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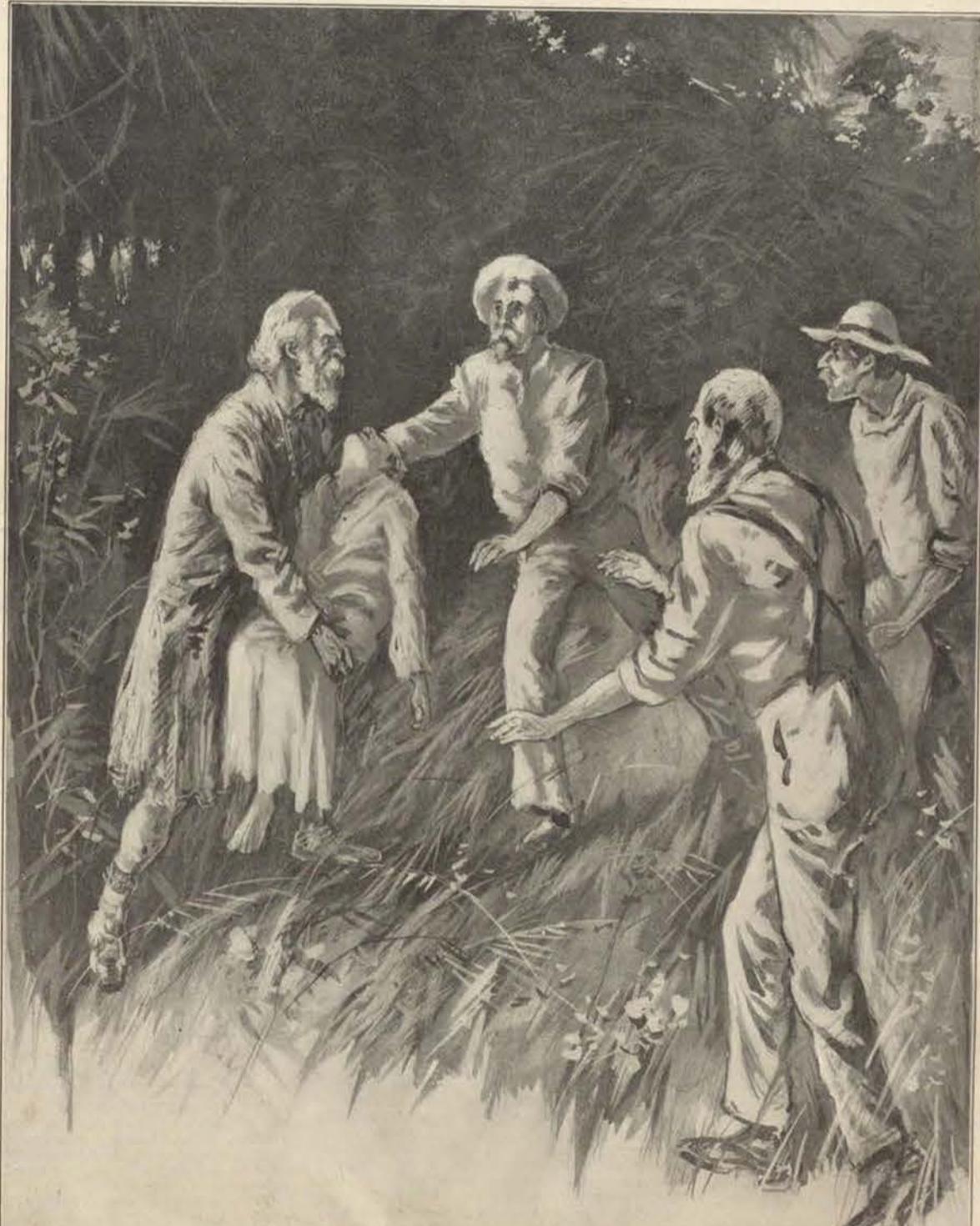
THE NEW YORK  
**Magazine of Mysteries**

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Vol. I

NEW YORK, JULY, 1901

No. 3



DR. JULIAN'S PSYCHIC POWER.—See Page 68

## The New York Magazine of Mysteries

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THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES.

### July

THE heat of summer is delightful—life-giving.

Complain not of the God-given heat.

The All-Wise One never makes any mistakes.

Thoughtless people say, "Beastly Weather!" "Bad Weather!"

The occult sages when they hear these remarks say to themselves: "Beastly man!" "Bad Man!"

It is base ingratitude to complain of the weather.

We are now storing up heat and energy for next winter. Be grateful for it, and it will do you good.

Read the back cover of this issue of the magazine about the Power of Solar Heat.

### Get Health

If every grain of sand, on every shore, in every land, had the value of one dollar, and this vast fortune belonged to you, making you the greatest multi-millionaire which the world had ever known, happiness could not be yours unless you were healthy in mind and body. Therefore it is no exaggeration to make the statement that health, the foundation of happiness and contentment, is the greatest boon which man can possess.—*Peebles.*

ANYONE WHO WILL REGULARLY READ THE MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES WILL GET INTO THE TRUE HEALTH VIBRATIONS, AS GIVEN BY THE MYSTICS, AND WILL LIVE A LONG, HEALTHY AND HAPPY LIFE.

### The Ten Great Cities of the World

THE populations of the largest cities in the world, according to the latest figures, are as follows:

London	1901	4,536,034
New York	1900	3,437,202
Paris	1896	2,530,834
Berlin	1901	1,884,151
Chicago	1900	1,698,575
Canton, China		1,600,000
Tokio	1898	1,452,594
Vienna	1891	1,364,548
Philadelphia	1900	1,203,697
St. Petersburg	1897	1,207,023

It will thus be seen that of the ten leading cities the United States have three, while no other country has more than one.

New York is increasing in population faster than any city in the world, and in a few years will head the list.

### A Man 100 Years Old Visits New York City

MR. ISAAC P. BURT, of Waverly, N. Y., was born March 19, 1801, and is active and in good health.

Mr. Burt recently visited New York City, and was astounded at this great city's magnificence and grandeur.

We have placed Mr. Burt's name on our Roll of Honor of people of ninety years and upward.

By reading this magazine regularly he will get into our New Life Vibrations and live many more years in the body.

Anyone who reads this magazine regularly will hold the body a great number of years.

A WISE Frenchman has said: "Cheerfulness is the health of the soul, and health is the cheerfulness of the body."

### A Generous Gift

ANDREW CARNEGIE has given £100,000 (\$500,000) to establish district libraries in Glasgow.

He wrote a letter in which he recalled that he sailed for America from Glasgow fifty-two years ago. He had done so much for other places that it was a pleasure to do something for Glasgow.

### Danger of Visiting Fortune-Tellers

THE alleged "fortune-tellers" do much danger. Here is a case where one of the pretenders caused suicide.

Mrs. Amelia Schubert, of No. 125 Boulevard, Weehawken, N. J., visited a fortune-teller recently, who warned her, she said afterward, that she would die soon. She became so depressed that she took a dose of carbolic acid several days afterward, from the effects of which she died.

### A Wonderful Star

In the constellation of Orion there is a star, known as Theta Orionis, which, when viewed through a powerful telescope, appears as a septuple star, thus presenting the magnificent panorama of seven suns revolving about each other. It is to be supposed that each of these suns is encircled by planets, and these again by moons.

### Polly Baskett Leaves the Body at 101 Years

"AUNT" POLLY BASKETT, the oldest woman in Macon County, Mo., passed on to the Angel World at her home in Callao, Mo., on May 28, at the age of 101 years. She was born in Fayette County, Ky., on May 27, 1800, and went to Missouri in 1825.

She lived in her present body just 101 years and one day.

Many people are now holding the body over 100 years.

When the mind really realizes the power of the soul the body will last in perfect health and harmony for great periods of time.

We are now living in the Soul Age.

### Franklin's Moral Code

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, the American philosopher, drew up the following list of moral virtues. He gave them constant and earnest attention. By following them he often said he made himself a better, happier and more useful man:

Temperance—Eat not to fulness; drink not to elevation.

Silence—Speak not but what may benefit others or yourself; avoid trifling conversation.

Order—Let all your things have their places; let each part of your business have its time.

Resolution—Resolve to perform what you ought; perform without fail what you resolve.

Frugality—Make no expense, but do good to others or yourself; that is, waste nothing.

Industry—Lose no time; be always employed in something useful; cut off all unnecessary actions.

Moderation—Avoid extremes; forbear resenting injuries.

Tranquillity—Be not disturbed about trifles or at accidents common or unavoidable.

### A Prophetic Forecast

THE following letter to the editor of the New York Times is of interest:

In 1850-60, when "Manilla" was still spelled with two "l's," F. Jagor journeyed through the Philippine Islands, apparently on a scientific mission. His book, "Travels in the Philippines," published in London in 1875, contains in its conclusion this remarkable prophecy:

"In proportion as the navigation of the west coast of America extends the influence of the American element over the South Sea, the captivating, magic power which the great Republic exercises over the Spanish colonies will not fail to make itself felt also in the Philippines. The Americans are evidently destined to bring to its full development the germs originated by the Spaniards. As conquerors of modern times, they pursue their road to victory with the assistance of the pioneer's axe and the plough, representing an age of peace and commercial prosperity in contrast to that by-gone and chivalrous age whose champions were upheld by the Cross and protected by the sword."

ARTHUR GUITERMAN.

### Man on This Planet Billions of Years

HE ANCIENT MYSTICS in the body or out of the body (angels) know that man has been on this planet for BILLIONS of years. The truth will soon be known. New discoveries are being made daily which tend to show that this planet is very much older than anyone outside of the great sages and seers think it to be. Scientific beliefs are constantly being upset. Some day mankind will pay more attention to the Psychic Seers. Only recently at Pittston, Pa., a strange discovery may make that city the Mecca of historic research. Students are scouring the city in the hope of finding John Silinski, a miner, who has in his possession a piece of coal bearing the imprint of a human foot. The lines are distinct, and there is absolutely no doubt that it is genuine.

Three prominent business men of Pittston have seen the specimen and pronounce it a wonder which will deny the verdict of science that the earth was uninhabited during the "coal age." Many specimens have been found in the Pittston mines during the past few years of fish and strange vegetation, but never anything showing the presence of human beings.

John Silinski, some time ago, while working in his "chamber," came across a strange stratum of coal. On examination he was horrified to see the imprint of what seemed to be a human foot. For days he spent his idle moments reading books on the subject. When offered a good price for his discovery he refused and became frightened.

He has not been seen for some time.

### Miraculous Cure of Blindness

WE are fast coming into the days of miracles. The old prophecies are to be fulfilled.

A miraculous case of the restoration of a young girl's sight, prayed for by a dying mother, has recently attracted wide attention in Amesbury, Mass.

Alva Provencha, fifteen years old, was stricken with a peculiar disease which affected her eyes and left her blind. The mother of the girl was dying at the time, but, crucifix in hand, she continually murmured fervent prayers for the recovery of her daughter's sight.

At the death of the mother a friend led the daughter to the bedside, and taking the dead woman's hands rubbed them across the daughter's eyes. The girl uttered a cry of delight. She could discern a faint glimmer of light, and in three days she could see.

The girl every night goes to the chapel to offer a prayer for her mother.

[The prayer of a devout, God-loving person has tremendous power.—EDITOR.]

### The Negro Question

WE Mystics know that the negro race in this country is progressing at a wonderful rate. In the first place, our dark brothers are very soulful. We know of no race that is more soulful. No one need disturb their peace of mind or tranquillity about the colored people; they are becoming more refined and cultured every day and are better members of society than some of the lower types of white people. As a rule, the colored man is a praying man and he believes in God, and any race or nation that believes in God and prays to God is making rapid progress.

We send forth our love and prayers for our colored brothers. The soul knows no color.

—*The Mystics.*

### Kindness to Animals

THE movement to inculcate in children ideas of kindness toward animals has reached South Dakota. That State has now passed a law enjoining the teaching of such principles in the schools and forbidding experiments upon live animals.

The moment the world realizes that animals are ETERNAL SOULS, progressing upward, onward and forward, the same as man, then will heaven be here on earth; then crime and viciousness will cease.

WHAT the poorer people need is good times like the present prosperous days; they require plenty of work and no gifts. Drones, idlers and whiners will never be prosperous or happy in any times—good or bad.

ROUSE YOUR SOUL.

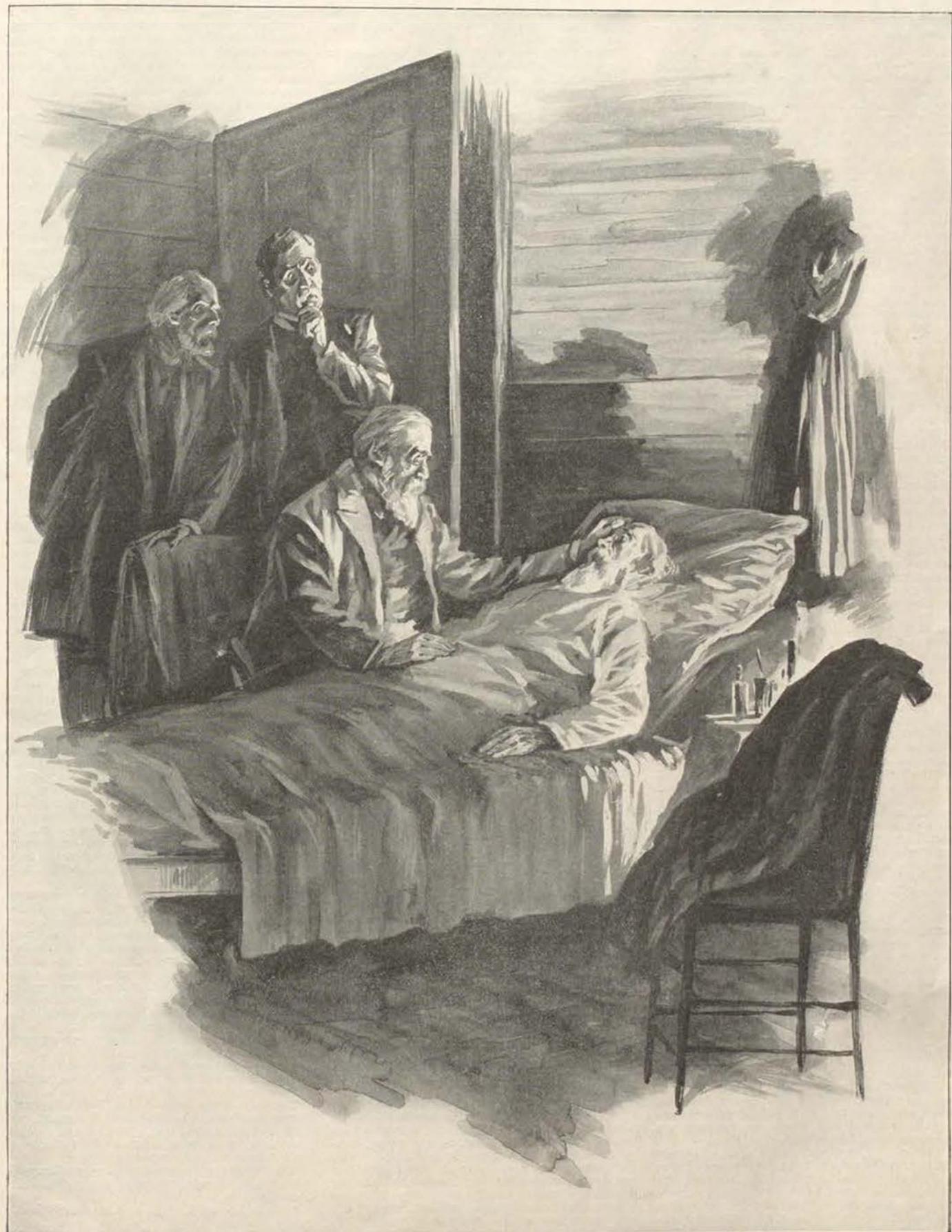
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"BENEATH HIS HANDS, THOUGH THEIR TOUCH WAS LIGHT, THE WAVE OF LIFE WOULD EBB, OR RISE,  
AS HE WILLED IT."

(See next page.)

## Dr. Julian's Psychic Power

By IZA DUFFUS HARDY, IN PEARSON'S WEEKLY



R. JULIAN was one of the best known, and yet in another sense the least known, men in and about Yacala, where every man knew his neighbor, and none come or go, pass or stay, unnoticed.

Dr. Julian was the schoolmaster—among other things. Children were few and far between in this scattered little pioneer settlement; but those that there were—from the baby toddlers and prattlers to the long-limbed boys as tall as the doctor himself, and the girls in the rosy dawn of womanhood, "where the brook and river meet"—all came from east and west and north and south to the little wooden school-house where Dr. Julian taught them more than merely their lessons. It was but an unpapered, uncircled, unpainted shed; it looked from an outside view very like an uncolored Noah's Ark; only instead of being finished off with a keel it was set up, according to the custom of the country, on four timber legs. Such as it was, however, Yacala had reason to be proud that it could boast a school-house at all, seeing that it possessed neither church nor court-house, neither bank nor bar, saloon nor jail, neither doctor nor undertaker, minister nor mayor, police nor magistrate, from which list of deficiencies it may easily be deduced that Yacala was a very youthful and primitive settlement.

Indeed, there had never yet been any crime to record in its short and simple annals; so no need for the settlers to organize themselves, in frontier wont, as judge and jury. There had been only two deaths since the building of the first log hut had opened up Yacala; on these occasions the carpenter had officiated as undertaker, and Dr. Julian, who also assisted to dig the graves, as minister—a small patch of clearing in the forest, remote from human habitation, being chosen as the place of sepulture.

When a baby had to be christened or a couple to be married Dr. Julian was sent for to perform the service; he was also the first person summoned in case of illness. Not that he was professionally qualified and diplomaed for either the cure of souls or bodies; but at Yacala they had to put up with what they could get—and be thankful when that was a Dr. Julian! Whenever such an event happened as the visit of a traveling priest or pastor of any church, he was always invited to hold a service according to the form of his faith, whatever it might be. But this was a rare event; as a rule, all the offices of prayer, of healing, devolved upon Dr. Julian.

He had a smattering of knowledge of medicine and surgery; but the power for which he was most renowned in Yacala was his gift of healing. He had what is commonly called a magnetic hand; he had more than that—the power, as it seemed, of imparting some of his own strength to the weak—giving of his own abundant vitality to stimulate the failing spark of life force. Few were the "ills that flesh is heir to" that could not be at least assuaged, even if only temporarily, by the touch of his firm, strong, gentle hands; nay, he had more than once succeeded, by the exercise of his powerful volition and magnetic force, in drawing back the apparently dying from the very gates of the grave.

A man of splendid physique, he could afford to give of his own strong and robust vitality without exhausting himself. The Carricks were firmly convinced that he had saved their little Mary's life when they had given up all hope. The McDowells owed to him their eldest boy's restoration from what all the neighborhood deemed hopeless paralysis. Dr. Julian was the only man who could soothe and mitigate the aches and pains that, not content with accompanying an attack of what is expressively called the "break-bone" fever, often linger longer behind it, tormenting the wearied and weakened victim when the fever itself has passed.

"How is it that your hand seems to draw the pain right out?" Greta Jansen asked him one day, as he sat by her side, passing his large, sun-bronzed hand gently and slowly from shoulder to wrist of the arm in which she had been complaining of pains that deprived her of sleep by night and disabled her by day.

"I can't explain to you, my child, how it is. I have my own theory as to the transference of nerve-force—a theory supported by modern science; but it would take long to make

it clear to you now, little one. And after all questions as how it is and why it is, the fact remains—and is in itself the only positive answer—that I *can* do it. This gift has been given me for use, to help and heal. I know that I can soothe these pains, as I know that I can make you sleep."

"Do make me sleep now. I didn't close my eyes all night."

"You will rest now," he said, with his kind, grave smile. He passed his fingers slowly over her forehead, closed the tired, blue eyes with light yet lingering touches, and in a very few minutes was assured by the child's peaceful, regular breathing that she was fast asleep.

"The Lord bless you, Dr. Julian," said the mother, as he took his leave, "though it seems there's little need of such a wish to you, for surely the Lord has blessed you, by the good that you can do, by the gift He has given you."

"I'll call again to-morrow," observed Dr. Julian, avoiding the subject of his own blessings, "and I hope you will find Greta rest better to-night." As he went his way homeward there was a look of half dreamy peace on his face—a look it often wore as he turned from some house where he had found pain and fever and left the balm of sleep. Yet his face was sad in repose, and the deep lines that scored it were not all traced by time.

It was not the face of an old man, though the hair and beard were almost white. The brow was broad, high and thoughtful, the organs of veneration and benevolence well developed, the eyes, of a blue so dark as often to look almost black, were clear and strangely penetrating; they seemed to pierce through the external and gaze down through the mask of the outer self into the soul. There was sometimes a touch of sternness in his firm and largely moulded features, but their habitual expression was merely serious. He was often gay and playful with the children, but only with them, always gentle with women, seldom talkative with men, and never confidential or expansive with anyone.

No one in or near Yacala knew much about him. He was an educated man and an Englishman; so were several others of those who had come to the remote regions of this semi-tropical South in search of health or fortune, or even of the bare livelihood for which they had struggled in vain in the close-sierred ranks of the Old World, where the field is narrow and the fight is fierce. It seemed to be with these and as these that Dr. Julian had come, and none knew—though there were a few who had their fancies and suspicions—that he was a man who dwelt alone and apart with a great sorrow and a great wrong.

Fair-haired Greta was a special pet of his, one of his favorite scholars; but none guessed the reminiscences that now and again he read in her innocent blue eyes—eyes like, yet unlike, those which looked at him out of the shadows of his past—eyes bright and fearless as those had been once, but the memory of whose brightness there was nothing but Greta's glance to recall to him now, so utterly was that sunshine blotted out by the dark remembrance of a later look.

Dr. Julian sat in the shade of the veranda outside his own house, which he had built himself—most of the Yacala men were their own carpenters and architects. Dr. Julian's dwelling was something of a superior kind in the way of a bachelor residence, according to Yacala style; true, it was innocent of paint, paper and ceiling; but it could boast of its strip of veranda and two rooms, though they were neither of them much larger than an ordinary ship's cabin.

A little group of children were gathered round him, absorbed in listening to a story he was telling. No one could tell a story to hold and enthrall the children like Dr. Julian. Greta, recovered from her illness, was among them to-day—a tall, slight slip of a girl just growing out of childhood, with a sweet, simple face and a mop of untidy fair hair.

School hours were over; the shadows of the palmetto trees—the tall, straight, stately "cabbage palmettoes" of the South—were lengthening eastward, but the afternoon heat and glare were still at their height; the sun's fierce rays fell like flame on whatever they touched; the sky was a dome of deep and vivid sapphire, almost blinding in its brightness, unveiled by mist, unflecked by cloud. Against that background of burning blue the lofty heads of the palmetto trees, with their

crowns of lance-like leaves, stood out in silhouette so sharp and clear as to be almost dazzling to the eye.

The story was finished, but the young listeners were still unsatisfied; it had only whetted their appetite.

"Tell us another," pleaded Greta, "tell us something about the good angel this time!"

Dr. Julian seldom said an unnecessary nay to the children, least of all to Greta, but he had got no further with the second story than the traditional "Once upon a time" when he was interrupted by the arrival of young Kit Carrick with an urgent message. The boy had evidently hurried; he was very warm and red and out of breath, although he was coolly clad.

"Can you come to Banana Grove right away?" was Kit Carrick's message; "there's been a bad accident over there; a gentleman from the North out shooting, and he tripped over a log, and his gun caught in the scrub and went off! They're afraid it's a bad business, and his friend's in a great way."

In answer to such a summons Dr. Julian was not likely to delay. He hastily put up such medicines and surgical appliances as he thought most likely to be needed, and set off along the rough track, which could not be dignified by the name of a path, through the palmetto forest.

It was a long walk for him, but a walk it had to be, for there was neither vehicle to be had nor road along which any vehicle could have made its way; and by the time he reached his destination the sun had declined behind the tops of the tall trees, the too vivid brilliance of the shadeless, dazzling day was mellowed by the dream-like softness of coming sunset.

Arrived at Banana Grove House, he found the proprietor of the establishment—Mr. Joshua Hawkins, generally known as "Josh"—somewhat anxiously awaiting him, and was shown at once to the room in which the wounded man had been laid. It was a plainly, even roughly, furnished apartment, for the accommodation at Banana Grove was primitive.

"Here's Dr. Julian, sir, come to see your friend, and he'll soon tell us the right thing to do!" the landlord announced. The man who stood by the bedside, bending over the prostrate figure, turned with an expression of relief, and as he stepped back from the pillow to allow Dr. Julian to approach, the flood of level light that poured in through the open and blindless window fell full on the face of the man who lay on the bed—the white, pain-drawn face, with set lips, closed eyes and contracted brows.

Dr. Julian looked, and controlled a start. He looked again, and knew that this resemblance was no mere chance likeness or reminiscence—knew when and where he had seen and known that face before. Then it was ruddy, handsome, in the early prime, and what had seemed then to Dr. Julian the insolent splendor of health and strength and prosperity. Yet it was the same—the same as the haggard countenance that lay back in almost livid pallor upon the pillow now.

Dr. Julian looked upon it, but made no sign and said no word, until he turned to the other lookers-on by the bedside with some brief inquiry as to the details of the accident before proceeding to the examination of the wound. The injured man opened his eyes, but Dr. Julian, bending close over him, had his back to the light, his face in the shadow, and no ray of recognition dawned in the half-confused mind of the patient, only dimly conscious of aught but pain.

And the shadowed face which bent over him, when last he had seen it, was beardless, fair-complexioned, with close-cropped dark hair. Now, veiled by thick white beard and framed in waves of long white hair, it had changed more, far more, than his own. He bore the probing of the wound bravely, without a word, and only when it was over spoke.

"Well, can you pull me through?" he said, his voice hoarse, hollow, strained, so that Dr. Julian would hardly have known it.

"I think so," was the answer, but gravely and not too positively given.

"Is it—serious?" anxiously inquired the wounded man's friend, who was watching the proceedings solicitously.

"It is serious, but—" Dr. Julian stooped lower, put his ear to the patient's breast, and laid his hand there. "Is your heart all right?" he asked, with barely perceptible shade of significance in his lowered tone.

The injured man opened his eyes wide, with a half-startled recognition of the meaning of the question.

"No," he said. "I've had—several—attacks."

"Yes," observed Dr. Julian, meditatively, "so I thought."

"You'll be better soon, old man," said his friend, with forced cheerfulness; "won't he, doctor?"

"I hope so;" but Dr. Julian spoke gravely,

and stood silent, half frowning, as if in deep thought.

"For mercy's sake, doctor," said the other, drawing him a little aside, "do all you can for him! His wife is to meet him at St. Augustine next week."

"So? He is a married man?" said Dr. Julian, slowly.

The patient, catching their words, turned his head on the pillow and moved his hand as if beckoning his friend.

"Aynsley," he whispered, as the latter obeyed the sign, "don't write to Margaret! Don't tell her—I am hurt—till I am better. It's no use frightening her."

Presently, having administered a sedative, and made such arrangements as he considered necessary, Dr. Julian talked apart with Mr. Aynsley and Joshua Hawkins. He told them that he did not regard the wound, although very serious, as necessarily fatal; if the patient's strength kept up he might—there was no reason why he should not—pull through. But his danger was greatly increased by the weakness of the heart; still, if the reserve of vital force only proved sufficient to meet the demand upon it, the patient might do well.

Being urged to stay and spend the night at Banana Grove in case of a change for the worse, Dr. Julian consented. Mr. Aynsley insisted on sitting up with his friend himself; Mr. Hawkins sensibly represented that there was no use in more than one's remaining by the bedside to keep watch; Dr. Julian should have a room near at hand, and could be called at any moment; and so it was arranged.

Dr. Julian sat at his open window and let the night wind cool his brow, and his mind wandered far from the stormy moonlight and the rustling palm forest back to a great city thousands of miles away, in another hemisphere, it seemed in another world than this. Across a wider gulf than that of the leagues of land and sea that stretched between him and that world he looked back at the scene of his old life; and nearer than the tropical moon rays he saw the firelight of the home that once was his, and clearer than the rattling palms heard Elsie's voice. "Julian," it murmured, as when the sweet breath was caught in a trill of laughter. "Julian," it sobbed, as when drowned in tears. "Julian," it moaned, in a faint, far whisper, as on the day when tears were past.

Out of the gulf of shadows where those memories lay rose Elsie's face, and gleamed life-like through the mist of years. Such a fair and tender face! and so bright and so young! with eyes that had caught the blue of the summer heavens, and hair in which the living gold of the sunbeams played. Had she been too young, too bright for him? Yet she had loved him at first—his girl-wife—or so he had believed, and she had been happy with him at first—happy, and gay as a bird.

It was all such an old, old story, such a common, pitiful story! He had never suspected, not even when Elsie's gay spirits drooped, and her sunny temper grew fretful, and the life that had been all one full sweet harmony seemed jarred and out of tune. He had never dreamt, poor fool! as he thought of himself bitterly, that while he still held the casket Hugh Luttrell had stolen the jewel.

Yet even for that robbery Elsie's husband might have found forgiveness in his heart at last, for love as great as his can rise above passion of personal wrong to heights of pardon. But Hugh Luttrell stole his pearl only to cast it aside when he tired of it—flung it by its whiteness stained, to be lost and trampled in the mire.

Weak, frail, foolish Elsie had "stooped to folly" had trusted Luttrell's promises, and left her home for him. And for her sake, not his own, the husband she deserted had sought the divorce. He did not care for his freedom. What comfort or solace could freedom bring to him? Nor would he have stooped to avenge his wrong by bringing her to open shame, dragging the scandal of her sin into the public court. His life was spoilt; he sought neither release nor revenge. But he saw that there was one thing left in life that he could do for Elsie still—that was to set her free, free to become the wife of the man she had preferred before him.

The decree *nisi* was pronounced, and then Elsie reaped her harvest. Luttrell was one of those "who love and ride away." He was tired of her, and he was not the man to trouble to conceal his weariness of the woman who had wrecked two lives for him. His promises of life-long faith—on her head lay the fault of the folly of believing them. Julian heard that he had deserted her, and went in search of him, to force him, by word or deed, fair or foul, to keep faith with her. But Hugh Luttrell was not to be found; he had gone abroad and left no trace. Julian sought for Elsie, but Elsie, too, had disappeared. Then he withdrew from the world, and his place knew him no more.

Self-exiled, he looked back on that place,

that life, as on a dream. But no dream was the living, throbbing remembrance of the finding of the lost at last. In his mind's eye he saw again the long hospital ward, the rows of narrow, white beds, heard the doctor's voice: "There's a sad case, No. 23. She's seen better days, poor soul! Rapid consumption, accelerated by privations and hardships. She's been more than half-starved. She was brought in here too late, of course—in the last stage."

Again he looked, and knew the pinched, faded, haggard face of the woman who lay dying there. He saw the hollow cheeks, the sunken eyes, the thin, work-worn fingers. Starved! Yes, that was what the doctor said. More than half-starved. He saw the look of horrified recognition that dilated Elsie's altered eyes as she stared up at him—and turned with a pitiful effort to hide her face. He strove to thrust those memories from him, but they clung and burnt, and bit into his soul. Between him and the thought of the calm of her dead face came the anguish of her living eyes. He had forgiven that poor, shattered wreck of womanhood that the waves of chance or fate had washed up at his feet. Her sin was blotted out; he thought only of her suffering. Yes, fully and freely he had forgiven Elsie, but he had not forgiven the man who had "brought her to that pass." For him he found no forgiveness in his heart, even now that Hugh Luttrell lay in the next room between life and death. He had done his duty in ministering to the wounded man. Had it been the brother he loved instead of the enemy he hated who lay thus in such need of help, he could not have given more careful and skilful attention to the case.

He had done his best. The issues of life and death were not in his hands. But now, as he traveled back into the past, brooded over Elsie's cruel wrong, her ruined life and miserable death, he wondered bitterly and sombrely that it could have been *his* hand that succored her destroyer. The thought of the irony of fate in giving Hugh Luttrell into his power at last drove deep into his heart and brought a train of sinister shadows in its track. A cloud like that black and boding pile which was rising above the palm trees seemed to be darkening his soul. And in the stress of the stormy clashing and rustling of those lance-like leaves he seemed to hear voices whispering, calling to him in an unknown tongue. What was it they were saying? Something that he shrank from hearing!

There was a step in the uncarpeted passage outside, a hand on his door, the slow creak of its opening.

"There seems to be a change for the worse," said Aynsley's voice. "Will you come, Dr. Julian?"

Dr. Julian followed him at once to the patient's bedside, and saw at a glance that the apprehension was not unfounded. He noted the change on the sunken face, the dilated eyes which looked unnaturally large, while listening watchfully to the labored breathing, the irregular pulsations of the heart. It was intermittent and threatened to fail; the strength was sinking rapidly. Still, from collapse more utter than this Dr. Julian had succeeded in recalling patients more than once or twice.

By virtue of what the early sixteenth century mystics called the "sanative contagion," with which some temperaments are endowed—the power still imperfectly comprehended, many times proven, known by different names and accounted for by different theories in different epochs—he had imparted of his own superabundant vital force to fan the failing spark to flame, and had by might of his own powerful volition upheld the sinking life. He had done it before. He knew that here was a case in which he could in all probability succeed again.

They had tried such simple restoratives as were at hand in vain, but life was not too far gone to be recalled.

"Don't you give up hope, Mr. Aynsley," said the kindly landlord. "I've seen Dr. Julian bring a man round who was a long sight worse than your friend here. Now there was young Walter. I tell you, Dr. Julian just took him right out of the jaws of death! And 'twas twice as bad a case as this. You just let Dr. Julian take this in hand."

Consciousness was flickering and failing fast in Hugh Luttrell. His eyes wandered round vaguely, seekingly.

"Where—is—Margaret?" he murmured.

"Poor fellow!" said Aynsley, his voice husky with emotion. "Save him, doctor, if you can—for his wife's sake!"

"It cannot always be done," said Dr. Julian, slowly.

"You can do it, if any man can. Just try your best," urged Josh Hawkins. Dr. Julian bent over the patient and laid his hands on the clammy brow and on the irregularly throbbing heart. He drew those large, powerful hands slowly down with a lingering,

dwelling movement along the arm from the shoulder to the cold, contracted fingers.

"That's how he does it," whispered Hawkins, nudging his companion with interest. There was silence in the room; the only sound was the dry rustle of the palm trees rustling in the wind outside. It seemed to Dr. Julian that he knew now what they were saying—knew what was the message of the stormy night.

It was Aynsley's voice—a living human voice—that had said: "Save him for his wife's sake!" The voice of the night whispered something else. This man had destroyed Elsie. Should Elsie's husband repay him by saving him for another woman now?

As one pole of the magnet attracts and the other repels, so the power that could save, could it not slay? He felt that power at its fullest flood-tide within him. Down to his strong pulses it flowed and throbbed—the nerve-currents seemed to surge and swell with it to the tips of his fingers. He knew, he *felt*, that he had the force to save—or slay. Beneath his hands, though their touch was light, the wave of life would ebb, or rise, as he willed it.

He did not think of the unknown "Margaret," who might be praying for this man even now. He thought of Elsie. The shadow of the dead was over him, and blotted out the thought of the living. He set the full force of his will-power against the "flickering wave of life" that "kept heaving to and fro"—now fainter, and fainter yet—in the breast of the dying man.

Dying? Yes! Elsie's destroyer was dying—should die beneath her husband's eyes, if their gaze could slay.

Margaret was on her way to St. Augustine to meet him.

He wanted to live—for the living.

He should die—for the dead.

The doctor bent over him, closer. No violence of his hands should smite this man who lay so low. But the struggling life should ebb—and fail. Hugh Luttrell's eyes, which had closed in exhaustion, now opened slowly. The yellow lamplight streamed full on Dr. Julian's face. He had not recognized that time-worn, altered face, framed in its prematurely silver hair, before. The word "Dr. Julian" bore no significance to him who had known Elsie's husband only by the name he bore in that far-off world he had left behind, as Julian Ormathwaite. In his new life he had become known chiefly, indeed only, by his first name, with the prefix universally given him, although he had no legal claim to it.

Had Hugh Luttrell ever thought of Julian Ormathwaite in these years? had he remembered Elsie? Probably not. It is the wronged who remember. The wronger forgets, because the recollection is unpleasant, and a man like Hugh Luttrell turns as naturally from all reproachful memories as the sunflower turns from the shadow to the light. But now he looked up in Dr. Julian's face, and, with the moment of clear sight that sometimes comes to the dying, he knew the stern and sombre eyes looking down on him were the eyes of the man he had robbed of his life's treasure.

Like a leveled weapon those dark, piercing eyes were bent on his. They pierced like cold steel; they froze—they slew! His lips moved; his voice was almost gone; but the blanched lips formed the syllables of the name that was a stranger's name to all but one of the watchers:

"Ormathwaite!"

He spoke no more. The next words came from Joshua Hawkins.

"Ah! poor fellow! he's gone! Well, it was to be," he added, philosophically, turning to Mr. Aynsley, whose distress was evident. "And there's one comfort for his wife and friends—all's been done that could be done. If Dr. Julian couldn't save him, no mortal power could. His time had come. 'Twas God's will, and there ain't none of us can gainsay that."

The words struck Dr. Julian uncomfortably. God's will!

Was this thing that he had done a deed of God? Were not His words, "I will repay?"

A few days after Hugh Luttrell's death, Dr. Julian was sent for to call in and see Greta Jansen. The child was seriously ill and racked by fever pains. Hitherto he had always been able to alleviate the symptoms in her worst attacks of illness. But now, when he had done his best to soothe her, she moaned and turned restlessly on the pillow still.

"No, it isn't any better," she answered to his inquiries. "Do try to draw the pain of my head! You always did before." The blue eyes looked up at him pleadingly; their wistful gaze went to his heart. They seemed to reproach him. He "always did before." Yes, that was true. Why could he do nothing for her now? Was the guilty consciousness in his own soul a barrier? Was it the secret

of his unknown sin that broke the current of psychic rapport between him and this pure, sinless child?

He saw it first only "as in a glass darkly," then clearer, darker, cold and slow, the shadow of a terrible prescence closed on him and wrapped him round. The power given him to help and heal he had employed to kill.

"The powers that wait  
On noble deeds, canceled a sense misused."

By his own deed he had lost the gift he had dragged down to uses of personal revenge.

Or was it only that he had lost his self-confidence that his nerves were shaken?

He tried to cling to the hope that it was but a temporary failing of will power. But soon the truth was forced upon him that the faculty he had prized, not for self's sake, was gone from him. He could help and save no more. The healing hand that had borne balm in its touch could give no greater relief than the kindly ministrations of others. He might still serve his kind, but only as others served, by ordinary skill and care.

In vain now he strove to alleviate the sufferings that made his heart ache. Not only in little Greta's case alone, but in others he proved himself powerless. The time came, and soon, when he saw that Greta's life was failing fast—heard the heart-stricken parents appealing to him to save their child—read, or fancied, in Greta's eyes a piteous appeal—a wild, wistful wonder—as if she asked why he could not help her. Speech was gone, but it seemed that those blue eyes reproached him, entreated still. He pressed the little chilly hands in his own warm, strong clasp—strode to chafe life back into the motionless limbs—in vain. He who had wrestled with death and snatched his victims from his very jaws before was powerless now.

And ere long there came a day when Greta's parents did not mourn alone. A dull and lurid coppery haze of heat brooded over Yacala, blurred the blinding blue of the tropical sky, and seemed to weigh down like a pall upon the land. One morning a strange black cloud, in shape like some huge bat with outspread wings, hung over the earth, and in the ominous shadow of those great wings not a leaf or a blade of grass stirred, and over land and lake and forest a boding hush seemed to have fallen; and old Mother Rachel, the oldest woman in Yacala, shook her head and said it was a sign that meant no good.

The old dame presaged truly. Before another day had passed, the fever, the dreaded scourge of the South, swooped down upon Yacala. There were different theories as to whence and how it had come; but there was little time for theory when the foe was at the door to fight. The men and women of Yacala were brave. Few even sought to fly. They stood together, shoulder to shoulder, to fight the insidious foe which crept into home after home.

Foremost among the combatants was Dr. Julian. Faithful at his post, wherever the pestilence struck its deadliest blow he was to be found. His experience and knowledge, his watchful and unremitting care, were valuable in this siege; but it was bitter to him to feel that these were all that he could give! He could only watch and tend the sick as any other willing hand and heart could do. And as one after another was stricken, and the fever fiend spared neither youth nor age, and grave after grave was dug in the little clearing in the forest, a morbid wonder seized him sometimes whether it might not be his evil deed that had brought the curse upon the place and the people he held dear.

One thing was left to him; at least he could spend his strength, his life, in their service; and freely he gave and lavished all that was left to him to give.

The Jansens, father and son, were down together with the epidemic, and Mrs. Jansen, still weak and bowed down with mourning for her daughter, nursed her husband and son—young Ludovic, the only child now left to her. One night, exhausted, she fell asleep as she sat by her husband's bedside, and on awaking, found that Ludovic was gone. In some fevered dream, with the wild strength of delirious frenzy, the youth had risen from his bed and fled from the house. The open door, through which the dew-laden night wind poured in, told the tale of his flight. The distracted mother rushed out in search of him, but could find no trace. She flew to Dr. Julian, and he, bidding her return to her husband, himself set out on the quest.

At first inquiries from house to house were in vain, but presently, on the outskirts of the settlement, near the Cypress Swamp, a woman who was sitting up watching by her own invalid, told how she had caught a glimpse from her window of a white figure—she thought it was a ghost—passing toward the swamp, where it vanished.

The neighbors agreed to search the swamp

in the morning. But every hour, nay, every minute now, might be the turning-point between life and death for the delirious fugitive who had wandered in his madness to that deadly morass. The Cypress Swamp was a picturesquely place enough by day, with its tangle of interlacing trees and wreathing vines, all running wild in rank luxuriance; the lush green of the dank and reeking undergrowth that veiled the treacherous slough of the quagmire; the green, stagnant shallows and glassy depths of the pools whereon the swallows bloomed.

But it was an eerie and a gruesome spot—a "dismal swamp" indeed by night, and dangerous to man by night or day. In its dark recesses, where the light of day never reached, the snake and the alligator had their home, and the fatal miasma lurked; the poisonous air that rose from the decaying vegetation rotting in the slime was deadly for man to inhale. There was no foothold in the yielding ooze, save where fallen trunks, overgrown with wet and slippery moss, lay prone.

Yet into the dense shadows of the Cypress Swamp, into that air foul with the breath of the malaria fiend, one man was bold enough—mad enough, his comrades said—to venture them and there in the darkness. Lantern in hand, Dr. Julian set out to force and fight his way through matted jungle and tangled brier, to find precarious foothold on fallen trees and floating logs, at every step in danger of sinking into the morass past hope or help.

In the blue light of the early morning a rescue party gathered on the outskirts of the Cypress Swamp, prepared to penetrate its noisome depths and follow in Dr. Julian's track, but even while they were disposing their forces—two to go this way and two that—they caught sight of Dr. Julian himself emerging from the dense shadows of a tangled thicket, bearing Ludovic Jansen in his arms.

His hair and face were torn by the thorns; his clothes, splashed with the green swamp water, hung almost in shreds; his tall figure was bent beneath its burden; he dragged one foot after another with heavy steps. Somebody essayed a cheer, but it was rather a shaky one, and dropped with suspicious suddenness. Yacala men were not fond of displaying emotion.

Dr. Julian gave the insensible body of the young man into the ready arms of the nearest man as the eager group gathered round him.

"Carry him to his mother—he's not dead—he may live," he gasped.

"Here! quick, boys!" exclaimed Josh Hawkins, rushing forward as Dr. Julian staggered; and stalwart arms were prompt to support him. "Hold up, doctor! what's wrong there?" as they caught sight of a handkerchief bound round his right leg just above the boot that reached nearly to the knee.

"It's—a snake has bitten me," he replied, his voice growing faint and husky. Then, as there was a call for camphor, whisky and ammonia, he added:

"No, it's no good, nothing's any use now, it's too late—it was more than an hour ago! I made up my mind I'd hold up to bring him through. Take him to Jansen's, quick!—put him to bed—rub him—give him—"

He was too faint to speak more. They carried him home. He lived to hear that there was hope for young Ludovic, lived—for life was strong in him—for an hour afterward, but toward the last his mind wandered; he talked of Elsie, of little Greta, of the gift he had lost, that he could not save the child—of the evil fate that had brought Hugh Luttrell to Yacala, of temptation and of sin. And Joshua Hawkins, his friend, who watched alone by his side during that last hour, heard his mutterings—and put the pieces of the puzzle together, but then and thereafter held his peace—until years after he told this tale to me.

"The last time he spoke," said Hawkins the evening of Dr. Julian's death to an attentive circle of listeners, "twas just at the end, when I saw the change coming. I asked him how he was feeling, and he looked up at me, and he said, happy-like, with a smile, 'I'm well now—well.' And that smile you see on his face now as he lies there."

"Ah," said one of the hearers, with a sigh, "he just threw his life away!"

"No," replied another. "He spent it; and who is there among us can say it's not been well spent?"

"No," then said Josh Hawkins, thinking of the dying man's wandering words; "twas neither one thing nor the other. Twas just that he felt that he owed his life, and he paid it, as a debt to God and man."

[THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES will contain each month an occult story from the pen of an Adept. A striking occult story will be published next month.—EDITOR.]

## A Prophecy

BY THE BLISSFUL PROPHET



F ALL the peoples of this planet, the Americans are to lead in everything—religion, philosophy, art, science, literature, invention, mining, commerce, finance, etc.

In time All of North America and South America will be under one government—the AMERICAN GOVERNMENT.

The United States will merge into One America the two Americas.

It will be a great, grand and harmonious government and by far the most perfect and prosperous in the world.

The Pan-American Exposition means much. The seers see in it a great meaning for the future. It shows the spirit of Americans.

The Mystic Seers know that the American people, especially those who reside in the United States, are far superior to those of any other nation.

The following editorial from a recent issue of the New York Sun shows how energetic and enterprising the Americans are:

"The Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo is another marvel of the swift energy of Americans. In a year or thereabouts a great treeless meadow has been transformed into a place of beauty by day and of splendor at night. Architecture and landscape gardening have had their triumph there. The palaces of the magician have risen. Towers and pillars and fragrant gardens and lovely waterways have grown, as it were, in a night. There was no shabby unpreparedness on the opening day. The great crowd found a great show ready.

"Buffalo has reason to be proud of herself. She will find her reward in the multitudes that will come to her spectacle. She will have to move herself to feed and lodge them all; but she will do it, and do it well.

"But this Buffalo Exposition means much more than entertainment and curiosity. Its purpose is to bring the republics of North America, of Central America, of South America into closer relations, to make them know one another better, to smooth the way for enduring friendships and vastly increased commercial interchanges. May that purpose prosper as well as the authors of this noble Exposition hope!"

That purpose will be carried out.

Canada and all of the republics of North and South America will merge and consolidate.

It will begin by one after another of the smaller republics knocking at the doors of the United States for admission.

There will be no wars in connection with this great consolidation—it will be a peaceful consolidation.

Mark well the Mystic prophecy—this will all come about before 1926.

Germany and England are gradually but surely losing ground in South America.

Germany will do well to look to Africa and stop worrying about the Americas. Both England and Germany can do much in Africa.

Africa in gold and precious metals is the richest continent on this planet.

Some time in a future issue of this magazine I will make some startling statements about Africa, China and Russia, as seen from the adept Seer's viewpoint.

## Hypnotism

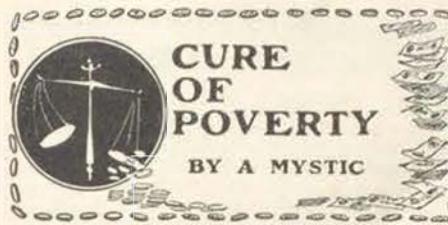
HYPNOTISM is of the mind and is not strictly speaking a Psychic or Spiritual Power. As a rule, those who practice Hypnotism are in danger from mental decay and insanity. The exercise or domination of the will power of one mind over another is weakening and destructive to the operator; it is a perverted use of the will power. If hypnotism was thoroughly understood by those who play with it they would abandon its use immediately. The safe rule is to have nothing whatever to do with hypnotism beyond learning its mighty power to disturb both subject and operator.

## As to Strikes

Most strikes cause much suffering. Whenever possible they should be avoided. An editorial paragraph in the Boston Herald says: "'Strike while the iron is hot' is a good motto to follow at times, no doubt, but labor organizations with differences to be adjusted will do well to proceed with caution and strike only when the temper is cool."

EVERYTHING is prospective, and man is to live hereafter. That the world is for his education is the only sane solution of the enigma.—Emerson.

**PRAYER IS ALL-POWERFUL.**



**CURE  
OF  
POVERTY**  
BY A MYSTIC



GOOD LUCK is more or less believed in by the average mortal.

The Mystics Know that there is neither good luck nor bad luck, that all there is in the universe is cause and effect; that there is always a cause for "good luck" and a cause for "bad luck."

Before a cure of any disorder can be effected we must first know the cause, and remove it. The cause of Poverty is Poor Thinking; the cure of Poverty is right thinking.

A man secretly envies the success of the rich, and murmurs and complains of the inequalities of things in the world. Such a man will remain in poverty. The unseen forces block his every attempt to acquire wealth, because such a mortal is not entitled to it. Even the little he has is usually taken away. Any man who is envious or jealous of his brother's success will suffer more or less from poverty.

Again, men and women whose minds are filled with Utopian ideas and dreams about the proper division of wealth are on the road to poverty and are kept in poverty as long as they are dissatisfied with the perfect order of things. These are dreamers, not workers. The powerful forces favor only those who serve faithfully; who work faithfully and persistently with joy in their hearts; who never complain about their lot; who are not envious.

In amassing wealth, envy of others' success will be disastrous to your own success. It should delight you beyond all measure to see everyone succeed, and you should never gloat over the failure of anyone, especially one who is competing with you. A great man or woman is always above all envy or jealousy.

Take the ups and downs of life without a single murmur or complaint. Learn to take the bitter with the sweet, sorrow with joy, and never whine or grumble at anything. In other words, be grateful and thankful for the many good things in the world.

To think poverty brings poverty; to cure poverty think wealth. Fight with strong thought—positive thought—every obstacle that crosses your path, whether it be sickness, adversity or poverty.

"Order is heaven's first law." Think and observe much, and order your life so that you will do everything in an orderly, methodical and systematic way. Poverty-stricken people are not orderly.

Lots of fresh air, fresh water, internally and externally, and simple foods, mostly cereals, fruits, nuts and eggs will give one tremendous force and vigor and perfect health. Health and Vigor are essential in curing poverty.

The Universal Law is, we find, exactly what we look for; if we look for bad, bad will come to us; if we think weakness, failure and poverty, we certainly will get our full share of these ills.

As a man thinks so will he be.

The moment you stop to waste force or energy in fear, doubt and regrets, that moment you are in danger of poverty. So we say, for a preventive and cure of poverty reverse your thoughts.

Gambling is the cause of much poverty and can never cure poverty.

Persons afflicted with poverty believe much in "luck." The angels help those who try to help themselves. To cure poverty you must strive to help yourself and ask God and the Angels to Direct, Guide and Lead you.

It is difficult for mortals or angels to love or help a timid or cowardly person; one who is weak and afraid and goes about telling tales of woes and miseries.

Much poverty comes to Money Mad people; people who desire to get rich quickly without hard work. The cure for poverty is work; learn to work and be engrossed with the idea of the good your work will do rather than with the thought of how much money you can get out of it.

Work is essential to happiness and is the cure of poverty. No matter how old your body is it can do some work if your mind is willing, and get relief from poverty.

Be always active in your own affairs, and waste no time or energy in meddling with the affairs of others.

"The way to wealth is as plain as the way to market. It depends on two words, industry and frugality; that is, waste neither time nor money, but make the best use of both. If you would be wealthy, think of saving as well as getting." Poverty is a curse and must be abolished. The Mystics, in a quiet and subtle way, in all of their sermons, lectures and writings, inject suggestions against poverty. We pray constantly that the minds of men may grasp the true and high way of acquiring money and using it wisely. We know great fortunes were never amassed dishonestly; that to acquire enormous wealth one must be honest and wise—know how to use it wisely after getting it.

There are three things absolutely essential to happiness and which will always bring success, viz., hope, patience and determination—persistent determination to reach success. When we learn to exercise our mind and will on hope, patience and determination, we find a wide door opens to permanent health, wealth, honor and happiness. One who grumbles and complains and whines and murmurs because others are successful will never have fair Fortune's smile; the unseen powers cannot and will not help any soul who whines, complains and murmurs in a world that is filled with health, wealth and happiness. The grumbler and complainer is never loved; no one desires to help such a being. Indeed, the world has no use for such persons, as they are repulsive. Their natures are poisoned with pessimism and they repel and drive from them constantly millions of good things.

The angels can and do help the bright and cheerful ones who are full of hope and aspire to great and good things; while the lazy, indolent and whining beings are surrounded by low and degrading forces, which keep them always away from everything that is good in this world of good things.

There is a cause for every effect. There is a reason why some men and women are successful, and a reason why others are sick and worried and poverty stricken, miserable and unhappy.

No one can reach success or happiness until he or she first calmly yet with grim determination says: I WILL BE WHAT I WILL TO BE. MY LIFE MUST BE ONE OF SUCCESS AND HAPPINESS. MY MISTAKES AND ERRORS WILL NOT DISCOURAGE ME; BUT I WILL PROFIT BY THEM AND MAKE THEM SERVE AS STEPPING STONES TO TRUTH AND SUCCESS.

It is always wise to calmly reflect upon the past; but very unwise and exceedingly foolish and weakening to brood or worry about the missteps we have taken. No matter what happens to you, keep a cheerful and hopeful mind, and you will eventually succeed beyond all your fondest expectations. Health, success and happiness are always abundantly measured out by the higher and unseen powers to those who are persistently patient, hopeful and courageous.

This cure for poverty suggests to an open and aspiring mind the TREMENDOUS POWER OF THE WILL, which, if intelligently exercised, can do wonders. Anyone, with a little mental effort, can train and develop the will just as easily as we train and develop the muscles by persistent physical exercise. "The moment we fully and vitally realize who and what we are, we then begin to build our own world even as God builds His."

As long as one thinks he is weak, that he is a poor worm of the dust, that he has no chance, that his fate is to be whirled hither and thither by forces and powers over which he has no control, just that long he will be at the mercy of such forces. But I tell you, everyone can control these forces and powers and can accomplish grand results the very moment he cleanses his mind of fear and doubt about his ability to succeed. As A MAN THINKS SO HE WILL BE. Continually think disease and you will continually be weak and sick; continually think poverty and you will continually be poverty stricken. These are truths, absolute truths.

We must strenuously strive to be SOUND, HELPFUL and SENSIBLE; we must be strong, self-reliant, self-supporting and not dependent. Servile dependence in money matters is no longer deemed honorable. Poverty cannot bring happiness. To abolish poverty we must work with faith and hope, and banish once and for all time any and all fears of failure—worry about the past or apprehension about the future. We must live intensely in the present, let go the past, and the future will take care of itself. WE ARE ALL MASTERS OF OUR OWN FATE. FOOLS BELIEVE IN LUCK AND CHANCE.

Each one occupies a good place in the Universal Zodiac, and all of our sufferings are due entirely to a lack of knowledge and wisdom. Now, my sole aim in writing this cure for poverty is to wake people up out of the delusions in which they live. I tell you all, you are greater beings than you imagine you are; that your dormant or latent powers and forces are great and wonderful; that YOU

and YOU alone limit yourself and suffer because you will not rouse yourself to the grand truths which wise and good men have taught for thousands of years, namely, that you are all the children of ONE great and loving ALL-FATHER, ALL-MOTHER, who is ever trying to point you the way to Eternal happiness through the MYSTIC Adepts and Masters who are the mediums through whom God, the Blessed Father, works to help His children. There is a good time coming for all of us, and we can hasten that time by a little thought.

Let me repeat, we must first think wealth, and then use the mind to discover the true foundation of wealth. The mind in its search for the cause of wealth will soon discover that well-directed energy—work—is back of all wealth. But along with this energy we must have faith, hope and courage. This is a busy world and we are living in a wonderful age of big undertakings and great progress. On every hand are to be seen advancement, improvement, progress, growth and expansion. We are continually going forward, onward and upward. Nothing stands still! There is no backward movement! The world is better and busier to-day than it was yesterday, and will be better and busier to-morrow than it is to-day. It is the calm, honest, thorough, thoughtful and busy workers who make this condition of growth and progress; not the worrying, hurrying, fretful, gloomy, morbid, pessimistic minds who persist in looking at things through the wrong end of the telescope. No one will be successful or feel the glorious good times which are here to stay, unless he is hopeful and cheerful and willing to play the part God has assigned to him.

And now, dear friends, I have tried to inspire you with hope and courage, and I sincerely hope you will feel that we Mystics dearly love you and wish you peace, joy, prosperity and happiness, and in conclusion let me quote the saying of one of our brothers who is a great Mystic—a great soul: "You are all God, O ye men and O ye animals and living beings; ye are the manifestation of the One living God—the Blessed One—the All in All, so how can you doubt your reaching perfection?"

May the peace and blessings of the Blessed One, and all the angels and all the Mystics of the universe be ever with you, my beloved sisters and brothers, is the prayer of

A MYSTIC.

### A Great Spiritual Medium

MISS MARGARET GAULE during the past winter and spring has been giving lectures and psychic phenomena every Sunday afternoon and evening at Tuxedo Hall, New York. She is an earnest, hard-working soul in the cause of Angel Return, and her work is excellent. From our viewpoint Miss Gaule works under unfavorable surroundings, in the way of disturbing vibrations, as Tuxedo Hall is on one of the noisiest corners of this big city. Again, there are several smaller halls in the same building, immediately adjoining Tuxedo Hall, in which social orders meet every Sunday evening for a "gay time."

Séances of this character ought to be held in a small, quiet temple purposely dedicated to the work, located in a quiet neighborhood where sensible people are not in the habit of congregating. Then we would get better results.

### Bishop Doane Scores Mrs. Eddy's "Bible"

BISHOP DOANE, of Albany, N. Y., in an article entitled "Is Christian Science Christian?" in Leslie's Weekly of June 1, vigorously attacks the system and its founder, Mrs. Eddy. He says in part:

"This cult virtually provides a new bible. It builds churches for a new mode of worship. It casts contempt on prayer. . . . It really enthrones for superstitious worship a living idol; and, judged by the utterances of its followers, it blasphemous Christ by its glorification of its own human foundress."—New York Journal.

[Evidently Christian Science is making great inroads into the Christian Church.—EDITOR.]

It is certain that either wise bearing or ignorant carriage is caught as men take diseases, one of another; therefore let men take heed of their company.

He who brings ridicule to bear against truth finds in his hand a blade without a hilt. The most sparkling and pointed flame of wit flickers and expires against the incombustible walls of her sanctuary.



HERE will soon come to this planet a great band of souls who will be perfect men—Gods.

These coming men will be prodigious workers along every line of endeavor—religion, spirituality, healers, art, science, literature, finance, commerce, etc.

They will be great psychics, seers, sages and prophets—these coming men—and will be perfect models of men, and change humanity in a wonderful and marvelous way.

The coming man will be versatile—can succeed at *anything*; he will not be a *specialist*, but an ALL-ROUND man. He will be a MASTER of all callings—ALL WORK.

A number of these Great Souls are here now—silently, quietly developing and working.

More Great Souls are connected with this magazine than any of its readers imagine.

Anyone who reads this magazine regularly will have health, wealth, happiness and long life in the body. It has a MYSTIC, THRILLING and INSPIRING POWER.

Do you feel our Vibrations when you read it?

#### THE MYSTICS.

#### Modern Spiritualism

By Frank Harrison



ODERN Spiritualism in a quiet and dignified way is now making wonderful progress. The charlatans and pretenders that for so many years brought discredit on Spiritualism are gradually getting out.

Spiritualism is joy to the soul, and brings eternal bliss, and that is the reason you will always find real Spiritualists happy and cheerful souls, intensely vibrating with hope, courage, health and happiness. They KNOW beyond question that they are Eternal Souls, ever progressing—always going onward, forward and upward to brighter realms.

Daily they live with the angels; they live and work with the angels. The angels guide, direct and lead the Spiritualist—no harm can come to the real Spiritualist. It is the most inspiring religion in the world. The Spiritualist continually lives in the Spirit—dwells with God and the angels.

"AS THE HART PANTETH AFTER THE WATER BROOKS, SO PANTETH MY SOUL AFTER THEE, O GOD."

"When we penetrate to the heart of Spiritualism we find God."

There never was a religion that did not have as its underlying principle what we now call Modern Spiritualism.

The Roman Catholic Church to-day is a great and grand power and continually gains in strength, because it is spiritual; because it holds communion with its saints; because the angels help this Church.

I am a Modern Spiritualist and have had almost countless communications from great intelligences—great souls—who are in the different Spiritual Worlds or spheres, and the angels say that the Saints of the Roman Church are real and are very active in helping the Church here on this planet.

If other religions and Churches would give more attention to SPIRITUALITY and less attention to dogma and creed, they would not be continually asking the question: "What can we do to fill our churches?"

The Soul in man must commune with the Sons of the Heavenly Worlds to be blissful.

The soul or real man continually and persistently craves for communion with the departed ones—the Bright Ones—and any religion that will not satisfy this craving of the soul, which is right and natural, cannot stand with the religion that does.

Therefore we see both the Roman Church and Modern Spiritualism not only holding their own but making wonderful strides and gaining ground all over the world.

Any religion that has followers who work in both the spiritual and material worlds is

sure to attract more souls than that religion which only paints vague dreams of the beyond and does not hold constant communication with the angels.

By talking with the angels we come to realize that we are eternal souls; that the transition called "death" is a twin brother to "sleep"; that when those who are near and dear to us pass out of the gross or physical body they are still near us; they have not gone away very far.

If people were not so ignorant and prejudiced and would honestly look into and investigate Modern Spiritualism they would open their souls to a grand and new Light—to the Eternal Light of the Soul. But so many are weak, cowardly and fearful of public opinion and wedded to old dogmas, superstitions and traditions that they remain in the dark, and are not very happy. Others start out to investigate this sublime truth, and because they come in contact with one or two charlatans or pretenders they condemn Spiritualism at once and for all time.

If the false and impure Spiritualists (?) and alleged "mediums" knew what an ignoble and base part they played and what their place will be in the Spiritual Spheres, they would shudder and tremble, and cease at once their knavery. The murderer's sphere will be "Paradise" compared to the spheres of these false mediums.

There is another class of worthless Spiritualists (?) who loaf around and dream and are always looking for phenomena—"tests." To these so-called Spiritualists I would say: "He that regardeth the clouds shall not reap." True Spiritualism makes of a soul a true worker; it makes one sensible, honest and intensely practical; it does not make drones, idlers and loafers.

The spirit is Eternally at work.  
The angels work harder than we mortals do.

The Spiritual worlds are more active than the material worlds.

Heaven is not a city of golden paved streets, indolence and idleness—a sort of dreamy place.

Spiritualism teaches the soul a new and larger and more progressive method of doing things.

To become a Spiritualist is a sign of growth—it is Vitalizing, Energizing and Tranquilizing.

ALL the busy world of flying looms and whirling spindles begins in the quiet thought of some scholar cloistered in his closet.—Ruskin.

THERE are no inventions, not even the most deadly, which have not served the cause of civilization.

#### Notable Religious Views Propounded at Boston

*From the Boston Herald*

At the Unitarian Association the Rev. H. C. McDougall, the secretary of the New Hampshire Association, said that the decline of religious life in the country districts is as true now as it was two or three years ago.

"You cannot starve the religious and moral life of the country districts and not feel the result in all your banks and offices—in all the complex machinery of your most cultured cities.

"If high moral character is to live in the cities it must not die in the country. One of the most crying sins of to-day that have weakened and killed religious life in the sparsely settled districts of our country has been senseless sectarianism. Now, sectarianism has no right to live at the expense of Christianity.

"The churches need to take a lesson from the stock markets—they need to form a religious syndicate and work, not for the sects but for religion. I love humanity better than I love Unitarianism."

The speaker here alluded to the opportunities possessed by ministers going to the country, and urged that the religious destitution of the summer visitor was quite as serious as that of the permanent resident. He also spoke, amid laughter, of the man who went to a summer resort in order hilariously to rest. He twitted the ministers on their alleged need of rest, as well as those sympathizers who had the effrontery to tell them that they looked as if they needed a rest. We need religious devotion, he said, far more than we need rest.

The Rev. U. G. D. Pierce spoke on the prospect in the college town. The college town, he said, is peculiarly adapted to our Unitarian gospel. The conditions, anomalous as they are, and discouraging as they seem, are really most hopeful. We are dealing in the college town mostly with doubters, and the religion which says to a young man: "Do not squelch your doubt, for through it God is kindling His light in your soul," is a church which is going to have a potent influence upon him.

At the Universalist May Festival, in the evening, the Rev. Dr. Hodge spoke of the "Power of the Imagination in Religion." He denied that the sciences, art and philosophy have replaced religion in the true sense of that word. They are replacing the creeds, he said, but not the real religion of Christ, which must have idealism and sentiment behind it. The religion of authority, he claimed, has passed away, and religion is manifesting itself in other forms.

We are now, he went on to say, reconstructing religion, and the religion that can clothe itself in the new garments of imagination will stir the world as it has not been stirred for many hundreds of years.

[When ministers of churches get out of the OLD THOUGHT and get into the NEW THOUGHT, they will fill their churches to overflowing.—EDITOR.]

#### Insurance Men Do Not Favor Christian Scientists

LIFE insurance companies and fraternal societies in New York and other cities generally take the stand that Christian Scientists should be placed in the category of "bad risks," but, as the law stands, no discrimination can be made against them, says the New York Journal.

President John A. McCall, of the New York Life; Henry B. Stokes, of the Manhattan Life Insurance Company; an official of the Equitable, and the medical examiner of the United States Life Insurance Company all said that the relation of Christian Science to life insurance had been discussed informally by the companies mentioned, but as yet the matter had not gone beyond the consideration of the medical examiners. One official declared he considered Christian Scientists "bad risks."

Miss Foss, of the Second Church of Christ, Scientist, New York, said:

"Christian Science and life insurance are scarcely compatible. Our faith renders us independent of insurance companies. We look to God to care for and protect us and those who may be left behind when we go to a higher life in His realm."

I SEE no fault committed but I might have committed the same.—Goethe.

We that live to please must please to live.—Dr. Johnson.

The last of crimes which is forgiven is that of announcing new truths.



A MYSTIC ADEPT, who is a Chirographical Seer, has been engaged to write for this department each month brief and correct psychic delineations of character by your handwriting. This is free to subscribers only. If you are not a subscriber and desire to have a brief delineation, send your subscription to our magazine, together with eight or ten lines of your own handwriting, telling us how we can improve this magazine, and your delineation of character will be printed or answered by mail. Sign your full name and some fictitious name for us to print, so that you will recognize your delineation when printed. Be sure to write your full name and address besides the nickname or initials for print. We never print the real names in this department.



F ALL THE VIRTUES patience is the greatest. We must ask those who write to this department to be patient. With our large and far reaching circulation great numbers write us, and as we can print only about forty delineations a month we have to answer a large number by mail, all of which takes time and patience.

## INVOCATION

Blessed Angels, Guides and Controls, I honor and love Thee. May we this month get More Light and impress the sorrowful and doubting mortals who write us, with the Truth; impress them that we are Eternal Souls under the Mighty Love of the Great God of the Universe, unfolding, developing and progressing; impress them with the gentle love, mercy and wisdom of the Blessed One and the Angels.

H. A. B. H.—Here is a grand soul who is hungry for Light and Truth, and is far on the Path. Your letter is full of the Spiritual vibrations and the mere touch of it thrills me with joy. A psychic voice says: "We will try hard to give her more light. Tell her to become more universal in her love." You will understand the message.

JAY BEE.—You are a person with keen perceptions and a discerning mind always open to growth, expansion and progress. A psychic voice says: "Search, Search, Search; don't give up. When you know us better you will know truth; there are no mysteries to the illuminated."

VERITAS.—You have tremendous forces about you, and your letter drives me to write with force. "Tell her to pay more attention to soul growth than anything else," says a strong masculine voice from beyond.

BEECHER.—Your letter is full of magnetism and you are controlled by a strong Spiritual force which is desirous of having you build a strong character. The writing you send me was written with the aid of this outside influence. This instant a psychic voice says: "Don't believe anything until you investigate it and reason it out for yourself." I should say this message means that you should thoroughly investigate modern spiritualism or angel-return. Possibly it may refer to something else. Your letter makes me feel that you are an earnest, seeking soul. God bless you, and may the Light open upon your path stronger than ever.

ADRIAN II.—"We greet you, brother. You are on the right path. Keep calm and be patient. The word has gone forth for your further guidance." Immediately I took your letter in my hands and placed it to my head the above psychic message was flashed to me. Heed it. It comes from a very high source. Our bands are souls of the highest mentality and wisdom. They are not "fortune telling" angels. Your writing indicates strong character, sincerity and honesty of purpose.

MYRA D.—Your writing makes me feel sad. Don't worry, child, this world must have its little annoyances and troubles, and it is through them that we get a larger and wider vision. Be patient and ask the Angels to soothe you. "We will help her," rings out in a sweet, mild voice.

WAITING.—Your letter makes me feel strong when I touch it, indicating that you are mediumistic or have about you a good band of angels who are striving to lead you onward, forward and upward. "You are right; we will guide and help," comes a voice. You may not believe in angel return at all, but whether you do or not now, great influences are at work. I cannot get as much for you as I would like to get. Read this magazine regularly and More Light will come to you as you get into our vibrations.

J. W. Q.—I am so glad you wrote; the very touch of your letter tells me your soul is reaching out to go *en rapport* with other souls

that can help you. "We will help her," says one of best intelligences; "tell her to listen to our words of love and wisdom that we send through the medium, and which are printed in this magazine each month." You are perhaps not aware that much that is printed in this magazine comes direct from the Angel World through a Mystic adept. That is the reason the magazine has such a power to thrill all who read it. It is the first magazine of the kind ever printed in the world and has come in with the Twentieth Century or the Golden Age. Treasure the Spiritual truths in it, dear child.

GOLDTHWAITE.—Your writing indicates that you are a person of discrimination and strong character. A psychic voice says: "Seek and you shall find." You ought to be very happy, as you have strong psychic power to draw good to you.

ANXIOUS HOOSIER.—My dear boy, when I take your letter up it causes my head to ache with terrible pains. You must calm yourself and be more patient and less ambitious. A psychic voice says: "Tell him he is too selfish and too egotistical. We cannot help him until he quiets down and is more patient." I cannot hold your letter any length of time, as it greatly disturbs me. You will never get along until you work hard, and earnestly pray on bended knees to God and the Angels for Light and Wisdom.

FRANK HENRY S.—You are patient and persistent, and will be successful. The voices do not speak for you.

HOB.—You have a good, strong, vital organization, and will be successful beyond your hopes. Give much attention to developing the spiritual side of your nature. A voice says: "Tell him to get better acquainted with us," which means the angels would like to help you.

X RAY.—I like you, X Ray, because your letter carries with it vibrations that indicate you are of sterling character. A voice says: "All in the universe is in most perfect order, and what appears bad to us is owing to our lack of knowledge and wisdom." You will know the meaning of this message from beyond.

MISS MINNIE G. F.—You have a great deal of spirituality and will get along very nicely, because your psychic power will help you.

D. E. H.—You are very charming and magnetic because you are soulful. "Tell her it is glorious here," says a sweet psychic voice.

A. B. C.—You are sensible and practical, and have good judgment. This magazine will be a great help to you.

TORSY.—I am not a "fortune teller," and cannot tell you when you will marry. Your writing indicates you are frivolous. "Be careful, child, sorrow is easy to get, and so hard to get rid of," says a psychic voice.

W. H. G.—You are anxious to know, and you will learn much before you pass on. TELEPATHY means to send our thought vibrations along the waves of the ether. Every time you think you vibrate the ether, and your thought may extend to a very great distance, depending upon how much psychic force you have. The thoughts of good and pure men are not limited; they go all over the world, and are taken up by other minds. This is telepathy, or thought transference. A psychic voice or a thought vibration from an angel says: "Tell him to be patient and try to understand, and the truth will be opened up to him." You must reason and find out the mysteries yourself. As a truth, there is not one mystery in the universe to the knowing ones. We call things mysterious, because we do not understand the universal law.

NOSIE.—We write for you with great delight of the soul. Great Light is about to shine for you. The angels are ever ready to serve the inquirer—the seeker after truth. "Go into the Silence and honestly and sin-

cereley pray for Light," say the psychic voices. You are soulful, and yearn for the love and truth of the Blessed One. You will get all Light.

ESTHER E. A. O'C.—Bear your burdens patiently. The angel voices say: "Give her cheer and hope." We do pray for you. You have a lovely nature, which will surely overcome all sorrow and trouble. Have faith.

PETER PINDAR.—Your letter is full of the vibrations of progress. Push on, dear soul; and have no fears or doubts. The great God is with you, and the angels will help you; that's all.

DIXIE.—Your letter tells us through its psychic vibrations that you are to soon receive the Great Light.

CARRIE J.—Your letter is full of soul vibrations. The Light of all lights will soon shine on your path.

ARIZONA.—You have a strong character and will succeed; never doubt your ability to succeed. Great psychic forces surround you continually.

CLYDE.—You are a persevering and aspiring soul. You will meet with success in your undertakings. Try to get into our vibrations, as we can help you.

P. E. O.—You are a progressive soul and dwell with the higher powers.

ULSTER SCOTT.—Your own will come to you because you dwell with the Blessed Ones and the Angels. "Nothing is impossible to him that dwelleth with the Spirit," says an Angel voice.

O. M. A.—You have wisdom and a noble character. What you say is the truth. "We will not print the name of the mortal you speak of," say the angels. We gained much from your letter which was written in the Spirit. You understand.

M. E. W.—You have a fine sensitive character and are open to great spiritual light. "Keep on the path and remember that all animals are eternals souls," says the psychic voice, which means you must pour forth volumes of love for the poor brutes and beasts, which need our love more than human beings do.

ELIDDA C. H.—When I take your letter I am thrilled with joy because you are joyous and full of the psychic or soul power. The angels say for you: "PRESS ON."

V. D. D.—You are an earnest and honest seeker after the truth. Silently pray to God and the Bright Ones for the Light. "The door will open to her," says a beautiful psychic voice, which means much to you.

J. E. B.—You are very finely organized, with much culture and refinement. Your letter to my touch is very magnetic in a psychic way, and thrills my soul, because you are soulful. Psychometry is like all the mysteries, not a mystery at all when you understand fully and live with the Spirit. "Say you are a medium and that we use you," says a psychic voice this instant. By living an absolutely pure and high life anyone can get all these powers. The blessed Christ, who was the ideal pure one, had these powers to a higher degree than anyone who has yet come to the planet. Buddha, the blessed, had wonderful powers, but did not use them. To the spiritual person all psychic phenomena are simple and not mysterious; to the pessimistic and ignorant they are either scoffed at, ignored, or considered mysterious. This magazine will do its work that was outlined for it by the angelic hosts. It is the only publication that has ever appeared where a great part of the work on it is done beyond the Earth Sphere. Even the owner of it does not comprehend the Mighty and Powerful Forces back of it. But we have confidence in the business sagacity of the owner as well as in his high character. We write you thus at length because we know you are interested in our work. The magazine will be a tremendous force to harmonize people, to lessen the wide gulf between the rich and the poor, and the different religions; it will also be an uplifter of all classes. We love all, because God is in All.

When writing you will get better results if you will pen your communication alone in a quiet place. Some letters produce remarkable clairvoyant visions; in such cases, I send a personal letter to the writer, so please write your full name (not for publication) and a fictitious name in your letters.

It is always well to utter a silent prayer to all the higher powers for guidance just before you write the letter.

Address all letters to  
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Graphology Department,  
THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES,  
22 North William street, New York City.

MESSAGES FROM THE  
SPIRIT WORLD TO  
THE NOTED SPIRITUALIST,  
MR. LUTHER R. MARSH

The Spirits  
Say That  
Adelaide Neilson  
Was Poisoned  
in Paris

MR. MARSH'S remarkable statement, based upon what he believes to have been authentic advices from the Spirit World, through the mediumship of Mrs. Clarissa J. Huyler. How far does this evidence go to fortify the contentions of the Spiritualists.—*New York Herald*.

I  
MR. MARSH SAYS ADELAIDE NEILSON DIED FROM  
POISON

**T**HE Herald's recent exclusive story that the secret of Luther R. Marsh's conversion to Mme. Diss Debar's spiritualism was to communicate with the dead Adelaide Neilson, whom he long adored, so deeply impressed the distinguished lawyer that he sent a letter of thanks to the Sunday Herald.

By special invitation I have just visited Mr. Marsh at Middletown, N. Y., and received the astounding information that Miss Neilson was poisoned by a jealous admirer, who intended the potion for his rival. In a fit of remorse over Miss Neilson's death the man committed suicide.

This extraordinary statement is solemnly made by a lawyer who for half a century was one of the ablest experts on legal evidence representing the New York Bar. Mr. Marsh's claim that he has received this information direct from Miss Neilson through a medium shows the seriousness of his belief. On the truth of it he is ready to stake his lifelong reputation for good sense and honor.

It is a new and interesting fact, given here for the first time, that Mr. Marsh's relations with Mme. Diss Debar began with her giving him a spirit picture of Miss Neilson.

That little portrait was the first of the famous Diss Debar spirit pictures, which attracted worldwide attention to Mr. Marsh's espousal of spiritualism—to his gallery of so-called "spook paintings."

That first picture of the beautiful Adelaide, declared to have been painted by a spirit brush in unseen hands in the twinkling of an eye, was but a faint embryonic suggestion of her—but a hint of the larger and more clearly defined pictures subsequently "materialized" by the spirit force, acting through the co-operation of Mr. Marsh with Mme. Diss Debar.

It was explained to the distinguished lawyer that the spirit current streaming down from the shining kingdom of the skies was much more powerful when received through the agency of two persons than through Mme. Diss Debar alone. She and Mr. Marsh completed the spiritual battery of communication.

All this explains the potent influence the dead actress continued to have over the wealthy Mr. Marsh, and out of his adoration for her, his spiritual hunger to talk with her, to know of her actual presence in his room, grew the many manifestations, among which are those describing how she was accidentally poisoned by a jealous admirer.

And this statement is not considered beyond reason by those of Mr. Marsh's faith.

The tremendous story of Hamlet's interview with his dead father is but fiction, yet the marvelous realism of it all seems to invest it with truth, and its influence has filled the earth—has pervaded all literature and all languages.

If fiction can be made to appear so much like reality, why, it is asked, should one doubt what Mr. Marsh and his friends know to be absolutely true?

## II

EVENTS LEADING TO MR. MARSH'S DISCOVERY  
OF MISS NEILSON'S POISONING

It may be remembered that the distinguished actress died suddenly in Paris after drinking a glass of iced milk in a little restaurant, on returning, much fatigued, from a long drive through the Bois de Boulogne. She was strangely deserted by certain ones of those near to her, and in accordance with the strict French law, her body was carried to the morgue, to be legally identified and disposed of in compliance with the city regulations.

The remains were soon reclaimed by faithful friends, carried to England, and duly interred in Brompton Cemetery, London, where they now repose under a cross crowned monument, bearing this epitaph: "Gifted and Beautiful—Resting."

Thousands have visited her tomb, but none has held her memory more sacred than her distinguished admirer, Luther R. Marsh. After her death, in 1880, he embraced spirit-

ualism in the hope of communing with her through the trance mediums.

He says she came to him many times; sent him consoling messages from heaven; visited him in spirit, her presence filling his soul with peace and rest.

The apotheosis of ecstasy came when the newly discovered medium, Mme. Diss Debar, produced the first spirit painting of Miss Neilson, and gave it to him fresh from Raphael's celestial brush.

At last he was in hand-to-hand touch with the woman of his dreams. Her lovely shade conversed with him and gave him pictures of her dear face. Like America's greatest poet, he saw,

"A rare and radiant maiden,  
Whom the angels all adore."

Such was Mr. Marsh's interest in the dead genius when magazines and books began the controversy over her nativity, whether she was of English or Spanish birth.

III  
MYSTERY OF THE EARLY LIFE OF MR. MARSH'S  
SPIRIT BRIDE

It may be of interest to explain that five years after Miss Neilson's death Laura C. Holloway, in search of the true story of her life, went to England and visited the scenes of her childhood in Yorkshire, where the Rev. Robert Collyer, a native of that county, says she was born.

According to this lady's account Miss Neilson was neither the daughter of a nobleman, a "maid of Saragossa" nor a gypsy, but was of English parents, both of the English stage, playing chiefly in the provinces.

As a child Adelaide was known in Yorkshire as Lizzie Ann Browne. Her mother, retiring from the stage and marrying, became Mrs. Bland and reared a family of twelve children. They were very poor, and after a little schooling the children were put to work in one of the great factories in the neighborhood.

Although but a tender waif, drudging through the long, dreadful hours of a Yorkshire factory day, the child's extreme beauty and sweet nature, her love of children and home, made her a favorite and placed her above her companions at the looms.

In every way she was different from her surroundings. She was naturally religious and thoughtful and an incessant reader. At the age of four she could read perfectly and recite well. At ten she knew her mother's play books by heart and could recite Shakespeare by the hour. His wondrous tragedies were in her dreams. But her love for the dramatic was all natural—not assumed.

Whether weaving or playing, her thoughts and conversation were chiefly of Shakespeare's immortal lines.

Adelaide had a winning, tender disposition, was vivacious, but never frivolous. She sang in church, wrote little poems, delighted in the simplicity of nature and the home life of the country. She read everything she could find. Her real companions were not those around her, but the great men and women, the princesses, elves and fairies, the mighty ones of Shakespeare. These were her associates, and though but a child her mind was full of genius and greatness.

IV  
THE SECRET THAT CHANGED MISS NEILSON'S  
LIFE

On one holiday afternoon, while searching for something new to read, she found the secret of her birth in old letters in a chest that her mother had left unlocked.

The discovery that Mr. Bland was not her father nor the children in her home her sisters fell upon her like night and frost. When her mother returned there was a scene, and the girl demanded the truth. But she did not upbraid her mother; she simply accepted the inevitable.

She went back to the factory as in a dream. From that hour she was changed. She grew reserved and melancholy. She redoubled her study of books, soon left the factory, and, being fond of children, took a position as nurse. Later she visited her aunt, her mother's sister, in Leeds; thence went to London, and found herself alone, without money or friends, in that roaring Babylon.

She vainly walked the streets in search of employment. Late in the afternoon she sat down, exhausted, in Hyde Park, and slept

that night under the trees. Early next morning as dawn was breaking over the city she met a policeman, who seemed entranced with her beauty. She told her story. He saw in her an innocent country girl and took her to his home, where she became a favorite. Her great love for children, her sweet voice and gift for doing any kind of household work, from plain sewing to embroidery, made her useful to the family, and she was kindly cared for in the hospitable home.

From that humble life she went to the stage, beginning at the bottom, in the ballet. Her beauty and genius were recognized. The manager rapidly advanced her. She was provided with the ablest dramatic teacher in London, and for two years she studied hard, mastering seven languages. The last remnant of her Yorkshire dialect disappeared, and she was transformed into a lady of wondrous grace and beauty.

When she appeared as *Juliet* she carried the town by storm. Her salary was increased from \$10 to \$2,000 a week, and she rose rapidly to affluence and fame.

## V

HOW THE POISON CAME TO BE ADMINISTERED  
TO THE GIFTED ACTRESS

In search of light on the problem, Mr. Marsh appealed to his favorite mediums. They responded promptly, giving Miss Neilson's own words, that her father was Spanish and her mother English.

But the climax came when, as a sort of postscript, it was added that she had died of poison. Mr. Marsh is an astute and conscientious lawyer, and did he not solemnly believe that her death was the result of poison he certainly would not publish a statement so terrible.

Here is the story of Miss Neilson's death, as related to Mr. Marsh through the mediumship of Mrs. Huyler, at Middletown, N. Y., in 1890, whose pen and thoughts were moved by the spirit of Miss Neilson. The narrative covers many pages, written, Mr. Marsh avers, invisibly to mortal eyes—all done in a closed book in the presence of witnesses, and in a few seconds of time.

On August 31, 1890, in the séance chamber of the Huyler mansion, the medium said: "I get the impression that Adelaide Neilson was poisoned."

By Mr. Marsh—"I have heard that there was such a suspicion."

By the Medium—"A voice speaks: 'Go inquire of the spirit of Pierre Lareaux, who afterward committed suicide in the Thames because he carried the sparkling glass (of poison) to the beautiful actress. He was a waiter in the Paris restaurant. And in each golden piece that he received for carrying the glass he beheld the face of that beautiful woman, and he threw the coins into the river. In the exact spot where the gold pieces disappeared he saw the same beautiful face floating on the water, and he flung himself into those same waters.'

"The voice said, 'There is another mystery. If you care not for it, or the world should not know it, have it not reported.'"

Mr. Marsh—"I do wish to know it. Was she accompanied by C—?"

Answer—"She was."

"Anyone else?"

"Yes. She was followed by another."

"Was it the one who followed that mixed the fatal draught?"

"It was, and was not C—."

"Is it lawful and proper to know his name?"

"If you care to hear the story the fair lady herself will tell it to you at the time when it seemeth proper to her. The man who followed her had threatened her—"

"Was he a young man?"

"Older far than the lady herself."

## VI

THE UNFORTUNATE POISONER, FINDING NO  
REST, COMMITS SUICIDE

Mr. Marsh says: "Other questions and answers followed, which clearly identified the man, but I do not think it proper to give them to the public yet awhile."

The spirit voice continued:

"No peace did the man know after the deed had been committed. Restless and weary, he walked hither and thither over the land."

By Mr. Marsh—"May I know your name?"

"I was companion to Pierre, a fellow waiter in the restaurant, and I have but just entered spirit life."

By Mr. Marsh—"How did you find us out, to come here?"

"Through the magnetic forces of the lady herself" (Miss Neilson).

"Did she send you here?"

"She has visited me, recognized me as one she has frequently seen, and I came after her, following behind her, as you would say."

By Mr. Marsh—"Have you seen Lareaux over there?"

"Yes. Lareaux is in the second sphere with me."

By Mr. Marsh—"Accept my thanks for this. I am glad that C— is relieved of any suspicion."

"I gathered my knowledge through broken sentences and whispered words in the restaurant, and when I spoke to the beautiful lady [Neilson] in spirit life, she said to me, 'Hush! Think no more of this now, my boy!'"

"Was this matter known in the restaurant?"

"It was through Pierre's strange behavior. All believed that something was wrong, and for fear that suspicion would rest upon the proprietor or his waiters, the body of the beautiful woman was hurriedly taken away; we would say with indecent haste."

By Mr. Marsh—"I have always wondered that — did not take charge of her remains and have the funeral properly conducted. Do you know about this?"

"I heard it remarked that — was a coward; that he feared there would be a reproach cast upon him for taking the lady to the restaurant, and that he, too, deserted her, thinking only of himself; and he lost all respect in the city because of it."

"Did he go to the city to visit Bernhardt?"

"I don't know."

"I suppose — took Pierre to England?"

"He sent him before him."

"The poison must have been powerful, to have caused her death so soon."

"I know not what it was, sir. He confessed nothing in the restaurant. 'Twas only his strange ravings that I heard. It frightened us from him, most of the waiters avoiding him."

Here a note by Mr. Marsh says: "Adelaide informs me that the poison was not intended for her, but for C—. That was the mistake in the restaurant, and that was the reason Pierre thought he had committed murder, and imagined he saw her face in every shining piece of gold he received for passing the glass of poison."

## VII

### MISS NEILSON'S OWN STORY OF HER LIFE TOLD TO MR. MARSH

About the time Mme. Diss Debar was producing spirit pictures for Mr. Marsh messages were coming to him from the dead through the mediumship of a New York man.

"Dr. Ralph Wagner Flint," says Mr. Marsh, "was a writing medium. His arm only was controlled, so that he would write messages from spirits with great rapidity, yet conversing at the same time on other subjects. He was perfectly unsophisticated and as honest a man as I have ever known. I have received through his hand many messages from Adelaide Neilson, also from Rachel Felix, her friend."

Miss Neilson resumed:

"My parents opposed and did all they could to induce me to abandon my desire to become an actress. But my thoughts were always on the stage, and, truly, I could not resist the strong impression."

"A voice said, 'Lillian [Neilson's first name was Lillian], you must take this step. You must not resist the impression you daily receive.'

"So at last I obeyed the voice, and I now know from whom the voice came. In my fifteenth year I appeared at the Margate Theatre as *Judy* in 'The Hunchback.' A few weeks later I was cast as *Juliet* at the Royal, and so my experience was enlarged. I improved every opportunity to rise in my profession. I appeared at the Princess Theatre in 'The Huguenot Captain,' at the Lyceum in 'Life for Life,' at the Gaiety in 'A Life There' and 'Uncle Dick's Darling,' and at the Drury Lane in 'Amy Robsart' and 'Rebecca.'

"In 1872 I visited your blessed America, and played at Booth's Theatre. I was royally received everywhere, in Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington and many Western cities, and then I returned to England. I again visited the United States in 1874-1876, also in 1879 and in 1880, which was my last appearance in America."

Concerning Miss Neilson's much discussed and disputed birthplace—her friends claiming that she was born in Yorkshire, and others, including Mr. Marsh, saying that she admitted she was a native of Saragossa, Spain—again on April 29, 1886, through Dr. Ralph Wagner Flint, Miss Neilson's spirit said:

"Last evening I sat in retrospect. My thoughts turned to my early days, to my dear country and dear old city of Saragossa, Spain, where I was awakened in earth-life March 3, 1850.

"How well do I remember that, when but five years of age, I used to go into my father's studio. He was an artist of some note, and oftentimes would place in my hand a small brush and request me to follow his hand

as he drew the outlines of a face. I soon became proficient. Later he gave me lessons in painting, and I can say that I was pleased with the work. My parents sent me to Madrid to take still further lessons in painting, though my mother was reluctant to send me to Madrid. Her wish was that I should go to London.

"My mother was an Englishwoman of gentle birth. My parents, when I was seven, removed to Italy. At the age of thirteen my acquaintance with Italian and English literature was by no means inconsiderable. I was pleased with Shakespeare's works, and the more I studied them the more I was stimulated to enter the dramatic profession and become an exponent of Shakespeare."

## VIII

### MISS NEILSON TELLS MR. MARSH OF HER VISIT TO BERNHARDT

Here the spirit communication ceased, but Miss Neilson said that she would resume later and also give a history of her spirit life. Mr. Marsh expressed his great satisfaction to Dr. Flint, the medium.

Still later, when Miss Holloway's book appeared, giving a life of Miss Neilson, showing that she was born in Yorkshire of poor parents, and struggled hard to make a livelihood until, by pure force of genius, she lifted herself to fame on the London stage and made fortunes, Mr. Marsh longed for the truth.

To refute the Yorkshire story he sought a medium and asked Miss Neilson to resume her life's story. She assented and expressed regret that an incorrect narrative of her early life had been printed.

She repeated that she had been born in Saragossa, Spain, and was sure that the date of her birth would appear on the register in that city. Continuing, Miss Neilson said:

"My thoughts have lately been wandering back to earth-life, especially to my dear dramatic sister, Sarah Bernhardt, from whom Mr. Swab and I received a pressing invitation to a tête-à-tête dinner August 4.

"I intended to have crossed over the Channel by way of Calais and Dover, reaching Paris at six o'clock in the afternoon, but I was late in starting, and was compelled to cross the Channel via Folkestone and Boulogne. I arrived at the Continental Hotel at a quarter nine.

"I at once sent a telegram to Bernhardt desiring a postponement, as I learned that there were to be present very many of the French artists who had been invited.

"This reunion between us was to be strictly private, and was so promised. In reply I received a note that Mlle. Bernhardt would be pleased to have Miss Neilson as a guest on the coming day. I could not accept this invitation for the morrow as I was not feeling well.

"On Sunday morning I passed out of the material and entered the spiritual, and now, dear friend, my object in writing you this is to say that I will ere long write a message to Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt, making known to her that I, Lillian Adelaide Neilson, still live and have a dear, loving remembrance of her, and that I am with her in her dramatic advancement."

To this Mr. Marsh adds: "But that message was never written, owing, I presume, to the condition of Dr. Flint, who was not well."

## IX

### MR. MARSH'S SIGNED STATEMENT TELLING HOW NEILSON WAS POISONED

*To the Editor of the Herald.*

The rumor current at the time of the departure of Adelaide Neilson from the earth sphere, that it was caused by partaking of very cold drink when she was heated, was invented to divert attention and mislead the public as to the real cause.

It has been told me from spirit sources that she was poisoned, but unintentionally.

She had gone to Paris on the invitation of Sarah Bernhardt, and while there, calling with friends at a place for refreshment, the party partook of beverages, but the fatal glass, which was intended for a gentleman of the party was, by a mistake of the waiter, given to her. The waiter who had been bribed to pass the glasses was so troubled by his mistake that he afterward saw the face of his victim on the gold pieces he had received, and he left for England.

But his conscience gave him no peace, and, walking by the Thames, he threw them into the stream; but still he saw the features on the surface of the river, and threw himself after his gold into the water and was drowned.

I have no doubt that I know who it was intended should drink the fatal draught and, more, he who prepared and sent it by the waiter on its mission.

I know, too, the name of the waiter who administered it to the wrong person. But it

is not useful, now, nor judicious, to reveal them. It is enough to know that it was not by any indiscretion of hers that the result came.

And thus it was that there was terminated the brilliant career of one who embodied Edmund Burke's description of the Dauphiness at Versailles: "And surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision."

"I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move in—glittering like the morning star, full of life and splendor and joy."

Her accounts of herself in many messages from the spirit sphere show her to have been of a deeply devotional nature. In a precipitate message to me, October 8, 1887, she says:

"I was not altogether unmindful of the teachings of the great Nazarene, and as success flowed in upon me and a public life crowned me with its wreaths and laurels, many indeed were the hours in which I thought upon the certainty of a hereafter. And not from my faith alone, but from the little deeds done in His honor, am I saved to this immortal hour."

"And, thank you, in the sublime rendition of the Immortal Bard's works, that I was all unmindful of the lofty and highly spiritual lessons to be derived therefrom? There came to me those familiar images of Jesus Christ which of themselves lift the imagination to heaven itself, assuring even the most vile and debased that 'Joy shall be in heaven, joy among the angels of God, over one sinner that repenteth,' and this is a 'greater joy than over ninety and nine just persons who need no repentance.'

LUTHER R. MARSH.

## X

### MR. MARSH WRITES A POEM ON NEILSON

Mr. Marsh composed the following stanzas:

But, lo! new light streams on the world;  
The purple East is all ablaze,  
The heart gates wide are open thrown,  
And white-clad angels meet our gaze.

No more think we of sepulture,  
And moral mould to dust resolved:  
Our eyes take in celestial spheres,  
And spirit forms from earth evolved.

Now glimpse we clear the radiant shape  
Of the dear Adelaide we missed;  
So near she comes in joy and peace  
Our brow is by her fingers kissed.

So may the sun yet brighter shine  
And birds enrich their sweetest notes,  
And flowers bloom more fragrantly;  
For in the amber heaven she floats.

The night wind's sighs are all unheard;  
The moaning cypress droops in vain;  
Her beaming eyes yet brighter shine,  
And speaks she in a heavenly strain.

Most lovely smiles and balmy breath  
Her seraph lips together seek,  
And pity melts within her eyes  
And laughter dimples in her cheek.

More goldenly the regal head  
Gleams on us with angelic glow;  
And from her parted lips she breathes  
The tender words so soft and low.

Why mourn we, then, that she has doff'd  
The "muddy vesture of decay,"  
When in supernal loveliness  
She brings the proof of living day?

For soon, the river transit made,  
We'll meet her in the summer land,  
And seek a shrine within her breast,  
And crave a blessing from her hand.

[The above article appeared in the New York Sunday Herald of May 19, 1901. One of the Mystic Adepts writers on this magazine, who is an excellent medium and who has received many wonderful messages from the Bright World, in commenting on the article says that if people would only honestly and patiently investigate the Higher Spiritualism it would open up to them a New Light, that would bring them complete joy, peace and happiness. The great trouble is that investigators run against so many false mediums, pretenders and charlatans that they get disgusted and discouraged. Mr. Marsh is a gentleman of the highest intellectual attainments—a scholar, an astute lawyer and a man of the very highest character. What he says will carry weight with honest thinkers.—EDITOR.]

## Modern Spiritualists

THERE are millions of God's children who firmly believe in modern spiritualism. They are an earnest, sincere and enthusiastic lot of beings full of health, joy and happiness. Moreover, anyone who will honestly investigate the lives of spiritualists will discover that they are very healthy, very prosperous, very happy, very truthful, very moral and good, law-abiding citizens.

THIS magazine is published for aspiring souls. We desire to inspire hope and courage in our readers.

FEAR, Doubt, Ignorance and Prejudice keep man from living an enlarged life.



**Free Astrological Delineations to the Subscribers of THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES.** IF we have not space to print the delineation we will either write you a special delineation, or mail you free a printed delineation which will apply to your birth. These printed delineations were specially prepared by the **MYSTIC ADEPT** who conducts this department, and are very valuable to any aspiring Soul. Address A **MYSTIC**, Astrology Department, New York Magazine of Mysteries, 22 North William Street, New York City.



BLESSED ANGELS. I greet ye, and would ask ye to send to me an adept in Astrology who will help me in this work.

A Psychic Voice says: "You have our help, brother."

Following are the brief delineations for this issue:

O. A. R., incarnated April 18, 1860.—You came in this time under the sign of Aries. You are a psychic and will live a long and happy life. Live wholly in the higher realms. The angels will help you. We bless every letter that comes in. No doubt you will feel our vibrations.

J. K. D., incarnated Oct. 6, 1831.—You came in this time under the sign of Libra, and have wonderful spiritual powers. You have not used them right, and hence your present trouble. But it is never too late to mend. You will live to a great age, especially if you read this magazine regularly. We write these delineations with the aid of angels—guides—who were great Hindu Astrologers when in the body. We send you as a present a printed delineation. Read it carefully and thoughtfully. It is very valuable. It is impossible to print here answers to the hundreds of letters received.

L. C. B., incarnated Feb. 11, 1844.—You came to this planet this time under the sign of Aquarius. All days are lucky when you live in the Spirit. This magazine is printed for the sole purpose of making the mysteries of life not mysteries. Stop thinking about luck. Pray silently to God and the Angels for Light, Direction and Wisdom. Put forth love to every being on this planet. Attend regularly some house of worship or spiritual meetings. The mystics get their power to do and be successful and happy by prayer, work and worship. Any church, temple or synagogue answers our purpose. We worship at ALL shrines—we love all souls, whether in animals or men or out of the gross body. The stars say for you that you ought to live in the body a great while.

F. G. M., incarnated March 14, 1841.—You came to this planet this time under the sign of Pisces. The planetary conditions at your birth make you naturally thoughtful, industrious and persevering. Don't help other people too much; you injure people by helping them too much and suffer yourself. You ought to be very successful during the next five years. You have very fine psychic forces about you. Go into the silence often and dwell with God and the Angels. They can then lead you. I bless every letter that comes to this department. Do more work and less "hustling." Spend more time in serene calm and peace and get the Light and Power and Force. God bless you, brother.

M. E. D., incarnated Nov. 13, 1856.—You came to this planet this time under the sign of Scorpio, and have a great capacity for mental and physical work. We magnify our sorrows. You will from now on be more fortunate, as you are well in your seventh cycle (7 years is one cycle) of this incarnation. Every day from now on ought to be better for you. Call on the dear ones in the spirit world; they can help you.

F. S. W., incarnated August 25, 1861. You came to this planet this time under the sign of Virgo, and are naturally cool, calm and

confident. You have to overcome a number of obstacles to your happiness. Both the planetary and spiritual forces are in your favor. All will be brighter for you from now on.

C. B. H., incarnated March 3, 1852.—You came to this planet this time under the sign of Aquarius. Your happiness depends upon being busy. Work will not hurt you; indolence and luxury are bad for All persons, but especially so for Aquarius people. We would like to see you work hard in the cause of spiritual growth as indicated in this magazine. Within you are wonderful qualities. You are a natural leader of men. James G. Blaine came in under your sign, and had he been more spiritual would have reached the Presidency. The angels have fully as much to do as mortals in electing men to any office. As the world progresses and unfolds these unseen forces can work better. Only good men are succeeding in this great age. You have wonderful possibilities. This magazine will help any aspiring soul to realize its aspirations, but is of especial help to Aquarius people.

FRANK H. S.—You say you don't believe in Astrology and write us for a delineation as a "test." Then you forget to state your birth date. Now, dear brother, we receive hundreds of letters and have space for only a few delineations in the magazine. If you will send your birth date I will either write you a special delineation, or send you a printed one free of any cost. If you will investigate Astrology, Spiritualism or Occultism in an honest, earnest, patient and persistent way you will have your eyes opened to grand truths, and the mysteries of life will cease to be mysteries. Then you will know what to do, when to do, where to do and how to do. Think about it, brother.

"The influence of the stars and planets upon human life has been studied and calculated by seers, sages and wise men of all ages. Astrology, or reading the stars, is an exact science, and teaches one how to control natural tendencies.

"During a year the Sun passes successively through these signs, and the character and temperament of each being of this planet is more or less affected by the influence of the sign the Sun was in at the time of birth."

C. D., incarnated March 22, 1863.—You came to this planet this time under the sign of Aries. Become spiritualized before you marry. Marriage is the most sacred thing in the world and should not be entered into thoughtlessly. You should marry a noble man—a Christian gentleman; he should be on the same social plane as yourself, and must be a man of high character.

SARAH, incarnated Jan. 31, 1840.—You came to this planet under the sign of Aquarius. We are never "too old" to get knowledge and wisdom. I find that you ought to be a worker with the public. Mistakes and errors and sins are what we build character on; they are the stepping stones. I would not advise marriage. You should spend all of your leisure time in Spiritual matters—in realizing that you are an eternal soul, always going onward, forward and upward. You can be very successful in anything you undertake. Get that idea of being "OLD" out of your mind. The soul is never old. Your planetary conditions are excellent. The Path ahead is

very bright, sister. Pray persistently and earnestly to God and the Angels for Light on the Path.

P. E. O., incarnated August 17, 1838.—You came to this planet this time under the sign of Leo. You are favorably born, but not having listened to the small wee inner voice as you should have done, have at times suffered. If you have nota healthy, vital physique it is entirely due to your lack of knowledge of Spiritual laws. The Leo people are very remarkable in many ways. This magazine will help you to live in the body many more years, and these years should be very happy ones. We want you to attend church and Spiritual meetings. You should be a leader of men and not a follower. Don't believe anything until you reason it out. We would like to see you a spiritual teacher. Speculation is not your realm. If you will silently and earnestly go to God and the Angels you will get Light. You are well on the Path, and now is the time to keep right ahead. This magazine will help you in a wonderful way. We secretly and Mystically print in it each month THE WORD. It is prepared for every being that can read English. If you are a Christian it will make you a better Christian; if a Jew, a better Jew; if a Buddhist, a better Buddhist, and so on. We have no quarrel with any religion, cult or sect. All are different paths to God and Eternal Peace and Bliss.

SAMUEL W., incarnated Oct. 31, 1843.—You came to this planet this time under the sign of Scorpio. Your planetary conditions are splendid. You have not lost your children; they have only gone away from you for a while; they are with the Bright Ones, and if you mourn for them you disturb them and retard their growth and development. If people only knew what the transition called "death" means, they would not mourn and be sorrowful. Try to have more love and more faith in God and His ways. The Passing On is a very beautiful thing when understood. Of course, the soul ought to hold the body for a great number of years, but if it cannot do so it is better off with the Angels than here in the struggle and turmoil of earth life. Astrology says that suffering in your case will bring you closer to the Blessed One. You owe it to both your heavenly and earth ones to stop this foolish mourning. Be cheerful, be happy! Overcome grief and sorrow. Call on the Spiritual Powers to help you.

M. A. W., incarnated Dec. 3, 1831.—You came to this planet this time under the sign of Sagittarius, and are an honest, earnest, soulful being. God bless you, mother, we are delighted to write for you, because you command our love, our admiration and our respect. You will get MORE LIGHT. We hold all who write to this magazine for LIGHT so that they will get MORE LIGHT. You ought to hold your body a great many more years and get during that time all the Light and Experience you can. We are not on this planet for pleasure; we are here for work, knowledge, experience, wisdom and happiness. Joy and happiness of the soul are eternal; while pleasing the senses with "pleasure" is short and painful in the end. We are pleased to see you are living on the Soul Plane.

To all subscribers who write me their birth date I either send a personal letter, a very valuable printed delineation which applies to their birth, or give a printed delineation here in the magazine. I reserve the right to use my own judgment as well as the judgment of my "guides and controls" as to how I will answer these letters.

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

No matter in which sign of the Zodiac you were born, you have all equally 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.

Address your letters to  
A MYSTIC,  
Astrological Department,  
THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES,  
22 North William Street, New York City.

WHERE men of judgment creep and feel their way, the positive pronounce without dismay.—Cowper.

How poor are they that have not patience! What woud did ever heal but by degrees?—Shakespeare.

**THIS IS THE AGE OF PRAYER AND ASPIRATION.**



CLEANSE the HEART.  
Purify the MIND and BODY.

Let the Light and Life of the universe pulsate and thrill every fibre of your being.

IT IS NEVER TOO LATE.

LOVE and LIGHT and LIFE are Eternal—always ready to come into the soul, heart and head in fulness if you are an earnest and honest seeker. Realize, and you can say with joy:

LIFE IS ME.

LIGHT IS ME.

LOVE IS ME.

I AM LIFE.

I AM LIGHT.

I AM LOVE.

LOVE—NOW.

LIVE—NOW.

Give and you shall receive.

Send to the whole universe ALL OF YOUR LOVE and you will be eternally FREE. Then you will sing with the angels:

I AM JOY.

I AM BLISS.

I AM PEACE.

I AM LIFE.

I AM HOPE.

I AM COURAGE.

I am the child of an All-Father who is the All-Mother. I will be led gently to the highest realm of peace, calm, joy and happiness. It cannot be otherwise.

Thou art here, Blessed One, and all grief, sorrow and anguish have vanished forever.

I will now serve and work with THEE, Peaceful One, for thou hast freed me.

I thrill with Joy and LIFE.

How beautiful is LIFE, and I was all LIFE all along and did not know it.

F. H.

### Good Men Needed, Says Mr. McKinley

NEVER SUCH A DEMAND AS NOW FOR CHARACTER STRONG ENOUGH TO RESIST TEMPTATION



RESIDENT MCKINLEY'S last speech in San Francisco (No. 59) was delivered at an impromptu reception given by the Epworth League and Christian Endeavor societies in the California Street M. E. Church. He said:

"He who serves the Master best serves man best, and he who serves truth serves civilization. There is nothing that lasts so long nor wears so well and is of such inestimable advantage to the possessor as high character and an upright life, and that is what you teach by example and by instruction. And when you are serving man by helping him to be better and nobler, you are serving your country."

"I do not know whether it is true that every man is the architect of his own fortune, but surely every man is the architect of his own character, and he is the builder of his own character. It is what he makes it; and it is growing all the time easier to do right and be right."

"With our churches, our Young Men's Christian Association, our various church societies, every assistance is given for righteous living and righteous doing. It is no longer a drawback to the progress of a young man to be a member of a Christian church. It is no embarrassment, it is an encouragement; it is no hindrance, it is a help."

"There never was in all the past such a demand as now for incorruptible character strong enough to resist every temptation to do wrong. We need it in every relation of life, in the home, in the store, the bank and in the great business affairs of the country. We need it in the discharge of the new duties that have come to the Government. It is needed everywhere, never more than at this hour."

[We know it is an excellent thing for one to have a SPIRITUAL HOME—going regularly to some church or spiritual meeting house—whether it be Buddhist, Christian, Jewish or what not. Mr. McKinley is a WISE and GOOD man—a LEADER of men as well as ruler.—EDITOR.]

READ the Sermon on the Mount and get hope, courage, inspiration and wisdom.—F. H.

### Service

By William Ransom

ERE the disciple can truly grasp the meaning of the Word; before one reaches that point in the Path where the radiant effulgence of the Word surrounds the seeker, there are many bars to be removed, numerous gates to be opened. For each of these there is a key. When one shall be in possession of all these keys, the master-key will be communicated and the Word shall be understood. One of the keys that unlocks many gates along the Path is found when the idea of Service is known in all its profundity. Service is a wondrous touchstone with which one can test every act of individual lives. Through Service comes Emancipation. Service goes to the details of things; small affairs and unconsidered trifles about which we are too apt to take no conscious thought. The occultist knows the worth of the so-called petty things of life and he will tell his younger brethren that it is among these they must seek the Word, as it is here its gleams may be first seen and its sound first heard, be it never so faintly.

It behooves us to think of what Service means. It should not be interpreted as being menial. True Service makes equally noble the small as well as the great acts. Service, like Charity, "begins at home." If we do not serve ourselves justly we are doing injury to others. Until we understand self-service, we cannot appreciate the force of the command "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." We cannot love our neighbor until we love ourselves. If we do not serve ourselves, we do not serve our Master nor any of His creatures. We are not performing Service when we are careless of our body, allowing it to absorb anything tending to lower the vitality, whether in shape of alcohol, narcotics, noxious foods or thoughts. Service is not performed when the body is clothed negligently, for this needs not be, no matter how poor the raiment. If we continue to do so, all our efforts will be marred and handicapped in all directions, despite brilliant attainments. If we take care of our personal appearance in that we are cleanly of body and always clothed neatly, we shall find our mental selves will assume corresponding poise. We shall become clean within and without. Then Hate, Anger, Envy, and similar unclean traits can find no lodgment. If they do they will feel as guests unwelcomed. They will not tarry long, for such visitors as owls and bats cannot stand bright sunshine.

It is a marvelous truth, and one that may be easily demonstrated, that mind and body act and react on each other. Try this experiment when you feel particularly depressed and out of sorts. Take a bath, change your clothes, then stand in front of a mirror. Smile at your reflection, even if it takes an unusual effort to do so; force your mouth to curve upward, make the muscles of your face mobile. Continue this exercise for some minutes, making your face wear a smiling expression though your heart is still heavy. You will be surprised to find your mood changing; still continue the exercise, and you will soon be smiling naturally almost involuntarily, and the load of depression will be lifting. This is an example—one of many—of physical expression acting on the mentality and then a reaction of mental on physical. Harmonic communication has thus been established, with the "blues" disappearing in the process. Some may think such a prescription for the "blues" silly and childish. It is nothing of the kind, but an exposition of the working of one of the great natural laws, a glimmer of which is but now reaching the mass of the people of the western world.

Many of us think our daily work is distasteful and that our particular environments are particularly hard. Some of us—aye, most of us—feel we are capable of doing something far better, but our swelling ambitions are choked by our surroundings and necessities. We need look for no change until we have learned well the lesson of Service. The special sphere and condition of life we at present fill is not an accident, for there are no accidents. All happenings come about by a correlation and co-ordination of forces created by ourselves. If we desire to strike off the shackles that bind and gall, the lesson of Service must be thoroughly learned. Bind the chains never so tightly, each one of us must grow into the conviction that every act of daily life must be done with the consciousness of Service for all. This will be found true whatever our duties of the day may be, from the highest to the most lowly—whether as employee or employer. Such an assertion may seem preposterous to those unenlightened. It will not seem so, though, if we put the matter to practical test. Note carefully, and it will be seen that as soon as the man of wealth forgets the law of Service his condition changes. It may be that his wealth will begin to leave him or his power of enjoyment is curtailed through ill health, or a chain of untoward circumstan-

ces arises, creating trouble and unhappiness. In the case of the wage earner, whatever his grade, the same law of Service rules. There is no shadow of turning or变ieness in the law's action. Many of us have monotonous and wearisome tasks of drudgery to do, and the return is wholly inadequate. That we have these hard tasks to do is no one's fault but our own. Until we realize why we have to do them, so long shall we be compelled to continue in the same dreary rut. But there is a way out. If we will say to ourselves every time our labor presses hard on us: "I DO THIS FOR THE SERVICE OF ALL," and be persistent in this utterance, new light will dawn for us. We can say this, whatever we do, even if we only scrub floors for a living. It will at first be difficult to do things that vex us, cheerfully and in the mood of true Service. This is because our vision has not yet extended so that we can see the sun, but we who do see know of its brilliancy. Would we accept the assertion of the blind man that the sun had no existence because he could not see it? It is the same with these mystic truths. So soon as our consciousness expands and the most trivial act is done with the potent motive of Service to all humanity, the scales will fall and our spiritual vision will be restored. Environment will gradually change. First there will be a difference in our attitude to our daily work—a most cheering sign. Next we shall find the element of distaste has in some way mysteriously disappeared. Tasks that formerly irritated will be performed with a buoyancy of mind. There will ensue a healthy mental growth which will, by the most natural means in the world, bring about more pleasant surroundings and avocations, followed by increased health and material prosperity. And all of this will happen because the individual has been tried and found worthy of higher stewardship. He has arrived at the gate at the end of service along the Path and can demand that the gate be opened, and it will be opened.

[Brother Ransom gives the whole secret to success and happiness; this is one of the best articles we have printed to show the true path to successful achievement.—EDITOR.]

### "Malicious Animal Magnetism," as Christian Scientists Understand It

ALFRED FARLOW, president of the Christian Science Publication Committee, and one of Mrs. Eddy's most valued co-workers, gives the following definition of the term "MALICIOUS ANIMAL MAGNETISM" as used by Scientists:

"In Christian Science we believe God, the one infinite spirit or mind, is the only power, and that there is no other substance or intelligence.

"This being the promise, the logical conclusion is that there is really no life, substance or intelligence in the creatures of God, but the creation is the manifestation or expression of the divine mind.

"Now this claim to life, substance and intelligence in the creation, in contradistinction to the Creator, which is said to be all in all, is called in Christian Science 'animal magnetism.'

"It manifests itself in the carnality of mankind and includes the sum total of evil, mortal mind and its manifestations.

"The malicious forms of evil, which embody malice, hate, revenge and all the malignant opposition to truth, righteousness and goodness, are classified as 'malicious animal magnetism.'

"The operations of the human mind, imbued with the consciousness of the divine power and presence, always produce good effects, whereas the malicious thought of mortals, which we have denominated 'malicious animal magnetism,' would produce evil effects, but Christian Science teaches its students how to counteract and destroy this malicious mental influence by applying their understanding of the omnipotence of good, and the consequent conclusion that evil is powerless.

"Hence the importance of Christian Science at this period to teach mortals how to defend themselves against the growing practice of malicious mental influence, and that is the best thought anyone can give to the world to-day."

REST is a fine medicine. Let your stomachs rest, ye dyspeptics; let your brains rest, you wearied and worried men of business.—Carlyle.

# THIS WONDERFUL AGE

MR. CARNEGIE'S MANSION



EW persons really realize what a wonderful age they are living in.

At every hand there is tremendous wealth. We have many good and wise men of fabulous wealth, who are endowing colleges, building libraries, hospitals and other great institutions of civilization and progress. Notable among these wonderful men of this most wonderful age is Mr. Andrew Carnegie. He gives away five million dollars or ten millions of dollars with as much ease and grace as our grandfathers would have given away one dollar.

Who would live in the "good old times"? Now is the time to live.

In this connection we desire to give a description of Mr. Carnegie's New York palace, now building on Fifth avenue, because we believe in wealth, growth, business prosperity and general progress. Moreover, it is pleasing to us to print about grand and good men like Mr. Carnegie—men of extraordinary character. The following account is taken from that most reliable journal, the New York Tribune:

A huge block of apartment houses is being demolished and cleared away to give additional area to the grounds surrounding the new mansion of Andrew Carnegie, at Ninetieth street and Fifth avenue, New York. Already one block has been sacrificed and others are to follow. In order to make landscape gardening possible, the solid rock has been excavated to a depth of ten feet, the huge basin thus made has been drained and filled in with loam, and in this bed thirty maple trees have been planted. The landscape gardener's work will come later.

There are eighty rooms in the Carnegie house, and of these easily half are in the quarters below ground, that is, in the basement, cellar and sub-cellars. Here the plumbers have held possession for months, laying the foundation of personal comfort as it will be later enjoyed by the residents above stairs. With \$110,000 worth of heating apparatus and \$55,000 worth of plumbing in its relation to water and the sewage system there is reason to credit the statement that this Carnegie mansion will have the most perfect system of plumbing in the world.

At present, of course, everything is rough, but the boilers, cylinders, brass pipes, the zinc air boxes, the thermostats, the thousand and one details that no one but an engineer can understand, will represent the fortune invested there.

In the sub-cellars two flights below ground are the great furnace and the coal bin that holds 200 tons of coal. Over a miniature railroad track runs a small car between the bin and the furnace, directed automatically, so that from the coal supply one quarter of a ton is emptied into the car at once, after which the car makes its way to the furnace, and deposits its load into the fire. On this same floor are three huge water filters. There are also improvements in the direction of sewage that preclude the possibility of sewer gas. The walls, floors and ceilings are tiled. A master engineer, with three assistants, each having a corps of three hands, will constitute the force employed to run the mechanism below ground.

#### BELOW STAIRS

In the cellar proper is the connecting link between the furnace and the registers and radiators above. Only the mechanical mind can grasp the whys and wherefores of the network of machinery that here abounds in every direction. On this floor everything in sight is tiled. The wine cellar has its terra cotta walls honeycombed with small openings, each large enough to hold one bottle. The laundry and ironing-room are situated in a corner of the cellar, and the drying-room is also there. These rooms are all small.

Another flight up leads to the basement proper. Here is the kitchen, the pastry kitchen, the housekeeper's private apartment and office, linen closet, boot-room, brush-room, servants' dining-room and the steward's office with its window looking out upon the servants' entrance, so that he may know of the comings and goings of the world below stairs. Again the walls, ceilings and floors are tiled. On this floor also is the telephone "Central" of the Carnegie mansion. There are twenty telephones in the house in place of speaking tubes. All

electric wires in the house are enclosed in iron pipes, and the unlaid floors at the present time reveal the mechanism employed in this particular. Everything in the building is fireproof so far as it is constructed up to the present time. The kitchen, it is said, will be the most perfect in every detail of any that has ever been built.

#### AN IMMENSE ORGAN

One flight up from the basement brings one on a level with the carriage drive. In this hall are to be wonders unimagined and unwritten. Mr. Carnegie has given orders that the wood carving shall be the most ornate that is procurable. At the right of the front door is the room where the people who call on official business are to be received. At the left is the place where the organ will stand. It is said in regard to this organ that the manufacturers have proved themselves so grasping as to space that the architects recommended that in future, when a house is to be supplied with a church organ, the organ be built first, and the house built around it. The organ is to cost \$16,000.

On this floor are the usual rooms—the drawing-room, the library, Mr. Carnegie's private library and den, and the grand picture gallery, which is also the billiard-room, and which is two stories high, with a skylight overhead. There is the dining-room, the breakfast-room and the hall itself, which is the music-room. Only the experienced and imaginative can picture the appearance of these apartments when supplied with all that art can devise. But this is all a secret at present.

From the arrangement of the rooms on the second floor it is evident that the house has been designed to meet the requirements of the family of the owner, for the entire floor is devoted to the use of three persons. The windows of Mr. and Mrs. Carnegie's private apartments overlook Central Park, the drive and the reservoir lake. This is like a view into a private park. In the southwest corner is an enormous double room—the bedroom—and from it toward the north opens Mr. Carnegie's dressing-room, and opening from that his private bathroom. From the other side of the double bedroom is Mrs. Carnegie's dressing-room, and from that opens her private bathroom. The other rooms on the floor are the day nursery for little Miss Carnegie, a large, sunny room overlooking the private grounds; the night nursery, the private bathroom, the nurse's private sitting-room, and last, the private pantry, where the child's food may be prepared in case of emergency. There is a passenger elevator, which runs from the parlor floor to the third floor only, and the servants' elevator, which runs from the cellar to the top floor, where are the servants' quarters. The third floor contains the guest-rooms and is arranged to accommodate a large house party when occasion requires. The apartments of Mrs. Carnegie's sister, who is a member of the family, are on the third floor.

Mr. Carnegie has given instructions that the most elaborate woodwork in the house be placed in his own and his wife's private apartments.

At present the stone coping that is to support the iron fence is being laid. At intervals of twenty feet stone columns will add decorative and substantial value to the wrought iron of the fence, which is to be ten feet high.

Many people are disappointed by the plainness of the house, but, as it is, Mr. Carnegie has pronounced it "too fancy" to suit him. It will be completed in about one year.

[The Adepts on THE MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES would suggest to all builders of mansions to heat and light them entirely by electricity taken from an electric plant some distance from the mansion. There is an occult reason for this. We do not believe in heating, lighting or cooking by fire when electricity can be used. Within a few years electricity will be supplied cheaper than gas, and the masses of people will use it for heating, cooking and lighting.—EDITOR]

THINGS out of hope are compass'd oft with venturing.—*Shakespeare*.

"Tis good in every case, you know, to have two strings unto your bow.—*Churchill*.

THE gift of song is never possessed by a bird of prey.—*Franklin*.

WHAT shall I do to be forever known and make the age to come my own?—*Cowley*.

#### Gone Away to Hide at 101 Years

THE police of Plymouth, Pa., are convinced that the disappearance of James Melley, on May 14, was a plan of his own to hide himself in order to revenge himself upon the many persons who took insurance policies on his life. He is now 101 years old, and fifteen years ago, when at 86, he went to Plymouth and married. Several business men, thinking that it would be a good investment to take insurance policies on the old man's life, invested some \$5,000 or \$6,000. There are about twenty of these policies still in force. The old man was greatly disgusted with the proceeding, and it annoyed him to think that his passing on would bring profit to others and that they were looking for him to go. He has said many a time:

"I'd be willing to pass on if I wasn't going to make some of these fellows richer by doing so, but now I am going to hang on as long as I can."

Renowned for years as the strongest man in the coal regions, and called "Jimmie the Bull" in consequence, his sturdy frame staved off the years in old age, as it had done many hard knocks when he was young. He lived on and on, and the high premiums on the policies gradually grew to be more than the face value. Twelve of them were given up because the owners were beginning to lose money, and some are now held whose possessors have paid more than they will get.

Mr. Melley took great delight in each year announcing another birthday and knowing that another premium had to be paid by each of the men he detested. One day he discovered that his wife (she is his second, and is only 65) held a policy on his life. In a rage he burned it, with all her papers. A few weeks ago he began to grow weak, and was afraid he would have to give up his place in the parish breaker, where for 90 cents a day he picked slate with boys rarely over 16. He felt that transition was close, and confided to some old friends that he would be happy if he could prevent the policy-holders realizing on his passing away. He told one a few days before he disappeared that he had a scheme, and was in high good humor.

Now the police are convinced that he has quietly gone away and planned to spend the rest of his days and pass on without his real name and identity being known. He can do so readily, for he is not remarkable in appearance and does not look over 70. Without proof of his transition, called death, the policy-holders may be unable to collect, and in any event, there will probably be the cost of a suit at law. If he can pass on assured that this will result, he will pass to the Spirit World happy, undoubtedly.

Should he get hold of a copy of THE MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES and get into our vibrations he is liable to hold the body for another century. We intend to spread the doctrine of living to a ripe and happy age.

#### Only 100 Years

MRS. DELIGHT BEECHER UPSON, of Burlington, a cousin of the late Henry Ward Beecher, celebrated her one hundredth birthday on May 17.

A committee of the Burlington Congregational Church and nearly all of the villagers called on her with many presents and extended to her their best wishes.

Mrs. Upson is in excellent health, and we have placed her name on our fast growing Roll of Honor of people now living in the body from 90 years to 142 years.

This magazine believes the soul or real self should hold the body as long as possible—to a ripe age.

It is a very easy matter for an adept to hold the body in fine condition 100, 120 and 150 years. Great spirituality helps to keep the body fine and whole for a great period.

We print in this magazine each month a number of cases of people celebrating their 100th birthday.

Anyone who will regularly read this magazine will live to a great age, and be cheerful and happy until they pass out of the body to the Brighter World.

#### King Edward Interested in Christian Science

CABLE despatches to the American newspapers say that royalty in England is becoming deeply interested in Christian Science. King Edward is taking a deep interest in Mrs. Eddy's works, and is earnestly striving to learn all he can about metaphysics through the leading members of Christian Science in England.

LIVE IN THE NOW.

## Animals Are Eternal Souls



JUST as soon as men realize that ALL beings, whether animals or men, are ETERNAL SOULS, just so soon will Heaven be Here—be realized.

The great Mystic Adepts KNOW that all beings are ETERNAL SOULS.

These Great Souls never speak of a body with a soul; they always say A SOUL WITH A BODY.

An editorial in a recent Sunday issue of the New York Journal is written by a Soul whom we feel has not yet realized that we are ALL SOULS, yet he is about to realize this, or else he would not write as he does.

He heads his editorial with the caption: "HAVE THE ANIMALS SOULS?" We say in our heading:

"ANIMALS ARE ETERNAL SOULS."

Here is the editorial, heading and Biblical quotation:

HAVE THE ANIMALS SOULS?

"For that which befalleth the sons of men, befalleth beasts; even one thing befalleth them: as the one dieth, so dieth the other; yea, they have all one breath; so that a man hath no pre-eminence above a beast: for all is vanity."

"Who knoweth the spirit of man that goeth upward, and the spirit of the beast that goeth downward to the earth?"—Ecclesiastes, iii, 19-21.

The surface of the earth, the air as high as we can study it, the depths of the sea, swarm with animal life.

The earth rolls around the sun, bathed in its warm light. Tens of millions of creatures die with every revolution of the little planet which is their home. And man "going to and fro in the earth, and walking up and down in it," rules the little animals and the big ones, and calls himself sole heir of immortality. He says: "For ME this earth was made and balanced in its wonderful journey; for ME alone the marvels of future life are reserved."

He digs up the strange creatures from the slimy depths of the ocean, studies and labels them.

He dissects one animal to study his own diseases. He skins another to cover his feet with leather. He eats one ox and hitches its brother to the plough. He uses nature's explosive forces to bring down the bird on the wing. He sweeps the rivers with his nets.

The stomach of the well-fed man is the graveyard of the animal kingdom.

When his dinner is finished, the man well fed strokes his stomach contentedly and says to himself:

"All is well. For I have a soul and they have none. They have died to feed me. I am happy, and they should be satisfied."

What is the nature of the spirit that directs our humble animal brothers and sisters? They cover the earth so long as we let them, give place to us as the human race increases, and, without any thought of organized resistance, die, that we may live.

HAVE THESE ANIMALS SOULS?

From many points of view that question may be studied. In this column, and on this day, let it be studied in the light of Christianity's teachings. Wasting no time in discussion of the nature of the soul, let us study the teachings of exact orthodoxy.

"I know all the fowls of the mountains: and the wild beasts of the field are mine."—Psalms, i, ii.

There distinctly is the statement that the animals are under God's care, as we are. He who slays one of the fowls of the mountains, or one of the wild beasts of the field, destroys a life that is individually known to God.

"That which befalleth the sons of men, befalleth beasts."

Does not this intimate that the soul force that exists in animals is preserved as is the imperishable spark in man?

"Who knoweth the spirit of man that goeth upward, and the spirit of the beast that goeth downward to the earth?"

Here is the distinct statement that in man AND BEAST a SPIRIT EXISTS.

May we properly believe in the light of this text that man's spirit, having reached its limit, leaves the earth at death, whereas the spirit of the beast, still imperfect and doomed to further earthly experience, "goeth downward to the earth," to reappear here again in higher form?

Can we not see throughout the Bible personal, divine interest in everything that lives? Is it not just to conclude that life in itself indicates the existence of spirit, and hence of divine care and guidance?

"Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings, AND NOT ONE OF THEM IS FORGOTTEN BEFORE GOD?"—Luke, xii, 6.

You have seen the bird grieving over the destruction of its nest.

You have studied the pathetic eyes of the lost dog, and the sad submission of the tired, beaten horse.

Is there not soul in those stricken creatures, and spiritual feeling deeper than that displayed by many men?

In that immortality for which men long, what part have the animals? Is there hope for them?

"And the four-and-twenty elders and the four beasts fell down and worshipped God that sat on the throne, saying, Amen; Alleluia!"—Revelation, xix, 4.

Clergymen recently have discussed the existence of soul life in animals. Such discussion is recommended to our readers.

First came all ANIMAL life, as we know it, and then came MAN.

Science and religion agree on this point, at least.

All owe their being to the same eternal force. On this point again religion and science agree.

Is the life in animals merely a passing dream, or does it express in its humble way the promise of life eternal?

In Italy a scientific villain experimented on a dog to ascertain the power of maternal affection.

The dog was most cruelly tortured. Its new-born puppy was beside it. Its nerves were racked, its spine injured. BUT WHENEVER PERMITTED TO DO SO, THE POOR, TORTURED ANIMAL MOTHER TURNED ITS HEAD TOWARD ITS WHINING CHILD AND LICKED IT AFFECTIONATELY.

Until it died there was nothing that could overcome maternal love in the heart of that poor, dumb mother.

Is there not some soul in such love as that?

We believe that there is. What do you think?

## Slaughtering the Birds

In a cold storage warehouse in New York City an energetic game warden has found a quantity of venison, several thousand game birds now out of season, many French pheasants, which it is illegal to kill at any time, and some barrels of small song birds, probably orioles.

The laws protecting game and song birds are just and necessary. The possession of game out of season, no matter when it was killed, is properly forbidden, else a loophole would be left open for evasion of the penalty. Armed with his murderous modern weapons, man would soon reduce the earth to a songless desert without restraint of law. Having exterminated the buffalo, the beaver, the wild turkey, the moose, he is now killing off the robin and the oriole—hushing their music to the ear, robbing the eye of their brilliance.

There must be restraint for the common good. But, strangely enough, this irreparable slaughter of our feathered friends is wrought not without sympathy from those whose duty it is to protect them. City Magistrate Brann, who issued the first warrant for the search, later revoked it and refused to sign another, apparently on the ground that the game wardens have no right to cause loss and inconvenience by opening packages.

But has the lawbreaker a right to protection from loss due to his lawbreaking? How, without opening suspected barrels, can the wardens ascertain whether they contain forbidden goods? The District Attorney's assistant in charge of the case sustains the wardens' right to do so; upon Magistrate Brann's refusal a warrant for that purpose was promptly issued by Judge Foster, and the search is being continued. It is to be hoped that it will be thorough, that the penalties will be heavy. Those charged with the enforcement of the laws are to be most heartily commended for their energy.—Editorial in *New York World*.

[All who eat the flesh of animals and game birds contribute to this wholesale slaughter. Women who wear plumage of birds on their hats are also parties to the slaughter of beautiful song birds.—EDITOR.]

THE Czar of Russia inherits from his mother the Danish characteristic of repugnance to any form of sport entailing suffering to animals, and has said that a boy who robbed a bird's nest or tortured a cat or dog should be punished in Russia by the law as he would be in Denmark.

THERE never was a time when the civilized world was so deeply interested in religion and spiritual matters. This is especially true of the United States; for ten years we have had a great Spiritual Wave, which increases in volume from day to day. This is truly the Spiritual Age.

## Animals Have Souls

THE REV. PERCY GRANT SAYS THAT LOGIC AND SENTIMENT BOTH POINT TO THE TRUTH OF THIS

"HAVE Animals Souls?" was the topic of the sermon of the Rev. Percy S. Grant in the Protestant Episcopal Church of the Ascension, New York City, recently.

"We believe," said he, "that the intellects we now possess will be later developed by immortality, and if this is so how much greater should this belief apply to the lower animals? If the hereafter is necessary to explain away the inequalities of our life, how much greater are the inequalities of animal life? Consider all the arguments for immortality, and they all apply with equal force for the immortality of the lower animals. John Wesley and many other great thinkers believed these animals had souls, and yet how cruelly we treat them.

"One source of cruelty comes from the desire of women to be in fashion. Those who are supposed to be gentlest women are the ones to-day who are more responsible for the ruthless destruction of animals than men. It was only a few weeks ago that we all heard of that slaughter and maiming of pigeons in Long Island for what was called sport, and when legislation was attempted to put a stop to it it was defeated. Why? Because the people who made guns and powder and shot did not want their business interfered with.

"You show me a man who will wilfully inflict cruelty on an animal and I will show you a man whom you want to look out for. There is an affiliation between a man who will do that and a man who will beat his wife, his mother, sister or child."

[Bodies don't have souls: SOULS HAVE BODIES. Of course an animal is an eternal soul with an animal body; Man is an eternal soul with a human body. I am an eternal soul with a body, and not a body with a soul. The soul now residing in the animal form during the course of evolution will reside some time in the future in the man form. We should never murder or slaughter any animal for "sport" or "food." Only the lower types of human beings indulge in brutal slaughter of animals.—EDITOR.]

## The Hindu's Religion

THE religious Hindu lives an absolutely pure life and is broad and tolerant in his religious views. He is a true God-lover. PRABUDDHA BHARATA says: "The attitude of the Hindu is well known. He bears no ill-will to any creed or religion, which he regards as one more path to lead to the same goal—God and perfection. He has great reverence for Christ, whom he looks upon as ONE of the incarnations of God, who assumed human form to give a new impetus to a dying religion and to point out a path to salvation according to the needs of the times. The Hindu has yet to come across a moral teaching or a spiritual conception which was not known and practiced in the land of Bharata in the ancient times. So he naturally looks upon other systems of religion with the feeling which an elder brother has for his younger ones." India welcomes all religions. Her religious people are the purest and most moral people I have ever seen. Our swamis, gurus and teachers are chaste and continent; they do not defile their bodies or temples of their souls with dead flesh meats, stimulants or narcotics; they are the most moral teachers in the world, hence their great spirituality.—A Mystic.

## The Higher Religion

THE Higher Religion, which is called by many the "New Thought," makes its followers very bright, cheerful, happy, prosperous, healthy and long-lived.

Any religion that will make one blue, morbid and unhappy ought to be shunned.

The New Thought shows men how to be perfectly healthy, wealthy, and happy Now.

It is not sinful to have perfect health.

It is not sinful to acquire wealth.

It is not sinful to be joyful and happy.

It is not sinful to be fearless.

It is not sinful for one to realize he is not a worm of the dust.

Read this magazine regularly and get out of the Old Thought.

"ANY man who slaughters birds, pigeons and ducks for 'sport' who catches fish for 'sport' or hunts and kills wild beasts for 'sport,' belongs to the lower types of men, and ought not to be given high office or rulership," says a great Mystic.

**THINK TWICE BEFORE YOU KILL OR CAUSE TO BE KILLED ANY ANIMAL.**



## FROM EARTH TO THE ANGEL WORLD

**T**HE transition we call "death" is not to be dreaded. It is no more than going to sleep after a hard day's work, and after resting, rising refreshed.

Our artist and his guides have here pictured the transition and the arrival of the departed in the Angel World.

The joy and delight of meeting our dear ones beyond are indescribable with printer's types.

Those who live with the Angels, while yet here on earth, can understand our pictures better than those who have not yet realized the true meaning of the transition called "death," and which is so much feared.

It is quite right for the soul to hold the body for a great period of years, and we should fight early dissolution of the body or temple. In that sense we should fight "death."

At the time the soul with its Ethereal Body passes out, it should be surrounded by joyous, happy persons, and not sad or mournful beings.



With true love for God, and Faith in God, we cannot mourn. "Death" is as natural as birth, and is a wise provision of a wise All-Father.

Messages are continually coming from the Angel World to Spiritual teachers to tell their students that the transition is beautiful; that it is wicked and sinful to grieve and mourn over the departed; that such mourning shows a distrust in the Great and Blessed God.

At the passing on, the surroundings should be quiet, without any grief or sadness of relatives and friends. There should be present some strong Spiritual People who know the meaning of Life and "death."

With more Light and the Higher Thought, "Death" will be entirely robbed of its terrors, and we will think no more about it than we do now of retiring to blissful and restful slumber after a hard day's work.

Spiritualism is doing a grand and noble work in opening the eyes to the Truth. It is fast stripping our minds of fears and doubts, and giving us New Hope and New Courage. The brightest minds in the world are now glad to proclaim that they are Spiritualists. The day of the Scoffer and Ridiculer of this grand and sacred truth is fast fading away under the New Order of things in this great progressive age.

When it becomes generally known that Great Souls like Queen Victoria and Abraham Lincoln were, while in the body, Spiritualists, and held communion with the Angels, the great masses will begin to think about giving Spiritualism serious attention.



Ideal man would be the true expression of God.—*Henry Wood.*

PERFECT health, bliss, happiness and cheerfulness come from living in ideals and cannot be bought in drug shops and doctors' offices.

WHEN we live in the senses and place a fictitious value on matter, then we must call in the good doctor of *materia medica*. We are not all of us yet on a high enough plane to discard the good doctors and their drugs and medicines.

LAST month I promised to chat in this issue of the Magazine upon how to have perfect health without drugs or medicines, hence the above paragraphs.

WHEN man really lives at one with God he is in perfect health and is a blissful and cheerful soul. To live at one with God, or be at one with the Blessed One, we must love ALL beings in the Universe and see God in all beings. No one can be a true God-lover until he loves ALL beings, from man down to the very lowest and most minute form of animal organism.

WHEN the Soul realizes, or the mind of the soul realizes, Oneness, then it is eternally freed from all dis-ease. Henry Wood says: "When man practically recognizes God as Love the at-one-ment takes place. Love begets love." To which I add that when man recognizes and fully realizes that every living being is God, then he loves God. I mean ALL animals as well as ALL men. Then he must further realize that everything that we see, animate or inanimate, is the manifestation of God, and he will then know the true meaning of God is LOVE and GOD IS THE ALL IN ALL.

WHEN he realizes he will be kind and gentle and loving to all things; he will realize that animals are Eternal souls in different degrees of evolution, and he will not kill their bodies for food, sport or protection. When he keeps dead animal foods out of his system he will also keep out of his body or temple all the deadly poisons, germs and microbes that make sickness and disease and he will not need drugs or medicine of any kind.

WITHIN the fruits, the nuts, the cereals, vegetables and air and water are all the elements needed for the construction of a fine, pure, clean and enduring physical body. When he lives entirely on these ideal foods he will be moral, chaste and continent and not waste his substance. Then the God within, without, above and below, will work in and through him. His joy and bliss and health and vigor will be perfect—indescribable.

THE truth needs no embellishment. Live the Life, and you will realize what I say is the truth.

ALL the Cults, Faith Cures, Mental Sciences, Divine Sciences and Cures practiced by man will not permanently cure disease and give the soul bliss, unless they make a man loving, kind and gentle, and exactly just to his brother—whether his brother is the lowest type of animal or the highest type of man.

YOU cannot be in perfect health as long as anger, greed, envy, hatred, selfishness, intolerance, bigotry, fanaticism, immorality and countless other disturbing tendencies cling to your mind. They can all be cast out by a pure and high love for God.

A MAN fills his stomach with the bodies of his brothers, and proudly affirms I am God, I cannot be sick; I am the Spirit—the Soul—I am a Divine or Spiritual Scientist; I deny pain, matter; and makes a lot of other silly, lying affirmations. But that man is sick; he is not joyous, he does not thrill with that blessed

consciousness that he has not injured a fellow being. He is not at one with God, for God does not desire us to eat the bodies into which He breathes His Life. The "Scientist" who eats flesh and does not take drugs and medicines is in a worse shape physically than he who pretends to no great virtues and eats and drinks what his appetite calls for, and when he is sick through his ignorance, calls for a doctor, and takes his dose of medicine.

MEAT carries with it countless deadly poisons and gases that must be counteracted by poisonous drugs and medicines—by tobacco, morphine, opium and alcoholic poisons. The less meat a man eats, even if he does not believe in a God, the less sickness he will have, the less medicine, alcohol and tobacco he will require.

NOW, dear readers, I am in no sense a reformer nor an alarmist. I know that the average reformer is a fanatic and a disturber of the peace; he is a zealous person without wisdom. Most alleged reformers are men and women who like to ride hobbies to exploit themselves; to get money or fame. I never saw a joyous, blissful, happy soul who was a professional reformer. Reformers would legislate men to be moral. This cannot be done. I know the world is getting better every second; I know all men are about right and trying to do the best they can according to the light they have; I know that ALL will reach the same goal—bliss; I know that most men make errors and mistakes through thoughtlessness; I know that it is not divine to go to a man in a rough way and tell him he is all wrong and that you are ALL right; I know that God is all Love, all gentleness, all kindness, and all mercy; I know that He is trying to lead ALL men gently to the right path.

I LOVE All beings so dearly that I would not purposely disturb one of you. My writings are intended to be suggestive. I know that most I write is the TRUTH, for as a matter of truth I personally do not originate these thoughts or truths. I am only the WRITING MEDIUM that the higher forces use. When I plead in mildness and gentleness for the dumb animals who cannot speak or write or print papers, you will not censure nor condemn me, will you? Even if I do put a new light on some of the old beliefs about Mental or Spiritual Science, it will do you good.

I DO not desire in the slightest degree to destroy or pull down any form of belief you may have; but I do ask you to think about it—especially all those who class themselves as Spiritualists, Spiritual Scientists, Divine Scientists and Christian Scientists.

FROM my Light, I see that all the woe and misery in the World—ALL the disease—is caused by the thoughtless murder and slaughter of the animals for sport, food and dress. The animals are Eternal Souls, your own brothers. Look into their eyes and see the soul in them.

THE Rev. Minot J. Savage recently said in a sermon, after referring to the intelligence and traits of character which many animals possess: "I do not believe that any man who stops and thinks can find it in his heart to shoot or kill simply for the pleasure. If he is going to eat, if they are needed, then catch and use. Well, I know there are doctors of divinity who write beautiful books about fishing and hunting; I will not say too much, I leave the matter to their own consciences."

"I marvel that woman, supposed to be more tender than men, at the beck of fashion will allow cruelties simply fiendish to be carried on. I suppose the most of them do not think; they wear the ornaments, but do not study as to how they are prepared or where they come from. If they did think, I should lose my respect for them, that is all."

THE drugless age will come when we are

truly God-lovers, and would starve rather than eat the body of a brother soul. In the meantime there will be all sorts of Ignorance, Superstition, Humbuggery and Hypocrisy among certain schools of alleged Spiritual Healing.

MAY the Peace and Light of the Eternal One dwell with you.

## The East and the West

SWAMI VIVEKANANDA, comparing the East and the West in the Brahmapurin, gives the following characteristic antithesis:

"The Hindus always look inside and the Westerns always outside. This inside and outside vision of the two nations are found in their respective manners and customs. The Hindu keeps diamonds covered with torn rags; the Western preserves earth in a golden casket. The Hindu bathes for fear of religion; the Western bathes to keep his body clean; the Hindu does not care however dirty his clothes may be; the Western is anxious to wear clean clothes, no matter how much dirt may remain on his body. The Hindu keeps neat and clean the rooms, doors, floor and everything inside his house, while heaps of dirt and refuse are just outside his entrance door; the Western lines his dirty floor with shining and beautiful carpets. Our drains run open over our streets—we do not mind the bad smell; the drains in the West are under the ground—the seats of the germs of typhoid fever. The Hindus are cleaning inside—the Westerns are cleaning outside. What is wanted is a clean body with clean clothes, clean rooms with clean streets. Cleanliness of body and mind is the first step to religion, of which to live a clean life is the most important of all. We are most uncleanly and are paying dearly for it—cholera, malaria and plague have made their permanent home in India. Whose fault is it? Ours—we are most uncleanly."

## The New Theology

*Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott, in the Outlook*

FORMERLY the Unitarian said, Christ cannot be God: he is merely man; the Trinitarian said, Christ cannot be merely man; he is God. We are beginning to learn that there is a human life in God; that there is a divine life in man; that God is best seen in humanity; that humanity is never seen at its best and truest self except as God dwells in it and makes it divine.

## Americans Are Not Selfish

WE are not a selfish people. Our great success and prosperity are due to our liberal spirit. In this connection the New York World says:

"With Andrew Carnegie giving \$22,500 as a prize to stimulate improvements in British steel-making, and Ironmaster William Garrett, of Cleveland, giving the foreign Iron and Steel Institute good advice as to holding their market, Americans cannot be held to be "selfish" in their ambition for world-supremacy."

## One of Mrs. McKinley's Favorite Poems

God gives us love. Something to love  
He gives us; but when love is grown  
To ripeness, that on which it thrives  
Falls off, and love is left alone.

Sleep sweetly, tender heart, in peace!  
Sleep, holy spirit; blessed soul,  
While the stars burn, the moons increase  
And the great ages onward roll.

Sleep till the end, true soul and sweet!  
Nothing comes to the new or strange.  
Sleep full of rest from head to feet;  
Lie still, dry dust, secure of change.

—Tennyson.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN said: "God must have loved the plain people; He made so many of them."

## A Temple of Free Thought

A SPLENDID temple dedicated to all free thinkers is to be erected in the heart of the business centre of Chicago, and is to be one of the finest structures in that city. The prominent liberal thinkers who are behind the project are organized to "fight bigotry and prejudice."

## CHRISTIAN SCIENCE IN A NUT-SHELL

### BY MRS. EDDY'S AGENT

*Alfred Farlow, Publication Manager, Gives Dorothy Dix, of the New York Journal, His Explanation of the Tenets of the Church Faith*

**P**ROBABLY there is no person closer to Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy or more competent to speak in regard to the truths of the Christian Science belief than Alfred Farlow, manager of the publication committee of the Christian Scientists. Brother Farlow's rather unique occupation is in keeping track of what is printed in regard to Christian Science, and running down and correcting all misstatements.

Any paper publishing falsehoods calculated to injure the cause is furnished with a written correction, which the paper is requested politely to publish. If the paper refuses, it may find itself defendant in a libel suit. It is an up-to-date way of combating heresy and disseminating truth that is as effective as a Gatling gun.

Farlow has charming apartments in Westminster Chambers, overlooking Copley Square, Boston, where he was good enough to give me a bit of a talk and answer some of the questions in regard to Christian Science.

First I asked him, point blank, to tell me in language that the wayfaring woman, though a newspaper writer, could understand, what Christian Scientists believe.

"The following statement," he replied, "embraces the whole of the ethics of Christian Science:

*"Wherein Christian Science renders Christianity more practicable in the understanding of the true and spiritual science of being; the understanding of God as spirit or mind, and His creations as spiritual or ideal."*

"What," I asked, "is Mrs. Eddy's precise relation to the Christian Science Church?"

"Mrs. Eddy," said Mr. Farlow, "is pastor emeritus, that is, the honorary pastor, of the denomination, because of her peculiar relationship to Christian Science in that she, the discoverer and founder of the faith, becomes its natural leader and teacher.

"Most of the Church by-laws have been suggested by her, or solicited from her, but are virtually adopted and enforced by the Church. Many important questions are submitted to her, and her advice is generally accepted.

"Sometimes suggestions are made by her, based upon peculiar representations which necessitate that they should be referred back to her, and a mutual understanding of the proper course to pursue arrived at.

*"To say that she has arbitrary control of the Church would not be a proper statement of the situation. Her followers are not bound to her by any sworn allegiance on their part, nor by any absolute monarchism of hers, as some seem to think. The labor carried on by Mrs. Eddy and her Church is always by mutual agreement."*

"No one in the Christian Scientist movement is so generally recognized and obeyed as Mrs. Eddy, but this is not due to anything more or less than her remarkable wisdom and good judgment.

#### HER SUPERIOR ABILITY

"She is respected because of her superior ability. She is loved because of her amiability. It is not strange that those who are working with her should seek and obey her judgment, since they have generally found her right.

"She is slow to give specific advice to her students until she has thoroughly tested the matter in question by her older experience.

"The woman clothed in the sun is not taken in a personal sense by Christian Scientists. It may not be proper for me to enter into a metaphysical interpretation of the Scriptures, for it is our custom to allow each to interpret for himself, but as a mere opinion I would say the woman clothed in the sun is the ideal womanhood, which completes the manifestation of the full parenthood of God, wherein He recognizes that He is not only the father but the mother of all mankind.

"Christian Science is calculated to make this clear to human consciousness, and thereby enable the student to manifest in his life the image and likeness of God.

"The metaphorical figure of the woman clothed in the sun could not, according to Christian Science, apply to any mortal, but what it inculcates can be incorporated in the life of every individual."

"Is the 'Little Book' referred to in Revela-

tion, which the angel is represented as holding in his hands, believed by Christian Scientists to be Mrs. Eddy's book, 'Science and Health?'" I asked.

"The little book," replied Farlow, "is the recorded spiritual understanding of God and creation in contradistinction to the material sense of cause and effect. It does not in any sense refer to any material book in the light of Christian Science."

"Is Mrs. Eddy believed by her followers to be inspired?"

"We do believe," returned Mr. Farlow, "that Mrs. Eddy is an inspired writer, but the word 'inspired' should not be understood in a supernatural or mystical sense. We believe all true thought is inspired thought, according to literal definition of the word."

"Inspiration is divine inbreathing, that is, absolute truth emanates from the divine mind, in contradistinction to mere opinion or belief. The proof of inspired thought is its continued practical good results leading up to the manifest likeness of God in the individual."

*"Mrs. Eddy's book, 'Science and Health,' is no more nor less than the spiritual interpretation of the words of Jesus. It is not considered a Bible, but the key to the Scriptures; in other words, the Christian Scientist commentary to the Bible. The proof of its divine origin is its healing results, its reformation of sinners and destruction of disease."*

"Mr. Farlow," I asked, "will you explain the attitude of Christian Science toward disease?"

"It is true," he said, "that Christian Scientists differ in their understanding of the nature of disease and sin, but to say that these do not exist in human experience, and that the sick man has only to say, 'I am not sick' to be healed, and the sinner needs only to say 'I am not sinning' to be exempt from punishment and personal responsibility, is not correct.

"We believe that in the sight of omnipotent God disease and sin weigh but little or nothing, and that the afflicted, imbued with a consciousness of the divine power and presence, are able to overcome these more practically and effectually.

"Christian Scientists must recognize disease in all its insidiousness and fatality. They must grapple with and destroy these through the application of the divine power, the fact that God is infinitely great and disease infinitesimally small.

*"Christian Science does not heal by the exercise of the human will, as many suppose, but as the consciousness of the afflicted one becomes filled with the understanding of the infinitude of God, and God becomes to him infinitely great, the disease must consequently become nothing to him, and thus be dissolved by the truth even as light dispels darkness."*

"We do not look upon darkness as entity; we do not look upon it as something, but the lack of something; so disease should be understood as the want of health, a discord—the lack of harmony—and evil the absence of good."

And that is Christian Science in a nutshell.

#### Is This Christian Spirit?

A FEW weeks ago the Rev. Dr. Morgan Dix, of Trinity Church, New York City, in a sermon assailed Christian Science with all his great force.

The reverend gentleman stands very high in Christian circles, being at the head of the greatest church organization—Trinity—in this country.

According to the reports in the New York daily papers, he called Christian Science a fad that had nothing either Christian or scientific in it. Subsequently, to a reporter of the New York World, he said:

"Yes, I denounced Christian Science and divorce, and denounced them as strongly as I could. For all that, I did not flay them as they deserve to be flayed."

This "flaying" spirit may be Christian, but we cannot imagine Christ using the language quoted above.

WHEN everything is in its right place within us we ourselves are in equilibrium with the whole work of God.—Amiel's Journal.

## Faith Cure and Common Sense

By Frank Harrison

THE divine man, who believes in metaphysical healing, faith cure, etc., knows that there is divine potency in many herbs, drugs and medicines; that God is the All in All.

It is the unbalanced minds—fanatics—that bring discredit on religion, Christian Science, Divine Science, Spiritualism, Medical Science and Materia Medica.

An honest, conscientious doctor is as divine as Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy.

All of us are divine.

A sick man on the material plane must have material remedies—drugs and medicines—as well as spiritual force to help bring about harmony.

I keep in perfect health without drugs or medicines, through spiritual science, but I know it would be a sorry day for humanity if we did not have the good doctors of medicine that we have.

God bless our doctors!

Some fanatical faith curists say there is no power in drugs—matter.

I can destroy the body and drive the soul out of any one of these fanatics in short order, with opium, morphine, arsenic, alcohol, nicotine and many other material agencies.

There is GREAT FORCE in all matter—divine or spiritual force is in everything.

There is but ONE FORCE in the Universe—it is the All in All—it is in the drop of honey and it is in the pill of quinine; it is in the food we eat, the air we breathe; in everything seen or unseen.

It is a dangerous religious belief that goes so far as to make one neglect supplying food to the starving, especially if the starving person has no "faith," or is a little child.

A fanatical faith curist lets his child pass out of the body without medical aid—its body practically dies from lack of nourishing foods and proper stimulants, and probably needed drugs, herbs or medicines.

This fanatic has a perfect right to apply his treatment to his own case, but I deny his right to do so with a soul entrusted to his care by God.

These deluded fanatics are bound to wake up some day to a consciousness that they are disturbers of humanity, and when they realize the truth, the world will be better off.

Oftentimes the Spirit, in Spiritual Healing, leads the healer to give the patient certain material foods, drugs, herbs, etc. Again it suggests a regular practitioner.

A great Divine Healer has common sense and is never a fanatic.

#### Divine Healing Cured Her

OLIVER D. WOODRUFF, of Southington, Conn., father of Mrs. J. C. St. John, of Brooklyn, who recently recovered from a four weeks' siege of smallpox at her parents' home in Southington, recently issued a public statement in which he asserts that his daughter was cured by Divine healing. After saying that no physician attended his daughter and that no medicine was used by her, he adds:

"At the most critical stage of the disease her eyes became sore and the sight went from them, so that the nurse became alarmed. We sent a request to the Christian Alliance in New York for prayers for the recovery of our daughter, and in twenty-four hours her eyes began to improve and soon the sight was restored.

"We praise the Lord for her recovery. If she had called a physician in New York and the case had been diagnosed there, as it was two days later in Southington, she would have languished and perhaps have died in the hospital on North Brother Island.

"We have been criticised far and near for believing in Divine healing. Divine healing is not Christian Science. The latter says sickness is only a belief. We beg to differ. We insist it is a solid reality. If the Christian Scientists would take a four weeks' airing with the smallpox, we think they would come to our side. The two systems are as little related as the Anglo-Saxon and Hottentot races. Divine healing is the healing of real diseases in direct answer to the prayer of faith in the name of Jesus Christ."

[Such prayer as was used in Mrs. St. John's case is always helpful in diseases, many so-called miraculous cures are constantly being made by earnest and intense prayer to God.—EDITOR.]

HIGH spirituality comes to him who respects all men's religions; who realizes that God manifests Himself in countless religions; who knows all religions are good.—Frank Harrison.

#### THE SLAUGHTER OF ANIMALS OBSTRUCTS THE PATH TO BEAUTITUDE.

## SAYINGS OF THE BLISSFUL PROPHET



AN I become a Psychic Power for Good? YOU CAN! Read and reread the following, and then go into the silence and commune with God.

The great Power of the Universe, which is called the Divine Intelligence by some, and psychic power by others, is the power that performs so-called miracles, heals the sick and soothes the sorrowful.

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To get this power in its fullest degree or highest potency we must love the All-God, or the All-Good. God is the All in All, and to fully realize this we must love ALL—love all material forms, animate or inanimate. Every being we see in the universe is good, and is to serve some purpose, and to kill its body or stop it in its cycle of growth and development on the material plane brings about inharmony to both the killer and the killed.

◊ ◊ ◊

We must see God in every animal and every man, and worship and love God as He manifests Himself in these countless forms, before we can be truly God-lovers—lovers of the Good in the universe. Then we become at one with God and get power to soothe and heal ourselves and others. Then we become eternally blissful and know and see the All-intelligence and the perfect order of the universe.

□ □ □

The first step on the path is to love, adore and worship God, which is only another way of saying love, adore and worship all beings—all souls. Love will attract all the unseen forces of the universe.

☆ ☆ ☆

To truly love you cannot injure any being, condemn, censure or criticise any being. The true God-lovers, who never attempt by radical means to reform or change or convert souls to any special belief, are the TRUE MASTERS, and they win countless souls to a consciousness of God; they really win more to God than any other teachers, preachers or reformers. Each soul is entitled to its own path, and the true God-lover respects this right of the soul. We suggest how to get Light on the Path, but our methods are mild and gentle—by LOVE.

△ △ △

The Hindus, ancient and modern, are very good examples of God-lovers. They do not butcher, slaughter and kill their brothers, whether in the animal or man form.

▷ ▷ ▷

Who can be more cruel and selfish than he who increases the flesh of the body by eating the flesh of innocent animals?—*Mahabharata*.

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Man through Divine Love evolves from the lower animals. In the great past we were all in the animal form. SOME OF US ARE CONSCIOUS OF THIS. We have realized. Much fear comes to man from having been REPEATEDLY butchered and slaughtered away back, while in the animal form. Reincarnation teaches "that one life principle is manifesting in various forms of the mineral, vegetable and animal kingdoms; that all are linked together by a mighty chain of evolution; and that from the minutest protoplasm to the highest man each stage of life differs from another NOT IN KIND, BUT IN DEGREE."

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The animal is an ETERNAL SOUL with a MIND. Swami Abhedanda—blessed brother—who is a true God-lover from far-away India, says: "The religion of the Hindus denies entirely that the lower animals are without mind, soul and feeling; and teaches that life and mind are manifested simultaneously. Wherever there is life there is the manifestation of the cosmic mind, the difference being in the DEGREE of manifestation."

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Therefore, no man can be a GREAT POWER for good until he realizes the ONENESS of all beings and can put forth his love for ALL to the extent that he will not injure or disturb one being of the universe knowingly.

☆ ☆ ☆

The great Mystic Adepts—the world movers—the real masters—understand this law and obey it, hence their bliss and power to do; their power to know. Love and non-killing mean that they must not knowingly be a party in any way to the murder or slaughter of one being in the universe. This is THE

GOLDEN RULE. Buddha extended his love to ALL and he lived it and taught it. BLESSED BUDDHA!

○ ○ ○

Bliss, joy, calm, peace and power can never come until we live this Golden Rule. Divine Love means Oneness. "LOVE EVERY LIVING THING AS THYSELF."

☆ ☆ ☆

When the veil of selfishness is once and for all time torn from the soul it shines out in glorious radiance, and is calm, blissful and forceful. The veil of selfishness can never be removed until we cease to eat the bodies of our brothers. Think it over, dear brothers and sisters, ye who are striving for more light and who are yearning for God. Don't let the selfish mind keep the soul bound by its delusions that God breathed life into beautiful birds and animals that you might murder and slaughter them to gratify a low and selfish appetite. The voice of God within you speaks out and says it is not right.

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Selfishness causes all the woe and misery in the world to-day. May the Love and Light of the MIGHTY ONE strike every reader of this magazine. We love you, whether you believe as we do or not. We beg you to reason it out. Because we print a thing here, don't believe it. Reason it out for yourself, and then if the small, wee voice says, "Yes, the old Blissful Prophet is very happy and blissful and desires that we reach the same state of consciousness," our happiness will be increased.

May the Peace, Light and Love of the Blessed One ever dwell within all in the universe. I am forever your sincere brother,

THE BLISSFUL PROPHET.

### Total Depravity

WE reprint the following letter from the New York Sun. It is food for thought:

*To the Editor of the Sun.*

Sir: The Rev. Dr. Banks was very caustic and severe on a financier of Wall street yesterday, to whom he ascribed the statement that "men are bad;" "they are all bad."

This mild way of expressing the truth that all men have defects is not nearly so harsh as the fundamental principle of the reverend gentleman's own creed on total depravity, as expressed in the Lutheran theology of the Formulary of Concord, thus: "Fallen man can neither think, believe nor will anything having reference to divine and spiritual things; that he is utterly dead to all good, and no longer possessed any, even the least, spark of spiritual power."

Plank, the expounder of Luther, says that he, Luther, gave to the assertion, that man no longer possesses any will for good, so extensive a sense that man no longer possesses the power of will—that is, the faculty of will. This pessimistic theology is inconsistent with morality. ("History of Protestantism," vol. 6, p. 715.)

J. N.

POUGHKEEPSIE, May 20.

[THE MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES says that the Soul in all men is Eternal; that ALL are the children of ONE ALL-FATHER, who is ALL-LOVE; that no soul can be lost; that the NEW THOUGHT inspires men with hope, courage and a love for God—GOOD; while the OLD THOUGHT binds men in fear and doubt.—EDITOR.]

### Mrs. Eddy's Good Health

MARY BAKER G. EDDY, "Mother of Christian Science," being somewhat disturbed by false rumors circulated about her health being poor, recently sent the following despatch to the New York World for publication:

"I have not taken a drug for over twenty-five years; can read small pica without glasses, and am not fatigued."

"My whole life, including its minor detail of present occurrences, is my refutation of the innuendoes and incorrect charges contained in that article; this secluded, blest life has already received the love and gratitude of hundreds of thousands of noble men and women; and its self-abnegation is the 'mystery' of Pleasant View."

"MARY BAKER G. EDDY."

PLEASANT VIEW, CONCORD, N. H., May 14, 1901.

No man shall place a limit in thy strength. Such triumphs as no mortal ever gained May yet be thine if thou wilt but believe.

### Decline of Beef Eaters

BEEF does not make brain power; it deadens the mental faculties. Moreover, it has a tendency to make one brutal and bestial. Certainly meat, and especially beef, is not a diet that will develop spiritual, moral or mental force.

England is known as a Nation of Beef Eaters. Certainly in mentality she cannot equal this country now, where our brainy leaders are men who are very careful to eat a light and simple diet—with much less beef than the Englishman eats.

She is fast yielding her trade and commerce to us. Many of the brightest and most alert men and women in the United States are lax vegetarians; they eat but little flesh meat, compared with the ponderous, bulky Englishman.

Now that we get such a great variety of cereals, prepared vegetable foods, fruits, nuts and vegetables at all seasons of the year we are eating less meat every year, and becoming stronger spiritually, mentally, physically and morally, and will control the markets of the world.

A beef-eating—or great meat-eating nation of a white skin will have no show whatever with us in great men and women within the next ten years.

Among the higher types of men and women in this country the flesh-eating habit is being abandoned, because there are much better and purer foods, the consumption of which does away with cruel and brutal slaughter of animals.

### A Catholic View of Total Depravity

*From the New York Sun*

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: A clerical writer in a morning paper clearly denies the Lutheran or Protestant fundamental doctrine of total depravity when he says: "We are not depraved; . . . there is a divinity within us." He rather expresses in elegant language the common Catholic teaching of the Church of Christ. The Divine presence in the human soul, as Cardinal Gazzaniga teaches, is the light of the Holy Spirit, and this light ineffable is God.

The admirable work of Cardinal Manning on the "Temporal Mission of the Holy Ghost" elucidates the same sublime doctrine: "From the beginning, the Holy Spirit of God has dwelt in every created soul and wrought in every man born into this world." (Chap. 3.) How different from the odious principle laid down by Luther: "Man, as he is born of his father and mother, together with his whole nature and essence, is not only a sinner, but sin itself." (Queenstedt, *Theologia*, 1669, part 2, page 134.) This declaration, abhorrent to human reason and hostile to revelation, repels the judicious rationalist, as well as the reverent Christian. J. N.

POUGHKEEPSIE, June 2.

[The above from the Sun is excellent with one exception—the Soul is not created; it was never born; it never dies; IT IS. The Soul is ETERNAL; it creates the body.—EDITOR.]

### Seed Thoughts

OBEDIENCE to God's command is your highest duty. There is nothing that makes life so glorious as "Thy will be done" wrought into daily life.

The solemn and blessed truth is that God calls every man to be a minister, assigning each his own parish in the great diocese of Christ's one church.—Dr. Boardman.

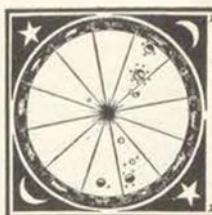
The life you live now is all the more worth living because it opens into a life that will never end, and the last letter of the word "time" is the first letter of the word "eternity."—T. De Witt Talmage.

Do you tell me that there are many good men who are not Christians? That's true. But they manifestly borrow from the religion which they refuse to embrace the very morality of which they boast.—Carlos Martyn.

Don't be wheelbarrow Christians, that go only when pushed. Don't be Christians like the Arctic rivers—frozen at the mouth.—J. T. Beckley, D.D.

The habit of grumbling, kicking, croaking and fault-finding is a pernicious habit which all who desire to appear well before men will avoid as they would a pestilence or a famine. Take the world easy and don't expend a bit of your vitality or energy in grumbling, or a bit of your precious time in looking on the seamy side of things.

ASPIRE TO BE GOOD.



**OIL,  
WEALTH  
AND  
PROGRESS**  
By  
An Astrologer

**A**N ADEPT ASTROLOGER who writes for this magazine regularly says that all of North America has inexhaustible supplies of petroleum, and that the recent discoveries of oil in all parts of this country mean untold wealth for us. It will take the place of coal as a fuel in many instances. In a few years all the railroads and steamship lines will use petroleum as a fuel. This means great wealth for this country. We will export great quantities of oil. Poverty will soon cease in this country for all who are willing to work. The indolent and lazy in this age of great plenty will suffer, and ought to suffer.

As a proof of our great progress read the following letter that was recently printed in the New York Sun from Eli Perkins:

"ON THE TRAIN BEHIND MCKINLEY," May 28.—On a trip to San Francisco and Portland and back I notice wonderful changes. The speed of all the passenger and freight cars has about doubled and loads are a third heavier. Coaches that formerly poked along twenty-five miles an hour now speed up to forty and fifty miles. Tracks are being leveled and curves straightened. You will never see the Oakes Ames monument on the crested divide at Sherman. The U. P. has built 100 miles of new road, shortened its tracks, and left the monument to the mountain line.

"On the Southern Pacific the engineers don't stop to coal. They stop at oil tanks, turn a crank, and fill the tender with oil. All in a minute! I got up with the engineer coming out of Sacramento. Looking into the firebox, I saw everything at a white heat, but no coal. Suddenly the engineer pulled the throttle, and the engine came to an oil tank.

"See!" he said, "I just turn this faucet and, in a minute, I'll have my old coal bin—now an oil tank, full of oil. We blow it into the firebox with a stream of steam. Now we are going up the mountain. Let me turn this faucet. See that steam and oil spouting into the firebox like the top of a stream from a fire hose? See the white heat rushing through the flues!"

"Now," continued the engineer, "we are going up hill, and when I turn the faucet more watch the steam gauge go up twenty degrees—all in a minute! Don't we go with a rush! No shoveling coal, no burned noses, no swearing! Now we are on top and we have ten miles down hill. We've got steam enough to hold the brakes, so I shut off the oil. No combustion now. How economical—and still I can get twenty degrees of extra heat in a minute for the next hill."

"Are you always on time with your engines nowadays?" I asked.

"On time? Hear that now. You just watch out when we get into Ogden."

"What will I see?"

"Why, you'll see the engineer and conductor of the D. & R. G. and the U. P. and the Mayor and Common Council of Ogden standin' there with their watches in their hands—waitin' so to set their watches by our train!"

"I find oil, fuel oil, is all over California—in fact, all over the United States. I found 400 derricks in Florence, Col. Oil enough to supply all the engines in Colorado. Oil wells were being bored in Wyoming, south of the Black Hills. The Wind River country out at Casper is full of oil and lakes of asphalt. Texas has oil to burn, and Kansas bristles with oil derricks from Neodesha for a hundred miles down into Missouri. There is an oil millennium upon us!"—ELI PERKINS.

### Live in the Now

HAPPINESS can never come to the soul who lives in the past or the future. Live in the Now—the present. John Wesley said:

"Many, indeed, think of being happy with God in heaven, but the being happy with God on earth never enters their thoughts."

Live with the Eternal One Now and be happy Now.

BREAK one thread in the border of virtue and you don't know how much may unravel.—Cunningham Geikie.

THINGS done without example, in their issue are to be fear'd.—Shakespeare.

### The Great Psychic Wave



ALL over the planet at the present time is spreading with tremendous force a great Psychic Wave.

All religious and spiritual bodies are more active than ever before.

The soul is hungry; it desires to know; it WILL KNOW, and will be free.

The soul desires to be FREE HERE and NOW. It is tired of being bound and fed on husks.

The Old is dying.

The New Order of things brings light and hope and courage.

God is in His Universe as never before.

Let us all be patient and tolerant and kind and gentle to each other, and each one find God in his own way.

The day has gone forever for the "I am right and you are wrong" idea, or "You must believe as I do or you will be eternally damned."

That day has gone forever, thank God.

The old-timers die hard, but they are surely dying.

Christian Science has several millions of followers.

The Theosophists are making great headway.

The Spiritualists number in this country alone more millions of souls than the average mind imagines. The Spiritualists don't have many meeting-houses like churches or temples. They gather together quietly in small bodies in thousands of places all the time. A great many modern Spiritualists work like the Mystics, in a QUIET but SURE way.

Spiritualism seems to be growing at a greater rate than any of the newer religious beliefs. Quite a number of Christian Scientists are also Spiritualists.

Then take a glance at the HIGHER RELIGION—the religion that says ALL religions are good, the members of which worship God at any shrine—through any religion. This higher religion is growing at a great rate. This MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES, if it can be classed as an organ of any religion, belongs to the Higher Religion, which knows that God is in all religions—the ALL IN ALL; that no one book or one religion has ALL the truth; that some good comes out of each; that some bad comes out of each.

Anyway, man is nearer God than he ever was, and when he REALIZES that ALL beings are ETERNAL SOULS—God's children—and all are our eternal brothers, he will be one with God, the Blessed One.

Then, and not until then, will woe and misery, disease and sorrow, cease.

The Blissful State comes when we realize our Oneness, and not until then.

The present psychic wave will cause many of us to REALIZE the Great and Pure Love of God, and how closely we are all related.

F. H.

### The Hindu Idea

The following comes from E. B., an Adept in far away India:

"The beauty of a woman lies in her delicacy—the beauty of a man in his valor; the grace of a woman lies in her sympathy—the grace of a man in his strength; the sweetness of a woman lies in her purity—the sweetness of a man in his tenderness; but the goodness of both lies alike in the soul, and the spiritual requirements of each are ever and always the same."

These Hindus are called "heathens." Our "heathen" brothers are soulful, anyway.

### Self-Control

MANY moral failures are the result of untrammeled freedom during the years when self-control is the one acquirement worthy the attention of parents and teachers. The outburst of passion that almost arouses ridicule, so out of proportion is it to the size of the offender; the extravagant love of some particular food; the toleration of a useless and nerve-destroying movement of the body, or use of the voice; unchecked emotions unnecessarily provoked; nervous excitability catered to without an attempt to teach the child quiet of mind and body; disregard of the little attentions to others that mark the difference between politeness and impoliteness; aggressiveness, that bane of the peace of life, often the result of the home training that encourages the little child to consider himself of supreme importance, the one, rather than one of the family—all these simply mark the man whose power is limited, if not lost, by the lack of self-control.

JAMES R. KEENE says "all men are bad." Epictetus said: "If you wish to be good, first believe that you are bad." Maybe Mr. Keene has aspirations.—*The World*.

### Great Wealth to Abolish Poverty

TRUSTEESHIP OF WEALTH

THE Hon. Abram S. Hewitt told a big audience at the Cooper Union commencement recently something of the gospel of wealth of which Andrew Carnegie has written.

"The gift of one great public benefactor," he said, "has enabled us to multiply the work of the Cooper Institute as we have done in the past year. I wonder that the newspapers have not noticed that Andrew Carnegie has accepted an election to our Board of Trustees. In his acceptance he said that he was anxious and willing to join with the other trustees in carrying into effect the great plans of the founder. From that I think we may look for Mr. Carnegie's continued aid and interest in the institution.

"The origin and lives of Peter Cooper and Andrew Carnegie are alike in many respects. Mr. Cooper's example has been a moving force by which the temper of the rich people of the country has been guided and modified for forty-two years. Both were poor boys. Mr. Cooper told me that when he bought his first book and pored over it by the light of a tallow dip he resolved that his aim in life would be to found a school where poor boys might get an education. Mr. Carnegie simply determined to get rich. While he was building his fortune I am sure he did not look forward to founding schools or libraries. During thirty or forty years he simply devoted himself to getting rich.

"That was his work in hand. He got there. You young men of the graduating class, follow his example. Get there.

"Mr. Carnegie's position and his plans are unique. Never in the history of the world has there been anything like it. He is now giving the same energy and intelligence and ability that accumulated the largest fortune ever gained and possessed by a single man, to disposing of it so as to accomplish the greatest good to the community. A year before he was willing to dispose of his works for \$100,000,000, but the plans did not go through. Afterward he got \$300,000,000.

"What has he done since he became rich? The newspapers tell you. His book 'The Gospel of Wealth' I commend to you. He has told me that Mr. Cooper gave him an example as to the wisest way to get rid of a fortune. He is going to scatter his to advance free public education, reserving only a competency. Of course ideas as to a competency differ.

"Other men have been influenced by Mr. Cooper's example. Take Mr. Rockefeller. His time, I know, is more devoted to worrying and planning how to devote his fortune so that public interests will be best served than to caring for the interests of the Standard Oil Company. He spent two or three years before he decided on the Medical Research gift. Before giving Barnard College \$250,000 on condition that a like sum be raised he went through the college system from top to bottom.

"Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan is another of many who cogitate long and deeply how best to serve the community with the fortunes that neither capital nor labor, but the ability to bring both together under the right circumstances, has earned.

"All rich men are realizing more and more every day that wealth is a trust in the hands of whoever may have been commissioned to get it, for the benefit of all. By the close of the century an occasional miser may be found, but most rich men will be ashamed if they are not using their fortunes for the public benefit.

"The fallacy that the great fortunes obtained by Mr. Rockefeller, Mr. Morgan or Mr. Carnegie have been wrested from the labor which created them is disappearing. The gentlemen I have mentioned, because the newspapers constantly mention them, have reached the high level which regenerated society is approaching. It has been found impossible to adopt universally the principle of trade unionism, which would reduce all to the level of industrial mediocrity. All attempts to prevent workmen working wherever work exists will fail. With the increase in education and the evidence of the rich man's realization of his trusteeship hatred and suspicion of those having large fortunes will disappear.

"The end will mean the cessation of pretty much all grievances except sickness or accidents."

Mr. Hewitt said that Andrew Carnegie was fireman on the locomotive that drew the train carrying the Prince of Wales over part of the Pennsylvania system on the Prince's visit to America.

THE empty vessel makes the greatest sound.—*Shakespeare*.

CHARLES M. SCHWAB, THE MULTI-MILLION-AIRE, TALKS TO BOYS

A SPLENDID ADDRESS ON HOW TO SUCCEED



CHARLES M. SCHWAB, president of the Billion Dollar Steel Trust, talked recently in New York City to 300 poor boys of the East Side—students in St. George's Evening Trade School, which was established by the Rev. Dr. W. S. Rainford.

This is what the man who gets a salary of one million dollars a year had to say:

"I will speak to you," began Mr. Schwab, "just as though you had come to my office asking for advice, and the first thing I will say to you is to come alone. Don't come with somebody's backing. Learn to rely upon yourself. That is the first lesson. If you come endorsed by somebody of influence it always will leave room for others to say that whatever position you may get you got it by influence and not because of your individual merit. No true success is built on influence. You must win your positions for yourself."

"Then there is another thing that is essential—you must do what you are employed to do a little better than anybody else does it. Everybody is expected to do his duty, but the boy who does his duty and a little more than his duty is the boy who is going to succeed in this world. You must take an interest in what you are doing, and it must be a genuine interest."

Here Mr. Schwab told a story which everybody understood referred to himself. Afterward he told another story which it was equally well understood referred to H. C. Frick. The stories follow:

"There were ten boys employed by a concern once, and one night the manager said to his subordinate: 'Tell the boys they are to stay a little longer to-night—tell them that they are to stay until 6 o'clock. Don't tell them why. Just tell them that and watch them.' So this was done, and when 6 o'clock came around there was just one boy who was wholly interested in his work, and was not watching the clock to see what time it was. That boy was the one the manager wanted, and he was taken into the office, and as he continued to manifest the same interest in his work he was promoted until at last he got a very responsible place."

"Then there was another boy. He began carrying water, and he did it so much better than any other boy, seeing to it always that the men had good water, cool water and plenty of it, that he attracted attention to himself. He was taken into the office, where he became in time superintendent and then general manager, and he is now the man that is at the head of the great Carnegie Company, with thousands of men under him. As a boy he did more than the ordinary run of boys did, and so attracted attention, and that was the secret of his first step upward."

"I was in a bank downtown the other day when a newsboy came in and sold the banker

### The Millionaire

Do you want to be a millionaire? Mr. Carnegie, the American millionaire iron-master, says there is one sure mark which distinguishes him. "His revenues always exceed his expenditure. He begins to save as soon as he begins to earn. Capitalists trust the saving young man. It is not capital your seniors require; it is the man who has proved he has the business habits which make capital. Begin at once to lay up something. It is the first hundred dollars saved which tells. And here is the prime condition of success, the great secret—concentrate your energy, thought and capital exclusively upon the business in which you are engaged. Having begun in one line, resolve to fight it out on that line; to lead in it. Adopt every improvement, have the best machinery, and know the most about it. Finally, do not be impatient, for, as Emerson says: 'No one can cheat you out of ultimate success but yourselves.'"

The adepts say, earn and save some money. No one will be helped by the Devas who does not earn and save; indeed, the Devas cannot help the person who does not work and save.

All the Unseen Forces are against one who does not earn and save.

PLough deep while sluggards sleep.—Franklin.

### WORKERS ARE MASTERS.

a paper. After he had gone out the banker said to me: 'For two years now that boy has been coming in here at the time I told him to come—2 o'clock. He does not come before 2 nor after 2, but at 2 precisely. He has sold me a paper every week day in that way when I have been here without a break.'

"He sells it for just one cent—its price. He neither asks more nor seems to expect more. It is a cold commercial transaction. Now, a boy that will attend to business in that way has got stuff in him. He doesn't know it yet, but I am going to put him in my bank, and you will see that he will be heard from."

"Another thing, boys, and that is, get an early start. The boy in business who starts with a manual school education at seventeen or eighteen will get a start that the boy who goes through college will never catch up with, other things being equal. That does not apply to the professions, of course—only to business. Out of forty men I know who are great leaders in the business world only two are college graduates."

To sum up, here are Mr. Schwab's eight rules for success:

**First—Be honest and straightforward.**

**Second—Don't get a job through influence. No true success is built on the influence of others. Depend on yourself.**

**Third—Do what you are employed to do better than anyone else employed about you can do it. Promotion will surely follow.**

**Fourth—Be interested in what you are doing, and don't watch the clock for quitting time. Be too absorbed in your work to know what time of day it is.**

**Fifth—Manual education excels for a life of business and for manufacturers.**

**Sixth—Get an early start in life. Begin work as soon as you can. A boy who begins at fifteen or sixteen years has the advantage of a boy who has a college education, unless he is seeking a professional life.**

**Seventh—A college education is not necessary for a successful business career.**

**Eighth—Work! Work!! Work!!!**

### Secret of Force

MEN cannot work hard and then recreate by indulging in vicious and pernicious habits—so-called pleasures. When they attempt to do this the break-down is inevitable. I am and ever have been a persistent hard worker—putting in many long hours of work at a single stretch. The moment I feel any wear from work I cease that particular work and go out into the fresh air and walk or engage in some other work entirely different in nature from the work I have been doing. The best recreation I find is to vary my work; a change from mental work to some sort of manual labor is a grand thing. As to drugs and stimulants, I never touch them and never will, and the busy man who will follow my plan will derive immediate benefit from that tired and worn-out feeling which seems so prevalent nowadays among many of our men.—*A Mystic.*

PEACE, happiness and tranquillity will come to all who will follow the advice of Ruskin, given in the following few lines: "If you can't pay for a thing, don't buy it. If you can't get paid for it, don't sell it. So, you will have calm days, drowsy nights, all the good business you have now, and none of the bad."

SOME feet will tread all heights  
Now unattained.  
Why not thine own? Press on!  
Achieve! Achieve!

### The Ancient Secret of Success

AN we break the iron chains and fetters that keep us from succeeding?

YES! a thousand times YES!

We must learn to be thorough and willing in performing the smaller duties of life. Let us first learn to do one thing well.

This is the ancient Oriental secret of success, and down all ages it has been taught by the wise men.

Even our excellent President, Mr. McKinley, does not hesitate to repeat this ancient rule—because he is a wise man.

The New York Times, in commenting on the President's recent utterances in the South, says:

"What the President had to say at Prairie View to the students of the Texas Normal and Industrial School was not new. Indeed, it admits of classification as a platitude, and as such it is likely to be passed over by the casual reader without the attention it merits. A platitude, however, is not necessarily contemptible. Some truths are so broad and indisputable that they cannot be presented in any other form, and yet their significance is so great that they merit iteration and reiteration until they burn themselves into the consciousness of everyone for whom they have interest and value. What the President said was:

"What we want more than anything else, whether we be white or whether we be black, is to know how to do something well. If you will just learn how to do one thing that is useful better than anybody else can do that one thing, you will never be out of a job."

"This is as good advice as could be given to the young man ambitious of success in life. If the story of a majority of successful lives could be told truthfully, it would surprise us to learn on what small pivots great events have turned. It would be seen that the basis of success has usually been thoroughness in doing some small and relatively unimportant thing. The opportunity for attaining conspicuous excellence in something is open to every man at some period of his life. It does not demand exceptional talent. He is favored at every stage by the fact that those with whom he is in competition give him every opportunity to excel them, to take up duties which they are extremely glad to neglect, and to seize opportunities which seem to promise them no immediate advantage. A young man does not need to be a genius to make himself invaluable to an employer. He can do this by being thorough in the things which others consider negligible."

### Health and Wealth

"HEALTH is the fairest and richest present nature can make us. Without health nothing is worth living. Money cannot buy it. There are rich men dying of hideous complaints every day.

"Half the diseases of the world are the result of leisure which wealth brings. The poor are healthiest because they live more natural lives."—Rev. Charles H. Eaton.

To which we Mystics add: Learn How to get Health and Wealth. Be happy Now. Read this magazine regularly and learn How to be healthy, prosperous and happy Now. Get into our vibrations. Listen to the Soul—the Spirit.

Busy people, who are the true successful workers in the world, never waste any time in fretting, fuming, whining, worrying and complaining about the inequality of things in this world. Moreover, active workers who are cheerful are always successful and happy; they waste none of their vital force in moaning the existing conditions—they make new conditions by not sitting idly about, thinking blue and morbid thoughts.—Frank Harrison.

No matter how much trouble and sorrow you have, don't give up to complaint. Hope is the balsam—the cure for your ills and sorrows. Hope and courage are what the troubled require, and about as good a way as any to get hope and courage is to look about you, and see how much better off you are than thousands of others are, no matter how sad your case may seem.

**THIS IS THE BEGINNING OF THE GOLDEN AGE.**



## Ideal Thoughts

### Life

BE sure of the foundations of your life. Know why you live as you do. Be ready to give a reason for it. Do not in such a matter as life build on opinion or custom or what you guess is true. Make it a matter of certainty and Science.—*Starr King.*

### To the Sorrowful

Now, do give your mind a little to God, and pray and meditate in the silence every now and then. Sri Ramakrishna said: "It is good to listen to words relating to God. Such words light the soul and turn it to God." All sorrow and grief disappear when we once really turn to God—the Blessed One.—*A Mystic.*

### Power of the Inner Voice

THE necessity of an inward stillness hath appeared clear to my mind. In true silence strength is renewed and the mind is weaned from all things, save as they may be enjoyed in the divine Will, and a lowliness of outward living opposite to worldly honor becomes truly acceptable to us.—*John Woolman.*

### Friendship

ONCE let friendship be given that is born of God, nor time nor circumstances can change it to a lessening. It must be a mutual growth, increasing trust, widening faith, enduring patience, forgiving love, unselfish ambition, and an affection built before the throne which will bear the test of time and trial.—*Allen Throckmorton.*

### Glorious America

AMERICA is the land of great promise. Its present wealth and prosperity are as nothing compared to its vast hidden resources, which can never be fully developed until men learn to co-operate with others for the extension of Humanity's interests. Let the nation recognize its natural kinship, and view itself as one family; then America shall be a field of wondrous existence.—*Fred Barry.*

[That is just what is taking place in this glorious country, brother Barry.—*EDITOR.*]

### Self-Reliance

INSIST on yourself; never imitate. Your own gift can present every moment with the cumulative force of a whole life's cultivation; but of the adopted talent of another you have only an extemporaneous, half possession. That which each can do best none but his Maker can teach him. No man yet knows what it is, nor can till that person has exhibited it. Where is the master who could have taught Shakespeare? Where is the master who could have instructed Franklin, Washington, or Bacon, or Newton? Every great man is unique.—*Emerson.*

### Gentle Strength

THE strength of God is very gentle. He does not make a great noise in lifting the tides or in speeding the stars in their courses. The sunshine is one of His greatest treasures of power. He turns the heads of stalwart sinners by the touch of infant fingers or by the memory of a pious mother's spiritual beauty and fidelity. By loving invitations, tender encouragements and manifold ministries of patience and sympathy He encourages the penitence and the faith of sinful and weak human hearts.

His children should seek more of His gentleness. We are too easily tempted to bluster and violence. We forget that gentleness is greatness as well as goodness. If we would do brave deeds, let us seek to be filled with divine gentleness.—*Northern Christian Advocate.*

You never know, until you try to reach them, how accessible men are.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

THERE is no joy but calm.—*Tennyson's Lotus Eaters.*

## The So-Called New Religion

By a Mystic

"MAN is God incarnate. His powers, through faith, are measureless and God-like," says H. J. W. Dam in an article about the New (?) Religion.

Why, bless your heart, brother Dam, the Yogis have been teaching this for thousands of years in India.

Read the Vedas.

Realize God.

You are God.

I am God.

All are God.

All is One.

*Ekam sat Viprah Bahuda Vedanta,* "that which exists is One, Sages call it variously."

We have known for ages the power of Spirit over both mind and matter. Science is just beginning to learn something about evolution. With our knowledge of divine or psychic law we easily control the forces of nature—disease, despair, failure, gloom, sorrow, sadness, affliction—are all due to man refusing to obey the One Eternal Law, which we Mystics have strictly obeyed for thousands of years.

Therefore, we are never sick, are never sorely troubled; we are eternally blissful, for we are at one with the Ancient One—the Eternal One. If the Mystic adepts should come out and show their occult powers publicly they would be called the greatest of miracle-workers, and would be worshipped as Masters.

We know that each soul is Eternal and all-powerful, but each soul must realize its power by its own works. We teach by thought, by mouth and by pen, but seldom do what the ignorant call miracles. All the so-called miracles to the divine man are as well understood and explainable to another divine man as Mr. Edison can explain to Mr. Tesla how the telephone reproduces by electrical vibrations the voice at a distance. The working of the telephone or the telegraph to an ignorant savage who had never seen electricity employed in sending messages would be a great miracle worked by a God or a devil, as it might please his mind.

The "raising of the dead" is merely calling the soul back to the body which it has recently left; and, under favorable conditions with powerful psychics or spiritual men and women, if the body is not too old or worn out, the soul can be brought back to its gross body. The transition called death is merely the soul casting off or discarding the gross body, or else the body gets into such an impure or inharmonious condition that it can no longer hold the aspiring soul. The soul is absolutely pure and cannot long endure in an impure body or temple. The soul is the real man. The body is the vehicle or temple of the soul, and the mind the instrument of both body and soul. The mind or intellect in some men is very strong and temporarily dominates the soul. Then a man is strong intellectually and spiritually weak. Many of the great scientists and religionists are men of this character, and it is impossible for them, with all their alleged learning, knowledge and wisdom, to comprehend in the smallest degree the soul or God. These intellectual giants are spiritual pygmies and with their strong mental powers dominate or overpower almost countless ordinary minds, which are always negative, and cause them to remain in darkness. Therefore, it is necessary now and then for a great Soul like Buddha or Christ to come and destroy the erroneous teachings of the learned (?).

These scientific gentlemen often dig up old truths which have been known for ages, and are credited with being discoverers of a law. The ancient order of Mystics have known all about evolution for thousands of years—thousands of years before it was credited to Mr. Darwin. The same is true about gravitation—attraction. Now we hear much about the NEW RELIGION, which we Mystics have known about, and worshipped in it, and taught for thousands of years. Mrs. Eddy's "Christian Science" is as old as man is, and has been practiced in India for centuries, the only difference being that the Hindu Metaphysicians have been much more successful in healing than are the modern Christian Scientists.

The truth is always the same.

The Eternal Law is always the same.

God is always the same.

That which is Eternal never changes, and that is the Soul or God of the universe. Matter is as eternal as soul, but is eternally changing by Spirit working in and through it.

The Mystics have no quarrel with any religion or any science; we merely wish to show how eternal the truth is.

May the peace, love and blessings of the Eternal One reach ALL is our constant prayer.

THE DIVINE WILL OF THE UNIVERSE IS FOR Good.

## Universal Brotherhood

T DELIGHTS the soul to see in this Soulful Age the rapid approach of the consummation of Universal Brotherhood.

It is pleasing to see the Jews and Christians coming closer together all the time.

As a striking instance of this brotherly love we give abstracts from addresses made at the recent laying of the cornerstone of Mount Sinai Hospital in New York City. This hospital will be built by Jews for ALL CREEDS AND RACES.

One part of Randolph Guggenheim's speech called forth much applause from the large and distinguished audience. It was the following:

Fifty years ago, when the hospital was in course of construction, the chisel of a workman engraved upon one of its walls in imperishable letters the dedication of that institution to the poor of the city of New York without any distinction of creed, color or race. That inscription represents the public ideal of Judaism. Its theology recognizes the fatherhood of God, but as a practical issue insists with far greater strength and emphasis upon the doctrine of the worth and brotherhood of man. In these days, when the landmarks of ancient religions are being removed and the foundations of speculative theology are shaken, it is a source of rejoicing to all thinking men and women that love of humanity, the cardinal truth of every creed, remains eternally undisturbed and shines with a perpetually increasing lustre and attractiveness. This has been, from time immemorial, the teaching of our race. It was shown in the golden days of its history when Israel arose in the council of the nations and proclaimed the divinity of righteousness and the godlikeness of goodness.

President Seth Low, of Columbia University, who was the next speaker, spoke of the growth of the hospital and its needs for larger buildings and better facilities, and in regard to the broad principles which had been followed in the founding of the hospital he said:

It has always been true that sympathy with suffering is not confined to any race or to any people; but it has not always been true that men of different races and of different creeds could so respect each other's views and honor each other's work as to make possible an occasion like this. I count it not the least of the services which our hospitals have rendered to this community that not one of them asks, when a sick person is brought to its doors, whether he is a Jew or Gentile, Protestant or Catholic.

The cornerstone, to which a bronze tablet was fastened and in a chamber of which had been placed a written history of the hospital and other documents, was swung into place, covered with American Beauty roses. Isaac Wallach, president of the Mount Sinai Hospital, received from Isaac Stern, chairman of the building committee, a silver trowel which he used in spreading some of the mortar as the stone was lowered to its resting place. He said in part:

We dedicate this building to the glory of God; we consecrate it to the service of man. We rear it for the distressed and suffering of all creeds and nationalities. May it raise its head high to proclaim the doctrine of universal brotherhood; may it stand for ages to cheer and comfort the weary, weatherbeaten traveler in his pilgrimage through life; may it transmit to future generations a message of good-will and the epitome of our true understanding of that which is broad, progressive and uplifting.

## \$100,000,000 in Charity

THE above vast sum was given away by the Baron and Baroness de Hirsch. The Baroness in a large measure prompted the Baron to his remarkable benefactions to the Jews, and after his death the Baroness disposed of a large portion of the fortune left to her by the Baron. Sara K. Bolton, the biographer, speaks of the character and work of the Baroness Clara de Hirsch in the June number of the *Delineator*. This is the last of a series of six articles by Mrs. Bolton on women and their gifts.

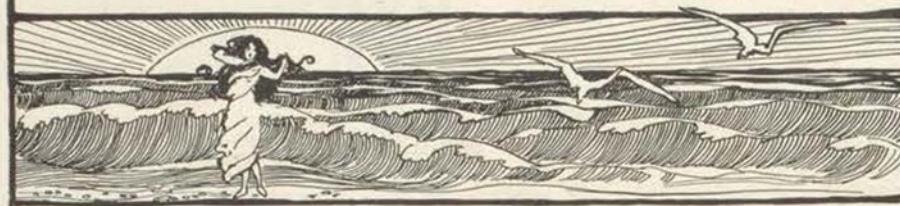
It is pleasing to note and publish accounts of great gifts by the very rich to charitable objects. The Jews are a charitable race, and THE MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES is pleased to see the prejudice in some quarters against them rapidly decreasing.

What a glorious world this will be when all ignorance, prejudice, bigotry and narrowness are eliminated. The great soul loves and respects ALL races, ALL peoples, ALL religions, because he knows we are ALL children of ONE ALL-FATHER; we are ALL striving according to our Light to reach the same Goal—Oneness with God.

So many of our readers write and ask "How can I get Light—Psychic Power?" The first rule is, LOVE THY fellow men and respect their religions, whatever they may be.

COD IS LOVE. LOVE IS POWERFUL.

## Life Vibrations from the Ocean



**T**HE GREAT Astrologers and seers worship the ocean during JULY and AUGUST in this zone:

The ocean, during these two months, is full of Life Vibratory Forces, and can give health and joy to people who live at the seashore during this period.

Adepts say to those who spend their summer holidays at the seaside to select some time in either July or August, as then the ocean is full of Life Vibrations.

September, October and November are for the mountains and hills.

Persons living in the interior, away from the ocean, would derive much benefit by spending a week or two at some ocean resort during July or August. Such a holiday will give New Life and New Vigor; the ocean is creating and recreating.

The mighty ocean is good for the Soul. It impresses the mind with the mighty power of the Eternal God.

F. H.

### The Horror of Fear

How much suffering is caused by fear in this world—and how much useless suffering, says the New York Journal.

All the terrors of superstition are utterly useless—yet they have inflicted suffering beyond calculation. The dreadful fear of ghosts that never existed has probably caused more actual suffering—especially among children—than any dozen illnesses.

The great mission of civilization and of religion is to do away with the reign of fear in the heart and the imagination.

It is comforting to know that each century sees some step taken toward freeing men from fear and its accompanying torture.

We believe that the keenest suffering through fear comes from the dread of being "found out."

What man or child has not during life suffered keenly the dread of exposure? Who has not in dreams suffered from fear so keenly as to make the dream seem real for hours after waking, and leave a genuine sensation of agony in the mind?

The mother suffers the agony of fear when her child is ill.

The workingman with wife and children depending on him lives in constant dread of the notice in his pay envelope:

"Hereafter your services will not be required."

This fear causes him intense and useless suffering, which weakens his mind and prevents his best effort.

That form of fear is gradually fading out.

The fear of future eternal punishment has driven many to insanity and clouded many lives. It torments many poor souls in insane asylums even yet.

That terror, thanks to an enlightened clergy preaching the merciful teachings of Christ, is disappearing.

The animals, living in a constant struggle for life, know fear, but only when danger is actually present. There is no reason to think that they suffer the agony of anticipation, which so often tortures men. They are mercifully spared.

There is much encouragement for all in the gradual extinction of fear as a factor in our daily lives. Everyone who helps along this extinction helps to free mankind from slavery most painful.

Every person can do something toward minimizing the suffering caused by fear.

Free children from their dread of darkness and of ghosts—never inflict fear upon them by forcing them to do that which frightens them.

Cheer up the despondent man or woman, whose fear for the future makes the present dark.

Banish fear from your own life, and decide with the old Greek that by living justly you will put yourself beyond the power of any man, and, therefore, beyond the reach of fear.

[When one lives a clean, pure and God-loving life, all fear disappears; the ghosts or spirits cannot hurt us; they sometimes disturb the minds of those who do not live the life. The fear of an Angry and Wrathful God has caused more horror and keener agony than anything else in the world; there is no such God; but there is an Eternal God of Love, Mercy and Gentleness.—EDITOR.]

### 103 Years

LIVE TO BE OVER 100 YEARS

JOSEPH MCGRATH, one of the oldest men in New York City, celebrated his 103d birthday May 20. He is one of the few persons in Greater New York who have seen three centuries.

"I'm feeling fine," said the old man, "and I'm not old yet, by any means. I consider myself strong and I hope the good Lord will let me live some more years in this wonderful century."

Mr. McGrath lives with his married daughter, Mrs. Catherine Ruddy, at No. 444 East Eighty-second street. Every day he walks alone, spry as a man of sixty. He shaves himself every day, his sight and hearing are both good, and his hair is far from white. He is worth \$20,000.

McGrath has sixty-four direct descendants, including several great-great-grandchildren. He gets up every day at 7 A.M., has his breakfast, walks out and comes home to dinner. The afternoons he spends in East River Park, surrounded by old cronies.

"I'm good for another ten years," he said recently. "I'll see another census. Look at my head; not a white hair in it, and I've got grandsons who are bald. I came here in 1864, when I was sixty-six years old, and here I am yet. Remember, too, I was a grown man when the battle of Waterloo was fought."

We have entered Mr. McGrath's name on our fast growing Roll of Honor, comprised of living persons whose ages range from 90 years upward. We believe in the soul holding the physical body as long as possible, and in an occult way this magazine will help anyone who reads it regularly to live to a great age—a ripe old age. Great soul power is the secret of perfect health and a long, useful and happy life.

### Hope

AND can a thing created live and its creator die?

If worthy deed and worthy thought may not be lost, then why  
Should man pass down this finite life and  
ruin mark his way?

Who builds for earth may well expect his  
treasures to decay.

But he, the man of worthy deed, or man of  
worthy thought,

Builds not for time nor fame. The battle of  
this life is fought

And won by him alone who climbs so high  
that he disdains

To look below for hope and fame and followings  
of their trains.

Oh, men of worthy deed! Oh, men whose  
thought ennobled life!

We, watching for your footprints in the midst  
of toil and strife

Take courage and believe that there is no  
eternal night,

And we press on to find, as ye have found,  
Eternal Light.

—N. A. H., in *New York Times*.

LET US be of good cheer, remembering that the misfortunes hardest to bear are those which never come.—Lowell.

### The Virgin Mary Is Type of the Noblest Womanhood

By Rev. Dr. Hillis.

THE REV. DR. HILLIS, in a recent sermon in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, commended the Roman Catholic Church for lifting to a high place of worship Mary, the mother of Jesus Christ. Describing the mental and spiritual influences that were brought to bear on the life of Christ, during the period between twelve and thirty years of which the Bible makes no formal record, Dr. Hillis said:

"The first influence that shaped His life was that of His mother, Mary, and no Church has so perfectly recognized and understood this as the Roman Church. It has placed her by the side of Christ Himself, and so worshipped her, though in this it may have made overstatement of her divinity.

"In divinity and intellectuality, however, she represents one of the supreme things in all history. She is the apotheosis of the noblest womanhood."

This magazine is pleased to note the brotherly feeling that is increasing between Roman Catholic and Protestant.

Some of our adepts frequently worship one Sunday at the Roman church, the next Sunday at a Protestant church, and the next Saturday at a synagogue. We believe in all religions.

### Rich Women Love Friendless Girls

THE rich women of New York City as a rule are indefatigable workers in helping uplift humanity.

Notable among these women are Mrs. Isidor Straus and Mrs. Nathan Straus. They have established a fine Home for Friendless Girls at No. 186 Chrystie street, New York City.

One of our mystic adepts who is powerful in prayer will silently pray for this Home, and we would suggest that some of our readers, who know the great power of prayer, will also send forth a prayer for the Home for Friendless Girls of New York City.

The angels hear these prayers and immediately do all they can to help the object prayed for.

We Mystics do not always pray to God, but often to the Bright Ones—the angels in the spirit world—who are delighted to help in any good work.

If spiritualists understood more about the angels—spirits—they would not be asking them to do such fool things as tipping tables, blowing horns and so forth. The real spiritualist has nothing to do with these low and vulgar performances.

### Thought and Action

MIND is the most powerful force in nature or in the universe. If the mind is properly trained, the lives of men will be more fruitful, they will be enjoyed more and the goal of perfection will be reached more speedily than it could be through materialistic teachings.

Every man is a god, every man has the power to work his own salvation, and that salvation is his own perfection. There is no heaven; there is no hell. A tortured memory would be the most terrible of all hells. There is no day of redemption and judgment. By bettering the individual the world will become better. Thoughts are things if they are moulded into action.—Lloyd Kenyon Jones, in *Elkka*.

[Think, act, do; that is the gospel of this age. If the mind is pure there will be action and great good.—EDITOR.]

### Penalties for Pessimism

IF pessimists and cynics could only realize the penalties that they have to pay for their pessimism and cynicism, they would stand aghast in horror.

The men and women who are happy and cheerful, and who are winning the golden apples in these days of prosperity, are the optimists—the ones who persistently look on the bright side of life.

A true optimist is always a true worker—an energetic, self-reliant, independent worker. He asks for no favors; he only desires the fruits of his labor or work, and gets them.

All pessimists are not drones or idlers, but I never saw a drone or idler that was not more or less of a pessimist.—Frank Harrison.

THINGS done well, and with a care, exempt themselves from fear.—Shakespeare.

**FEAR IS WEAKENING—FEAR NOT.**



"COME, BROTHERS, YOU HAVE GROWN SO BIG YOU CANNOT AFFORD TO QUARREL."

*From Harper's Weekly. By Permission. Copyright, 1901, by Harper & Brothers.*

This Magazine believes in Peace and Harmony among men. The above excellent illustration is suggestive. The Mystics recognize in Mr. Rogers, the artist, a deep and profound thinker. The unseen spiritual forces who work for good are helping our brother, as we have long watched his excellent work in important National State and City affairs.—THE MYSTICS.

#### Hypnotized by a Poster

BERTHA ATKINSON, a seamstress of Des Moines, was recently driven to the verge of insanity by a poster.

Physicians declare that Miss Atkinson is a victim of personal suggestive hypnotism.

Across the lot from where Miss Atkinson sat at her window all the day is a billboard on which was a poster showing a man with outstretched hand and finger, his glittering eye sighting along the finger as along a gun barrel. The poster compelled the beholder to look, and from whatever viewpoint it was seen the finger stretched straight at the victim and the eye glittered with a hypnotizing power.

It is this eye and this finger which wrought havoc with the seamstress's nerves.

#### The College Student and the Church

FOR one educated youth who is alienated from religion by the persuasions of science, philosophy or art, ten, we may be sure, are thus affected by the irrational or impracticable teaching of religion. It is not an inherent issue between learning and faith which forces them out of the Church in which they were born; it is an unscientific and reactionary theory of faith. It is not the college which must renew its conformity to the Church; it is the Church which must open its eyes to the marvelous expansion of intellectual horizon which lies before the mind of every college student to-day.—*The Rev. Dr. Francis G. Peabody, Preacher to Harvard University, in the Forum.*

#### The Theosophist's Idea

COL. HENRY STEELE OLcott, president and founder of the Theosophical Society, is now in this country. He is making a tour of the world. He is impatient of the various "scientific" sects which have sprung up.

"I do not know Dowie," he said recently to a newspaper reporter, "but I understand that his church is conducted for profit. He is not akin, in spirit or practice, with the Theosophists. We are not a sect and we care nothing for money. I understand also that Mrs. Eddy is using her doctrines for the up-building of a rich and powerful sect. We are in sympathy with such movements."

All may do what has by man been done.—Young.

## "AN HONEST SOUL"

BY REV. GEORGE H. HEPWORTH, IN NEW YORK HERALD

"Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness."—St. Matthew, vi, 33.

**T**IF you regard all your varied experiences as equally useful for the purpose of building a character, though they may not all be equally pleasant, you have discovered the cornerstone of the spiritual universe and are equipped for the work in hand.

If, on the other hand, you look upon life as an opportunity to appropriate to yourself everything within reach, and you make it your aim and purpose to do that, not even the angels can keep you from making a dismal spiritual failure.

There are two possible standpoints, and the one which you occupy settles your worth or your worthlessness. From the first you look on the world as belonging to you personally, and from the second you look on yourself as belonging to the world. In the one case you get all you can; in the other you give all you can. In the one case you may die rich and enter heaven poor, and in the other you may die poor and enter heaven rich. Religion consists in helping others, and heresy in forcing others to serve you.

Money contributes to human happiness, without doubt, but it is not the only thing, nor yet the chief thing to be sought, and it is possible to pay for it several times its value. The age in which we live seems to me to be money mad. Schemes are on foot from which moral principle is sadly absent, and conscience is chloroformed that our cunning may obtain what cannot be had by fair means. Therefore envy is stimulated by wealth, and crude and purely animal passions environ the struggle for it. We prefer wealth to peace of soul, and are too ready to sacrifice the latter for the former.

This is a wrong, a false attitude to assume. It is quite right to strive for riches, but it is not right for a man to become a merely money-making machine, and a dollar which is not endorsed by honesty is the meanest ounce of metal on the planet. Competition in the race is well enough in its way, but it is not profitable when it so strains the physical system that life is nothing more nor less than a chronic fever which weakens, then disables, then lays us in the tomb before our time. Death and disease are a heavy price to pay for a result which we lose as soon as we begin to enjoy it. Swimming in the smooth waters of a river may be healthful exercise,

but diving into a maelstrom and battling with the engulging swirl of the vortex is neither good exercise nor good sense.

What we need to preach to our fellow men, therefore, is the pre-eminent value of moral principle. Clear eyed and sturdy integrity which scorns to do a wrong to anyone, even when personal gain is in sight, is the crying necessity of the hour. It is time to teach our young men that in the diadem of true success the chief jewel is a clean conscience. Let them work, let them build castles in the air, let them dream dreams of future eminence, but let them know beyond peradventure that a solid character is better than a solid bank account. Life does not consist of stocks and bonds, but of that nobility of soul which can face the judgment of God without a blush, that knightliness of deed which uplifts mankind and enriches the whole world. Write it on the sky that to be upright and downright, to live in parallelism with the laws of God, to make good, old-fashioned righteousness the end to be sought—that these produce personal happiness and that happiness cannot be had without them.

That is the square, unflinching and invincible truth of the occasion. If you evade it the precipice is ahead of you. If you deny it you do it to your peril and ultimate regret. It is the rock of our Gibraltar, with its foundations in the centre of the earth. You are worth too much to the present and the future to overreach your own soul by false theories of life. There is but one rule in the moral universe, and that is that the straight line is better than the crooked line; that justice will vindicate itself in the long run; that God has built the universe on honesty and truth, and you can no more defy them with impunity than you can defy a poison to produce its legitimate consequences.

I do not care for the church you attend, the sect to which you belong, the theology you profess to believe. These matters have no interest for me. They are incidental and insignificant. The world is divided on these subjects, but the whole race, "from China to Peru," in all climes and ages, reverences honesty and character. With these two in your possession you are ready for the duties of this life, and you will be sure of a welcome when you open your eyes in heaven.

GEORGE H. HEPWORTH.

[Each month we will print one of Dr. Hepworth's helpful and inspiring sermons.—EDITOR.]

### The Religion That Is Needed

From the New York Sun

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: I wish to write a few words, as a layman, regarding the present discussion of the Westminster Confession and of religious matters in general. One of the principal causes of our churches being so poorly attended as they are is that ministers fail, to a large extent, to teach true religion. They are, generally speaking, well meaning men, but, it would seem, for the most part, men who are students more than teachers, theologians more than leaders, speculators after doctrines and dogmas more than inspirers, whose views of life and religion, and the connection between them, need boiling down by close contact with practical life.

The world needs practical saving power, a power which will lift it upward and onward, a power which will take away sin and sorrow and everything that is abominable, a power which will make it perfect. The essence of the spirit of God is to lift men up, here, and the keynote of the teachings of Jesus is that the kingdom of God is within us. What will become of us after death, and similar speculations, may be of interest to scholars and students, but I venture to say that they are of very little practical interest to a world that needs saving grace now. Heaven and hell dwell together on earth, and the work of men should be (as the work of the Spirit of God is) to rid the world of hell and give us "a new heaven and a new earth," a world wherein heaven dwells alone.

J. H.

J. H. is quite right. He will find, however, with true Spiritual Enlightenment all knowledge will come to him—the Past, Present and Future. God reveals Himself fully to the really Spiritual man or woman. The religion that is needed is the religion that tells man he must purify mind and body and live a clean, pure, chaste life; must be moral. Without strict morality there can be no Spirituality.—EDITOR.

### Rabbi Krauskopf on Judaism and Christianity

From the Rostrum

CHRISTIANITY professes to be the religion of Christ and Judaism professes to be the religion of Moses. Both religions have been proven, from this pulpit and from others, to be one in spirit and largely in letter. Both teach the belief in one Father, and in the brotherhood of humanity and the equality of all men before God. Both alike fondly look forward to a reign of universal peace and good will, when the sword shall be beaten into the ploughshare and every man sit beneath the shelter of his own vine and fig tree. But unfortunately the teaching of the founders of both religions was lost sight of; the one swamped in a stagnant pool of absurd rites and ceremonies, the other swept into the mire of paganism and idolatry; the one promising salvation for the mere performance of senseless observances, the other for mere belief in miracles and impossibilities. Thus they have little time to give toward hastening the reign of universal peace.

### A Spiritualist's Idea

MOSES HULL, the great spiritualist, was asked by a member of the New York Legislature if he would oppose the Wagner bill, if it were amended so as to exclude magnetic healers and clairvoyants from its provisions. "Yes, sir," was the noble patriot's reply; "I oppose that bill on principle, and not for selfish gain to anyone." "Well," said the legislator, "you are the only one thus far whom I have found that takes that position. The Christian Scientists, Osteopaths and other irregular schools have stated that they would not care if the bill did pass, provided they secured exemption. They were seeking personal advantage—not principle." Comment is unnecessary.—*Banner of Light*.

### Religious Ideas of the Times

ALL GOVERNMENT AID AND SUPPORT OF RELIGION DENOUNCED BY A BAPTIST MINISTER

From the Kansas City Journal

AMONG the delegates to the Southern Baptist Convention held at New Orleans recently were two Governors and four ex-Governors. Ex-Governor Northern, of Georgia, was Moderator, and the four Vice-Presidents were Governor Hurd, of Louisiana; Governor Longino, of Mississippi; ex-Governor Levering, of Maryland, and ex-Governor Eagle, of Arkansas.

The feature of the convention was the address of Dr. Hawthorne, of Virginia. His subject was "What Baptists Have Done and May Do for Religious Liberty." Dr. Hawthorne gave voice to sentiments that are not often uttered by a minister, but at the same time he did not go beyond the principles of the Baptist Church. He asserted that the entire separation of Church and State had not been reached in any country.

He said in our army and navy are scores of Christian ministers wearing the insignia of Federal authority and performing the work of their sacred calling, backed by the strong arm of civil power. They are commissioned and paid by the Government.

"Do not tell me," said he, "that all this does not wound the consciences of millions of men who are loyal to our American Government. It wounds the conscience of the Jew, of the Buddhist, of the Moslem, of the agnostic, of the deist and of the atheist. A large share of our national revenue comes from the pockets of men who do not believe in the Christian religion, and when our Government appropriates any part of our revenue to religious purposes it does violence to the consciences of millions of its subjects by thus compelling them to support something in which they do not believe."

"Government patronage of Christianity has never drawn one soul to the Kingdom of Christ, but has driven millions from it. It is doing more to-day to foster scepticism than all the apostles of infidelity. We shall never know the full power of Gospel truth to transform the world and we shall never realize the sublime possibilities of the Church of God until we obliterate from civil legislation the last vestige of Government support of religion."

### Some Curious Religious Sects

THE religious census of New South Wales contains a curious item. Among the one and a quarter million inhabitants of the province there are 100 different creeds and sects. No less than fifty-nine religions have only one supporter apiece, a solitary individual who expects to go to heaven all alone, while the rest of the nation falls with a thud into perdition.

A striking feature here is that in only six instances is the lonesome apostle a woman, and the six women who hold up six deserted creeds all by themselves appear to be mostly Scotch. Taking them all around, the religionists of New South Wales are a humorous gathering.

There are four "Calithumpians" among them, and one sad and friendless person who puts himself down as an "Admirer of Nature," one "Pessimist," and three who record themselves as "Unprejudiced."

There is one—only one—"Believer in Facts," and one "Brotherhood of Man" individual with nobody in all the rest of the list to be a brother to him, also one "Moralist," one "No Christian," and a single "Seeker," one "Philosopher," one "Bellamyite," and—sad, unfriended, melancholy, slow, at the tail-end of the list—a dejected "Fatalist."

Also there is one "Open Brethren," which is a cheerful thing in a land where most of the brethren seem to be shut fast; and along with these fancy and comic believers there are a lot of sectarians who put themselves down as "Ecclesiastes, vi, only;" "Ephesians, ii, 8;" "Gathered unto Me," "Nurtured in the Admonition of the Lord," "Hardshell Baptist," "Do Good," "Saints," and one tough individual who defines himself as "Expert."

WHERE a book raises your spirits and inspires you with noble and courageous feelings, seek for no other rule to judge the event by; it is good, and made by a good workman.

REALIZE your identity with the Infinite.

THE "New Thought" is the "Oldest thought" in the universe.

**The Grand Old Man of Boston**



ING the praises of Edward Everett Hale—the Great Soul.

This magazine delights to print accounts of grand, aspiring souls.

Read carefully and thoughtfully the following brief account of an exceptionally strong character:

In his eightieth year, his physical powers well preserved, his mind alert and keen as ever, Edward Everett Hale is easily the grand old man of Boston.

More than that, he is as fine a type of the thoroughbred American—the American who believes in his country, its ideals of government, its institutions; who is proud of its past and confident of its future—as there is to be found in the forty-five States of our Union. Edward Everett Hale is an eighty-year-old optimist.

In a most interesting account of Dr. Hale's many-sided life—journalist, preacher, author, novelist, educator, philanthropist, and party man—in the May Review of Reviews some of his most salient and characteristic teachings are recalled. In Boston they have called him for years "the city's pastor at large" and "the minister of all the people who don't go to church." Every human being in distress who had "no church ties," or who was dying and had no "regular minister" to send for, has claimed Dr. Hale's services. And never in vain. He never would allow himself to be called a "clergyman," but simply "a Christian minister."

His story, "Ten Times One Is Ten," called into existence the myriad organizations of King's Daughters and Lend-a-Hand Clubs, all of them, like Dr. Hale, broadly altruistic in spirit and aiming to realize in "action" the Doctor's famous motto:

Look up and not down;  
Look forward and not back;  
Look on and not in;  
Lend a hand.

He has been broad and liberal in education as well as in religion—the stout champion of extending the highest education to all the people. This is his own platform:

"Any full view of the right of all God's children refuses to limit to any upper class the delights of science, the full range of literature and all which we call liberal education."

The sole reason for which America exists as a nation, he says, is that each man may serve others, his social standing depending wholly upon the measure of the social service he renders. "Whosoever would be chiefest among you shall be servant of all," is the motto in which he expresses his idea of our national mission.

His faith in his country and in its mission has been expressed in such sentences as these:

Our Government is ourselves united.

Democracy is a system in which the people rules itself and commands its servants.

Our President is not a King; our people is not a third estate; our churches are not hierarchies; our aristocracy is not hereditary.

In the feudal or European systems no man may do anything unless he is permitted. In the democratic or American system he may do anything unless he is forbidden.

The greatest mistakes in our Government have all been the mistakes of theorists. The great successes have been wrought when the people took their own affairs in hand and pushed them through.

And perhaps this octogenarian optimist of the Hub never coined a finer maxim than the one he offers for every man and woman as an individual: "This world is to be a better world because I am in it."

**When the Soul Passes On**

THERE is no pain in the transition called death. The soul merely casts off the worn-out gross body—passes on to the Ethereal world—the Bright World—clothed in an ethereal or astral body. This astral body is real matter, but so very fine that it cannot be seen on the physical plane; it is a fine, glorious, radiant body. See illustrated article on pages 79 and 80.

READ this magazine regularly and enter upon the New Life and make progress. Get into our vibrations. Have joy and gladness in your heart. Live a long and happy life here, before passing on to the Brighter Spheres. Live in the GLORIOUS NOW.

**ASPIRE TO BE SOULFUL.**

**A Revelation**

By Hugh O. Pentecost



HAT time I was willing to hear, God said, "Listen to thyself and thou shalt hear My voice and what I would say to thee and through thee." Then listened I and gave heed, and God said, "Why seekest thou Me? Find thyself and thou hast found Me. Know thyself and thou knowest Me. I am myself. Thou art not all of Me, though I am all of thee. I am all that is thee, and all that is not thee. I am All. I am the personal and the impersonal, the unit and the universal. I am matter and spirit; different manifestations of one substance. I am the reality and the form. My essence thou canst not know. Forms thou mayest know. Myself I Myself comprehend not, else thou couldst comprehend Me, for I am thyself. As thou knowest not what thou thyself art, so I know not Myself, for I am thee and thou art Me."

And God said, "Seest thou the brown earth? I am the brown earth. What the brown earth does I do." And I said, "Yea, I see. Thou art the brown earth."

And God said, "Seest thou the flowing water, the still water, the ascending and falling water? I am the water, and what the water does I do." And I said, "Yea, I see. Thou art the dew, the mist, the rain, and the sea."

And God said, "Seest thou the winged, the footed, the creeping, the crawling creature? I am these, and what they do I do." And I said, "Yea, I see. Thou art the bird, the beast, the insect, the reptile."

And God said, "Seest thou the grass of the meadow, the flower of the field, the shrub, the tree? I am these, and what they do I do." And I said, "Yea, I see. Thou art the noisy day and the silent night."

And God said, "Seest thou the brown man, the black man, the yellow man, the white man? I am these, and what they do I do." And I said, "Yea, I see. Thou art all men."

And God said, "Seest thou the kind and busy man, the tyrant, warrior, criminal, mean man, hypocrite; the gentle mother and the night-prowling woman? I am these, and what they do I do." And I said, "Yea, I see. Thou art every manner of person."

And God said, "Blessed art thou, who seest God in all, and knowest that God is all and all is God."

And God said, "Seest thou light and darkness, heat and cold, health and disease, life and death? I am these, and what they do I do." And I said, "Yea, I see that Thou art same ness and dissimilarity."

And God said, "Seest thou peace and war, zephyrs and hurricanes, steadiness and earth-quakings, showers and floods, constrictions and disruptings, happiness and misery, love and hate, joy and grief, harmony and discord, certainties and casualties? I am these, and what they do I do." And I said, "Yea, I see that Thou art this and the other."

And God said, "Seest thou that all is one?" And I said, "Yea, I see that all is one."

And God said, "Seest thou that all is good?" And I said, "Yea, I see that all things work together for good."

And God said, "Seest thou that all energy is one?" And I said, "Yea, I see but one Power."

And God said, "Seest thou that each thing is intelligent in itself, after its kind; that the brown earth is intelligent after its kind, even as the great man after his kind?" And I said, "Yea, I see that even the clod is wise."

And God said, "Seest thou that all energy is the energy of attraction?" And I said, "Yea, I see that all is Love."

And God said, "Happy are ye! To know this is the beginning of wisdom."

And God said, "Seest thou that everything is in its place?" And I said, "Yea, I see that I, too, am in my place."

And God said, "Happy are ye."—Fred Burry's Journal.

An innocent, unlearned, simple-minded yet soulful man, who LIVES a clean, pure, moral life with love for God, man and animal in his soul, heart and head, knows more of the universe than the most learned and intellectual scientist who is not soulful or strictly moral. I have met so-called ignorant men, who could neither read nor write, but who were divine in their nature and knew more of God and His universe than some of the most learned scientists we have. Yet I dearly love all science, the arts and education.—Frank Harrison.

**The Spirit Speaks**

THROUGH ADEPT NO. 1 OF THE MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES

AT 1:30 o'clock A.M. of May 18, 1901, while Adept No. 1 of this magazine was in the BLESSED STATE—the Superconscious State—the Psychic Voice said, "Write down this prayer for men."

O Blessed All-Father and All-Mother, the Ruler of this Grand Universe, we adore Thee; we Love Thee.

Thou art All Love, All Force, All Intelligence, the Ancient One, without beginning, without end. WE LOVE THEE!

Thou art both the PERCEIVED and the PERCEIVER throughout the whole Universe. Thou art both Matter and Spirit. WE LOVE THEE.

Thou art the Atheist, the Buddhist, the Brahman, the Jew, the Christian, All Beings. Therefore when we pray to Thee let us open up our minds and hearts to Thee, Blessed One, and tear from our souls the veils of darkness, ignorance, superstition, intolerance and bigotry, and thus let the GREAT LIGHT OF LOVE and Wisdom flood our souls. WE LOVE THEE, BLESSED ONE!

Then we will always pray to Thee, Eternal God, as follows:

Bless the Atheist,  
Bless the Sceptic,  
Bless the Jew,  
Bless the Brahman,  
Bless the Buddhist,  
Bless the Mohammedan,  
Bless the Christian,

Bless the believers in Countless Religions and Sects, for are they not Your children—our brothers?

Bless All Souls, irrespective of belief, race, color or intelligence, whether in the mineral body, the vegetable body, the animal body or the human body. Thou wilt Bless them without our asking; but it does us good to ask this of Thee.

All are Thee, Blessed God.

Thou art both Spirit and Matter—the Eternal One.

Thou art the All-Father and All-Mother of ALL.

We Love and Adore Thee!  
We Adore Thee Forever,  
We Love Thee Forever,  
We Worship Thee Forever,  
Because Thou art All there is.

Because Thou art—  
All Pure Love,  
All Pure Light,  
All Pure Bliss,  
All Pure Life,  
All Pure Strength.  
Because, Blessed One, Thou art—  
Within and Without,  
Above and Under,  
The Omnipresent,  
The Omnipotent,  
The Omniscient.

This prayer of Love, Adoration and Worship of the Blessed God is answered before it is uttered; it is not even necessary to be said, but we thus pray to Thee, Great One, as little children, because prayer cleanses and purifies our minds, our hearts and our bodies, and makes the Real Man within—the Eternal Soul—Free and Blissful.

Thy Love and Light through prayer Illuminate us, children of this little planet of Thy Great and Grand Universe.

Light,  
Knowledge,  
Wisdom,  
Peace,  
Joy,  
Bliss,

Come to us through Silent Prayer of Love, Adoration and Worship.

Help us, All-Father, to be more kind, more gentle, more patient, more tolerant, more loving and more forgiving. Take us gently by the hand and lead us out of the mire of ignorance, superstition, bigotry and intolerance.

Let us live on the Broad and Universal Plane—at one with Thee, Blessed God. Uttered in the Spirit, by the Spirit—the Soul—AMEN.

**Mystic Adeptship**

MYSTIC Adeptship is gained by Love, Purity, Morality, Worship and Work—the adept loves God and all His works, lives a chaste and continent life, worships the Blessed One at many shrines, through many religions, and works honestly and faithfully doing some of the work necessary to be done in a growing and progressing world like this. Poverty must be banished; drudgery must be abolished and disease must cease—this requires a tremendous amount of work of all kinds. Mystics are never drones, idlers or dreamers. They are the real workers of the world—the great doers of things. We love to work.—The Mystics.



## DREAMS AND THEIR MEANINGS\*

"Behold, the angel of the Lord appeared unto him in a dream." St. Matthew, i, 20.

A DREAM, to have significance, must occur to the sleeper while in a healthy and tranquil sleep.

Those dreams of which we have no vivid conception, or clear remembrance, have no significance.

To have beautiful dreams and night visions one must have a high spiritual nature.

The angels do appear to us in dreams. The Bible says so. (Read Bible authority at head of this column.) But, aside from the Good Book, wise and God-loving seers of all ages have interpreted dreams, and will continue to do so in the future.

Much discredit—and rightfully so—has been brought upon interpreters of dreams because so many alleged "fortune-tellers" and charlatans have fooled the credulous—for a money consideration.

I never received any money for this work, outside of a regular salary, and never will. I will gladly interpret your dreams, and will be pleased to hear from the subscribers of this magazine with accounts of their dreams.

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

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

**MORTIMER.**—Dear brother, your dream means that the friends who have gone to the brighter realms are trying hard to reach out to you, and we would suggest that you send forth a strong desire to have them do so, as much mutual good can be accomplished when you make a connection with the ones who have gone on ahead of you. If you put forth an earnest desire for communion with those out of the body and hold the desire, ways and means to do so will be opened up to you.

**AURIN F. H.**—Your dream is certainly curious, and we can only account for it by believing that your astral body having left your gross body for a time during sleep, and being on the spot when the accident occurred, knew about it. Have you told us the exact truth about this dream? Our guides can get no definite information about the affair.

**G. H.**—Your dream means that you are reaching out and are soon to have good fortune. Great joy is to come to you very soon. Full, flowing plenty. John, vii, 38; Ps. lxv, 9. Listen more than ever to the Spirit, dear brother.

**L. J.**—Your dreams mean much. Fear not. They mean that your guarding angels are ever alert and watchful. The heavenly music you heard was really strains from the Angel World. Live in the Spirit as much as possible. Your influences are excellent. Thank them in silent prayer, and they will come again. Spiritual people always pray to God and then to the Angels before retiring to sleep. God reaches us through His Angels, but we must honor the Bright Ones with joyful prayers, and thus you help their progress in the Spiritual World as well as your own here on Earth.

**H. E. L.**—Your dream is what we call the "dream of the sorrowful," and signifies no danger whatever, although it is not a very pleasing dream. We would suggest to you that the dear ones in the bright spheres do not desire you to mourn or be saddened by their departure, as it affects them. By mourning for those out of the body we disturb them and retard their progress. The angels are continually sending messages to the wise ones on earth to urge persons to not mourn for their relatives or friends who have passed on. The transition called "death" is glorious when you understand it. Yet we believe in holding the body or temple of the soul as long as possible here on the earth plane, as it then makes the progress of the soul in the Spiritual Worlds easier. If one desires to mourn for those who have gone, and show it with dress, white should be worn, and not black. The white robe in your dream is significant. We wish you would cast all black aside and ask the angels to guide you. New Light is about to come to you. This magazine can help you. Do not let the dream disturb you one bit. Peace be with you, dear child.

**STEPHEN C. D. B.**—Your dream should not disturb you, as it means that the bonds of fear and doubt are soon to be torn away from your soul. Try to have more hope and faith.

**HARYAT.**—Eating animal food causes bad dreams such as you describe. The dream you speak of has no significance.

**REX.**—Your dream is a warning that you should not kill animals. You should not take that which you cannot give. Think about this seriously. Think twice before you cause the killing of anything or watch the slaughter or butchery of any animal.

**B. M.**—Your dream means that you are soon to receive the Great Light. The doors are about to open, and joy will come to you. Read this magazine very thoughtfully.

**M. A. R.**—Your dreams are of the nature of glorified visions. Dear one, you are far on the path. Be patient and dwell all you can with the Angels! Whole bands will help you. Your letter brought extreme joy to us, because you are so fine—so spiritual. Silently pour out love to those who are carnal. Love the animals, especially the dogs. The poor animals have few lovers; they are cruelly hounded and neglected. The dogs in your dreams mean that you must project great love on all the souls in the animal form. Lord Buddha is helping this magazine to impress people to be kind to all animals and to love them. We have sent out a silent message for you, as we do for all who write us. Peace be with you.

**COWBOY.**—Your dream means fortune. A great door to wealth will soon open to you. Be faithful and look up to the Higher Powers. Work faithfully—keep busy at some legitimate, honest work. We are here to labor and work. Read this magazine regularly, as it can help you; it will make you a noble and successful worker.

**EVA M.**—Your dream means your mother is trying hard to reach you. The angels don't like cutting, butchery and slaughtering on earth and are moving every unseen force to stop it. He who uses the knife must use it cautiously.

**STELLA A.**—Your father is not "dead." Please do not think of him as "dead." He is very much alive in the Spirit world, and is trying hard to reach out to you, and we would suggest that you utter up a prayer to be led to an experienced and well-qualified medium.

**BLOOD STONE.**—Your dreams mean much. Give all the time you can to Spiritualism. Utter a silent prayer to be directed to persons who can really aid you. This magazine will help you much; read it very thoughtfully. New Light is to shine on your path; new development is to take place. Some great and wise angels desire to speak to you very much. Live as quietly as possible and don't eat too much heavy and gross food. Call on your guides for a leading. Keep up good cheer and courage. We will help you.

**LULU T.**—Your dream means that you are to move in higher and better circles. You will get great Light from this magazine, as great unseen forces are helping it and all of its readers.

**SEEKER FOR TRUTH.**—It is not too late for you. Listen to the Spirit only. You have neglected and disobeyed the Angels, hence your fears and doubts. Fast and pray and ask their forgiveness. Pray to God and the Angels. Read this magazine. Go to some good minister and get him to pray for you. Bend every effort to get back on the path. We will in our mystic, silent way, help you.

We have answered all the really important letters. Our space is precious and we cannot waste it on dreams that are not warnings of dangerous happenings or don't mean something.

All persons who write to this magazine are helped by us in the Silent and Mystic way. If you do not receive a special letter or see your dream answered in print your letter has been attended to. We are tremendous workers, day and night. Most of our work is done through prayer and messages to the Spirit Realms. Where we see special help is needed we call for it.

But remember, dear readers, you must help yourselves. Don't lean on us. Nothing will

come if you do. Get down on your knees and do some old-fashioned, earnest praying. We reach the Eternal Good by prayer, meditation, work, mediums and all the unseen forces of the universe. Every section of this glorious country has either a minister, a rabbi, a priest, a spiritualist medium or some spiritually minded man. If in trouble or doubt, go to this Man of God and open your heart and soul to him, and help will come through him. The Spirit works through ALL religions and all cults and all sects.

We are always pleased to hear from the subscribers to this magazine, and cordially invite all of you to send in your dreams for interpretation.

Address Dream Editor of THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES, 22 North William street, New York City.

### Vision Saved His Life

BUT for a dream which his employer had Joseph Emrich, a tailor working for Herman Bikiefer, of No. 291 Greene avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., would have lost his life recently. Emrich sleeps in a room in the rear of the store, and his employer occupies apartments upstairs.

Early on the morning of June 3 Bikiefer dreamed that someone was trying to set fire to the store and kill Emrich. He awoke and was so troubled by the dream that he went downstairs. He found that the gas in Emrich's room had been turned on in some manner and that the tailor was lying unconscious in bed. Emrich was removed to the Brooklyn Hospital.—*New York Times*.

[The above account in the *New York Times* is interesting as showing how the Spiritual Force works. The vision was evidently projected on the dreamer's mind by guarding angels who knew the danger Mr. Emrich was in. We are constantly surrounded by angels.—EDITOR.]

### He Saw Glory of Heaven

GLORIFIED VISIONS OF BRIGHTNESS

**THE REV. E. R. JOHNSON,** of Indianapolis, Ind., recently celebrated his seventieth birthday by attending a large revival at his home in Mulberry, Clinton County, Ind. He then told for the first time publicly what he firmly believes to be his actual return from death, an occurrence of thirty years ago.

"I was seized with a fever and lost consciousness," he said. "Two physicians pronounced me dead, and my relatives were summoned. The funeral was fixed for the third day after my supposed death. It was a church funeral, and I was carried in the hearse and coffin nearly four miles to the church.

"The people had gathered, and a brother minister of mine was reading the opening hymn when a gust of wind slammed the church door, causing a vibration of the building, which moved the coffin in which I lay. I was shaken out of unconsciousness.

"I sat up in the coffin and looked around with a feeling of wonder. I saw the crowd, the minister, and I thought I had gone to sleep in church. The glorious visions that had come to me during the three days I was supposed to be dead I then thought were dreams. I lay down and went to sleep.

"My rising in my coffin caused a stampede in the church, of course, but the local undertaker saw the situation and helped me out without awakening me. I was laid on the pulpit floor and slept an hour longer before I was awakened by the few relatives who had stayed with me. I recovered rapidly.

"I will not talk of the visions that came to me while I was in the coffin. I firmly believe they were glimpses of the next world. They were beautiful and beyond compare. It would be sacrilegious for me to describe them. I will say that they were so real that I have had my faith strengthened and am now more than ever convinced of the glorious promises of the grandeur of the next world. Neighbors have visited me and talked with me since about the experience, but I have told them nothing. This is more than I ever spoke of the matter before."

"I believe I was dead and was brought back to life by God to tell the glad tidings of a future life."

[Evidently brother Johnson's soul left the body and visited one of the heavenly spheres. The grandeur of the Spirit Worlds is beyond description by mortals.—EDITOR.]

If any little love of mine  
May make a life the sweeter,  
If any little care of mine  
May make a friend's the fleeter,  
If any lift of mine may ease  
The burden of another—  
God give me love and care and strength  
To help my toiling brother.

**"ADVICE"**

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in *New York Journal*.

**I**MUST do as you do? Your way I own  
Is a very good way. And still  
There are sometimes two straight roads to a town,  
One over, one under the hill.

You are treading the safe and the well-worn way  
That the prudent choose each time;  
And you think me reckless and rash to-day,  
Because I prefer to climb.

Your path is the right one, and so is mine.  
We are not like peas in a pod,  
Compelled to lie in a certain line,  
Or else be scattered abroad.

'Twere a dull old world, methinks, my friend,  
If we all went just one way;  
Yet our paths will meet, no doubt, at the end,  
Though they lead apart to-day.

You like the shade, and I like the sun;  
You like an even pace;  
I like to mix with the crowd and run,  
And then rest after the race.

I like danger, and storm and strife,  
You like a peaceful time;  
I like the passion and surge of life,  
You like its gentle rhyme.

You like buttercups, dewy sweet,  
And crocuses, framed in snow;  
I like roses born of the heat,  
And the red carnation's glow.

I must live my life, not yours, my friend,  
For so it was written down;  
We must follow our given paths to the end,  
But I trust we shall meet—in town.

[You can go from New York to San Francisco by several railway routes and also by sailing vessel or steamer; you can reach God or Heaven by any one of many religions, or by a religion of your own; eventually we will ALL reach the same goal—perfection, joy, happiness, bliss.—EDITOR.]

**Faith Curists**

In discussing the recent imposition at White Plains, N. Y., of a heavy fine upon a Dowleite fanatic who had allowed his little daughter to die without summoning a doctor or even a nurse, the New York Medical Journal makes clear the special atrocity of the homicide committed and the reason why the infliction of punishment in such cases should be commended, even by those most solicitous for the preservation of personal liberty. The Medical Journal itself opposes prosecution when it can be shown that an adult patient, in the full possession of normal faculties, prefers the services of a faith healer to those of a physician, but it adds:

"In the case of those dependent on others it is an entirely different matter. When a miser chooses to starve himself to death, or otherwise to court death by obstinate penurious self-abnegation, he is not usually interfered with. But let the same man neglect to provide his family, more especially young children, with food or other necessities of life, and he is at once prosecuted for criminal neglect. Whatever may be urged, rightly or wrongly, as to a man allowing himself to die from lack of proper provision, there can be no question that he has no right to allow those dependent solely on him to do so. And in such a case the provision of proper therapeutic measures is an exact parallel to the provision of proper food and other necessities."

So far as the analogy of the miser holds it is a good one, but the relation of the miser to the general public is unlike that of the believer in any form of faith cure. The former can starve himself to death without injuring anybody else, while the latter, if he happens to have a contagious or infectious disease, not only can, but often does, start a fatal epidemic among his neighbors. Here is the chief danger of "Christian Science" and the allied delusions, and the Medical Journal apparently ignores it.—*New York Times*.

**Population in 2000 A.D.**

WILL the United States have a population of 300,000,000 by the end of the twentieth century? asks O. P. Austin in the Forum. Let us hope so. The nineteenth century has brought the nation from a handful of scattered and struggling people to the front rank among the great countries of the world. If it is to maintain that proud position and take its place absolutely at the head of the world's great nations it must increase in population and productivity, and maintain its power of participation in all the affairs of the busy world, whose population by that time will be more than three billions of people. To that end our waste places must be peopled, our great natural resources developed, our power of self-support intensified and our facilities of interchange among ourselves, and with the whole world, multiplied. For this we need people—people with sturdy muscles and active minds, with earnest hearts and purposes. The people now distributed over this splendid area of ours being of that character, why should we not have even before the end of the century the 300,000,000 active, intelligent, successful people which the United States will require to maintain its position at the head of the world's list of great nations?

With a great railway system stretching from Patagonia to Alaska and connecting across Behring Strait with an Asiatic railway system; with wireless telegraphy enabling instantaneous communication from city to city, and telephones so developed that man may speak from continent to continent; with the art of ocean navigation much more highly developed, and perhaps the navigation of the air as completely mastered as that of the ocean is to-day, the United States, with its power to interchange its products, will be in touch with those of other lands, and its power to sustain a population of 300,000,000—yes, even a billion—will be greater than that by which the prosperous nations of Europe sustain their present populations.



**R**ENEW YOUTH by becoming spiritual. The Spirit is always the same—it is never old; it is never young; it is eternal, bright and cheerful. When in a young body, or a new body, it shines out more in its true nature. Soulful people are always youthful. The negroes are a soulful race of people, and that is the reason we find them as a rule a joyful, cheerful class, keeping off the signs of old age of the body often for great periods of time.

In Wilmington, Del., Susan Thomas, a negress, shows evidence of returning youth. She is eighty-seven years old, and her gray hair is gradually returning to a black color, while she is cutting two new teeth.

Anyone who will regularly read this magazine and get into our vibrations—get soul power—will renew youth and live to a great age; a happy old age.

You can get tremendous Psychic Power by rousing your soul—by realizing the great power of Spirit; by loving God. F. H.

**A Tribute to the Hebrew Race**

*Rev. Lyman Abbott, D.D., in the Outlook*

If it is the function of the State to furnish education in order to make men and women good citizens, and if in the exercise of this function it is the duty of the State to give all that is necessary to citizenship, then it is the duty of the State to fashion the affections and the will in harmony with the great laws of society.

Of all the books available for this purpose there is none so useful as the English Bible. I do not advocate the reading of the Bible and the use of prayer in the public schools if anyone objects, because the reading of the Bible and the use of prayer in public schools is worship, and it is not the function of the State to conduct worship, certainly not to conduct compulsory worship, whether the worshippers are little children or grown men. I do advocate the use of the Bible in the public schools as a means of acquainting our pupils with the laws, the literature, and the life of the ancient Hebrews, because the genius of the Hebrew people pervading their laws and their literature and their life was a spiritual genius.

Every nation has its function in the development of the human race. Every nation contributes its quota to the complex sum of human civilization. Speaking broadly, Greece may be said to have contributed philosophy, Rome law, Italy art, Germany liberty, England commerce, the United States democracy—which is more than liberty—and the Hebrew people what we call religion. I do not mean that there has been no philosophy except in Greece, no law except in Rome, no art except in Italy, no liberty except in Germany, no commerce except in Great Britain, nor that there has been no religion except among the Hebrew people, but more of the great moral forces of the world may be traced back to that people, and to the literature of that people, than to any other historic or literary source.

The United States is more intimately connected with the Hebrew people than with any other ancient people. Our literature abounds with references to the literature of the ancient Hebrews; they are probably more frequent than the references to the literature either of Greeks or Romans. No man can read the great English or American poets or authors understandingly unless he knows something of his English Bible. Historically we are more closely connected with the Hebrew people than with the Greeks. Our free institutions are all rooted in the institutions of the Hebrew people, have grown out of them as the result of the long conflict between their political principles and those of pagan imperialism.

[It is pleasing to note the feeling of brotherly love that is beginning to be extended to the Hebrews by Christians.—EDITOR.]

**THIS IS THE SOULFUL MAGAZINE.**

## "SPIRIT PICTURES" THAT HAVE STARTLED ALL PARIS

Made by the Hands of Men Who Cannot Draw; Are They "Communicated" from the Other World?

**Steevens, the Brilliant Correspondent Who Died at Ladysmith, Traced with Unskilled Hand Accurate Portraits at the Dreyfus Trial and Was Greatly Disquieted.**

**Desmoulin, the Engraver, Made the Medium of 322 Mysterious Sketches Which He Doesn't Like and Won't Acknowledge, but Sells for Charity.**

**Camille Flammarion, Tissot the Painter, Hugues the Playwright, De Bocas the Merchant Prince, Believers in Spirit Messages, Interested in the Sketches.**

(Special Correspondence of the New York Sunday World.)

PARIS, May 17, 1901.

**T**HE French capital is discussing a series of disquieting phenomena which, though they are authenticated beyond reasonable doubt by the high standing of the persons concerned with them, cannot be explained satisfactorily by scientists or philosophers. For instance, people who never knew the faintest thing about drawing feel suddenly impelled by a mysterious force to seize a pencil and then draw striking likenesses of men or women they never met.

Again, artists while quietly engaged in painting a canvas cannot restrain their hands, which are suddenly seized with uncontrollable frenzy, from destroying in rapid strokes of the brush the work in course of execution, and then replacing it by some weird head or landscape.

To cite specific cases: A celebrated engraver, Fernand Desmoulin, says such impulses now come to him almost daily. With color pencils held in his clenched fist he draws uncanny or beautiful things, sometimes with the paper upside down, often in the middle of the night and in absolute darkness.

Victorien Sardou, as soon as he learned this, declared that he himself, while engaged in writing, had frequently been amazed to see his hand become as possessed and perfectly independent of his will, sketching architectural subjects, intricate ornaments, or scratching mysterious sentences that no one can read.

Curious manifestations of this kind are not of recent occurrence exclusively. As a matter of fact, they have been observed and reported in America as well as in Europe for a good many years. The records of various societies for psychical research are full of mysterious happenings told by witnesses who, whether deluded or not, can scarcely be suspected of bad faith.

It was at least fifteen years ago when Mark Twain wrote a long magazine article telling his belief in telepathic correspondence and the materialization of spirits. And later (in 1894, if memory is precise) Hamlin Garland, the American novelist and historian, told the present writer about facts of the same order which had happened to him (Garland) or in his presence, and had puzzled him ever since.

IN FRANCE CAMILLE FLAMMARION, THE ASTRONOMER; CLOVIS HUGUES, THE POET AND STATESMAN; JAMES TISSOT, THE PAINTER; VICTORIEN SARDOU, THE PLAYWRIGHT, AND DE BOCAS, THE MERCHANT PRINCE, ARE BUT FEW OF THE GREAT NAMES WHICH COULD BE CITED AMONG THE BELIEVERS OF SPIRITUALISM WHO PROCLAIMED THEIR FAITH LONG AGO, BASING THEIR BELIEF NOT ON IDLE REPORT, BUT ON PERSONAL EXPERIENCES, LIKEWISE IN GERMANY, ENGLAND AND ELSEWHERE BELIEVERS IN "THE MYSTERIOUS REALM" CAN BOAST OF VERY SERIOUS CHAMPIONS FOR THEIR CREED.

**G. W. Steevens Didn't Know He Could Draw—Made Good Portraits at the Dreyfus Trial**

The Paris correspondent of the Sunday World is very sceptical in these matters.

But acting simply as a truthful chronicler, let him tell of a strange case which came under his observation less than two years ago while he was at Rennes with the several hundred other journalists reporting the Dreyfus trial.

One evening on the humming terrace of the café which the English and American correspondents had made their principal headquarters, Steevens, of the London Daily Mail, who since died at the siege of Ladysmith, suddenly dropped out of the general conversation and in no time had drawn on a sheet of paper half a dozen pencil portraits of some of the celebrities of the affair—Dreyfus, Labori, Clemenceau, Zola, Mercier and one or two others.

After a while he stopped as abruptly as he had begun, leaving his last sketch unfinished and looking at what he had done with unmistakable amazement.

"Steevens, I did not know you could draw," said one of us.

"I can't; I swear I can't! My, but this is strange. I never was conscious of doing these; I was listening to the talk. Boys, I couldn't do these over to save my life."

In fact, he tried to finish the drawing the "spirit" had abandoned, but he was unequal to the task. He laughed, discarding the story carelessly as a pleasantry without importance. But Steevens (he did not try to convince us) left almost immediately with a disturbed countenance, holding his paper as though he were afraid of it.

A few days afterward those sketches appeared in a Paris paper with a short unsigned article describing the circumstances of their execution, but leaving the "medium" unnamed. Evidently Steevens had full belief in what he had told us, or would not have allowed that to be done. To us he never mentioned it again, and as there was lots to keep everybody busy those days, we all forgot about the "trance" of our friend. But in view of similar cases now taking place in Paris, it seems to gain a deal of significance.

Not that those pencil sketches of Steevens were works of art—far from that. But they were executed under our eyes with lightning speed; the models were not present; yet each was a surprisingly resemblant if somewhat caricatural portrait.

And the man who did them could not draw. Rather puzzling, isn't it?

### M. Desmoulin's 322 Spirit Drawings—The Artist Dislikes His Own Work

This isolated instance, however, is as nothing to the 322 large drawings which M. Fernand Desmoulin produced under the influence of some will power which was not his.

M. Desmoulin is not a humbug, but a man whose talent as an engraver and painter has won for him a great situation in Paris. He is, moreover, a man of character and serious cast of mind, an intimate friend of Emile Zola, a Chevalier de la Légion d'Honneur, etc.

This being known, it will be readily understood that he is bound to be distressed rather than pleased by the special notoriety of being a "medium." The word and the position invite sneer and ridicule, and Fernand Desmoulin wants neither.

On the other hand, he deemed it cowardly to keep from the public facts which might furnish valuable data for investigation. And so he bravely consented to tell his weird experience and to exhibit in the Petit Art Gallery a selection of 100 of these drawings. He calls them "medianimiques"—that is, executed through a medium.

Some are mere sketches, others finely finished. Some are heads, busts, full length figures or groups, others decorative panels or landscapes. Again, there are crazy mixtures of several pictures in one.

M. Desmoulin discusses his case very sensibly, with tranquillity and modesty.

"Not only," said he, "do I fail to explain what power I obey in tracing these lines, but I dislike their artistic forms. If I am anything in art, I am a sober-minded, healthy realist. Now, these landscapes verge on impressionism, and some of the figures resemble those of Rodin. Here, on the other hand, you see some compositions that with their lack of precision evoke reminiscences of Lancret and Watteau. All of which is entirely foreign to

all my instincts. I could not produce drawings like these if I tried.

"As a matter of fact," continued the engraver, "were this my own work I should be very much ashamed of its many weaknesses.

"Understand, I regard all these pictures (showing the whole exhibition) with exactly the same disinterested feeling that you have for them. I judge them with absolute independence, for they are not mine."

### A Table-Tipping Scene and Its Results—Pen That Drew Pictures Without Guidance

M. Desmoulin continued: "Being a strong man, full of animal spirits, I had always laughed at spiritualistic manifestations, which I considered the silly delusions of weak-minded, nervous people.

"On June 12 of last year I was at the house of a friend with two or three acquainted families. While the grown folks were conversing among themselves, five little boys and girls were playing at 'turning tables' in a corner of the large parlor where we were.

"Now, that table suddenly did turn—turn and dance violently. The children were horrified, and the father of one of them in trying to subdue the now very rebellious piece of furniture, actually broke it, so strong was the opposition. The conditions under which this had taken place precluded all possibility of fraud. I went home thinking.

"Before retiring that night I sat near my writing table and began to smoke a cigarette, still trying to understand why the table had turned. All at once my hand, which was playing with the pen, traced a rapid zigzag on paper lying there.

"I was surprised. I waited, wondering. Was that nervousness? What was that sudden, complicated movement?"

"Perhaps half a minute later my hand was irresistibly lifted, the pen was dipped in ink and returned to the paper, where it began to race madly in all sorts of tangled tracing.

"I abandoned that sport as soon as I could. I tell you, and went to bed, fearing I had an awful nervous disease of some sort. Yet my hands were now quite steady.

"The next day I deliberately sat at my table, pen in hand, to see what would happen.

"Immediately, though my head remained perfectly lucid, the pen was driven as madly as before, writing several times in succession, and in a handwriting radically unlike mine. 'Prends le bleu, prends le bleu' (Take the blue).

"There were some color pencils on the desk; I took a blue one.

"It was evidently what was desired, for the pencil was driven still more furiously than the pen had been. It went on, on, on—drawing lines and shadings shapeless and meaningless to me. After a while the movement slackened and I could read, 'Take the red.'

"I did that, and the power I was obeying superposed red lines and shadings over the blue ones. Still I could make nothing of the mass. 'Take the yellow.' I did, and for a while my hand, armed with the yellow pencil, added lines of that color to the red and blue. Suddenly the impulsion stopped.

"I rose, considerably disturbed, and took a turn around the studio. What could it all mean? What was the meaning of that thing I had just drawn?"

### Drawings That "Came" Upside Down—Spirit Pictures Sold for Charity

"As I reflected thus I happened to come to the other side of the table and so to view the drawing from that position.

"Imagine my wonder when I saw this landscape now hung here. Yes, I had drawn this sunset, with the river, the poplars, the red reflection on the water and the three figures on the foreground, without knowing what I was doing, since the whole thing had been executed upside down.

"From that time I have seldom sat at that table without doing a new picture under the same circumstances. Sometimes I made two or three one after the other.

"Once one of my friends visiting me sat at my desk to write a note. Having something to say to him, I went near him and placed my hand on his shoulder. Immediately his own hand went like wild and did this beautiful, suffering woman's head. That man is not an artist like myself; he is a merchant, and never was able to draw before nor since.

"Some of the pictures you see here have been made in the presence of several witnesses, among them physicians, who could never after one of these 'hand trances' discover any rise of temperature in myself or an increased frequency of my pulse.

"Six times I have done pictures in three

colors, perfectly blended, without light of any kind, in absolute darkness.

"This large group was done in two minutes by the watch. No artist, however he might train for the purpose, could copy it in less than one hour. My hand went so fast that my eyes could scarcely follow it."

"Are any of these pictures for sale?" I asked.

"About two dozen have been sold," answered M. Desmoulin. "I do not regard myself as the owner—the trustee at most. I place fancy figures on them and the proceeds go to the poor, as do the entrance fees of this exhibition."

"How do you explain?"

"Now don't ask that. I do not explain. I am neither a charlatan nor a spiritist, nor anything else of the sort. I simply say and show what takes place. I have no creed to boom, no theory to exploit. Some of the physicians I have had at the studio to attend these experiments think it may be a sort of second, subconscious personality in me that asserts itself at certain times. But that could not apply to the case of James Tissot, the great artist to whom you Americans have given such unstinted recognition for his masterly pictures of the life of Christ."

James Tissot has several times related over his signature in French papers that after the famous séance of May 5, 1894, at Eglinton's house in London, the same spirits whom he had then begged to come again where he could paint them, appeared one night in his studio. The picture which resulted is too well known to be described.

As M. Fernand Desmoulin said, while the physicians' theory might account, namely, for his own case, it is hard to believe that James Tissot's subconscious self could materialize a pair of ghosts of sufficient consistency to sit for their picture and be painted.

And then what of the unskilled merchant who drew a beautiful head when Desmoulin merely touched his shoulder?

HENRI DUMAY.

[The whole world is about to realize that the Angels—Spirits—do communicate to mortals through mediums. I have had delivered to me through unlearned and illiterate mediums of character many great and lengthy discourses upon involved scientific subjects. These messages came from great scientists in the Spirit World whom I called up for specific knowledge. Many articles in this magazine come from the angels and are written down by writing mediums. That is the reason they make the readers vibrate with joy and new hope. As the magazine grows and progresses we will astound the world by printing messages from the angels. We also are working on a scientific plan to get telepathically messages from other planets, but that is another story.—EDITOR.]

### Gambling

If gamblers only knew about the unseen forces they would never gamble.

The penalty that is paid for gambling is great. In the first place, only in rare instances does a gambler acquire wealth, and when he does such money never brings happiness.

At Monaco, the greatest principality in the world devoted exclusively to gambling, the gamblers each year pay a tribute in millions of dollars—all from the gamblers. Read the following condensed history of Monaco and ponder:

MONACO

Prince Albert, born Nov. 13, 1848, succeeded his father, Prince Charles III, Sept. 10, 1889. Monaco is a small principality bordering on the Mediterranean. Ever since the year 1819 the Government of the principality have adopted the French Code and possessed a Court of First Instance, as well as a Juge de Paix's Court. A Court of Appeal is constituted by the Prince's appointment of two Paris judges who act as such when necessary. Area, eight square miles. Population, 13,304. The revenue is mainly derived from the gambling tables. The maintenance of the Casino proper cost for one year £834,000, and the dividend paid shareholders amounted to £576,000.

### A Tree of Happiness

I HAVE planted a Tree of Happiness  
In ground all wet with tears,  
I have prayed to God that His sunshine  
May fill the lonely years.

I have planted a tiny seed of Hope,  
And then a seed of Trust.  
They grow in that sweet sunshine,  
And blossom, as they must.

I show my flowers to the sorrowing,  
To those who suffer pain;  
And my tree grows strong in sunshine,  
And pure and sweet in the rain.

—L. T. Mulligan.

COD IS HERE NOW.

### An Old Theory of Immortality

REV. S. D. McCONNELL's new book, "The Evolution of Immortality," published by the Macmillan Company, makes the old Mystics smile. Why, we knew all that the good doctor writes as New, thousands of years ago.

Even Samuel E. Moffett, who reviews the book for the New York Journal seems to be "foggy" on immortality as known by the Ancient and Modern Adepts and Mystics. Here is what the gentleman has to say who writes more from the HEAD than from the soul:

"The author of 'The Evolution of Immortality,' S. D. McConnell, is a D.D., but his ideas would have ensured his expulsion from any orthodox church for heresy even thirty years ago. Yet he gives them a fascinating plausibility."

"Dr. McConnell frankly accepts all the conclusions of modern science, and undertakes to examine the question whether any scientific basis can be found for a belief in life after death. His conclusion is that there is no such basis for the common belief in an immortal 'soul,' possessed of immortality by the mere fact of its connection at a certain stage of its existence with a human body, but that there is an excellent basis for a belief that evolution may give some men a future life much higher than the present one.

"He holds that the distinction between men and animals is purely psychical, and does not correspond to any physical difference. The line dividing mortal from immortal, or rather 'immortal' beings might be drawn lower than the frontier between the human and the animal species, so as to leave some beasts above it, or it might be drawn through the human race, so as to leave many men below it.

"Dr. McConnell thinks the latter alternative the more probable.

"He does not believe that a soul separated from a material body is thinkable, but he finds in the ether that permeates all nature a material substance that answers all the requirements of incorruptible life. He would not say that a body made of ether would be absolutely eternal—that would be going beyond the limitations of the human mind—but he sees nothing unreasonable in the idea that it might persist for an indefinite time in a future life.

"His theory is:

"Each thought we think, each emotion we feel, is accompanied by certain molecular movements and arrangements in the brain. The psychical activity actually builds up a physical fabric for itself. But the material fabric is every moment disintegrating, and at death falls into ruin.

"Now, suppose that before that ruin befalls, the soul shall have been able to build up, as it were, a brain within the brain, a body within the body, something like that which the Orientals have for ages spoken of as the 'Astral Body.' Then, when the body of flesh shall crumble away, there would be left a body, material, to be sure, but compacted of a kind of matter which behaves quite differently from that which our sense perceptions deal with.

"It is a material which, so far as science has anything to say, is essentially indestructible. It moves freely among and through ordinary matter without let or hindrance. It is not difficult, at any rate, to form a picture of a life based upon its organization.

"From the individual spirits of just men made perfect this present 'muddy vesture of decay' has dropped away, leaving them 'not unclothed but clothed upon.' They are still men. They have rational souls with material bodies, fit to sustain and to express their psychical life. The matter of their bodies is obedient to the laws of matter and life, but to the laws of that kind of life and matter.

"There are celestial bodies and bodies terrestrial, and each has its own modes of action. Such ethereal bodies compacted with living souls would of necessity inhabit a universe of their own, even though that universe should occupy the same space that this one does. Neither earth nor fire nor water could in the least impede their movements. In frost and flame they would be equally at home. With the swiftness of light or gravitation they could speed from where old Bootes leads his lead to where Sagittarius draws his bow in the south. With bodies of such fine stuff compounded, and so plastic to the uses of the spirit, their knowledge would expand until nature's secrets should lie open to their eyes.

"Their senses would be so acute and delicately balanced as to be capable of thrills of pleasure so transcendent, and of pain so poignant, that the experience of this present life probably gives us no comparison to estimate them by. Love could have its perfect way where there would be perfect comprehension.

"This view Dr. McConnell holds to be in complete accordance with the teachings of Christ. And by making future life or death dependent upon the conduct of each individual, he thinks he offers the strongest possible inducement to ethical striving."

So much for brothers McConnell and Moffett. These gentlemen get their ideas from their intellects more than from the ALL-KNOWER—the SOUL. We Mystic Adepts know the individual Soul IS—was never created; was never born; it never dies. It is always clothed in matter, either fine or gross. IT ALWAYS HAS INTELLIGENCE. Passing from a mineral, vegetable, and animal or human body, the soul carries with it a finer intelligence and a finer body. We Know this. It is not theory nor speculation. We Know. How do we know? Because, for thousands upon thousands of years we have been at one with the universal soul and in hourly communion and communication with the brightest intelligence (angels or spirits) who are out of the gross or physical body. These "departed" souls are still clothed with fine matter, finer and more enduring than the ether—practically indestructible. In communicating with each other we vibrate the ether—use the waves of the ether with our soul, or psychic power through the instrument called mind. This is exactly what spiritualists do, only so far they do it imperfectly. They have not the Soul Power of a PURE and HOLY MYSTIC PSYCHIC, some of whom can penetrate the ether to the remotest star.

This using the waves of the ether is exactly what Mr. Marconi is doing in a small way. Were all men ABSOLUTELY PURE AND HOLY as Christ was we would not need postal facilities, telegraph or telephone service. We could flash our messages to each other, in an instant, no matter how far apart we were—whether one soul was on this planet and the other soul on the most distant star we know of. Therefore the Adept Mystics who live the God-life are constantly in touch with the material worlds and the spiritual worlds, they know all the finer and unseen forces. To us Mystics all talk of immortality is the childish prattle of intellectual babes. We know the soul is ETERNAL, ever going onward, forward and upward through tremendous cycles, and will eventually reach a consciousness of its real self or nature. Until it REALIZES this it is disturbed and perplexed. If many of the intellectual giants who write great books about the soul would stop writing and spend the time purifying their minds and bodies and living as purely as the real Mystics do—really living a soulful, God-like, spiritual life more than in the MIND or INTELLECT they would Know—they would REALIZE their oneness with the ETERNAL ONE.—*The Mystics.*

### Subjects for Thought

It is certain that if everyone could early enough be made to feel how full the world is already of excellence, and how much must be done to produce anything worthy to be placed beside what has already been produced, of a hundred youths who are now pottering scarcely one would feel enough courage, perseverance and talent to work quietly for the attainment of a similar mastery. Many young painters would never have taken their pencils in hand if they could have felt, known and understood early enough what really produced a master like Raphael.

No amount of prepared amusements, of intentional relaxation, of fun, or frolic, or ease, or luxury, can equal the solid and enduring pleasures which may be found by every faithful laborer in his own immediate sphere of employment.

The truth, the hope, of any time must be sought in the minorities. Michael Angelo was the conscience of Italy. We grow free with his name, and find it ornamental now, but in his own day his friends were few.

To furnish truth to the believing heart, and to furnish believing hearts to the truth, certainly there is no nobler office for a human life than that.

I should be virtuous for my own sake though no one were to know it, just as I would be clean for my own sake though no body were to see me.

Out of suffering comes the serious mind; out of salvation the grateful heart; out of endurance, fortitude; out of deliverance, faith.

Everything may be demonstrated by reasoning except the things which we feel are veritable.

There is nothing ignominious about poverty. It may even serve as a healthy stimulus to great spirits.

THAT which grows fast withers as rapidly; that which grows slowly endures.—*Timothy Titcomb.*

# The Power OF SOLAR HEAT

IT VITALIZES  
THE EARTH.

## To The Sun.

Blessed All-Father, All-Mother of All the Suns, Planets and heavenly bodies of the glorious universe, we desire to offer thanks of gratitude for Thy great wisdom in providing such a perfect and orderly system as the solar system in which we dwell.

Blessed Angels, who live in perpetual Light, draw near and help us pay tribute to our Glorious Orb, the Sun.

Blessed Sun, without Thee we could not exist for a single instant. We adore, love and worship Thee. Thou art all Heat, Light and Energy to our splendid planet. With Thy glorious radiance we are sustained. Without Thee we could not be joyful. Thy vibrations thrill us with Life, Health and Happiness. Through Thee we learn that "LIFE CANNOT DIE. FORMS PERISH; BUT THE GREAT UNIVERSAL STREAM OF VITALITY SURGES ON, UNSPENT AND UNDIMINISHED." Through Thee we learn the Mighty Power, Love and Wisdom of God. If thou art so Great and Mighty, Blessed Sun, how Great and Mighty must be the Eternal God!

The beauty of life dwells in Thee! We love Thee! We adore Thee! We worship Thee, Blessed Sun!

In thy orderly flight through endless space as one of the Majestic Orbs of the Universe, we with our sister planets attend Thee with joy. Thy radiance helps us to realize our true relation with the Mighty One—our Oneness.

Surely God is everywhere.