

THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE

OF MYSTERIES

A CHEER-UP MAGAZINE



Lead kindly Light amid the
 encircling gloom
Lead thou me on;
The night is dark and I am
 far from home.
Lead thou me on.

**HEALTH
HAPPINESS
PROSPERITY**

JULY, 1908

PRICE 10 CENTS

Kidney and Liver Troubles

STOMACH AND LUNG TROUBLES

Or a Weak Circulation of the Blood Can be Cured Without a Drop of Medicine

We Prove It to You

We Prove every statement we make. We do not ask you to take our word as final evidence.

When we say that disease can be cured without the use of medicine we mean every word we say. Every word of it is true. We know it to be true because in the past quarter of a century we have proved it to our own satisfaction and the joyful satisfaction of thousands of others.

We are constantly on the lookout for other diseases to prove it on. We prove it to anybody — in fact, we want to prove it to everybody. We do not care what the disease is, nor how severe it is, nor how many other diseases are complicated with it. We can show you parallel cases that have been cured by the famous Thacher Magnetic Shields, and these cases are sound and well today as living monuments to the grand revitalizing power of Magnetism.

These Magnetic Shields keep the body bathed in a constant stream of Magnetism, which floods the system with its life and energy.

Patients are often told that they have incurable diseases. We want to tell you right here that nearly all of these cases can be cured, and we can prove it to you. More than 75 per cent. of all the patients that we have cured were first given up as beyond all hope of cure, and they have been made sound and well by applying Magnetism according to scientific instructions.

All we ask of you is to send us a full statement of your case so that we may give it a careful study, and we will advise you fully by letter just what can be done for you, and how it can be done.

We will agree to tell you all about it and prove to you, by evidence that cannot be denied, that all we say is true.

We will point you to cases of paralysis, consumption, diabetes, dyspepsia, rheumatism, nervous prostration, obesity and a hundred and one other diseases that are called incurable. We can show you the most incontestable proof that we have cured them.

We have cured these cases after they had been given up to die.

When you write, don't be afraid that we are going to try to sell you something. We know that if we can prove to your satisfaction all we say, you will want the Thacher Magnetic Shields without any urging from us, because we prove that they will do just what we say they will do. There is nothing else on earth to take their place, and do as much as they can do. Read the evidence in these letters from grateful patrons who have been cured.



This cut shows how the magnetic waves from the VEST, which is one of the most powerful shields we manufacture, envelop the entire trunk of the body and saturate the patient with powerful magnetic vibrations. The vest contains over 400 powerful magnetic storage batteries constantly radiating over 800 streams of magnetic energy into the vital organs and nerve centers, keeping the patient continually bathed in a stream of this revitalizing force. We make shields for every part of the body, all described in our new book, "A Plain Road to Health." Free to all who send descriptions of their cases.

READ THIS POSITIVE INDISPUTABLE EVIDENCE:

PARALYZED FOR OVER TWO YEARS.

Cured by Magnetic Shields After the Best Medical Aid Had Failed.

Dear Doctor Thacher:—I cannot very well blame people for believing in medicine and trash, as they have been educated in this way, the same as I was. But thanks to God I got my eyes opened, and everyone else will if they use common sense and study Nature's laws, and if they can be made to believe in, and use Magnetism as described by Doctor Thacher, and wear his shields according to his directions, any disease can be cured that can be cured by any other method, and besides in my own experience, they will cure two-thirds of all diseases that other methods have failed to cure.

I was paralyzed about eighteen years ago; helpless for two years. The best medical aid that was in the state failed to benefit me. I could not walk, and had to be helped all the time. I did not believe in the Magnetic Shields when I first heard of them, but the more I studied the matter, the more I became convinced that they were what I needed because they would keep the blood circulating rapidly at all times. I sent to Doctor Thacher and got a suit of Magnetic Shields and put them on and began to feel a change in six hours' time. I continued to get better right along, and in two weeks I could walk half a mile without getting exhausted. My neighbors all wondered at my improvement and asked me what I was doing, and I told them that I was wearing Magnetic Shields. The Shields have made me feel young again. I am now fifty-four years of age and travel from two to five miles every day on foot in my canvassing business, during extreme hot weather in August.

I make this statement for the benefit of suffering humanity so that those afflicted with paralysis may see what can be accomplished by the use of Magnetism.

Thanking you for the many favors granted me, I am,

Yours truly,

AARON DEAN, Stuart, Iowa.

SERIOUS COMPLICATION OF LUNG, STOMACH AND KIDNEY TROUBLE.

A Marvellous Chicago Recovery.

Dr. Thacher,

Dear Sir:—It gives me great pleasure to testify to the perfect cure I have gained by using your wonderful Shields. After suffering fifteen years with stomach troubles, although decreasing the greater part of the time, I kept getting worse, until I was the victim of a severe complication of stomach and kidney trouble, which a year and a half ago all seemed to go to my lungs. Had dreadful pains, lost my appetite, could not sleep, became so very weak

I could hardly walk across the floor, and not able to do my work. At times when my pains were not so severe I would try to read, but could not for more than five minutes at a time, as I was very nervous. My family and friends thought I could not last another month. I was getting tired of taking medicine. Nothing helped me. I happened to see your advertisement in the paper, which read, "Magnetism Cures Without Medicine." I thought "While there is life there is hope." So just one year ago today I put on your wonderful Magnetic Vest, Leggings and Insoles. The result was a miracle. For in two days I felt relieved; in a week very much better; in three weeks entirely cured.

Words cannot express how thankful I am to you for your kind advice; also for the treatment, to which I owe my life. May you live long for suffering humanity's sake. May your great and sure cure be known a great deal better than it is today.

Yours respectfully, MRS. O. RAY, 465 Hirsch St., Chicago, Ill.

A WONDERFUL CURE OF CHRONIC STOMACH TROUBLE AND PILES.

Restored to Youthful Vigor at Age of Sixty-Four.

Dear Dr. Thacher:—It is now eleven years since I first made my acquaintance with the Magnetic Shields. I was then a physical wreck from indigestion and piles, which made life a burden to my existence. I had suffered with a weak stomach from my boyhood, and in the army I contracted the piles and other complicated conditions which disabled me for active work. One day I called at a house and for the first time learned of the Magnetic Shields. The book, "Plain Road to Health," had been sent to those people, and I got it and read it. I recognized and felt the truth of your statements in that valuable work and concluded that I would send for a Belt and Leggings. I soon felt a new impetus of life and general improvement. My piles left me in three days, and I never had them since. I recovered my health perfectly, and am now in my sixty-fourth year and I am as sound and active as I was at twenty. I wear the Shields every winter and I am always free from colds, grip, etc. I never have any "tired feeling" and "under the weather" as the majority of people tell about their feelings. I have no aches and pains, because the Magnetic vibration of the Shields has re-established perfect circulation of my blood to every fiber of my body; hence my perfect vigor of youth at the advanced age of sixty-four years.

I desire to have this statement published that it may go out for the benefit of humanity. I shall gladly answer anyone wishing to know more of my case, and the nature of this treatment. I am yours with love and gratitude.

N. AEBISCHER, Wausau, Wis.

We have thousands of just such letters. They come unsolicited in every mail every day in the year. People write to us from Maine to California, stating they have been cured of diseases that had been considered incurable. Do not be discouraged. Do not give up hope—no matter if you have been told your trouble could not be cured. Investigate our claims. It is a duty you owe yourself. All we ask is for you to write us a full and complete description of your case and let us PROVE THAT WE CAN CURE YOU. We will send you, free of charge, our new book, "A PLAIN ROAD TO HEALTH," by C. I. Thacher, M. D., containing most valuable information on this subject, and we will advise you just what application of MAGNETISM will be required to cure your case. Write us fully today and we will take the same careful pains to advise you as if you could call at the office and see us in person.

WARM FEET

The greatest comfort and luxury of modern days; magnetic fire under your feet, the greatest life protector known, your feet kept warm all the time, even if standing in water, snow and ice. A pair of Foot-Batteries, the smallest shields we make, worn in the shoes, will convince the most doubting skeptic of the curative value of Magnetism. \$1.00 per pair or three pairs for \$2.00 for single power. \$2.00 per pair or three pairs for \$4.00 for double power. Send size of shoe when ordering Foot-Batteries.

Thacher Magnetic Shield Co., Inc. Suite 137, 169 Wabash Avenue
CHICAGO, ILL.

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The Sowing of Truth

BLESSED be the man or woman that really loves flowers!—who loves them for their own dear sakes, for their beauty, their associations, the joy they have given and always will give, so that he would sit down among them as friends and companions if there was not another creature on earth to admire or praise them. Such are indeed the richest and most blessed of beings. They nestle close to the bosom of Nature—to the heart of God.

I plucked a globe of the dandelion—the seed-vessel—and was struck as never before with the silent, gentle, tender manner in which Nature sows her seed, and I asked if this is not the way in which spiritual seed, TRUTH, is to be sown.

We see how Nature sows her seed broadcast; how the gossamer wing of the dandelion-seed scatters it far and wide; how it falls, as by accident, and sends up the plant where no one suspects.

So we must ever send truth abroad, not forcing it on a mind here and there, not watching its progress anxiously, but trusting that it will light on a kindly soil and yield its fruit. So Nature teaches.

In this way the members of the Mystic Success Club sow seeds of truth. So the students of the "Mystic Scroll" (that volume blessing and blessed by so many hungry hearts) seek to demonstrate for health and growth in the spirit.

We do not make the spiritual life by defining it, any more than we make the sun to shine by acquainting ourselves with its constituents and the laws of light. The word of Life has a different expression, a new shade of meaning in every land and in every age.

It is ever the spirit of Love in the heart which forces us to grow to the highest pitch of nobility, power and grandeur of which the soul is capable.

"Follow the gleam, lads, come what may,
Whatever the world of folk may say;
Follow the voice within thy breast,
Let it still tell thee what is best,"

as the saintly Channing said.

You believe in God. But how? As the author of this Outward Universe? This is to pause at the threshold. Do you believe in Him as the author of an Inner Universe, whose beauty, grandeur, harmony and exceeding excellence transcend immeasurably all that Nature manifests of His Infinite Good-will? You speak of His love. Do you feel that this love is too lofty, too limitless, to content itself with any good that falls short of elevating His children into companionship with Himself?

Have you learned to look through the body to the IMMORTAL SPIRIT, and to feel that this is infinitely precious to the Father of Spirits, and that it should be equally dear to you His child?

This, and this alone, is Christian Faith. Are we wanting in this faith in the destiny of the Soul for Perfection? Then we know Christianity only in the letter, and as a sound. Then the significance of the Glorious Gospel has never brightened on our view. Then the Light of Life and Spirit has never risen within. Then our own souls are yet to be revealed to us. Then the all-illuminating Truth, that gives unutterable interest to this infant stage of our existence, has never dawned on us. Then the Eternal Day, with its splendors of consolation, hope, peace and exhaustless power, has not beamed on us in blessing. But this Truth may shine out, if our minds turn toward it.

This Day may dawn, and the Infinite Love of Our Father for us rise like the morning. Let us aspire toward this living confidence, that it is the will of God to unfold and exalt without end the Spirit that intrusts itself to Him in well-doing as to a Faithful Creator.

And may the God of all grace, who hath called us unto His eternal glory by Jesus, after that ye have suffered awhile, make you perfect, stablish, strengthen, settle you.

"To Him be glory and dominion, forever."

Letters
..of..
Travel

HEART By Helen Van-Anderson TALKS

Thoughts
..by..
the Way

INTERESTING VIEWS IN FLORENCE AND FIESOLE. ITALY

BACK of and about the Pitti Palace, the residence of the royal family when in Florence, lie the Boboli Gardens, opened to the public every Thursday. I greatly enjoyed my visit there, one afternoon, when out for a ramble. What struck me first was the great number of people of the poorer class who were taking advantage of their opportunity to see and enjoy the beauties of the place. Everyone—man, woman and child—seemed to feel the influence of beauty and art, and to appreciate to the fullest extent their part and participation in this national rest spot; and the rapt look

Villa Montatuzzo and Villa MacCalmont, once a much-prized resort of Lorenzo of the Medici.

Off on another road stands the old Franciscan convent on the site of the old Roman capital of *Faesula*. Ladies are not admitted to the convent even in this day and age, so we were obliged to content ourselves with a view from afar. A glimpse of the old well at which the monks refreshed themselves is here seen in the picture, as it looks now. The plateau in front of the convent commands an unsurpassable view of Florence, bounded on the south by several ranges of foot hills and on the west by the heights of Mount Albano. Looking

the gardens and homes, were transfigured in the sunset glory. We gazed entranced and uplifted with it all, trying to fix every detail upon our memories. But soon the cloud curtains gathered again, purple shadows began to fall, and at last reluctantly we bade adieu to our little artist, retraced our way through the court-yard where motley groups of street merchants, who seem to thrive by selling a little of everything from calico to pottery and pictures, to the street car which bore us down, down in the dusky twilight, amid wreaths of curling mist, to the twinkling lights of the city on the banks of the Arno.

This is the last letter about Florence. I would like to tell you of many, many scenes and incidents that might reveal more of this wonderful city, but time and space forbid. If what I have written has presented a few glimpses of its charms or revealed a hint of its beauty, I am glad.

Next time we will be in Paris. Till then, my friends, adieu.



The Boboli Gardens

on their faces, as they gazed about, was an inspiration to see. This, like all Italian gardens, is very different from those seen in America. High-walled and mysterious, with its avenues of interlacing trees, its secluded arbors, its thick hedges, intersecting paths and leafy retreats, it appeals to lovers of seclusion and solitude. Yet there are open places, small yet exquisite in their embrasure of green and their garniture of ancient stone seats and statuary. The masterly art with which the trees are trained is displayed in this picture of the *Viale detto l'Azzeulla*—a type of many embowered avenues. Nothing of the wild picturesqueness of nature which is a feature of English and American parks, is retained here, and although the beauty of nature adorned and finished by art is admirable, I felt a sense of restriction, almost of imprisonment, in the seclusion of the velvet lawns, the vaulted avenues and the fanciful forms of the impenetrable arbor vitae hedges. The view from the top of the highest hill of the garden was lovely, especially in the glow of a magnificent sunset.

Another day a friend accompanied me on a trolley trip to Fiesole, which is several miles from Florence, amid the northern foothills and mountains; from Florence to San Gervasio, and on to San Dominico di Fiesole, a huddling little village at the foot of the hill of Fiesole. We came to the Dominican monastery founded in 1495. There lived Fra Giovanni da Fiesole, who painted the Madonna and saints in the church near by.

I was much impressed in going about among churches, cloisters and galleries in Florence to see so many sacred pictures painted by those devout old monks, and think it must have been owing largely to their continued and always intensely reverent meditation on scenes from the lives of Jesus and Mary, that developed the desire and ability to paint such pictures.

Not far away is another and older monastery, the *Basilica di Fiesole*, founded in 1028. What thoughts and emotions were invoked by these reminders of those who lived and strived and suffered so long ago!

There are three routes from San Dominico to Fiesole, each revealing superb views of Florence and the valley of the Arno. We ascended the winding road, enjoying every moment the changing views of vineyards, villas and gardens set cunningly in the green dimples of the hills. Villa Landor, where Walter Savage Landor lived for so many years, is one of the interesting landmarks on the steep hillside. Another place of interest is

from the woods at the back of the convent we saw the Apennines and the upper valley of the Mugnone. Behind the cathedral connected with the monastery is a gateway leading into the ruins of ancient buildings excavated in 1873. Remains of the old Roman theatre are very interesting. There are nineteen tiers of stone seats in a semi-circle thirty seven yards in diameter, with three additional lower tiers for persons of rank or importance. Near the old theatre are the partly preserved ruins of the ancient Etruscan wall.

The town of Fiesole is very picturesque, and, situated on the top of a steep hill, is a very popular resort for beauty lovers and pleasure seekers.

It began to rain as we reached the top, and with many others we hastened under the friendly shelter of the arbor-roofed café, where we could sip our tea and watch the people who, like ourselves, had sought refuge from the shower or were already ensconced at the tables, or in cozy corners from which they could look out over the valley below. We were at the Aurora Hotel, which, as you see in the picture, is situated on the very top of the hill and commands a magnificent view of the whole surrounding country. There is nothing more interesting, as a feature of European out-door life, than these outside cafés, where one can enjoy the beauty of nature and the companionship of friends, or indulge in the study of character and of the various types of human nature, which, by the way, is greatly facilitated by the informal contact with so many kinds and classes of people. In Italy, and especially in Florence, one sees so many artists—young women, many of them—and to me they have a most fascinating interest. The fire of genius burns in their eyes and shows itself in evidences of self-sacrifice, of yearning eagerness to attain, of willingness to grasp at every straw of opportunity to feed as fuel to the divine passion. Such a person sat opposite us at the little table. She was an American, too, and we ventured upon a few words concerning the beauty hidden by the misty raindrops. She assured us the shower would soon pass and the view repay for all the inconvenience of waiting or the discomfort of getting wet.

And surely with her illuminating enthusiasm to explain, to point out and to describe, we were better able to appreciate the burst of loveliness that greeted our eyes when at last the clouds were sundered and the smiling sun appeared, clean washed and fresh as a dewy rose, the tree-clad hills and emerald vales,

A SONG OF TRUTH

We have sought through song and story,
To reveal a land of glory,
And to find a true salvation
By and by.

If we sow good seeds of kindness,
And allow no clouds to blind us,
We will leave much good behind us
When we die.

We are turning through life's pages,
Seeking by the light of ages
To reveal a truth to aid us
As we go.

Not enough to seek and find it,
But in love to keep and bind it,
For we'll leave much good behind it
Where we sow.

If through blindness we refuse it,
Or by self-indulgence lose it,
We'll regret we did not choose it
And be free.

Love and justice in relation,
Make with truth a true foundation,
To build up a happy home for
You and me.

—D. D. CROW.



Old Well at the Franciscan Convent



REMAINS OF THE ANCIENT ROMAN AMPHITHEATRE

The story is told of a woman who had a rare rosebush. She watched and worked over it for weeks, but saw no results of her labor. One day she found a crevice in the wall near the bush, and running through the crevice was a tiny shoot of her rosebush. She went to the other side of the wall, and there she found her roses blooming in all their splendid beauty. Some of us have to work on year after year, seeing no results of our labor. To such comes this message: "Work on. Do not be discouraged. Your work is blooming on the other side of the wall."

It is not work that kills men; it is worry. It is not the revolution that destroys the machinery, but the friction.—BEECHER.

A childlike trust of heart that can take a hand, and, wandering, walk in paths unknown and strange, is a prime requisite of all religion.

To love abundantly is to live abundantly; to love forever is to live forever.—DRUMMOND.

They say that at the sight of Apollo the body erects itself and assumes a more dignified attitude; in the same way the soul should feel itself raised and ennobled by the recollection of a good man's life.—SOUVESTRE.

All the paths of life lead to the grave and the utmost that we can do is to avoid the short cuts.—J. D. MACON.

STREW THE ROSES NOW

Don't wait until the grasses grow
Upon the loved one's grave,
To speak the words of comfort
That make the heart grow brave
But strew the fragrant roses now
And say the kind words every day
That joy, peace and comfort
May cheer life's weary way.

One little deed of kindness
May cheer a heavy heart,
So wait not 'til the hand of death
Shall sever friends apart;
But scatter deeds and roses now
And make life's pathway glad,
That rays of light and sunshine
May flood some heart that's sad.

When loved ones have been taken,
When they sleep beneath the sod,
When they've gone to join the angels
In the palace of our God,
They will then not need your kindness
And the roses you may strew
Upon their graves in sadness
With a loving heart that's true.

So, do not withhold the blossoms
And the flowers a heart would crave
To bestow upon their memory,
And to heap upon their grave;
But scatter roses every day,
And fill each act with love,
Then when loved ones have departed
They'll smile back from heaven above.

—E. H. RANDELL.

The deepest truth that life can bring
Is written on each common thing.
We find the lore we all must learn
With the friend we love, the bread we earn,
Concealed, revealed in old and new,
The God doth evermore shine through.

—MARY RUSSELL MILLS.



FIESOLE—THE HILL

Much of our lives is spent in marring our own influence and turning others' belief in us into a widely concluding unbelief, which they call knowledge of the world; while it is really disappointment in you or me.—GEORGE ELIOT.

It is as easy to be great as to be small. The reason why we do not at once believe in admirable souls is because they are not in our experience.—EMERSON.

Happiness may fly away, pleasure pall or cease to be obtainable, wealth decay, friends fail or prove unkind; but the power to serve God never fails and the love of Him is never rejected.—FROUDE.



THE MARKET PLACE

THE PEACE OF THE NAZARENE

"So the Nazarene is dead,"
Caiaphas the High Priest said.
"His wonder-working deeds are o'er,
He will trouble us no more.
May blasphemers such as He
Perish on the shameful tree,
And our holy Temple's law
Be kept free from ev'ry flaw;
For the Temple must have sway
'Til heaven and earth shall pass away."
"So the Nazarene is dead,"
Caiaphas the High Priest said.
"So the Nazarene is dead,"
In his palace Pilate said.
"Good His words and just His life,
But the priests who stirred up strife
Said His followers would be
From imperial Rome set free.
Vain their plottings and their care—
All the yoke of Rome must bear—
Rome that will forever stand
Mighty lord of every land."
"So the Nazarene is dead,"
In his palace Pilate said.
The Temple now has passed away,
Ended Rome's imperial day,
But the Nazarene still lives,
Peace to myriad souls He gives.
Lives in gentle words and deeds,
In all that meets the spirit's needs.

THE BEAUTIFUL HOME

I never saw a garment too fine for a man or maid; there never was a chair too good for a cobbler or a cooper or a king to sit in; never a house too fine to shelter the human head. Elegance fits man. But do we not value these tools a little more than they are worth, and sometimes mortgage a house for the mahogany we bring into it? I had rather eat my dinner off the head of a barrel, or dress after the fashion of John the Baptist in the wilderness, or sit on a block all my life, than consume all myself before I got to a home, and take so much pains with the outside that the inside was as hollow as an empty nut. Beauty is a great thing, but beauty of garment, house and furniture are tawdry ornaments compared with domestic love. All the elegance in the world will not make a home, and I would give more for a spoonful of real hearty love than for whole shiploads of furniture and all the gorgeousness the world can gather.—OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

The mind is the guiding power of the entire personal life; it is, therefore, clear that while the mind is in an attitude where "nothing is right" nearly everything will be done wrong; "if one thing isn't wrong 'twill be another."

Give less time trying to change the opinions of others, and more time trying to perfect your own life.

Look upon the simple and childish virtues of veracity and honesty as the root of all that is sublime in character. Speak as you think. Be your real self—pay your debts of all kinds.

Jesus Christ never said, "Seek temptation"; He said, "Seek a kingdom"; but the man who really starts out to seek a kingdom will meet the devil on the way, for he is looking for men like that. Jesus never said, "Seek temptation." He said rather, "Avoid temptation." But when temptation stands upon the path of duty, when you have to fight dishonor to get honor, infidelity to get loyalty, selfishness to be loving, and impurity to be pure, never dodge.

—HARRY EMERSON
FOSDICK.



The Power of Personal Magnetism

The Power of Personal Magnetism is often at the Root of Success.

Be self-reliant! Your self-reliance begets confidence in others, and your PERSONAL MAGNETISM attracts success. This is one of the switches by which you place yourself in vital touch or rapport with the spiritual and subconscious forces within and above you.

Your inner life is rooted and grounded in God. His love created you in order to bless you.

By your manliness, dignity, and straightforwardness you draw to yourself kindred souls with similar noble purposes.

You consciously lay yourself out for the best, and you will get it.

Resolve to make a fresh start and wisely keep it up, as a man with a healthy motive.

Help yourself by joining the MYSTIC SUCCESS CLUB.

It is the "I can and I will" man who succeeds.

The man who has faith in himself. You must prove your faith by your works.

Think success, work for success, and you will become successful.

You may now have the golden opportunity to join the most powerful Mental and Psychic organization for success which is known.

Great changes are made in the lives of members and great good is being done daily. When you are once harmonized and in tune with the vibrations of the Club you may become most enthusiastic, for you may well wonder what strange and beneficent Power it is that seems to guide your footsteps and help you in the accomplishment of your desires for good, for progress and prosperity. In all the paths of life, business and accomplishment you may see that strength comes with numbers. In union there is strength. Members of churches, business partnerships, clubs, etc., all work together for the promotion of an idea. Alone you are weak. You are perhaps a broken reed. You become discouraged and despondent. But in this great Club you have your timid, weak will, reinforced by the might of thousands.

The angels are ever near to guide into all truth and all knowledge.

Members scattered all over the globe—from New Zealand, from Europe, from Asia and Africa, and from America, from Maine to California, from the smiling Savannas of the sunlit South to the ice-bound fields of the frozen North—come willing minds and strong wills to enforce and strengthen you. There are hands—hands with hearts in them—to help to overcome the obstacles in your pathway. Send in your application at once.

Join the MYSTIC SUCCESS CLUB.

The MYSTIC SUCCESS CLUB Degrees TEACH you HOW TO LIVE the simple, childlike life, which is the TRUE WAY to live in order to FULFIL THE LAW.

These Degrees or lessons are wonderful in their simplicity, yet MORE WONDERFUL in their results. ANYONE can understand them, anyone can practice them; so YOU, dear Brother, Sister, who long for the successful life, CAN LEARN and APPLY THESE DEGREES

There are four, and it takes four months to work through them the first time. You can get MORE AND MORE out of them by continued study, but the BEGINNING IS MADE, and often GRANDEST BENEFITS realized during the four months.

Each Degree is to be faithfully studied and practiced one month. The First deals with what you need first, and perhaps want most, and that is HEALTH.

The Second prepares your mind for knowledge. As you need to be continually learning in order to know, you must ever be open to receive, so the Second is the Degree of Receptivity, because it helps you in that state.

The Third Degree brings you to the BEGINNING OF THE SUCCESS YOU ARE TO WIN THROUGH YOURSELF, and this is called the Degree of Personal Attractiveness.

What is more attractive than a healthy body and a happy mind, and what is more necessary than PERSONAL ATTRACTIVENESS in acquiring friends, position, opportunities?

The Fourth Degree is Realization, the completion of your first cycle of effort, and through which you may not only BEGIN TO REALIZE the GRAND POWER in the work of the Degrees, but ENJOY THE BENEFITS of YOUR FAITHFUL PRACTICE. You will see how connected and well cemented are these golden steps, which we have named in the order of presentation and practice, DEGREES.

FIRST, DEGREE OF HEALTH. (First month.)

SECOND, DEGREE OF RECEPTIVITY. (Second month.)

THIRD, DEGREE OF PERSONAL ATTRACTIVENESS. (THIRD month.)

FOURTH, DEGREE OF REALIZATION. (Fourth month.)

You can in four months, without any interference with your affairs, work through the four degrees of The Mystic Success Club, and reach the plane of Earth life where you will be successful.

Where you will have health, vigor, force and tremendous psychic-mental powers. (First Degree.)

Where you will be a great psychic-mental magnet, attracting to your *aura* the mighty and blessed unseen powers. (Second Degree.)

Where you will vibrate with true love, and charm, fascinate and attract *all* souls by the mighty power of Personal Magnetism. (Third Degree.)

Where you will recognize and realize your blessed powers and oneness with the Sovereign Good of the Universe, and where you will know you are at last on the true and endless road to success—the blessed state. (Fourth Degree.)

Each loyal member of The Mystic Success Club soon gets beyond all adverse conditions.

Anyone who will loyally work with us overcomes all failure.

In taking up the study of these beautiful Lessons YOU ONLY NEED TO BE TEACHABLE and FOLLOW DIRECTIONS.

SURELY YOU CAN BE FAITHFUL IF YOU WILL, and this is the FIRST STEP on THE PATH OF SUCCESS.

As to what the MYSTIC SUCCESS CLUB is doing, and has done, read the remarkable testimonies in our SUCCESS BOOKLET, which we will send free to anyone who asks for it. It is full of heart words from those who have come out of darkness into light through the leadership of OUR MAGAZINE and the MYSTIC SUCCESS CLUB.

You see, we are basing results on Principles tried and true. We ask no one to accept mere assertions. We know you can prove this law FOR YOURSELF if you will ONLY DO YOUR PART.

THE MYSTIC SUCCESS CLUB is organized and founded by men and women who have realized success, and it will be in a prosperous and forceful condition as long as there is one discouraged soul on this planet.

There is only one perfect flower in the wilderness of life:
That flower is Love!

God, alone, is perfect. By progressive degrees He is bringing man nearer and nearer to Himself.

God is showering the gifts of Love and Life upon all who are willing to receive.

Are you not willing to be blessed?

We are all in the hands of Infinite Love and Wisdom.

The changeless Goodness is Eternal Love.

Read this department every month. It will inspire and help you.

Each member of the Club becomes a determined and purposeful conqueror of discordant and adverse conditions of Life, *now* and *here*.

In a while each member assists others to rise and realize fullness and wholeness of Life.

It is a grand union of eternal souls for self-expansion and all-expansion—for Growth, Progress, Enthusiasm and Optimism.

We bring out in *you*, Beloved, all the resources of your soul, heart and mind.

We fit *you* for the highest and noblest service—the highest and noblest success.

No power can ever take away from you what we give.

We help you to make your Life, *now* and *here*, larger, broader and grander in every way.

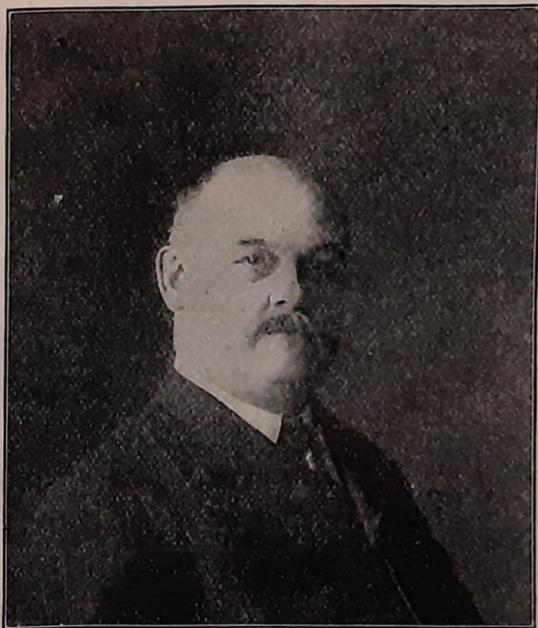
Read each month about THE MYSTIC SUCCESS CLUB.

With love, peace and good will to *all* beings in the universe, we are, always for grand success,

THE MYSTIC SUCCESS CLUB,

N. B.—We desire members from all parts of this
great and blessed planet.

CARE OF THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES,
649 West 43d Street, New York City, U. S. A.



PRESIDENT CHARLES E. ELLIS

Members of the Mystic Success Club

Who have not already become Co-Partners and Shareholders in the Profits of "OUR MAGAZINE" who wish to join this worthy and well-paying ASSOCIATION, are hereby notified that they may acquire a few of these shares at the special price of \$12.00 each if they write me at once. These shares have paid 56% in dividends during the past four years—an average of 14% per year. Several hundred members have already grasped this, what I consider, splendid opportunity to invest your savings. If you are interested in your future welfare write me at once.

CHARLES E. ELLIS, President

605 West 43d Street, New York City, N. Y.

THE CHRIST'S SECOND COMING

BY FRANCIS G. HANCHETT

Behold the second coming of the Christ!
Not with the pride and pomp of worldly power,
But like the gentle falling of the dew,
Or blooming of a sweet and tender flower.

The Christ is not one godlike man alone:
It is the godlike part of every man;
It is the Spirit manifest in flesh,
In most men latent since the world began.

How sacred is that little spot of earth
Where one man lived a pure and perfect life;
Where peace and love and service took the place
Of all the ugly brood of selfish strife!

How haloed will the whole round world become
When peace and love shall reign in every clime;
When Christ shall come in all the hearts of men;
Transforming life 'til it becomes sublime!

Nor need we think the race will be as slow
As in past ages it has seemed to be;
The seers and sages of our century
A greatly quickened step can clearly see.

The cumulated force of ages past
Is pressing forward fast, these latter days;
The time of man's redemption draweth nigh,
"When all shall know the Lord" and learn his ways.

The knowledge of the One, the Life of All;
The science of religion, old and new;
The purpose of "the ways of God to man,"
Are growing clear from the New point of view.

Oh, happy man of this enlightened age;
Send out the healing waves of truth and love;
And you shall see upon this lovely earth
"Peace and good-will" descending like a dove.

Behold the second coming of the Christ
The lives of men shall be as beautiful
As landscapes that surround them, and as tranquil
As the stars that shine serene and dutiful.



WHY THIS MAGAZINE IS SUCH A SUCCESS

The editor and writers connected with the MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES write from the SOUL and HEART more than from the HEAD.

We send to our readers the Mystic vibrations of Love and Sympathy.

We write the truth and tell human beings that they are "worms of the dust" or the children of an ever angry and wrathful God; but that they are the children of an All-loving Father—Eternal Souls, developing and going toward God's Love and Light.

We inspire our readers with Hope and Courage, and tell them "it is never too late to mend"—we preach the gospel of OPTIMISM.

This the Soulful Magazine. The Magazine of HEALTH, HAPPINESS

and PROSPERITY.

"Cheer up!"

Down the street came a wagon, loaded with meat and drawn by a well-rounded, well-fed little mare. Her steps became slower and slower, and finally, in the middle of the car tracks, she stopped.

"Git up," said the driver, "git up, Jenny!"

But Jenny only turned appealing eyes toward the man on the seat.

Behind him came the shouts and oaths of other drivers.

"Poor Jenny, poor little horse!" said the big, dirty man. "Is she all tired out?"

At the sound of his voice the little horse sighed a sigh of tired appreciation.

"Never mind," he went on soothingly, as he scrambled down off his seat and took her by the bridle. "We'll go right out to the side here and rest a bit," and he led her away from the crowd and stood patting her well-curved sides, while she rubbed her nose against his face.

The other drivers moved on, then turned and looked. Some of them smiled; others replaced the whips which had been taken from their sockets to hurry their horses after the delay.—*Jewish Exponent*.



GET WELL AND KEEP WELL

This you may do through Spiritual or
Divine Healing

Write to Mystic No. 12

OUR POSSIBILITIES

IF we use our possibilities to the greatest limit, we will acquire the power to make forms and circumstances to be appropriate, and to suit our pleasure. Form is really created out of spirit, as a spider spins his web out of himself. And the most reasonable thing I can think about myself is that right now I am what I choose to be. It is learning this that will make a man an angel rather than an animal. We have learned this to some extent. We say that we control our bodies and create our circumstances; but we will find that it is just as easy to create our bodies and control our circumstances. If this body does not suit my purpose, I will learn to create one. If these circumstances are not appropriate, the one thing we are here for is to make them appropriate.

Electricity was in the world for some millions of years before man found it out. He did not learn how to run an electric car until twelve or fifteen years ago. He was not able to send his thought around the world. Electricity is the greatest thing we have discovered, but it is not the greatest thing we ever shall discover.

Know! know! I beseech you; know! I command you that you are divine. You are not "poor weak mortals," as you have called yourselves. You are not bodies that may be preyed upon by disease, and broken and destroyed by other forces of nature; minds with wills not yet sufficiently strong to withstand certain great forms of temptation; hearts that must suffer and break. You are souls; souls that are one with me, the great Universal, Eternal, Omnipotent Soul of Life. Know that the resources of Infinity are your resources! Know that your body and your mind are but instruments for your use—nay, more, that they are but expressions of your spirit, your real life, that you may control and adapt them, and farther on you may create them at your will. Why should they ever be weak? Why should you ever be ill unless you choose? You shall learn the meaning of the words of that great Master of the art of living, when he said: "I have power to lay down my life, and I have power to take it again."

He who takes truth for his guide and duty
for his end may safely trust God to lead him.

THE GUIDING HAND

Help us, oh, Lord, to hold Thy hand all the way, not just now and then, when we come to a dangerous crossing. Help us to realize that the very stars in their courses are helping us in ours; that every fibre, every atom, is marching on to the grand consummation of all Thy mighty plans. Nothing hinders or stays our progress, for whatever waves may roll, or winds may blow, Thy hand is at the helm. Help us to put the same energy into seeking the Kingdom of Heaven that we do in seeking the riches and honors of this world. And above all else teach us to deal with our fellow beings as we are daily and hourly imploring Thee to deal with us. Amen.

WHY ONLY ONE DAY IN SEVEN?

The world speaks on Sunday about the wonderful work that Jesus did, going "about (doing good) his Father's business," and then it turns round and attends to its own business the other six days in the week, and that is "making money," regardless of the "Father's business."

It is a good thing to be rich, and a good thing to be strong, but it is a better thing to be beloved of many friends.—*Euripides.*

"A man is his own star;
Our acts our angels are
For good or ill."

—*Anon.*

FAMILIAR WISDOM

SOME PROVERBS

EVERY day brings us additional evidence that the West, with all its progress, has been but making over and applying the wisdom of the East.

The human mind is likely to produce similar results under similar conditions. As we learn more of the civilization of the Orient, our respect for Orientals increases. We are finding that Japan has a store of condensed wisdom—used freely by the common people. And they had it long before western civilization was born.

Here are a few samples of this condensed wisdom, compared with our particular brand:

They say, "Too many boatmen will run the boat on a mountain," instead of our familiar "Too many cooks spoil the broth."

We say, "He has an ax to grind," and they have the same meaning in "He is drawing water to his own rice field."

To correspond with "Accidents will happen in the best-regulated families," the Japs say, "Even a monkey sometimes falls from a tree."

"Famous swords are made from iron scrapings" equals our "Despise not the day of small things."

"A fountain cannot rise higher than its source" becomes "The spawn of frogs becomes nothing but frogs."

For a person who is stupid and dull, they say, "He has far-away ears."

Of a weak and vacillating character the interpretation is most clever in "You cannot rivet a nail in a potato custard."

In Japan they do not say, "A fool and his money are soon parted," but "A wise man keeps his money."

Examining the idioms and proverbs of various countries is a most fascinating study, and one finds a strange similarity, showing how the hearts of men are revealed to be the same in all countries, both in the so-called Christian and heathen nations.

Many of the military proverbs are exceedingly trite, and show how the character of Japanese soldiers is stimulated and molded by a constant repetition of such sayings as "After victory tighten the strings on your helmet," "Snatch your luck where you find it," "Opportunity is hard to find, easy to lose."

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS

One side of life is bright,

One side of life is dreary,
And to think of the disappointments
Is enough to make one weary.

As I sat at my desk this evening
The sky was a contrasting sight,
From one window I saw a bank of clouds,
From another the sunshine bright.

Life is much as we look at it:
Either dark, or full of cheer
We can see the golden sunlight,
Or the clouds so dark and drear.

Of course, there are times when all seems dark,
And our grief seems to be so great;
Our burdens so very heavy,
We are near borne down by the weight.

But, then, what's the use of fretting?
And what's the use of that frown?
If you never enter the race of life,
You will never gain a crown!

So, brighten up and learn to smile;
And forget to frown alway,
Go singing along life's road,
And see if it don't pay.

GOD LOSES NONE

OF HIS CHILDREN

"Thanks be to God! Not one soul shall miss finding its way home."

Is not this a beautiful thought? Am I better than my brother that I shall find my Father's house of many mansions, and he will not? No, ten thousand times, no. We all are God's love children, and the lowest in understanding shall some time see His face and dwell in His fair land of Wisdom and Truth.

As we look about on our brothers and sisters, let us realize this.

We are all alike in the sight of the Father, only one may be a step farther on toward Him than some others. With the loving thought to all, that all are equally beloved by Him from whom all came, let us help one another.

Let us love in His way, and have charity and patience with those in great error. Let us throw around them the mantle of peace, that will help them to be still and grow in knowledge and wisdom.

The mortal sense life must be stilled to know the Father—Truth.

Peace, be still!

GOD IS LOVE

That Love surrounds me,
In that Love I safely dwell;
'Tis above, around, within me
God is Love and all is well!

ILLUSIONS

One of the illusions of men is that if they live with God and do right they will not suffer—suffer from want of the needed material blessings of this world. Indeed, the truth is if a man does not live with the All Good and do right, he is bound to suffer sooner or later. "Under all circumstances do that which you believe to be right and trust the Law; trust the Divine Power that is immanent in the universe, and it will never desert you, and you will always be protected. By such a trust all your losses will be converted into gains, and all curses which threaten will be transmuted into blessings." This is the only sure way to the truly prosperous and happy state. "Do not believe the world when it tells you that you must always attend to number one first, and to others afterwards." This is a low, mean, selfish thought that in a little while will cause you to be deserted by all. "To consider oneself before all others is to cramp and warp and hinder every noble and divine impulse. Let your soul expand, let your heart reach out to others in loving and generous warmth, and great and lasting will be your joy, and all prosperity will come to you."

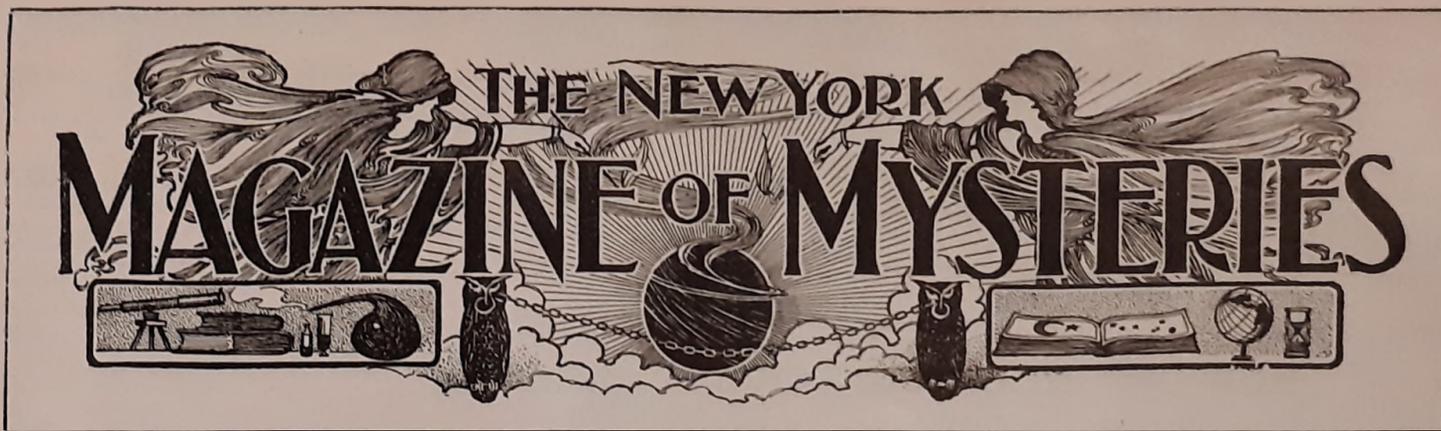
LIGHT AND TRUTH

"There is an inmost centre in us all
Where Truth abides in fulness; and around,
Wall upon wall, the gross flesh hems it in;
This perfect, clear perception, which is Truth,
A baffling and perverting carnal mesh
Blinds it, and makes all error; and to know,
Rather consists in opening out a way
Whence the imprisoned splendor may escape.
Than in effecting entry for a light
Supposed to be without."

The Spirit is gentle love, yet its demands are imperative; to ignore its demands is to suffer; in ignorance is darkness and suffering. All suffering comes because man persists in ignoring the blessed eternal Spirit—the Light of Truth.

You may imitate a good man, but never counterfeit him.

A man's friends sometimes cause him more anxiety than his enemies. Let the honor of thy friend be as dear unto thee as thy own.—*The Talmud.*



The Mystic Adepts Are Working for Universal Brotherhood

SHARING HIS LIFE

The Lesson of the Higher Thought

There is no promise in the Bible that we can be saved without overcoming the imperfections that hinder our progress. There must be a beginning of that effort to overcome, and the sooner we make that beginning the sooner we shall have happiness and harmony within us. One need not wait for another to come into the kingdom of heaven, for each must make that kingdom for himself; and if he can come into it during his stay or life here on earth with those who are inharmonious, it is worth working for. He can not only come into that kingdom to enjoy it himself, but he knows that he can be a help to God in developing His children. That is one of the greatest pleasures of my life, knowing that I am working for God in helping His children to come into a higher life or helping them out of their sufferings of body or mind. There is no joy that can equal it; and I feel that it is not only a necessity but a privilege to have an opportunity to come into His life, to be doers of the truth, and we should take every opportunity to bring ourselves into such a state that we can come into His life.

I know but one way to the kingdom of heaven; there is but one way to do, and that is to live, and no man can live unless he does right. The life that I speak of is the life of God that comes into the souls of men and brings them actively under the spiritual law. Until man comes into that state he has no life. The intelligence that he lives under and enjoys as he does to-day becomes weak and as naught when he comes to have the wisdom of God within him as an active principle to live. He is then not only full of light and truth, having knowledge how to do and act, but he has that quality of life that is pure and holy, just and kind in every way, and I feel that it pays us to do right by acting and living perfectly before the people of earth. Let nothing tempt us away from that higher and more glorious duty. Let us not only be good, but let us act right and live right. Let our thoughts aspire to something higher than earth. Let our pleasures always be anticipated in a higher atmosphere than we live in. See to it that we live above the earth to gain the happiness and pleasures that we desire; and when we come to a state of growth to have true happiness, the pleasure that we now call happiness vanishes before us; it is nothing.

I feel that we should live for that true happiness. We all know how to get it. We may repeat it to-night and we may repeat it again, but it is of no use to know it unless we rise above unhappiness. We know what makes us unhappy.

JEWEL THOUGHTS

Think what it is to be full of love to every creature, to be frightened at nothing, to be sure that all things will turn to good.

But we must live as much as we can for human joy, dwelling on sorrow and pain only so far as the consciousness may help us in striving to remedy them.

I have found already some of the "sweet uses" that belong to what is called trouble, which is, after all, only a deepened gaze into life.

Disease must be banished.

Criticism is not religion, and by no process can it be substituted for it.—Phillips Brooks.

SOME GEMS FROM THE WISDOM OF THE LATE PRESIDENT MCKINLEY

"I am for America because America is for the common people."

"It is a matchless civilization in which we live, a civilization that recognizes the common and universal brotherhood of man."

"We are not a nation of classes, but of sturdy, free, independent and honorable people, despising the demagogue and never capitulating to dishonor."

"It is inspiring to remember that no great emergency in the one hundred and eight years of our eventful national life has ever arisen that has not been met with wisdom and courage by the American people."

"The love of law and the sense of obedience and submission to the lawfully constituted judicial tribunals are imbedded in the hearts of our people, and any violation of these sentiments and disregard of their obligations justly arouse public condemnation."

"What a mighty, resistless power for good is a united nation of free men. It makes for peace and prestige, for progress and liberty."

"It is not a question of candidates, it is not a contention for office; it is a contention for country—not a contention inspired by sectional consideration, but of devotion to the duty which affects and inspires the great heart of the American people."

"No amendment can ever be made to the constitution of this country that will curtail the supreme and sovereign power of the people."

"The people will not tolerate repudiation of public law or private dealings."

"The American people will never consent, by popular vote or otherwise, to the repudiation of one farthing of their national debt."

This wisdom is in perfect harmony with the position of the New York Magazine of Mysteries.

CHRISTIAN MANHOOD

"Love is the fulfilling of the Law."

Whatever may have been the failures in the past to achieve this ideal, we are sure nothing less than this is the goal of the Congress movement. In spite of the protest of some conscientious brethren that a "true Christian" cannot hold fellowship with Catholics and Jews, who "do not accept the deity of Jesus," it seems to us true on the one hand that Christ himself warned against the judgment of the self-righteous Pharisee who was unconscious of the beam in his own eye, and gave as the only test, "By their fruits ye shall know them"; on the other hand, it seems manifest that Plato and Socrates, as well as Abraham and Isaiah, were Christians, and that the Christ spirit, the spirit of "the lamb slain from the foundation of the world," did not begin its ministrations at Bethlehem, but did rather inspire Confucius and Zoroaster, Buddha and Mohammed, and many other children of the Father with whom He walked and talked. How does the pagan Seneca but utter in other form the word of the Christ that is to be:

"God is nigh thee, he is with thee, he is within thee. Thus tell I thee, Lucilius; a sacred spirit is resident in us, an observer and guardian, both of what is good and what is evil in us, and in like manner as we use him so he useth us. There is no good man but hath a god within him."—Seneca Letters, Chap. 2.

Can we but awake to the message of the Christ-mastide; can we but arouse to the impulse and the power, the saving and the redeeming power of the

man who lives that he may love, who finds his divinest joy in the most unselfish ministry, who follows in the footsteps of those who give themselves for the least of these their brethren; then we can sing with Longfellow in heartfelt praise:

'Anew we pledge ourselves to thee
To follow where thy truth shall lead;
Afloat upon its boundless sea,
Who sails with God is safe indeed!"

THE POWER OF THE SILENCE

HAVE you ever considered the wonderful power of silence? It is a well-known fact that the unseen and silent forces are the strongest in Nature. Light penetrates hard substances like glass, and travels with more than lightning rapidity, yet it makes no noise. Day breaks without noise, and the nightfall is a silent adieu. A silent fall of snow in the night causes no alarm, but it has a tremendous power for good or evil. While its white covering may enrich the earth and increase the harvest for the tiller of the soil, the destruction to life, property and traffic is at times appalling.

A mountain rivulet spatters and sputters over the rocks with a noisy rush, but the deep undercurrent of the mighty river flows noiselessly on its way to the sea, and woe be to the object that attempts to stay its progress.

The electric current that flashes messages across the continent or from one country to another under the ocean is a silent but swift messenger, only surpassed by the wonderful Marconi system of wireless telegraphy, whose steeds are waves of ether. Yet the silent but powerful thought currents, passing from mind to mind, are still more wonderful than all of these.

The power of silence in the desert is so graphically described by Balzac that to read it is to feel the weight of loneliness that surrounds the unfortunate man left without companions on the trackless plain.

As it is with Nature, so it is with man. The silent forces are the strongest. It has been the practice of many cults and divers people to go into the silence when it was desirable to attain spiritual growth or physical repose and rest. It is in the silence that we get in harmony with the Universal Spirit, the source of all power and of all good, and which enables man to draw from that invisible fountain the supply of spirituality or health he desires. It was into this silence the perfect man went while in the Garden of Gethsemane to obtain strength to enable him to endure the crucifixion.

Pope says:

Silence! coeval with eternity
Thou wert, ere Nature's self began to be;
'Twas one vast nothing, all in all kept fast in
Thee.

Thus again the Law of Universal attraction is illustrated.

You must love your work, not always be looking over the edge of it, wanting your play to begin.

Conscience is harder than our enemies; knows more; accounts with more nicety.

Folks as have no mind to be o' use have always the luck to be out o' the road when there's anything to be done.

It is never too late to write gentle words.

THE MYSTIC HEALING CIRCLE

"The greatest work one can do for another is to help him to help himself."

HOW WE HELP THE SICK A GREAT OFFER!

All those who are suffering from sickness of any kind are requested to write a personal letter to our Mystic Adept Spiritual Healer, No. 12. Tell him candidly the nature of your disease, that he may immediately give you SPECIAL TREATMENT, surrounding you with HEALING VIBRATIONS, and sending you SEVEN PRINTED MESSAGES, giving you TRUTHS that will UNFOLD THE KNOWLEDGE OF LIFE'S LAWS, revealing the secret of PERFECT HEALTH AND LONG LIFE.

Truth un-ties you. Breaks the bands that have bound you. Truth sets the captive free. Truth makes you a new person. And Truth is eternal.

Spiritual growth is eternal. Your mental faculties have received proper training.

Your spiritual faculties are trained by the ADVANCED CLASS HEALING LESSONS of the MYSTIC HEALING CIRCLE. No matter what your station in life, these Advanced Class Lessons will create new powers for you, because the Kingdom of God is the Soul.

Whatsoever ye shall loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven.

REMEMBER: When you send the first dollar, you receive the SEVEN PRINTED MESSAGES and HEALING VIBRATIONS for one month.

EACH MONTH AFTER THE FIRST MONTH, WHEN YOU SEND A DOLLAR TO RENEW THE HEALING VIBRATIONS, YOU WILL RECEIVE ONE OF THE TWELVE HEALING LESSONS OF THE ADVANCED CLASS.

TEN DOLLARS SENT AT ONE TIME will make two members of a family members of The Healing Circle for one year; to receive the healing vibrations daily (except Sunday), the Seven Printed Messages, the Twelve Advanced Class Healing Lessons; and all these Messages and Healing Lessons will be sent to you at once.

Those of you whose troubles are chronic or of long standing should take advantage of this most liberal offer.

THE TEN DOLLARS may also be sent in two payments of FIVE DOLLARS EACH. The second payment may be made six months after the first five dollars was sent.

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 OR ANY TWO MEMBERS OF A FAMILY, 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, 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 enclose a two-cent stamp for reply. Address Mystic Adept No. 12, NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES, 649 W. 43d Street, New York City.

“LET THERE BE LIGHT”

KNOWLEDGE

BY MYSTIC NO. 12.

Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old he will not depart from it. Proverbs 22. 6.

When we need wisdom we find it in God's word.

I bring to your attention this month THE EDITOR'S PERSONAL PAGE of The Ladies' Home Journal, and the weighty words of the Bishop of London.

When I read this page it thrilled me with a new courage, a new hope.

It is a grand work to help the sick—but how much better work is that of "preventing" sickness.

Year after year I have listened in silence; from the hearts of those lost ones has come to me their cry of pain. I have worked for them.

I have worked as one who is alone.

Now the Light shines. On the distant hilltops of the East the sun is shining and it will reach these Western shores.

PREVENTION.

What a word for those who now sleep in their cradle rocked by the lullaby "Hush my dear, lie still and slumber, Holy Angels guard thy way."

I can help those who are sick because of ignorance, yet how glorious to bring light to a nation. How glorious to speak the word that shall set free and break the shackles from the nation.

For the nation has been in darkness. Light must shine for all.

A new awakening must come.

Quality is the key.

Consider quality.

The double-entry book-keeper can take a balance sheet each month from the debits and credits of his ledger. Take the debits and credits of quality and you take a balance sheet of each individual life.

Dr.

Ignorance

Death

When the child's mind is filled with the knowledge of God's Beautiful Laws of life there is no room for ignorance.

My way is to teach the Cr. side.

THE RACE IS NOT TO THE SWIFT NOR THE BATTLE TO THE STRONG.

To those who have fallen by the way I say there is hope.

You can outlive those who are strong and who depend on their strength to ignore all of God's Laws.

God has used me as the means of helping many, as the testimonials bear witness.

I am only the instrument in God's hands.

He has led me step by step to prepare me for this work.

I never planned to conduct a work of this kind.

The human is only best helped when he is helped along all the lines that constitute a human being.

Heart, Mind, Soul, Strength and Spirit.

The spirit of a man will sustain his infirmity; but

a wounded spirit who can bear? The heart of the prudent getteth knowledge; and the ear of the wise seeketh knowledge. Proverbs 18. 14.

And out of the ground made the Lord God to grow every tree that is pleasant to the sight and good for food; the tree of life also in the midst of the garden, and the tree of knowledge of good and evil. Genesis 2. 9.

In the Newberry Library, Chicago, you may read how the people who lived in far away islands of the Pacific ocean had a religion which taught the people about the tree of life.

Even to-day the people of the islands of the Pacific are the best specimens of physical manhood to be found anywhere.

You may find this book classed under "Symbolism." *The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handywork.*

Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge.

There is no speech nor language where their voice is not heard.

Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world. In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun, which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race.

His going forth is from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it: and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.

The Law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul; the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple.

The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart, the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes.

The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring forever. The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.

More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold: sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.

Moreover by them is thy servant warned; and in keeping of them there is great reward. Who can understand his errors? Cleanse thou me from secret faults.

Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins; let them not have dominion over me: then shall I be upright, and I shall be innocent from the great transgression.

Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength, and my redeemer. Psalm 19.

At Washington, in panels over doors and windows in the Library of Congress, you may read these inscriptions:

There is one only good, namely, knowledge, and one only evil, namely, ignorance. Socrates.

Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom, and with all thy getting get understanding. Proverbs 4. 7.

Ignorance is the curse of God, knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to Heaven. Shakespeare.

The foundation of every State is the education of its youth. Dionysius.

Our Experience Circle

PRaise

Mystic No. 12:

Inclosed find one dollar for one month's Treatment for myself and wife. We can't give thanks enough to your healing Lessons. Thank God for what it has done for me and wife. Many Blessings to the Mystic Healing Circle. Respectfully yours,

REV. C. T.

NO WORDS

Mystic No. 12:

Inclosed please find one dollar for Third Month's Treatment. I am getting along so well I don't know how to express my feelings in words. We are doing all we can for ourselves.

With love to all,

H. A. W.

PEACE

Beloved Mystic Adept No. 12:

I feel I must write you a line with a heart full of Praise to God and you for the sweet "Peace" and improvement of health I have derived from your twelve beautiful Healing Lessons. With a heart full of gratitude I can say the Light is breaking; my little newly born babe is doing well, very well; you can almost see her grow, and little R. too. I am so glad that I am learning to wait and willingly follow the Path that Christ has hewn. Will continue to read and apply the beautiful Teachings of your Healing Lessons to myself, my family and all. "Praise God for Love" I can truly say every day. "This is the day the Lord hath made, we will rejoice and be glad in it."

With sisterly love to all, I am,

MRS. B. M.

VIBRATIONS

Dear Mystic No. 12:

Words cannot express the difference in my feelings since receiving your Vibrations. I feel like thanking God all the time for leading me to you. My greatest desire is for more faith, love and light.

With love,

MRS. S. P.

HAPPY TIMES

Dear Brother, Mystic No. 12:

I send for another month's treatment. I am well in body to what I was when I first commenced the Vibrations. I have happy times; I cannot tell you what the Lord has done for me. I thank you for your help. Pray for us

M. C.

A Word

FROM THE
Bishop of London

FROM THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, MAY, 1908
Editor's Personal Page

When the popular Bishop of London was in this country last year, he became intensely interested, it is said, in the awakening that had been created here as to the subject of the false modesty of parents with their children on the mystery of sex, and subsequent events seem to prove that the matter made a deep impression on the famous prelate's mind. He is quoted as saying:—

"I am now convinced that the uplifting of the morality of our people lies, above all and everything else in educating the children, rationally and morally. I believe that more evil has been done by the squeamishness of parents who are afraid to instruct their children in the vital facts of life, than by all the other agencies of vice put together. I am determined to overcome this obstacle to our national morality. I have not the slightest hesitation in saying that the right way has been found at last. Thousands of men have asked me why they were not taught the danger of vice in their youth, and I have had no reply to make to them. I intend now, with God's help, to remove this reproach from our land."

THE BISHOP OF LONDON.

The Bishop offered to place himself at the head of a great moral crusade, the like of which has never before been seen in England, that would seek mainly to awaken the conscience of the parenthood of England, and point out to every father and mother that the future moral welfare of the United Kingdom rested in doing away with the present false modesty, and in the frank and honest instruction of their children.

IS AMERICA TO DO LESS THAN ENGLAND?

"There shall be plain talking," says the Bishop of London; "the time has gone by for whispers and paraphrases. Boys and girls must be told what these great vital facts of life mean, and they must be given the proper knowledge of their bodies and the proper care of them. No abstractions: the only way now is to be frank, man to man."

And to this important work are now to be devoted the great energies and widespread influence of this distinguished English prelate: probably, nay, unquestionably, the most popular man in the Church of England today.

Our Experience Circle

A WORD OF KINDNESS

Dear Mystic No. 12:

I received the First Advanced Class Lesson and I think it is beautiful to have such nice lessons and they have done me so much good I cannot get along without them. If all of the sisters feel as happy as I do, they will never give them up, and if you think this letter will help any other sister or encourage any of the sisters and brothers to send for the Lessons, you may put this letter into the dear N. Y. MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES. I would like to do one little deed of kindness or send one little word of love that would make this world look like Paradise in the Heavens above. To help others to get well has been my aim all through life, and I pray that you all may have good success. With many thanks for your help.

I remain, yours sincerely,

MRS. F. L. C.

CONSTIPATION FOR 30 YEARS

Dear Brother Mystic No. 12:

Inclosed you may find one dollar for another month's treatment. My husband is very much improved and it is marvelous how I am getting along. I have had constipation 30 years, never retired without taking some kind of a drug so my bowels would move. Now, since I took your treatment, did as you directed, prayed to God to help me, I am as regular as a child. I trust it will still continue. I will do all I can to be cured of all diseases which I have so long been a sufferer of.

God bless all, and a special prayer for your work.

I am, yours faithfully,

MRS. T. V. W.



THE BISHOP OF LONDON

Take Special Notice

Every member of the Mystic Healing Circle will receive one of the Advance Class Lessons each time that you send one dollar to renew the Mystic Healing Vibrations for the month.

Now, these Twelve Advanced Lessons will teach you how to clear your mind of all your old, morbid beliefs. Learn how to be happy. True happiness draws all good to you.

The way to get health is to get happy. Learn how to be joyful. Learn how to find the power that is yours, waiting—the power of your soul and spirit; the divine innerness of your life, which is God's gift to you.

These Twelve Healing Lessons contain the esoteric truth taught the Disciples of old, which enabled them to heal the sick, cleanse the lepers and cast out demons.

These Twelve Healing Lessons will unfold your spiritual gifts, develop your real self, making you more receptive to the Mystic Healing Vibration of Mystic No. 12, teaching you to heal.

As your spiritual self comes forth you quickly learn from these Twelve Healing Lessons how to heal yourself and others. Every mother should have this understanding.

A formula will be sent with the last lesson.

These Twelve Healing Lessons will make you a power for good wherever you go. You will be able to heal the sick, and teach others how to heal by the study of these lessons.

This offer to you is the most practical and liberal ever made.

Terms for the year, \$10.00, payable in advance or \$1.00 per month.

MYSTIC No. 12.

HEALED

Dear Mystic No. 12:

I received your eighth Lesson about a month ago. I mislaid the receipt, but I think it was March 20th. Now I must tell you what happened to me while I was reading the lesson through. When I came to those words "You are healed" the lump seemed to drop from my arm and it has not troubled me since, thank the Lord, and it never will again, for it is Healed. There is still a little stiffness in my joints, but when I read the next Lesson I expect all of that to leave me too, praise God. The trouble where I work is being adjusted and everything is working out all right and I am getting fifty cents more a week and the lions that threatened to devour me are chained, thank God for that.

Thanking God for all he has done for me through you I remain, gratefully yours,

E. W.

GRATITUDE

Dear Mystic No. 12:

My heart is filled with gratitude to you for the great help. I am so much better; your lesson and Vibrations are grand. I have been very busy, we have moved, so have had no time to write before; my baby is doing fine, and I am now able to do my work, so I have plenty of time to study my lessons and also plenty of time to rest.

I hope that you may keep up your good work and do for many more what you have done for me. I feel very grateful to you. With best wishes, sincerely yours,

A. C.

GOOD RESULTS

Dear Mystic No. 12:

Please find inclosed one dollar to renew our Mystic Healing Vibrations, also the 3rd Advanced Class Lesson of the Healing Circle. We are very glad to let you know that we are feeling fine; we have followed your directions as near as possible and we read everything you send us, and we must say that we are getting good results. We thank you very much and bless the day that we got the first MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES from you; we would not change our thoughts and feelings for a fortune. With love to all brothers and sisters,

Respectfully yours,

M. J. D.

I AM HEALED

I take great pleasure in writing and to let you hear from me. I am glad to tell you that I am healed and I hope you will continue to pray for me that I may go on. The last Lesson you sent was a fine one. Since I have been taking them you have done me good from first to last one. You may publish this in your paper for it has done wonders for me. My best love to all sisters and brothers.

K. L.

STEADILY IMPROVING

Dear Brother, Mystic Adept No. 12:

I have been under your treatment for kidney trouble nearly two months. I am steadily improving, and wish to continue in your Healing Vibrations. I inclose one dollar for another month. My son does not know he is being treated. I am so glad to say he is some better. I am doing my best to help you and will continue in your Healing Vibrations until we are well. Thanking you very much for your Treatment, I remain, very sincerely yours,

MRS. E. D.

HEALTH, HAPPINESS, PROSPERITY

Mystic No. 12:

My husband was suffering, so the doctors said, with appendicitis, but since he has been in your Vibrations the pain has absolutely left him, he is a new man, not only in body, but in mind. He is no more like the man he was a year ago than a clod is like a diamond, and he recognizes the difference himself. He is happy, contented and grateful to God for the change. We are both so grateful to you for putting us on the road to health, happiness and prosperity; there is not a wish ungratified, we converse together about the plain truths you have suggested to us in your Messages. I read the Seven Printed Messages, I use half a cup of bran every morning, and find it is a great help to me, and I get a small bran loaf twice a week (our baker will only make the bran loaves when ordered). All the Magazine readers here are using bran. We are all benefited by it. We use plenty of fruit.

With love to you,

MRS. A. H.

PAINLESS

Mystic No. 12, Dear Friend:

My beautiful baby is almost a year old now, and her birth was absolutely painless. I was alone when she was born, except for my little boy. (In former confinements I had suffered twelve hours, and had a good physician). I was never sick for a moment nor had any pain while I stayed in bed, and I have never been sick since, while the baby has had perfect health. May the blessings of the Angels be always with you for the blessed way you are teaching us to go. Sincerely,

L.

SPECIAL

TWO PAYMENTS FOR A YEAR

I know your needs.

Now let me make you this offer. As it is a hardship for many to send Ten Dollars at one time—I will make you the same offer for two members of a family to receive the healing vibrations for a year: the Seven Printed Messages and the Twelve Advance Class Lessons of the Mystic Healing Circle for Ten Dollars, but you can send Five Dollars at first and the other Five Dollars six months after the first five dollars is sent. Those who send Ten Dollars at one time will receive the Seven Printed Messages and the Twelve Advance Class Lessons at once. Those who send five dollars at a time will receive the seven printed messages and the first six lessons of the Advance Class and the last six lessons of the Advance Class will be sent when the second five dollars is received.

The Idea of the New Thought

Expounded by

JULIA SETON SEARS, M.D.

"I am here, I am there, I am everywhere
Throughout all Time, throughout all Space;
I am the FATHER of the Human Race."

The NEW THOUGHT COLLEGE is a post-graduate school for Metaphysicians, Healers, Teachers and Lecturers, where all may meet together for continued investigation and unfoldment.

It is also a school for beginners and students of metaphysics, who desire to be taught the methods of living consciously.

THE NEW THOUGHT CHURCH

The NEW THOUGHT CHURCH is the outgrowth of the New Thought College.

It is the open doorway to union with LIFE MORE ABUNDANT.

It is a church of the people, for the people, and by the people, where all may learn the consciousness of Infinite union, and know that every manifestation of life in matter, from the highest to the lowest, from the bright and beautiful to the dark and dense, is infinitely significant of GOOD.

It is undenominational. Every one who needs it may be in its congregation.

It is founded on human sympathy and scientific, philosophical and religious illumination.

NEW THOUGHT

BELIEVES

in the first great Trinity—CREATION—EMANA-TION—EVOLUTION.

In the Infinite and the finite world—the macrocosm and the microcosm; the God-man and the man-God; two complete in the ONE.

In perfect health, perpetual opulence and Divine realization for all mankind.

That peace, power and plenty are the constant possessions of those who know how to make union with them.

In creative power of the finite mind, which helps us to be whatever we will be.

Everything comes to us from the Infinite, and nothing finite can interpose between the supply and the soul which has made a conscious relation with the universal abundance.

The ALL WILL wants us to have everything that we want and will help us to secure it; no one says "no" to us but ourselves; no one limits us but ourselves; no sound comes back to us but the one we send out; we are the highest expression of life on this plane, and lords indeed of all of this lower kingdom.

We believe in the ONE LIFE in all and through all; its understanding inspires all human intelligence; its infinity is the animating principle of all being; it is ALL HEALTH, WEALTH and LOVE; it is powerful, glorious, all-sufficient, and has in it neither sin, sickness, poverty nor death.

THE FOREWORD

"TRUTH, CRUSHED TO EARTH, SHALL RISE AGAIN;
THE ETERNAL YEARS OF GOD ARE HERS."

Religion, beliefs, philosophies and sciences have come up throughout all time; ever and always men have reasoned themselves back, some way, into union with the first great cause; their reasonings and faiths have lived and died with them, only to be replaced again and again through new creations by a new race of minds.

The NEW is always a bursting out of some old thought flame that reaches from a half-forgotten past; the beliefs and faiths of earlier races were but the faint prophecy of what modern thought and science have revealed as facts.

The conscious work built by the human brain must ever find the same goal. One by one the beliefs and religions, the sciences and philosophies, of to-day will give way to the unfolding of a different expression of thought; but no matter how soon each distinct teaching sinks from sight, no matter what has gone in the past, what is now, or what will be, each bears its own relation to the period and people of its time; each has its own potent power in shaping and influencing the expressions of the people of its own day.

The future always has its origin in the past; our to-day is the companion of our to-morrow. "Nothing happens," but everything is by natural law, and has its part in shaping lives and molding thought.

New Thought is a product of the twentieth century thought and need; it had its birth in human experiences

and human unfoldment: it is GOD'S answer to the NOW. It came because mankind built it with its desire. It will remain because mankind can use it as a sane, sensible abiding foundation from which life may be raised to higher and higher unfoldment.

Mankind has ceased to be troubled about the future or the past; believing that both are found in the eternal NOW; that time always has been and always will be the ever PRESENT, and all that any one has to do is to be conscious of infinite union to-day, which is forever.

New Thought calls for no renunciation; it conquers life, not through denial or negation but by union; it allows perfect freedom of mind and thought and method; no one is obliged to submit his reason to unintelligible mysteries, nor accept blindly what contradicts his common sense.

Science retains its own normal place, so do matter and material functions. Faith and revelation are understood and enjoyed; physical and metaphysical laws are merged into one and taken at a correct valuation; peace, power, pleasure, happiness, joy, beauty, love, home ties, wealth, health, and comradeship with GOD (good), all become the normal possession and expression of the life which fills itself with the truth of this divine inspiration.

New Thought is TRUTH to those who KNOW, and to those who do not know it must forever remain an opinion until in the day of their own unfoldment they, too, will behold the secret of its meaning.

It takes its place to-day in the supply that must always be found for human need; it is meat and drink to souls astray from consciousness of Infinite union.

It was born on the tableland of illumination and worked out into tangible form on the plane of human reasoning.

The calm clearness of New Thought, its union of profound spiritual insight with perfect simplicity of intellectual research, and its natural sincere expressions, almost, at first, disguise its wonderful illumination. It is only when we see how deep, and full, and complete it is in all of its conclusions, how it satisfies and never tires, that we begin to recognize from what a deep place in the universal consciousness it must have come.

The Home-Coming

Some day, some time, our eyes shall see.
The dear ones loved in memory;
Some time our hands shall clasp their hand,
Just over in the "morning land."

Some day, we know these things shall be
In the "Glorious Home," awaiting me.
And oh, dear one, though the years move slow,
That happy time will come we know!

F. M. C.

New Thought may be read century after century, and it will bring to each new seeker after TRUTH the same comfort that those find in it here and now. No matter who shall follow its teachings and interpret its meanings, they will find in it "THE LIGHT UPON THE PATH-WAY OF THE JUST, THAT SHINETH MORE AND MORE UNTO THE PERFECT DAY."

It is the consciousness of GOD in the human soul; higher than this no truth can go, for it is the fulness and richness of HIM who fills all.

NEW THOUGHT

is a science, a philosophy and a religion. When rightly interpreted it means simply the science of life; the correct relation of body, mind, soul and spirit to the seen and the unseen planes of being, and the universal laws.

We are all familiar with the every-day expressions of life, but there are few who really possess the secret of controlling them, and choosing for themselves at all times the master position.

New Thought teaches every one the method of conscious union with the universal cosmic abundance, through the natural channels of their own beings.

The mental side of the philosophy has to do with the external world, its laws, and our relation to them both, through the intellectual channels of our human brain and mind; with it we learn the interdependent relation of the part with the whole.

The Psychology has to do with the functions of the higher intuitive faculties, such as faith, hope, intuition, comprehension, perception, illumination, revelation, the power of divine ideation and conscious imagining.

These various faculties are our instruments of action between the concealed and the revealed life; and a perfect union with them all makes us powerful creative entities, and gives us an expression of peace, power and plenty which no one can limit but ourselves.

To the New Thought individual, "nothing happens," but everything is by natural law. They no longer "fear," for they have learned that there is nothing in all the world of which they need to be afraid; they are always happy, for they have made contact with the universal joy; they are free, for, to them, there is neither condemnation nor resistance; they are never sick, poor, nor unsuccessful, for they know that all around them there is a Divine opulence of wealth, health and love, and that lack in any form is only the signal of a soul astray from universal union; the supply and possession only depend upon their own consciousness.

Those who come into this soul wisdom walk on undisturbed through all the changing conditions of life; they are led by the Spirit; their life is lifted above the plane of competition, and placed in its own normal atmosphere in the line of Divine Transference. The impulses of the ordinary world desert them; they are born again on the planes of the higher consciousness, and possess an extended vision which encompasses the whole of the universe.

Scientifically, New Thought teaches the physician of the future to be a well-graduated metaphysician, and the metaphysician of the future will never stop until he is a fully qualified physician, as far as his knowledge of science and physical laws are concerned.

New Thought takes up in all of its teachings the psychology of functions and enough of the physical laws and their relation to the metaphysical to instruct the student carefully in those things which he should know in order to have a scientific sequence of ideas and rescue his statements from the field of opinions, and make his apparent faith become really facts which can be demonstrated to those who have passed to the higher concepts of physical and metaphysical relationship.

In this way all may follow intelligently the whole course of instructions, from the physiology to the psychology of human functioning, and find that faith and facts are ONE; body and spirit are ONE; they are only on different planes of expression. "As above so below," and there is nothing in, or on, or under, or above the earth that is not our companion in our GOD-ward journey.

There is no part of life, no position of the body, mind, soul or spirit, seen or unseen, which cannot be traced into close relationship with the All Life through New Thought. With this philosophy we secure a correct interpretation of all the changing substances of life, and HEALTH, WEALTH, HAPPINESS, SUCCESS. Everything the human mind can desire becomes a part of our own being.—New Thought College, Carnegie Hall, N. Y.

THE THOUGHTS OF THE HEART

When we pray "Let the words of my mouth and the meditations of my heart be acceptable in thy sight," it is chiefly our "words" we have in mind. We do try to be careful of our speech, and we think we are doing well when we refuse utterance to the angry, uncharitable word, or keep back the bitter retort. But as for the "meditations of our hearts"—our thoughts—what an uncontrolled medley they usually are! They are very far from being "acceptable" even to ourselves, when we stop to judge them.

Yet the thoughts we cherish sooner or later tinge our speech. Selfishness, censoriousness, jealousy, grow into a habit of mind, and so do charity and kindness—a habit which is certain to find expression in the personality. People are not long in learning what manner of spirit we are of, even though we may deem the gates of the lips safely barred. But even if it were not so, what gloom and unhappiness lie in these brooding, suspicious, morbid hours when doubt and bitterness hold sway! The prayer that our "meditations" may be "acceptable" is not for God's sake, but for our own; not so much that His holy eyes be not offended, as that our lives be not made useless and desolate.

CHEERFULNESS, A POWER FOR GOOD

It has been said of the late Thomas Bailey Aldrich that the sun shone wherever he was. That is a tribute indeed, and shows what a power for good he was during his long life.

To go about with distressed or glowering countenance bespeaks grave limitation. First, selfishness. No one who is not at heart unconsciously selfish would be willing to inflict such a distressing ego upon others. Second, unthankfulness. No human being has any moral right deliberately to cast aside all thoughts of the blessings he has—and cast them aside he must, to present to the world such a visage. Third, senselessness. It is in defiance of legitimate business "policy" to wear our heart on our sleeve, so to speak; to imply by our unhappy looks that we are failures. Nothing succeeds like success; and by a self-confessing demeanor of defeat we place one of the greatest bars to our own deserved success.—Young People.

There is nothing we cannot overcome.

Say not thy evil instinct is inherited,
Or that some trait inborn makes thy whole life forlorn,
And calls down punishment that is not merited.

Back of thy parents and grandparents lies
The Great Eternal Will. That, too, is thine
Inheritance; strong, beautiful, divine,
Sure lever of success for one who tries.

Pry up thy faults with this great lever, Will.
However deeply bedded in propensity;
However firmly set, I tell thee firmer yet
Is that vast power that comes from Truth's immensity.

Thou art a part of that strange world, I say.
Its forces lie within thee, stronger far
Than all thy mortal sins and frailties are.
Believe thyself divine, and watch and pray.

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SABBATH EVENING

'Tis holy time, the evening shade
Steals with a soft control
O'er Nature, as a thought of heaven
Steals o'er the human soul;
And every ray from yonder blue,
And every drop of falling dew,
Seems to bring down to human woes
From heaven a message of repose.

O'er yon tall rock the solemn trees,
A shadowy group, incline,
Like gentle nuns in sorrow bowed,
Around their holy shrine;
And o'er them now the night winds blow
So calm and still, the music low
Seems the mysterious voice of prayer
Soft-echoed on the evening air.

The mists, like incense from the earth,
Rise to a God beloved,
And o'er the waters moves as erst
The Holy Spirit moved.
The torrent's voice, the wave's low hymn,
Seems the far notes of seraphim,
And all earth's thousand voices raise
Their songs of worship, love and praise.

The gentle sisterhood of flowers
Bend low their lovely eyes,
Or gaze through trembling tears of dew
Up to the holy skies;
And the pure stars come out above
Like sweet and blessed things of love,
Bright signals in the eternal dome
To guide the parted spirit home.

There is a spell of blessedness,
In air, and earth, and heaven,
And Nature wears the blessed look
Of a young saint forgiven;
Oh, who at such an hour of love
Can gaze on all around, above,
And not kneel down upon the sod
With Nature's self to worship God?

The above poem was written by George D. Prentice.

No price is set on the lavish summer;
June may be had by the poorest comer.
No matter how barren the past may have been,
'Tis enough for us now that the leaves are green.
'Tis as easy now for the heart to be true
As for grass to be green or skies to be blue.
Dally with souls that cringe and plot,
We Sinais climb and know it not.
Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it,
We are happy now because God wills it.
We may shut our eyes, but we cannot help know-
ing
That skies are clear and grass is growing,
The breeze comes whispering in our ear,
That dandelions are blossoming near.

—LOWELL.

Guardian Angel



Tessier

By courtesy of N. Y. Times

Breathings of the Higher Life
ASPIRATION

O Light of Love, come, Holy Spirit, and by Thy most sacred presence dispel our
doubts and our fears, and make glad the wilderness of despairing souls.

Come so near unto the consciousness of every soul affected by this prayer that
they shall understand that Thou art the guest, and that Thou art speaking unto their inner life,
teaching them of the Kingdom of Heaven. Come, Dear Love Light, and by the Music of
Thy being gently still the tempest of their hearts, and speak peace and consolation unto
every sorrowing soul; come knocking at the door of every heart, seeking to enter all the
dark places of human life, and by the sunshine of Thy love turn the night into day and the
hour of sadness into the hour of joy.

Thou art not far from any one of us; Thou comest when we do not understand that
Thou art nigh; for Thy Presence is an unseen power everywhere in the earth, and our
soul perpetually reaches out after Thee, because it knows Thee not, as Thou art the essen-
tial attraction of Goodness and of Loving Kindness.

We would join the ever beautiful voices of Nature in praising the wisdom and the
Goodness of Nature's God, and we ask thee that we may be ever swift in learning the
lessons Thou hast set before us, swift and perfect in reading that holy volume that is written
in rock and rill, mountain and valley, flower and fruit, everywhere, for the instruction of
these children, thy little earth-born babes, who are struggling toward the threshold of
knowledge.

We apprehend Thee as the INNER LIFE of All Being, the Love-Light which dwells
in the Eternal Now.

Oh, Holy Spirit of Light and Love Divine, guide us in our search for knowledge and
for truth, and may we ever do thee honor in seeking and in finding and in worshipping
Thee in the Inner Life of all which Thou hast created. Hold us ever in the Bosom of Thy
Love.

Teach us to become as little children who love one another, and let us Love Thee
devotedly. Thou art the Holy Attraction of Goodness!

Thou art ever with us and Thy strong arm is our sufficient shield; Thy mighty Love
will ever sustain us and become through our earnest efforts our Light, our Life and
our Holiest Love forever and forevermore.

AMEN.

THE SOUL'S WHITE STAR

The night is dark, so dark, and drear, and chill,
That vonder solitary cabin light
Looms like a beacon high upon its hill,
And sends its spark into the frozen night
To guide the home-bound toiler on his way.
Work-worn he struggles onward in the night,
Against the blinding wind, and snow, and sleet,
His faltering footsteps fail: when Lo! yon light
Uplifts; hearted he breasts the gale to meet
The well-earned rest that waits at home for
him.

Art thou wayfaring, too, in life's lone night?
Does fickle fortune sink thy ships at sea?
If so, grieve not. As yonder cabin light
Shines thru the toiler's night, so shines for thee,
All still and steadfast, the soul's white star.

AMY NICKERSON.

DAFFODILS

It isn't raining rain to me,
It's raining daffodils;
In every dimpled drop I see
Wild flowers on the hills.
And clouds of gray engulf the day
And overwhelms the town;
It isn't raining rain to me,
It's raining roses down.
It isn't raining rain to me,
But fields of clover bloom,
Where any buccaneering bee
May find a bed and room.
A health unto the happy,
A fig for him who frets.
It isn't raining rain to me,
It's raining violets.

ROBERT LOVEMAN.

EVERY SOUL ITS OWN EMANCIPATOR

BY LIDA HOOD TALBOT

Written especially for THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES

Every great Teacher and Prophet manifested by God to this earth-world have declared both by precept and example the ability of the Individual to free himself from himself and all the world powers inimical to his highest good and happiness!

No hag of Fate in the "Sibyl-cave of Destiny" decrees a fruitless journey across this fair field of human life. He comes fully accoutered, this embodied soul, for a triumphant pilgrimage and the declaration of his own independence!

A human Symbol of the Holy Concealment of God!

In His Likeness and Image he is impregnated with His power and quality; as the Magnet imparts its attracting and cohesive energy to the bit of iron, so is man impregnated with infinity and perfection!

The truth shouts aloud this divine fact throughout the universe; an "everlasting Yea" without dissent opens his way from atom to generations of flowering Christs! Divine redeemers of rising worlds and unseen Spheres of Light!

Knowing this, why should any one decry his little life with all its pin pricks or wail with the scourgings of his foolish doings?

Knowing this let him be up and doing with a heart for his great fate; his divine ultimate. Let him grasp at every hint of the divine law laid for his service and redemption; nothing too simple—(for in the simple things are hidden the messages of God to the soul in its "far country")—for use; for leverage; for freedom!

Who has not his need for releasement from the bondage of petty thoughts and short views which bind him to the shining of his own natural splendor?

Who is there who has not his fervent wish for deliverance from that which tyrannizes over his peace of mind and assails every hour with impertinent insistence concerning things that never come to pass.

"What torments of pain endured
From evils that never arrived."

And who is there among all the "civilized" dwellers of the earth who would not gladly welcome his emancipation from conventionalities which introduce dishonest and insincere forms of social and mental intercourse, giving rise to false estimates of human life and, in time, besieging the very walls of heaven with their counterfeit inventions?

Who would not welcome a way to gain his emancipation from self-begotten cares, which tie his giant powers with many small strings of folly, and conformity to the useless and uncomfortable?

Who would not secure his freedom from the slavery of foolish fears?

Who would not be cured of his pangs of self-engrossment, and lifted up free from his anticipations of evil?

Few people enjoy being miserable and shadow haunted: the Spirit of God stirs prophetically within the heart of every man; an inherent conviction of his source beats through every pulsing leap of life.

We contract habits of mental misery just as we do habits of body, which in time holds us fast in a lugubrious bondage; neither are pleasant nor profitable either to ourselves or our friends. They are formed mostly through pressure induced by poor judgment and short-sightedness.

Man afflicts himself! Our troubles originate with us, either consciously or unconsciously. Were we to live close to nature and cleanly and honestly to ourselves we would be as harmonious with all creation as are the trees, flowers and animals. Natural forces work accurately whether we use them advantageously or not, and so, we are besieged by the things of our own inventing and find ourselves, our conditions and times out of joint and at variance with the law of harmony. We suffer according to our view and in accord with our fixed habit of mind.

To comprehend that you are your own slave-owner as well as your own liberator is the first vision of liberty.

Fred Douglas says: "I prayed very earnestly for years for my freedom, but until I prayed with my legs, I remained a slave!" He found he had

to do something in order to gain his liberty. He was a free man only when he realized his power to run.

We must believe and know that the law is ours to command; without this perception we will be doubters to our undoing and life will have to be expressed in this flesh, again and again until through much ignorance—(which shows itself in tribulation)—we awaken to the truth and accept the divine fact by making it operative in our life.

There can be no emancipation without this first vision of the inner Concealment of Perfection.

Man in his body is a monument of God's purpose for revelation of Himself. If it were not for this outward clothing of the indwelling spirit God would be unrevealed for all eternity!

Recognizing the perpetual perfection of the law proves the growth of mental refinement which sees with a finer eye than the outward considerations of matter, and shows the development of soul-consciousness. The capacity to see and comprehend the truth has enlarged; strength has developed for effort on finer mental and psychical planes: we become vitalized for mental action and spiritual assertion. We begin then to die daily to the old habits of thought and to rise clothed with new power, beauty and strength.

What shall we do to be healed from habits of mind which afflict us, that blot our fine landscape of happiness and raise a heavy mist from lowlands of doubt and misgivings?

The world must get rid of its "low minds"; just as unhealthy places are drained, and piped, and cleared for healthy residence, so must the people clear out the dank, unhealthy habits which produce mental diseases. For habits are catching and generative and may either lift or cause certain degeneration in their neighborhood!

That disciple of true living, Horace Fletcher, has sent a thrill around the globe with his remedial suggestions and potent directions for the cure of anger and worry. He is renewing a right spirit in men with his inspirations of truth. He says: "Anger and worry are as much parasites as are the cankerous worms that attack plants. The intelligent horticulturist knows that the worms are parasites, picks them off his plants and throws them too far away to return. The intelligent menticulturist of the future will treat anger and worry in the same intelligent manner."

He declares the truth to which every soul's attention should be directed, that anger and worry are creations of the mind and can be dispelled by the same power that gave them birth; that they are "phantoms that we create within ourselves and whose only strength is that with which we endow them."

Emerson declares in the same mood, that power dwells in cheerfulness, and that hope puts us in a working mood, whilst despair is no muse, and untunes the active powers.

"A man should make life and Nature happier to us, or he had better never be born."

This is what we (counting us as the world) are coming to; is what we must come to ere the Greatest and First Born Son of God and Man can come again unto his own place—the planet of his redeeming power!

As Carlyle expresses it: "Unhappy if we are but half-men in whom the divine handwriting has never blazed forth all-subduing, in true sun-splendor; but quivers dubiously amid meaner lights, or smoulders in dull pain in darkness under earthly vapors."

These mental earth-vapors may be dispelled through proper mental drainage and better soul ventilation.

Unseen forces come forth readily and the elements await upon the endeavor to reform bad habits of thought and belief.

Edison says "bad habits of thought delay the reformation of practical affairs"; we build upon thought; every structure rises out of the formless sea of mind. In other words, we are what we think we are; we do what we think we do. It is by thinking right and we rise out of the "meaner lights" into the full "true sun-splendor" of happiness which is every soul's birthright. It is a duty, a divine duty, we owe ourselves to get the fullest meed of healthful happiness out of this earth-manifestation of the soul. It is a grave and imperative duty to fight the shadows which depress and to allow no night in which to build phantasms that will fight elementally our angels of faith and good cheer. No one has a right to produce one cloud of gloom in all the sky of humanity: fear is only a very mortal thing and has no place and plays no part in the expression of the life of the higher Immortals, whose supernal essence has no affinity for its density and weight.

Let us be sane and strive for the realization of our God-ship!

Character is the result of moral and spiritual effort; self-denial, self-control, self-conquest, and handling our problems with assurance, self-faith and courage, united with an overwhelming determination to forego the pleasure (supposed) of our tempers.

Nature conspires with him who so resolves; the very weathers will prove kindred to his desires and the notions of friend and foe will be attuned to his will!

"Before the eyes can see they must be incapable of tears"—for oneself! Self-pity holds us closer in a miasmatic selfishness than any other mean passion of the soul. It is so subtle and deluding. It is like a fire in a bog: it smoulders and burns until the bog is drained. It belittles with engrossment and magnifies pin pricks into wounds, and so limits our range of life and everything assumes shapes of deformity to our squinting view!

When we learn not to weep for ourselves, we learn a finer and purer sympathy than to weep for others; our eyes are opened to the onward march of every soul, and we see that each soul is growing according to its own need. It is a great step forward when we are so open-eyed as to see this, and so are able to conserve our good forces, and genial elements for a holier influence among our kind. We then, indeed, begin to become emancipators and true keepers of our brothers. For we cannot see for others until we can see for ourselves.

It is the Individual who must redeem the earth! He is of imperishable value to the race, in just such proportion as he proves his value to himself! This is the species of selfishness which produces evidences of the highest unselfishness; the "greatest good to the greatest number." The mass may ripen to magnificent fruitage only through the development of the Individual! "If I be lifted up," says the Christ, "I draw all men unto Me." When he, who sees clearly, speaks his word, the whole world listens, for there is that discernment within each soul which instantly recognizes the arrival to Mastership of another soul!

Full fruitage comes always in time for its need! Matter and spirit are never divorced. The mighty Planets swing in immeasurable orbits; the lamps of God light the limitless wastes of Space; the winds play through rhythmic ethers; seasons awake and ripen and sleep again; the seas move forever and the mountains record the deathless ages of the earth!

Nature makes eternal obeisance to a Hidden and Secluded Influence!

God and His worlds! Who dare decry the work of His Hands?

"O Son of Existence! (The soul embodied in matter.)

By the Hands of Power I made thee and by the Fingers of Strength I created thee and deposited in thee the essence of My Light: Therefore depend upon it and not upon anything else, for My Action is perfect and My Command must take effect."

"O Son of Spirit!

I have created thee rich: How is it that thou art poor?

And made thee mighty: How is it that thou art ordinary?

And from the essence of Knowledge I manifested thee: How is it that thou seekest some one beside Me?

And from the clay of Love I kneaded thee: How is it that thou Occupiest thyself with some one else?

Turn thy sight to thyself that thou mayest find Me standing in thee, Powerful, Mighty and Supreme!

DO IT NOW

If you have hard work to do,
Do it now.

Skies to-day are clear and blue,
Clouds to-morrow come in view,
Yesterday is not for you;
Do it now.

If you have a song to sing,
Sing it now.

Let the notes of gladness ring
Clear as song of bird in spring,
Let each day some music bring;
Sing it now.

If you have kind words to say,
Say them now.

To-morrow may not come your way,
Do a kindness while you may,
Loved ones will not always stay;
Say them now.

If you have a smile to show,
Show it now.

Make hearts happy, roses grow,
Let the friends around you know
How you love them ere they go;
Show it now.

—New York Sun.

THE TWO KINGDOMS

ADAPTED FROM MYORA 3D BOOK

THERE were two meadows which were separated by a limpid river. Its banks, at a certain place, rose from either side in a gentle slope, forming a ford of little depth, like a small lake of calm, transparent water. From the golden sands at the bottom which could be seen through the azure water, sprang stems of lotus, whose red flowers bloomed on the calm mirror. Dragon-flies and irised butterflies circled round the flowers, and the birds sang among the palm trees on the banks. And still higher up amid the sun's rays they warbled notes like the tinkling of little silver bells. Such was the ford which separated the two regions.

The first region was called the Meadow of Life; the second, the Meadow of Death. Both were the work of the supreme and all-powerful Brahma. He had intrusted to the good Vishnu the Region of Life; to the wise Siva the Region of Death. And he had said to them: "Govern these lands as it pleases you."

Then in the country which belonged to Vishnu life bubbled up. The sun rose and set, causing day and night. The vast expanse of seas slowly ebbed and flowed, and in the sky appeared clouds heavy with rain. The earth clad itself in forests. It was a hive full of men and animals. And in order that all these creatures should multiply, the good God created Love, which he ordered to be happiness as well.

And then Brahma called Vishnu before him and said: "Thou wilt never in the future be able to make anything more perfect on the earth, and since I have already taken care to create the heavens, repose thyself and let these beings whom thou callest men continue to weave the threads of their now happy lives without any of our aid."

Vishnu obeyed the command of Brahma. From that time on men had to act and think for themselves. Their good ideas brought forth joys, and their bad ones sorrows. They perceived in astonishment that life was not uninterrupted contentment, but that each thread of which Brahma had spoken was woven by two weavers, one of whom had a smile on her lips and the other tears in her eyes.

They went before the throne of Vishnu and made this complaint: "Lord, life is heavy to support in sorrow."

He answered: "Let Love sustain you."

Upon this they withdrew in calm spirits. Love, in effect, did dissipate their griefs; they appeared futile before the happiness which Love gave.

But Love is also the great creator of Life. Vast as was the region where Vishnu reigned, soon the woods did not furnish berries, nor the bees honey enough in the rocks, nor the trees fruit enough.

Then the wisest bethought themselves to clear the forests, to cultivate the fields, to sow wheat and gather the harvests.

Thus Labor was born. Soon all had to apply themselves to it, and it became not only the condition of existence, but existence itself.

Then Labor begot Suffering, and Suffering begot Weariness. And again the throng approached the throne of Vishnu.

"Lord," they clamored, stretching their hands toward him, "our bodies are weakened with toil. Weariness is spread in our bones and we would repose. But existence compels us to work without respite."

Vishnu answered: "Great Brahma does not permit me to develop life any further. But it is allowable for me to create something which shall be an interruption of it, and thus shall constitute repose." And he created Sleep.

The human race accepted this new gift with joy, and soon appreciated it as one of the most important they had received from the hands of God. During sleep cares and deceptions were assuaged, and weakened strength refreshed. Sleep, like a good mother, dried sorrow's tears and bathed the weeper's brow with a silent mist of forgetfulness. The human race exalted sleep, saying: "Be thou blessed, for thou art better than the life of wakefulness."

They found only one thing to reproach it for—that it did not last forever, but was followed by awakening. Now on awakening there was the resumption of labor; there were new cares and new fatigues.

This thought began to trouble them to such an extent that for the third time they presented themselves before Vishnu:

"Lord," they said, "thou hast granted us a precious and ineffable good, but it is incomplete. We pray thee to make sleep eternal."

Vishnu answered: "I cannot. But go to the ford of the river, and on the other shore ye shall find what ye seek."

Obedying the divinity the throng went forthwith to the little lake, and examined from afar the opposite shore.

Beyond the sheet of water, which was silent and limpid, edged with flowers, stretched the Meadow of Death, the country of Siva. There the sun never rose and never set. There was neither day nor night, but all space was filled with a mystic brightness. No object cast a shadow; the brightness permeated everything. It seemed to constitute the very essence of things. The landscape was not a desert, but as far as the eye could reach was enlivened with hills and valleys adorned with pretty clusters of trees and clambering morning-glories twining round them. Garlands of ivy and vine carpeted the rocks, but the rocks themselves and the trunks of the trees and slender stems of plants were almost transparent and seemed made of condensed light. The ivy leaves bore the delicate tints of early dawn, and all was wonderful and softened by the serenity unknown in the Meadow of Life. This translucent nature rested in a luminous melancholy, in a happy slumber—a sleep without satiety. In the pure air not the least breath, not a flower moved, the leaves did not rustle.



The throng which had come to the river bank in a tumult of words was hushed at the sight of these motionless spaces with their mystic light. Hardly above a whisper they said: "What calm there! How everything rests in the light!"

"Yes; it is peace there—it is eternal sleep . . . And some who were the most weary finally said: "Come; let's seek the eternal sleep."

They entered the water and the frished sheet opened at once before them, as if to facilitate their passage. Those who had remained upon the bank, suddenly saddened by the separation, wanted to recall them; but none of those who crossed turned their heads, continuing on their way with a light and resolute step, evidently attracted more and more by the charm of the marvelous country.

The throng which watched them from the shore of Life observed that their bodies, in proportion as they became distant grew luminous, transparent—lighter and lighter, more and more radiant and immaterial, as if they melted into the general radiance which filled the Meadow of Death.

As they arrived on the other shore they stretched themselves out, and repose carried them amid the flowers at the feet of the trees or near the rocks. Their eyes were closed, but their countenances breathed not only an ineffable calm but, still more, a happiness which, in the Meadow of Life, even Love does not give.

Seeing that, the folk remaining on the first shore said: "The country of Siva is better and sweeter."

And in greater and greater numbers they gained the other bank. Hosts of old men and of young folk in the strength of age; husbands with their wives; mothers leading tender children by the hand; young men and virgins crossed. Then thousands and millions of persons hastened into the narrow passage, so that the Meadow of Life finished by being almost completely depopulated.

Vishnu, whose task it was to protect Life, was dismayed at the results of the advice which he himself had given in a moment of anger. Anxiously he appealed to the supreme Brahma:

"Creator," said he, "come to the aid of Life. Thou hast rendered the Domain of Death so beautiful, so happy, so luminous, that all are leaving my realm."

"Has no one remained?" asked Brahma.
"Yes, a young man and a young woman who are so deeply in love that they have preferred to renounce eternal peace rather than to close their eyes and not contemplate one another."

"What desireth thou?"
"Make the country of Death less attractive and less happy, or otherwise these two will also abandon me as soon as the springtime of their love shall have passed."

Brahma reflected a moment then said:
"No, I shall not touch the beauty nor the happiness of the country of Siva. People shall still cross to the other shore, but they shall not cross with joyfulness any more. So shall Life be saved."

Having spoken, he wove a thick, impenetrable veil of shadows. Then he created two horrifying monsters, one of which he called Pain and the other Terror, and commanded them to keep that veil stretched before the passage.

And since then life overabounds again in the Meadow of Vishnu, for although the country of Death has remained just as bright, just as calm, and just as happy as before, men dread to approach it.

Take the Year a day at a time. That will be about all you can manage. It is too big a contract to give the whole year to the highest life before you have the year to give. Give it as it comes to you. Today is ours; and that is what God asks. We make our New Year's resolutions so heavy that they break by their own great weight. Be determined to have a true heart and a sturdy faith now. "Now" is yours, and you can manage it, with the help of God—and he is pledged to help you.

Men of God have always, from time to time, walked among men and made their commission felt in the heart and soul of the commonest hearer.
—Emerson.

THE DIVINE IMAGE

To Mercy, Pity, Peace and Love
All pray in their distress;
And to these virtues of delight
Return their thankfulness.

For Mercy, Pity, Peace and Love
Is God, our Father dear;
And Mercy, Pity, Peace and Love
Is man His child and care.

For Mercy has a human heart,
Pity, a human face;
And Love, the human form divine,
And Peace, the human dress.

Then every man of every clime
That prays in his distress,
Prays to the human form divine,
Love, Mercy, Pity, Peace.

And all must love the human form
In heathen, Turk, or Jew;
Where Mercy, Love and Pity dwell,
There God is dwelling too.

—William Blake.

VITAL ENTHUSIASM

ESTHER SHEPHARD WILBER

THERE can be no enthusiasm without the divine element, God, in it.

It is very certain there can be no enthusiasm over anything that is low or mean; excitement covers this ground, but without enthusiasm, this world would be a very dull place, and there would be retrogression instead of advancement in all civilization. Look back upon the past and you will see that all the great movements in history have been impelled by this divine element, enthusiasm; God working in the soul of man. It has made men strive for the best for themselves, and suffer for the sake of others; that they might be lifted up out of the slough of despair, into the higher, broader life that God meant for us all.

It has inspired every Christian soul with fortitude and courage, and been the impelling power which has led to victory in all Christian movements since the world began.

Enthusiasm breeds cheerfulness, and makes us optimistic; we can laugh at trouble, and keep out of the way of despair.

We should try to make it one of the rules of our life to bring enthusiasm in whatever we do; then the household duties and the cares of everyday life become a pleasure, not a drudgery, and life is worth living and not a dreary bore.

Enthusiasm fills us with the Omnipresence of God, and opens to our view thousands of blessings we were unconscious of before. We are never alone, for the divine presence of God fills the soul, and friends are nearer and dearer, and each little act of kindness becomes a blessing to both donor and receiver.

I would rather be in the midst of a great desert with no oasis in view, than lose the power to feel fervently and aspire divinely.

Let us then carry enthusiasm into our business, whether in the home, shop, field or factory, for it is born of God; then let us rest assured some good will come out of what we do; and this old world of ours will be replete with blessings and filled with sunshine, and there will be a silver lining to every cloud.

Enthusiasm, word divine;

God in the soul brings victory.
Then all we do will bear good fruit
Throughout a long eternity.

We cannot look beyond the vale,
For if we could we then would see,
Kind words and deeds and thoughts will prove
A blessing in eternity.

Then forward let your watchword be,
With prayer each day your strength renew,
Till in the distance you can see
The gates ajar and home in view.

But there is a spirit in man; and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth them understanding.
—Job xxxii:8.

A CHEER-UP SONG

HORACE SEYMOUR KELLER.

Would you write a song for me?
Make it full of jollity,
Make it thrill with fancy free,
Youth and gay frivolity.
Let no tears creep into the strain—
Life is too short for weeping,
Time that was will never again
Come with the same glad leaping.

Would you paint a picture grand
For my walls' adorning?
Paint it full of flowers and
Sunshine of the morning.
Let no clouds of sombre hue
Come with darkling shadows
To steal away the summer blue
Above my gladsome meadows.

Would you write a book to fill
My heart with life's treasures?
Write it full of throb and thrill
Of love, of youth, of pleasures.
Let no tears creep into the strain
'Twill bear no reviewing.
Life is a book—once passed, again
Of pages you are doing.

Thy part is with broken sabre
To rise on the last redoubt;

To fear not sensible failure,
Nor court the game at all,
But fighting, fighting, fighting,
Die, driven against the wall.

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

A LIVING FAITH
IN THE
LIVING CHRIST

A TRUE STORY.

It was nearing the close of one of those humid, sultry days that come so unexpectedly after a cool spell in September. There was not a breath of air stirring about the old-fashioned hotel, so I fled from its stuffy rooms, through the narrow streets, to the river, hoping there to find some relief.

The banks of the broad stream framed a sad though pretty, picture, with the crumbling piers and deserted craft—all that remained to tell the tale of the departed glory of the once famous New England fishing port. I walked to the end of one of the oil-stained wharves, on one side of which sat two boys fishing. Nearby, standing in a dingy old fishing-boat made fast to the pier, was a man in raggedly picturesque attire, also fishing. Knowing these old fellows to be gifted with a quaint stock of homely lore, I crossed over to his side, little dreaming of the great lesson which this humble fisherman was to teach me.

"What luck?" said I. "Are they biting?"

"No, not very well; it's a little too light yet," he replied, in a voice of surprising mellowness.

Then after some desultory talk about the weather and fishing, the conversation drifted to the olden days, when this same quiet river was famous the wide world o'er as the leading whaling port in existence. So I asked:

"Were you a whaler?"

"Yes; I followed the sea for thirty-seven years."

"You must have begun as a baby?" was my comment, incredulously looking at his youthful face.

"How old do you think I am?" said he, with a twinkle in his eye.

"Oh, forty or thereabouts. Not over forty-two at the most."

He smiled and proudly pulled off his old slouch hat, disclosing a remarkably fine head of hair—thick and soft, and black as a sloe, with not a suggestion of baldness or grayness. Then I noticed his stalwart form, clad in what was once a suit of white duck. He stood probably five feet nine or ten, weighed about one hundred and eighty pounds, and was as erect and shapely as an athlete. There was no trace of wrinkles or other marks of time or care on his grand face, and his tender brown eyes made me think of a fresh, wholesome schoolboy. Therefore I was thoroughly astonished when he said he was "sixty-seven years of age come next June."

I had on previous occasions noticed that this remarkable preservation of youthful strength and beauty was usually accomplished by a noble, Christian character, and even great spiritual development, so I asked:

"Have you, in your long career, always been a religious man?"

"Madame," he replied, very reverently, "I live in the Lord Jesus Christ."

Many reverses and trials had embittered me, and I was then tottering on the awful brink of agnosticism, and I asked bitterly, my previous sufferings being recalled:

"Well, what good does it do you? When you need Him most He deserts you."

He showed his complete astonishment at a remark of this character following the preceding question I had put to him, and his big brown eyes grew serious as he replied:

"HE never deserts us, ma'am. All others may fail, but—"

I impatiently interrupted him by remarking that I "had always tried to do what was right"; that I "didn't deserve the heavy cross laid upon me," and that I had "prayed and prayed for help, but never a word—never a sign—came from the Great Invisible Silence."

"Friend, I beg your pardon," began the old fisherman, "but when our prayers remain unanswered either we have prayed selfishly or we pray without sufficient faith—"

Not wishing to listen to the same old time-worn argument which I knew by heart I again cut him short by remarking:

"Oh, that is all very well for some people who go through life in a smooth, easy way, but I'll warrant you never have been put to extremes—when you did not know which way to turn or what would become of you the next moment—else you would know that God—if there is such a Being—deserts you with everyone else."

"Madame, I could tell you many a story of hardship, and shipwreck, and life for days in an open boat, but this experience which occurred not a

great while ago will show you that there is One Friend who is always nigh."

And then amid the holy calm of the gathering twilight, with the musical swish-swash of the ebbing tide playing around his boat, the fisherman began his simple story, his sweet, earnest voice, tranquil as the breath of Heaven, vouching for its truth.

"Several winters ago I was in New York, and not being fortunate in getting a berth on any of the vessels leaving port I thought I would make my way to Maine, where I understood Jack then stood a better chance. Being perfectly destitute—we poor sailors always are, no matter how temperately we live—I had no other choice but to start out and walk. I was strong and healthy, and with the Lord in my heart I had nothing to fear. I fared very well all through New York State, sometimes eating and sometimes not, but nearly always finding the shelter of a barn or shed when night came on. I reached a little village in Vermont on one of the most bitterly cold nights I ever remember, and I went from house to house, asking a bite to eat and shelter for the night. I even went to the minister's house; but would you believe it? not one soul in that village had a crust of bread or a kind word for a poor, suffering brother on that cruel night. I did not fear, however, for I knew that God was with me. So I went into the woods and cut a few fir branches, and, digging a hole in the three feet of snow, I crawled in and pulled the branches over me. Thinking of the words, 'And the Son of Man hath not whereon to lay his head,' I fell asleep and slept like a babe in its mother's arms till morning.

"I arose and proceeded on my way, not daring to ask for food again in that village. All day long I trudged through the snow, having had nothing to eat in two days. At night I was faint, foot-sore and weary, and felt I could not go another step. I was near a big rock by the wayside, so I knelt down and bowed my head, and clasping my hands on my breast, I said: 'Rock of Ages, cleft for me, let me hide myself in Thee.' I was startled by the sound of a voice at my side saying, 'Follow the light.' I arose to my feet and looked around, but saw not a soul whence the voice could have come. The words were repeated, clearly and distinctly, 'Follow the light!' I looked ahead and saw a light about a quarter of a mile distant. I followed its rays and came to a farmhouse which the darkness had before hidden from view. I had scarcely knocked at the door, when I heard a voice say, 'Tell him to come in, John.' The door was opened and a kind-faced woman said to me, 'I knew you was a-comin',' and so she did, for there was a nice hot supper already spread—"

And as the poor old fisherman talked cheerfully on about his bounteous "warm meal, and a soft bed, and a fire in the room, too"—there was something in my eyes that blinded me, and something in my throat that suffocated, so I got up and walked away.

As I reached the end of the pier I looked back, and there, in a halo of light cast by the silvery moon just peeping above the tree-tops, stood the stately figure in the boat. I thought of Christ and His chosen fishermen on the Sea of Galilee—
AND I BELIEVED.

GENEVIVE HAZELRIGG.

The Secret of Eternal Youth is the life of Love and helpfulness.

THE LOVE THAT LIFTS

Love, the perfect thought of thee
Lurks in all I do or see,
With my very life is blent,
Lifting it to sacrament.

I can see the halo now
Crowning every human brow,
And fair angels I surprise
Deep within my neighbor's eyes.

There is nothing drear or dull;
All is some way worshipful,
And becomes with beauty fraught
In the glory of thy thought.

Keep me to thy creed sincere;
Hands that serve and lips that cheer,
Feet, that following thee are found
Ever now on holy ground.

ROSE MILLS POWERS.

Do not injure your health by giving way to fits of anger. Harmonize your soul and body by reading the Magazine of Mysteries. Read and be blessed.

THE MORE SUBSCRIBERS WE HAVE THE GREATER WILL BE OUR FORCE FOR DOING GOOD. WITH THE HELP OF OUR READERS WE WILL SCATTER BROADCAST TO THE MULTITUDE THE DOCTRINE OF HEALTH, HAPPINESS AND PROSPERITY, HOPE AND OPTIMISM.

THE SOULFUL PEOPLE INTERESTED IN THIS MAGAZINE HAVE A GRAND OBJECT IN VIEW.

WILL YOU GET ONE MORE SUBSCRIBER TO THE MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES?



PSYCHE

QUESTION

Is it right for me, or for any one, to seek to obtain a permanent home on earth? I have all my life sought for it, but in vain, and I have come to think that it is not right for me to seek longer for a home on earth. But still I am in doubt. Oh Angels, give me light!

THE BETTER LAND

"For here have we no continuing city, but we seek one to come." *Heb. xiii. 14.*

No city here, no constant habitation
Wherein to lay our throbbing hearts and fears;
No city here, where sorrow and vexation
Can enter not, and bring their weight of cares;
No home of rest, where change can enter never;
No home which time can crumble not away;
No love-wrought ties that death can fail to sever;
No spot where darkness follows not the day!

We trust in friendship—like the tossing ocean
The waves of time can soon deface the spell;
We trust in Love—a word, a look, or motion
Can bear away the dreams we love so well;
We trust in fame, and find it but a bubble,
Whose tints, when grasped, fade silently away;
We trust in wealth—'tis on a sea of trouble;
It taketh wings and flieth in a day.

We have no home, no region free from sorrow—
Poor, houseless wanderers in a desert drear—
No place to call our own, no sweet to-morrow,
Where pleasure comes unsullied by a tear.
No home? No home? On drooping pinion weary,
Like the lone dove that wandered from the ark,
Must we roam on, still sad, unblest, and dreary,
Without a hope, a day-beam in the dark?

Ah, no! Ah, no! From heaven's own broad expansion
A spirit whispers, through the shadowy blue,
"The Father has full many a spacious mansion";
There is a home, a happy home for you—
A home where death and time can never enter;
It stands uncrumbled by the flight of years,
A stream of bliss is glittering in its centre;
'Tis God's own city, unalloyed by tears.

There in that home, no throb of deep dejection
Can check the gladness of the joyful heart;
But sweetly bound in God's own true affection,
Nothing can rend those clinging ties apart.
We have no home on earth, but sadly driven
Adown time's stream, where sorrow leaves a trace,
Hope on, sad soul; there is a home in heaven—
A constant, firm, and sure abiding-place.

Let us not mourn, though life may bring us sorrow;
Soon can we cast aside the cumbrous clay.
We have a hope, a glorious hope to-morrow—
A home in heaven, a home of constant day.
We have no home on earth; then let us sever
Our thoughts from Earth and its alluring Love,
And list the angel's voice, that whispereth ever,
There is a home of constancy above.

Bear Lake, Mich.

Dear Success Club:

I am just finishing *The Degrees* for the third time, and have enjoyed the study of them so much. I have not realized any material aid, but, as far as the worldly gain is considered, I am sure that my mind is stronger and I am more optimistic than I have been for years. "Our Magazine" is such a comfort. It is truly a light set on a hill to many of us.

I should like to have some of the messages sent to me if I am accounted one of the "to be trusted."

How do we learn to "look within," and how do we learn "to listen?"

I have tried so hard to understand, but I have no such experience to relate as many of our members testify.

I need and desire your prayers.

Yours with sisterly love,

M. E. A.

Duncombe Hotel, Fort Dodge, Ia.

Dear Mystic Success Club:

Another month has passed in this God-like way of living, and it is the only way of living. This trustful, hopeful, cheerful and purified way of living is the only and true road that leads to Health, Happiness and Prosperity, which is God's own and natural way and also the way that will develop the best within us.

Sometimes the road seems hard and lonesome, but when I look to God for strength and courage, he gives me new inducement to press forward and to speak a cheerful word to those around me, and scatter blessings everywhere.

I received the Twenty-first Direction Sheet for the Mystic Scroll May 10, and nearly a month ago since I received Confidential Message No. 11.

May 16 I commenced on the seventh lesson of the Mystic Healing Circle, which is very beautiful and instructive besides elevating and purifying to the mind, soul and body. I am so glad that I am studying this noble and holy way of living.

I must send you a few of my flowers which I have been raising in the sample rooms this winter. I have charge of those rooms in which the traveling men show their goods to the merchants. As the rooms are large and several big windows, they are an ideal place for flowers.

I planted lots of flowers there last fall, and consequently have been blessed with quite a lot of flowers, all during the winter. I am a great admirer of flowers.

With these lines I will close for this time, hoping to hear from you in the near future.

With love and good-will to each and every one of the Mystic Success Club and the Mystic Healing Circle.

CHRISTIAN RASMUSSEN.

The Mystic Scroll continues to bless thousands of hearts that are ready and budding into the life of the spirit. Blessings on them all.

Catch and radiate the sunshine,
Pass along the word of cheer,
Give a tender smile or token
To the sad ones far and near.
Gather up each passing sunbeam
And reflect it far and wide,
Sending forth its rays the brightest
Where the darkest shadows hide.

To the weary, heavy laden,
Walking lonely down the road,
Lend a hand to help them onward,
It will lift a heavy load.
To the aged and the careworn,
Grown so weary of the way,
You can be a very sunbeam,
Bringing light and joy to-day.

Not alone in crowded alleys
Do we find the sorest need;
There is sorrow in the palace,
There are hearts that break and bleed.
Scatter sunshine, brother, sister,
Sympathize with smile or tear;
Make this whole wide world the brighter
For your tender words of cheer.

HAVE FAITH IN YOURSELF

The wisdom of life is to do a thing and have done with it. Try to do the best, rightest thing you can—but then, leave it. It may not be the very wisest thing possible. Probably it will not be; you are not infallible. Why should you expect to make no blunders? But if you have honestly tried to make out, in the time given you, what was best to do and have done it, that is all you have to do. Go on to the next! But this is just what many cannot do. They stop. They are all the time looking back. They are thinking how different things might have turned out if they had only done this instead of that. If they had only taken this advice instead of that, or if they had gone their own way instead of taking anybody's advice—why, this calamity might have been avoided, and that affair which is giving them so much worry would not have happened, or that investment which is turning out so poorly would not have been made. You all know how it is. I dare say there is not one of us but has done just this very thing sometimes.

REV. BROOKE HERFORD.

THE CHEER-UP PHILOSOPHER

We like to meet the fellow who is ready for a smile;
If there's a time for worry we can save it for awhile.
This old World isn't waiting for a chance to trouble you;
It's built upon a pleasure-plan if you know what to do.

God bless the merry, cherry man.

The sunshine and the airy man

He is the wise and very man

Our hungry hearts turn to.

We like to meet the fellow who is brother to the clod,
Whose love invites the roses and whose soul is nearer
God.

The man who likes the singing of the winging woodland
birds

And whose fellowship is bringing us a host of cheery
words.

God bless the hopeful sight of him,

We love the humble might of him.

And know the merry right of him

He's perfect by two-thirds.

We like to meet the fellow who has kisses for the hair
Of the sun-crowned little children that surround him
everywhere.

And we like to count the bounty of the blessed heart of
him

That will sweep in as a harvest when the fading eyes are
dim,

God bless the time-beguiling man;

The thoughtful, tender, smiling man;

The "grouchy" nor reviling man;

The man with "snap" and "vim."

W. LIVINGSTON LARNED.

HOME-KEEPING HEARTS

Longfellow was forever singing to us of great, safe truths for human life, and one of his expressions in that beautiful little hymn that he entitles "Song" is "home-keeping hearts." He begins by saying: "Stay, stay at home, my heart." The wandering heart has no rest. Borne about, baffled, tossed hither and thither, it is simply a wanderer, chafed with its own beatings. There is nothing of faith in the wandering heart. It is the home for a wilderness of doubts, and doubt has in it the power to kill; it withers all that is beautiful; it turns the garden of the heart into a wilderness—such is doubt. Then wisely does this great American poet of ours say, "Stay at home, that is best." For the home-keeping heart there is no wandering east, nor wandering west. For the home-keeping heart there is no craving forever unsatisfied. All is peace, care is banished, trouble loses its burden for those that stay at home; then, "Stay at home, my heart, and rest."

Now, there are three special characteristics about jewels. They are beautiful, precious, and lasting. What makes them so beautiful? Is it their color? No, for many other objects are blue and red and green as the sapphire, ruby, and emerald, and yet have not their beauty. The beauty of jewels lies in the light within them. The colors sparkle and glitter and flash with a wonderful light inside, and that makes them different from all other colored objects. A piece of colored paper might be dyed a brighter red than the ruby, but it is a dead color for all that. There is no living light inside such as is stored in the jewel's heart—and therefore no such beauty.—*Selected.*

THE VANQUISHED PRAISES THAT I SING

Above all, it is when the individual stands face to face with a mistake in judgment, or beholds the results of efforts which have not come to fruition, that he needs the abiding trust in himself and in the possibilities before him which leads him to go forward. "Persistent people," says Edward Eggleston, "begin their success at the point where others end in failure."

FULLY NOURISHED

Grape-Nuts a Perfectly Balanced Food.

No chemist's analysis of Grape-Nuts can begin to show the real value of the food—the practical value as shown by personal experience.

It is a food that is perfectly balanced, supplies the needed elements of brain and nerves in all stages of life from the infant, through the strenuous times of active middle life, and is a comfort and support in old age.

"For two years I have used Grape-Nuts with milk and a little cream, for breakfast. I am comfortably hungry for my dinner at noon.

"I use little meat, plenty of vegetables and fruit, in season, for the noon meal, and if tired at tea time, take Grape-Nuts alone and feel perfectly nourished.

"Nerve and brain power, and memory are much improved since using Grape-Nuts. I am over sixty and weigh 155 pounds. My son and husband seeing how I had improved, are now using Grape-Nuts.

"My son, who is a traveling man, eats nothing for breakfast but Grape-Nuts and a glass of milk. An aunt, over seventy, seems fully nourished on Grape-Nuts and cream." "There's a Reason."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

Science of True Living

FRED. W. BURRY

Lesson XV—GROWTH

All Science to-day revolves around the modern doctrine of Evolution, which proves that one thing springs from another, and leads to still another, in endless cycles of life and growth.

Growth is Life. Things to be alive must keep marching on and on in never-ceasing successions of experiences.

Time is the condition of our Consciousness. It is not an entity in itself, and has no more existence than that given it by human imagination. It is the matrix in which is molded Character and Individuality. The hours are periods of Growth and Development. Thus the souls in the midst of the material shells are unfolded and evolved into existence.

We cannot chafe at the frictions which come our way, when we realize that in one way and another these are the experiences that develop Character.

And without Character, Life is nothing at all.

Happiness is only made possible by successions of varied experiences; because Happiness is Consciousness; and the more we are conscious of, the more we know, the more content we shall be—since All is Good.

Then let us think and act with the intention of Growth. Let us Grow. Let us unfold. Let us evolve.

The emotions of dissatisfaction prove that we are growing toward better and greater conditions. If To-day is not altogether desirable—To-morrow is sure to be. And we would be wise to co-operate more with the law and order of Nature—this will hasten matters wonderfully.

Lesson XVI—GOODNESS

The reader must not mind what seems to be repetition in these lessons. It is because they are lessons that it is necessary to repeat many statements—from different points of view. Thus are the truths impressed on your mind, so that you may more or less consciously give them expression in your daily life—commencing to-day.

"All is Good" is the watchword of the New Thought. It is a very sweeping statement, and it is meant to be taken literally. We are to graciously acknowledge the Value of all things and conditions whatsoever.

Because existence is altogether a matter of education. Every experience helps in the rounds of evolution. And now by our awakened recognition, we can learn how to make the most of every circumstance, and also make things better.

We are here to improve matters. There is no call for condemnation or regret in any way. The past has served its time; it was as useful. And if there are many things around you to-day that you do not approve of, consider this as a sign that you can make an improvement.

There are grades of Goodness. That is to say, some conditions are preferable to others; though the Centre of All is equally Good—for all is One, needing a variety of experience in its outward evolution.

We know very well that but for the disagreeable things of Life we would have amounted to nothing. And as our intelligence advances, we not only cease our regrets, but we cheerfully acknowledge the Goodness of all.

"All is Good" is a statement that the majority will not at present accept. People rather like the excitement that the belief in Evil gives them. There is a morbid taste for tragedy and crime.

Then, in the alternating method of Nature, it is for awhile necessary that periods of pain precede and succeed periods of pleasure—until our consciousness is developed.

Now, with our masterful consciousness, we can control—more and more so every day. We can perceive the different values that different experiences bring, and we can use them or not use them, paying the prices, just as we see fit or worth while.



NONA L. BROOKS

Eternal Life

Extracts from a Sermon
by Miss Nona L.
Brooks, Denver

"Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that heareth my word, and keepeth it, hath everlasting life, and hath passed from death unto life."

"Whoso findeth me findeth life."

"As the Father hath life in Himself, so hath He given to the Son to have life in Himself."

"Brethren, now are we the sons of God."

We believe that Jesus taught truth, truth for all ages and all humanity. Eternal life is not something from without; it is not merely duration of existence. It is the vital substance of the Father himself, and if we are the sons of God, we are fully endowed with the nature of the Father.

The quality of eternal life is richness and fullness. The eternal life that Jesus realized and manifested

to the race is the life that is abundance in every quality; life in every detail. There is not partial life here and abundant life there, but full, rich life everywhere. We often judge life by its manifestations—a little wisdom, a little joy, a little love, some activity, some power; and conclude that life is only partial. It is life, these little manifestations, it is true, but we have not yet begun to enter the life in its fullness that is ours.

The life within us is an inheritance from the nature of our Father, which is rich and full of power, goodness, glory and beauty. "You are now children of the living God." Divine life is embodied in you. Lay hold of it in its fullness, and express it fully in your life; rise to your full power to express it in every word and deed of your existence. Not a hint of Divinity, a partial life, a partial wisdom, you are to express, but embody eternal life, Divinity itself, in your life, and express it freely.

Every power we long for is in this life. The soul, this inner self, the substance within, is to be revered, used, lived from, and consciously enjoyed. When we get that reverence, that consciousness of the eternal substance embodied within us, we begin to live. The "I" is more than breath, which comes and goes. It is the vitality, the essence of being, rich in power, Godlike in its attributes.

It is easy for us to realize the truth of eternal life when we speak of the spiritual life, the divine life. We say, "Yes, I can see and recognize the greatness of such a life." But to bring it down into our own everyday life, our bodies, we do not seem able to apply or use it. We do not seem to realize that God is embodied in our own souls, expressing Himself in every department of our being.

It is the living from the centre of our being, as Jesus lived, which makes us stronger, holier, purer; really living the Divinity within us. "It is the Father that worketh in me." "These words are not mine, but the Father that sent me." Accepting these truths as true in us, henceforth He speaketh and worketh through us.

All life is ours now. God is not giving us more life. The fullness and richness of life abundant are already here. Let us be earnest in our desire to lay hold of life which is already ours. Let us live as though conscious of the great truth that our soul is now perfect in life, and therefore perfect in every activity.

Eternal life is inclusive. We are given to separating and excluding, living and dying, coming and going, but if we understood, as the Father understood, according to the truth of things, we would see that life is all-inclusive, the spirit of man being fully endowed with all wisdom, all knowledge, all love, and all power; not life without their expression.

Excluding any portion of life power makes dying conditions. We express just as much of life as we realize its embodiment in us. The external is not separate from spirit. If the soul is truly divine, then must its expression be equally divine. When I know and realize my only self, its nature, its purity, that knowledge will uplift everything I may do. "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all unto me." Some say they do not desire to have the body to last forever. Being is not complete without form, without expression. We do not speak of the body limited, but a form with power to express the fullness of the soul's activity. When we become conscious to the divine life within us, and live and speak from the centre of our being, we will be led to manifest the perfect body, harmonious and free, without limitations. From this centre of being will we manifest love, wisdom and perfection, unfolding and developing the perfect body. We may take physical exercise, we may make a study of eating and what to eat, but if we have not the supreme consciousness of the true body, the ideal of that perfection, we will never develop it.

Years should be an indication of unfoldment in power; a long life should stand for development. We have a right to have a perfect manifestation, to have the whole of our being included in it. We have a right to have a body which will express physical power all the time, one that will not lose its powers, but which will add from day to day, for life is a daily unfoldment. It is not natural for the body to grow old. We have made it so by our belief in separation and exclusion. Life is inclusive, and the manifestation of that life in our body should be making it stronger and more active as it unfolds into the ideal and perfect body.

We must keep our minds keenly alive to the unity of Spirit in all its manifestations, and then we will have a body which will be freer, more beautiful and harmonious in every respect.

Know that eternal life is not only duration, but richness and inclusive, applying to the individual entire—the spiritual, mental and physical, all inherent. That the consciousness of this union with God brings activity, which is working all the time through us. Our conscious identity with God, then, is the working basis, something to take hold of and weave into our very life.

Then go forth to live it daily. In every question by turning to the ideal we make ourselves the working basis for that ideal, which will sometime, somewhere, awaken into manifestation. It matters not what others may be doing; our place is to give attention, to express to the fullness of our ability this eternal life.

"I now realize the conscious union of my soul with God. I and my Father are one."

TO OUR MEMBERS

"Faith, which worketh by love."
GALATIANS v, 6.

Love, in general, is but sickly; that love which we learn in Christ, can alone be called healthy. This, indeed, is a healthy love, since it can actually forget the love of self. Ah, truly, that is no common thing to which our Lord refers, when he speaks of doing good; the left hand not knowing what the right hand does; the witness being that Eye only which seeth in secret. . . . How many there are who desire at least one witness of their good deeds, one at least who may hear them say, "This is mine."

Oh, where are those noble souls to be found, who, all unconscious of themselves, daily pursue their career like the sun, which rises each morning in the heavens, and scatters its gold to the left and to the right, on the mountains and in the valleys;—those noble souls that by an inward necessity here create and renew, there beautify and heal, and everywhere bless, like the sun, that cannot give light. There is but One in whom such an image of high love has appeared to us in its entire purity, and it is only by faith in Him that such self-sacrificing love is produced.

O human heart! thou hast a song
For all that to the earth belong,
Whene'er the golden chain of love
Hath linked thee to the heaven above.
—S. F. ADAMS.

REST AND WORK

Where is rest? In what isles of the summer-glad seas?
In what gardens of balm? 'Neath what sleep-dropping trees?

By what still-flowing waters, what lily-fringed streams?
In what meadows of silence, what valley of dreams?
'Neath what thunderless skies, by what hillside of sleep?

On what moon-lighted mountain or star-lighted deep?
Yes, where on the earth's or the ocean's wide breast
Is the home of release and the harbor of rest?

Why, here in the corn field—and take up your hoe.
Right here in this mill—make the paddle wheel go!
Right here with your engine—up steam and away!
Right here with your sewing machine every day.
Where there's work, there is rest, and it's nowhere beside,

Though you travel all lands, and you sail every tide.
Where is rest? Go to your work, and your spirit renew,
For no man can rest who has nothing to do.
—SAM WALTER FOSS.

THOUGHTS

Our thoughts are always with us. As we think, so we act. The man is the color of his thoughts. Thoughts are the building material of life. The man who thinks of the unpleasant things is unhappy. The man who thinks of the pleasant things is happy.

What a treasure store we can build with thoughts. What a hell we can make with thoughts. Think of the cheerful things. Do not brood about grievances. Do not let slights ruffle your serenity. Build beautiful castles; weave airy fancies of thought. This is not dreaming; it is living.

If the home of your soul is filled with beautiful thoughts, care, pain and poverty cannot disturb you. Here, when faint with your burdens, you gain strength and inspiration.

FAMILY OF FIVE

All Drank Coffee From Infancy.

It is a common thing in this country to see whole families growing up with nervous systems weakened by coffee drinking.

That is because many parents do not realize that coffee contains a drug—caffeine—which causes the trouble.

"There are five children in my family," writes an Iowa mother, "all of whom drank coffee from infancy up to two years ago."

"My husband and I had heart trouble and were advised to quit coffee. We did so and began to use Postum. We now are doing without medicine and are entirely relieved of heart trouble.

(Caffeine causes heart trouble when continually used as in coffee drinking.)

"Our eleven-year-old boy had a weak digestion from birth, and yet always craved, and was given coffee. When we changed to Postum he liked it and we gave him all he wanted. He has been restored to health by Postum and still likes it.

"Long live the discoverer of Postum!"
Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

WOMAN CALMLY AWAITING DEATH

Says That an Angel Appeared and Told Her to Prepare for the End

THIS HER LAST DAY ON EARTH

Shows No Indication of Insanity and Talks Lucidly on All Other Subjects

Mrs. Anna Kiselcia to-day entered upon what she firmly believes will be her last twenty-four hours of life. She expects to die before 6 o'clock Sunday morning. Instead of dreading the coming of that hour, she is waiting it with calmness, even with impatience, and she will be greatly disappointed if she is alive beyond that hour.

"God has called me home," she says, and she discusses her going out of life calmly and without the slightest indication to the untrained eye or mind of any mental derangement.

She is apparently sane on every topic except the one delusion that a "heavenly angel" appeared to her and told her in "the voice of God," the day and hour of her death.

The woman is strong physically. She is plump and well nourished. Her husband died some time ago. Both were born in Europe. Mrs. Kiselcia does not seem to have been attached to any church particularly until her husband died. Since then there has seldom been a service at either the Greek Rite or Hungarian Catholic churches which she has not attended. Her devotion did not seem excessive, although for weeks before she announced her coming death her pale, sad face with its regular features had attracted attention in the churches she visited.

Her warning, she says, came three weeks ago. She was asleep in bed when, she says, the heavenly angel spoke in the voice of God and told her to be ready. She later obtained a promise from the Rev. Dr. Haitengor of St. Michael's Greek Rite Church to say masses for her soul when she was dead. She did not say then when she would die, and the arrangement holds good whenever she does. Then she obtained her shroud and made ready. She told a neighbor in the tenement house where her rooms are of what she expected, and told her how to get the key next Sunday morning at 7 o'clock, and asked her to come in and care for her body.

The police heard of the case then, and Wednesday night, fearing the woman might take a suicidal turn, Mrs. Kiselcia was taken before Justice Dalrymple and committed to the General Hospital for observation under the law allowing persons suspected of insanity to be put under observation for a term of days not longer than ten.

Since then her every act is watched and doctors and nurses talk with her all the time she is awake. She speaks good English and converses freely on almost any subject, but always, sooner or later, she switches the conversation around to her coming departure from life. She says she intends no injury to herself and scoffs at suicide because it would be a sin.

She will go to sleep as usual to-night, she says, and expects never to awake again on earth.

BEWARE OF DECEPTION.

There Is Only One

JOHN H. WOODBURY

World Famed Face and Feature Specialist. Originator of Reporative and Corrosive Facial Surgery. He has removed his office to

30 W. 22D ST., NEW YORK CITY
and is now President of

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Complete outfit: one implement, two composite stones and jar of creme. Office or by mail, \$1.00.

Marvelous implement for self-treating and beautifying the face, hands, throat and neck.

It is very simple, can be used by any one without the least danger of injury to the tenderest skin, and is specially devised for self-use, thereby avoiding the incidental expense of a professional attendant.

As a massage tool it has no equal for building up thin faces, sunken or hollow cheeks and all wasted or deficient parts: wrinkles, furrows, crows-feet, flabby, rough or oily skin, blackheads, large pores, scars, pittings, depressions caused by either accident or disease, freckles, blotches, liver spots and all discolorations of the skin.

Promotes circulation, stimulates the nerves and brings into healthy activity every dead, sluggish gland or pore.

Clears, brightens, beautifies the complexion and keeps the skin smooth, transparent, rosate and healthy.

Pimples on the face most always come from one cause: defective circulation. The pores become clogged with waste matter, then blackheads and pustules are the hideous result. Not only will New Wrinkle relieve the congestion, but when brought into friction with the skin the secretory oil and stagnant matter is literally driven out of the glands and a healthy, clear skin is insured.

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Don't take medicine for Rheumatism, but send your address to the makers of Magic Foot Drafts—the great Michigan External Cure. Return mail will bring you, prepaid, a regular dollar pair of Foot Drafts to try free. If you are satisfied with the benefit received from them, you can send us One Dollar. If not, we take



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This is my stylish ten-piece outfit — 1 Stylishly tailored suit, 1 President dress shirt, 1 King Edward cap, 1 pair Empire suspenders, 1 pair men's-proof hose, 1 Chesterfield tie, 3 fine handkerchiefs, 1 set gold buttons.

To be safe in securing this offer send at once for tape, order blank, etc., for I can give to but one in a locality at this advertising price.

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WHO ARE THE ESSENES?

BY GRACE M. BROWN

THE Essene Society is a body of people who believe in co-operative constructive thinking, and who are consciously devoting their energies to bringing themselves into a perfect manifestation of life on all planes of expression.

This Society is modelled upon many of the precepts of the ancient order of that name, which was one of the oldest and most spiritual societies in existence, having among its members some of the best-loved and most unselfish teachers and leaders in the history of the world.

The Essenes did not and do not belong to any particular realm of earth. In no respect are they localized, as their work is a universal work and founded upon principle instead of personality, and their students are men and women of responsibility and devotion, who are among the pioneers of the world's advancement.

The order of the Essenes had a pronounced following in Egypt for many centuries; it then came into special prominence in Greece through the teachings of Pythagoras who was an Essene. Later its philosophy was introduced in Judea by another disciple of the order, whom we know as Jesus of Nazareth.

In Judea, at the time of Christ, were the Pharisees, the Philistines, the Sadducees, and the Essenes. The Ancient Essenes were the people of spirituality; they were occultists of very high standing and their chief aim was to abide in the law and to render service to their fellow men.

The Essenes were among the first to recognize the power of mind over matter; they taught and practised healing of the body many centuries before the time of Christ.

The order of the Essenes was a powerful factor in Jewish life. You will notice in the Gospels that both the Pharisees and the Sadducees were denounced, but not the Essenes. It is the opinion of Arthur Lillie, in his work on "Buddhism and Christianity," which was written after many years of careful research, that the earliest and only authentic Gospel came from the Essenes and that all that is anti-Essene in the four best-known Gospels is accretion.

The modern society of the Essenes is distinctly practical; it takes for its foundation principle, CONSTRUCTION. It builds upon the belief that the God manifestation in all expression of life is the result of the combined ACTION OF LOVE AND WISDOM WHICH IS CONSTRUCTION.

The members of this society meet together in thought every day at twelve o'clock and send to each other and to all the world a thought message of construction. They are united in the belief that all sin, sickness, poverty and death must be dissolved from the earth planet, and that this dissolution shall come through the constructive thoughts, words, and deeds of the race.

The Essenes teach and practice healing of the body, mind and purse, they believe in opulence on all planes and in the absolute overcoming of evil and the manifestation of perfection.

There are several Essene Circles established in different cities and towns in all parts of the world and many more will be established in the near future.

The World's Essene Circle has its headquarters in Chicago, is in charge of its Vice-President, Laura G. Fixen, No. 1047 Carmen avenue.

The secretary of the World's Essene Circle, F. D. Wallaker, is also secretary of the Denver society and of the the Essene Press Society, and will be glad to answer all inquiries addressed to him to Box 445, Denver, Colo.

The Essene Society invites inquiry and desires members; its only aim being one of service and inspiration to the race.

We have no creed but creed of loving helpfulness,
We have no law save law of broadest charity,
We have no work that does not serve the race,
We have no joy save joyous consciousness
Of God.

GRACE M. BROWN,
President of the World's Essene Circle.

A HALF HOUR WITH THE MIND

BY WILLIAM H. HAMBY

Many delightful and helpful things are neither easy nor pleasant at first.

To one who sits languidly all day in a heated room, the thought of a walk in the cool, crisp air is not alluring. Yet, when he is once out upon the open road, breathing the clean fresh air until his blood tingles, walking is a delight.

This is true of mental effort. To one who lives mentally upon the stray crumbs of accidental observation—entertaining merely such thoughts as "happen" into the mind, a concentrated effort to think is at first disagreeable. Yet, when one becomes a little accustomed to the effort, nothing yields keener pleasure.

And it is more than pleasure, it is growth. One who desires to become strong, to possess reserve forces, to be a power in the world, absolutely must do some systematic, silent thinking.

To read or study books that make one think is not enough. He must do some thinking of his own—not mere wondering, speculating, building air castles, but actual thinking.

How begin?

Take the half hour or hour of the day most available—the same every day, if possible. Go to your room or some place where you will be alone and undisturbed, and begin to think.

If there is one subject in which you are especially interested begin on that; farming, sewing, painting, speaking, singing, rivers, woods, gardens, politics, religion; but if not especially interested in one subject, choose one, and think about it. Recall scenes connected with it, unusual ones, ones that are interesting. Ask yourself questions about it, and from the knowledge you have, try to answer.

For instance, if I am interested in trees, without any special effort my mind goes to the woods. I see the trees, and begin to note the different varieties, oaks—black oak, white oak, post oak—the hickory, the walnut, the sycamore. Then my mind may start in any one of a dozen channels, and whichever way it starts, I hold it there and push it as far as I can go, and raise all the questions possible. For instance, when my memory takes me to the woods I see a newly cut tree, and begin to think of the destruction of the forests. I recall the waste that I have seen—hundreds and thousands of fine young white oaks cut down merely for one railroad tie, the rest left to rot or be burned by forest fires. I try to suggest ways in which this waste could have been saved; and to explain why it was not. I think of the urgent need of the railroad for the ties, and of the kind of men who cut them—poor fellows dependent upon the number of ties they get each day for their living wages. I see why neither the railroad nor the tie-cutter would be particularly interested in saving the rest of the tree. Then I try to think of some way they might be given a personal interest in stopping the waste; but conclude nothing except financial returns would prove effective. Therefore I try to devise some way whereby it could be made financially profitable—immediately—for the tie-cutter to save the timber in which he works.

Now such exercises would not be expected, of course, to lead to any marvelous discoveries or conclusions of general interest. But it is a personal mental drill which will train the mind to dig and delve, to explore and pursue. It not only cultivates the power of voluntary thought and concentration, but also stores up valuable deductions and conclusions that will sooner or later prove interesting and useful.

In time—not a long time either—this hour of meditation will become one of the most delightful events of the day—a time of rest and renewing, of growth and expanding ideals.

A SMILE

Who can tell the value of a smile? It costs the giver nothing, but is beyond price to the erring and relenting, the sad and cheerless, the lost and forsaken. It disarms malice, subdues temper, turns hatred into love, revenge into kindness, and paves the darkest paths with gems of sunlight. A smile on the brow betrays a kind heart, a pleasant friend, an affectionate brother, a dutiful son, a happy husband. It adds a charm to beauty, it decorates the face of the deformed, and makes a lovely woman resemble an angel in Paradise.

Never did any soul do good but it came readier to do the same again, with more enjoyment. Never was love or gratitude or bounty practiced but with increasing joy, which made the practitioner still more in love with the fair act.—EARL OF SHAFTESBURY.

Lord, what I want in wealth may I have in sincerity. I care not how mean metal my estate be of, if my soul have the true stamp, really impressed with the unfeigned image of the King of Heaven.

—THOMAS FULLER.

AUTOMOBILE BARGAIN

I will sell my 35 Horse Power Touring Car, cheap. It is in perfect condition, has just been overhauled, newly painted, carries five passengers, has cape top, eight-day clock, grade-o-meter, extra tire, three extra inner tubes. It is a fine car in every particular, cost with extras, \$2,800. Will sell for \$900 cash, ship, subject to examination, to any responsible person. Reason for selling this fine car is that I do not need two cars. Address WILLIAM J. THOMPSON, Manager NEW YORK MAGAZINE of Mysteries, 649 West 43d St., New York City, N. Y.

FOR THE SILENT BROTHERHOOD

Thought to be held at 12 M.

The cup which my Father has given me, Shall I not drink it?—JOHN xviii. 2

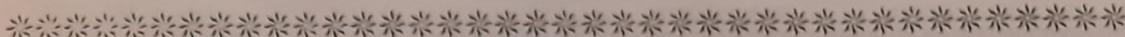
Thought to be held at 9 P.M.

Whatsoever is brought upon thee, take cheerfully.—ECCLESIASTICUS ii. 4.

Every sorrow, every smart,
That the Eternal Father's heart
Hath appointed me of yore,
Or hath yet for me in store,
As my life flows on, I'll take
Calmly, gladly, for His sake,
No more faithless murmurs make.

THE very least and the very greatest sorrows that God ever suffers to befall thee, proceed from the depths of His unspeakable love; and such great love were better for thee than the highest and best gifts besides that He has given thee, or ever could give thee, if thou couldst but see it in this light. So that if your little finger only aches, if you are cold, if you are hungry or thirsty, if others vex you by their words or deeds, or whatever happens to you that causes you distress or pain, it will all help to fit you for a noble and blessed state.

*In Holy Love No. 7—****



THE PASSING AND THE PERMANENT

IN his own cogent and impressive way, Dr. Savage, in this volume, shows us the Reasonableness of his Religion.

"Science, in its latest word, is in that utterance of Tennyson, where he says:

"Speak to him, thou, for he hears, and spirit with spirit can meet—
Closer is he than breathing, and nearer than hands and feet."

"We can speak to Him; and so I trust myself to speak to Him without caring whether my words are always overwise and carefully selected or not. When my little boy, playing on the floor at my feet, at last tired out, climbs up on my knees and prattles and talks to me and tells me what he wishes, do I care whether he is wise or not, or whether he asks me for things that a philosopher would ask for? I do not want him to be a philosopher. I want him to be my boy.

"And so, if God be our Father, I think He would get tired of us if we were always posing as philosophers in His presence.

"Let us pour out our hearts and love him and believe He loves us, and learn to trust Him, so that we may be patient if the burden does crush us. Only let us get hold of His hand; then we will bear the pain; we will walk, if it is ever so dark. We will not trouble. We will wait until the light breaks.

"Only let us get hold of His hand and feel His touch, which is Life and Peace."—ED.]

THE PASSING AND THE PERMANENT IN RELIGION

Religions die, while religion is universal, permanent and progressive; theologies change and pass, but so long as man thinks, he will think and theorize, though imperfectly, about the greatest of all themes; man has always speculated about the universe and, in later times, has studied it, and his theories about it always have been and always must be intimately associated with both his religion and his theology; man at first regarded himself as made suddenly by fiat power, but he has learned that he has evolved from lower forms of life, while his religions and his theologies have kept step with his own advance; Bibles have been the natural expression of man's hopes, fears and aspirations at the different stages of his advance, not creating religion, but being created by it; gods have been the best ideals which man has been able to imagine, at different steps of his advance, of the one Eternal, of whose life all things are only the changing and passing expression; saviours have taken shape in accord with man's thoughts of the evils from which he supposed he needed to be delivered, and all are entitled to that name who have helped to deliver the race from any of its evils, though this may not inter-

ferre with the supremacy of one; worship has taken shape according to man's changing theories of the powers he has thought of as being able to help or hurt him, and it is essentially admiration for that which man thinks of as above him, and so is the condition of all growth and progress: prayer is the universal instinct which leads man to try to get into helpful relations with the powers thought of as able to control his destiny, and since the conditions out of which it springs are permanent, it cannot pass away, though it must slough off its superstitions and become rational; the church is the voluntary and natural organization of men as religious beings, and it seeks the highest spiritual ends of which those who constitute it can dream: hells are the more or less horrible dreams which have haunted the imaginations of men as the outcome of evil in another life, and they have generally been crude and libellous parodies on the truth that in all worlds men reap what they have sowed: heavens have taken shape in accordance with the same human fancy which has created its hells, and, in essence, they are the kernels of all the fair and good things which are to blossom and bear fruit for the good: men pass into the resurrection-life the kind of beings which they have become here, and while there will be opportunity for moral advance, there will also be field for the activity and development of all the great powers and faculties and tastes which pertain to the essential nature of man in this life:—to set forth, develop and establish, so far as possible, the positions above suggested, is that which is attempted in this book. M. J. S.

NUGGETS

The shouter is often the pouter.
Ease is the disease of the church.
The high duties are the high duties.
Profession will not answer for confession.
The lowly places are the holy places.
It is yours to serve; God's to preserve.
Men always sit down before they backslide.
More male Marthas would not hurt the church.
The great fish that is swallowing the Jonahs of to-day is self-fish-ness.
A high sounding doctrine is not necessarily a sound doctrine from on high.
A church should be more zealous to lift its people than its steeple to the skies.
Once it was death for a layman to enter the holy of holies; now it is death for him to stay out.—REV. W. Y. L. DAVIS.

There are two unpardonable sins in this world—success and failure. Those who succeed can't forgive a fellow for being a failure, and those who fail can't forgive him for being a success. If you do succeed, though, you will be too busy to bother very much about what the failures think.

The nearer we come to Divine Consciousness, the closer we shall live to the little things. There is nothing unworthy of our attention. All one comes in touch with, he needs, and it needs him.—*Nona L. Brooks.*

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Perfect as a Rose

smooth and velvety—with the healthful coloring of youth is the complexion of every woman who uses Lablache, the modern beautifier. It prevents blemishes, caused by sun and wind, absorbs perspiration and overcomes that shiny and sallow appearance. It is the acme of purity—an everyday toilet necessity. Refuse substitutes. They may be dangerous. Flak, White, Pink or Cream, 50c. a box, of druggists or by mail. Send 10c. for sample.

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Sweet, Catchy Melody. Clean Straps to E. S. BAKER, Box 685, Plainfield, N. J.

CHEERY LIVING

Grumble? No; what's the good?
If it availed I would!
But it doesn't a bit—
Not it.
Laugh? Yes; why not?
'Tis better than crying a lot:
We were made to be glad,
Not sad.
Sing? Why, yes, to be sure,
We shall better endure
If the heart's full of song
All day long.
Love? Yes, unceasingly,
Ever increasingly;
Friends' burdens bearing,
Their sorrows sharing;
Their happiness making,
For pattern taking
The One above,
Who is Love.

—Motherhood.

**GOOD-BYE TO
SUPERFLUOUS HAIR**

How I Cured My Growth of Superfluous Hair by a New and Simple Method, After All Else Failed

FREE TO ANYONE

I Will Send Free to Any Sufferer Full Particulars to Enable Them to Achieve the Same Happy Results



At last it is possible to destroy all trace of superfluous hair without pain, scar, or injury to skin or complexion, and to end forever all need for further embarrassment from this annoyance. I make this announcement well knowing that it sounds almost too good to be true, but, all the same, I know it is true, because it has done just this for me and for many others that I myself know of.

Since a child I was annoyed and humiliated with a distressing growth of hair on my face and arms. I tried all the depilatories, liquids, creams and other preparations I ever heard of, only to make it worse. For weeks I suffered the electric needle, without getting rid of my blemish. I spent a great deal of money for various things without success, until a friend recommended a simple preparation, which quickly succeeded where all else had failed.

This method is simple, safe, sure, and can be used privately at home, without pain or blemish. It makes the electric needle entirely unnecessary, and it is quite different from anything else ever offered for the purpose. In my own case, this simple remedy made the hair disappear like magic, and enabled me permanently to find entire relief from all trace of unwelcome hair, and to forever end all need for my embarrassment, and I am making this announcement in order that others may do the same.

To this end I will tell in detail, free and without charge, full particulars by which any sufferer can receive the same happy results I did. All I ask is a two-cent stamp for reply. I will answer all letters the day I receive them, and give the full information absolutely free and in confidence. If you wish to get rid of all trace of hair, if you wish to do away with the unsightly growth that mars your good looks; if you wish to forever end all embarrassment from the unwelcome blemish, simply write me a letter, enclosing two-cent stamp for reply, and address to Caroline Osgood, 317-B, Custom House, Providence, R. I.



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10

BIBLE BREAD

Wherefore comfort yourselves together, and edify one another, even as also ye do.—
1 THESS. v. 20.

Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.—MATT. xix. 19.

So others shall
Take patience, labor, to their heart and hand,
From thy hand, and thy heart, and thy brave cheer,
And God's grace fructify through thee to all.
The least flower with a brimming cup may stand
And share its dewdrop with another near.

WHAT is meant by our neighbor we cannot doubt; it is every one with whom we are brought into contact. First of all, he is literally our neighbor who is next to us in our own family and household; husband to wife, wife to husband, parent to child, brother to sister, master to servant, servant to master. Then it is he who is close to us in our own neighborhood, in our own town, in our own parish, in our own street. With these all true charity begins. To love and be kind to these is the very beginning of all true religion. But, besides these, as our Lord teaches, it is every one who is thrown across our path by the changes and chances of life; he or she, whosoever it be, whom we have any means of helping—the unfortunate stranger whom we may meet in traveling, the deserted friend whom no one else cares to look after.

It was a beautiful potted rose in my window. The roots showed just a little above the soil.

"Who would think," said a friend, "that those ugly, brown roots had in them the possibility of that beautiful rose?"

Alas! we too often overlook the rose hidden in the root. It takes the eye of faith and love to see it; faith in God and faith in men.

"If God permits," I sure can trust
His depthless Love so true.
His ways, unknown, are ever just,
His mercies ever new.
I will not stray
From God's own way,
In which his wisdom, now concealed,
Some day by love will be revealed.

EACH HIS OWN BURDEN

Every one must bear his own burden. Nobody is going to do our work for us. Nobody is going to take the hard things for us; we must take them ourselves. Nobody could take them, though willing to do so. Brotherly help may come, but it will not relieve us of our burden—it will only cheer and encourage us. Even God's help will not make life easy, will not carry our loads. God helps those who help themselves. Every man must bear his own burden. But those who are true and brave and believing, doing their best, and then casting the burden on God, will be helped and will become more than conquerors through him who loves them. *Forward.*

One of the secrets of a happy, beautiful life is to live one day at a time.—F. R. MILLER.

I declare that the joy of a perfect abiding love is the greatest this world contains; and yet, if you find not this love, naught will be lost of all you have done to deserve it; for this will go to deepen the peace of your heart, and render still truer and purer the calm of the rest of your days.—MAETERLINCK.

After all, it is not what is around us, but what is in us; not what we have, but what we are, that makes us really happy.—GEIKIE.

Joy is the prize unbought, and is freest, purest in its flow when it comes unsought. No getting into Heaven, as a place, will compass it. You must carry it with

you, else it is not there. You must have it in you, as the music of a well-ordered soul, the fire of a holy purpose, the welling up out of the central depths of eternal springs that hide their waters there.

H. BUSHNELL.

If your heart contains a thought
That will brighter make his lot,
Then in mercy hide it not;
Tell him so.

Wait not till your friend is dead
Ere your compliments are said;
For the spirit that has fled,
If it know,

Does not need, to speed it on,
Our poor praise; where it has gone
Love's eternal, golden dawn
Is aglow.

But unto our brother here
That poor praise is very dear;
If you've any word of cheer
Tell him so.

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"What is the secret of success?" asked the Sphinx.
"Push," said the Button.
"Never be lead," said the Pencil.
"Be up to date," said the Calendar.
"Never lose your head," said the Barrel.
"Do a driving business," said the Hammer.
"Spend much time in reflection," said the Mirror.
"Do the work you are suited for," said the Flue.
"Find a good thing and stick to it," said the Glue.
"Strive to make a good impression," said the Seal.
"Turn all things to your advantage," said the Lathe.
"Make the most of your good points," said the Compass.
"Be ever ready to do a good turn for anyone," said the Crank.
"Never take sides, but be round when you're wanted," said the Ball.
"Keep a good heart, though you be drawn and quartered for it," said the Oak.

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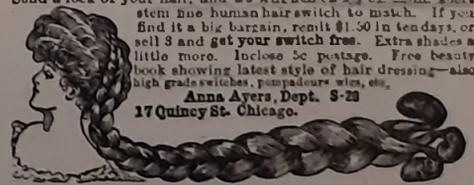
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BLESSED ANGELS, I greet ye and ask ye to continually assist me in this noble work. May my efforts always be to obtain a greater knowledge of the Divine Laws governing the life of the individual upon this planet, and to make that knowledge of use in uplifting the soul and relieving the sufferings of my brother man.—"Zamael."

HOPEFUL E. F. P., April 2, 1854.—Sunday, the second day of April, 1854, was the day of your birth, and I find that you are endowed with excellent vitality and a strong constitution which should enable you to live many years. Your chief illness will be that which will affect the throat or some blood disease which will be entirely overcome if you are careful in the selection of your foods. You have good reasoning ability and can realize the truth of this to a great extent by the past. If you will control your diet to some extent you will find that it will prove very beneficial to you. Your colors are white and red and your birth-stone is a bloodstone; a stone of a dark green color with little red specks in it. You should, if possible, obtain some clerical position, for it is plainly indicated in your horoscope that you are best adapted for employment and will do best when engaged in business in connection with others.

W. JAY, June 15, 1856.—Sunday is one of your fortunate days and is the day of your birth. In the horoscope, which was first given you, the information was necessarily general on account of the indefinite data as to the time of your birth; but as you now give me more accurate information I can say in answer to your questions that you have during the past year been under very malefic influences, so-called from the apposition of one of the most important planets in your horoscope to its original place at the time of your birth. Your troubles in this case have not been strictly of a psychic nature nor depending upon any action which you have done in this life, but the vibrations of the planetary influences have been such that you could not well succeed in your undertakings. The only way to do during this period was to remain as quiet as possible until these influences had passed by. This is now the case, and you are coming under much better conditions from day to day. If you will hold steadfastly to one line of work and concentrate all your energies upon it, you will have much better success during the coming two years. White and pink are your astrological colors, whose vibrations most nearly correspond to those of your nature.

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

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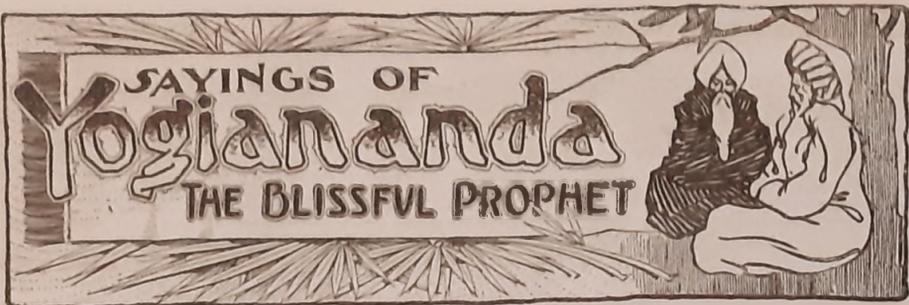
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HATHA YOGA

ON CHANGING THE CIRCULATION.

Lying down or sitting erect, breathe rhythmically, and with the exhalations direct the circulation to any part you wish, which may be suffering from imperfect circulation. This is effective in cases of cold feet or in cases of headache, the blood being sent downward in both cases, in the first case warming the feet, and in the latter, relieving the brain from too great pressure. You will often feel a warm feeling in the legs as the circulation moves downward. The circulation is largely under the control of the will and rhythmic breathing renders the task easier.

RECHARGING

If you feel that your vital energy is at a low ebb, and that you need to store up a new supply quickly, the best plan is to place the feet close together (side by side, of course) and to lock the fingers of both hands in any way that seems the most comfortable. This closes the circuit, as it were, and prevents any escape of prana through the extremities. Then breathe rhythmically a few times, and you will feel the effect of the recharging.

BRAIN STIMULATION

The Yogis have found the following exercise most useful in stimulating the action of the brain for the purpose of producing clear thinking and reasoning. It has a wonderful effect in clearing the brain and nervous system, and those engaged in mental work will find it most useful to them, both in the direction of enabling them to do better work and also as a means of refreshing the mind and clearing it after arduous mental labor.

Sit in an erect posture, keeping the spinal column straight and the eyes well to the front, letting the hands rest on the upper part of the legs. Breathe rhythmically, but instead of breathing through both nostrils, as in the ordinary exercises, press the left nostril close with the thumb, and inhale through the right nostril. Then remove the thumb, and close the right nostril with the finger, and then exhale through the left nostril. Then, without changing the fingers, inhale through the left nostril, and changing fingers, exhale through the right. Then inhale through right and exhale through left, and so on, alternating nostrils as above mentioned, closing the unused nostril with the thumb or forefinger. This is one of the oldest forms of Yogi breathing, and is quite important and valuable, and is well worthy of acquirement. But it is quite amusing to the Yogis to know that to the Western world this method is often held out as being the "whole secret" of Yogi Breathing. To the minds of many Western readers, "Yogi Breathing" suggests nothing more than a picture of a Hindu, sitting erect, and alternating nostrils in the act of breathing. "Only this and nothing more." We trust that this little work will open the eyes of the Western world to the great possibilities of Yogi Breathing, and the numerous methods whereby it may be employed.

YOGI GRAND PSYCHIC BREATH

The Yogis have a favorite form of psychic breathing which they practice occasionally, to which has been given a Sanskrit term of which the above is a general equivalent. We have given it last, as it requires practice on the part of the student in the line of rhythmic breathing and mental imagery, which he has now wired by means of the preceding exercises. The principles of the Grand Breath may be summed up in the old Hindu saying: "Blessed is the Yogi who breathes through his bones." This exercise involves the entire system with prana, and the student must do it with every bone, muscle, nerve, organ and part energized and attuned and the rhythm of the breath. It is a cleansing of the system, and he who fully will feel as if he had been given newly created, from the crown of his head to the tips of his toes. We will let the exercise speak for itself.

... rhythmically until the rhythm is per-

(3) Then, inhaling and exhaling, from the mental image of the breath being drawn up through the bones of the legs, and then forced out through them; then through the bones of the arms; then through the top of the skull; then through the stomach; then through the reproductive region; then as if it were traveling upward and downward along the spinal column; and then as if the breath were being inhaled and exhaled through every pore of the skin, the whole body being filled with prana and life.

(4) Then (breathing rhythmically) send the current of prana to the Seven Vital Centers, in turn, as follows, using the mental picture as in previous exercises:

- (a) To the forehead.
- (b) To the back of the head.
- (c) To the base of the brain.
- (d) To the Solar Plexus.
- (e) To the Sacral Region (lower part of the spine).
- (f) To the region of the navel.
- (g) To the reproductive region.

Finish by sweeping the current of prana to and from head to feet, several times.

(5) Finish with Cleansing Breath.

FLOWERS OF THE FALLOW

LUCY LARCOM

I like these plants that you call weeds,
Sedge, hardhack, mullein, yarrow,
That knit their roots and sift their seeds
Where any grassy wheel-track leads
Through country by-ways narrow.

They fringe the rugged hillside farms,
Grown old with cultivation,
With such wild wealth of rustic charms
As bloomed in Nature's matron arms
The first days of creation.

They show how Mother Earth loves best
To deck her tired-out places;
By flowery lips, in hours of rest,
Against hard work she will protest
With homely airs and graces.

You plough the arbutus from her hills,
Hew down her mountain laurel;
Their place as best she can, she fills
With humbler blossoms: so she wills
To close with you her quarrel.

She yielded to your axe, with pain,
Her free, primeval glory;
She brought you crops of golden grain;
You say "How dull she grows! how plain!"
The old mean selfish story!

Her wildwood soil you may subdue,
Tortured by hoe and harrow;
But leave her for a year or two,
And see! she stands and laughs at you
With hardhack, mullein, yarrow!

Dear Earth, the world is hard to please!
Yet heaven's breath gently passes
Into the life of flowers like these;
And I lie down at blessed ease
Among thy weeds and grasses.

WE ALWAYS MAY BE WHAT WE MIGHT HAVE BEEN

It is never too late to redeem the past, never too late to set up higher and purer ideals and grow into their likeness within and without. It is never too late to smooth out unseemly wrinkles; to banish the frown that darkens and deforms the visage; to efface the degrading marks that selfishness and pride and discontent imprint on the features, and to replace them with the charms of a sincere good nature, of a cheery patience, of a pure and deathless purpose, of unflagging hope, and a living, all-embracing charity.

These are the forces which Nature employs for the perfection of human beauty, and as long as life lasts they have power to remodel and retint and revivify the surface and substance of our wonderful organism.

—Sarah A. Hubbard in "The Duty of Being Beautiful."

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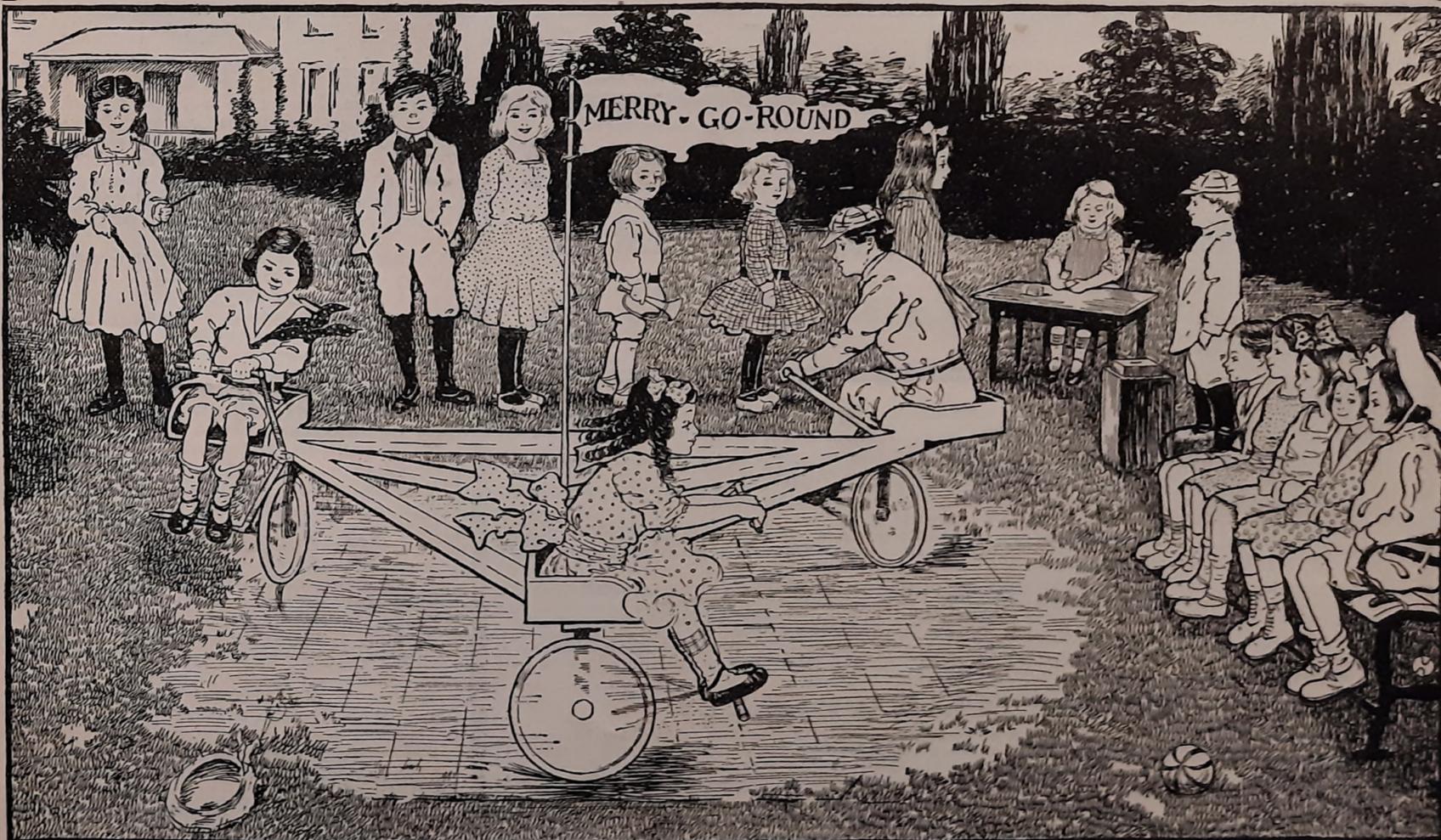
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Or 1203 Boyce Building, CHICAGO, ILL.

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Or Send Letter or Postal Quick

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For the convenience of my Western friends you may send your answers to my Chicago office (see coupon) if nearer your home.

No. 238.

This coupon entitles you to the great MERRY-GO-ROUND OFFER.

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JUDGE NOT

Spring, beautiful Spring, had come and with soft kisses awakened her sleeping children. One by one little heads peeped shyly forth from dark chambers and, wooed by the rays of the sun, grew and flourished until the old earth seemed veritably an Eden; and I looked and loved and learned. Among all the Spring miracles the trees were my especial delight, and in their loveliness I rejoiced. When I gazed at them from my cottage window (stopping in the midst of the busy-ness of this world for a few moments of refreshing) they told to me sweet, sweet truths, aye, many a wordless sermon did they preach to me, and their tender unfoldment of beauty was a continual, though soundless, hymn of praise to the great Infinite Life, one phase of which they were so clearly demonstrating. But amid this beautiful unfoldment stood one tree whose bare branches gave no token, and as I watched it day by day my heart was saddened and to myself I said: "There is no indwelling life in it! It but disfigures the landscape by its unsightliness; I will look at it no more." So I left it with its brown ugliness and turned my attention elsewhere. Some time after, chancing to look in that direction, I saw to my amazed delight that it was dotted over with the tiniest of green specks, and soon the whole tree was a living, glowing picture of beauty; and through the long, hot days when the surrounding trees had grown soiled with the dust and heat of summer, and when their leaves had withered and fallen, it stood with its magnificent foliage, unique and beautiful, a monument of loveliness and a rest unto weary eyes. Then I bowed my head in humbleness, and I seemed to hear a sweet voice say:

"What seems to your mere finite sight
As dead, or brown and bare,
May be but waiting God's own time
To grow in beauty, rare.

"The soul that seems to mortal mind
Devoid of good or grace,
May yet, at God's awakening touch,
All ugliness efface.

"Judge not! And deem none lost to grace
Though late their fruitage be;
If God's time comes not yet, be still!
For 'What is that to thee?'"

FANNIE HERRON WINGATE.

HOLIDAY HINTS

A HAPPY ANTICIPATION

For the benefit of those to whom Christmastide is more a torture than a pleasure I am giving a few suggestions. Don't you think it's best to begin preparations now? What matter that soft Summer breezes are blowing and the roses nodding. That same cluster of roses will make the finest possible study for a painting should you be so gifted. As you sit comfortably upon your veranda, you may easily embroider a dainty belt, a collar and cuff set, or if it's for a dear friend, a shirt waist. There are countless articles to be fashioned at home at one's leisure, that if left until the last moment would be an endless task. Cushion covers for the boys' den or the college girl a set of sash, ribbon for the hat and neck, all to match, etc. One's mind is clearer and less troubled now than when so many other affairs must be attended to. A good plan is to make a list of those to be remembered and opposite the name their favorite color-flower, their taste in books, music, in fact their especial fad or fancy. Then one may be sure of giving the most desired article. For a girl who longs to own a handsome belt buckle, a book, of poems is not always a pleasure, and to the boy who has great ideas of his own den and particularly wants a new game, a Bible is but an aggravation. We give to please, do we not? Then why not consult our friends' tastes in place of our own? We can commence early in the summer to lay aside these gifts and by Christmas we will be well prepared—not cross or weary—and at the same time scarcely realize we have spent the money that used at one time, might be a serious inconvenience; for the wealthy the cost is no item. But the majority of us are not so fortunate and must needs use our brains as well as purses. A favorite book, a cluster of dainty blossoms tied with one's best loved color, a dainty vase, music, a picture, all these little gifts, if given consideration, will so often bring more joy than a carelessly chosen gift costing three times the amount. To the housewife who likes sweets but cannot make a success of them, or who is too busy, a nicely baked cake decorated with frosting and sent upon a platter strewn with holly or mistletoe, would be more than acceptable. One may at odd times buy the book of poems, the music, fancy hat and veil pins, belts, ribbons, kerchiefs, nice hosiery, a box of stationery, cards, card cases, purse, book rack, letter and magazine opener—a blotter, inkstand, candlestick, seal, stamp, box-perfume, cologne bottle, pipe rack, match box, knife, odd jugs and plates, motto's, in fact all that could be purchased later on can be gotten during the vacation days. Then all we need do is wrap each gift in tissue paper, tie with ribbon the recipient's favorite color, re-wrap in strong paper, address and send them on their way. Always have paper, strong twine, and boxes handy. Write the address plainly, place thereon the full address of the sender, and you will help make the post-office and express people's lives easier. They have plenty to worry them at this season without dealing with badly wrapped, poorly addressed parcels. By following these suggestions, I believe you all will find that Christmas is not such a wearisome time after all. You will be fresh and sweet and happy, and most men would rather see their "faire laydes" bright and cheery, with less expensive gifts and fewer, than a set of worn-out, cross creatures with whom it's a torture to live. Let's all join—all we women throughout the world—and make this the happiest, most gladsome Christmas possible, not only for our own dear ones, but for all—for the lonely, the sad, and the depressed. Radiate your own happiness and let us fully understand the beautiful meaning of "Peace on earth good will to men."

EDITH CLAIRE HAYNES.

THE TRUE MAN

A Man is he who helps his brothers on
With cheery word and smile or kindly deed;
Who never treats with high imperious airs
Those who may serve him.
He who, though just, is merciful,
And ne'er inflicts on others needless pain;
And draws all hearts by silken threads of love
So slight, so delicate, and yet so strong.
Who strives to keep his honor unalloyed,
And practices the precepts he would preach.

ANGELA HOPE.

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Dr. W. R. C. LATSON,
Editor of Health-Culture

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HEALTH is a most valuable asset. With it you can meet any strain or stress that may come to you. Be ready for the emergencies of life and able to do your best. Without it one cannot prosper or be happy. Health is within the reach of all. It is simply a matter of knowing something about how to live and the right use of Food, Air, Exercise and the Mind. Living to be well makes life a delight, not a burden. The person who is well does not have to sacrifice the joys of living; only the sick do that.

HEALTH-CULTURE is edited by Dr. W. R. C. Latson, a well-known authority, and one of the brightest and most advanced writers of the day on the **Art of Living**. It is opposed to the use of drugs which never cure, vaccination and needless operations.

HEALTH-CULTURE stands for higher ideals of life and better living and all that is implied by this. Its aim will be to make men and women better Physically, Mentally and Morally, to save the lives of children, adding to the length of life and to the value of human existence by increasing the ability to accomplish and enjoy. One of Life's Essentials is the proper use of food, what to eat to meet the various conditions of life, what is best for the growing child, the active adult and the more sedentary aged. The consideration of this is an important feature of **HEALTH-CULTURE**, but as it cannot be considered fully, a work on this subject has been issued which admirably supplements the magazine.

WHAT SHALL WE EAT?

The Food Question from the standpoint of Health, Strength and Economy. Containing Numerous Tables, showing the Constituent Elements of all Food Products and their Relative Cost and Nutritive Values, Time of Digestion, etc., Indicating Best Foods for all Classes and Conditions. By Prof. Alfred Andrews. How food is digested and nourishes the body and what interferes with this is presented briefly and the work then takes up the food question in a most practical way as is shown from the following greatly condensed form:

THE TABLE OF CONTENTS.

- How Food is Used.** The chief uses of food. What makes flesh and what makes heat and energy.
- Nutritive Values.** A chart and tables showing the nutritive value and composition of food materials.
- The Digestibility of Foods.** What foods digest readily and those that digest slowly.
- Amount of Food Needed Daily for Different Conditions.** Proportion of food elements.
- Economy of Food.** How to get the best food for the least money. Chart showing pecuniary economy of food.
- Eating for Health and Strength.** Various points.
- List of Foods for easy, middling and hard digestion.**
- Foods for Various Classes.**
- Overeating and Feasting.**
- Summary** for proper eating and drinking.
- Menus.** Number of meals per day. Nutritive ratios.
- Foods and Constipation.** Diarrhea and biliousness.
- Elimination** of waste matter and its importance.
- Water.** Suggestions about pure water.
- Constituents of the Human Body.** Showing what chemical elements are needed by the body.
- Comparative Table** of food products and values, showing eight points, viz: Time required for digestion; amount of refuse; amount of water; per cent of heat and energy; of fat; of flesh and bone material; amount of salts and cost of the different articles. The list includes hundreds of the most common articles of food.

- Food Combinations.** What kinds should be used together for best results.
- An Economical and Nourishing Diet.** For those who want to live economically and be well nourished.
- Tables of Protein and Carbohydrates.**
- Table of Articles** having a high per cent of fat.
- Table of Mineral "Salts" or Ash.** Elements used to supply mineral constituents of the body.
- Concerning Nuts.** Showing the great value of nuts for food. Facts about nuts. The abuse of nut foods.
- Nutritive Value of Legumes.** Showing composition of peas and beans compared with other foods.
- Vegetable Protein** and animal protein compared.
- Fish as Food,** with nutritive value, digestibility, etc.
- Milk.** Value of whole milk; skim milk; butter milk.
- Comparative Value** of milk and other foods.
- Food Value of Sugar.** Digestion of sugar. Sugar as food for muscular work. Sugar as fat former. Practical use of sugar for adults.
- Raw and Cooked Foods.** Tables showing the difference when raw and cooked. Effects of cooking.
- Adulteration.** Giving a table of many adulterated foods and drinks, with percentage of adulteration.
- Bread.** White; whole wheat; gluten. Giving the average of 500 analyses of these kinds of breads and flour. Digestibility of bread.
- How to Live Well for the Least Money.**

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JOTTINGS FROM A LECTURE

"THE DISCIPLINE OF TIME."
(Given by Mrs. Margaret C La Grange.)

"Find the duty that the time demands of you, and do it."

"Will is now recognized as the dominating Force in the universe."

"It is the great Force of Wisdom (called by some 'chance') that is transforming all the useless into the useful, the unbeautiful into the beautiful."

"We seek to clothe ourselves with fine outer garments, forgetting that all beauty is within—forgetting that man is to develop every faculty of the mind and every muscle of the body."

"Man in the abstract is a perfect being."

"Our times are not degenerate."

"No crumbling creed can take from the immortal soul the purpose of the Creator."

"Man stood never half so near to God."

"Never mind if you have a temper. Keep it, but don't lose it."

"Jealousy is that something that slaughters self-esteem and hinders progress."

"Poverty is generally caused by improvidence in early age, or inefficiency and shiftlessness."

"Look near, not far, for your duty."

"What is the potent force of the saloon? (It is well to know and to apply the same principle in an uplifting way.) When a man is in trouble or in need of 'help' he often goes to the man 'who keeps the drink.' The saloon-keeper knows how 'not to ask too many questions.'"

"We need more heart, more tact, more sympathy."

"We need to arm ourselves more with righteousness."

"We need the consciousness that there is a potent Force in the universe that does not let the weakest child go too far astray."

"We must love the sinner while we hate the sin."

"There is nothing that has not in it the latent Goodness."

"We are awaiting for that church longed for by Abraham Lincoln whose only creed is 'Thou shalt love thy God with all thy soul; Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.'"

"Never mind if your talents are not the greatest—God made a million spears of grass, and one tree."

"The ages were meant to give us only needful lessons."

"God waits between this day and the Goal of Time. We may climb little by little the ladder of attainment to the height of perfection, thro' the discipline of Time."

THE WORLD OF THE WINDOW-SEAT

There's a little laddie across the street,
Who sees the world from a window-seat.
There he must stay the livelong day,
For he's too small to go out to play,
And mother's too careful to let him stray,
And quite too busy to take him away.
So all his world is a piece of sky,
And a street where the noisy teams go by,
Yet he plays and laughs and life is sweet,
Though he sees the world from a window-seat.

The light of genius is sometimes so resplendent as to make a man walk through life, amid glory and acclamation; but it burns very dimly and low when carried into the "valley of the shadow of death." But faith is like the evening star, shining into our souls the more brightly, the deeper is the night of death in which they sink.

—MOUNTFORD.

THE OVER-SOUL'S ANSWER

"Why am I here? And what is my Goal?"
A soul once asked of the Over-Soul—
"To express Me and to sometime gain
Perfect Expression thro' joy and pain."

"Be of good cheer, and work with a will,
Whate'er betide, I am with thee still,
Loving, helping, and urging thee on
To Infinite Peace and Perfection."

—GERTRUDE PLASS, Detroit.

MEMBERSHIP IN NATIONAL RED CROSS

OPEN TO ALL REPUTABLE AMERICANS, YOUNG OR OLD—
THE PEOPLE NOT THE GOVERNMENT, FURNISH RED CROSS SUPPORT.

It is true that the Federal Government, in 1905, by act of Congress, re-incorporated the American National Red Cross and that it is under governmental supervision as to accounts and expenditures. This is a guarantee that all funds will be accounted for and properly applied. It is not true, as many suppose, that the Government furnishes funds. It does not. There are few salaried officers and most of the executives give, not only of their time and service, but of their private means for the good of the cause.

Hon. William H. Taft, President of the American National Red Cross, has publicly urged the patriotic duty of membership. The Japanese Red Cross has 1,300,000 members and nearly \$5,000,000 available funds. France, Germany, Austria, Russia and Italy are in like case, relatively, as to membership and finances. The United States (more prosperous and, on occasion, more generous than any of the 44 nations signatory to the Geneva and Hague Red Cross Conventions) has less than 1,000 paying members and practically no resources applicable for emergencies.

The Red Cross is the greatest humanitarian organization the world knows, or ever has known. Its flag is the only one held immune from attack in time of war. It aims to avert, or to mitigate, suffering from war, pestilence, famine, earthquake, flood or fire, and its record makes one of the brightest pages in the history of civilization.

Membership in the American National Red Cross has been thrown open to all respectable Americans, irrespective of age or sex. Thousands have already joined. Membership costs but one dollar (\$1.00) and insures enrollment at Washington, a Red Cross badge, the Quarterly Bulletin—a magazine devoted to Red Cross interests—and the first year's dues. The yearly dues are one dollar. Life membership, \$25.00.

If you send one dollar to Hon. W. H. Taft, 341 War Department, Washington, D. C., you will be enrolled at once as a National member and the badge and Bulletin sent to you.

For further information, or a copy of the Charter and By-laws, together with other explanatory literature, write to Mr. E. R. Johnstone, National Registrar, 341 War Department, Washington, D. C.

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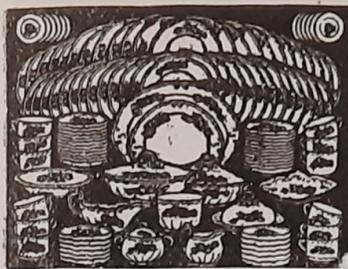
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AN OLD "GRAD'S" DREAM

BY HENRY F. GILHOFER

Just my old pipe and me one night
And the fire light's dull red glow,
And the wind and rain on my window pane,
And the memories of long ago.

As the flames danced up before me,
I fell asleep and dreamed.
I lived once more in days of yore
Again in school I seemed.

Oh, golden shore of school days,
How near and dear it seems
When memory's barque transports us
To the mystic realm of dreams.

My dream craft billowed o'er the waves
To the ports of long ago.
She bore me back o'er the storm-tossed track
To the land you and I both know.

The days of my childhood had returned,
Dead years before me lay.
And voices and echoes I thought long gone
Spoke out as from yesterday.

A vast assembly hall I saw
As through a misty haze
And the boys and girls who were gathered there
Smiled out from the long gone days.

It seemed that the classes assembled
Numbered far beyond a score,
And here in front were the pioneers
Ole Guard of 'Seventy-four.

Behind them through the vast old hall
As far as the eye could see,
Were class on class, a mighty mass
Till their faces seemed like the sea.

It seemed there was no such thing as time
As my gaze wandered down the aisles
And it must be that school days are happiest
Every face was wreathed in smiles.

From the Mother class of 'Seventy-four
In its honored place of state
To the Babes in arms, the youngest born
Dimpled class of Naughty Eight.

Then the roll was called throughout the years
And every old grad was there,
As loudly each one's answered "Here"
Rang out upon the air.

But some seemed to call from the Great Beyond
In the shadow of a breath
And I knew, the while, from their heavenly smile
That these had been kissed by death.

For many from out the roster roll
Have crossed to the Other Shore,
And only in dreams and fire light gleams
May we see their faces more.

Oh, I wish my dream boat could take you all
Back o'er life's stormy sea,
To see them all in that vast old hall
Just as they appeared to me.

Just build yourself a boat some night
And make your sails of dreams
With reveries for your masts and spars,
And memories for your beams.

Then launch her forth upon the sea,
With her prow turned toward the West,
Where the land of happy school days lies
And all that in life is best.

And visit a while in yesterday,
The land where no stranger goes,
For no one can get lost in yesterday.
It's tomorrow that no one knows.

Your dream boat will bring you safe home again,
Of that you need have no doubt,
For a dream boat is faster coming home
Than it was on the journey out.

My own boat came back with a frightful speed
And ran ashore with a thump,
For I had fallen out of the chair
And gotten an awful bump.

My pipe and the fire both were out,
The back of my head was sore,
My Dream boat was scattered upon the rocks
Her wreckage lined the shore.

But even her hulk and her tattered sails
Were near and dear to me,
For though she had gone where dream boats go
I still had left, Memory.

COMRADES

Come, lad of mine, and let us roam,
Where thrush and meadowland abound;
Where Nature tills her own, damp ground
And gives each violet a home.
Ask Father what you will, of all,
These mysteries of green and gold,
The frail blade pushing through the mold,
The suns that shine, and dews that fall.

Come, lad of mine, what better way
To pass a lazy afternoon?
The beauty fades from us too soon
Old comrades, we, this sunny day.
Look you—just kneel beside that birch,
And strip the silver from its girth;
That mottled coat was born of earth,
To shimmer for us on our search.

Come, lad of mine, these shadowed dells,
Majestic, rise anew each year,
Untouched by plow—the leaves appear,
The countless scarlet blossoms swell.
No furrowed pampering, no spade,
No touch of human hands to train
Them back to health and strength again;
Their growth, God's wondrous Law obeyed.

Come, lad of mine, and we shall go
Respectfully, these paths along;
With vesper foliage giving song,
And streams that anthem as they flow.
No vagrant tendril, leaf or clod
But what is sacred, lad of mine,
The very secret is divine,
Trained by the tender hand of God.
W. LIVINGSTON LARNED.

Simplicity and sunshine will heal most ills. Any
brave man may make out a life which shall be happy for
himself, and by so doing, be a benefit to those about him.
No life is successful until it is radiant.
LILIAN WEITING.

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

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

JAPANESE PROVERBS

THOUGH Japan is the youngest of the world-powers, it is second to none in national spirit and commercial enterprise; nor in courteous conduct, personal cleanliness, or love of home and country are its indomitable people excelled by those of any other nation. These characteristics of the subjects of the Mikado indicate that they are a people of high ideals, and it is in a nation's proverbs that its ideals frequently find expression.

Many of the national proverbs of Japan were collected and translated several years ago by Ota Masayoshi, and were published under the title of "Japanese Proverbs." It is from this entertaining little volume that the following are taken:

Patience is the rope of advancement in all lines of life.

The ignorant are never defeated in any argument. It is more easy to evade the trouble which Heaven sends us than that which we bring upon ourselves.

If the water be too pure, fish cannot live in it; if people be too exacting, fellow beings cannot stand beside them.

Where there are no birds, the bat will be king. If the mind is clear, even in a dark room there will be radiance; if the thought is dark, at noon-day there will be demons.

Be not lenient to your own faults; keep your pardon for others.

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

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THE MAN WHO WINS

The man who wins is the man who works—
The man who toils while the next man shirks;
The man who stands in his deep distress
With his head held high in the deadly press—
Yes, he is the man who wins.

The man who wins is the man who knows
The value of pain and the worth of woes—
Who a lesson learns from the man who fails
And a moral finds in his mournful wails:
Yes, he is the man who wins.

The man who wins is the man who stays
In the unsought paths and the rocky ways,
And, perhaps, who lingers, now and then,
To help some failure to rise again.
And he is the man who wins!

And the man who wins is the man who hears
The curse of the envious in his ears,
But who goes his way with his head held high
And passes the wrecks of the failures by—
For he is the man who wins.

HUMILITY

The richest mines
Are deepest, and the highest star
Seems smallest: and the laden are
The lowest vines.

The lofty head
And strutting gait of earthly pride
Are outward coverings which hide
A spirit dead.

How great is Paul
Who stretches self in sombre paints
And holds himself among the saints
The least of all.

This is the way
To glory, for the Lord exalts
The self-abased, who sees his faults,
And bends to pray.

If we would climb
Nor suffer harm, we must ascend
From that low place where self shall end,
To heights sublime.

—W. C. Martin.

OH, HEART OF MINE

Be strong! oh, heart of mine!
Urgent the need of strong and valiant men,
Ready to go, no matter where, or when,
Cheering the faltering with a shout or song.
Oh, heart of mine, be strong! be strong!

Be true, oh, heart of mine,
Let no false beat be given for foe, or friend.
Jesus must know on you he can depend,
Ere he can trust important tasks to you.
Oh, heart of mine, be true! be true!

Be kind! oh, heart of mine!
Patient and sweet to those who do you wrong,
Loving and tender, though you suffer wrong,
Learning from Christ the meek and lowly mind.
Oh, heart of mine, be kind! be kind!

"Love is something so Divine
Description would but make it less;
'Tis what I feel, but can't define,
'Tis what I know, but can't express."

Our thoughts and words tell what we truly believe. Our deeds declare our consciousness. Let any condition fall under our eyes when we know the one Presence and Power, and we shall think, speak and act according to the Truth we know.—*Nana L. Brooks.*

"If men will be like God, they must distribute and bless," says Bishop Warren. "It is better to be a fountain gushing with exuberant abundance for the refreshment of thousands than a pool which receives from many sources and gives out nothing but malaria."

BEN BOLT

AN OLD AND FAVORITE SONG

We give below the original and only correct version of the song as written by its author, Dr. Thomas Dunn English, in 1843 and published Sept. 2 of the same year in The New York New Mirror, whose editors were George P. Morris and N. P. Willis. They had asked Dr. English to help them out with a poem, and he wrote the following stanzas, appending his initials, T. D. E., and sending them with the request that if they did not consider them worth publishing to burn them, and he would send something else later on. They were printed and at once became popular:

Don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt,
Sweet Alice whose hair was so brown,
Who wept with delight when you gave her a smile,
And trembled with fear at your frown?
In the old churchyard in the valley, Ben Bolt,
In a corner obscure and alone,
They have fitted a slab of the granite so gray,
And Alice lies under the stone.

Under the hickory tree, Ben Bolt,
Which stood at the foot of the hill,
Together we've lain in the noonday shade,
And listened to Appleton's mill.
The mill-wheel has fallen to pieces, Ben Bolt,
The rafters have tumbled in,
And a quiet which crawls round the walls as
you gaze,
Has followed the olden din.

Do you mind the cabin of logs, Ben Bolt,
At the edge of the pathless wood,
And the button-ball tree with its motley limbs
Which nigh by the doorstep stood?
The cabin to ruin has gone, Ben Bolt,
The tree you would seek in vain;
And where once the lords of the forests waved
Grows grass and the golden grain.

And don't you remember the school, Ben Bolt,
With the master so cruel and grim,
And the shaded nook in the running brook,
Where the children went to swim?
Grass grows on the master's grave, Ben Bolt,
The spring of the brook is dry,
And of all the boys who were schoolmates then
There are only you and I.

There is change in the things I loved, Ben Bolt,
They have changed from the old to the new,
But I feel in the depths of my spirit the truth,
There never was change in you.
Twelve months twenty have past, Ben Bolt,
Since first we were friends—yet I hail
Thy presence a blessing, thy friendship a truth,
Ben Bolt of the salt-sea gale.

The fault finder, like the intoxicated man, imagines all the world is wrong but himself. He is spiritually sick, but he is not aware of it. By his pernicious habit he makes all his tasks burdens, embitters the sweetest relations between friends, regards life as a great nightmare, and infects the most joyous scenes with gloom, discontent and misery. And then he wonders why he is always sick and ailing, poor and miserable, and why the world is a hell instead of a heaven, never dreaming that he himself makes what he sees and feels.

Just watch now. Next time you say anything agreeable about someone or some thing, see the door of that "Heaven within you" open a little wider than before. And Heaven, in its ultimate, means beauty beyond the greatest poet's imagination; music such as only seraphs make and hear; wealth beyond the dreams of the most avaricious; power greater than all earthly monarchs combined; capacity to travel the universe swifter than the lightning's flash.

LOVE

Love, that magic word of feeling!
What a joy and peace it brings
When two hearts are drawn together
In the shelter of its wings!
How it holds two lives together!
How it cheers us on our way
Through this world of care and sorrow
To the realms of endless day.

When true hearts are rightly mated
And both blended into one,
They will closely cling together
'Till the voyage of life is done;
And when God in His great wisdom
Seeth fit to call them home,
Then the love that here was planted,
Evermore in heaven shall bloom.

For true love is born of heaven,
And is not a thing of earth;
God is love, so says the scripture,
And in Him all things have birth;
Remember then that love is sacred;
God intended men to love,
So he planted in each bosom
One small flower from heaven above.

Time can never kill this blossom,
Age its lustre never dim;
For it is our Maker's image,
And is likened unto Him
Who does all things with kindness,
He who lives and reigns above,
He who knows no change of likeness,
He whose very name is LOVE.

—F. H. RANDELL, Witt, Illinois.

I find in those whom men call ill
So much to recommend them still;
In those whom men have thought divine,
So much there is of sin and blot,
I hesitate to draw the line where God hath not.
—Written by a Convict in the Penitentiary.

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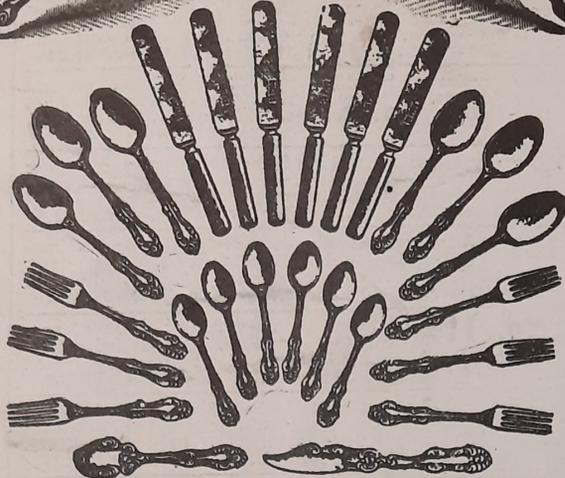


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