

# OF MYSTERIES

A black and white portrait of a young woman with dark, wavy hair. She is wearing a light-colored lace headband with a wide, ruffled band across her forehead. Her hair is styled in soft waves, with some strands falling over her shoulders. She is looking slightly to the left of the camera with a serious, contemplative expression. She is wearing a dark, high-collared garment, possibly a dress or a jacket, with a visible lace or intricate pattern on the collar. The background is dark and out of focus. The overall tone of the image is somber and artistic.

**HEALTH  
HAPPINESS  
PROSPERITY**

PRICE 10 CENTS



# DISEASE CAN BE CURED

## WITHOUT THE USE OF MEDICINE

### WE PROVE IT TO YOU.



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 800 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.

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

When we say disease can be cured without the use of medicine, we mean every word we say. Every word of it is true. We prove it by living witnesses. Not only in one case, nor a hundred cases, but in thousands of cases, where the patients state in joyful satisfaction that they have been cured after their cases had been considered incurable.

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 Thatcher Magnetic Shields, and these cases are sound and well to-day 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 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 have 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 Thatcher Magnetic Shields without any urging from us, because they 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.

## READ THIS POSITIVE INDISPUTABLE EVIDENCE:

### PARALYZED FOR OVER TWO YEARS.

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

Dear Doctor Thatcher:—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 Thatcher, 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 Thatcher 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.

### "THE SHIELDS HAVE SAVED MY LIFE"—EXTREME CASE OF PARALYSIS SPEEDILY CURED.

Dear Dr. Thatcher:—I feel as though I must give my testimonial in hopes that it may induce some poor suffering one afflicted with paralysis to get the shields and be cured who otherwise would give up in despair and die, for the shields have saved my life, which I believe nothing else could ever have done, for, as you said when I came into your office eleven years ago, a poor wreck of myself, so that I had to be half carried and could not help myself, and you were afraid it was too late, but advised that if I was covered up with shields that I might yet be saved. You did nearly cover me with the shields, and they did their work. They started the deadened blood and saved my life, which must otherwise have been of very short duration, for my bowels and stomach had stopped working entirely for nearly a week. They were the same as dead. I had the second stroke. The root of the tongue was also totally paralyzed and the eyes were set; could not move them and the brain was so far gone it felt just like a big basket on my shoulders, and I had to be held up while the shields were being put on, for my whole strength had given out and I think you had little hopes of saving me, but you said you would try, and only for your timely efforts I would not have stayed long. I began to feel better and improve with every hour after I put them on and in eight weeks I was out traveling on the road. I was then past fifty years of age. I am now very much alive, smart and active, and I advise no one to hesitate trying the shields after they know what they have done for me, and I will be glad to answer any letter of inquiry that may come to me from any person suffering with paralysis or similar form of disease.

MRS. M. C. SCHWAGER,  
646 W. 41 St., Chicago, Ill.

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 a full and complete description of your case and let us PROVE TO YOU THAT WE CAN CURE YOU. We will send you free of charge our new book, "A PLAIN ROAD TO HEALTH" by C. J. Thatcher, 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 to-day, 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 keep 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, single power. \$2.00 per pair or three pairs for \$4.00, double power. Send size of shoe when ordering Foot-Batteries.

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



# THE NEW YORK Magazine of Mysteries

"A CHEER-UP MAGAZINE" OF HEALTH, HAPPINESS AND PROSPERITY

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August! Reign, thou month of solar fires.  
Thou art the ripeness of the year!  
Thou art the glowing centre of the circle.  
The lowing herds splash in the sedge.  
The trout seek the deeper pools.  
The wild fowl lead out their young.  
Nature's symphony is audible in the air.  
Love is throbbing in the summer sunlight.  
Everywhere the Golden Light of Love is dawning.

It is spiritual day-break everywhere.  
God's perfume of the woodland-flowers fills us  
with joy and gladness.

Life is overflowing in the holy calm of inward peace and joy.

"Love is an unerring Light,  
And Joy its own security."

Do not waste time, force and energy in following different mental methods to find peace.

God is very nigh unto thee, even in thy heart.  
Thy inner life is from Him.

"Seek first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these shall be added."

First of all, seek God!

Learn to live wisely and helpfully.

Learn to live the divine life on earth.

The Master had mighty power at His command. Yet He used it to teach and demonstrate anew how God, The Holy Life, and the Holy Angels, dwelt and worked in those who love the One Loving Father of All.

He was ever teaching to man the true relation of God.

That is the relation of Father and Child.

Learn to live the simple, joyous, childlike life,  
The Life of Faith and Trust. Remember ever,  
"There is ONE above, who sways the Harmonious destinies of the world."

## THE JOY OF GRATITUDE

If gratitude is due from children to their earthly parents, how much more is the gratitude of the great Human family due to our Father in Heaven.

It is the very perfume of the heart. The aroma of the affections.

As flowers carry dew-drops, trembling on the edges of the petals and ready to fall at the first waft of wind or brush of bird, so the heart should carry its beaded words of thanksgiving, and at the first breath of heavenly flavor, let down the shower, perfumed with the heart's gratitude.

The poem, "I thank thee, O my God," by Lucy Larcom, gives fine expression to the deep, religious vein of gratitude which ran through her glorious nature.—Ed.

## I Thank Thee, O My God!

*By Lucy Larcom*

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

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

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

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

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

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



Letters  
..of..  
Travel

# HEART TALKS

By Helen Van-Anderson

Thoughts  
..by..  
the Way

## INTERESTING VIEWS IN PARIS

It was a soft, balmy afternoon with the mellow golden sunlight flooding mountain and vale, plaza and palace, when we bade adieu to beautiful Florence, and the group of charming friends we had found there. Many a precious memory of loveliness had been added to those already in store, and while we were leaving many pictures behind, we were also carrying many away.

The journey from Florence to Turin and from Turin to Paris was marked by fleeting scenes of high mountains and picturesque valleys too often veiled in a thick mist or frosty fog as we

cared, if only we could get a commanding sight of the real Paris, and its real life and beauty. How much there was to interest and enchain the eye! How much there was to understand in order to interpret this famous and fascinating city that seemed to radiate like the points of a star in every direction. We had no time to consult our guide-book, as we flew along, for it was not so much facts as impressions we desired that first day.

The *Rue de Rivoli*, as you see in picture No. 1, is a broad, beautiful street, and one of the

mens. One of the interesting public squares we saw that day was the *Place du Theatre Francais*, with its fine fountain and large old trees. The *Theatre Francais* is recognized as one of the oldest and most famous of Paris play houses. Comedy and tragedy are both played, and by first-class actors now, as in the early times when the great Moliere directed the players as far back as 1673. The theatre itself is almost obscured in the picture by the foliage, but viewed on the spot, and as one of the old landmarks of Paris, it is quite impressive for so old a structure.

The Madeleine, or Church of St. Mary Magdalen, is built in the style of a Roman temple, and seen from the approaching avenue is grandly imposing. It was intended originally as a *Temple of Glory* by Napoleon, who began its erection on the foundation of an old church of the eighteenth century. Later it was changed into the sacred edifice of the present name, and is considered one of the most interesting and beautiful pieces of architecture in the city. We later visited this building for a closer inspection than a passing glance could give. It is wonderful. Its size, style, colonnade, and splendid doors of bronze, with illustrations of the Ten Commandments, provide food for reflection and instruction for any number of visits, while the interior is a marvel of sculpture, paintings and frescoes. The Madeleine is noted for its sacred music, and draws throngs of foreigners from all nations to hear its orchestral performances.

The first time I saw and entered this beautiful church was just after the death of Pope Leo, and great rolls of crape were being used to drape the vast pillars and altars and statues, both within and without.

But my space is used, and with the promise of a glimpse of further sights and insights, and something about the famous Louvre and some of its wonderful pictures next time, I must close, with a God bless you to all my readers.

### THE POINT OF VIEW

BY WILDIE THAYER.

A bush inclined its haughty head,  
Looked at the ground and proudly said:  
"The flowers around me seem so small,  
Because I am so very tall."

A grand, protecting, mighty tree  
Looked skyward with humility,  
Then meekly bowed its stately head;  
"How small I am," it softly said.



Rue de Rivoli and The Tuilleries

got farther North. By the time we reached Paris, the morning of the second day, the weather was moist and cold, and soon turned into a dismal rain. Having at last collected our various bags and trunks and passed the Customs inspection, we took a carriage for a hotel in the central part of the city. In spite of the drizzling downpour we took note of many interesting buildings, statues, public squares, tree lined avenues and new types of faces and costumes. The early morning aspect of a city is always an interesting study to me, and in the hurrying workman, the sleepy-faced keepers of grocery and meat shops, the trimly dressed clerks or office-delvers, I read many paragraphs from the Paris life book. Facial expressions indicating the grumbler, the philosopher or the stoic, each representing human nature, not only in Paris, but the wide world over, found in me a ready tho' secret response. How natural to grumble at the discomfort of that cold, wet morning! How noble to philosophize in an effort to look beyond the clouds, to the far off sunlit zenith! How brave to face the day and its wetness with the grim fortitude of the stoic!

Yes, I could feel with them all, and at the same time appreciate the wide streets, leafy avenues, cunningly placed fountains, majestic statues, and the mysterious legends in French on every hand.

The rain kept us indoors most of that day, but early the next morning we rose to enjoy the charms of a smiling day in what is one of the most beautifully laid out cities in the world. While Paris is wonderful for the harmonious regularity of its more modern streets, there is a wide diversity and variety in its many and picturesque aspects, old or new. It has been said that our own Capital, beautiful Washington, on the Potomac, is very similar in its plan to Paris, and certainly nothing could be more symmetrical and imposing than the wide avenues, circles and boulevards that characterize both.

Nothing is more novel or exhilarating than a ride on one of those swift-flying motor omnibuses, so on that day of gracious sunshine we climbed the winding stair, and finding a commodious seat, went, we knew not whither, nor

principal thoroughfares, where streams of people and vehicles are passing continually, making a very animated scene at any hour of the busy day. The lamp post in the middle of the street marks an "island" of refuge for foot passengers who wish to cross from one side or the other. In every quarter of the city these "islands" serve as a means of safety, and are often the only protection in the absence of the public guardian, who, in Paris, as in other cities, is often in an unknown spot at the moment his presence is greatly desired. You can better understand the value of this place of safety, when you learn that in Paris it is the pedestrian's part to look out for himself when he is in the street, as it is his responsibility to avoid being run over by carriage or omnibus, and not the driver's! He, therefore, cannot collect anything for damages if he is so careless as to be caught by hoofs or wheels.

The beautiful garden of the Tuilleries is always open, and beyond its stately trees, fountains and statues you catch a glimpse of the highest and most wonderful monument in the world, the Eiffel Tower, of which I will speak another time. Crossing the bridge to the left bank of the Seine we see on the *Monte de Paris*, the highest point of ground in the city on that side of the river, the imposing building called the Pantheon. This church is one of the most noted in Paris and is built in the form of a Greek cross, surmounted by a lofty and beautifully proportioned dome supported by an open Corinthian colonnade. The Pantheon is the resting place of the most illustrious men of letters connected with the history and fortunes of France. Mirabeau, Voltaire and Victor Hugo are among those who were honored by lying in the sacred vaults of the Pantheon.

The garden of the Luxembourg is as beautiful as it appears in this little picture. The statues, the trees, the green sward, with the broad beautifully kept walks intersecting in all directions and leading to the great building known as the Luxembourg Gallery, make one of the many lovely views with which Paris abounds. The principal feature of this square is the display of sculpture of which there are many notable speci-



The Pantheon





Garden of the Luxembourg

## SPIRITUAL EDUCATION



NE of the most honored teachers in the school of "NEW THOUGHT," Mrs. Annie Rix Miltz (in a brilliant article, published in the March number of *Unity*), develops the idea of "SPIRITUAL EDUCATION," in her customary lucid way.

She says in part:

Many of our modern educators are realizing the comparative uselessness of studying certain of the dead languages as a part of a finished education. Seventy years ago a man was considered uneducated who could not translate somewhat of the *Iliad* or parse some of the words in the *Æneid*; whereas to-day a man can be called a scholar of fair attainments whose education may not include ability to write a single Greek word or correctly read one Latin sentence. So do ideas change respecting the learning of the schools, and during the next fifty years we shall see radical changes respecting what it is best for students to spend their days and nights upon in their school work.

Herbert Spencer, one of our authorities upon educational reforms, has done much toward changing the manner of studying history and mathematics, but what does he advocate as the prime thing to be studied in the schools? Physiology. He puts this first, and he has caught the true idea when he brings physiology forward so conspicuously; for to him it represents a means of bringing to the individual that which is of first importance to each member of the human race—perfect life, perfect health. He places that study first in the order of procedure which will be the greatest means of self-preservation. He has not learned *what study* will bring to us the greatest knowledge of how to get health—how to get lasting life, and best of all, how to keep it.

Not all the physiology studying in the world can tell us what life is, nor where it lies, nor what is its cause. Nothing but the study of Life itself can do this. And what have we found that is Life? Those who have earnestly bent all their energies to finding out what Life is, have arrived at the great truth that God is Life. "God is thy life and the length of thy days." "I am the way, the truth and the life." "I am the resurrection and the life."

We cannot recognize Life with the senses; not Life itself, but only the expression of Life, the manifestations of Life. For the Life-essence, the Life principle is ever invisible to the eye of flesh, being everywhere present, working ever toward Good, God. Now it is not physiology we need to study in order to learn the secret of self-preservation, but it is First Principle, and *that* is Life itself. And Life is God, and to study Life is to study God.

There is recorded among some of the ancient histories of the oldest nations of the earth an account of a people who realized that, in order

to acquire that knowledge which was worth most, it was necessary to study First Principle, or, as they termed it, First Cause. This they recognized to be Deity himself.

We read how these students withdrew themselves from the world and how they bent all their energies upon studying First Cause. As they studied upon Causing Power, they found themselves acquiring marvelous gifts, becoming causing powers themselves, although they had not studied with any idea of such strange results, had not studied with any such object in view. They found themselves acquiring wonderful control over their own

the early biblical days, or 1,800 years ago, or right in our own generation.

We become like that which we study. The man who searches into old volumes, not for truth, but just because they are old, becomes like those old books, dry as dust and lifeless and still; the entomologist, the man who studies bugs and flies, is thin and jerky and silent, just like the poor coleoptera he pins to his hat; the mathematician squares all his ways by the rule of three. We are like what we study, and those men who studied Causing Power became causing powers themselves, and they ruled the winds and the waves at their will; they caused the rains to fall and the clouds to flee away at their word; the waters of the sea obeyed them, and the birds of the air brought them food. Nothing seemed impossible to those who studied First Cause. Those who study Spirit—God is Spirit—become spiritual; those who study mind become mental powers; those who study Life become filled with the life force and energy which is the secret of success. Those who study Health—Divine health—become healthful and health-giving. They overflow with health, and all who come into their presence feel their health increased and their life energies reinforced. As man shall realize that all true knowledge may come to him only through studying First Cause, then he will begin to search for spiritual truth and not spend so much time learning about the knowledge that profiteth nothing—that is foolishness beside spiritual knowledge, of which it is the shadow, and a very faint and imperfect shadow.

Spiritual knowledge includes all that seems necessary to be known in material things. Jesus says, "Seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you."

Thrift does not require superior courage, nor superior intellect, nor any superhuman virtue. It merely requires common sense, and the power of resisting selfish enjoyments. It needs no fervent resolution, but only a little self-denial.

Mere hoarding is death to prosperity. If everyone in the business world simply saved all he could, and laid it away in feather-beds or old stockings, complete stagnation would soon overtake everything, and no business could be done.

Whatever be your talents, whatever be your prospects, never speculate away on a chance of a palace that which you may need as a provision against the workhouse.

No proud, self-respecting person can ever be happy, or even satisfied, who has to be dependent upon others for his necessary wants. He who

is dependent has not reached the full measure of manhood and can hardly be counted among the worthy citizens of the republic.

SWEET mercy is nobility's true badge.




Théâtre Français

bodies; they discovered that the elements were obedient to their words—they acquired the same knowledge that has always come to all devoted students of all time, men who walked with God, whether they lived 20,000 years ago or during



The Church of the Madeleine





# The Mystic Success Club

Health, Wealth, a Long, Useful and Blessed Career for You

"No Enterprise Is Too Venturesome, No Effort Too Daring"

*To accomplish great things one must do the small and simple duties of life thoroughly.—A MYSTIC.*

*The whole world around us, and the whole world within us, are ruled by law.—THE DUKE OF ARGYLL.*

## Conditions for Success

There is a cause for success and there is a cause for failure. Certain small and simple acts lead to failure or success. Listen to the Mystic Adepts. They can help you to lead yourself out of all woe, misery, chaos and confusion. Why live continually in disease, failure and misfortune? Why be a slave of grief, pain and despair? Why not live in a continual and blessed state of Peace and undeviating success and good fortune? Come, dear ones, join the Mystic Success Club and live in a full, rich tide of life here and now and forever.

Right yourself where you are wrong.

Turn thyself to the Light.

Cure thyself of all ills.

Wake thyself from sloth.

How shall you do this?

Join the Mystic Success Club and forever banish the woes and miseries of life.

Live the Life of Joy, Peace and happiness.

The lessons of the Mystic Way teach that the cause is in your own Inner Life! There is an easy and simple way to attain Permanent Peace, Joy, Success and Happiness.

Read about the Mystic Success Club in this issue of the Magazine.

Each morning after prayers and reading the Mystic Scroll instructions—stand by the open window silently for a few moments. Think of God and the Angels and the Higher Powers and the unseen forces.

Then *inhale* in a deep breath, each separately, Love, Light, Guidance, Direction, Hope, Cheerfulness and Success. These seven blessings! As you *inhale*, accept them to yourself and as you *exhale*, send each one forth to all.

You will feel great and blessed vibrations, which will thrill your whole being.

Indescribable joy, peace and blessings come with these vibrations. You will feel so strong, so happy, so blissful, so free and light of heart.

Your soul aflame with Joy and your heart bubbling over with thanksgiving to your Father in Heaven.

May God greatly bless our work.

This is the way to go forth for your day's work. Thus you are full of force and power. Thus are you filled with Divine Love for all of God's Creations.

Every loving thought we send forth does good somewhere. The good and loving thoughts of our thousands of members, joining with the power of the great souls over our heads, go forth in blessing and go forth to Bless.

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 fulness 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.

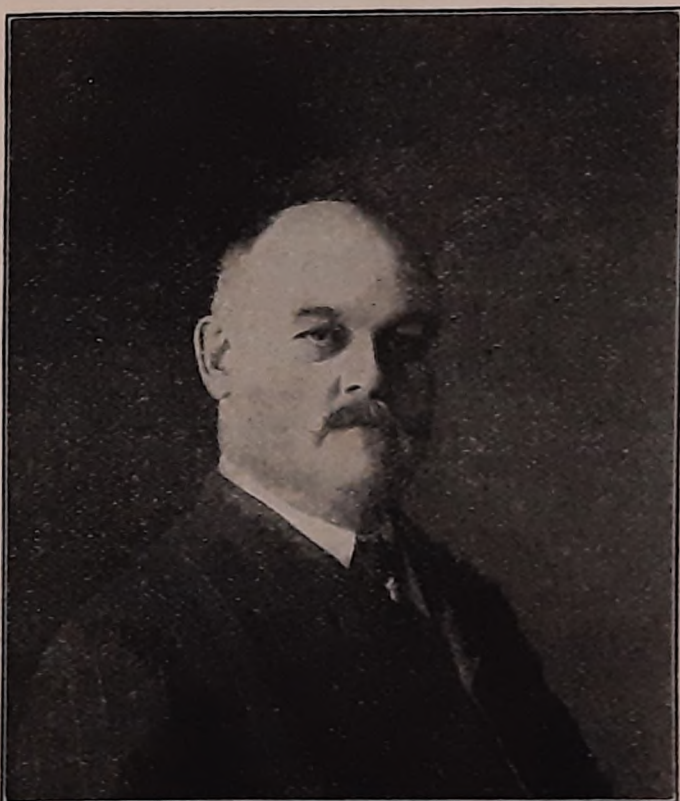
Read each month about THE MYSTIC SUCCESS CLUB.

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.

### HOW TO HELP THE UNFORTUNATE

THIS morning, when looking over the daily paper and noting the usual amount of terrible happenings, the thought occurred to me, "what a mighty corrective power we, the people, who believe in the effect of thought might exercise, in helping the unfortunate of every name and class, if, when seeing these items in the daily papers, instead of criticizing, condemning, and perhaps cursing, we should breathe a prayer for the unfortunate, and calling the name, send out thoughts of loving kindness, charity and help. In thought talk with them, present truth in gentle terms, appeal to their higher self. Think of them as part of ourselves—members of one great family. Give them tender consideration, as a loving mother correcting a wayward child.

Think how the power we call God bears with all our stumbling, falling, groping. Think of the terrible weight we put upon them when we think hard thoughts. How can they rise when we, who call ourselves honest, just and true, so load them down? Is it any wonder they go from bad to worse? And are not we, in a measure, responsible? Indeed are we not abettors in the crime?

Think on these things, my beloved people, and let us rise to the occasion that demands the best thoughts of every true man and woman who longs to see the world grow better. Commence now, this day. Can you imagine the power of that overwhelming current of divine compassion, which thousands of earnest persons centred on true thought, can create, when that thought is directed simultaneously to one God-like end?

Also, when people talk of war let us hold the thought of peace.

L. F. S.

### DANCE OF THE DREAMS

When dreams decide to have a dance  
They wax the forest floor;  
The fiddlers of the faery come  
To play the cobweb score.

A moonbeam lady leads the waltz,  
And then the dreams chasser  
Until the golden dawn streams in  
To chase them all away.

### CHRIST THE ROCK

BY CHARLES EDGAR PRATHER

I

My hope is built on nothing less  
Than Christ's own Word and righteousness;  
I always trust the voice within  
To keep me free from death and sin.

II

No doubt can dim, no fear alarm,  
When to His Truth I do conform;  
In every seeming trial I stand  
Triumphant in the great I AM.

III

Forever happy in the truth,  
My soul still blossoms in its youth;  
Nor shall it ever fade or die,  
For Truth once known brings all things nigh.  
—Power.

### GENTLENESS IS REAL STRENGTH

"Weakness is always rough," said Dr. Hillis recently. "Only giants can be gentle. Tenderness is an inflection of strength. No error can be greater than to suppose that gentleness is mere absence of vigor. Weakness totters and tugs at its burden. When the dwarf that attended Ivanhoe at the tournament lifted the bleeding sufferer, he staggered under his heavy burden. Weakness made him stumble and caused the wounded knight intense pain. When the giant of the brawny arm and the unconquered heart came, he lifted the unconscious sufferer like a feather's weight, and without a jar bore him away to a secure hiding place for healing and recovery. He who studies the great men of yesterday—aye, of to-day!—will find in the last analysis that gentleness is a test of gianthood, and fine consideration of the measures of manhood is the gauge of personal works."—Selected.

Few in this present age doubt the existence and supremacy of an eternal, universal and infinite force or intelligence that orders all things in a perfect way. Superstition born of ignorance and fanaticism no longer obscures, perverts and corrupts the minds of men to the extent that it did only a little while back: men in this age of thought and reason refuse to have a small, petty God, whose chief attributes are anger and wrath, and are now comprehending the real, great God of the whole universe. The smaller our God, the smaller our progress and civilization; little minds have little Gods.

HAVE YOU RECOMMENDED THIS  
MAGAZINE TO ANY FRIEND  
OF YOURS?

GOD IS LOVE, THAT LOVE  
SURROUNDS US.

PURE LOVE ENVIETH NOT.

### WAKING THOUGHTS

"Another day God gives me, pure and white  
How can I make it holy in his sight?  
Small means have I, and but a narrow sphere,  
Yet work is round me, for he placed me here.  
How can I serve thee, Lord? Open mine eyes;  
Show me the duty that around me lies.

"The house is small, but human hearts are there,  
And for this day at least beneath thy care.  
Someone is sad—then speak a word of cheer;  
Someone is lonely—make him welcome here;  
Someone has failed—protect him from despair;  
Someone is poor—there's something you can spare!

"Thine own heart's sorrow mention but in prayer,  
And carry sunshine with thee everywhere.  
The little duties do with all thine heart  
And from things sordid keep a mind apart;  
Then sleep, my child, and take a well-earned rest,  
In blessing others thou thyself art blest!"



## GET WELL AND KEEP WELL

This you may do through Spiritual or  
Divine Healing

Write to Mystic No. 12

## OUR GREAT PROGRESS

What is this hue and cry about the "sins" and "evils" of our intense modern life? Look back only a few years and examine man in his brutishness and animality and darkness and make a fair and honest comparison of the Then with the Now and then see if man and the world are not much better than they ever were. To hear some preachers and teachers one would think God and His world is a complete failure; then conception of life is that it is going backwards instead of onward, forward and upward. These dreadful shrieks from a pessimistic pulpit and press are less and less, because progressive man does not take them seriously. Pessimism would be a huge joke if it were not so pitiable. Our intense modern life is *doing* and *accomplishing* great needed works, and is not so baneful as superficial observers and thinkers dream it is. This is a big age, and we must have big things. This is the Soul Age. Croakers and "evil"-hunters are much disturbed, because they are always far behind the times—far behind progress. In all ages we have men and women, who through lack of light, intelligence and optimism, prefer to moan and groan and wallow in the mire of pessimism and be great sufferers, than to vibrate with joy, peace, progress, bliss and harmony. These non-progressive and anti-this and anti-that souls prefer to live in the Old than the New and Now, and are more or less a clog in all advancement, improvement, progress and civilization. But they are quickly being left behind in the Eternal March and have less and less influence each succeeding day. The pessimistic preacher has no chance with the optimistic minister; one repels souls by his libel on God and preaches more and more to empty pews, while the other attracts and holds souls because he ministers to them, and gives them soul-food and not husks and mind-poison. Men do not want to hear about the impotence of God; they want to know about His mighty love; they want to hear of progress; they want light, truth and life—more sunshine. And that is exactly what they are getting in most part in this blessed New Age.

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast" and "Our Magazine" rejoices in the Present Sunshine of GOOD CHEER.

## EIGHTY YEARS YOUNG

Someone once asked a woman how it was she kept her youth so wonderfully. Her hair was snowy white, she was eighty years old, and her energy was waning; but she never impressed one with the idea of her age, for her heart was still young in sympathy and interests. And this was her answer: "I knew how to forget disagreeable things. I tried to master the art of saying pleasant things. I did not expect too much of my friends. I kept my nerves well in hand, and did not allow them to bore other people. I tried to find any work that came to hand congenial. I retained the illusions of my youth, and did not believe 'every man a liar' and every woman spiteful. I did my best to relieve the misery I came in contact with, and sympathized with the suffering. In fact, I tried to do to others as I would be done by, and you see me, in consequence, reaping the fruits of happiness and a peaceful old age."

The Air itself is full of life and joy and vitality. Blessed Atmosphere of Peace and Strength.

## MEASURE OF MIND

Measure your mind's height by the shade it casts.—Robert Browning.

As the mind is open and deep it is broad and high, and is the greatest instrument man has for force and power to do.

An open mind is a quiet, calm and serene mind, and is thus receptive to all the unseen powers and forces in the universe which make for peace, harmony and melody.

Our greatest glory is in having an open, clean, pure mind; we are then *enraptured* with the mighty Angels and the Angel World—we live in two blessed worlds at once.

Man ennoble himself to the extent that he keeps his mind open to the light of truth, and the shadows of an open mind are always cooling and soothing to himself and all who come into his presence.

"He most of all doth bathe in bliss, that hath a quiet mind."

An open, deep, broad and high mind is always filled with a full measure of joy and bliss.

Man becomes great and powerful and peaceful and helpful through *knowledge* born of universal love, and oneness with the ALL. Man always needs more *knowledge* and less *belief*; to *know* is one thing, and to *believe* is another. Man is free and forceful as he is at one with the Omniscient One—the blessed, All-knowing One. At one with the All-Good, man is more than man! Blessed truth! That, which explains *all*, is within *your* own soul, beloved. Why seek here, and there, and everywhere for *that* which is nearer to you than your own thoughts? Go into the Silence and commune with the ever Present Help, within your own soul.

## MY DESIRE

Mine be the song of hope,  
Sung by the love of singing,  
Struck from the chord of life  
With golden joybells ringing.

Mine be the harp of love,  
Swept by the Master's fingers,  
Sounding the note of truth,  
Where grace with beauty lingers.

Mine be the life of peace,  
The heart a calm lake mirror,  
Drawing the stars of heaven  
To earth a little nearer.

—MAGLYN DUPREE.

Reason and Truth are now at the basis of Life, with the result that the world was never better.

Each succeeding day our preachers and teachers talk less about the power of "sin" and "evil," with the result that the world improves and advances. When we ignore "sin" and "evil" entirely and give all our time, force, energy and intelligence in singing only glad songs about the mighty and everlasting love and power of God, and what the Spirit can do for man, "sin" and "evil" will be overcome and cease. In psychology and metaphysics we come to know that if we want discord we must continually put before the mind pictures of discord and disorder. Our "don't's" and our "thou shalt not's" only suggest to perverse minds to do that which makes for inharmony. The crowning purpose of man is to not fight, to not hate, but to love and be sane.

## THE HIGHER CHRISTIAN STOICISM

In his baccalaureate sermon President HADLEY extolled the Stoic:

"We are in the midst of a universe," says the Stoic, "whose purposes we do not fully understand. But certain things are clear. It is clear that the universe has an underlying order; it is clear that this order is not arranged with a view to our own individual happiness as its primary object. There are two ways," says the Stoic, "of attempting to meet this conflict. Either we can try to bring the order of the universe into line with our own individual desires, or we can try to bring our own individual desires into line with the order of the universe. The first is the part of a child—of a child who reaches out his hand for the moon and cries because he cannot get it. The last is the way of a man, who, knowing that he cannot get the moon, is content to make the most of the light that the moon gives him."

"Neither as a Nation nor as individuals," says Yale's President, "are we intelligent enough to put the matter on no higher basis for a philosophy of life which should seek to make calculated self-interest the guide of our conduct." Such a philosophy "may wreck the individual, and must certainly wreck the Nation that adopts it." Sacrifices are required. One must lose his life to save it.

Man is "placed on this isthmus of a middle state, a being darkly wise and rudely great." It is important to get on to "God's side." This can only be done by right aims, right methods, and right purposes. Do good and so become good. So says the "Magazine of Mysteries."

THE REMARKABLE POWER  
OF THIS MYSTIC MAGAZINE

The Mystics connected with the New York MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES, in a direct and indirect way have great Psychic powers to do grand and good works.

The mere reading and handling of this magazine will, in a certain mystic way, bring you into the Holy Vibrations which make for LOVE, LIGHT, LIFE, JOY, HEALTH, POWER, PROSPERITY, PROGRESS and HAPPINESS.

Do you feel NEW LIFE VIBRATIONS when you take it up and read it?

God is here! He is OMNIPRESENT. Hold in your mind when you read or handle this magazine the great thought—God is HERE! His angels are ever present, their influence is ever ready to help you and lift you into Truth and Right.

Each and every month the Mystic Adepts put into this magazine Holy Words that are *All-powerful* to uplift the soul.

Everyone who knows of it marvels at the attracting and upholding and uplifting powers of the MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES.

Read and be blessed. Read and ponder. Remember God is here.

This is the age of a GREAT AWAKENING in the SPIRIT.

## THE THOUGHT OF THIS AGE

The Present Thought stands for forming character here and now that man may not only make the most of life now, but that he may establish order for all time. Character building is the principle work of all progressive men and women, and the upbuilding of character is man's greatest work and leads him and his fellows to the Most High; it is the preliminary to the upbuilding of a high and lasting civilization.

THE MYSTIC ADEPTS ARE WORKING FOR UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD—FOR PEACE ON EARTH, GOOD WILL TO MEN!





Julia Ward Howe

## JULIA WARD HOWE'S VISION

THE ERA  
OF  
PERFECT LOVE

Julia Ward Howe has had a remarkable vision of a new era for mankind. Telling of the vision, she said:

"One night recently I experienced a sudden awakening. I had a vision of a new era which is to dawn for mankind and in which men and women are battling equally, unitedly, for the uplifting and emancipation of the race from evil.

"I saw men and women of every clime working like bees to unwrap the evils of society and to discover the whole web of vice and misery, and to apply the remedies and also to find the influences that should best counteract evil and its attending suffering.

"There seemed to be a new, a wondrous, ever-permeating light, the glory of which I cannot attempt to put in human words—the light of new-born hope and sympathy blazing. The source of this light was human endeavor—immortal purpose of countless thousands of men and women, who were equally doing their part in the world.

"I saw the men and the women, standing side by side, shoulder to shoulder, a common, lofty and indomitable purpose, lighting every face with a glory not of this earth. All were advancing with one end in view, one foe to trample, one everlasting good to gain.

"And then I saw the victory. All of evil was gone from the earth. Misery was blotted out. Mankind was emancipated and ready to march forward in a new era of human understanding, all-encompassing sympathy and ever-present help. The era of perfect love, of peace, passing understanding."

Julia Ward Howe, the famous author of the *Battle Hymn of the Republic*, and the widow of Dr. Samuel G. Howe, whose life was ever given for noble objects—whether he was working for the freedom of the Greeks, or for the sightless children of the Blind Asylum. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe is a type of the genuine American Lady. Always young, always helpful for Liberty, Progress and Right. Surrounded in her declining days by her lovely daughters and by troops of friends who are ever interested in her and her glorious Ideals.

Ring in the Peace that is to be.

### DIFFUSE CHEERFULNESS

"Give them a cheer." A host of weary, toiling men and women are to-day calling loudly for cheering words and helpful ministries. Do not keep the cheer that would bless them lying idly in your hearts or tremblingly unsaid upon your lips to scatter around their tombs when they are dead. Bring the flowers that you are keeping for their coffins and strew them along their paths to-day while they are alive to inhale their sweet fragrance.

"Give them a cheer." Words of honest praise will spoil no man. If you gain a blessing from a sermon or a prayer, it will encourage the preacher to hear you say so. If some one's holy living, strengthens you and helps you on to a better life would he not be happier to know of the unconscious influence he is exerting?

"Give him a cheer." No matter where, or when, or how you come into contact with poor, struggling human souls, lend them a hand—give them a cheer that will help them to live better, nobler lives.—*Christian Weekly*.

### AN ANGEL IN THE HOUSE

When you are world-weary and soul-sick, talk with a little child. As the clear, trusting eyes are lifted to yours, a thought of the immeasurable distance you have blindly traveled from that sweet trust will touch the world-frozen fountain of your tears; and just as the little head, unquestioning and confiding, leans upon your breast, so will you yearn instinctively for the all-Father, whose loving arms are our best and safest shelter. That man or woman must, indeed, be past redemption whom "the little one in the midst" cannot bring nearer heaven.

### THE GOLDEN AGE

O, the Golden Age is coming,  
It's dawning everywhere;  
Its light is on the hilltops,  
Its breath is in the air.  
The hopes of men in bondage,  
The promises of God,  
Are written in the rainbow  
That's springing from the sod.

O, the Golden Age is coming,  
When each shall live for all,  
The workman in the cottage,  
The statesman in the hall.  
"Am I my brother's keeper?"  
Shall never then be said,  
But, "I am my brother's brother,"  
Shall all men say instead.

—MARY A. LATIMBURY.

We went into the wood, and there we found  
Dear blue-eyed blossoms scattered here and there.  
Each with its lot content, no matter where;  
Naught cared if lowly head scarce cleared the ground.

These lovely blooms taught us a lesson clear;  
For others now we'll smile, and gladly share  
Our joys with those whose griefs far greater bear;  
If dark our lot, we may bring others cheer.

### ONE REASON WHY THIS MAGAZINE IS SO SUCCESSFUL

Killing for "sport" is cruel. Blessed are the merciful. They shall obtain mercy.

Birds and beasts cannot speak for themselves, so we, among many voices, must speak for them and ask for kindness for them.

Killing for sport is cruel and cruelty reacts and brutalizes the soul of man.

Kindness is goodness and Goodness is of God. The Higher Power favors the children of kindness, and looks upon them as humble co-workers.

Animals should not be slaughtered to make an American holiday.

Read the book, "Meat Substitutes" and learn to eat wholesome food and purify the body.

Cruelty toward the animal creation below man is to be condemned because of its inevitable immoral reaction on the man himself.

"When a man gets religion aright his horse soon finds it out."

### WOMAN'S LOVE

If there is anything infinite it is woman's love, and when it disappoints all the philosophy of the sages fail. Over the mire-besmeared sinner it spreads its wings like a benediction and while a scolding world jeers, it stands firm as the rock of Gibraltar dashed by the waves of the Mediterranean. Because of woman's great love no one can be damned. God will forgive woman who have loved "too well" because he is Love. The man sinner he will forgive because at the bar of Justice there will stand some woman who loves him to plead his cause. Therefore, even if the orthodox religion be true, love will save the world.

But woman's love is sometimes almost contemptible in its sacrifice and its servility. To see a woman defending and trying to protect a drunken, abusive husband is nothing short of nauseous to the onlooker. It has been said that there can be no love without respect. This is true with some natures. But there are natures that love after all respect is gone. No woman can respect a man who makes a sot of himself and treats her as a slave, but she has proven that she can love him. Oh woman, what a creature thou art, and yet I would not have you different where love is concerned.

—VIDA EARL.

Cloudlet, sailing o'er the sky,  
Thou art nearer God than I;  
Tell me, canst thou feel him nigh?  
Mountain, with thy forehead white  
Ever lifted day and night,  
Speak! What voices fill the height?

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?

### A FAMOUS ADDRESS

BY DR. E. E. HALE

At Farwell Hall, Chicago, we had the pleasure of organizing the Illinois Humane Society. The meeting had two principal attractions. First, the best organist of the city, who wanted forty dollars for his services but consented to play for twenty dollars, which we were glad to pay from our own pocket; and, second, one of the best addresses that Edward Everett Hale, whom, happening to be in Chicago at the time, we succeeded in securing, ever gave in his whole life. It was an address, as a prominent Chicago lady remarked at the close of the meeting, which sounded, among the other addresses like a great cathedral bell among little bells, and the substance of it was that human beings and animals were all in the same boat, and if children were permitted to become cruel to animals they would also become cruel to their own race; while if they were taught kindness to animals, they would become more kind in all the relations of life.

—GEO. T. ANGELL.

THE MYSTIC ADEPTS ARE WORKING FOR UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD;—FOR PEACE ON EARTH—GOOD WILL TO MEN!

### PROOFS OF GOD'S GOODNESS

We go to our philosophers to prove the existence of God; we go to our metaphysical philosophers to prove the goodness of God; and sad, sad, is it to say that if we read their proofs, we are like a thirsty people that want to get near springs of cool running water and drink until their thirst is quenched. It is Miss F. P. Cobbe who has said that if there were no other proofs in the world of God's goodness, the flowers would supply them in abundance. And she says: "Why has God made these flowers? They are little joys. They come as gently and as unnoticed as a mother's kiss upon a sleeping child. You love them. They bring good to you." She says further: "Can you give any conceivable reason for the existence of flowers, at least for their beauty and perfume?" You cannot drink their beauty, you cannot drink their perfume. You cannot make medicine of their beauty and their perfume. Those qualities in plants that give nourishment to the body or that cure the ailments of the body are not the beauty and the perfume of the flower which we so much love. Geologists tell us that we have but very few traces of flowers in those epochs prior to the coming of man, and even those few flowers were simple and had but little coloring, just little vessels for the ripening of seed. Flowers in all their rich beauty and perfume, in their great, lovely gladness, are associated with man, given to man for his joy out of the goodness of God.

Know how sublime a thing it is  
To suffer and be strong.—*Longfellow*.

CULTIVATE HEALTH INSTEAD OF TREATING DISEASE.



# 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"

### INDIVIDUALITY

BY MYSTIC NO. 12.

All we like sheep have gone astray. Isaiah 53, 6.

Suppose some one from Europe should land from a balloon in the "Great Dismal Swamp" of America.

Suppose such a person after wandering around for days in this swamp should be rescued and taken quickly to Europe again.

That person's knowledge of America would be of a very peculiar and morbid kind.

Some people have been lost for many years in the "dismal swamp" called poor health.

They have only known the sick part of themselves.

They have thought of sickness, read of sickness, been told of sickness, taken medicine for sickness, until the mind and body have become sick.

And year after year they continue to grope in the swamp of gloom, sorrow and weakness.

Yet they do not die.

They have gone astray like sheep.

Sheep are the most helpless of animals.

Having always had the care of a shepherd, when they get away from the fold they are helpless.

So human beings when they get away from God are the most miserable and helpless creatures imaginable.

We read in Genesis 6, 5.

And God saw that the wickedness of man was great in the earth, and that every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually.

Here we find the imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually.

This brings us to the condition of many who always remain sick.

They imagine only evil and sickness of themselves continually.

They go to church but they get no health.

They hear the same bible texts that they have heard for years.

It has no more effect upon them than water is said to have on a duck's back.

It does not change the heart.

Now please notice the verse does not say the thoughts of his MIND was only evil continually, but that the thoughts of his HEART was only evil continually.

I once met Jerry McAuley and heard him talk.

It was a change of heart that made Jerry McAuley a new man in Christ Jesus.

I am not preaching any new doctrine.

I am preaching the old doctrine but I am presenting it to you in a new way.

Familiarity with the old way has bred contempt.

It has failed to reach the minds and hearts of many because they have failed to get understanding.

Many are the ways of helping humanity today.

The Salvation Army, Christian Science, Physical Culture, Young Men's Christian Associations and churches of all denominations are trying in their own way to "help humanity."

Let me quote from two letters recently received:

"I have received two lessons and I study them daily. I can not understand there is no evil in the world, for it appeared in the Garden of Eden and in the Old Testament there was much evil, for God Himself punished evil doers. He acknowledged by so doing, the existence of 'evil.'"

Now the writer of this letter seems to have failed to grasp the spirit of the New or Old Testament. Read Isaiah, Chapter 52 and 53.

Salvation and redemption: Sickness is one form of evil.

We know there is sickness and we know there is evil.

Because we know there is sickness and evil is the reason why we try to overcome evil and sickness.

That is the mission of The Twelve Healing Lessons of The Advanced Class of The Mystic Healing Circle.

We are told in God's Word to overcome evil with Good.

Now every day of our lives we are to overcome evil with good.

As long as we do evil in thought, word or deed, we are not solving our problem of life aright.

The child at school learns to add, multiply and subtract from the books of his school.

Yet when he becomes a book-keeper he may have to work many days to find the reason why his books do not balance.

Finally he finds he has added wrongly and brought confusion to his trial balance.

He does not blame his school book. No: he knows he has made an error.

So in each individual life we must solve our problem of life by Right Living and Right Thinking.

Jesus said unto him, "Why callest thou me good? There is none good but one; that is God." Mark 10.18.

We must understand as God our Father is always creating, so each day we can create new and good conditions by right living and right thinking.

God's Word is full of promise when we overcome evil in ourselves and earnestly seek to live as God would have us live.

The trouble with the sick is right here; all the people around them have gone astray like sheep.

They have lost their way.

The blind cannot lead the blind.

Now let me quote to you from a member of The Mystic Healing Circle who has received eight of the healing lessons.

Dear Mystic No. 12.

I send you P. O. order for one dollar.

Please send the ninth lesson in healing.

I thank my dear Father-Mother every day and hour for the good the lessons are doing me and others. I thank Him for the MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES. That first gave me the key that first opened my eyes to the blessed truth. I am trying to live the true life and I am so much better and happier.

All is peace and harmony. God has opened my eyes to my own weakness and faults. I was suffering with rheumatism and other imaginary ailments.

I am free from them all now for which I am so thankful to my dear Father for all the mercy I receive.

I have worked very hard, but strength has been given me.

If you wish to publish any part of this use only the initials.

Yours in Christian Love,  
J. K.

This letter also teaches the value of continuity.

Remember these words:

"A little learning is a dangerous thing; Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian Spring."

Every member of The Mystic Healing Circle should read the NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES each month.

As the sick look for a word that tells of some one being helped whose trouble or sickness was like theirs, I am going to ask for testimonials telling what way you have been helped by using Grains, Milk, Fruit, etc., instead of flesh meats.

I am sure you can help the sick in this way.

Now, just a few practical words.

Evil imaginations, bad advice and ignorance have led many into trouble.

Having got into evil conditions they have not found the way out of the swamp of despair.

First—remember it is the Vital Force that is the Curative Force.

As you change your relation to this vital or curative force, so you change from disease to ease.

Place a branch near a morning glory and see how quickly the morning glory will grow toward the branch.

Believe in God's vital force within you.

Relate yourself properly to this vital force by using pure unstimulating food. Wheat, Corn, Rye, Oats, Rice, Dates, Milk, Fruit, nuts, etc.



Wheat when properly ground cleanses the system because the bran helps stomach, liver and bowels. When the bowels move freely each day, the impurities of the system are cast out.

Get away from the use of white flour. White flour causes constipation, and constipation is the root of many evils.

Dates can be bought in the original package very cheaply.

The change of season gives us a change from the early strawberry to the grape and apple.

Oranges are brought to us.

Pineapples come from the South.

For a change we go to the garden for asparagus lettuce, beans, peas, etc.

Eat ye that which is good.

Keep the blood good and pure.

Pure food makes pure blood.

Sin is old.

Disease is old. Read the seventh Chapter of Proverbs.

The twenty-third verse says:

*Till a dart strike through his liver.*

William Hanna Thomson, M. D., LL.D. in *Everybody's Magazine* says:

"Insanity is not a brain disease" but a blood disease. Use fruit freely.

Should you wish to cleanse the liver use a little wheat bran each day to give the bowels a more healthy action.

When you help the bowels by the use of bran and bran bread you help the liver.

For the stomach, liver and bowels may be called one.

What helps one, helps the others.

I have known of swamp land that at one time was worth only one dollar an acre.

After the State dug ditches to drain the land and the old stumps were removed and God's sunshine allowed to shine on the land it sold for \$300 an acre and was worth it because celery and onions of a most superior quality could be grown on this land. So your heart and mind may be changed from doubt, and fear, and despair by letting in God's Laws of Life.

Remember also that much waste material is thrown out through the pores of the skin.

Therefore take such baths as are cleansing.

Water has a mystic value.

It cleanses.

Drink freely of pure water.

Soft water is best.

Never take a bath when very much exhausted.

Live out of doors as much as possible.

Love the sunlight.

There is life in it. Take sun baths.

Take air baths.

Speak Words of Life. You can change negation to a full realization of God's Wonderful Words of Life.

Daniel was a strong personality.

He lived an individual life different from the lives of those about him.

"Dare to be a Daniel.

Dare to stand alone.

Dare to have a purpose formed—

Dare to make it known."

## Our Experience Circle

### LIFE

Dear Mystic No. 12:

Inclosed you will find one dollar for another month's Vibrations commencing April 9th.

Now I must tell you some of my experience since I have taken your Treatment beginning March 9th. I think I wrote you I was so weak I could scarcely walk two blocks. I continued to grow weaker (from loss of blood), till, when I got your Vibrations, I could scarcely walk at all, but I would not give up for I was watching for the Vibrations; I simply knew they were coming. I was sitting in God's beautiful sunshine when, all at once, I grew so sleepy that I simply had to lie down, and immediately dropped into a deep sleep. I slept for one hour, and when I awoke was better. The hemorrhage had stopped, and hasn't returned. I have thoroughly enjoyed the Seven Printed Messages, and shall try to go through the year with you as I want these Lessons, but must send it by the month as my husband knows nothing about it that he or I am in Vibrations.

Now I must tell you something of him. When I received your message he was drinking some, but kept on till it was the hardest drinking spell I think I ever saw him in. All at once he stopped and said all his old associates, even those that sold the drink, had turned him down, and he could not understand it, but of course I did.

When I opened my Bible to the verses referred to it came over me so suddenly and quietly that all was well. Do you know, Dear Mystic, that those verses never looked or seemed to me as they did then. I shall anxiously await the next Lessons. I am feeling so well again. Yours in God's love,

E.

## GOD GREATLY BLESSES THE VIBRATIONS FOR HEART TROUBLE

Dear Brother:

I had during the winter what the doctors called enlargement of the heart, also a leakage. They had me badly frightened, and my heart was apparently in bad shape, so much so, I had to quit work. I was not even permitted to walk fast or do any lifting. In fact I had to keep over-quiet.

About February, 1st week, I wrote you for special treatment. Think I wrote on Thursday; on Monday or Tuesday evening following, my wife and I were sitting by the stove. I felt a great change in my condition; my heart stopped pounding, and beat as quietly and regularly as if in a perfect normal condition, and it has continued to do so ever since. I have the best of health now and can perform hard labor with as little fatigue as I could ten years ago. I am now in my 68th year. I know it was through your instrumentality and through our Heavenly Father that all this change came about, giving me this comfort and peace.

N.

# 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.

## YOU HAVE HELPED ME

Mystic No. 12, Dear Brother:

Please find inclosed one dollar for which send one month's Healing Vibrations. My last month expired about the 8th of March.

Am much better than I have been for years; my mind clearer and stronger. Feel so much closer to God; thanks to you for leading me; your kind strong words have helped me to understand the Bible better. Oh, you have helped me more than I can tell you. I would not be without your Healing Vibrations and the Magazine of Mysteries a month for anything, if I could help it.

Dear Mystic may God bless and keep helping you in your noble and blessed work.

Sincerely yours,

Mrs. M. G. B.

## DIFFERENT

Mystic Adept No. 12, Dear Sir:

I received your printed messages and I feel so much better since I commenced with your Vibrations; I don't feel the same at all.

Wishing you every success in your good work, I remain, yours truly,

Mrs. W. C.

## INSTANTANEOUS

Mystic No. 12, Dear Sir:

I am rejoiced to tell you my healing was instantaneous, or seemed so to me. I had been afflicted for 22 months, and the week I wrote was worse than ever. I was so bad off and weak I was afraid I could not keep up, and if my folks knew how ill I was, they would get the doctor before my letter reached you. I knew from my own experience and others (one I know who has the same disease for 20 years and the doctors can't heal him) that medicine would not help me. I did not dare to eat graham, milk or cream, fruit or vegetables, but ate mostly browned crackers. I got well the day I got your letter; thought I could not get much worse, so eat graham very moderately for supper, and have been eating it; also cream, eggs, rhubarb, vegetables and fruit for three weeks now; and keep perfectly well. It don't seem possible. I can hardly believe it myself. At first I got hungry and if I eat near what I wanted, it made me sick, but I can eat till I am satisfied now, and have not had the least relapse of my chronic disease. It is most wonderful to me, for I had studied four courses of lessons at different times during the last 17 years, all in line with your teachings; have generally four or five magazines or papers in that line. Have taken the Magazine of Mysteries for six years; it is the most uplifting and helpful reading I find and tried so much. I only weigh 94 pounds and am not strong but getting stronger, and when I have taken your full course of Lessons and Treatment, I am sure I will be all right. I am truly grateful for your help. Find inclosed one dollar for next month's Lesson and Treatment.

Yours sincerely,

Mrs. B.

## YOUR VIBRATIONS HAVE DONE WONDERS FOR ME

Mystic No. 12, Dear Brother:

I feel obliged to write you a letter and let you know that your Vibrations have done wonders for me. At first I did not realize that I was being helped, but the more I would read the messages and the Magazine of Mysteries the more faith I would have in myself and your works.

All at once, as if by magic, I felt that I was feeling better and could think more clearly about everything I understood. I am sure your Vibrations and Printed Messages have saved my life. I used to think all the world was against me. Your messages have opened my eyes and I see only the good in all things. I know I am on the road to health and I thank God and you for the benefit I have received.

With love and best wishes, I remain,

Yours respectfully,

O. D.

## CURED OF CONSTIPATION

Dear Mystic No. 12:

I am happy to say I am improving. The bran has entirely cured me and my daughter of constipation. I feel so thankful for the blessings we have received.

Mrs. C. A. B.

## DESIRE TO CONTINUE

Dear Mystic No. 12:

I have derived great spiritual and physical benefit from the Vibrations of the past months and feel much stronger in every way. I thank you and would desire to continue, for which I inclose one dollar. My prayer is for strength—spiritual, mental and physical.

Sincerely,

A. M. A.

Simplicity and sunshine will heal most ills.

## 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.

"No life is successful until it is radiant."



\*\*\*\*\*  
**OUR STRIFE WITH OURSELVES**  
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*Waste No Time Fretting About Errors That  
Are Past and Cannot be Undone*

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

Copyright, 1908, by American Journal-Examiner.

**T**HERE was once a woman came to me for explanation, counsel and comfort. Explanation of God's seeming cruelty to her prayers, counsel upon her course of action, and comfort for her despair.

She was well past the half-century mark, worn, prematurely aged, bruised, tired, discouraged.

She had been a woman of craving ambitions, mad for material pleasures and benefits, for money, place, power, prominence. All of these she had fought for, even at the sacrifice of her higher ambitions and in defiance of the opinions of others.

**SHE BECAME BITTER TOWARD GOD**

She had obtained all the things she sought, and each one had proven to be Dead Sea fruit and turned to ashes on her lips.

It had all been long ago. For years she had been seeking to live quietly, peacefully and happily, and to be useful and good. And with each effort toward usefulness came disappointment. Obstacles rose in her path, discord destroyed harmony, chaos was given where she hoped for order.

And so she was bitter toward God, and believed He was cruel and spiteful, like an ignorant human being. Instead it was the debris of old desires lying jumbled in her mind, the inharmony of her thoughts, the absolute lack of concentration, the strife, the remorse, the sorrow for herself and the fretful discontent with it all, which brought the results she deplored.

**WASTED STRENGTH IN VAIN REGRET**

In place of sitting down in the silence and saying to her soul, "We have had our schooling, the lesson is learned and the higher truth has come; God is just, and I thank Him for all He has taught me, and peace is mine," she stood with tense nerves and defiant eyes and cried: "I will have peace; I will be let alone by Fate—and only a devil would try to hinder me now in my old age."

When she did not hold this thought she was fretting about the past and wasting her vitality in a useless regret for things done. It was no wonder that she found herself facing despair at every turn, and that new battles awaited her with each new dawn. "Relax and be still," was my counsel.

**BE CALM AND LET THE PAST GO**

If a man puts his shoulder out of joint or fractures it, before he can resume his duties he must be quiet for a time and let nature remedy the evil. So, if he disorders his life by wrong ambitions or desires and makes havoc of his happiness he must learn to keep still within himself before he can restore order.

To dash about gesticulating and crying for aid will never mend the shoulder, or the life. The bone and the mentality must knit in repose and silence.

It is folly to wish we had not done this or that. Once done we cannot undo it, and better conserve our forces to repair the error by accepting its lesson and making it a part of our wisdom of experience.

Let the past go. Men have been beggars in purse, health and reputation at fifty and have lived to win fortune, vitality and respect.

Nothing is impossible to the soul that will wrap the mantle of silence about itself and wait and believe.

**WORTHY OF IT**

"I may not reach the heights I seek.  
My untried strength may fail me;  
Or, half-way up the mountain peak,  
Fierce tempests may assail me.  
But though that place I never gain,  
Herein lies comfort for my pain—  
I will be worthy of it."

"I may not triumph in success.  
Despite my earnest labor,  
I may not grasp results that bless  
The efforts of my neighbor.  
But though that goal I never see,  
This thought shall always dwell with me—  
I will be worthy of it."

The benefits of worship will be seen in daily life. "Men carry unconscious signs of their life about them. Those who come from the forge and those from the line and mortar, and those from dusty travel bear signs of their work. Should one come home with fruit we say: 'Thou art come from the orchard'; if with hands full of wild-flowers, 'Thou art from the fields.' But how much more, if one hath seen God, and hath walked in heavenly places, should he carry in his eye and in his words the sacred tokens of divine companionship."

**BEREFT**

The way is dark, O God!  
Let Thy light shine  
About my path, for Thou  
Hast taken mine.  
Give me with clearer eyes  
Thy Grace to see;  
And keep, until I come,  
My own for me.

**THE TEN COMMANDMENTS  
OF BUDDISM**

By ten things all acts of living creatures become bad, and by avoiding ten things they may become good.

There are three sins of the body, four sins of the tongue and three sins of the mind.

The sins of the body are murder, theft and adultery; of the tongue lying, slander, abuse and gossip; of the mind, envy, hatred and error.

**THE SMILES**

If there were smiles for sale  
At some fair market where  
The rich, the poor, the low, the high,  
Might hurry with their change to buy,  
What crowds would gather there!

Yet there are smiles enough,  
And each might have his share,  
If every man would do or say  
One—just one—kind thing every day,  
To lift some other's care.

—S. E. Kiser.

The man that bath no music in himself,  
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,  
Is fit for treasons, stratagems or spoils;  
The motions of his spirit are dull as night  
And his affections dark as Erebus;  
Let no such man be trusted.

—Shakespeare.

**THE LOOM OF LIFE**

**PRACTICAL GOOD  
SENSE**

There are many things in this changing world that will not wait, and whoever wishes to do and enjoy must do and enjoy as he goes along. It is not possible to hoard all the treasures, pleasures, and opportunities of the days as they come, and store them in some fair to-morrow when we shall be able to make the most of them. Something—something that makes them vital and valuable—is sure to slip away before our building is complete. Love, health, companionship, the power to give and receive good, even the gain of material wealth, must be enjoyed and employed as they come to us, or they never are ours at all.

"We must not beggar the future for the present," we are taught, and there is a very real and wise sense in which the teaching is right. To be spendthrift of strength, means, opportunity—to mortgage tomorrow for to-day—is one thing; to rob the present of that which rightfully belongs to it, is quite another. It is trite to say that the only way to prepare for good to-morrows is by living good to-days, and yet it is something of which we continually need to remind ourselves. The happy and blessed future must be made up of a happy and useful present,

and the best preparation for enjoyment in the heaven God has promised is the rational and thankful enjoyment, day by day, of the blessings he gives us here.—Selected.

**The Map o' the Heart.**

Old worlds are new and new worlds are old,  
To each Columbus are paths unrolled  
By the map o' the heart.

The seas are narrow and streams are wide,  
Mountains unite and plains divide.  
By the map o' the heart.

The capital city of all the world  
Is a little town in a valley curled.  
By the map o' the heart.

The latitude is the breadth of love,  
The longitude is the height Above,  
By the map o' the heart.

Through blinding desert or trackless foam  
One never is lost if he but roam  
By the map o' the heart.

McLANDRIDGE WILSON.

**THESE ARE THE COMMANDMENTS  
OF BUDDISM**

I. Kill not, but have regard for life.  
II. Steal not, neither rob; but help everybody to be master of the fruits of his labor.  
III. Abstain from impurity, and lead a life of chastity.

IV. Lie not, but be truthful. Speak the truth with discretion, fearlessly and with a loving heart.

V. Invent not evil reports, nor repeat them. Carp not, but look for the good sides of your fellow-beings, so that you may with sincerity defend them against their enemies.

VI. Swear not, but speak with propriety and dignity.

VII. Waste not your time in gossip, but speak to the purpose or keep silence.

VIII. Covet not, nor envy, but rejoice at the good fortune of others.

IX. Cleanse your heart of malice and cherish no hatred, not even against your enemies; but embrace all living beings with impartial and unlimited kindness.

X. Free your mind from ignorance and seek to learn the truth, especially in the one thing that is needful, lest you fall a prey either to skepticism or to error. Skepticism will make you indifferent and errors will lead you astray so that you shall not find the noble path that leads to emancipation.

I do not ask for any crown,  
But that which all may win;  
Nor try to conquer any world  
Except the world within.  
Be Thou my guide until I find,  
Led by a tender hand,  
The happy kingdom in myself,  
And dare to take command.  
—LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

It is not what one earns, but what he saves, that determines whether he will be rich or poor, comfortable or penniless in sickness or old age.

Kindness is twin brother to Goodness. Try it and see how fast you can grow.

Love is identical with God! It is the evidence of the One Holy Attraction of Immensity.

Star, O star, with holy face,  
Shining in the highest place,  
Canst not thou God's presence trace?  
Star and cloud and mountain dumb—  
Is not God revealed to some?  
Yea, where'er the heart says, "Come!"



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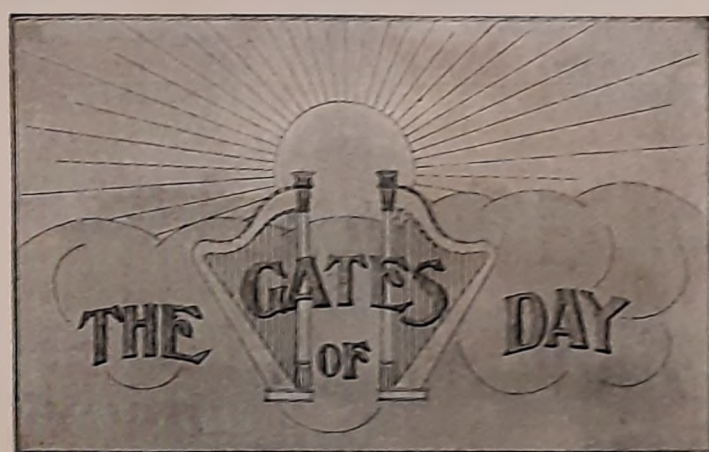
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THE SONG OF THE LIGHT\*

BY EBYTHE PRATT DICKINS

I lift my head where the blind winds spread  
The dinging, stinging snow,  
My beacons rise like watchful eyes  
Where the torn white breakers flow:  
I stand apart like the mother heart  
To watch and warn my own.  
While the wild storm whips my battling ships  
Till their tortured timbers groan.  
I fling my light through the fearful night  
To bid death's darkness flee.  
And hope awake in the hearts that ache  
With the wonder of the sea:  
Oh, I light them home o'er the blinding foam,  
I send them forth to the fight:  
My far lights shine like a sleepless shrine  
At the edge of the lonely night.  
And down, far down, through the seaweed  
brown,  
On the shelving white sea floor,  
Where the spent ships ride on an aimless tide  
And the storms above them roar.  
My quivering beam lights up the dream  
Of the lonely sailor's sleep:  
Like a prayer it lies on his weary eyes  
In the endless dark of the deep.  
When the sky is spread with the evening's red,  
And the tattered sails are furled,  
And my ships beat in from the wrack and din  
Of the trials of all the world:  
Oh, calm and strong as their own home song,  
I scan the opaled shore.  
As looks the soul toward love's far goal  
And frets at life no more.

\*The author of these musical and spirited verses,  
which were first printed in the *Army and Navy Register*,  
is the wife of Rear-Admiral Francis W. Dickins, United  
States Navy.

IN VISIONS SPLENDID

Heaven, they say, is away, away,  
Above the clouds in Endless Day,  
Beyond the blue where the skylark soars,  
Across an ocean of boundless shores.  
Yet in childhood's dreams it seemed to be,  
That heaven was not so far from me.  
Long, long ago, when lovingly pressed,  
Close, so close to my mother's breast,  
I dreamed one night, that an angel came,  
And softly whispered my earthly name.  
She said: Through life you need not fear,  
Bright angels protect you, heaven is near.  
And still, tho' my heart is sorely torn,  
And I am longing for loved ones gone,  
In visions splendid there comes to me,  
A great white light like a crystal sea.  
And dear ones beckon with smiles of cheer,  
And I know that my heaven is very near.  
—JESSIE ROSE GATES.

Guardian Angel



Tanner

By courtesy of H. V. Towner

Breathings of the Higher Life  
ASPIRATION

THOU Holy Spirit, whose certain light has beamed in through the darkness of every  
age; Thou whose presence makes glorious this day; Thou whose life blesses  
ours; Thou whose love like a mantle rests upon all Thy children; Thou our Father  
and our Mother,—we would lift our song of praise to Thee, thanking Thee for all Thy  
mercies, adoring Thee for Thy loving kindness, and praying to Thee for a continuance of  
Thy favors. O Thou Great Master of Life, Thou hast no need that we dictate unto  
Thee, for Thou wilt do all things well!

Thou wilt glorify Thyself, and, in glorifying Thyself, Thou wilt glorify all Thy children.  
Oh, grant that those in mortal who have heard the voice of those who have passed through  
death may understand it is one of Thy chiefest blessings to humanity, and may they learn  
to worship Thee more truly! May they turn their thoughts away from the shadow to  
the sunshine, knowing that Thou seekest always the happiness of all Thy children; knowing  
that all the hells of time and eternity are but the results of ignorance, are but the fires  
through which the soul must pass as it journeys toward heaven. Oh, grant that all Thy  
children may understand that Thou art a God of Infinite love; that Thy mercy is every-  
where, and over all Thy children; that Thou art one God, one Father, one Mother, one  
Holy Spirit, ministering unto all, watching continually over all! May the hearts of Thy  
children, all over the earth, continually send up a song of thanksgiving unto Thee for  
all the glory by which they are surrounded.

When the Angels come knocking at the door of their conscious lives, oh, may they say  
in truth, in the depth of their inner lives, "We thank Thee, O Father in heaven, for this  
Thy greatest gift to man!"

So shall Thy Kingdom come on earth, so shall Thy will be done, so shall Thy children  
love and serve Thee better and become better fitted to live, and thus better fitted to die.  
AMEN.

JUDISTHRA AND HIS DOG

FROM THE MAHABHARATA

The end drew nigh. For spent with battle's rage,  
His wife and brothers gone, he scarce knew how,  
Judisthra took his final pilgrimage.  
One faithful dog his sole retainer now;  
When, rainbow-bowed with genius, before them rolled  
The car of Indra, whence the god, confessed,  
In music spoke: "Thou, Rajah, mighty-souled,  
Ascend with me to Saug where dwell the blest."  
"Great Lord, we come," Judisthra said, and turned  
To call the dog; but Indra's word forbade:  
"Nay, Rajah. Place in Saug may not be earned  
By such as this; but loftier spirits, clad  
In nobler forms like thine, alone may know  
The star-bright road." Judisthra spoke again:  
"This dog hath served me well through weal and woe

For many years; and now, though sons of men  
Desert his lord, he goes where'er I tread,  
Demanding naught and giving all he may  
In selfless love. And shall it then be said  
That I, Judisthra, framed of nobler clay,  
Could show a meaner faith than this, my friend—  
Yea, friend, though dog? Nay, Lord, that must  
not be.  
My road his road, with him I wait the end;  
Then go thy way, nor trouble him and me."  
Great Indra smiled in grander, kinder wise,  
And bade them both ascend. The chariot flew  
With dog and god and man beyond the skies  
To that unclouded realm where all are true.  
—ARTHUR GUERMAN.



## Food for the Psychic Body

BY LILIAN WHITING

There can be no question that while food controls and predetermines the achievements of life to a great degree, it is yet made too prominent and invested with a false importance by the columns of cooking recipes that appear in the daily press, with minute directions for preparing stuff that should certainly never be eaten. The discussion of health foods, the vegetarian régime, etc., while probably contributing much toward reform, has not yet, perhaps, precisely elucidated the fundamental truth regarding the relation of food to life. The salient truth is that the minimum of food is the maximum of health. We are apt to think of food as indispensable, but we are nourished by many things beside, and to far more purpose than by food. The human being is sustained by air to a far greater degree than he realizes, and he is capable of being indefinitely sustained by thought. That which we call physical strength is, in its best quality, not physical strength at all, but mental energy. The body is the instrument, the mechanism, but the real force is spiritual. Therefore, whatever nourishes the spiritual energy develops and increases the power and capacity for accomplishment.

Now when we think of the body, not merely as matter, but as a structure complicated by the psychic body interpenetrating the physical body; when we realize this psychic being as our real self—the self that thinks, perceives, aspires; the self that is immortal in its nature—we realize that in this self is our real life; that we should eat, sleep, bathe, and exercise for the best good of the ethereal body. Here as many believe, is the explanation of the faith of our friends, the vegetarians. Animal food produces coarse and harsh vibrations; it is not suited to this finer self, this ethereal body. The food that is best suited to this psychic body is that of grains and fruits, rather than vegetables. The ordinary food of the "well-regulated family"—the average well-to-do people—is a terror to gods and men. The only wonder is that there is any available energy after a régime of soups, fish, meats, game, pastry, ices, and heaven knows what! It is a signal triumph of mind over matter that the life goes on at all. The whole system is clogged and all sorts of diseases are induced by too much eating. It is a habit only, and there is not the slightest necessity of following it.

The interpenetration of the physical body by the ethereal body is always an essential fact in regard to health. All impressions made on the ethereal react on the physical, and this is the underlying principle of Christian Science—to bring the higher powers to act on this psychic body and thus cause new physical states. This psychic body is in a state of far higher vibration than the physical. Impressions on it are of a finer character.

More and more can each one learn to carry on his affairs of life by thought than by action. This is like using the electric motor rather than an ox team. It is bringing the swift, sudden, resistless potency rather than the slow, clumsy effort. When the apostle says, "If there be love, charity—think on these things," he offers a philosophic principle. If one would accomplish any specific result, think on it. Build it in the astral, construct it in the ethereal world, and it will take form in the outer world.

The most favorable time for successful auto-suggestion is at night. Before going into the unconscious state of sleep, one should impress the suggestions upon the psychic self. They will work outward the next day. The law of success is in discerning the psychic and magnetic currents and working in accord with them. For thus do all the stars in their courses fight for the achievement, and the personal effort is supported by the polarity of the universe itself.—Light.

## TAKE UP THE WHITE MAN'S MUSKET

Take up the white man's musket,  
The deadliest ones ye make;  
Go drill your sons to use it,  
And then, for Jesus' sake,  
Send them with ammunition  
To hunt these heathen wild.  
Your new caught, sullen people  
On whom God never smiled,  
Take up the white man's cannon,  
The largest that ye cast,  
Go put it on your warships,  
The strongest ones and fast—  
Speed them to heathen countries,  
Seek out each farthest spot,  
And save these sullen people  
With Bibles and with shot.

DAVID B. PAGE.—IN *Humanity*.

## IN THE SCHOOL OF LOVE

This have I learned of love:  
To curb impatience strong;  
Be gentle as a dove,  
And musical as song.

The heart will have its own,  
As streams must find the sea;  
And love to spirit shown  
Is its eternally.

—WM. BRUNTON.

## KARMA—THE LAW OF CONSEQUENCES

The *Occult Review* for May has a very instructive article by W. J. Coville on "Karma—the Law of Cause and Effect." Mr. Coville concludes his interesting contribution with this summary: "Our ultimate goal is the attainment of a condition of ineffable blessedness where we are so perfectly in accord with the working of eternal equity that our sowing and reaping shall be perpetual symphony of joyful work and blissful rest."

You must accept and appropriate the consequences of your actions. You are a living cause. Then live to do good in some way or other. This will insure Health, Happiness, Peace and Prosperity. "Put only Good causes into action," so says the Magazine of Mysteries.



## HAPPY CHILDHOOD

THE laugh of a child will make the holiest day more sacred still. Strike with hand of fire, O wierd musician, thy harp strung with Apollo's golden hair, fill the vast cathedral aisles with symphonies sweet and dim, deft toucher of the organ keys; blow, bugler, blow, until thy silver notes do touch and kiss the moonlit waves, and charm the lovers wandering 'mid vine-clad hills. But know your sweetest strains are discords all, compared with childhood's happy laugh—the laugh that fills the eyes with light and every heart with joy.

O rippling river of laughter! thou art the blessed boundary line between the beasts and men, and every wayward wave of thine doth drown some fretful fiend of care.

O Laughter, rose-lipped laughter of Joy! there are dimples enough in thy cheeks to catch and hold and glorify all the tears of grief.

Robert G. Ingersoll.

## THE BATTLE OF LITTLE THINGS

Little things is the final court of appeals, and from this tribunal there is no recourse.

This battle of little things is always with us. They are the fraction thereof that makes or mars this to-day's joys, if we will it not otherwise. In little joys or sorrows we have the keenest delights or pains.

Half a century ago, every young lawyer was trying to become Webster and many believed the story told by a witty fellow in a bar-room. It was something like this: Webster on one occasion before making an address before a jury made himself "drunk," finding in that condition he was not bothered with any great fear. He ever after drank, and hence his great power of oratory. In his "Memories of a Hundred Years" Mr. Hale says this story is not true; and yet that little story ruined many a young man's life. They accepted for a fact that story, never pausing to consider that it might be untrue, or if true,

that to attain the powers Webster possessed they were paying a price for success, which if obtained could not be truly enjoyed. So it is in many instances, little things, a trifle, may work wonders for good or ill.

As we go through life we meet people whose habit of heeding little things lends an air of deference, which is in itself a pleasure. You remember them for the unspoken courtesy.

We recall an aged man, whose life ran near the century mark. When he entered a room in which a lady sat, his life-long habit of fine manners bespoke the perfect chivalry, the fine manhood. You never thought he was old, or bent or gray. You remembered only how splendid his face, how perfectly his manners betrayed his life of fine thoughts. You loved him for the habit of remembering always that little things are after all life's measure—because he had proved in his manners of every day their value in making an almost perfect life.—AMY NICKERSON.

## FOR THE OLD THEOLOGY

The Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott, of New York, delivered the baccalaureate sermon to the graduates at Dartmouth College this afternoon, taking as his text: "Freely ye have received, freely give."

He said in part: "The world will measure you by what you do, not by what you know. Therefore, I ask you, what equipment has your education given you?"

"I am a believer in the new theology, yet I believe that any theology that scoffs at the past, any theology that commits to the waste-basket all the sacred doctrines and beliefs of the ages, is a false theology."

"You are not to throw away the theology of the past. Sift and find the truth and apply it to present needs."

"We need reform, social, scientific, medical, theological reform, but the roots must be in the past."

Let us have Faith, not mere formalism. Time's beautifying ivy has grown over many errors as well as some truths. The perfect beauty of the future must be founded on the Truth. In rejecting the form of some old statements, let us make haste slowly lest we embrace errors in the novelties. Let us keep an ample robe of charity and revere the reverence of others. Even if we differ, let us differ in the spirit of Love. For Love is an unerring light and joy its own security.





## The Mystic Adepts Are Working for Universal Brotherhood

### TRUST IN THE LORD WITH ALL THINE HEART

Faith comes by inspiration from the Inner and the Higher Life. The spring of all great endeavor is a great trust, pushing men forward to unseen ends, away from the fastenings of the tyrant custom; out into struggle, and hazard, and mystery.

So Luther tosses the Bull on to the burning pile and sets Christendom on fire. So, too, Columbus goes in his little vessel far away from known lands into the vast unknown, and finds a fresh, green world beyond the seas.

So Hancock and Carroll, trusting in the everlasting right of freedom, and risking life, fortune, and sacred honor, strike the drumbeat that echoes round the globe.

And still rising. I say that the highest power is the highest trust—"it is to trust in the Lord with all thine heart."

Faith is the evidence of things not seen.

### CHARACTERISTICS OF VITAL RELIGION

What is most characteristic of true Religion—what is most wonderful—is the fact that it wells up right against a man's desires, against his pre-conceptions and his inclinations.

It shatters his old moldy crust of habit; it changes the current of his thought; it makes his dumb, stupefied conscience speak right out, and speak to the purpose; it transfigures, it regenerates him.

The spirit awakes to conscious life. If it cannot make a small power large, it makes it good. If it cannot give a big brain in the place of a contracted one, it transmutes a man's intellect all into a divine essence of purity and Love, or freights it with the thunder and lightning of dauntless and effective energy.

It calls out the will and the real man.

Let your Love burn forever like a Vestal fire, and your Faith look calmly upward.

### LOVE IS YOUR MASTER, FOR HE MASTERS YOU.

### THE MOUNTAIN OF DELIGHT

Are you sin-sick, heavy laden,  
Come and share the sunshine bright,  
Breathe the air of heavenly fragrance  
On the mountains of delight.

Hasten, then, across the lowlands,  
Climb the mountain slope with me;  
Oh! the scenery is glorious,  
Which we from the top may see.

Breathe the mountain air of sweetness  
'Tis around us and above,  
Mingled with the sweet sea-breezes  
From the ocean of God's love.

### THE PEACE OF CONTENTMENT

In a contented disposition there exists a magic power over circumstances which evokes a hidden beauty from unlikely things, finds marvelous sweetness in a dry crust of bread, and hangs bare walls with shapes of glory.

Not only is such a disposition satisfied with little, but under the chemistry of right affections, that little becomes indefinitely expansive and fruitful.

Indeed, a patient and humble temper gathers blessings that are marred by the peevish, and are overlooked by the ambitious and aspiring.

### THE DUTY OF BEAUTY

It is the chief end of man to be as complete, as beautiful, and as happy as he can.

As there is a peculiar beauty attached to every season in nature, so there is a peculiar beauty pertaining to every season in human life.

Youth has its charm of sprightly grace, of eager enthusiasm and joyous hope. Age has its charm of venerable mien, of ripened judgment, of mellowed feeling, of chastened charity toward the errors or weakness of mankind. Gray hair borrows a sanctity from the hallowing past. Even the wrinkles that time imprints have their pathetic comeliness. They hint of the toil and the tragedy no soul can escape; they speak of sorrows heroically survived. The loveliest woman I ever knew was the loveliest of all at the age of eighty-five.

"Beautiful in her holy peace, as one Who stands, at evening, when the work is done, Glorified in the setting sun."

So writes Sara A. Hubbard in her graceful Essay on "The Duty of Being Beautiful." (A. C. Mc Clurg, Chicago.)

I looked only lately into the face of a woman of ninety-two years, and it was like the face of an active, useful, happy woman of fifty-five.

Cultivate the beauty that shall grow with advancing years. Look forward to age with cheerful anticipation, so guarding the health that your joy shall not be marred by the premature decay of your vital powers, and the heart that it shall bring continual increase of blessed content, and a spirit of peace and trust which shall

"Fill more and more with crystal light,  
As pensive evening deepens into night."

### DEAR ONES

Through every day of beauty or of pain  
May Love's white pillar lead the shining way,  
Through every night of starlight or of rain  
May clouds of fire turn darkness into day.

### THE ONLY DEATH

"Tell me, mother," said the child,  
"Why is the Dead Sea dead?"  
"Because it receives and never gives,"  
The mother gently said.

### MYSTIC POWER

The Christian American Optimist is one of the most powerful and most useful men in the world of to-day.

He is behind all the worthy enterprises and helpful movements of the world. The influence of this great and glorious country is felt and admired in all parts of the world.

This is a growing and a lasting progress and prosperity.

The world has entered on the Golden Age, which is eternal. This is an age of great and wonderful Revelations. And the Divine attraction of Goodness will lead, and lovingly and peaceably dominate all the nations and all the human beings of the world. GLORY to the HIGHEST.

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?

### TRUST YOUR SOUL

The reason why men act in masses as they would not act in units is that they are not chivalric enough to stand by their own souls.

"One self-approving hour whole years outweighs Of stupid stagers and of loud huzzas."

It is true. There is more life in "one self-approving hour," one act of benevolence, one work of self-discipline, than in three score years and ten of mere sensual existence.

"Life is a bubble which any breath may dissolve; Wealth or Power a snowflake, melting momentarily into the treacherous deep across whose waves we are floated on to our unseen destiny; but to have lived so that one less orphan is called to choose between starvation and infamy, to have lived so that some eyes of those whom Fame shall never know are brightened and others suffused at the name of the beloved one—so that the few who knew him truly shall recognize him as a bright, warm, cheering presence, which was here for a season and left the world no worse for his stay in it—this surely is to have LIVED—and not wholly in vain."

The poet, with his burning, immortal lines, while doing his work, lives all the coming ages of his fame.

From every marble feature that he chisels the sculptor draws an intensity of being that cannot be imparted by a mere extension of years.

The philanthropist, in his walks of mercy and his ministrations of Love, lives more comprehensively than another may in a century. His is the fathomless bliss of benevolence—the sweet, Divine experience of God.

The martyr, in his dying hour, with his face shining like an angel, does not live longer, but he lives more than all his persecutors. What, then, is it that we lack?

"'Tis life whereof our nerves are scant;  
Oh, life, not death, for which we pant!  
More life, and fuller, that I want."

### GLEAMS

Loving smiles, like brightest sunbeams,  
O'er life's darkest shadows gleam;  
Loving words are water-lilies  
Blooming on life's troubled stream;  
Loving thoughts are angel whispers;  
Loving deeds will souls redeem.—W. T.

### GOD IS HEALTH. HEAVEN IS HARMONY.

### THE APPROACH TO KNOWLEDGE

What are we, in truth, but little children stumbling forward toward the threshold of Knowledge? The knowledge that clasps Wisdom by the hand.

We must study Nature, not alone in the dry light of reason, but in the glow of religious sentiment. We must look through Nature on to Nature's God.

We must stand in that position where a moral light falls upon it, illuminating its hieroglyphic beauty with a clear, spiritual significance. We must see it all generalized in God; then we may descend to intellectual formulas and definitions. The chain of induction which we so painfully elaborate link by link must be charged with the magnetism of Faith and Love.

Then, indeed, will it be traversed by currents of Spiritual life, rending the veil of Materialism and opening the Mysteries of the Universe. Then shall we see that the mind of man, created mind, is coming into rapport with the Great Divine Mind, the Uncreated and Eternal Good.



## \$2,500 PRIZE PUT UP FOR MEDIUMS TO WIN

Metropolitan Psychical Society  
Offers It if Test Reading Is  
Accomplished.

### CHALLENGE TO PROF. HYSLOP

The Offer Follows His Account of a Woman  
in Society Who Has Developed  
Mediumistic Powers.

The Metropolitan Psychical Society, whose members do not believe in communication with the spirit world, yesterday raised to \$2,500 their previous offer of \$1,000 to any medium who can give them a satisfactory communication with the shadow folk. The organization will send a letter to Prof. James H. Hyslop within a few days asking that some of the mediums about whom he has spoken accept the challenge to demonstrate communication with spirits.

The test insisted on by the Metropolitan Society, according to W. S. Davis, its secretary, is that an open book be held above the head of the medium, no one present knowing what is on the opened pages, and that then the medium shall tell the first word of the first three lines on one of the pages.

"That is a simple test," said Mr. Davis yesterday. "And yet it ought to be a thorough one. Since no one present could know the words, there could be no telepathy in the test. If there are spirits, and if they can read, as it is asserted, and if they can communicate with mediums, why, then let any spirit read just those three words, and the fortunate medium who talks to that spirit can make \$2,500. We may make it more."

Dr. Hyslop was asked yesterday if he would make any answer to the challenge of Mr. Davis and his friends. Mr. Davis, some time ago, published explanations of the wonderful things done by Dr. May Pepper, of Brooklyn, and Dr. Hyslop says that he did good work there.

"The trouble with the test spoken of by Dr. Davis, as you report it," Dr. Hyslop said, "is that no reputable medium would take it up saying that she could carry it out. Spirits cannot be commanded. It is maintained that they can read, and that they can communicate with persons still on the earth, but the medium cannot order the spirit to read any words from a book."

"It might be that the spirit would read the words desired when first asked. It might be that a thousand attempts would be made before a spirit would do the required reading. The best that can be done is to watch things with an open mind and make inferences from them."

Dr. Hyslop, who was formerly Professor of Ethics and Logic at Columbia University, and who is now Vice-President of the English Society for Psychical Research, and Secretary of the American organization of the same name, went on to tell about a society woman whose powers are recorded in the June number of the society's journal.

"She is called Mrs. Quentin to conceal her identity," he said. "She is a woman of social and intellectual prominence. She isn't a paid medium. She began experimenting partly for fun, and she began to suspect her powers. Now she is as much surprised as anybody."

The article in the latest journal of the organization tells of several experiments with the Ouija board at the home of Mrs. Quentin in the presence of friends. The written words of the board talk upon all subjects—life, spirit, matter, hell, need of prayer after death, why some spirits talk and others don't, divinity of Christ, and other matters.

The following dialogue is taken from the first report in the journal, the words in parentheses being questions asked and the answers coming from the board under the hands of Mrs. Quentin:

(What is your work?)  
Helping other souls, children sometimes.  
(What do you mean by thought?)  
We develop by growth in thought.  
(How do you help children's souls?)  
Following into their minds ideas of spiritual desires.  
(Where do we come from?)  
You are all portions of the great spirit incarnated at the moment of beginning mortal life.  
(Is this great spirit incarnated in anything else except the human body?)  
No, not the spirit, but life is.  
(What is the difference between life and spirit?)  
The greatest difference.  
(Can you explain life?)  
Life can be without spirit; spirit is mind.  
(Do animals have spirits?)  
No.  
(Do animals live after death?)  
No.  
(Are we the only ones that live after death?)  
Yes, but in the process of evolution more may develop.  
(What do you mean by more?)  
Ever living spirits.

(Are there any spirits in the universe outside of this world?)  
No, such a chain of coincidences brought life here as can never occur again.

These bits of dialogue are from another report, Mrs. Quentin being present at the board:

(You say animals are not in your life, and Bishop Wilberforce says they are. Who is right?)  
Let me explain: I said your animals die—they do; with us the desire for a thing creates it at once.

(Is it any pleasure to you to know that your friends are thinking of you?)  
Of course that is what makes some unhappy, because they cannot get any communications from those they love. Oh, if the world is only ready, it will be such a great thing to do it easily.

(How can we tell when the world is ready?)  
None of us can tell; those things are all in God's foreplan of evolution. When the time is ripe it will come about.

(Do you in your world cherish hard feelings against those who have injured you in this life?)  
Yes, those things have to be overcome here as well as there.

(Do you still cherish hard feelings against those who have injured you, but now repent?)  
No; that is part of our heaven, to forgive royally, perfectly. Is it not hell enough for any one to perceive absolutely a sin and its consequences, and heaven enough to feel the well done in the divine smile?

(What becomes of the souls that are lost?)  
Spiritual spark dies. I cannot explain this second death; it is beyond your ken.

In an introduction to the detailed reports of the several sittings with Mrs. Quentin, Dr. Hyslop says that he does not undertake to explain the things that came through her. He simply sets down the record, he declares, leaving to each reader his own interpretation of the phenomena noted.

### A TESTIMONY TO SPIRITUAL EXALTATION

"You are the light of the world." In coming into rapport with the great central light within our own being in whom we live, and move, breathe and have our being, it is possible in this body to reach a state of bliss wherein we come wholly unconscious of the external or sense plane. When our life seems full and complete we then realize the everlasting joy, peace and bliss of life. We live with the eternal God within our own soul, and are all life, all force, all power. There is no heat, no cold there, all is like a sunny peaceful meadow of love, with never a touch of sadness, and the heart sings and rings with a song of gladness. Angels minister to us, and through their most loving influence we realize our divine inheritance. Let us all earnestly seek after the joyous light within our own being, and cultivate these great powers of our immortal self.

Filled with the life of God our souls bubbling over with joy and gratitude to the one Great Giver, for the wonderful gifts of life.

M. A. S.

### THE MYSTIC ADEPTS ARE WORKING FOR UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD; FOR PEACE ON EARTH—GOOD WILL TO MEN!

Austin, Tex.

Dear Mystic Success Club:

I must tell you what good my testimonial did and hope you will publish this as it will encourage others to testify.

Sister Kate Phenix saw my letter and wrote to me. I went out to see her and met a few others, and now I have three sisters of the colored race to help in the work. They are blessed with the Power of God, and come to see me and bring others to learn of the Truth. I received a letter also from Brother Ashmore, of San Antonio; I answered, but the letter was not called for and was returned; so if he wishes his questions answered he must please write again.

I also received twenty-five cents worth of stamps from Sister Rempke, of Iowa, and thank her for helping in the work. I have so much letter writing to do.

If anyone knows of a baby girl two or three years old for adoption, near New Mexico, please communicate with E. A. Anderson, Monument, New Mexico, as they wrote to me for one. Wouldn't mind my doorstep holding a few babes. Good, honest people wanting them, but societies here won't give them to any but church members. I asked for one I was caring for last week, but I couldn't get it. Send out thoughts, dear people, for light to these narrow people. Send success thoughts to me for my Health Home.

Please send stamps when you write for the letters I write. Other healers get from \$1 to \$10 for them—so please send stamps, even if you haven't a love offering for the work or for my time.

God bless every one of you and the Club also.  
Yours, for the work.

NELL CLOUGH JOHNSON,  
1704 Guadalupe St.

P. S. My terms are \$10.00 per week—healing, teaching and board. Some have asked and I could not reply by letter just then.

### THE NEXT THING

From an old English parsonage  
Down by the sea,  
There came in the twilight  
A message to me;  
Its quaint Saxon legend,  
Deeply engraven,  
Hath, as it seems to me,  
Teachings for heaven;  
And on through the hours  
The quiet words ring,  
Like a low inspiration—  
"Doe the nexte thyng."

Many a questioning,  
Many a fear,  
Many a doubt,  
Hath its guiding here;  
Moment by moment  
Let down from heaven,  
Time, opportunity,  
Guidance are given;  
Fear not to-morrow,  
Child of the King,  
Trust it with God—  
"Doe the nexte thyng."

Do it immediately,  
Do it with prayer,  
Do it reliably,  
Casting all care;  
Do it with reverence,  
Tracing His hand  
Who hath placed it before thee  
With earnest command;  
Stayed on Omnipotence,  
Safe 'neath His wing,  
Leave all resultings—  
"Doe the nexte thyng."

Looking to God—  
Ever serene,  
Working or suffering,  
Be they demeanor;  
In the shade of His presence,  
The rest of His calm,  
The light of His countenance,  
Live out thy psalm;  
Strong in His faithfulness,  
Praise Him and sing,  
Then as He beckons thee,  
"Doe the nexte thyng."

### ON THE HEIGHTS

The darkest night,  
And the roughest day,  
Are sweet to the heart,  
That can soar away,  
Into the REAL of things,  
Thought that waited,  
On Hope's bright wing,  
Fragrant flowers,  
Birds that sing,  
Sweet refrain—  
Help to make amends  
For all the sorrowful,  
Nows and thens,  
To shorten the hours  
Sunshine or rain,  
No hope in vain.

—N. C. SPRIGG.

### HEALTH AND INCOME

#### Both Kept Up on Scientific Food

Good sturdy health helps one a lot to make money.

With the loss of health one's income is liable to shrink, if not entirely dwindle away.

When a young lady has to make her own living, good health is her best asset.

"I am alone in the world," writes a Chicago girl, "dependent on my own efforts for my living. I am a clerk, and about two years ago through close application to work and a boarding-house diet, I became a nervous invalid, and got so bed off, it was almost impossible for me to stay in the office a half day at a time."

"A friend suggested to me the idea of trying Grape-Nuts, which I did, making this food a large part of at least two meals a day."

"Today I am free from brain-tire, dyspepsia and all the ills of an overworked and improperly nourished brain and body. To Grape-Nuts I owe the recovery of my health, and the ability to retain my position and income." "There's a reason."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

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



## THE MISSION OF THOUGHT

**T**HE importance of this wondrous power cannot well be over-estimated.

With the Living Light of Divine Life, comes also the shadow of Thought, and this power of thought is the guide of the spirit, whether it be for good or for evil.

As our bright-minded and angel-hearted sister, Lucy A. Mallory, said in the "World's Advance Thought":

The salvation of the world is dependent on thinking in the right direction, for the destruction of humanity is involved in evil thinking. Every experience, whether good or bad, that happens to the individual is for the purpose of inciting right thought, for all growth and progress is involved in thought. To be thoughtless is to be stagnant to decay, to die.

The very hard experiences that the world is now about to pass through will wipe out the general stagnation of thoughtlessness. Every man and woman of the least intelligence is going to think for himself or herself, as never before. The "fixed" ideas that have been clung to so long will be let go of by the compulsion that the forthcoming disintegration of old things will produce.

It is going to be generally understood that all evils, including death, are the outcome of ignorance and thoughtlessness; and that increasing life and its happiest conditions are the results of harmonious thinking. Conscious immorality is the portion of the noble thinker, while death is the portion of the ignoble thinker. Death is merely fixity of life.

All the ingenuity of man could not vote him out of it.

Here is a sort of truth that nothing can reverse. Man can hardly deny, with any consistency, his own spiritual consciousness.

Here is a sort of truth that nothing can reverse. May wish there was not a God, and try to get rid of Him, here the idea comes welling up in the soul in the depth of his primal instincts, and men believe in it because they cannot help it.

God, through his own law, controls the inner lives of all his creations.

## THE BURNING BUSH

And Moses did not lead the sheep anywhere but back of the wilderness, so as to keep them at a distance from the pasture land of strangers. And it happened one day that Moses came to the mountain of God, unto Horeb, and he saw a bush growing there. And the appearance of the bush was very bad. It had no flowers and no buds, nothing but pricks and thorns. And Moses looked at the bush and its stunted height and said: "Like unto this bush in the wilderness art thou my people Israel, for like this bush thou art very lowly and all who seek thee stand away from thee." And while he was thus contemplating and sorrowing over his people, a flame burst from the bush. And Moses was stirred deeply, and he said: "To this bush have I likened my brethren, the children of Israel, and a flame suddenly burst forth to consume it. . . . Shall my people really go to ruin?" But when Moses saw that the bush was burning with fire and was not consumed he regained courage and became cheerful. And Moses heard a voice saying, "Just as the flame did not consume the bush, so will the children of Israel not be consumed. All fire that will fall upon them will be extinguished and all distress and oppression will not destroy them."—*Midrash Exodus.*

The importance of truth, without deception, in the management of children, is illustrated by the following anecdote: "Two small boys met on the sidewalk, and, after some minutes' talk, one remarked to the other that some little thing they were talking about might be obtained if he could procure a few coppers from his parents. 'But,' said the other, 'I don't need any money to get it, for my mother told me I should have it at such a time.' 'Pooh!' said the first, 'my mother has promised me so many times, and I never got it; and I do not think you will either. Our mothers tell us so only to get rid of us, and I think it will be so with yours.' 'What, my mother tell a lie?' exclaimed the little fellow, and immediately left his companion with a countenance full of indignation. What a lesson should this furnish to all parents, guardians and others, who have the care of youth."—*Olive Leaf.*



## FOR THE SILENT BROTHERHOOD

Thought to be held at 12 M.

*I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therein to be content.—Phil. iv. 11 (R. V.)*

Thought to be held at 9 P. M.

*O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me: nevertheless not as I will, but as Thou wilt.—Matt. xxvi. 39.*

O LORD my God, do Thou Thy holy will—

I will lie still.

I will not stir, lest I forsake Thine arm,

And break the charm

Which binds me, clinging to my Father's breast,

In perfect rest.

J. KERR.

**R**ESIGNATION to the will of God is the whole of piety; it includes in it all that is good and is a source of the most settled quiet and composure of mind. Our resignation to the will of God may be said to be perfect when our will is lost and resolved up into His; when we rest in His will as our end, as being itself most just, and right, and good. And where is the impossibility of such an affection to what is just and right and good, such a loyalty of heart to the Governor of the universe, as shall prevail over all sinister, indirect desires of our own?

There are no disappointments to those whose wills are buried in the will of God.

Lord, Thy will be done in father, mother, child, in everything and everywhere; without a reserve, without a "but," an "if," or a limit.

*Yours in Holy Love, No. 7—\*\*\**

# Danderine

GROWS HAIR

and we can

## PROVE IT!

A lady from Minnesota writes:  
"As a result of using Danderine, my hair  
is close to five feet in length."

### Beautiful Hair at Small Cost

**H**AIR troubles, like many other diseases, have been wrongly diagnosed and altogether misunderstood. The hair itself is not the thing to be treated, for the reason that it is simply a product of the scalp and wholly dependent upon its action. The scalp is the very soil in which the hair is produced, nurtured and grown, and it alone should receive the attention if results are to be expected. It would do no earthly good to treat the stem of a plant with a view of making it grow and become more beautiful—the soil in which the plant grows must be attended to. Therefore, the scalp in which the hair grows must receive the attention if you are to expect it to grow and become more beautiful.

Loss of hair is caused by the scalp drying up, or losing its supply of moisture or nutriment; when baldness occurs the scalp has simply lost all its nourishment, leaving nothing for the hair to feed upon (a plant or even a tree would die under similar conditions.)

The natural thing to do in either case, is to feed and replenish the soil or scalp as the case may be, and your crop will grow and multiply as nature intended it should.

Knowlton's Danderine has a most wonderful effect upon the hair glands and tissues of the scalp. It is the only remedy for the hair ever discovered that is similar to the natural hair foods or liquids of the scalp.

It penetrates the pores quickly and the hair soon shows the effects of its wonderfully exhilarating and life-producing qualities.

One 25-cent bottle is enough to convince you of its great worth as a hair growing and hair beautifying remedy—try it and see for yourself.

**NOW at all druggists in three sizes,  
25c, 50c and \$1.00 per bottle.**

Cut  
This  
Out

**FREE** To show how quickly Danderine acts, we will send a large sample free by return mail to anyone who sends this free coupon to the  
**KNOWLTON DANDERINE CO., CHICAGO, ILL.**  
with their name and address and 10c in silver or stamps to pay postage.



**NOTICE:** Mr. Sylvester Birch, Western Representative of this publication, says that Danderine is a most remarkable remedy for falling hair and as an invigorator for the scalp. He advises anyone reading this ad who desires a luxuriant growth of hair, to send for the sample and be convinced of its merit by personal experience.



## A PAGE OF POEMS

Many by MISS AMY NICKERSON

## TIME

I am the lilt of an ancient song,  
The baring-ground of your deepest grief;  
I follow you fast though your stride be strong;  
I watch you drift on rock and reef.

I know of the love you have lost and won.  
Yea: I am the fount of memory.  
I am the road to the rising sun,  
The sign of your soul, eternity.  
—AMY NICKERSON.

## MY PROOF OF SOVEREIGNTY

Give it to me to win some gold,  
Enough to prove I have the power  
To use it well, "To have and hold"  
It as a gift of life's short hour.  
I'd have it prove I have the heart  
To play life's game a royal part.

Give it to me to win a friend  
Whose love and loyalty shall last  
Whatever fickle fate may send.  
If failure and misfortune cast  
Their sad and sullen gloom o'er me,  
I'd have Love prove my sovereignty.

## FOR TO-DAY

Give me the strength for this to-day,  
To meet the little cares of life  
With more of patience and of grace,  
To bear the sorrow and the strife  
With faithful heart and fairer face,  
To search for good in things alway.

Ah, yes; I'd have the heart to see  
The limits of my narrow way,  
And knowledge, too, to understand  
The deed that wrung my heart to-day,  
And then the strength to turn my hand  
To larger opportunity.

## THE GEM OF TIME

A sage who had grown gray and old, forsooth,  
From years of delving in the deeps of truth,  
Brought forth a gem from Stygian mine  
Whose luster time can never dim. 'Tis thine,  
God wear it day by day; men call it Now.

The old seer says that they who wear this gem  
May walk the halls of Truth, and stand with  
them  
Whose bugle call speaks from the heights,  
But warns: "Oh, child, take care, its lights  
Are lost to thee in past and future things!"

So go and bind this gem upon thy brow  
Nor think from bad comes nothing good. Go  
thou,  
Without regrets and learn these truths of life:  
What was is not. What is, is Now. All strife  
Recedes before the passing moment Now.

## A PRAYER

Teach me to read the lines aright  
That mar the beauty of a face;  
If there I read an early blight,  
To read it with a kindred grace.

Yea! Teach me how to understand  
The sorrows of another's heart,  
And knowledge how to lend a hand,  
Nor play the patron helper's part.

Help me keep my heart-beats strong  
With faith and human sympathy,  
Nor to condemn my sex of wrong,  
But to sustain them loyally.

To live my life, from day to day,  
And live it as I ought, and when  
The gleaming gold grows gray  
To sleep in rest and peace. Amen!

## THE VOICE OF NIAGARA

Niagara! thy rainbow tints and booming bells,  
Thy rose-hued lights and legends, and thy swells,  
Like mystic music of an ancient sea,  
Thy voice, O great Niagara, sings to me!

It sings adown the whirlwind years of time  
And pleads against man's greed. O thought  
sublime,  
It pleads for babes unborn, that they may stand  
Beside thy falls and bless a loving land!

Ah yes! that in the ages yet to come  
Those unborn ones may count the paltry sum  
That saved thy temple: emblem of the free,  
Thou lute of love, yea; nature's symphony!

Sing on, O voice, until the nation's halls  
Take up thy song: "Oh, save Niagara Falls!"  
Sing on, until the people's voice with me  
Shall shout: "Niagara for futurity!"



Amy Nickerson

## THE HARP

O sacred altar, world-old yet e'er new,  
Thy tale is hushed in the Temple of Art,  
And thousands of weird years gloom about thee,  
While all the passions of the ages sleep  
In thy mute soul. The hopes and fears of men  
Are held in thy frail heart, and wait the hand  
To master the long silence of the past,  
In which thou hast, like a vague spirit, drawn  
The mists of time, and space, and death 'round  
thee.

Oh, wake and sing life's psalm and hush the  
world's  
Mad clamor after phantoms, blinding, old!

Down the time-worn vista of the years I dream  
A voice speaks through thee: "Thy life, O man,  
Is dual, but the choice of way is thine: to mount  
O'er earth-life's sordid gulfs to realms of peace.  
To span the space 'tween heaven and earth,  
And link wide worlds, Yea; loose thy pain and  
be.

As God hath meant, free from pangs of death!"

## LOOK UP

Hope is coming, do not be sad,  
Nothing is ever quite so bad  
But that it might be worse. No heart  
Can lose all hope. For hope is part  
Of life. Look up, for hope is near!

Take thou some time to think and play,  
And laugh and joy along the way;  
Look up, whate'er thy "lot" may be,  
And strive for larger destiny.  
Look up! thy needs of life are near.

## FOR COMMON MERCIES

Dear Lord, are we ever so thankful,  
As thankful we should be to thee,  
For thine angels sent down to defend us  
From dangers our eyes never see;  
From perils that lurk unsuspected,  
The powers of earth and of air,  
The while we are heaven protected  
And guarded from evil and snare?

Are we grateful as grateful we should be  
For commonplace days of delight,  
When safe we face forth to our labor  
And safe we face homeward at night;  
For the weeks in which nothing has happened  
Save commonplace toiling and play,  
When we've worked at the tasks of the household,  
And peace hushed the house day by day?

Dear Lord, that the terror at midnight,  
The weird of the wind and the flame,  
Hath passed by our dwelling, we praise thee  
And lift up our hearts in thy name;  
That the circle of darlings unbroken  
Yet gathers in bliss round the board,  
That commonplace love is our portion,  
We give thee our praises, dear Lord.

Forgive us who live by thy bounty  
That often our lives are so bare  
Of the garlands of praise that should render  
All votive and fragrant each prayer;  
Dear Lord, in the sharpness of trouble  
We cry from the depths to the throne!  
In the long days of gladness and beauty  
Take thou the glad hearts as thine own.

Oh! common are sunshine and flowers,  
And common are raindrop and dew,  
And the gay little footsteps of children,  
And common the love that holds true.  
So, Lord, for our commonplace mercies,  
That straight from thy hand are bestowed,  
We are fain to uplift our thanksgivings  
Take, Lord, the long debt that we owed.  
—MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

## THE SOUL'S WHITE STAR

The night is dark, so dark, and drear, and chill,  
That yonder solitary cabin light  
Looms like a beacon light 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 through the toiler's night, so shines for  
thee,  
All still and steadfast, the soul's white star.  
—AMY NICKERSON.

## THE SWEETEST SONG

I would that I might sing some song  
To lift thy load, to ease thy strife;  
But songs, like love, we live and long  
To keep forever in our life;  
And life's stern law, we live to know,  
Is constant change and ceaseless flow.

Lo! still one truth through all things runs  
And knows no change; but flings  
Yon far-off specks, frail trembling suns  
To music, to prove each task sings:  
"The sweetest song that's ever sung,  
Is sung in doing what should be done."  
—AMY NICKERSON.

Be this our prayer: to love the good;  
To do the right; to seek the true;  
To keep eternally in view  
The truth of human brotherhood.  
To tread the paths the good have trod  
In every age since time began.  
Our creed, the brotherhood of man;  
Our faith, the Fatherhood of God.—Selected.

## THE TOUCH OF A HAND

At times when the world seems dead,  
And the heart is bound in frost,  
When every bird or blossom  
Forgotten is, or lost;  
A hand is laid in ours—  
Ah, the world is not so wrong,  
And for every bud that blooms  
The heart leaps up in song!  
—MARGARET RIDGELY SCHOTT.





PSYCHE

Question—Why is it that spirits can so seldom identify themselves to us?

Ans.—Many are entirely different from what you suppose. You on earth behold the silver-plating only; but we see the raw material after the plating is stripped off.

## "CALLED OF GOD"

A Psychic Experience

Communicated by Willamina Henry

How God called me when I was a child

I am truly thankful that I am permitted to relate that exceeding great and beautiful psychic experience in the writing of this article for the noble MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES, and tell how the Blessed Lord spoke to me from Heaven!

When I was about fourteen years of age, we were living in Morrisania, N. Y. One day I came home from school about three o'clock and I asked of mother if there was any duty for me to perform. She said no, my sisters had attended to them.

I picked up a book of the poems and plays of William Shakespeare, and passed quietly out into the front gardens. A feeling of absolute peace and stillness seemed to encase me—a sweet feeling of unspeakable peace seemed to come upon me—like that delightful sensation that follows immediately upon the sudden burst of some most glorious music—the surprised ear is startled, the heart bounds, then settles comfortably for a good treat and begins to beat in the rhythm of its native harmony! "Eye hath not seen and ear hath not heard what God hath prepared for them that love Him." I had not gone more than about a hundred feet, with a mute desire to find my old pet cat and to hide myself away up in an old apple-tree, when to my utter amazement a voice like that of a man called me, saying as though it came from about a couple of hundred feet behind me, "WILLIE, WILLIE, WILLIE." Not even imagining that it was from divine source, I immediately thought in my heart. "This cannot be my father's as he is away at Virginia Beach, laying out plans for Ideal Beach City," so I called out aloud—as I looked behind me—"WHY! WHO CALLS ME?" Then came the wondrous visitation only equaled by Apostolic lore and legend! I, THE LORD CALL THEE!" (and here I raised my eyes above). "Seek ye Me and SERVE ME FOREVER!" and I, the little girl, saw the most wonderful vision in reality—and beheld with my wondering eyes the figure of a kingly looking man of gigantic proportions, standing in mid-air a few hundreds of feet above me southward, and this figure was as the color of thin smoke (but perfect counterpart of a man) enveloped as some ancient king in its apparel with a long staff, a rod held out, the end thereof

disappearing in the clouds and the golden halo all around Him. I consulted a holy man about this matter, and confided in him altogether, and this is what he said, with tears running down his face! "Daughter, you could not live too holy a life, and should seek to live as pure and holy as you possibly can, seeing that to you has been tenderly vouchsafed that which men and women, too, have prayed for, cried and petitioned and sacrificed their whole lives for—and did not get!"

I have not conscientiously nor fully responded to that Heavenly visitation; it did not bend my proud soul to my knees, and not until several years ago, did I lay my "broken and contrite heart" on the altar of duty and God's service, but even then it was sorrow and affliction that broke it, that made way for the tears of a Soul's contrition and this river of tears was sealed up forever in the taking and the keeping of a voluntary vow of the absolute and everlasting abstinence from all flesh-eating!

Therefore now from hence on and forever may all men know I am not of the world, worldly! My statement is that of a little child fearless and overjoyed. My generation is in God, Universal Good. My light is in Christ in God Realization. My land is the Realm of Righteousness. My birth in the greatest manifestation will be in all-power and holy war. My work is unto the ends of salvation, and most rich reward is in the acknowledgment of Him, and my crown of glory is to do the will of God. And earth hath no attraction except it speaks to me of Him—she is His creation but I am His child—His creature! I am asked "What is my religion?" My helplessness to answer comprehensively is appalling! Think of what it is to be lifted up thousands of miles into the air above the earth!

My experiences are too great and incredible! My religion is my ambition to feel the pulsation of God's sacred heart as I repose in the lap of Nature.

I know where the balm of forgiveness is to be bought, and where to purchase the sweet reward of unselfishness! I dwell on "the mountain of most sacred Thought" and I look unto the horizon until I can see Perfect day. My reward is virtue and the law is "easy" to obey since it is only the yoke of love!

There is a place most holy where but one may enter alone with—God. Such must be the atonement at that hour that the Angels well may say that God is alone in communion with His child!

## A NOTABLE BOOK

BRAIN ROOFS AND PORTICOS, a Psychological Study of Mind and Character By Jessie A. Fowler. In this excellent volume Miss Fowler, the accomplished examiner of Fowler & Wells Co., N. Y., has brought together a great deal of valuable matter. The book shows among other things, the great advancement made in Mental Science during the last century.

The Author has filled a long-felt want, by gathering together the best ideas on the subjects treated. It is a valuable text book on Phrenology and allied subjects. Price \$1.00. Fowler & Wells Co., N. Y. L. N. Fowler & Co., London, Eng.

The admirable report of Miss Nona L. Brooks's sermon on "Eternal Life," published in our last issue, was from the pages of "Power"—an excellent New Thought Journal, edited by Chas. E. Prather, of Denver.

## FALSEHOOD AND SIN

FROM THE TALMUD

Among the beasts that thronged to fill the ark Slunk Falsehood in a lizard's borrowed guise And begged for refuge; but the Patriarch Denied her, saying, "He that rules, All-Wise, Hath given charge that none shall pass within. Save mated pairs, and thou art come alone." Then Falsehood, baffled, sought her playmate, Sin.

Imploring, "Friend, the shape that I have shown Do thou assume as my pretended mate. That both be saved." Sin answered, "I agree; But give the pledge thou darest not violate. That henceforth, all thy gains thou'lt yield to me."

And so 'twas done: As mates they entered in And Falsehood's gains are ever claimed by Sin.

—ARTHUR GUERMAN.

# ARNICA TOOTH SOAP

**Strong's Arnica Tooth Soap**  
Antiseptic, preserves while it beautifies—restores the health—hardens the gums—whitens the teeth—a leading decision for a  
**Third of a Century**  
The metal package is the most convenient for travel or the home—no liquid or powder to spill or waste.  
**Preserves while it Beautifies**  
**ARNICA TOOTH SOAP**  
**25c At All Druggists**  
(Sent post-paid if you can't find it.)

**STRONG'S ARNICA JELLY**  
Ideal for sunburn, keeps the skin soft and smooth; nothing better for chaps, pimples, burns, bruises and all eruptions. The collapsible metal tube is convenient and unbreakable. If your dealer hasn't it, send to us. Sent post-paid for 25 Cents.  
Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30, 1906; Serial No. 1612.  
**C. H. STRONG & CO., CHICAGO, U.S.A.**

**LABLACHE**  
**FACE POWDER**  
"Peaches and Cream"  
describes the complexions enjoyed by the users of Lablache. They are free from blemishes, that oily appearance, and are smooth and velvety.  
"To all ladies who desire a beautiful complexion I recommend Lablache—the greatest of all beautifiers." So writes Miss L. Mae Walsman of Evansville, Ind., whose picture appears above.  
Refuse substitutes. They may be dangerous. Fresh, White, Pink, or Cream, etc. a box of druggists or by mail. Send 10c. for sample.  
**BEN. LEVY CO., French Perfumers**  
Dept. 16 125 Kingston St., Boston, Mass.

**MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER**  
A Positive Relief For  
**PRICKLY HEAT, CHAFING, and SUNBURN,** and all afflictions of the skin.  
Removes all odor of perspiration. Delightful after Shaving. Sold everywhere, or mailed on receipt of 25c. Get Mennen's (the original). Sample Free.  
**GERHARD MENNEN COMPANY, New York, N.Y.**



## Brown Your Hair

"You'd never think I stained my hair, after I used Mrs. Potter's Walnut-Juice Hair Stain. The Stain doesn't hurt the hair as dyes do, but makes it grow out fluffy."

Send for a Trial Package.

It only takes you a few minutes once a month to apply Mrs. Potter's Walnut-Juice Hair Stain with your comb. Stains only the hair, doesn't run off, contains no poisonous dyes, sulphur, lead or copper. Has no odor, no sediment, no grease. One bottle of Mrs. Potter's Walnut-Juice Hair Stain should last you a year. Sells for \$1.00 per bottle at first-class druggists. We guarantee satisfaction. Send your name and address on a slip of paper, with this advertisement, and enclose 25 cents (stamps or coin) and we will mail you, charges prepaid, a trial package, in plain, sealed wrapper, with valuable booklet on Hair. Mrs. Potter's Hygienic Supply Co., 329 Groton Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.



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be,  
As God hath meant, free from pangs of death!"

## LOOK UP

Hope is coming, do not be sad,  
Nothing is ever quite so bad  
But that it might be worse. No heart  
Can lose all hope. For hope is part  
Of life. Look up, for hope is near!

Take thou some time to think and play,  
And laugh and joy along the way;  
Look up, whate'er thy "lot" may be,  
And strive for larger destiny.  
Look up! thy needs of life are near.

## FOR COMMON MERCIES

Dear Lord, are we ever so thankful,  
As thankful we should be to thee,  
For thine angels sent down to defend us  
From dangers our eyes never see;  
From perils that lurk unsuspected,  
The powers of earth and of air,  
The while we are heaven protected  
And guarded from evil and snare?

Are we grateful as grateful we should be  
For commonplace days of delight,  
When safe we face forth to our labor  
And safe we face homeward at night,  
For the weeks in which nothing has happened  
Save commonplace toiling and play,  
When we've worked at the tasks of the household,  
And peace hushed the house day by day?

Dear Lord, that the terror at midnight,  
The weird of the wind and the flame,  
Hath passed by our dwelling, we praise thee  
And lift up our hearts in thy name;  
That the circle of darlings unbroken  
Yet gathers in bliss round the board,  
That commonplace love is our portion,  
We give thee our praises, dear Lord.

Forgive us who live by thy bounty  
That often our lives are so bare  
Of the garlands of praise that should render  
All votive and fragrant each prayer;  
Dear Lord, in the sharpness of trouble  
We cry from the depths to the throne!  
In the long days of gladness and beauty  
Take thou the glad hearts as thine own.

Oh! common are sunshining and flowers,  
And common are raindrop and dew,  
And the gay little footsteps of children,  
And common the love that holds true,  
So, Lord, for our commonplace mercies,  
That straight from thy hand are bestowed,  
We are loath to uplift our thanksgivings  
Take, Lord, the long debt that we owed.  
—MARGARET E. SANDSTER.

## THE SOUL'S WHITE STAR

The night is dark, so dark, and drear, and chill,  
That yonder solitary cabin light  
Looks like a beacon light 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 through the toiler's night, so shines for  
thee,  
All still and steadfast, the soul's white star.  
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## THE SWEETEST SONG

I would that I might sing some song  
To lift thy load, to ease thy strife;  
But songs, like love, we live and long  
To keep forever in our life;  
And life's stern law, we live to know,  
Is constant change and ceaseless flow.

Lo! still one truth through all things runs  
And knows no change; but flings  
Yon far-off specks, frail trembling suns  
To music, to prove each task sings:  
"The sweetest song that's ever sung,  
Is sung in doing what should be done."  
—AMY NICKERSON.

Be this our prayer: to love the good;  
To do the right; to seek the true;  
To keep eternally in view  
The truth of human brotherhood.  
To tread the paths the good have trod  
In every age since time began.  
Our creed, the brotherhood of man;  
Our faith, the Fatherhood of God.—Selected.

## THE TOUCH OF A HAND

At times when the world seems dead,  
And the heart is bound in frost,  
When every bird or blossom  
Forgotten is, or lost;  
A hand is laid in ours—  
Ah, the world is not so wrong,  
And for every bud that blooms  
The heart leaps up in song!

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Question—Why is it that spirits can so seldom identify themselves to us?

Ans.—Many are entirely different from what you suppose. You on earth behold the silver-plating only; but we see the raw material after the plating is stripped off.

### "CALLED OF GOD"

A Psychic Experience

Communicated by William Henry

How God called me when I was a child

I am truly thankful that I am permitted to relate that *exceeding great and beautiful psychic experience* in the writing of this article for the noble *MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES*, and tell how the Blessed Lord spoke to me from Heaven!

When I was about fourteen years of age, we were living in Morrisania, N. Y. One day I came home from school about three o'clock and I asked of mother if there was any duty for me to perform. She said no, my sisters had attended to them.

I picked up a book of the poems and plays of William Shakespeare, and passed quietly out into the front garden. I *feeling of absolute peace and stillness seemed to envelop me*—a sweet feeling of unspeakable peace seemed to come upon me—like that delightful sensation that follows immediately upon the sudden burst of some most glorious music—the surprised ear is startled, the heart bounds, then settles comfortably for a good treat and begins to beat in the rhythm of its native harmony! "Eye hath not seen and ear hath not heard what God hath prepared for them that love Him." I had not gone more than about a hundred feet, with a mute desire to find my old pet cat and to hide myself away up in an old apple-tree, when to my utter amazement a voice like that of a man called me, saying as though it came from about a couple of hundred feet behind me, "WILLIE, WILLIE, WILLIE!" Not even imagining that it was from *divine source*, I immediately thought in my heart, "This cannot be my father's as he is away at Virginia Beach, laying out plans for Ideal Beach City," so I called out aloud—as I looked behind me—"WHY! WHO CALLS ME?" Then came the wondrous visitation only equaled by Apostolic love and legend! "I, THE LORD CALL THEE!" (and here I raised my eyes above). "Seek ye Me and SERVE ME FOREVER!" and I, the little girl, saw the most wonderful vision in reality and beheld with my wondering eyes the figure of a *kingly looking man of gigantic proportions, standing in mid-air a few hundreds of feet above me southward, and this figure was as the color of thin smoke (but perfect counterpart of a man) enveloped as some ancient king in its apparel with a long staff, a rod held out, the end thereof*

disappearing in the clouds and the golden halo all around him. I consulted a holy man about this matter, and confided in him altogether, and this is what he said, with tears running down his face! "Daughter, you could not live too holy a life, and should seek to live as pure and holy as you possibly can, seeing that to you has been tenderly vouchsafed that which men and women, too, have prayed for, cried and petitioned and sacrificed their whole lives for—and did not get!"

I have not conscientiously nor fully responded to that Heavenly visitation; it did not bend my proud soul to my knees, and not until several years ago, did I lay my "broken and contrite heart" on the altar of duty and God's service, but even then it was sorrow and affliction that broke it, that made way for the tears of a *Soul's contrition* and this river of tears was sealed up forever in the taking and the keeping of a voluntary vow of the absolute and everlasting abstinence from all flesh-eating!

Therefore now from hence on and forever may all men know I am not of the world, worldly! My statement is that of a little child fearless and overjoyed. My generation is in God, Universal Good. My light is in Christ in God Realization. My land is the Realm of Righteousness. My birth in the greatest manifestation will be in all-power and holy w. My work is unto the ends of salvation, and most rich reward is in the acknowledgment of Him, and my crown of glory is to do the w. God. And earth hath no attraction except it speaks to me of Him—she is His creation but I am His child—His creature! I am asked "What is my religion?" My helplessness to answer comprehensively is appalling! Think of what it is to be lifted up thousands of miles into the air above the earth!

My experiences are too great and incredible! My religion is my ambition to feel the pulsation of God's sacred heart as I repose in the lap of Nature.

I know where the balm of forgiveness is to be bought, and where to purchase the sweet reward of unselfishness! I dwell on "the mountain of most sacred Thought" and I look unto the horizon until I can see Perfect day. My reward is virtue and the law is "easy" to obey since it is only the yoke of love!

There is a place most holy where but one may enter alone with—God. Such must be the atonement at that hour that the Angels well may say that God is alone in communion with His child!

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FROM THE TALMUD

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## ARNICA TOOTH SOAP

**Strong's Arnica Tooth Soap**  
Preserves white it Beautifies  
ARNICA TOOTH SOAP  
25c  
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**LABLACHE FACE POWDER**  
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BEN. LEVY CO., French Perfumers  
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## Brown Your Hair

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Send for a Trial Package.

It only takes you a few minutes once a month to apply Mrs. Potter's Walnut-Juice Hair Stain with your comb. Stains only the hair, doesn't run off, contains no poisonous dyes, sulphur, lead or copper. Has no odor, no swelling, no greasiness. One bottle of Mrs. Potter's Walnut-Juice Hair Stain should last you a year. Send for it at 25 per bottle at first-class druggists. We guarantee satisfaction. Send your name and address on a slip of paper, with this advertisement, and enclose 25 cents (stamps or coin) and we will mail you, charges prepaid, a trial package, in plain, sealed wrapper, with valuable booklet on Hair. Mrs. Potter's Hygienic Supply Co., 226 Groves Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.



## A PAGE OF POEMS

Many by MISS AMY NICKERSON

## TIME

I am the lilt of an ancient song,  
The burying-ground of your deepest grief;  
I follow you fast though your stride be strong;  
I watch you drift on rock and reef.

I know of the love you have lost and won.  
Yea; I am the fount of memory.  
I am the road to the rising sun,  
The sign of your soul, eternity.

—AMY NICKERSON.

## MY PROOF OF SOVEREIGNTY

Give it to me to win some gold,  
Enough to prove I have the power  
To use it well, "To have and hold"  
It is a gift of life's short hour.  
I'd have it prove I have the heart  
To play life's game a royal part.

Give it to me to win a friend  
Whose love and loyalty shall last  
Whatever fickle fate may send.  
If failure and misfortune cast  
Their sad and sullen gloom o'er me,  
I'd have Love prove my sovereignty.

## FOR TO-DAY

Give me the strength for this to-day,  
To meet the little cares of life  
With more of patience and of grace,  
To bear the sorrow and the strife  
With faithful heart and fairer face,  
To search for good in things alway.

Ah, yes; I'd have the heart to see  
The limits of my narrow way,  
And knowledge, too, to understand  
The deed that wrung my heart to-day,  
And then the strength to turn my hand  
To larger opportunity.

## THE GEM OF TIME

A sage who had grown gray and old, forsooth,  
From years of delving in the depths of truth,  
Brought forth a gem from Stygian mine  
Whose luster time can never dim. 'Tis thine,  
Go! wear it day by day; men call it Now.

The old seer says that they who wear this gem  
May walk the halls of Truth, and stand with them  
Whose bugle call speaks from the heights,  
But warns: "Oh, child, take care, its lights  
Are lost to thee in past and future things!"

So go and bind this gem upon thy brow  
Nor think from bad comes nothing good. Go  
thou,  
Without regrets and learn these truths of life:  
What was is not. What is, is Now. All strife  
Recedes before the passing moment Now.

## A PRAYER

Teach me to read the lines aright  
That mar the beauty of a face;  
If there I read an early blight,  
To read it with a kindred grace.

Yea! Teach me how to understand  
The sorrows of another's heart,  
And knowledge how to lend a hand,  
Nor play the patron helper's part.

Help me keep my heart-beats strong  
With faith and human sympathy,  
Nor to condemn my sex of wrong,  
But to sustain them loyally.

To live my life, from day to day,  
And live it as I ought, and when  
The gloaming gold grows gray  
To sleep in rest and peace. Amen!

## THE VOICE OF NIAGARA

Niagara! thy rainbow tints and booming bells,  
Thy rose-hued lights and legends, and thy swells,  
Like mystic music of an ancient sea,  
Thy voice, O great Niagara, sings to me!

It sings adown the whirlwind years of time  
And pleads against man's greed. O thought  
sublime,  
It pleads for babes unborn, that they may stand  
Beside thy falls and bless a loving land!

Ah yes! that in the ages yet to come  
Those unborn ones may count the paltry sum  
That saved thy temple: emblem of the free,  
Thou lute of love, yea; nature's symphony!

Sing on, O voice, until the nation's halls  
Take up thy song: "Oh, save Niagara Falls!"  
Sing on, until the people's voice with me  
Shall shout: "Niagara for futurity!"



Amy Nickerson

## THE HARP

O sacred altar, world-old yet e'er new,  
Thy tale is hushed in the Temple of Art,  
And thousands of weird years gloom about thee,  
While all the passions of the ages sleep  
In thy mute soul. The hopes and fears of men  
Are held in thy frail heart, and wait the hand  
To master the long silence of the past,  
In which thou hast, like a vague spirit, drawn  
The mists of time, and space, and death 'round  
thee.

Oh, wake and sing life's psalm and hush the  
world's  
Mad clamor after phantoms, blinding, old!

Down the time-worn vista of the years I dream  
A voice speaks through thee: "Thy life, O man,  
Is dual, but the choice of way is thine: to mount  
O'er earth-life's sordid gulfs to realms of peace,  
To span the space 'tween heaven and earth,  
And link wide worlds' Yea; loose thy pain and  
be,  
As God hath meant, free from pangs of death!"

## LOOK UP

Hope is coming, do not be sad,  
Nothing is ever quite so bad  
But that it might be worse. No heart  
Can lose all hope. For hope is part  
Of life. Look up, for hope is near!

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Question—Why is it that spirits can so seldom identify themselves to us?

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# BIBLE BREAD

*Be content with such things as ye have.—HEB. xiii. 5.*

*I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therein to be content.—PHIL. iv. 2 (R. V.).*

No longer forward nor behind  
I look in hope or fear;  
But, grateful, take the good I find,  
The best of now and here.

J. G. WHITTIER.

**I**F we wished to gain contentment, we might try such rules as these —

1. Allow thyself to complain of nothing, not even of the weather.
2. Never picture thyself to thyself under any circumstances in which thou art not.
3. Never compare thine own lot with that of another.
4. Never allow thyself to dwell on the wish that this or that had been, or were otherwise than it was or is. God Almighty loves thee better and more wisely than thou dost thyself.
5. Never dwell on the morrow. Remember that it is God's, not thine. The heaviest part of sorrow often is to look forward to it. "The Lord will provide."

Know that "impossible," where truth and mercy and the everlasting voice of nature order, has no place in the brave man's dictionary. That when all men have said "Impossible," and tumbled noisily elsewhere, and thou alone art left, then first thy time and possibility have come. It is for thee now, do thou that, and ask no man's counsel, but thy own only and God's. Brother, thou hast possibility in thee for much: the possibility of writing on the eternal skies the record of a heroic life.

In the moral world there is nothing impossible, if we bring a thorough will to it. Man can do everything with himself; but he must not attempt to do too much with others.

## STEAMSHIP STEERED BY A GHOST

Just twenty-six years ago this month I left Glasgow in a full-rigged ship of the City line, being a midshipman of the company. We were bound around the Cape of Good Hope to Calcutta.

We made a record run to the line in eighteen days, and, missing the doldrums, got a fair wind from the westward.

When in the locality of the De Verde Islands the captain set the course for the night, leaving the chart on the cabin table, with penciled course for the second officer's guidance.

In the middle watch, while I was on deck on the opposite side of the roof-deck from the officer, the captain called for me and inquired who had tampered with the chart. I replied that I had seen no one go down below through the companionway.

## A FOOD DRINK

Which Brings Daily Enjoyment

A lady doctor writes:

Though busy hourly with my own affairs, I will not deny myself the pleasure of taking a few minutes to tell of the enjoyment daily obtained from my morning cup of Postum. It is a food beverage, not a stimulant like coffee.

"I began to use Postum 8 years ago, not because I wanted to, but because coffee, which I dearly loved, made my nights long weary periods to be dreaded and unfitting me for business during the day.

"On advice of a friend, I first tried Postum, making it carefully as suggested on the package. As I had always used 'cream and no sugar,' I mixed my Postum so. It looked good, was clear and fragrant, and it was a pleasure to see the cream color it. As my Kentucky friend always wanted her coffee to look—like a new saddle."

"Then I tasted it critically, and I was pleased, yes, satisfied with my Postum in taste and effect, and am yet, being a constant user of it all these years.

"I continually assure my friends and acquaintances that they will like Postum in place of coffee, and receive benefit from its use. I have gained weight, can sleep and am not nervous." "There's a reason." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

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

He then called the officer and inquired of him; he also denied any knowledge of the same.

He retired after changing the pencil-marked course again to the correct course. It had been changed to another course by some unknown person.

In about an hour the captain in a rage called the officer down and called the first officer and steward out of their cabins, and demanded who had been playing the fool with him by tampering with the chart. Nobody knew of the occurrence.

Disbelieving, and in a passion, he again changed the course to the correct bearings and, warning the officer on watch and myself to keep a sharp lookout, he went to his berth, but lay down with the door of his cabin commanding a view of the saloon table, with chart in sight.

In about twenty minutes, while all were watching, a man dressed in an ordinary black gentleman's suit came from the forepart of the saloon, out of the companionway, and approaching the table, hastily penciled the course back again the third time, heading us out of our course.

The captain, dumfounded at first at a stranger on a merchant vessel when three weeks out of port, said nothing, but recovering himself, he sprang out of his bunk, roaring, "Who are you?"

The person, pointing to the chart, started toward the companion, the captain springing after him.

In the companionway he vanished. No one ever came on deck, where we were waiting to catch him, having seen all, and thinking possibly it was a stowaway, though how he could have lived and where hidden himself was incomprehensible.

All hands were then called and a complete search of the ship made, the captain seeming to think that the man must have slipped past us on deck, doubting the possibility of the vanishing, being no believer in spiritual manifestations until then. No trace of anybody was found.

Then the captain, after conferring with the officers changed the orders and we followed the course given by the apparition. The next morning at about nine we came up to a boatload of people who had taken to the boat from a burning ship.

On the boat, approaching the rail, a man cried out: "There is the man I saw in my dream," pointing to the captain. He claimed to have seen the captain and to know that he would be saved by him in a dream the previous night.

Yet the man was not dressed like the apparition, nor did he look like him.

Four parties saw the apparition, the second

officer, captain, man at the wheel and myself. This account was logged and can be verified. A. A. HALLAM, P. O. Box 673, Miami, Fla.  
—New York World.

"Take my life and let it be  
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee;  
Take my hands and let them move  
At the impulse of Thy love.

"Take my will and make it Thine.  
It shall be no longer mine;  
Take my heart, it is Thine own,  
It shall be Thy royal throne."

## OUR COUNTRY

O beautiful, our country!  
Be thine a nobler care  
Than all thy wealth of commerce,  
Thy harvests waving fair;  
Be it thy pride to lift up  
The manhood of the poor.  
Be thou to the oppressed  
Fair Freedom's open door!

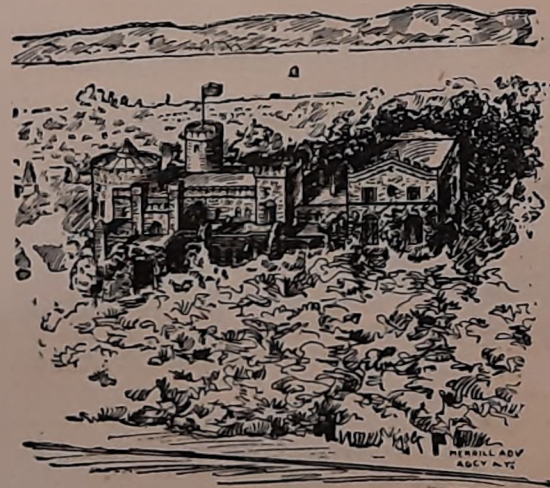
For thee our fathers suffered,  
For thee they toiled and prayed;  
Upon thy holy altar  
Their willing lives they laid.  
Thou hast no common birthright,  
Grand memories on thee shine;  
The blood of pilgrim nations  
Commingle flows in thine.

O beautiful, our country!  
Round thee in love we draw;  
Thine be the grace of Freedom,  
The majesty of Law.  
Be Righteousness thy sceptre,  
Justice thy diadem;  
And on thy shining forehead  
Be Peace the crowning gem.

—Every Other Sunday.

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# TO OUR MEMBERS

"But the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father shall send in my name, he shall teach you all things, and shall bring all things to remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you."

JOHN XIV. 26.

**O**FTEN years will pass away, over us as over the disciples, long years, during which we may hear the word of the Lord daily, and yet are not penetrated thoroughly thereby. He evermore opens the fountains of His grace, to refresh us with His life-giving water; but we let it dry up without drinking it into our hearts. We feel, indeed, that He is holding out something grand and glorious; and we take pleasure in His words; but that which is deepest and most precious in them is totally lost to us, because our sense for it has not yet been awakened. He has so many things to say to us; but we cannot bear them yet; for the life-giving spirit has not come and enlightened us. We often pass on blindly, when He desires to give us His richest and most glorious revelations; often we are unable to understand what He means, when He addresses us with His deep, spiritual words.

Whence comes this? whence, except that we, like His first disciples, want that experience of life which alone can open our minds to receive His deeper meaning. For he who knows not the world and its manifold complicated relations from his own observation,—he who has not yet felt the insecurity and mutability of this transitory existence,—he who has never yet been tossed to and fro by the storms of life, and so has had little occasion to look beyond this temporal to an eternal state,—such a person can understand but little of Him who came for this very purpose, to bring mankind to eternal life; his life will be like a smooth surface, into which the healing waters of the Gospel cannot enter, and from which they glide off without effect.

Oh, they will come for us too, the more our outward sphere of life unfolds and widens,—they will come, the days of heavy sorrow, the dark hours when we shall see what was dearest and most precious to us on this earth vanish away,—the heavy, crushing state, in which we can find neither counsel nor comfort,—they will come, the times of distress, in which our human neighbors have neither power nor will to help us. But along with them comes the Holy Spirit, whom the Saviour promised to send, and lifts up man's downcast eyes from temporal things to eternal; He raises the quaking heart to prayer, and intercedes for it with unutterable groanings; He purifies, comforts, and strengthens it; and through the clouds which surround us He shows us the bright form of the Saviour, and places us beneath the rays of His eternal light.

Thenceforward we understand, far otherwise than before, what He meant when He called upon us to enter into the communion of His sufferings, and to be fashioned after the likeness of His death. The Word of Life comes suddenly before our soul in wonderful clearness; and the sorrowing heart finds therein what the glad heart did not seek—a sacred, inexhaustible fountain of everlasting life, and that rich, heavenly consolation which the world cannot give.

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## THE WATERING TROUGH

BY MRS. SARAH K. BOLTON, OF CLEVELAND, OHIO

The sun was scorching like the simoon's breath;  
Tired horses toiled along the busy street;  
Patient and faithful with no goal but death,  
With parching tongues, and weary, aching feet.

Dogs panted as they ran, and looked in vain  
For cooling water, by which all things live;  
What God sends freely in refreshing rain,  
A Christian city had forgot to give.

"What can I do for good unto the least?"  
A woman mused that sultry afternoon;  
"Water unto the thirsty, man and beast,"  
Whispered a voice, "would be the greatest boon."

A simple trough was made; beside it stood  
A new tin cup that glistened in the sun;  
A trifling act it seemed, and yet the good  
Could not be measured when the year was done.

Day after day, from morning until night,  
The thankful horses never passed it by;  
To her who gave it, ever a delight;  
For what is life, but constant ministry?


The trough will do its work for years to come;  
The worn tin cup its blessed use will show;  
Others will build for creatures poor and dumb;  
Who helps the world has made his heaven below.

(Mrs. Bolton long ago put her poetical sentiment into practice by the establishment of such a benevolence as she writes of, before her own door, where thousands of animals have quenched their thirst.)—*Dumb Animals.*

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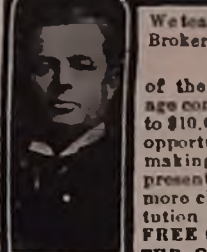


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MYSTERY OF THE  
WARDROBE

Both doors of the wardrobe opened

Concerning the two following incidents, the first I personally witnessed, although at the time a young girl. The impression it produced, deepened naturally by the subsequent talk of my companions and elders, is forever fixed in my memory. My knowledge of the other incident is second-hand, but derived from persons whose veracity is above suspicion.

The scene of the first incident was my father's house in Louisville, Ky. He, a banker, bought the place from a Mr. B., who just after delivering the keys to my father at the bank and driving home was found on his carriage floor in a dying condition, having been stricken with apoplexy. In buying the house, recently built and furnished and extremely complete in its appointments, my father had taken with it a new Axminster carpet, several cabinets, a mahogany bedstead and a very beautiful rosewood wardrobe. The latter stood in a guest chamber.

One morning we girls (myself and three companions) were in this room, sitting on the opposite side from the wardrobe. Our attention was attracted by a crackling noise, apparently coming from that piece of furniture, and as we looked the doors appeared to be moving. We beat a hasty retreat to the door, while, to our greater terror, both doors of the wardrobe opened. Continuing our flight to my mother's room, she returned with us, and, examining the doors of the wardrobe (fastened in the usual manner with hook and lock), found the bolt extended and the hook out of the staple—the door unhooked, but not unlocked. She readjusted the fastenings and we all stood off, in a tremor of mingled fright and curiosity, to await the result. It appeared immediately.

The doors, with a measured succession of cracks or creaks, indicating a like succession of strains, opened wide, not flying open, but opening steadily, by jerks, to the fullest possible extent, apparently under as great pressure in the last reach as in the first. My mother, a devout Christian, went to her room, returning with a crucifix, saying, "It is some evil spirit," which she undertook to expel by displaying the sacred emblem. She then fastened the doors of the wardrobe a second time, and we turned to leave the room; but, before we were halfway across it the doors opened again in the same

manner, and to the same extent. The agency in the case, whatever it was, refused to be exorcised.

In the afternoon, when my father came home from the bank and learned what had taken place, he said, with some impatience, "There is trickery here, and an end must be put to it. Nothing of this will be seen in my presence." He went to the wardrobe, attended by all of us, examined it critically and made sure it was properly hooked and locked. We then took our stand in another part of the room, where we had not long to wait for developments. The wardrobe opened exactly as before in every particular. To reassure himself my father repeated the fastening with additional care, and the wardrobe repeated its opening without any change. Stepping to the bell, he summoned a servant, whom he bade go and ask Mr. C., his next-door neighbor and banking partner, to come on. Mr. C. at once joined us and, being told what was going on, made a thorough investigation and fastened the wardrobe doors himself, but with absolutely the same result as before. My father said, "Clifton, what do you make of that?"

"Well, Colonel," he answered, "to me it is entirely inexplicable." And in this conclusion my father concurred.

The time of the year, I should add, was May, when the temperature is not likely to influence metals one way or the other. Besides, as the unhooking and unlocking force acted in lines at right angles to each other, the wardrobe, if it opened itself, would have had at the same time to contract in one direction and expand in the other, an incredible feat at any season. It is perhaps conceivable that the spring of a lock should get so fatigued as to exert little or no force in holding the bolt extended or retracted, but here the bolt was regularly found extended, in a position to have exerted its full binding power. And how could the hook be lifted out of its staple? The book would seem the true wonder-centre of the incident.

Hooks are sober fastenings, not given to spontaneous freaks. Whatever the explanation, the testimony of my father and his partner, two clear-headed and hard-headed men of business, both predisposed to scout the reality of such occurrences, proves the fact to be undeniable. The wardrobe, I should not omit to say, was never known, before or after, to behave in this way. With this exception it was a well conducted wardrobe.—N. Y. Herald.

## CALUMNY

BY FRANCES SARGENT OSGOOD

Frances Sargent Osgood (1811-1850) is perhaps best remembered for her long and interesting friendship with Edgar Allan Poe. Over that wayward and erratic genius she exercised a very helpful and restraining influence which he sadly needed. At her request he promised to refrain from using stimulants—a promise which he was unable long to keep. Mrs. Osgood (her maiden name was Locke) began to write verses when she was a mere child, and they were so good as to attract considerable attention. In 1854 she married the artist, S. S. Osgood, who had been engaged to paint her portrait, but who devoted the sittings as much to courtship as to art. Her first volume of poetry was published in London, where she lived for some time after her marriage, and where she won some flattering recognition, inasmuch as Sheridan Knowles, the dramatist, asked her to write a play, which she did under the title "The Happy Release." Her verses show a good deal of technical skill, imagination and melody, and they were much admired by Poe, who praised them highly, and did her the honor of asking her judgment on "The Raven" before that famous poem saw the light. The lines here reprinted have been very often quoted for their pathos.

A whisper woke the air,  
A soft, light tone and low,  
Yet barbed with shame and wo.  
Ah, might it only perish there,  
Nor farther go!

But no! A quick and eager ear  
Caught up the little meaning sound;  
Another voice has breathed it clear;  
And so it wandered round  
From ear to lip, from lip to ear,  
Until it reached a gentle heart  
That throbbed from all the world apart  
And that—it broke!

It was the only heart it found—  
The only heart 'twas meant to find,  
When first its accents woke.  
It reached that gentle heart at last,  
And that—it broke!

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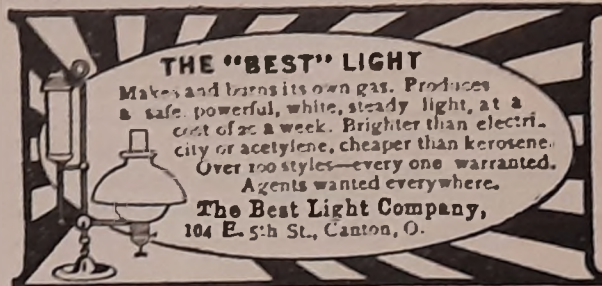
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FREE TRIAL OFFER

I WILL give you my splendid outfit on a 60-day free trial—entirely at my own risk, providing you are the first from your locality to accept my generous offer. I have always sold these splendid Outfits to dealers, but this season, commencing with this very day, I have made up my mind to sell direct to the wearer and save every man the enormous profit that has always gone into the pocket of the dealer. To make my new plan a success right from the start I decided to place with one reliable person in each community my complete outfit for \$5.00 and not one cent more. 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.

P. O. LINDQUIST, Manager  
CANADA MILLS CO., Dept. 316, GREENVILLE, MICH.

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An American movement Watch, Solid Gold-Plated Case fully warranted timekeeper, appears equal to Solid Gold Watch Guaranteed 25 Years. Also a Solid Gold-Plated Ring set with a sparkling Cisco Gem, are given Free to Boys and Girls, or anyone selling 20 Silver Aluminum Thumbtacks at 10c each; a paper Gold-Ring Needles Free with each Thumbtack. They are easy to sell. Write for them. When sold send us the \$2, and we will positively send you the Watch and Ring, Ladies' or Gents' Chain also.

Address OWENS SUPPLY CO., Dept. 78, Chicago

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Having cured more bunions than any other living man, I can confidently make a hard and fast agreement with any man or woman who suffers with a bunion: "I will stop the pain in one hour, reduce the joint, check the growth, and in a short time if my directions are followed restore the foot to its natural graceful form. I shall use none of the old fashioned cumbersome methods, but I will, without pain, danger or inconvenience to you, dissolve the cause of the bunion and remove it forever. All this I will do for you by mail without your risking one single cent of money. I am ready now—so write me now."

FOOT REMEDY CO.  
1300 Lawndale Ave. Chicago, Ill.



## THE SUDDEN FLIGHT OF A SOUL

The remarkable experience of a man  
who was pronounced dead

DEAR EDITOR:

I saw in a late copy of THE PARAGON MONTHLY an article headed: "Did this man's soul really take a trip away from his body?" If you will have a little patience with me for a while I will give you a similar experience of my own:

About ten months ago I had the misfortune to cross the path of a dangerous outlaw in a State west of here. In a drunken state he grossly misbehaved himself once, and I retaliated by knocking him down. He arose and swore he would have my life for it inside of twenty-four hours. I told him to go ahead, that I would be ready for him. Knowing his desperate character, I armed myself for the encounter.

Next day I met him suddenly, and he had a shot-gun covering my breast before I could draw my own weapon. "Draw your pistol," he said, and in a calm and even voice continued: "I am now ready for revenge."

My glance fell on the gun-barrel; it was directly against my heart. I knew the drawing of my own gun would be the signal of my own execution. My heart wavered for a second, but I could not retract because I had told him I would be ready for him. It was right in the centre of a small saw-mill town, and a dozen people near by were looking on. They were all my friends, but in accordance with Western custom they could not interfere.

A folded newspaper rested in my inside coat pocket; knowing small shot would not be able to penetrate it, I pulled the paper over my heart and drew my weapon. My hand touched the trigger, but at the same moment I felt, my breast perforated by a shellful of No. 8 shot. I felt instantly that I had only a few seconds to live, but being a student of Theosophy, I concluded to observe as near as possible the departure of the fluid-body or, as we call it, the soul. With my right hand covering my heart, I counted my heart-beats. Slowly I counted about six or seven; then they stopped. Immediately I felt a sensation like a shadowy substance going slowly up through my legs. When it reached my body proper it hesitated, then gathered more force and went slowly up through my bowels, heart and lungs.

Apparently the substance came from every fibre in my body, but the components I could not describe. It felt to be some sort of a vapor or gaseous fluid which penetrated every part of the body; when it reached the skull it stopped for a second, then slowly passed through the top of the skull. Something told me when the last part of it left my head my earthly days were ended. Then of a sudden a complete blank ensued. The next I knew I was going through the air, very slowly, it appeared, but still I must have gone at a high speed because the first thing I knew when I looked behind me, I saw the earth below looking like an enormous globe about two miles in diameter. In front of me, far away in the distance, I saw a peculiar light, something like the dawn of a morning just before sunrise; below me it was a dark and bottomless space.

All of a sudden it appeared, stopped; I felt I was getting heavier; slowly I commenced to go downward into the terrible abyss; a nameless fear overcame me; I looked back again and saw the earth was now 'way above me. I could plainly see the doctor and my friends surrounding my blood-soaked and dead body, working with energy to recall life to my body again.

While I kept on toward the dawning light I had no desire to return, but when I found I was going downward into darkness, a nameless fear overcame me. I prayed as I had never prayed before to the Almighty God to let me return to the earth and inhabit my body once more. Instantly I stopped and wavered; I prayed again; I turned around and began to float upward. I soon saw the earth right in front and above me, but it appeared that there were two forces working on me: one trying to pull me down and one trying to pull me up. With a superhuman effort I finally landed on the earth again, then everything became a blank.

### 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.

The next I knew I heard a voice exclaim, "Thank God, he is alive!" I opened my eyes and saw the doctor and the people around me. I found out later that the doctor had pronounced me absolutely dead, but upon my friends' entreaties he consented to work upon me provided they paid him in advance.

This, my friends, is an absolutely true record of my experience. This observation is, to my own belief, an absolute conviction that my soul took a flight through space, and I hope, my dear sisters and brothers of the Prosperity Circle, you will find something in this occurrence to settle your own doubts. And now, my dear Circle, I wish you all a happy success and prosperity in your work.

Yours sincerely,

FRANK WALLEEG, Violet, Miss.

This is true. The Central Positive Life of All Being is the Divine Sunlight. This is the attraction of all Immensity.

The Inner Life of this man was attracted back to the central soul, and by his earnest prayer, was, by God's Mercy, once again restored to the bodily organism. "All things are held by the Law of Attraction, and that attraction is God." The Inner Life of all.

## THE OLD STONE BASIN

SUSAN COOLIDGE

In the heart of the busy city,  
In the scorching noontide heat,  
A sound of bubbling water  
Falls on the din of the street.

It falls in an old stone basin,  
And over the cool, wet brink  
The heads of the thirsty horses  
Each moment are stretched to drink.

And peeping between the crowding heads,  
As the horses come and go,  
The "Gift of Three Little Sisters"  
Is read on the stone below.

Ah! beasts are not taught letters;  
They know no alphabet:  
And never a horse in all these years  
Has read the words; and yet

I think that each thirsty creature  
Who stops to drink by the way,  
His thanks, in his own dumb fashion,  
To the sisters small must pay.

Years have gone by since busy hands  
Wrought at the basin's stone—  
The kindly little sisters  
Are all to women grown.

I do not know their home or fate,  
Or the names they bear to men,  
But the sweetness of that precious deed  
Is just as fresh as then.

And all life long, and after life,  
They must the happier be  
For the cup of water poured by them  
When they were children three.

## FIRE MIST

A fire mist and a planet,  
A crystal and a cell,  
A jellyfish and a saurian,  
A cave where the cave men dwell,  
Then a sense of law and beauty,  
A face turned from the clod—  
Some call it evolution,  
And others call it God.

A haze on the fair horizon—  
The infinite tender sky,  
The rich, ripe tint of the cornfields,  
And the wild geese sailing high,  
And all over upland and lowland,  
The sign of the goldenrod—  
Some of us call it autumn,  
And others call it God.

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

A picket frozen on duty—  
A mother starved for her brood—  
Socrates drinking the hemlock,  
And Jesus on the rood,  
And millions, who humble and nameless,  
The straight, hard pathway trod,  
Some call it Consecration,  
And others call it God,  
—Hamilton (Can.) Spectator.

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We want good reliable hustling men everywhere to wear good clothes, take measurements, show samples for finest men's exclusive made-to-order suits and overcoats and take orders for our fine clothes from their neighborhood. You can make a big steady income. It's easy to take orders for our clothing because we give an

**Extra Pair of Pants  
and Fancy Vest FREE**  
With Every Suit

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ENDORSED BY PHYSICIANS

**FREE TRIAL**

Send us your name and address and we will forward you our \$1.00 treatment on 5 days trial. If satisfied remit us \$1.00, if not it costs you nothing. If afflicted

SEND YOUR ADDRESS TO-DAY

**THE PERSPIRO COMPANY**

Box 244 H

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## An Ideal Kitchen Grinder (sent on trial) for \$3.80



Specially designed for grinding nuts and all kinds of sticky and buttery substances. Pulverizes dry products, makes fine PEANUT BUTTER. Special plates and crushers for different kinds of grinding. Nut Conkery Recipe Book FREE with each mill. Send for descriptive booklet to

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Are entirely different from the truss, and are seemingly an infallible cure for the worst forms of rupture. Being self-adhesive, they hold the rupture in place without straps, buckles or obnoxious springs—cannot slip, so cannot chafe or compress against the pelvic bone. The pads contain a medicine which is kept constantly in contact and is gradually absorbed, thereby quickly curing the most obstinate cases. Hundreds have successfully treated themselves at home without hindrance from work. Guaranteed under Pure Food and Drugs Act. Write to-day and "Trial of Treatment," with interesting book, will be sent absolutely

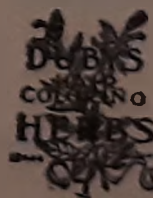
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**DUBY'S HAIR COLORING HERBS** restore gray, streaked or faded hair to its natural color, beauty and softness. Prevents the hair from falling out, promotes its growth, prevents dandruff, and gives the hair a soft, glossy and healthy appearance. IT WILL NOT STAIN THE SCALP, is not sticky or dirty, contains no alcohol, no mercury, silver, copper, or poisons of any kind, but is composed of roots, herbs, bark and flowers. **PACKAGE MAKES ONE PINT.** It will produce the most luxuriant tresses from dry, coarse and wiry hair, and bring back the color it originally was before it turned gray. Full size package sent by mail, postpaid, for 25 cents. **OZARK HERB CO., Block 64, St. Louis, Mo.**



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Send us your address and you'll get by return mail a pair of **Magic Foot Drafts**, the great New Michigan External remedy for all kinds of rheumatism, chronic, acute, muscular, sciatic, lumbago or gout, no matter where located or how severe.

**Magic Foot Drafts** are curing many of the toughest cases on record—chronics of 30 and 40 years' suffering—after doctors, baths and medicines had utterly failed.

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We couldn't make such an offer if the Drafts were not a real cure, for no one pays until satisfied. Let us send you a pair. **Magic Foot Draft Co., 872 Oliver Bldg., Jackson, Mich.** Send no money. Write today.



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I was helpless and bed-ridden for years a double rupture. I wore many different kinds of trusses. Some were tortures, some positively dangerous and none would hold the rupture. The doctors told me I couldn't cure it without a surgical operation. But I fooled them all, and cured myself by a simple discovery. Anyone can use it, and I will send the cure free by mail, postpaid, to anyone who writes for it. Write your name and address in the coupon below and mail it today to

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### Free Rupture-Cure Coupon

Name.....  
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### Darken Your Gray Hair!

Send for the "Book of the Hair," a 32-page illustrated booklet, containing valuable hints on the care and dressing of the hair and full information about the

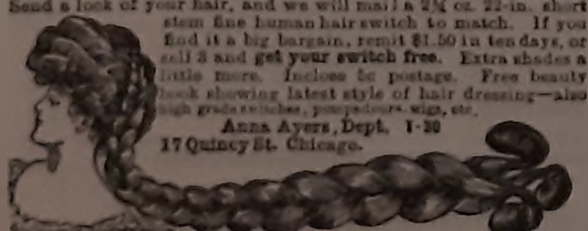
#### IDEAL HAIR DYEING COMB

The most practical device for restoring gray, faded or streaked hair to its natural color or to any desired shade. Used like an ordinary comb. Absolutely harmless. Not sold in stores.

**H. D. COMB CO.**  
Dept. 32, 35 W. 21st Street, N. Y.

Send on Approval. Send No Money. \$1.50  
**WE WILL TRUST YOU TEN DAYS. HAIR SWITCH**

Send a lock of your hair, and we will mail a 24 or 22-in. short stem fine human hair switch to match. If you find it a big bargain, send \$1.50 in ten days, or sell it and get your switch free. Extra shades a little more. Include 10c postage. Free beauty book showing latest style of hair dressing—also high grade combs, pomades, wigs, etc.  
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### THE DERELICT

BY JAMES BARNES

Bound for the haven of Nowhere,  
Hailing for ports forgot;  
Feared and hated—an outcast  
Craving a resting spot,  
Gleams there no light or beacon?  
Looms there no friendly land?  
The soul that was mine died in me  
For lack of a guiding hand.  
Hopeless, I see the sunrise;  
Groaning I greet each day;  
Aimless, I grope and falter  
Into the beaten way!

Give me a blow in the darkness!  
Sink me deep, deep in the sea!  
Put me to sleep forever  
Out of this misery!  
Abject, I watch my brethren  
Turn from me passing by,  
Cursing me long for living!  
Vainly I wish to die!  
Lord of the storm and tempest,  
Strike me the welcome blow.  
Grant me a grave in the coral,  
A rest in the sands below!

### THE THREE FISHERS

BY CHARLES KINGSLEY

Three fishers went sailing away to the west—  
Away to the west as the sun went down;  
Each thought on the woman who loved him the best.  
And the children stood watching them out of the town;

For men must work and women must weep;  
And there's little to earn and many to keep,  
Though the harbor bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the lighthouse tower,  
And they trimm'd the lamps as the sun went down;  
They look'd at the squall, and they look'd at the shower.

And the night-rack came rolling up, ragged and brown;  
But men must work and women must weep,  
Though storms be sudden and waters deep,  
And the harbor bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands  
In the morning gleam as the tide went down,  
And the women are weeping and wringing their hands

For those who will never come home to the town;  
For men must work and women must weep—  
And the sooner it's over the sooner to sleep—  
And good-by to the bar and its moaning!

### A LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE

BY EPES SARGENT

A life on the ocean wave,  
A home on the rolling deep;  
Where the scatter'd waters rave,  
And the winds their revels keep!  
Like an eagle caged I pine  
On this dull, unchanging shore:  
Oh, give me the flashing brine,  
The spray, and the tempest's roar!

Once more on the deck I stand,  
Of my own swift-gliding craft;  
Set sail! Farewell to the land;  
The gale follows fair abaft.  
We shoot through the sparkling foam,  
Like an ocean-bird set free—  
Like the ocean-bird, our home  
We'll find far out on the sea.

The land is no longer in view,  
The clouds have begun to frown;  
But with a stout vessel and crew,  
We'll say, "Let the storm come down!"  
And the song of our hearts shall be,  
While the winds and waters rave,  
A home on the rolling sea!  
A life on the ocean wave!

Nothing is so contagious as enthusiasm; it is the real allegory of the tale of Orpheus; it moves stones, it charms brutes.

Enthusiasm is the genius of sincerity, and truth accomplishes no victories without it.

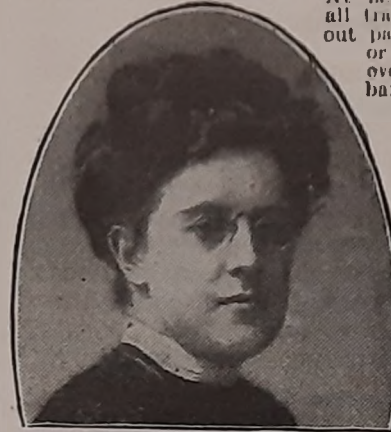
—BULWER LYTTON.

## 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, 318-B, Custom House, Providence, R. I.

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Floral designs. All different. Embossed. Richly colored. Your name tinselled in gold or silver. Retail 10c each. LUCAS CO. 1232 Lake St., Chicago

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Send us your address and we will show you how to make \$3 a day absolutely sure. We furnish the work you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully, remember we guarantee a clear profit of \$3 for every day's work, absolutely sure. Write at once.

**ROYAL MANUFACTURING CO., Box 900, Detroit, Mich.**

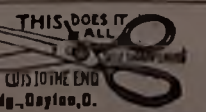
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**E. M. DAVIS SOAP CO., 484 Carroll Ave., Chicago, Ill.**

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Selling these wonderful rollers. V. C. Gleason, Columbus, O., sold 22 pairs in 2 hours, made \$18; you can do it, we show how. Pass Order. Thomas Mfg. Co., 26 Home Bldg., Dayton, O.

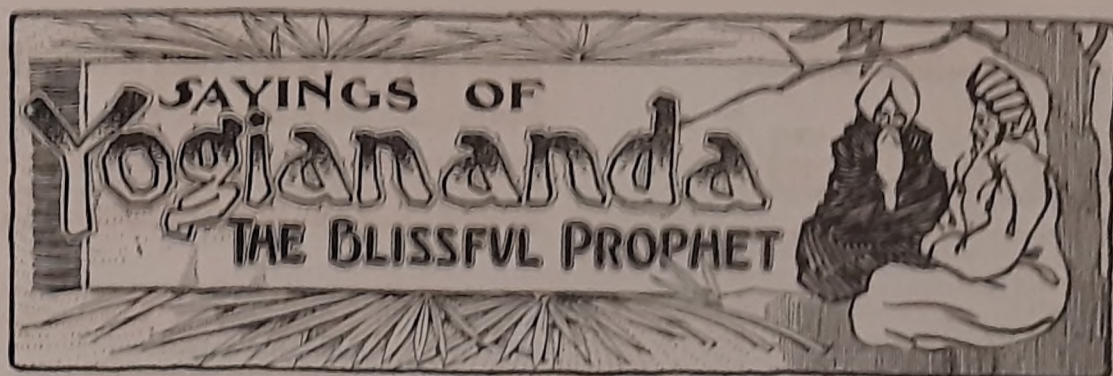


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## HATHA YOGA

THE SCIENCE OF RELAXATION

The Science of Relaxation forms a very important part of the Hatha Yoga philosophy and many of the Yogis have devoted much care and study to this branch of the subject. At first glance it may appear to the average reader that the idea of teaching people how to relax—how to rest—is ridiculous, as every one should know how to perform this simple feat. And the average man is right—in part. Nature teaches us how to relax and rest to perfection—the infant is a past-master in the science. But as we have grown older we have acquired many artificial habits and have allowed Nature's original habits to lapse. And so at the present time the people of the Western world may well accept from the Yogis a little teaching along the lines of this subject.

The average physician could give some very interesting testimony on the subject of the failure of the people to understand the first principles of relaxation—he knows that a large percentage of the nervous troubles of the people are due to ignorance of the subject of "rest."

Rest and relaxation are very different things from "loafing" and "laziness," etc. On the contrary, those who have mastered the science of relaxation are usually the most active and energetic kind of people, but they waste no energy; with them every motion counts.

Let us consider the question of relaxation and try to see just what it means. In order to better comprehend it let us first consider its opposite—contraction. When we wish to contract a muscle, in order that we may perform some action, we send an impulse from the brain to the muscle, an extra supply of Prana being conveyed to it, and the muscle contracts. The Prana travels over the motor nerves, reaches the muscle and causes it to draw its ends together and to thus exert a pull upon the limb or part which we wish to move, bringing it into action. If we wish to dip our pen into the inkwell, our desire manifests into action by our brain sending a current of Prana to certain muscles in our right arm, hand and fingers, and the muscles, contracting in turn, carry our pen to the inkwell, dip it in, and bring it back to our paper. And so with every act of the body, conscious or unconscious. In the conscious act the conscious faculties send a message to the Instinctive Mind, which immediately obeys the order by sending the current of Prana to the desired part. In the unconscious movement the Instinctive Mind does not wait for orders, but attends to the whole work itself, both the ordering and the executing. But every action, conscious or unconscious, uses up a certain amount of Prana, and if the amount so used is in excess of the amount which the system has been in the habit of storing the result is that one becomes weakened and generally "used up." The fatigue of a particular muscle is somewhat different, and results from the unaccustomed work it has been called upon to perform, because of the unusual amount of Prana which has been directed toward contracting it.

We have spoken so far only of the actual movements of the body, resulting from muscular contraction, proceeding from the current of Prana directed to the muscle. There is another form of the using up of Prana and the consequent wear and tear upon the muscles, which is not so familiar to the minds of most of us. Those of our students who live in the cities will recognize our meaning when we compare the waste of Prana to the waste of water occasioned by the failure to turn off the faucet in the wash-bowl and the resulting trickling away of the water hour after hour. Well, this is just what many of us are doing all the time—we are allowing our Prana to trickle away in a constant stream, with a consequent wear and tear upon our muscles, and, indeed, upon the whole system, from the brain down.

Our students are doubtless familiar with the axiom of psychology, "Thought takes form in action. Our first impulse when we wish to do a thing is to make the muscular movement necessary to the accomplishment of the action pro-

ceeding from the thought. But we may be restrained from making the movement by another thought, which shows us the desirability of repressing the action. We may be inflamed with anger and may experience a desire to strike the person causing the anger. The thought is scarcely formed in our mind before the first steps toward striking are taken. But before the muscle fairly moves our better judgment causes us to send a repressing impulse (all this in the fraction of a second), and the opposite set of muscles holds back the action of the first set. The double action, ordering and countermanding, is performed so quickly that the mind cannot grasp any sense of motion, but nevertheless the muscle had begun to quiver with the striking impulse by the time the restraining impulse operated the opposing set of muscles and held back the movement.

This same principle, carried to still further refinements, causes a slight current of Prana to the muscle, and a consequent slight muscular contraction to follow many unrestrained thoughts, with a constant waste of Prana and a perpetual wear and tear upon the nervous system and muscles. Many people of an excitable, irritable, emotionable habit of mind constantly keep their nerves in action and their muscles tense by unrestrained and uncontrolled mental states. Thoughts take form in action, and a person of the temperament and habits just described is constantly allowing his thoughts to manifest in the currents sent to the muscles and the countermanding current immediately following. On the contrary, the person who has naturally, or has cultivated, a calm, controlled mind, will have no such impulses with their accompanying results. He moves along well poised and well in hand, and does not allow his thoughts to run away with him. He is a Master, not a slave.

The custom of this attempt of the excitable thoughts to take form in action, and their repressing, often grows into a regular habit—becomes chronic—and the nerves and muscles of the person so afflicted are constantly under a strain, the result being that there is a constant drain upon the vitality or Prana, of the entire system. Such people usually have a number of their muscles in a tense condition, which means that a constant, though not necessarily strong, current of Prana is being poured out to them, and the nerves are constantly in use carrying the Prana. We remember hearing the story of the good old woman who was taking a ride on the railroad to a nearby town. So rare was the pleasure to her and so anxious was she to get to her destination that she could not settle herself back into her seat, but, on the contrary, sat on the edge of the seat, with her body well bent forward, during the whole sixteen miles of the journey; she was mentally trying to help the train along by giving it a mental urge in the right direction. This old lady's thoughts were fixed so firmly upon her journey's end that the thought took form in action and caused a muscular contraction in place of the relaxation which she should have indulged in during the trip. Many of us are just as bad; we strain forward anxiously, if we happen to be looking at an object, and in one way or another we tense a number of our muscles all the time. We clench our fists, or frown, or close our lips tight, or bite our lips, or set our jaws together, or something else along the same line of expressing our mental states in physical action. All this is waste. And so are the bad habits of beating the "devil's tattoo" on the table or arms of the chair, twirling the thumbs, wiggling the fingers, tapping on the floor with our toes, chewing gum, whittling sticks, biting lead pencils, and last but not least, rocking nervously to and fro on a rocking-chair. All these things, and many others too numerous to mention, are waste, pure waste.

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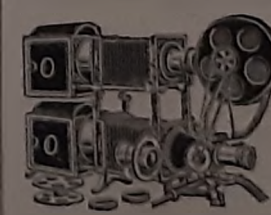
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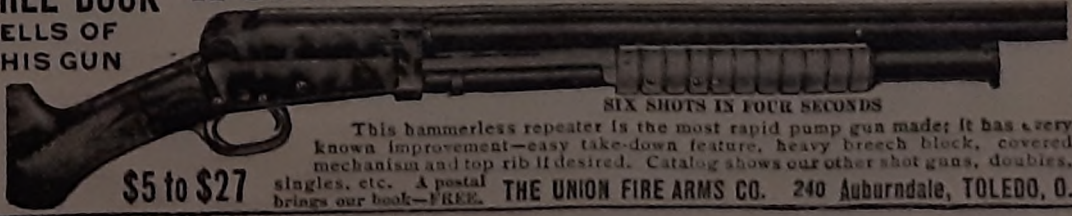
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BLESSED ANGELS, I greet ye and ask ye to continually assist me in this noble work. May my efforts always be to obtain a greater knowledge of the Divine Laws governing the life of the individual upon this planet, and to make that knowledge of use in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

G. E. M., Dec. 15, 1882.—You have considerable artistic development in your nature and are shown to be an excellent talker and writer. If you will devote your time to some occupation of a literary nature you can achieve excellent results. You will, however, need to concentrate your mind steadfastly to your studies to develop the best qualifications you have. You are shown to be in many respects kind and generous and will make many friends. About your thirtieth year will be your most prosperous time, from a financial point of view. At this time you must be careful to practice economy and to hold what you gain, for there will be changes immediately following for which you must be prepared. During the latter part of life you will come under still more favorable auspices and be surrounded by numerous influential friends. You should use the color red a great deal. The color yellow should also be used. The colors indigo and purple are also very harmonious to the vibrations of your nature. Thursday is one of your most fortunate days.

LES, April 24, 1887.—Sunday, the day of your birth, was a day of bright and happy influence, and you have a character which should be one full of sympathy and kindness for every one with whom you come in contact. You have many good and useful traits and should endeavor to school yourself to give away all the sympathetic and good qualities which are possible of expression. The planet Neptune, governing spiritual impulses, was very close to the position of the house governing kindness and this is the reason why you have high and noble thoughts. Cultivate these and you will bring a blessing to those with whom you are brought in contact. Your fortunate days are Friday and Saturday and works which you will begin upon these days have better opportunities for success than they would under other conditions.

J. S. E., March 28, 1844. Your sympathetic qualities come from the position of the moon in her own sign Cancer at the time of your birth and at the same time being in triangular aspect to the position of the planet Jupiter. This gives you excellent mental qualities and is some indication as to financial conditions. The position of the planet Mercury in your horoscope is the controlling influence upon your inventive qualities and you should pay some attention to the aspects of this planet and try to concentrate your thoughts upon new inventions at the time this planet is well aspected. By so doing you may make other important gains than those which have been yours up to the present time. The bloodstone is your birth-stone and it would be well for you to obtain one of good quality and wear it continually. You are most liable to suffer illness affecting the nervous system and the stomach and you should be particularly careful to avoid getting the feet wet.

HANS PETER, Oregon, August 14, 1852.—Your strong, impulsive tendencies come from your

having been born under the rule of the fiery sign Leo, which is the sign represented by the Lion in the Egyptian Zodiac of the heavens. If you will study the nature of the Lion you will have the key to a great extent to your own disposition. While you have a great deal of courage and impulsiveness, you should also cultivate kindness and generosity, which would allow you to become prosperous and also be of assistance to others around you. You have excellent mental qualities, but there is some impulsiveness which you must overcome in order to make you truly successful. You will make large financial gains during your fifty-fifth year. Your birth-stone is the ruby.

JOSEPH L. H., Chicago, June 1, 1873.—The impulsive character which you possess is governed by the planet Leo, which is the sign of the Lion. There is some impulsiveness in the mind indicated and this causes you to change from one thing to another, which you must endeavor to overcome, for this is very detrimental to you. You have been under exceptionally unfavorable planetary conditions during the past few years. During the year 1908, however, you will come under much more favorable planetary influences than have existed before in a long time. If you will hold steadfastly to one occupation you can achieve good results. You must avoid controversy to a great extent. You will have the best success in employ in some line of work of a mechanical or clerical nature. There are many who can succeed best in a business on their own account, but this is not your fortune. You should wear the colors white and pink to some extent and you should use the agate as your birth-stone. You will find June 5, 6 and October 11, 12, 20, 21 to be a few of your fortunate

H. H. T., Boston, August 13, 1834.—You have lived to see many happy days as well as a few of those which have been unfortunate. If you will hold steadfastly to one occupation you will achieve excellent results. You should be in some mechanical occupation or connected with the buying and selling of metal goods. In artistic mechanical work you would have the best success, for this is your best field of labor, and while you will be troubled at times with illness affecting the kidneys and chest, you will in this line of work receive enough exercise and come into contact with the vibrations of the metals and the bright sunshine, to keep you in general good health. Your fortunate days are Wednesdays and Sundays and these should be used whenever possible. In commencing new undertakings you will find August 12, 13, 23 and December 9, 10, 11 to be quite fortunate days during the coming year. Your colors are red and green. Your health will be benefited at times if you will wear something of an orange color. The bloodstone is your birth-stone.

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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## MYSTERIOUS NOISES

The Booming of Cannon, the Clatter of Hoof-beats,  
and the Ringing of Bells in Places  
Where no Natural Cause Could  
be Found for Such Sounds.

For centuries, in certain places, people have been mystified by hearing strange sounds—the booming of cannon, when there was no cannon to boom; the solemn pealing of a bell, when it was known that the nearest bell was miles away; or the clatter of horses' hoofs down a deserted road.

Many of these mysterious noises, which have been a source of no small terror to the superstitiously inclined, are due to meteorological or other natural causes. This is no doubt true in certain cases where even science has hitherto failed to discover a satisfactory explanation. For instance, there is the strange phenomenon of the so-called "guns of Burrisaul," in India.

Burrisaul is a station in the Sunderbunds, the marshy delta of the Ganges, a region covered with a vast and luxurious jungle of tropic vegetation. Here, in the rainy season, there is occasionally heard a loud, booming noise like the discharge of distant artillery. It seems to come from the south, but if one follows the sound in that direction its apparent distance does not diminish. Travelers have suggested that it may be produced by the heavy surf of the monsoon season thundering on the shores of the Bay of Bengal, or on an island; but the place of its origin has never been identified, nor has it been explained why the roar of the waves should be heard so much farther inland here than on other coasts.

It is certain that sound sometimes travels to distances beyond its usual range. An interesting case is recorded on the authority of the late Sir Edmund Head, who remembered when a boy, going to church on "Waterloo Sunday," June 18, 1815, at Hythe, in Kent. His father and he, on arriving at the church at eleven o'clock, found, to their surprise, the congregation outside, listening intently to a faint sound as of distant cannon coming from the East. It was undoubtedly the booming of Napoleon's guns at Waterloo, the massed batteries of the French having opened fire upon Wellington's "thin red line" at precisely that hour.

Early travelers in the vast forest region of Brazil—which is still one of the least-known portions of the habitable world—were awed and astonished to hear the distant resonant sound of a bell pealing from the depths of the woods, which certainly had no church, and for ages had known no human footstep. Many a legend was woven round the strange voice of the forests; but later it was discovered to be the note of the bell-bird, *chasmorhynchus nivicus*.

There are, however, few mysterious sounds which have been so completely and satisfactorily explained. For instance, there is the legend of the noises heard at times on the plain of Marathon—the clash of weapons, the snorting of horses, the "shouting of the slayers and the screeching of the slain." This, with similar traditions local to other battlefields, would probably be branded by the scientist as a mere delusion—possibly as no better than a fraud, fostered by guides and hotel-keepers in order to interest inquisitive tourists.

Then of course there are the countless tales and traditions of haunted dwellings—of mysterious wallings that forebode misfortune, of ghostly horse hoofs that sweep around the house before its master's death, of lights that burn in the empty tower or of chains that clank in the long-closed dungeon. Everyone has read and heard such stories. Often they are but idle and fanciful gossip, and yet sometimes they offer strange problems and genuine food for thought, recalling *Hamlet's* dictum that "there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy."

May not its course express,

In characters which they who run may read,  
The charms of gentleness,

Were but its still small voice allowed to plead?

Tact is a gift; it is likewise a grace. As a gift it may or may not have fallen to our share; as a grace we are bound either to possess or to acquire it. Be tactful.

"When darkness gathers over all,  
And the last tottering pillars fall,  
Take the poor dust Thy mercy warms,  
And mold it into heavenly forms."

Oh, 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.



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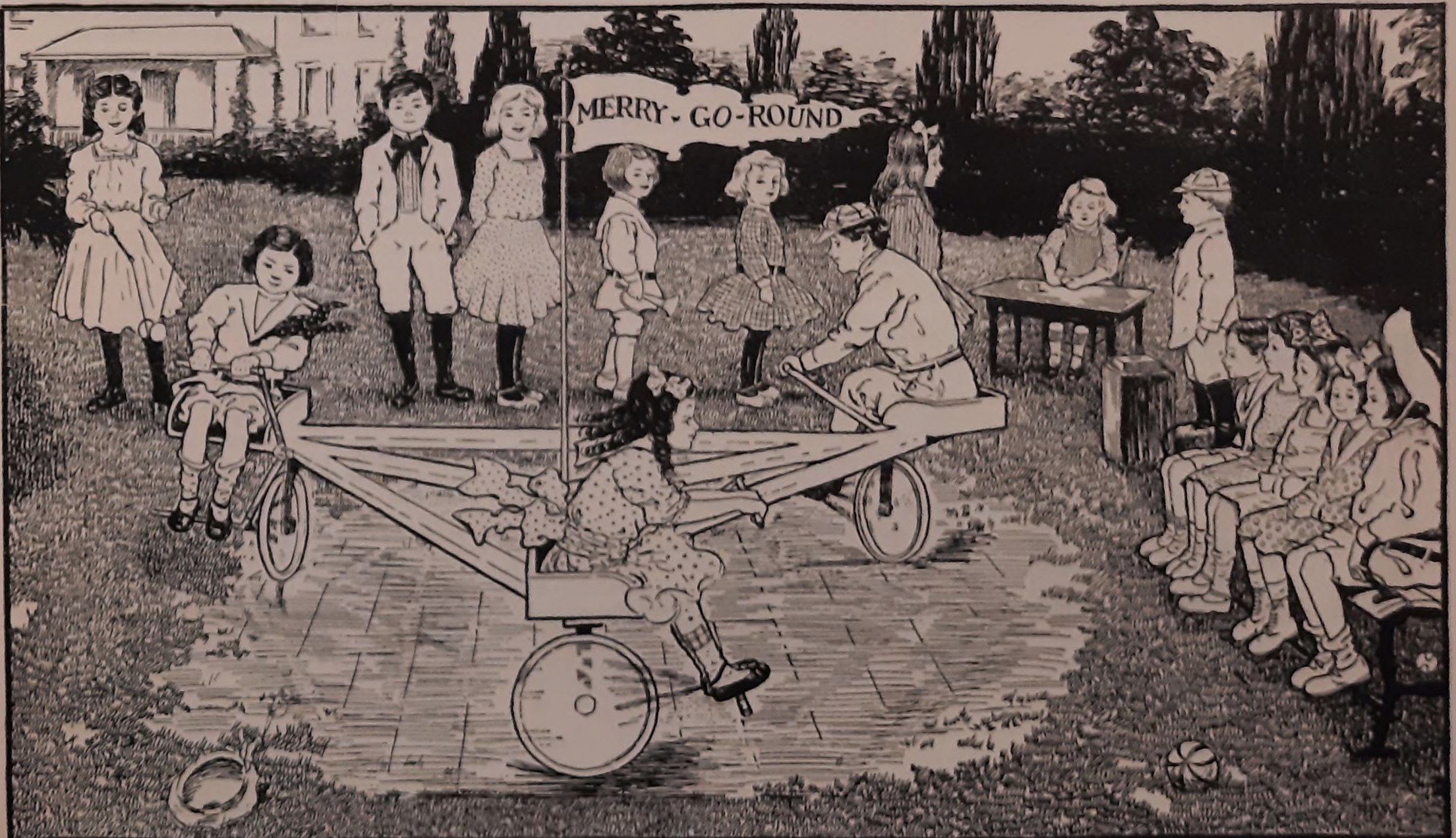
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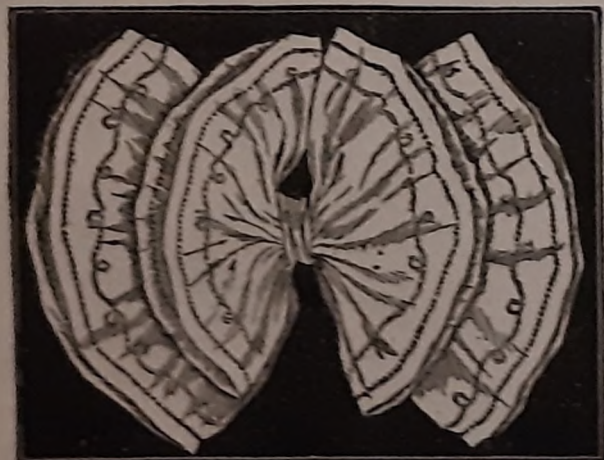
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"He came unto His own, and His own received Him not." The pathos of these words in their deepest meaning is so great that, though oft repeated, each time I hear or think them, my heart throbs in sympathy for the many who, through suffering, have realized to the full the depth or meaning contained in so few words. When I passed from earth life my first realization was one of relief from suffering, for I had suffered both mentally and physically. Then as I awoke to the fact that I still lived, my mind began to question the why and wherefor of my environment and personal sensations. Could this be death? Surely not; for life exuberant seemed to course through my veins. Why? Certainly, I possessed a physical body; I could not be dead. Not to weary you with needless detail, I will not recount the various experiences I passed through before I fully realized what death meant, both in regard to my soul and also the temple in which I dwelt while on earth. That I inhabited a counterpart of my physical dwelling place—that the real Ego, the soul, lived in free and perfect state, was a joy beyond words to express, a joy until the longing to see and hear from my loved ones still on earth brought the comprehension that there was much of which I had yet to learn and utilize. Patience is but one of the many virtues I was required to exercise at this time. As I grew in knowledge I became acquainted with many suffering souls around me. That is, suffering as I was, in that they had not learned the truth of immortality while yet on the earth plane, or were so filled with wrong conceptions of real life and its issues as to be submerged in false doctrines and dogmas, which are harder to overcome or get rid of than the direst ignorance. For a while I was buried in selfishness, being homesick for my loved ones, and seeking only for self-enlightenment. But gradually my thoughts turned to those near me, also in distress of mind, and I found in thinking of others the light began to pour into my own soul. Herein is contained a great truth: that in losing the thought of self, we gain the freedom wherein we learn the truth from the highest source, realizing from it the unity of all life, and working for the good of the whole. When I comprehended the depth of suffering of those around me, and the longing of their souls for the old life and loved ones, I decided to study, to grasp every opportunity possible of learning the laws which govern the two worlds, and the communication between, if it were possible. Sorrow filled me when I remembered my attitude toward this question while a mortal, and I resolved with all my strength, as the truth became known to me, to use my power to bring to my brothers and sisters on earth a right conception of death, and its possibilities.

I am a father, and you who bear this relationship in your family environment can perhaps realize my emotions when I found my children, my little ones, could not know of my presence among them, or hear the words I longed to speak. And my wife, the companion of many years; immersed in sorrow, robed in black, comprehended not the truth of my interest and love. I came unto my own, and my own received me not. Can you conceive, oh, sleeping ones of earth, the depth of bitterness contained in those words? When I was able to bear this keen disappointment without the awful suffering and remorse which is worse than the orthodox hell of flame and fire, I dedicated my life and work to the great cause of bringing the truth home to the hearts of a people submerged in darkness. Especially would I appeal to parents. Oh, if I could but make them listen and believe,

it would not only prevent them from suffering eventually from their own ignorance, but would also prevent their children from being brought up in darkest night as regards the real meaning of life, of God, of eternity. Is it any wonder that sin and sickness abound in a world where little children are taught they are to be judged by a God of vengeance? Such a condition presages either a state of rebellion and consequent error of conduct, or such abject fear on the part of the recipient as to prevent development, to a great measure, of the finer passions and emotions lying dormant in every human soul. Children are early taught that man is made in the image of God, yet they constantly see these God-like creatures treated in such a manner by their fellows as to quickly disturb the conviction or germ of altruistic justice this thought might awaken. A child nourished in the thought of purity and love ever flowing from a great creative centre of all good, if placed in the ordinary environment of public thought and influence now prevalent among you, would certainly be puzzled to ascertain the true meaning of the lessons taught throughout the world. "God is not dead, and the truth is not mocked." It is time that you to whom this message is directed realize the importance of the effort that is being made upon our part to aid and educate you in the right conception of all things appertaining to the spiritual life. To admit the spirit lives, after leaving the body, and is immortal, is not enough. If you were expecting to take a journey into a foreign country, and possessed ordinary intelligence, you would exert yourself in regard to the best mode of travel, the habits and conditions of the people with whom you expected to pass a certain amount of time. Then why this apathy in regard to that place to which each child of earth will eventually arrive, whether he wills it or no? There is not one of you who would wish to suffer and then be compelled to realize it was from sheer ignorance or laziness and indifference upon your own part in the past. And your loved ones, the children whom you have brought into existence, are you not, to a great extent, responsible for their welfare? Even though each must work out his own salvation, we are all influenced one by the other, and bound by ties that cannot be broken. I am indeed my brother's keeper, in that I am responsible for the effect of my words and belief upon his intellect. If I had the time I would like here to tell you something of your responsibilities as regards the condition of humanity, even though not in your immediate environment. But I have been assigned at present to bring you to a comprehension of the importance of your thought and attitude now toward this question of the continuity of life and spiritual insight.

A true understanding of the spiritual life of mankind, and the consequent revolution evolved throughout the world from the spread and adaptation of such knowledge would solve all problems in every department of society; and then would humanity conceive the meaning of the term brotherhood. If your children could be trained in truth and righteousness, realizing their own worth and power, and understanding God as indeed the Father, the embodiment of perfect love, then would the earth blossom as the rose, in joy and gladness, and heaven would reign supreme.

So I appeal to you, in the depth of your love for the children who come to you in innocence and purity, claiming the right to be taught truth in all things. "Know ye the truth, and the truth will make you free." A race free in thought, possessing the perfect liberty established through the right application of wisdom, learned from justice as applied to knowledge gleaned from the field of truth, the Book of Nature, would soon establish with firm foundation a perfect commonwealth. But we can only strive to impress the individual. We ask you to use your brain force in solving the most important question now before the public. Too long you have been dormant and indifferent to spiritual matters, yet striving to solve the paramount questions of the day as regards commercialism and labor. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all things shall be added unto you." That is, establish the kingdom of God now upon the earth, then will all things be revealed, and fear, ignorance and strife, disease and suffering will hide their heads in shame and disappear. Too long the blind have led the blind. Open the windows of your soul to the LIGHT OF TRUTH and learn to walk with God. Live each day as for eternity, and seek wisdom from the right source, a loving and contrite heart. I know whereof I speak, for I dwelt among you. And I come to you with love and longing, striving to lead you to the light, so that you may never have cause to sign yourself as I do now, as

**ONE WHO HAS SUFFERED.**

I would not have the restless will  
That hurries to and fro,  
Seeking for some great thing to do,  
But be content to fill a little space  
If God is glorified.



## The New York Magazine

of Mysteries

SPECIAL SUMMER BARGAIN  
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## BOOKS!

## THE DARK DAY

In the far old year 1780 little Maid Waitstill arose one spring morning in her New England home, and, after rubbing her eyes to make sure that she was awake, peering through the small panes of her small bedroom window, said softly to herself:

"It is so dark. The morning cometh slowly, but yonder goeth Peregrine with the cows. Milking time is past."

And at that moment the door of the narrow staircase opened and the voice of Wait's mother sounded, "Wait, my daughter, make haste!" and Waitstill hurried down to the big, plain kitchen, where the morning meal was already well prepared.

The kettle of mush contentedly cooking over the fire in the big fireplace, the bake-kettle set upon glowing coals with its batch of light bread nicely browning, while an appetizing smell of fried bacon told that the first meal of the day would be a substantial one.

The large and small details of the fireplace were there, and everywhere was spotlessly clean and shining.

The farmer and his sons soon entered, the farmer saying the clouds were so heavy and the sun so strange in its light that he was at loss to account for it; and, even while he spoke, heavy thunder rolled, and torrents of rain and hailstones fell.

Little Wait sat very still and very near her mother while the morning meal was eaten. And although, as the hours advanced the day grew darker instead of lighter, still the Puritan household set about accustomed tasks.

The rain having ceased, the farmer and his sons repaired to the fields, the mother set out the spinning-wheel, and Wait put on a clean apron and made ready for school. "Mind the dame, Waitstill, and see that thou doest thy sampler work well."

"Yes, mother." And the conscientious child went out into the strange light and strange sulphuric atmosphere of the May morning.

But the darkness increased. School did not keep. Waitstill Robbins with other children went groping her way home in the uncertain light, seeing here and there all about lanterns flashing from place to place.

Passing the meeting-house they saw the doors open, and men and women gathering to pray; for the people were greatly perplexed, and sorely troubled that darkness should reign at noonday.

Wait made her way home, saying as she burst into the kitchen door, that the school dame had said the Day of Judgment was come. Her mother soothed her fears, and together they went to the church.

It was noon now, but candles were lighted. Little Wait crept into the large pew with her mother, still shuddering at the strange and dreadful light, thinking the dame must be right, and the Day of Judgment had really come, when she heard the deacon pray that "God who spared the wicked people of Nineveh when they repented, would spare them and bless them with his light again." Wait remembered her own small sins and trembled. On the day before she had not been faithful in sweeping a very dark corner.

But evening at length drew on, and there was no change in the dreadful darkness.

Wait took off her clean tier, said her prayers, and went to bed, and, when she awoke, Saturday morning, May 20, never did the sun shine brighter or birds sing sweeter. And without a shadow of doubt in her heart she ran down the narrow staircase, saying to her mother, "The wicked people of Nineveh are spared."

How do you know this is true? Because old records of that time, and old letters give May 19, 1780, as a dark day, when heavy clouds were dense over New England, and candles and lanterns were used for light. Churches were opened, prayer-meetings held, and everyone was greatly perplexed and frightened.

Cattle leaped fences, rushing home from the pastures, domestic fowls roosted, and night birds sang their evening songs.

The poet Whittier has immortalized it in one of his poems, gathering the facts, I suppose, from old state and private records. Besides my own great-grandmother was older than Waitstill, and distinctly remembered scenes and events connected with the Dark Day.—*L. Eugenie Eldridge, in Every Other Sunday.*

Wherever in the world I am,

In what so'er estate

I have a fellowship with hearts

To keep and cultivate,

And a work of lowly love to do

For the Lord, on whom I wait.

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## BOOK SALE

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**NATURAL FLOWERS SERIES No. 131** An original set of nature photographs in colors, of Roses, Carnations, Pansies, etc. All the beautiful features of a direct photograph in colors are retained. A very artistic set of cards, also suitable for tinseling. **TEN DESIGNS.** Price as follows: Ten for 15c., 20 for 25c., 50 for 55c., 100 Assorted \$1.00

**BIRD BIRTHDAY "GREETINGS" SERIES No. 1963** MONTH STONES, BIRDS AND VERSES. A card for each month. The designing of these cards produces a most beautiful combination. The bird appropriate to each month is reproduced in its characteristic position, while the month stone is artistically arranged, together with the verses of poetry foretelling the fate of those who are born in that month. Printed in colors, gold and embossed. There is a big demand for these cards. **TWELVE DESIGNS.** Price as follows: Six for 25c., 12 for 45c., 50 for \$1.75, 100 Assorted \$3.00

**WOULD YOU LIKE** to receive Post Cards from all over the country? With every order sent to me for Post Cards, say: "I would like to have my name in your Post Card Exchange List" and we will put it before one hundred selected names. It is only fair that you agree to answer those writing you.

**TRANSPARENT ENVELOPES** Made expressly for sending post cards through the mail, so they will not be disfigured or soiled. Made of the best onion skin paper. Price as follows: 1 dozen 10c., 100 for 50c., 500 for \$2.00 1000 for \$3.50.

**HOW TO ORDER** As our terms are strictly cash, we would suggest that all orders be accompanied by the necessary amount. We prepay all postage and express charges to any part of the world. Money should be sent in registered letters, or by procuring a Post-office Money Order. You can return any Post Card Sets that for any reason are unsatisfactory and exchange for new sets of equal value or I will refund your money. **BE SURE AND GIVE NUMBER OF SERIES WHEN ORDERING—AND ADDRESS PLAINLY**

**CAT CARDS SERIES No. 1313** Beautifully embossed, six styles, "Move On," "Waltz Me Around Again, Willie," "Best Wishes," etc. Very interesting to send to your friends. Prices: 10 for 15c., 20 for 25c., 50 for 50c., 100 for \$1.00.

BARTON A. PROCTOR, 649 W. 43d St., New York City, N. Y.

## GOOD-LUCK PIN GIVEN



The Good-Luck Pin is our latest creation and is one of the handsomest pins we have ever made. The Four-leaf Clover and the Horse Shoe are the emblems of Good Luck and the Swastika Cross is the most ancient sign for the same, having been used by the Indians and the oldest tribes known to man. If there is anything in good luck every one wearing one of these pins should have lots of it. The pins are warranted Solid German Silver, heavily plated with 22-karat Gold, and will wear for years. They would be a bargain at 25 cents each, but we are able to sell them at 12 cents each. Don't fail to get one—you will surely be pleased with it and have good luck at all times.

**SPECIAL:** To introduce our Beautiful Jewelry, Rings, Pins, Bracelets and Brooches, if you will cut this out and enclose a 2-cent stamp I will send my offers and a Good-Luck Pin free of charge.

B. A. PROCTOR, 609 W. 43d Street, New York City, N. Y.

## SHOW ME THE WAY

You can only show me the way who am in darkness, by your increasing Light—not of your oil lamp or your vain intellect, but of the Love you hold me in in your heart of hearts. This is the Transforming Power. If you cavil at my faults and failings, you are on my plane of life and cannot help me to rise above them.

## TO A CHILD

By BELLE BURT

My dear little maid, with your soft, sunny curls,  
With cheeks like the roses, and teeth white as pearls,

So you wish such a tiny, wee creature as I  
Would tell you about my home up in the sky,  
And other homes, too, if such have been mine;  
And you think I have been where the pearly gates shine.

Well, sit down beside me, by this little stream,  
And I'll weave you a story that seems like a dream;

Long, long, long ago, and far, far away,  
I first saw the light of a beautiful day,  
With brothers and sisters—oh, so many more  
Than you ever could count! We played near the shore

In the great rolling sea, the merriest band  
That ever threw shells up o'er the white sand.

'Neath the sunlight and starlight we were ever  
the same,  
Always dancing and singing through our wild,  
merry game.

Many beautiful days, from the first peep of dawn,  
Came and went like a breath, and still we played on.

At last a bright sunbeam spoke low in my ear,  
Saying, "Dear little water drop, fair, bright and clear,

Wilt thou not go with me up the bright way,  
Where the great shining sun god begins each new day?

I'll carry you up on my pinions of light;  
You sure cannot fall if you hold my wings tight."  
Such a beautiful journey, I could not tell half  
Of that bright sunny time—how we sang, danced  
and laughed.

The wind carried us on over mountain and plain,  
Till we came to the place where they make up  
the rain,

And here we were gathered with other bright  
mates;

They gave each his order, then opened the gates.  
Down, down we came falling without laugh or shout,

For each had a mission that he must work out;  
And we each felt that life was now something more

Than to shout, laugh, and sing on the ocean's  
wild shore.

So when the dear earth took us again to her  
breast,

Each little, wee drop went to work with a zest.  
I nourished the roots of a delicate flower,  
Till its beautiful petals grew brighter each hour.  
Through sunshine and shade as the days came  
and went,

I worked till my life with the flower-life was blent.  
At last the time came when again I was free,  
And could go with the sunbeams in frolic and  
glee,

Till again I was called to the great mission  
field—

Oh, you don't know the power little raindrops  
can wield

When sent by kind heaven upon the parched earth;  
'Tis then we are seen at our really true worth:  
With our cool little hands on earth's wild beat-  
ing heart.

'Tis then we're more welcome than science or art.  
I could tell you of journeys and journeys again,  
From the earth to the sky, and then back; and  
when

You can count, little child, into millions or more,  
You'll know near the times I have been here before.  
Sometimes far away where the wild billows sweep  
In the midst of great waters where waves never  
sleep,

We have worked day and night, had many a wild  
ride

As we helped the great ships to stem ocean's  
rough tide;

Sometimes when we came we sank deep in the  
ground—

Down, down, so far down, we heard never a sound  
As we worked with the heavy, cold metals away.  
To help them to come to the sweet light of day.  
I could tell you much more, but that I must not  
boast,

For I'm only one drop of a great, mighty host  
That are coming and going at heaven's com-  
mand,


To brighten and bless and make glad all the  
land.—Selected.



## of Mysteries

All persons born from January 21 to February 19, inclusive, were born in Aquarius. You are a good judge of human nature; are fitted to deal with the public; are conservative; are fond of public entertainments; are a good companion; are practical. We can show you how to achieve great success. Be sure to read bottom of this page about our grand free offer of an Astrological Delineation made by a great Mystic Adept.

All persons born from December 23 to January 20, Inclusive, were born in Capricorn. You are high-minded and self-confident; lover of the beautiful; love literature and science; public-spirited; independent and a natural leader; executive and aspiring. Read bottom of this page showing you how to get, absolutely free, a full and detailed Astrological Delineation by one of the greatest Mystic Adepts in the world.


 All persons born from November 23 to December 22, inclusive, were born in Sagittarius. You are earnest, honest, frank, jovial, fearless, combative, generous, friendly; very sympathetic and outspoken; you detest deception; are quick-tempered and impulsive. Be careful to curb your anger. You are often misunderstood. Astrology can help you; can point the way to success and fortune. Send for free Astrological Definition, as per offer at bottom of this page.

All persons born from October 24 to November 23, inclusive, were born in Scorpio. You have great vital forces; capable of endurance; have magnetic and hypnotic powers which ought to be developed in a scientific way. This magazine and the Mystics can help anyone develop psychic powers. Read our free offer of a full Astrological Declaration, printed at bottom of this page.

All persons born from September 21 to October 23, inclusive, were born in Libra. You are modest and retiring; your inner nature is receptive, intuitional, sensitive and poetical; you can develop tremendous psychic powers, and we would advise you to give attention to metaphysics, occultism and modern spiritualism. Listen to the Mystic Adaptor, as they can help you. Read nothing at bottom of this page to get extra help.


All persons born from August 24 to September 23 inclusive, were born in Virgo. You ought to be calm, cool, collected, and to be able to do things you can be very sure of. You are a very capable person, and you can expect success in all your undertakings. You are a very capable person, and you can expect success in all your undertakings. You are a very capable person, and you can expect success in all your undertakings.

All persons born from July 24 to  
 August 23, inclusive, were born  
 in Leo. Free and friendly;  
 kind and loving. You are  
 wonderful and psychic pow-  
 ers and studying science.  
 Read, at bottom of  
 this page, about the  
 free Astrological  
 will give you. It  
 will pay you. We  
 follow the  
 advice.

July 23, inclusive, were born in  
all persons born from June 22 to  
sign of Cancer. You have a  
sympathetic and emotional  
love nature; are model house-  
wives or husbands; love  
home and family; can amass  
fortune and be very happy  
If you will give attention  
to psychic and occult  
powers. The full Astro-  
logical Delination,  
which we give free  
as per offer at bot-  
tom of this page,  
will give you the  
Mystic way of  
having health,  
fortune and  
happiness.  
Read about

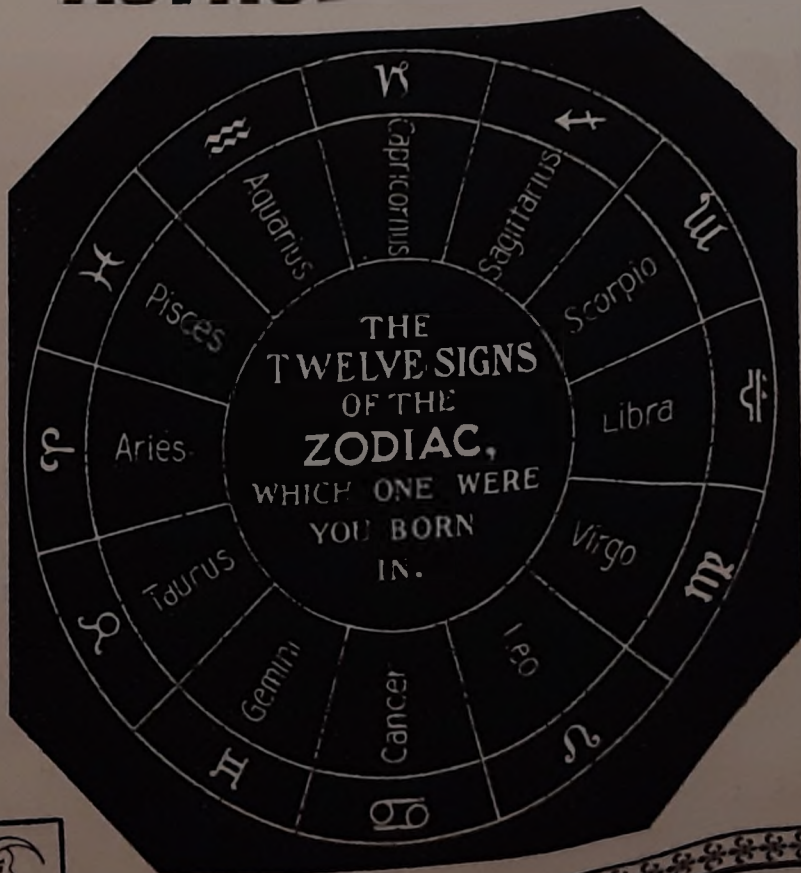
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All persons born from March 22 to April 20, inclusive, were born in Arles. You are earnest and sincere; full of life and activity; can do wonderful things if you study occult and psychic forces. The Mystics can help you in a wonderful way. We are offering free, a lengthy Mystic Astrological Delination. Read notice at bottom of this page how you can secure one. It will pay you to get one of these Delinations for your sign.

 All persons born from February 20 to March 21, inclusive, were born in Pisces. You are sensitive and thoughtful; you have a certain knowledge; you are sensible; your opinions are sound; you can become very positive and successful if you will develop your Mystic Astrology. Wealth and success will follow.

**PLACE THE  
CIRCULAR DISK  
HERE, WITH YOUR  
SIGN OPPOSITE  
SAME SIGN  
OUTSIDE OF  
CIRCLE**

**HOW TO GET A FULL AND DETAILED  
ASTROLOGICAL DELINEATION OF YOUR LIFE FREE**



**T**HE MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES will give, absolutely free, to each person sending one dollar for one year's subscription to the magazine, a lengthy Astrological Delineation prepared by **RALDEANO, MYSTIC ADEPT ASTROLOGER**. Be sure to send the month and date of your birth with your subscription.

These Delineations, together with the MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES, are of great value to anyone who desires to know the Mystic Rules for having Perfect Health, Wealth and Happiness, as they are prepared by one of the greatest Mystic Adept Astrologers in the world.

With this Delineation and the magazine you can learn how to have all the Unseen Forces and Occult Powers help you. There is not a greater blessing than perfect health, prosperity, long life and general success. The MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES shows you how to get wonderful Psychic Power. It shows you what to do, when to do and how to do to command the great planetary, solar, magnetic and psychic forces of the universe.

YOU CAN AVOID DISEASE, FAILURE AND FORTUNE. A Delineation prepared by a true Astrological Adept who is honest, sincere, learned and conscientious, will be of great value to you.

Remember you get this magazine one whole year for one dollar, and we send you free your Delineation. Send date and place of birth, giving year and hour if possible, and one dollar to

## RALDEANO, MYSTIC No. 10

**CARE OF MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES, 649 W. 43d ST., NEW YORK CITY**



# BOYS!

LOTS OF FUN

LOTS OF MONEY

You can have both with a Moving Picture Machine

Boys and girls and parents—do you like to have fun? And boys, do you like to make money while you are having a lot of fun?

Here is an offer that means fun for the boys, fun for the girls, fun for the parents—an offer that will turn your home into a veritable theatre—no end of amusement for everybody.

I mean a moving picture machine—a real moving picture machine that will show moving pictures such as you may have seen at big entertainments. Until recently no one could buy a moving picture machine for less than SEVERAL HUNDRED DOLLARS, but now you have an offer to get a moving picture machine with 320 moving pictures ABSOLUTELY FREE. Just think—a moving picture machine outfit FREE!

Scenes and events from all over the world are brought right to your home by this moving picture machine. There is nothing that cannot be produced by the machine. You can see stirring horse races, exciting prize fights, if you want them, daring burglaries, with the thieves being caught in the act, battle scenes, pictures of President Roosevelt and other great men delivering speeches, hunting scenes, great earthquakes, and hundreds of others that would keenly interest everyone.

You can see ships coming into the harbor of New York or Boston, you can see Indians fighting on the plains in the West, you can see the explosion of a Russian battleship as it is fired upon by the Japanese. You can see the markets of Europe, the people in the streets in Paris and Naples, wild animals in the forests of Africa and exciting horse races. Pictures of all kinds go with this moving picture machine, so that there is no end of entertainment.

## BOY GETS \$19.00 FOR HIS MACHINE

Read this story, told by Theodore Serf, of Anna, Ill., one of the bright boys who earned the moving picture machine, and then sold it for a large sum of money. He now wants to secure another wonderful moving picture machine free.

"I gave my friends an entertainment with my Moving Picture Machine one night, and they were well pleased. One of them fell in love with the machine and asked me to sell it to him. I told him he could have the machine for \$20.00. He said he would give \$18.00. So I told him if he would split the difference he could have it. So he gave me \$19.00 for the machine and I sold it. I am so lonesome without my machine I would like very much to get another."—THEO. SERF, Anna, Ill.

## \$25.00 WEEKLY MADE BY ONE BOY

Twenty-five dollars a week! Think of that! More than \$100 a month—over \$4 every working day. Yet that is just what J. W. Smith, Jr., 235 Sycamore St., Memphis, Tenn., is earning with the Marvelous Moving Picture Machine which he got free. Here is his own letter telling about his wonderful success. Read it:

"I am making \$25.00 a week and more for myself with the Moving Picture Machine, and some nights \$15.00 and \$16.00. Thank you kindly for the machine."—J. W. SMITH, Jr., 235 Sycamore St., Memphis, Tenn.

## TWO BOYS MAKE \$11.00 IN ONE NIGHT

Read this interesting letter of how two ambitious boys made lots of money with one of Mr. Ellis's free Moving Picture Machines:

"My chum, Ben Perry, and myself worked together and got a wonderful Moving Picture Machine from you. We gave a show together and made \$11.00 one night."

EUGENE TORBETT,  
Gatesville, Texas.

This new offer—a moving picture machine outfit absolutely free—is certainly the most generous of all the generous offers President Ellis has made. Any boy with any vim at all can make a big steady income with one of these machines.

This machine is made of Russian metal, black japan, eight wheel mechanism which drives the moving pictures; excelsior diaphragm lens, triple polished; standard double extra reflector, throwing ray of light 20 feet, enlarging the picture up to three or four feet in diameter; lamp is fitted with a great safety carbide generator, and produces the highest light power. Has far greater light power than the ordinary electric light, producing 500 candle power on the screen and bringing out every detail of the picture with pronounced distinctness. The carbide is ABSOLUTELY safe, MUCH safer than a kerosene lamp. We GUARANTEE its absolute safety. With the outfit we send book of instructions, telling how to operate this marvelous machine. Any child can learn in five minutes how to run this marvelous machine.

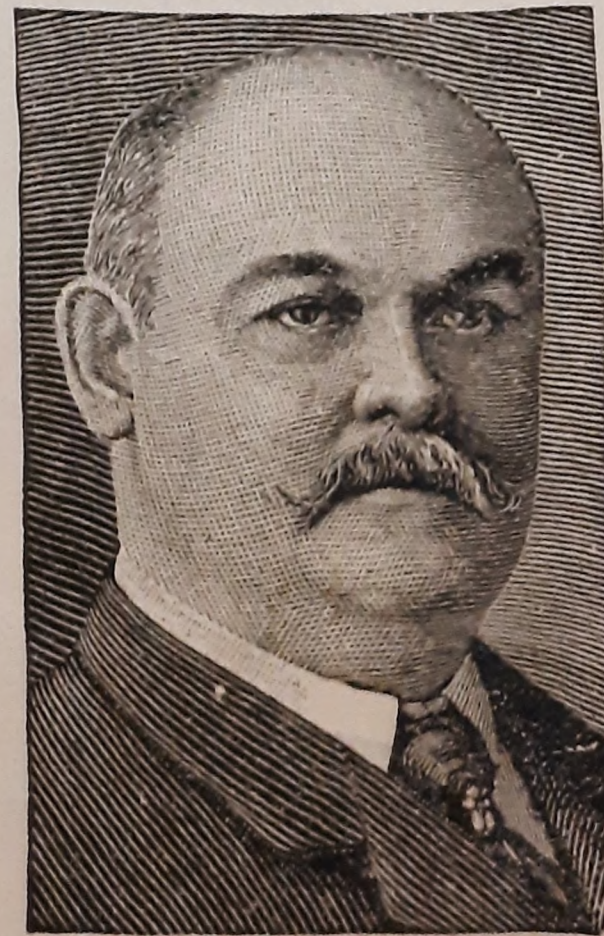
# Send No Money Mail This Coupon

Or Send Letter or Postal Quick—Get a pen or pencil and sign this coupon now. Mail it to me right away. Don't let anyone get ahead of you. Don't miss a chance like this to get a genuine Moving Picture Machine without a cent of cost to you. You must hurry. Send the coupon in at once. But you must write now, this minute. Think of the fun you will have and the money you will make. Write today.

# MY OFFER:

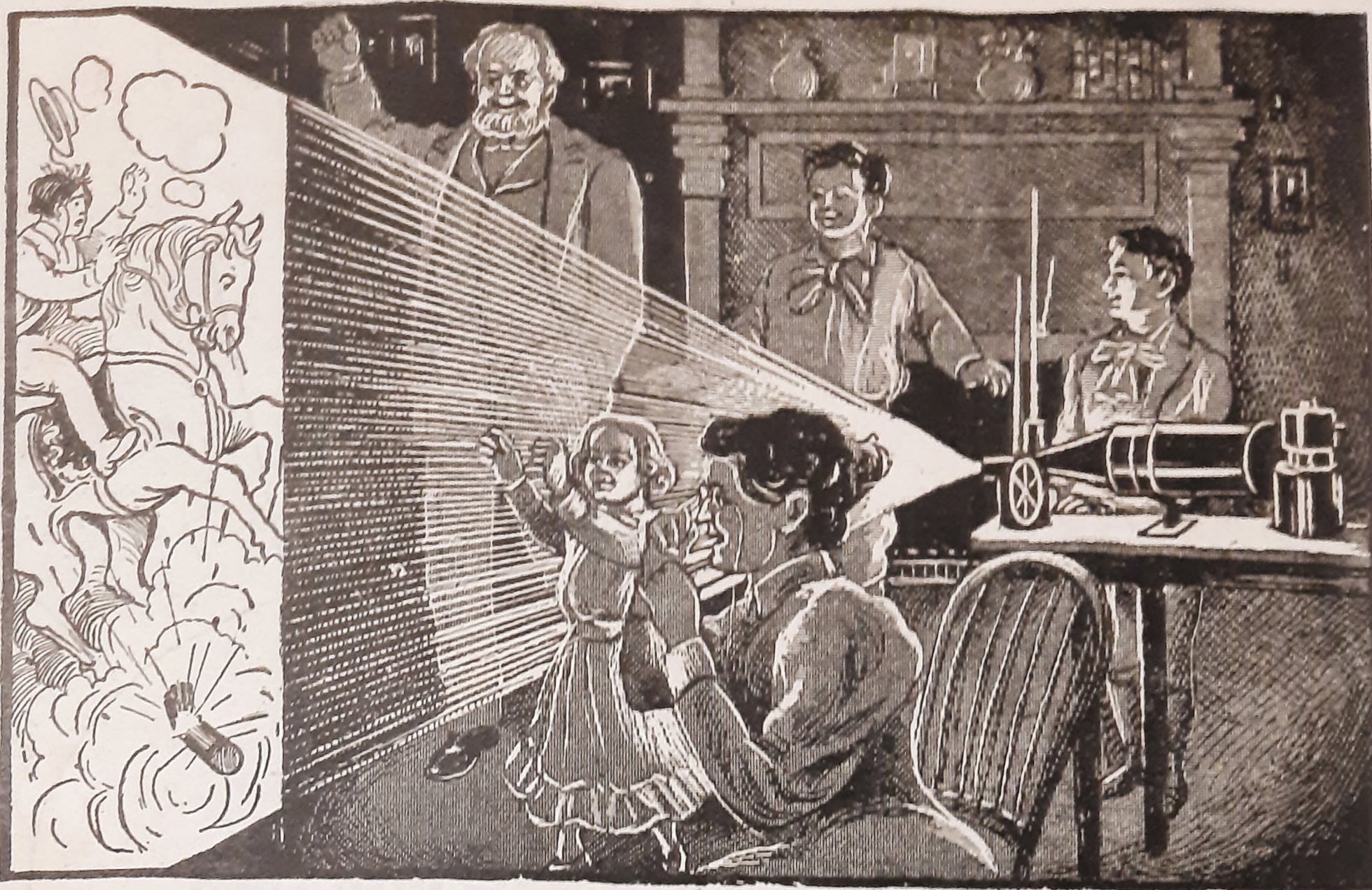
HERE IS what you are to do in order to get this amazing moving picture machine and the 320 moving pictures: Send me your name and address on the free coupon—that is all. Write your name and address very plainly. Mail this to me to-day. As soon as I receive it I will mail you 28 of the most beautiful premium pictures you ever saw—all in brilliant and shimmering colors. There are fourteen different colors in the pictures, all wrought together in the most splendid manner. I want you to distribute these premium pictures on a special 25-cent offer among the people you know. They cannot get these pictures at the art stores at any price. When you have distributed the 28 premium pictures on my liberal offer you will have collected \$7.00. Send the seven dollars to me and I will immediately send you, without it costing you one cent, the moving picture machine outfit and the 10 feet of film, containing 320 moving pictures, all complete.

I have the sole right to give away the moving picture machine and the moving pictures, and the first one who answers will be the first one to receive the great gifts.



CHARLES E. ELLIS.

CHARLES E. ELLIS, President, 649 W. 43d St., Dept. 538  
NEW YORK CITY.



LOOK at this scene. The wonderful moving picture machine which Mr. Ellis is giving away is entertaining everyone. See the boys and the baby, and the mother, and the grandfather all watching the terrified horse which is rearing and plunging as he is jumping away from an exploding bomb. All of them can see every movement of the horse. They can see the smoke and the flames from the bomb. This picture is really alive. One of the pieces of the bomb has hit the unfortunate rider, and in a moment he is shown falling to the ground. Then the police arrive and find him, the horse dashes away riderless and soon the chase for the man who threw the bomb is begun.

## A WORLD OF FUN FOR YOU AND IT COSTS YOU NOTHING

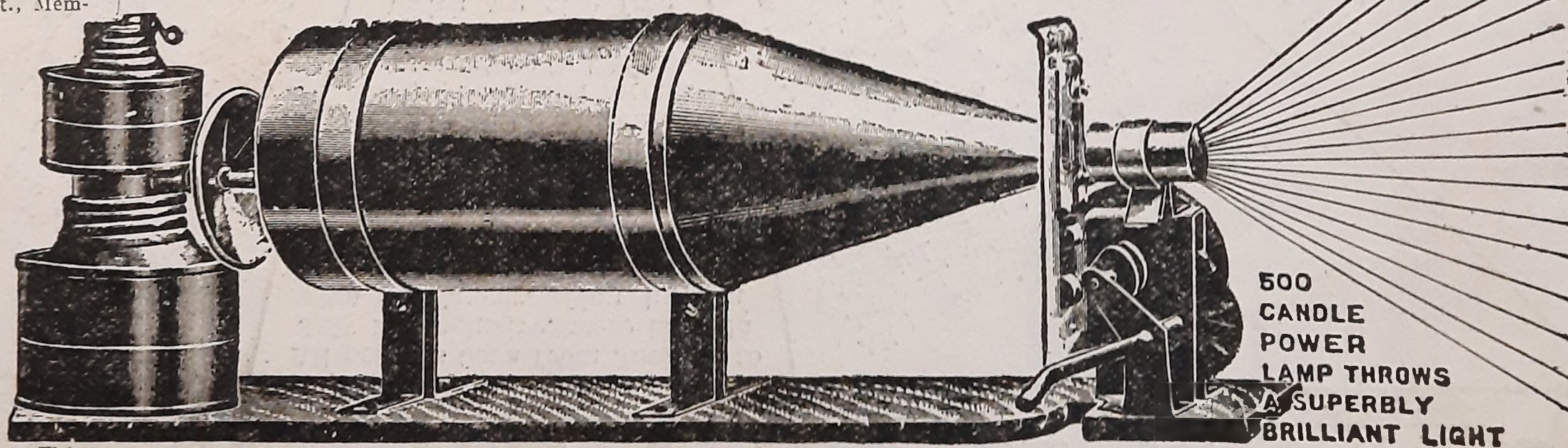
The Editor personally knows that this offer is genuine and that Mr. Ellis will do exactly as he says he will. I want to urge every reader of this magazine to take advantage of his offer at once.

Oh, the fun that you can have and the money you can make with this marvelous Moving Picture Machine! You see dazzling pictures all moving before you in a perfectly wonderful way. You are taken face to face with scenes you would never see if you did not have a moving picture machine. And to think that it is free—that it costs you nothing—that Mr. Ellis will be glad to send you one of his marvelous moving picture machines without asking you to pay him one cent.

Every night you may have a grand entertainment in your own home. You may entertain your folks and all of your friends. Mother, father, grandparents and all are delighted with the animals and automobiles and boats and engines that flash before you. See the soldiers marching and fighting, see the great battle ships in action, see the big bombs from the huge guns plunging up the sea, see the huge ships struck and sink before your very eyes. It is grand to have a moving picture machine in your home!

Then the entertainments you can give! You can charge admission and many people will flock to see such good shows. Read here in the left-hand column of the great shows the boys gave. Read how they collected lots of money. Read how one boy after getting his machine free sold it for \$19. Read how another boy makes \$25 a week and as high as \$16 in one night. Boys, you will always regret it if you don't get this great moving picture machine now—when you can get it free—get it for nothing. Read where it says: "My Offer," at the left of Pres. Ellis' photograph.

## 320 MOVING PICTURES and this Marvelous Moving Picture Machine absolutely without cost to you



500  
CANDLE  
POWER  
LAMP  
THROWS  
A SUPERBLY  
BRILLIANT LIGHT

Here is the man who is making these great and liberal gifts—who has made more than 6,000 boys happy by giving them absolutely free his marvelous moving picture machine.

GOOD FOR FREE COUPON  
DEAR MR. ELLIS, President, 649 W. 43d Street, Dept. 538 NEW YORK  
Please send me the twenty-eight premium pictures and outfit so that I may earn the great MOVING PICTURE MACHINE.  
Yours truly, Sign your name and address.  
Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_