We are overstocked and must sell them at a greatly reduced price from their real value. These ribbons are really very fine ribbons. Please do not judge them by our MARK-DOWN PRICES. They are bought in very large quantities at wholesale auction sales, and we generally buy for spot cash all the ribbons a mill has. We have bought as high as \$3,000 worth of these beautiful Silk Ribbons at one time, and they are certainly of most excellent value. We are anxious to sell a lot of these rare Silk Ribbons in every neighborhood, as their beauty and value at OUR CUT PRICES will sell lots of them to your lady friends.

Now, remember, these remnants are all from one to two and three yards in length, and many of them are the finest quality of Ribbons in the market, of different widths, in a variety of fashionable shades, in fact, nearly all colors are represented; also different kinds of Ribbons adapted for bonnet strings, neckwear, trimming for hats and dresses, bows, scarfs, etc., etc. No lady can purchase such fine Ribbons as these at any store in the land for many times our price, so that the bargains offered by us should be taken advantage of by our customers.

Our stock of Silk Ribbons, from which we put up these 35-cent packages, consists of Crown Edge, Gros Grain, Moire, Picot Edge, Satin Edge, Silk Brocade, Striped Ottoman, and various other styles of Plain and Fancy Silk Ribbons suited to the wants of our lady friends.

We put up carefully assorted packages of class, useful goods. We will send 1 package for 35 cents, silver, or 36 cents in 2-cent stamps. Carefully packed in boxes, postpaid, upon receipt of price. Address

PARIS RIBBON CO., Box 1344, NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

BEAUTIFUL LINEN
—AND—
LACE MATERIALS

Given for a Club of Two (2).

There are 74 square inches of linen and lace materials, consisting of 1 Hollyherry and 1 Forget-me-not centre-piece, and 4 large dollies, Strawberry, Rose, Maiden Hair and Forget-me-not designs, 2 linen collars, prettiest and latest designs for neckwear, making 8 pieces of linen, all stamped in the most exclusive designs, ALSO BATTENBERG Lace Designs enough for 1 lace handkerchief, 1 tie-end, 2 turnover collars, 2 large dollies, all on special satin-finished cambric, making 14 New Designs. OUR SPECIAL OFFER: Send us a club of only two (2) subscribers at fifteen cents each, we will send you absolutely FREE the entire 14 pieces as described, sent postage prepaid. Address THE GENTLEWOMAN, German Herold Building, New York.



SUPERFLUOUS HAIR



Dr. Rhodes's New Hair Remover will instantly remove undesirable hair from the face, neck, etc. Price, \$1.

10c. Trial

We are not afraid to have you try this wonderful preparation. Send us 10c. to cover cost of postage and packing and we will send you a trial bottle; not a dollar bottle; of course, but sufficient to remove considerable hair and furnish a good test. Address

DR. A. W. RHODES CO., - - - Lowell, Mass.

Write the WORDS for a SONG and we will write the music and present to big New York publishers. A "hit" will make you rich. METROPOLITAN MUSIC CO., 705 St. James Bldg., New York.

GET MONEY-I DID-GOT \$301.27



In 2 weeks doing plating, writes M. L. Smith of Pa. (used small outfit). Start as Smith did—that's easy—hundreds already started—new ones daily—money coming in—goods going out. People everywhere have tableware, watches, jewelry, etc., for the "Gray Plating Man." Practical outfits, all sizes heavy plate, guaranteed, pure gold, silver, nickel metal plating, equal to new goods, latest process, taught free quickly, experience unnecessary, all easy, secrets exposed. Own and lose a business at home or traveling all or part time that pays \$15 to \$50 weekly. Write to-day for new offer, samples and hundreds of letters from successful agents—free all. GRAY & CO., PLATING WORKS, 106 Miami Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

CUT THIS OUT If you want 100 different samples of magazines, newspapers, etc., send 10 cents for one year's subscription to "The Welcome Guest," the best original magazine published, which you will receive for 12 long months and 100 samples as promised. Address THE WELCOME GUEST, Portland, Me.

We know that other days of the week are being observed as Sunday by one or other. The Greeks observe Mondays, Tuesday; the Assyrians, Wednesday, Thursday; the Turks, Friday; the Jews, Saturday, and the Christians Sunday. The perpetual Sabbath is being celebrated on *Success Magazine*.

2 If at any time we cease
Such channels to provide,
The very founts of love for us
Will soon be parched and dried.

or we must share, if we would keep
That blessing from above.
Wishing to give, we cease to have—
Such is the law of love."

I know that all things move
in the spherical rhythm of love.

Whittier.

ity is absolute religion. Christianity be-
Our Father who art" and ends with the
"we all may be one."—*Edward Everett*

Boys and Girls This is an IMPORTED, Brass-Mounted German Stereoscopic showing large and handsome Colored Pictures. With it we give 50 colored pictures, many very funny, including 2 moving-picture slides. *The lantern is over a foot tall and nearly a foot through.* We know that it will delight you. Send us your name and address for only 24 packages of **BLUINE** to sell at 10 cents each. Every one will buy because every housewife should use **BLUINE** on washday. Return our \$2.40 received from the sale and we will send you the lantern and outfit at once. Address

BLUINE MFG. CO.,
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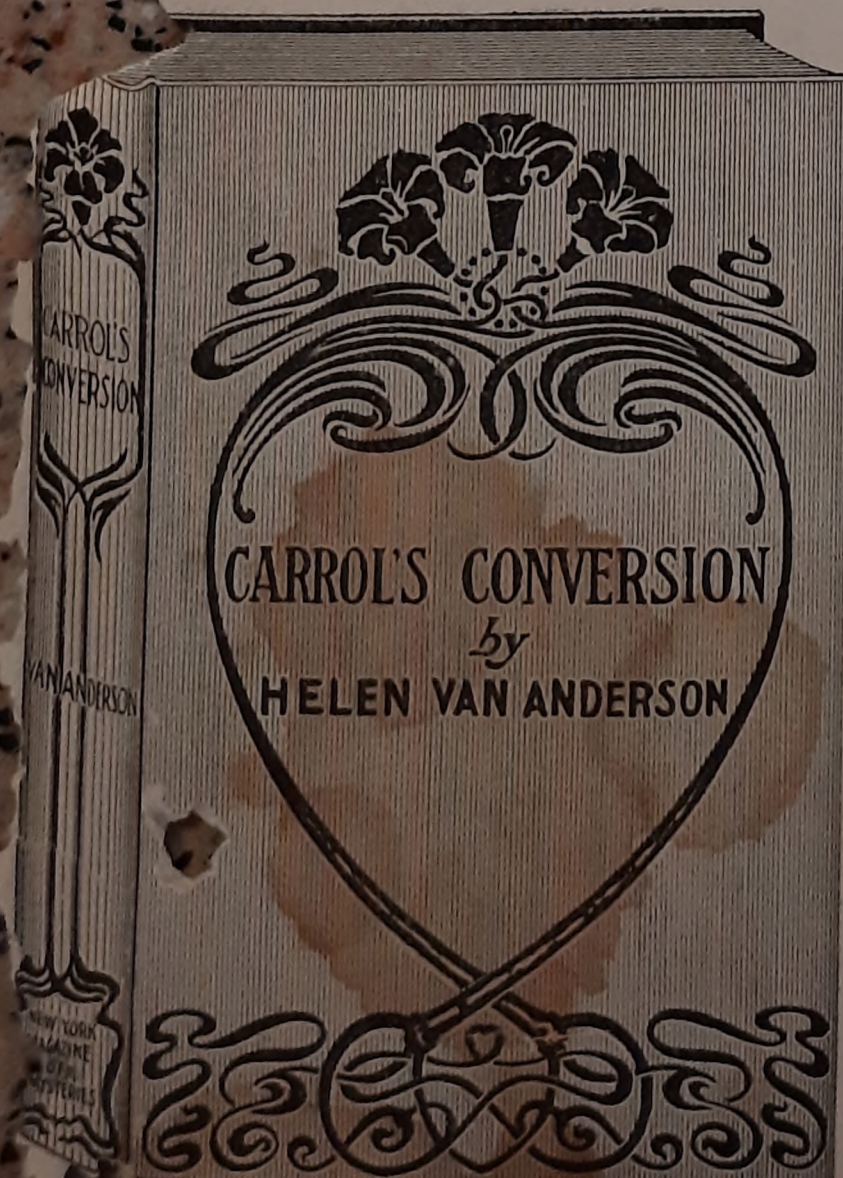
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July 6th, 1905.

Personally appeared before me this day A. P. Coakley, Advertising Manager of The Woman's Magazine, St. Louis, Mo., who, being duly sworn, states that he has access to all records necessary to secure an accurate circulation statement of The Woman's Magazine, and under oath affirms the circulation of The Woman's Magazine for the months of July, 1904 to June, 1905 inclusive, was as follows:

July, 1904	1,654,620	January, 1905	1,631,697
August	1,680,310	February	1,636,525
September	1,660,220	March	1,619,520
October	1,668,980	April	1,621,800
November	1,667,755	May	1,589,608
December	1,603,420	June	1,594,640
Total for 12 months		19,628,095	
Average per month		1,635,674	

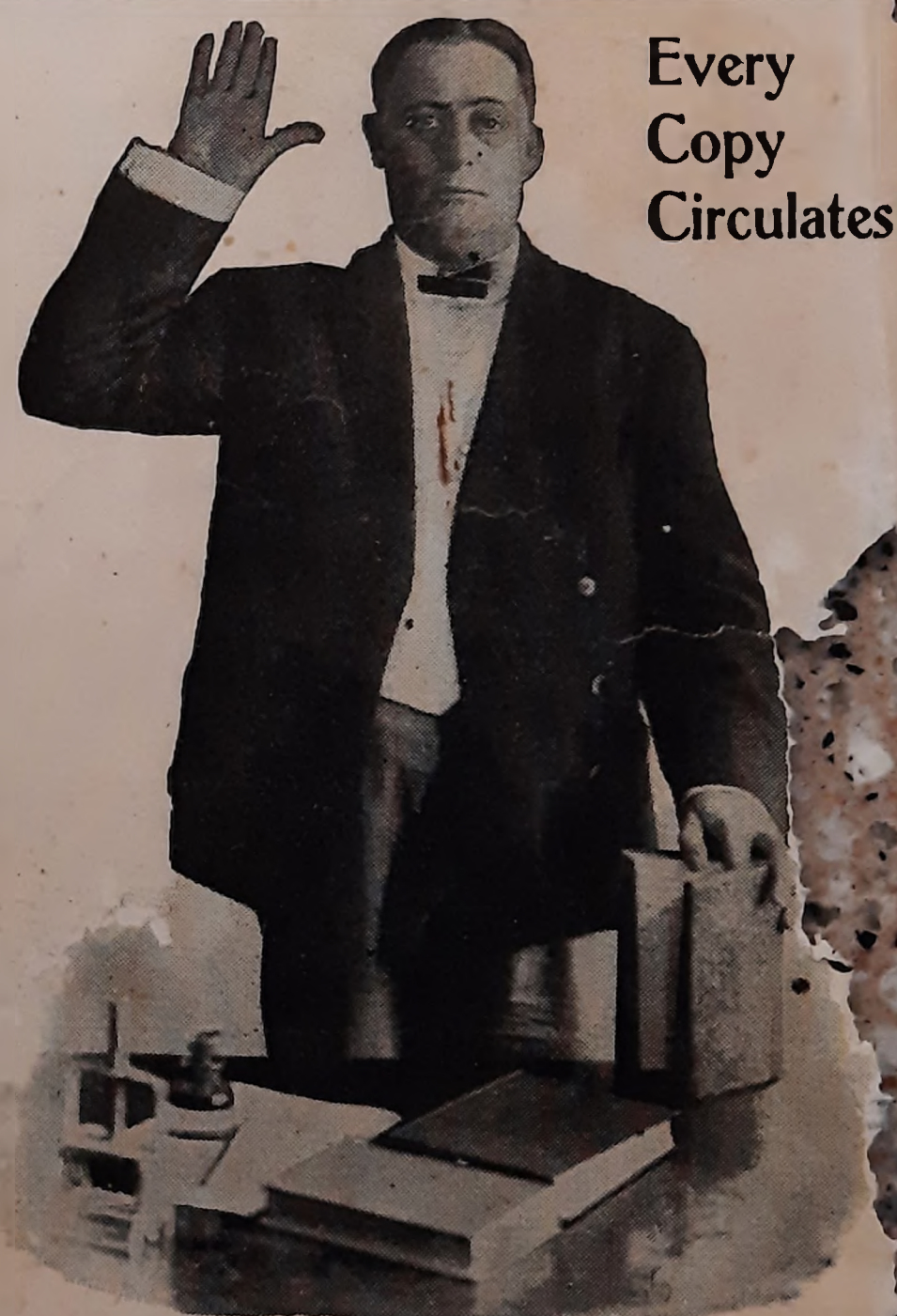
A. P. COAKLEY,

Advertising Manager,
The Woman's Magazine, St. Louis, Mo.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this Sixth day of July, Nineteen Hundred and Five.

C. M. CLAWSON,

Notary Public, County of St. Louis, Missouri.
My commission expires October 20,



The Woman's Magazine OF ST. LOUIS

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