

THE
NEW YORK MAGAZINE
OF MYSTERIES

NEW YEAR'S NUMBER

HEALTH

HAPPINESS

PROSPERITY

JANUARY, 1905.

PRICE 10 CENTS.

Life Is What You Make It

To the preacher life's a sermon,
To the joker it's a jest;
To the miser life is money,
To the loafer life is rest.

To the lawyer life's a trial,
To the poet life's a song;
To the doctor life's a patient
That needs treatment right along.

To the soldier life's a battle,
To the teacher life's a school;
Life's a "good thing" to the grafter,
It's a failure to the fool.

To the man upon the engine
Life's a long and heavy grade;
It's a gamble to the gambler,
To the merchant life is trade.

Life's a picture to the artist,
To the rascal life's a fraud;
Life perhaps is but a burden
To the man beneath the hod.

Life is lovely to the lover,
To the player life is play;
Life may be a load of trouble
To the man upon the dray.

Life is but a long vacation
To the man who loves his work;
Life's an everlasting effort
To shun duty to the shirk.

To the heaven blest romancer
Life's a story ever new;
Life is what we try to make it—
Brother, what is life to you?
—S. E. Kiser.

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A Morning Admonition

If we want a song from Nature,
Full of love and harmony,
Ev'ry note a-thrill with gladness,
We must furnish her the key.

If we want from fellow-mortals
Gentle smiles and gentle speech,
We must set the noble fashion
And by fair example teach.

If we want to draw the angels
Back into our common air,
We must climb halfway to meet them
On the mount of Peace and Prayer.
—Elizabeth Louise Watson.

The Mission of Our Magazine is to strengthen the weak, to encourage the disheartened, to diffuse happiness, to heal the sick, to extend prosperity, to teach charity, to throw light into darkness, to show us the truth, to lead us to love, to instil tolerance, to stimulate knowledge, to guide us to peace, to give us rest. Can there be higher aims? We ask you to send us a subscriber.

The Bond of Life

ONCE there was a woman who loved a man, and he died, and she sought some way to reach him where he was, and could not. And One came to her, and said: "I have been sent to help thee, for thy crying has been heard. What is thy need?"

And she answered, "That I may find the soul of my husband, who is dead."

And the Shining One said to her, "That may be done only if there is a bond between you that Death could not break."

And she said: "Surely there is a bond! I have lain in his bosom, I have kissed his dear hands over and over for love of him."

But the angel shook his head, and said, "There is no bond."

Then she raised her head proudly, and said: "Surely there is a bond! I have held his children in my arms; with their innocence have they bound us together. By the sorrow in which I bore them, there is an enduring bond."

But the angel said very sadly, "Even this will not suffice."

Then the woman paled, but she said: "My spirit and that of my husband were one; in naught were we separate. Each answered each without speech. We were one. Does not that bond hold?"

But the angel answered very low: "It does not hold. In the domain of Death all these bonds of which thou speakest crumble to nothing; the very shape of them has departed, so that they are as if they never were. Think yet once more before I leave thee if there is one thread to bind thee to him whom thou lovest, for if not he has passed from thee forever."

And the woman was silent, but she cried to herself desperately, "He shall not go from me!" And the angel withdrew a little way. And the woman thought and thought, with deep inward communing, and after a space she raised her pale, drawn face, and gazed with timid eyes at the pitying angel, and she said, though her voice was as the last whisper of the dying waves upon the shore, "Once—but it was long ago—he and I thought of God together."

And the angel gave a loud cry, and his shining wings smote the earth. And he said, "Thou hast found the bond, thou hast found the bond!"

And the woman looked, and lo! there lay in her hand a tiny thread, faintly golden, as if woven from the strands of the sunlight, and it led into the darkness.

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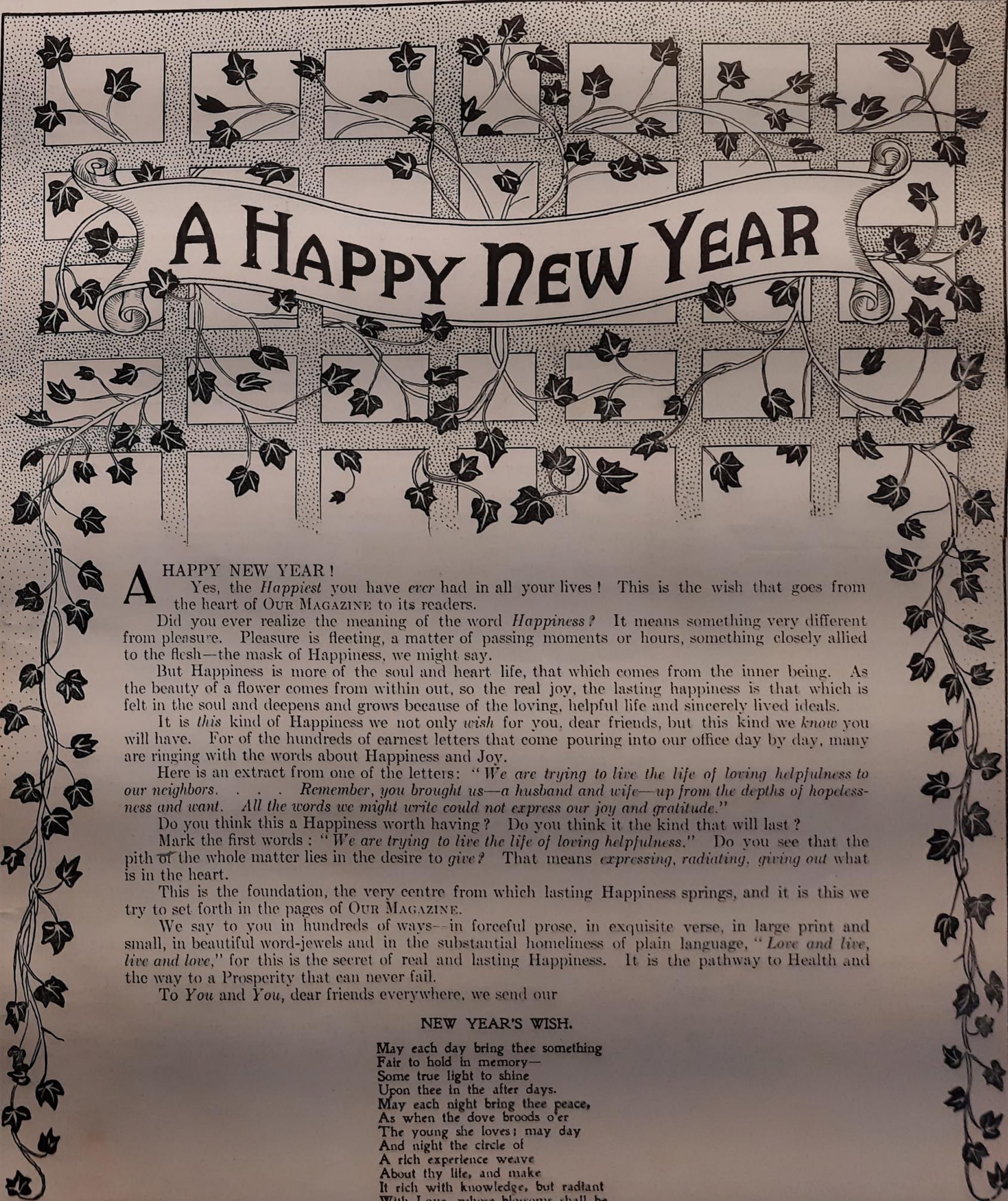
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Vol. 8

NEW YORK, JANUARY, 1905

No 3



A HAPPY NEW YEAR

A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

Yes, the *Happiest* you have ever had in all your lives! This is the wish that goes from the heart of OUR MAGAZINE to its readers.

Did you ever realize the meaning of the word *Happiness*? It means something very different from pleasure. Pleasure is fleeting, a matter of passing moments or hours, something closely allied to the flesh—the mask of Happiness, we might say.

But Happiness is more of the soul and heart life, that which comes from the inner being. As the beauty of a flower comes from within out, so the real joy, the lasting happiness is that which is felt in the soul and deepens and grows because of the loving, helpful life and sincerely lived ideals.

It is *this* kind of Happiness we not only *wish* for you, dear friends, but this kind we *know* you will have. For of the hundreds of earnest letters that come pouring into our office day by day, many are ringing with the words about Happiness and Joy.

Here is an extract from one of the letters: "*We are trying to live the life of loving helpfulness to our neighbors. . . . Remember, you brought us—a husband and wife—up from the depths of hopelessness and want. All the words we might write could not express our joy and gratitude.*"

Do you think this a Happiness worth having? Do you think it the kind that will last?

Mark the first words: "*We are trying to live the life of loving helpfulness.*" Do you see that the pith of the whole matter lies in the desire to *give*? That means *expressing, radiating, giving out* what is in the heart.

This is the foundation, the very centre from which lasting Happiness springs, and it is this we try to set forth in the pages of OUR MAGAZINE.

We say to you in hundreds of ways—in forceful prose, in exquisite verse, in large print and small, in beautiful word-jewels and in the substantial homeliness of plain language, "*Love and live, live and love,*" for this is the secret of real and lasting Happiness. It is the pathway to Health and the way to a Prosperity that can never fail.

To You and You, dear friends everywhere, we send our

NEW YEAR'S WISH.

May each day bring thee something
Fair to hold in memory—
Some true light to shine
Upon thee in the after days.
May each night bring thee peace,
As when the dove broods o'er
The young she loves; may day
And night the circle of
A rich experience weave
About thy life, and make
It rich with knowledge, but radiant
With Love, whose blossoms shall be
Tender deeds.

OUR IDEAL HOME.

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Our true manhood and womanhood is ever with us, making a daily record for the world to read.

A Talk to Fathers

A GENTLEMAN met a friend near his own home and they joined company on their way to business. Before they had gone far they met a trim nursemaid wheeling a baby carriage in which was a fine six-months-old baby.

"That's a jolly-looking little chap," said the gentleman.

He glanced hastily at his watch, and finding that he had a moment to spare, stopped the carriage and chattered to the baby, who smiled genially in response.

"I have a little one at home about this one's age," observed the gentleman to his friend. "By the way," he continued to the maid, "whose baby is this?"

"Yours, sir," responded the maid in much astonishment.

Of course, the story was too good to keep, and the faithless friend put it at once into circulation. The hero of this little anecdote is not, however, the only father in the world who is unacquainted with his own children. In the hurry and drive of life, many a father feels that his duty is well done if he earns the food to put in the children's mouths and the garments wherewith to clothe them. He has no knowledge of the needs or characteristics of his own children; he is absorbed in other things.

How often are men heard to say, "I leave the training of my children entirely to my wife"; or, "I never interfere with the discipline; my wife attends to all that." Another type of father still assumes in his family the role of lord high executioner.

"If you don't stop that," says the fond, foolish mother, "I will tell your father on you."

In some families there is no threat so dreadful, and I have known a father to tell laughingly, as if it were a good joke, of the poor, scared little faces which were lifted up to his when he appeared suddenly among them with a rattan in hand, inquiring whether there were "any whippings to be dealt out that afternoon."

Alas, how far away these poor, earthly fathers are from the fatherly ideal which is set forth in the Bible! And how can they illustrate to a child anything of the fatherhood of God?

A father ought to be friendly with his children; he ought to be interested in every interest of theirs, right down to their dollies and their bats and their balls. Nothing which concerns them should be too trivial for his notice. A father ought not only to love his children, but he ought to show that he loves them. He ought to prove this so convincingly that, whatever happens, they can never doubt their father's affection for them.

I was waiting at a railway station for a friend one Christmas Eve when I noticed a tall, fine-looking man of perhaps fifty years, who was pacing up and down the platform, evidently waiting for the same train that I was. As the train glided into the station his eyes scanned the cars until they alighted upon a handsome lad of about eighteen, who also was gazing eagerly at the crowd.

"Here I am, Tom!" cried the gentleman joyously.

The boy's face glowed and he sprang from the platform almost before the cars had stopped moving.

"Father!" cried he; and in an instant he had the gray-bearded man by the shoulders and kissed him. Then he pushed him away a little and looked him lovingly in the eyes. "I'm awfully glad to see you," said he; "how's mother?"

I looked at them wistfully as they walked away together. Oh, I thought to myself, if there were more fathers like that, there would be fewer young lives wrecked upon the treacherous rock of sin, for a father's love will hold a boy when the sternest commands and the most rigid training would be of no avail.

A father cannot shirk the responsibility of his children. God will hold him equally accountable with the mother for them; if they go astray through any lack of fatherly care or affection, he will one day find himself terribly to blame.—*The Presbyterian.*

Are Children Stupid?

I WAS giving good advice to a little lady only the other day. I was instructing her as to the proper treatment of aunts. She was sucking a lead pencil—a thing I am always telling her not to do. She took it out of her mouth to speak.

"I suppose you know how everybody ought to do everything," she said.

There are times when it is necessary to sacrifice one's modesty to one's duty.

"Of course I do," I replied.

"And does mama know how everybody ought to do everything?" was the second question.

My conviction on this point was by no means so strong, but for domestic reasons I again sacrificed myself to expediency.

"Certainly," I answered, "and take that pencil out of your mouth. I've told you of that before. You'll swallow it one day, and then you'll get perichondritis and die."

She appeared to be solving a problem.

"All grown-up people seem to know everything," she summarized.

There are times when I doubt if children are as simple as they look. If it be sheer stupidity that prompts them to make remarks of this character, one should pity them, and seek to improve them. But if it be not stupidity? Well, then one should still seek to improve them, but by a different method.

HEALTHY CHILDHOOD

THERE is no substitute for a genuine, free, serene, healthy, bread-and-butter childhood. A fine manhood or womanhood can be built on no other foundation, and yet our American homes are so often filled with hurry and worry, our manner of living is so keyed to concert pitch, our plan of existence so complicated, that we drag the babies along in our wake, and force them to our artificial standards, forgetting that "sweet flowers are slow and weeds make haste."

Kate Douglas Wiggin.

Last Tuesday evening she was unhappy. Myself, I think that rhubarb should never be eaten before April, and then never with lemonade. Her mother read her a homily upon the subject of pain. It was impressed upon her that we must be patient, that we must put up with the trouble that God sends us. Dorothea would descend to details, as children will.

"Must we put up with the cod-liver oil that God sends us?"

"Yes, decidedly."

"And with the nurses that God sends us?"

"Certainly, and be thankful that you've got them. Some little girls haven't any nurse. And don't talk so much."

On Friday I found the mother in tears.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"Oh, nothing," was the answer, "only baby. She's such a strange child. I can't make her out at all."

"What has she been up to now?"

"Oh, she will argue, you know."

She has that failing. I don't know where she gets it from, but she's got it.

"Well?"

"Well, she made me cross; and, to punish her, I told her she shouldn't take her doll's perambulator out with her."

"Yes?"

"Well, she didn't say anything then; but so soon as I was outside the door I heard her talking to herself—you know her way?"

"Yes?"

"She said—"

"Yes, she said?"

"She said: 'I must be patient. I must put up with the mother God has sent me.'"

She lunches downstairs on Sundays. We have her with us once a week to give her the opportunity of studying manners and behavior. Milson had dropped in, and we were discussing politics. I was interested, and, pushing my plate aside, leaned forward with my elbows on the table. Dorothea has a habit of talking to herself in a high-pitched whisper, capable of being heard above an Adelphi love scene. I heard her say:

"I must sit up straight. I mustn't sprawl with my elbows on the table. It is only common, vulgar people behave that way."

I looked across at her. She was sitting most correctly, and appeared to be contemplating something a thousand miles away. We had all of us been lounging. We sat up stiffly, and conversation flagged.

Of course, we made a joke of it after the child was gone. But somehow it didn't seem to be our joke.

I wish I could recollect my childhood. I should so like to know if children are as stupid as they can look.—*Jerome K. Jerome.*

Canon Rowsley, on Saint Martin's, after describing good Saint Martin, added:

"Some of you, my friends, followers of the gentle Christ, come to worship, nay, *come to the Supper of our Lord*, wearing 'egret' plumes or 'ospreys' in your hats and bonnets. Do you realize that this 'egret' plume grows on the bird's back only at the time of nesting, and that to obtain one such feather involves the cruel death not only of the beautiful white mother heron, but of the whole nestful of its nearly fledged offspring? What a price to pay for the pleasure of an egret plume? What a travesty of religion to be able to come into church decked with an egret feather and sing in the words of the Benedicite: 'O all ye fowls of the air, bless ye the Lord! praise Him and magnify Him forever! What a mockery to kneel at Holy Communion, take the soldier's oath of allegiance unto the Lord—that gentle Lord of all compassion and mercy, that Lord who said 'Consider the fowls of the air! who told us that not a sparrow falls to the earth unregarded by the Heavenly Father!'"

"Therefore love and believe; for works will follow spontaneous, Even as the day does the sun; the right from the good is an offspring, Love is a bodily shape."

Lullaby

Low, low, by-low,
Dreamy eyes to slumber go,
I heard the moon-fay call, I know,
Droop thy tender eyelids so,
By-oh, by-oh.

Softly swings the maple bough,
A cradle for the birds and thou
Nestling on thy mother's breast,
Cradled in that fragrant nest,
Sweetly rest, sweetly rest.

The fireflies gleam in grasses tall,
And over all the night dews fall,
Sweet and low the mock-birds call,
And dewy sleep has kissed thee, so
By-low, by-low.

—Ola Smith.

For the Children

Robby's Teacher

WHEN Robby was at our house,
I heard my grandma say,
"He has the prettiest manners
I've seen for many a day."

So then I went and asked him
What made him so polite.
I said, "I s'pose somebody
Is teaching you just right."

But Bobby said there wasn't;
He said his mother's way
Is just to smile, and make him
Feel p'liter every day.

—Elizabeth L. Gould.

Joe's New Way of Hunting

By F. E. Hawson

WHEN Joe was ten years old his father gave him a gun, taught him how to use it and took the boy with him on his hunting trips, but he forbade him to handle the gun when alone or to shoot in company with the other children.

By the time he was twelve years old he was a fair hunter, and for his age a pretty good shot. Mr. Hanford then thought him big and careful enough to go hunting alone.

About that time Manola came to the Springs from New York. She loved all animals, birds and insects, and the thought of their being killed filled her with horror.

Joe came upon her one day with a wounded bird in her hand. Its leg was broken and Manola was trying to bring the broken pieces together, while great tears rolled down her cheeks and fell on the bird's ruffled feathers.

Joe knelt down beside his little friend, and held the frightened and fluttering little birdie still while Manola set the limb, and bandaged it with thin splints of wood and strips of calico, her quick, deft fingers doing the work so tenderly.

When all was finished, they let the bird fly away. By some miracle Manola's loving surgery succeeded and the bird got well. After awhile the bandage wore off, and the children knew the bird by the lump where the leg had been broken.

Always after that when Joe went out hunting, the picture would rise before him of the little girl with the bird in her hand, and the tears rolling down her cheeks. He did not enjoy killing things as he had done before. He could not forget, either, what Manola had said about the birds and beasts loving and enjoying their lives as much as she and Joe did theirs. She called them her little brothers and sisters.

Joe told himself that it was mawkish silliness, just like girl's talk. It wasn't manly to mind taking life. He was a boy, he would do as men did, and not notice Manola. But his pleasure in hunting was gone. He still loved the excitement, the skill and care required to creep noiselessly upon the unsuspecting creatures; it was the killing that hurt him now.

One Saturday afternoon, Mrs. Cuthbert allowed Manola to go out in the woods with Joe. They were a very long time climbing to the top of the Frenchman's Hill, and the reason was because Manola's eyes saw much. First a beetle or a bug would creep along the path, and she would step on one side so as not to crush it, or she would stoop to avoid breaking a spider's web. Then a bird would chirp, and she would stop to watch it; or a squirrel or a chipmunk would attract her attention, or she would run to gather a bunch of snowberries or a spray of manzanita blossoms. She noticed everything.

"What a hunter you would have made if you had not been a girl that hated to kill things!" remarked Joe.

Manola was thoughtful for awhile, then she said: "There must be some other way of hunting besides killing things."

"Of course, there's only one way," laughed Joe. The Frenchman's Hill was full of birds that day, chirping, twittering, singing. The sweet song of a mocking-bird was heard in a madrona tree, and a flock of bluejays flew off into the pines making harsh noises.

"Joe, go and lie down under those thick bushes, get quite out of sight; I want to try something," Manola said.

Joe obeyed, and lay as still as a mouse, just where he could see all that was going on. The little girl sat down on a stone, took a piece of bread from the paper sack she carried in her hand, crumbled some in her lap, and scattered the rest on the ground. Then, except that she cooed softly, she became very quiet, a happy radiant look upon her face.

After awhile the birds came fluttering around, and settling on the ground, picked up the crumbs

just as though no one was there. Instinctively Joe felt for his gun, then remembering, put it away and watched.

The bluejays were the boldest of all the birds. They flew nearer and nearer to the little girl, then one settled a moment on her lap, pecked a crumb of bread and flew away. He must have told the others that it was good, and Manola would not hurt them, for soon they all fluttered around the child, some settled on her arms and shoulders, others on her lap, while others fed from her hands.

Joe looked on with a strange feeling that was something like, but not quite, pain. It hurt dreadfully and yet it was sweet. It was because Manola was so good that the birds loved and trusted her, he thought. They felt the love in her heart. He had read of such things, but had not believed them.

His head dropped on his arm, and when he lifted it the sleeve of his rough jacket was wet, a mist was before his eyes, and a mixture of shame and gladness in his heart. It was as though fresh dews had washed away a stain. He could never kill an innocent bird again.

Manola was so happy that for a time she forgot everything. When she remembered Joe, she called to him in a soft, penetrating voice so as not to frighten the birds.

"Oh, Joe, if you had only brought your camera!" Then, in a flash, Joe thought of the new way of hunting, and he was so eager to tell Manola, that he arose and came toward her. All the birds flew away, and no matter how motionless he lay at the girl's feet, they would not come back.

"They don't like me," he said sadly; "they must know that I have killed their friends. But, Manola, I have thought of a new way to hunt them—with my camera. I will take their pictures."

"Oh, Joe, that will be lovely! And I will help you, for, you see, the birds like me."

The next day they began the new way of hunting. They had lots of fun, some successes and many failures, but Joe never regretted that he gave up the old cruel way of hunting. His gun grew rusty, but he did not care.

Suppose the world doesn't please you,
Nor the way some people do;
Do you think the whole creation
Will be altered just for you?
And isn't it, my boy or girl,
The wisest, bravest plan,
Whatsoever comes or doesn't come,
To do the best you can?

—Phabe Cary.

Ten Little Servants

I HAVE ten little servants,
That come at my call,
They are cheery and willing,
And active and small,
They are dainty and dimpled
(Mama says), and sweet;
But among all the ten
Is not one pair of feet.
And never a one
(It will cause you surprise)
Has a nose or a mouth,
Or a pair of blue eyes;
And yet they are nimble
At so many things,
That mama sometimes says
They surely have wings.

I love my little kittie, and I love
all the dogs and cats and birds and
everything that's alive.

A Nursery Rhyme

"WEE lady, wee lady, where go you to-day?"
"I'm going, good sir, on a search for the May.
The bushes are barren, the dark skies repine;
Under these circumstances some May would be fine."

"Wee lady, wee lady, come tell me, I pray,
How in bleak January you hope to get May.
As you wisely observe, the flowers are dead,
The heavens weep sadly and the sun's gone to bed."

"Kind stranger, kind stranger, I deeply regret
To find one at your age so ignorant yet.
Without egotism permit me to say
That it's simple as Simon to fashion a May."

"Think lightly, speak lightly, and bluebirds will
sing—
You have but to make them believe it is spring—
A smile brings the sunshine, a laugh stops the
showers,
And heart's-ease is purest and best among flowers."

"Wee lady, wee lady, I pass you the bun,
You're Plato and Cato and Zeno in one—
Whate'er met'ological experts may say,
You've mastered the method for making a May."
—Channing Pollock.



T SPENT New Year's Day in Chicago, and must tell you a little about it. I had been in the city some hours, and went about on this day of the new year trying to make things pleasant for everybody, though I must confess the rain threw a "wet blanket" over me at times, which seemed rather discouraging, but I kept right on trying to be pleasant. (Somehow it warms me to the very heart to try to do a good thing, whether I succeed or not.)

Along in the afternoon I was hurrying across a backyard, when I suddenly heard a strange but musical noise. It seemed to grow louder as I stopped to listen near an old tree that lay on its side. Presently I discovered that the noise came from the tree itself.

"What is the matter? Tell me about it," said I. "Well, I have always been happy, except the day they chopped me down. Of course that seemed dreadful, but it was only a preparation for the very happiest day of my life, which came when some little children bought me at the grocer's and planted me in the corner of the parlor for a Christmas tree. I was so excited at first that I could hardly stand, but they fixed up a platform that held me very nicely. Then they hung all sorts of pretty things on my branches. Up at the top, like a crown, perched a lovely pink butterfly. Then there were birds and angels, shining tinsel moss, and colored candles set in little red and blue isinglass pails. Long strings of snowy popcorn were looped all over me, and apples, oranges and pretty candy bags and cunning little booklets in the shape of roses and lilies hung from my branches and—"

"But what made you so happy?" I interrupted. "Was it because of the beauty and light all around you?"

Then, children, it seemed as if every branch and needle of that old tree began to sing with a music like that the mountain pines make when I visit them on moonlit summer nights.

"Because of the beauty and light!" repeated the tree. "Oh, no. It was because of the joy-diamonds that sparkled in the children's eyes when they looked at me; it was because I could do something to make the dear things happy."

"But your good time is over. What makes you happy now?" I asked, curious to learn all I could.

"Oh, I'm happy now because I know that every good, sweet, loving thought the children had that Christmas Eve will live forever, whether I am there or not."

"But you are thrown away. Your life is almost gone."

"No, no, South Wind. My life is left with those who loved my grace and beauty and my precious service. That they will never throw away. Now leave me to sing with the snowbirds that are coming very soon to keep me company."

As I rose to go, the tree turned over on its side and I left it singing more sweetly than before.

Heigho! Well, dears, I was glad to hear that New Year's talk from the tree. Somehow it cheered the whole day for me, and I didn't care how many "wet blankets" were thrown over me. They really didn't seem wet after that. Good-bye, and a Happy New Year to you all!

HELEN VAN ANDERSON.

THE HYMN OF THE ROBE OF GLORY

[This wonderful though fragmentary poem of the Inner Life or the soul's descent into matter was written by one of the early Christians, by name Bardaisan, who was born 155 A.D., and was the means of establishing the first Christian state, then ruled by Abgar, who was dethroned in 216. Read this beautiful allegory and find therein the story of your soul's wandering into Egypt and return to the Heavenly City.—EDITOR'S NOTE.]

1. WHEN I was a little child,
And dwelling in my kingdom, in my Father's house,
2. And in the wealth and the glories
Of my nurturers had my pleasure,
3. From the East [Heavenly Realm], our home,
My parents having equipped me, sent me forth.
4. And of the wealth of our treasury
They had tied up for me a load
5. Large it was, yet light,
So that I might bear it unaided—
6. Gold of . . . *
7. And silver of Gazzak the great,
And rubies of India,
8. And agate (?) from the land of Kushan (?)
And they girded me with adamant
Which can crush iron [a symbol of carnal mind].
9. And they took off from me the bright robe
[Spiritual Consciousness]
Which in their love they had wrought for me,
10. And my purple toga,
Which was measured (and) woven to my stature.
11. And they made compact with me,
And wrote it in my heart that it should not be forgotten:
12. "If thou goest down into Egypt [the body or matter]
And bringest the one pearl [word of truth],
Which is in the midst of the sea [materiality],
Hard by the loud-breathing serpent [human passions],
14. (Then) shalt thou put on thy bright robe
[Spiritual Consciousness].
And thy toga [robe of righteousness], which is laid over it,
15. And with thy Brother [the Higher Self], our next in rank,
Thou shalt be heir in our kingdom."
16. I quitted the East (and) went down,
There being with me two messengers [The Father and Holy Spirit],
17. For the way was dangerous and difficult,
And I was young to tread it.
18. I passed the borders of Maishan,
The meeting-place of the merchants of the East,
19. And I reached the land of Babel
And I entered the walls of . . . **
20. I went down into Egypt.

21. I betook me straight to the serpent,
Hard by his dwelling I abode.
22. (Waiting) till he could slumber and sleep, *
And I could take my pearl from him.
23. And when I was single and alone,
A stranger to those with whom I dwelt,
One of my race, a free-born man,
From among the Easterns, I beheld there—
25. A youth fair and well-favored.

26. *****
***** and he came and attached himself to me.
27. And I made him my intimate [a friend on the same quest],
A comrade with whom I shared my merchandise.
28. I warned him against the Egyptians
And against consorting with the unclean;
29. And I put on a garb like theirs,
Lest they should insult (?) me because I had come from afar,
30. To take away the pearl,
And (lest) they should arouse the serpent against me.
31. But in some way or other
They perceived that I was not their countryman;
32. So they dealt with me treacherously.
Moreover they gave me their food to eat.
33. I forgot that I was a son of kings,
And I served their king;
34. And I forgot the pearl,
For which my parents had sent me,
35. And by reason of the burden of their toils
I lay in a deep sleep [the sleep of carnality].
36. But all those things that befell me,
My parents perceived and were grieved for me;
37. And a proclamation was made in our kingdom,
That all should speed to our gate,
38. Kings and princes of Parthia
And all the nobles of the East.
39. So they wove a plan on my behalf,
That I might not be left in Egypt,
40. And they wrote to me a letter
And every noble signed his name [Spiritual Powers] thereto:
41. "From thy Father, the King of kings,
And thy Mother, the mistress of the East,
And from thy Brother, our next in rank,
To thee our son, who art in Egypt, greeting!
Up and arise from thy sleep,
And listen to the words of our letter!
Call to mind that thou art a son of kings!
See the slavery—whom thou servest!
45. Remember the pearl
For which thou didst speed to Egypt!
46. Think of thy bright robe,
And remember thy glorious toga,
47. Which thou shalt put on as thine adornment,
When thy name hath been read out in the list of the valiant,
48. And with thy Brother, our . . .
Thou shalt be . . . in our kingdom."
49. And my letter (was) a letter
Which the King sealed with his right hand.
50. (To keep it) from the wicked ones, the children of Babel,
And from the savage demons of . . . *
51. It flew in the likeness of an eagle,
The king of all birds [the descent of the Holy Ghost];
52. It flew and alighted beside me,
And became all speech.
53. At its voice and the sound of its rustling
I started and arose from my sleep.
54. I took it up and kissed it,
And loosed its seal (?) (and) read;
55. And according to what was traced on my heart
Were the words of my letter written.
56. I remembered that I was a son of kings.
And my free soul longed for its natural state.
57. I remembered the pearl,
For which I had been sent to Egypt,
58. And I began to charm him,
The terrible loud-breathing serpent.
59. I hushed him to sleep and lulled him into slumber,
For my Father's name I named over him,
60. And the name of our next in rank,
And of my Mother, the queen of the East [Holy Spirit];
61. And I snatched away the pearl,
And turned to go back to my Father's house.
62. And their filthy and unclean garb
I stripped off, and left it in their country, *
63. And I took my way straight to come
To the light of our home, the East.
64. And my letter, my awakener,
I found before me on the road,
65. And as with its voice it had awakened me,
(So) too, with its light it was leading me.
66. Shone before me with its form,
And with its voice and its guidance,
It also encouraged me to speed,
68. * * * * *
And with His (the Father's) love drawing me on,
69. I went forth, passed by . . .
I left Babel on my left hand,
70. And reached Maishan the great,
The haven of the merchants,
71. That sitteth on the shore of the sea
* * * * *
72. And my bright robe, which I had stripped off,
And the toga wherein it was wrapped,
73. From the heights of Hyrcania (?)
My parents sent thither.
74. By the hand of their treasurers,
Who in their faithfulness could be trusted therewith.
75. And because I remembered not its fashion—
For in my childhood I had left it in my Father's house—
76. On a sudden as I faced it,
The garment seemed to me like a mirror of myself.
77. I saw it all in my whole self,
Moreover I faced my whole self in (facing) it.
78. For we were two in distinction.
And yet again one in one likeness.
79. And the treasurers also,
Who brought it to me, I saw in like manner,
80. That they were twain (yet) one likeness [the mortal and immortal].
For one kingly sign was graven on them,
81. Of His hands that restored to me
My treasure and my wealth by means of them.
82. My bright embroidered robe,
Which was woven with glorious colors;
83. With gold and with beryls,
And rubies and agates (?)
84. And sardonyxes varied in color,
It also was made ready in its home on high (?)
85. And with stones of adamant
All its seams were fastened;
86. And the image of the King of kings was depicted in full all over it,
87. And like the sapphire stone also were its manifold hues.
88. Again I saw that all over it
The motions of knowledge [the powers of the word] were stirring.
89. As if to speak
I saw it also making itself ready,
90. I heard the sound of its tones,
Which it uttered to those who brought it down (?)
91. Saying, "I . . . *
Whom I reared for him (?) in the presence of my Father,
92. And I also perceived in myself
That my stature was growing according to his labors" [the Higher Self].
93. And in its kingly motions
It was spreading itself out toward me, *
94. And in the hands of its givers
It hastened that I might take it.
95. And me to my love urged on
That I should run to meet it and receive it,
96. And I stretched forth and received it,
With the beauty of its colors I adorned myself.
97. And my toga of brilliant colors
I cast around me, in its whole breadth.
98. I clothed myself therewith, and ascended
To the gate of salutation and homage;
99. I bowed my head, and did homage
To the Majestic One whom my Father had sent to me,
100. For I had done his commandments,
And he too had done what he promised.
101. And at the gate of his princes
I mingled with his nobles;
102. For he rejoiced in me and received me,
And I was with him in his kingdom.
103. And with the voice of . . .
All his servants glorify him.
104. And he promised that also to the gate
Of the King of kings I should speed with him,
And bringing my gift and my pearl
I should appear with him before our King [God].

I do not know on what authority this beautiful poem has been called the Hymn of the Soul; there is no authority in the text for the title and the Gnostic poet had a far more definite theme in mind. He sang of the consummation of the Gnostic life, the crown of victory on the end of the Path; not of any vague generalities, but of a very definite goal toward which he was running. He sang of the "wedding garment," the "robe of initiation," so beautifully described in the opening pages of the Pistis Sophia. Well may Professor Bevan call this glorious hymn a "masterpiece of religious poetry"; it is not only magnificent as poetry, but priceless as a record of occult fact. What then have we not lost by the barbarous destruction of the Hymns of Bardaisan?
G. R. S. MEAD.

. . . And when he came to himself, he said: . . . I will arise and go to my Father. . . . And he arose and came to his Father. But when he was yet a great way off his Father saw him and had compassion on him, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him . . . and said: Bring forth the best robe and put it on him, and put a ring on his hand and shoes on his feet . . . for this my son was dead, and is alive again. He was lost, and is found.—ST. LUKE xv, 17 to 24.

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JANUARY is here; the month of beginnings, the time of spiritual awakening, of resolve, of love, aspiration and seeking after good. Now comes Christ in the consciousness of the people. He comes like an angel with a two-edged sword. Like the lightning that flasheth out of the East and shineth even unto the West the Word made life appears before our eyes.

See the great aurora shining in the North when the stars are set in the great arch above us. How it leaps and turns and flames! Type of the perfect purity of the Infinite Presence. When the days are warm and the tropic heat lulls the senses to repose, its splendors are not seen. The spring brings it not forth, and the autumn has no place for it. The absolute, the uncompromising, the frost-ruled season brings it before us. The grasp of world on world, of system on system and sun on sun is made visible.

Like a mighty net the invisible forces of God hold all the heavenly constellations, and when we turn away from sensuous summers in our lives and the mists of meadows are touched with frost, then we see the great cords of the woven garment of Infinity flashing in myriad colors beyond the Northern Star. The aurora is the manifestation of a glory which abides in the silence, yet acts throughout the Universe.

Shrink not from the cold. It is the bringer of good things to the wise. Even storms are helpful to the free soul.

Work! This is the golden time of all for labor. Never such lofty inspiration comes to us as when the fires are bright and the senses are deadened by the bitter winds. While the outside world sleeps the true man awakes. He grasps at the high ideal. He resolves and plans and loves and seeks the good more than ever before.

In the white drifts he sees but a shadow of that stainless beauty which he seeks. He knows that he is—

“Owner of the sphere
Of the seven stars and the solar year.”

He knows that he is life and power, and all outward things are his.

Gift of gifts! The opportunity to grow, to learn, to be kind, to increase in grace for all of one blessed winter month. Are you using it aright?

You will call. Forget not to call upon that perfect One who will in return enter into your heart and sup with you and be your guest for all the days and nights of eternity. He will leave you golden wine cups filled with that refreshing that shall quench forever your thirst. He will break with you that heavenly bread which shall be to you so blessed that you shall never hunger again. It was He who said:

“Peace I leave with you. My peace I give unto you. Not as the world giveth I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.”

Behold the gifts of winter! Diamonds upon a thousand hills, flashing with a splendor man never could imitate with his gems. Sapphires and pearls that reflect winter sunshine like the jewels of Paradise. Wreaths of crystal flowers upon the dark pines and decorated forest aisles and orchard arches glistening with pure whiteness till the world seems ready for the feet of angels without sin. These are but the outward forms of His appearing.

BIBLE BREAD.

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

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

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

When you have prayed and waited for an answer to prayer and it has not come, look carefully within your own heart. See if therein be faith, humility, sincerity. Pray then with fervor for twenty minutes: *O God, cleanse my heart from all pride and bitterness, and false judgment of self or others. Create a right spirit within me . . . for Thy Law is perfect, converting the soul. In my innermost spirit I am as Thou wouldst have me. Let Thy perfect work be manifest.*

When your vision is clouded, and your mind in a chaos of darkness and doubt, let the spirit of God within you command. Repeat for half an hour: *Let there be light. Let this creative word reveal the perfect world to my sight and to my mind. Let the dry land (of knowledge) be separated from the waters (shifting opinions). Let the Sun (the light of truth) and the Moon (reflected knowledge) appear in my heavens (consciousness). Then wait in voiceless, non-thinking silence, that the Word may bring forth the world of harmony and power and beauty.*

When you have worked with zeal and faithfulness, with unsparing strength and patience for some needy, suffering little one, who is not gracious enough to receive your heart and hand service, say to that one: *I love you and serve God, my—our Father. Blessings be upon you and peace enfold you. It is not I, but the Father, who worketh in you and for you. To Him be all power and glory forever. As the wind bloweth where it listeth, so doth His seed within thee unfold to His likeness in the fulness of His time, not mine.*

When you have come to an epoch in your life's unfolding, and would face more fully the light of God's countenance, say with deep earnestness and inner rejoicing: *I turn to Thee, O Father, as flower to the sun. Shine Thou upon my earth nature. Warm it with Thy wondrous love, that the Divine seed may grow into the fulness and perfection of Thy Holy and Whole Being. I in Thee and Thou in me. Amen.*

It is a period of lengthening days. Darkness is being beaten and driven back, for the Lord of Light is upon our side. The warmer winds have already roused themselves in the South. In the very midst of the winter come days of release from frost. So in the midst of the hardest trials come the warm touches of love. The spring will come in due time.

Dwellers in shut-in places, fearful of the storm and cold of life, look out through the east window at the rising day! Be glad for all experience, so you are able to look toward the coming light and see the gleam of radiance grow and wax strong, till the heavens above the snow-capped mountains blush with rose and crimson and the dawn ushers in the day. Turn your face from chilling North and the shadowy West and the yet unlighted South, and look eastward at the coming of the year. Cold, storm and drifting that whiten outside, matter not unless they be types of winter within.

Lift up your faces unto the East, to the coming of the light of everlasting joy, to the illumined heavens and the Sun of Righteousness. Lift up your faces unto the morning and sing with gladness of the rising day. Lift them up that you may bless the year that you have been given to see and the beginning of the year that brings you the mercy of Ever-living Truth. Look from the window and bless the Lord, even God, Who has sent His sunshine upon the mountains covered with snow.

“Christ,” someone says, “was human as we are.”
“Well, then, for Christ,” thou answerest, “who can care?”

So answerest thou; but why not rather say,
“Was Christ a man like us? Ah, let us try
If we then, too, can be such men as He!”

—Matthew Arnold.

When People Are Happy

Not in the bustle of excitement of theatre or dance—real happiness comes from within. If one has a contented spirit, then they are indeed blessed. By a contented spirit is not meant a lazy one. A contented spirit may be possessed by one ambitious to achieve great things. The artist, poet or writer, however ambitious, may possess it, and, possessing it, do better work. The poet then sings a happy, contented lay. The writer's thoughts are inspired. The artist puts a germ of the spirit on his canvas and so reaches some other soul, for the contented spirit has a drawing power.

We say the contented spirit is from within, and yet that is, in a measure, wrong, for it is the shadow of the spirit that is the image of God reflected here on earth. And some let it shine through all this world's overglow, so beautifully that we say they have the treasure of a contented spirit. They really belong to the “don't worry” class, resting their endeavors with a Higher Power, and so cultivating the contented spirit.

The Creative Love

THE Creative Love comes like a sunburst to the Soul. Not the humblest flower that hides in the crannies of rock but demands the Central Life; the round globe and the elemental powers are all serving to nourish its tiny root in the ground. Every plant requires the solar system, and the solar system presupposes the plant; yes, it lives and moves and has its being for the weed as the weed lives for it. The fact that God serves and blesses all—is the universal blessing—is the testimony to His Perfection. His Life is a Life of Love.

Think of the Love of that Living Light which could blend its being with the Darkness of Chaos that forth therefrom should spring a living world of souls and minds to share the conscious joy and knowledge of Being with its Benevolent Author, that ONE, without a second! Who breathed upon eternity and lo! Time was born! That living Splendor that we can barely conceive of, whose love stoops to the tiniest and creates the mightiest of His children. Think of this Living Love and ask what we mortals could hope to do to prove our gratitude for the gifts of Life? “What is man that Thou art mindful of him?”—J. P. Cooke.

A Prayer

TEACH me, Father, how to go
Softly as the grasses grow;
Hush my soul to meet the shock
Of the wild world as a rock;
But my spirit, prompt with power,
Make as simple as a flower;
Let the dry heart fill its cup,
Like a poppy looking up;
Let Life lightly wear her crown,
Like the poppy looking down,
When its heart is filled with dew,
And its life begins anew.

Teach me, Father, how to be
Kind and patient as a tree;
Joyfully the crickets croon
Under shady oak at noon;
Beetle, on his mission bent,
Tarry in that cooling tent;
Let me, also, cheer a spot,
Hidden field or garden grot—
Place where passing souls can rest
On the way and be their best.

—Edwin Markham.

Look within your own soul and see the face of God; but yet, better than that, look within the soul of your brother and see God there first.—Frank Harrison.

ABOUT THE MYSTIC SUCCESS CLUB

THIS Club teaches the Mystic life, the inner spiritual life. It teaches the beauty of holiness and the gentle kindness that emanates from the consecrated soul. To those who quibble or oppose, the true Mystic ever gives the soft answer that turneth away wrath. The Mystic life is the Godly life.

Brother Thomas Swift, 6 Jerningham street, Stafford, England, speaks of the many printed letters of appreciation from the many brothers and sisters whose testimonials have appeared from time to time in our columns, and he goes on to say: "Dear *Mystic Success Club*—I cannot send this record without a few lines to you to express my feelings. I hardly know how to begin, but I must say this: I have read with unbounded interest the many testimonials of appreciation that come from the members of *The Mystic Success Club*, and I must say that I fully agree with all the words of praise that they have to say about the Magazine and the *Success Club*. The Magazine came as a Star in my life—the very thing I had been longing for for years. Although so far away from you, I know that space does not divide us, and that which fills their and your hearts with gladness also fills mine. The world seems so different now. Everything seems to throb with me in gladness and glorious life. There seems no bitterness now, and if there are clouds they soon disappear. I feel that I have not fathomed the depth of truth in this Third Degree, but I know I have grown in love both to God and man. I shall often turn to those beautiful thoughts to help me along. I shall now look forward in glad anticipation for the Fourth Degree. Verily, it seems a long time to wait here in England; but I spend the time in going over the other Records again, for I feel their need. I could write a lot more, as it seems so comforting to pour one's soul out to those who understand and know what these things mean. I am somewhat isolated here. People in this part of the country do not seem to be able to understand these things. There seems so much prejudice and bigotry. I will not further take up your valuable time any longer with this letter, but send you God's greeting and love to all members of the Club. Your peace and confidence are well founded in our Club, Brother, as you yourself have testified, and your life will be lengthened while growing, for Thought is the measure of life.

Sister Florence M. Lewis, 166 West Union street, Burlington, N. J., has learned the simple lesson that *Here and Now* is a maxim which, if lived up to, brings most satisfactory results. "The *Living Present*," as our own poet Longfellow has said, is the only thing we can call our own, and therefore, if we be wise, we will profit by it. This Sister says in part: "Dear *Mystic Success Club*—It has been a long time since I wrote you about my progress in the Club, but to-night I feel like writing a few words of praise and thanksgiving to our Heavenly Father for directing me to your Magazine and later to the Club. Lately I have come into a certain knowledge concerning God and other worlds that really surprises me. I cannot explain or tell anyone just what I feel and know. But it does seem that God is very near and does care about what I do, or even think of doing. I have at last come to know the meaning of daily strength for daily needs. Why, every day I have given me from on high enough faith, courage and endurance to last the day through. And, of course, I have learned by now that only the present belongs to me. The future is God's, and the past is dead. And I am enabled to do the small things well, leaving the results always with our Heavenly Father. I am content to do, without any thought of reward. My life is now one continuous, happy thought. I know that my Redeemer liveth, because He lives in my soul, the hope of eternal life. Religion now means to me to help everyone. Hoping you will pray for me, and thanking you for your *Confidential Messages*, which I enjoy very much, believe me, I am yours for Success and the growth of the Club." As you have indicated, undoubtedly you have found your sphere, and you can work in it to advantage. Part of the poem you have reference to is this:

*Rest is not quelling the busy career;
Rest is the fitting of oneself to sphere.
'Tis living and serving the highest and best;
'Tis onward, unceasing, and this is true rest."*

Brother Edwin J. Brubet, Folsom City, Cal., sends his hearty approval of the mighty work our Club is doing, and he attributes all his success to the founders of the Club, who were instrumental in showing him the way to follow for his personal development. The Brother further says: "Dear *Mystic Success Club*—I have just finished my Fourth Degree of *The Mystic Success Club*. I must say I would not go back to my old way of living for all the money in existence. I am so happy and contented. No more worry. No more trouble. I have a good position at a good salary. I have never been so happy, and I have never enjoyed better health in all my life than now. I lay all this to *The Mystic Success Club*, as I have never spent four months of happier moments. I feel that I have found God. I seek His daily aid. Every night and morning I ask Him in the 'Silence' to bear with me and give me light and direction. I have peace and joy. I am living a new life, and I enjoy such sweet sleep. What grand blessings! What grand health! Such great happiness can be bestowed upon all individuals who will follow the blessed teachings of *The Mystic Success Club*. I am happy to think I am enabled to send to all souls the benefits I have derived from my Four Degrees. Blessed be the members of this great Club, and may God give us power and strength to spread these many blessings to all. 'The Lord is my Shepherd. I shall not want. Seek ye the Lord and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.' How beautiful! How sublime! If we only ask—the trouble is, we fail to look to God for our needs. May God bless all the Brothers and Sisters of this blessed Club, and give them light and understanding. I am yours in *Praise, Health and Happiness*."

Sister T. L. Wyllie, Crescent, Ga., in returning her Second Degree, says: "Oh, the comfort of this Second Degree! How the prayer I so earnestly voiced that my veiled and closed eyes might be opened to see the truth (Thought 7), was answered—answered almost immediately—and I saw that to forgive and forget, and to be kind to those who had injured me, was the point upon which my victory would turn. All such things lost their hold in a moment and my freedom and joy are unexpressed. Now I can receive the amounting and be blessed with power. I am indeed thankful for what I now know. I have profited much by sitting in the 'Silence' and reading Hebrews, eleventh and twelfth chapters. I am filled with the desire to join the *Mystic Adiant Brotherhood* for they devote their lives to the service and love of God. I have purchased and read Brother Lawrence's 'In The Presence of God,' and have received much comfort and instruction from it. I cannot possibly express the delight this Club membership is to me, and the joy and peace it has brought me. My Second Degree is nearly finished, and I have learned so much that I am longing for the Third. God has surely heard the prayers and opened my mind and heart to be receptive. I wish I were so situated that I could tell all men what the Father has done for me before I became a member and sister. *THE MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES* is a delight and an instructor, and I am anxious for each number. May the Club and the Brotherhood be abundantly blessed."

THE MYSTIC SUCCESS CLUB

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

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

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



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

Men of an extraordinary success, in their honest moments, have always sung, "Not unto us, not unto us."—Emerson.



Practice yourself, for Heaven's sake, in little things; and thence proceed to greater.—Epictetus.

HALF the friction in life comes from

*Round pegs in Square holes
And Square pegs in Round.*

Thus the Work and the Worker are spoiled. Discontent embitters thousands of lives, and God's plans are frustrated.

No man is strong enough to fight against his Creator and Win.

What God has written in a man's Heart and Brain, he must read and follow, or he will never find *Life's Meaning*, never perform his allotted task.

When circumstances force so many people to uncongenial tasks, and blind obstinacy leads others to try that which their natural capacity gives them no warrant to attempt,

Is it any wonder there are so many mental and moral cripples?

So many life-wrecks, so much botched work?

If you are out of your place, you must expect Mediocrity, be content to be a pigmy, never rising to your full stature.

No one can prevent your choosing to make a living instead of a *Life*.

But you wrong Yourself and rob society by such choice.

You owe yourself the best opportunity possible for *Expansion* and *Expression*.

Nothing else will call out your Possibilities, or make you so manly or womanly, as the Healthy Exercise of *all* your powers in the sphere that fits you.

Everybody comes into the World with sealed orders from the Infinite hand.

Therefore, selecting a life-work is serious business. It should be done only after careful study and test of aptitudes and tastes by both the person choosing and those having authority with him.

To do the kind of work for which one is fitted by nature, and to do it to the best of one's ability, is *working along the lines of one's strength*, which increases with every well-directed effort.

A man who would woo Success should heed the *God-given Message that speaks in his blood*.

You must feel yourself growing in your Work, and your Life broadening and deepening.

Your task should be a Perpetual Tonic to you, and unless you go to your work with greater delight than you leave it, it belongs to some other man.

The question then arises—

Have You ever taken Yourself seriously?

Have You ever cross-examined Yourself in order to find out wherein You are lacking?

Have You ever seriously reflected that many *Unexpected Possibilities* lie dormant within You—*waiting to be revealed*.

Every man is given in the beginning so many talents, for which in the end he must give an exact accounting.

It rests with You, and, moreover, it is your bounden duty to let the Inner Light that dwells within the soul so shine that it will be a credit to Yourself, and a blessing to all those with whom you may come in contact.

Life is no idle dream. On the contrary, Life is a strenuous affair. It is work, but it is pleasant work if you will only try to make it so:

If deep down in your Heart of Hearts you really desire to improve yourself—to live a more Spiritual life, for,

"The Life is The Spirit."

Then *The Mystic Success Club* stands ready and willing to help you.

There is no mystery about this, except to those unacquainted with our Plans, Aims and Objects.

A mystery (so-called) is only a mystery until it be revealed.

The Mystic teachings formulate certain rules or exercises as steps or degrees to be practiced by the student.

The First Step—Leads you to Health. (First Month.)

The Second Step—Leads you to Receptivity. (Second Month.)

The Third Step—Leads you to Attractiveness. (Third Month.)

The Fourth Step—Leads you to Realization. (Fourth Month.)

"A Good Fight."

That phrase of Saint Paul has a fine ring to it. It shows to us that, in the mind of the great Apostle, life is "Not an idle dream," but a strenuous reality.

We are not here merely to mold the image of a saint, but to try to live the life of a True Soldier.

There are some people foolish enough to content themselves with visions of perfection.

It remains for the bone and sinew of *The Grand Army of true Christian Endeavorers*, to meet, oppose and subdue concrete wrongs.

Our Field of Battle is the World. It is only in this way that our *Ideals Will Become Living Realities*.

*"Keep a brave spirit, and never despair;
Hope brings you messages through the keen air—
Good is victorious—God everywhere."*

*"Grand are the battles which you have to fight,
Be not down-hearted, but valiant for right;
Hope, and press forward, your face to the light."*

And you will never take a step backward, once you have made the honest endeavor to gain the goal.

It is not necessary to disparage the pacific graces in order to appreciate heroic qualities. *A good Fight presupposes a good Cause.*

The loftiest courage cannot redeem a base or even an insignificant sin.

But he who aims at a life that shall be beautiful with virtue, strong in hope, and fragrant in the memory of men, does better.

And a Good Fight means good methods.

War no less than Peace is subject to its own laws.

It is a blessed thing for any one of us to be able to say at any time in his life,

"I Have Fought a Good Fight."

"In a world surrounded by all sorts of conditions, I have not been merely a man of words. I have taken my share of its privations, its joys and its rewards."

"I have lived for High and Holy Purposes."

"And I have sought heavenly ends by heavenly means."

Let us ever remember this, that in this world of action, we must be able to meet the conditions and environments in accordance to demands.

Theorizing upon the beautiful side of life will never make us fit for anything. We must consider the inevitable.

We must be wise in adopting means most conducive under the circumstances, always watching opportunities, insuring emancipation and Freedom.

We feel, when face to face with our Higher nature, that there are qualities about us which, *when used and exercised upon, Will Insure Unto Us Opportunities Unlimited.*

They will create a desire to forever practice our abilities until the goal has been attained and *Spur Us On* all the more to still *Higher Realms of Consciousness.*

The Testimonials are particularly convincing this month. We ask you to read them carefully.

Anyone desiring perfect health, strength and grand success should fellowship with *The Mystic Success Club*; if you doubt this statement send at once for a free copy of our booklet entitled, "From Disease, Poverty and Drudgery, to Health, Wealth, Power and Success."

After reading this book your faith will be great, because you will be confronted with facts!

But *you* must read and re-read the mystic writings we send with each Degree and do your best to fully *realize* Success.

Much time and money have been expended in organizing and formulating our plans and preparing the Four Degrees that they might be simple and comprehensive to *anyone*.

A child can comprehend them.

From this you will know how *You Can be Successful.*

Thousands of letters are pouring in, speaking in glowing words about the wonderful blessings that have come to members since they enrolled their names as life members of this Club. Read some of these letters printed on these pages devoted to the Club.

Distinctly understand, *The Mystic Success Club* is in no way a money-making organization. We have set aside a large sum of money to make it a grand success, and in turn for what we do for *you* in helping to make you successful and happy we expect you to help us to *partly* pay the expenses of supporting the Club (printing, postage, clerks, etc.).

To that end each member becomes a yearly subscriber to THE MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES at one dollar, and gets *three* (3) friends to subscribe for the Magazine at one dollar a year, sending us the three subscribers, with three dollars. Upon receipt of the three subscribers, with three dollars, you are entered on our membership books as a *full life member*, with no further dues or payments of any kind whatsoever. We then mail you the First Degree (Health Degree), which, if you will work out, giving to it a little time each day, will put you on the road to perfect and permanent health. At the end of thirty days we mail you the Second Degree (for Receptivity); in thirty days more the Third Degree (Attractiveness; or, Personal Magnetism); and in thirty days more the Fourth or final Degree, which prepares you for full Realization. It takes four months to work through the Four Degrees, and *you* are then in a far more healthy, receptive and attractive condition than you ever thought of being here on the earth plane of existence. Some will develop the most perfect clairvoyant and clairaudient powers, which are always helpful to success; *all* will be more successful than they ever thought possible.

Read this department each month, which we will print about success, the growth of *The Mystic Success Club*, special success and achievements of individual members, etc.

In conclusion, remember *you* become a life member of *The Mystic Success Club* (and will receive our daily vibrations that we send out in the Silence) upon becoming a subscriber for one year, at one dollar, to THE MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES, and securing three more subscriptions from three friends at one dollar each. If you are already a subscriber then send three subscribers, with three dollars; if not, then send three subscribers and your own subscription, with four dollars. We will immediately enter your name as a Life Member on our books and send you one Degree each month. There are no further dues, assessments or payments to be made.

We want your help and co-operation in the spreading of this blessed gospel of peace, hope, high endeavor and good-will toward all, just as we feel you need the help we have offered.

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

With holy love, peace and good-will to *all* beings in the universe, we are, always for grand success, THE MYSTIC SUCCESS CLUB, care of THE MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES, 22 North William Street, New York City, U. S. A.

N. B.—We desire members from all parts of the world.

Brother E. Herbert Vickery, Chilliwack, B. C., Canada, writes of having passed through several experiences in search of the right path, and that the teachings of *The Mystic Success Club* have shown it to him. He intends to faithfully follow it always. This is part of the letter: "To *The Mystic Success Club*—Dear Brothers: First Degree to hand some time past, and I beg to thank you for the benefits already received. A certain protective atmosphere set in around me as soon as the work of the First Degree began—a certain mental calm, an Assurance of ultimate success, material and spiritual. May the great Spiritual Power bless and prosper the Brotherhood. Believe me, ever for the Great Cause of *The Mystic Success Club*—a Faithful Worker." You have hit upon and striven for the vital points we embodied in the Club and which we try to make plain to everybody.

THE PATH

*"Dream not to grow to thy full stature, O my soul,
By Ease and dull Contentment! Not thus is Manhood won!
The task to right the wrong, uphold the right,
Whate'er of weak there be that suffers tyranny,
Thy privilege to succor and support,
Through good report and ill pursue thy way
Unflinching. Thine the loneliness
Of differing opinion—knowing well
The cost to thee has been too great to barter
The anguish-bought result for sake of peace."*

*"The things of moment are the things unseen—
The strength that comes of conflict hardly won,
The gentleness and strong endurance born of striving for the
Truth,
The high ideal that comes in visions of the night,
Or moments wrapt of full, complete surrender
Of self to others' use and service need—
These are the things of life, cost what they may!
The things alone worth striving for. And only thus
To thy full stature shalt thou grow, O soul."*

Sister Kathryn L. Fisher, Wellsboro, Ind., speaks of the benefit the splendid "mental discipline" has been to her through the conscientious study of the First Degree. It was no easy task in the beginning, for there were many things to overcome before she could work in harmony even with herself. This is what she says: "*The Mystic Success Club*—Dear Sirs: I have followed the instructions of the First Degree carefully for a period of thirty days, and have kept a faithful record of my progress. I have been greatly benefited by this mental discipline in many ways. I was in poor health, discouraged, morose and unhappy when a kind friend put into my hands a copy of THE MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES. It was a revelation to me, and my improvement commenced after I had absorbed its beautiful teachings. I have gained in flesh also, and my general health is wonderfully improved. Others to whom you sent sample copies at my request are delighted also with the beauty of its teachings. We are taught to realize the beauty of God's universe and our relation to Him and to His Creation. The effect of harboring these beautiful, uplifting thoughts in the First Degree is marvelous. My friends notice my improvement and often ask me the reason of it. I am always delighted to tell them, for this work inspires one with a broader love for the Universal Brotherhood. I await the result of my report of the first month's work. I am yours for universal Health, Happiness and Prosperity." "The moment a person 'absorbs' a truth that moment does it also enter into the 'sanctuary of his soul,' and the benefit accruing may always be enjoyed without let or hindrance.

Brother Albert M. Brobst, Kankakee, Ill., shows his profound faith in the Holy Spirit and the work *The Mystic Success Club* is doing in the following words: "Gentlemen—I believe there is an Infinite Spirit of Life and Power which creates and sustains all. I believe that from this Infinite Spirit there emanates a power, a life-giving energy, as an infinite outflow from an infinite source. I believe I may come into conscious, vital relation with this Infinite Spirit, and that, in proportion as I open my body, mind and soul to this divine outflow, I will come into harmony and be at-one with the All-Father, and so become a channel in and through which He may work and bless. I believe that just in the degree that I may receive and am filled with this divine inflow, which is the indwelling the Master promises in John xiv, 23, the joy and peace promised in John xiv, 27, and xv, 11, will be mine in full abundance, and I will exchange disease for ease, suffering and pain for abundant health and strength, as well as be filled with all the fruits of the spirit; Gal. v, 22. I am therefore resolved from this day, through the leadings and blessings of the Holy Spirit, and supported and encouraged by the cheerful faith of all brothers, as well as by my own faith and determined will, to do and be all that the foregoing implies. I will not only so do and be for myself, but will so do and be to all with whom I may come in contact. All this through the grace and strength of my Heavenly Father."

Never Give Up

NEVER give up! It is wiser and better
Always to hope than once to despair;
Fling off the load of Doubt's cankering fetter,
And break the dark spell of tyrannical Care.
Never give up! or the burden may sink you;
Providence kindly has mingled the cup,
And in all trial or troubles, bethink you,
The watchword of life must be—NEVER GIVE UP!

Never give up! There are chances and chances
Helping the hopeful a hundred to one,
And through the chaos High Wisdom arranges
Ever success—if you'll only hope on;
Never give up! for the wisest is boldest,
Knowing that Providence mingles the cup,
And of all maxims the best, as the oldest,
Is the true watchword of—NEVER GIVE UP!

Never give up! Though the grape-shot may rattle,
Or the full thunder-cloud over you burst,
Stand like a rock—and the storm or the battle
Little shall harm you, though doing their worst;
Never give up! if adversity presse,
Providence wisely has mingled the cup,
And the best counsel, in all your distresses,
Is the stout watchword of—NEVER GIVE UP!
—Martin Furquhar Tupper.

If you will send us *twenty* subscriptions for three months at ten cents each, or two subscriptions for one year at \$1.00 each, we will send you our Beautiful *Mystic Success Club Pin*. Everyone should wear it as a Talisman of *Health, Happiness and Prosperity*. The price of Pin alone is \$1.50.

About the Mystic Success Club

To be strong, joyous and free from all bonds, financial and otherwise, is the secret of success, for it is the result of knowing your True Self, which can never fail. If your body is diseased seek the Source of Health—the High and Only One. If you are poor, friendless and weary, go to the *Universal Friend, the Heavenly Father from whom cometh every good and perfect gift. The Mystic Success Club bases its teachings on the Bible Law of Life, which is the basic element of success.*

Brother U. S. G. Story, Box 346, Pullman, Wash., writes of his clearer understanding of infinite Love since beginning the systematic reading of THE MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES, and how many other things have been so thoroughly explained through the Degrees of the Success Club, that even he can now explain to others, where before he stood in darkness. He further says: "Dear Brothers and Sisters of The Mystic Success Club—I finished my Fourth Degree about one month ago, and, although I have put off writing you concerning my progress, today I feel I must say a few words in praise and thanksgiving. It was through THE MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES that I first saw the light. It is certainly the finest magazine that I have ever had the pleasure of reading, and I read and re-read it systematically, in order to get the greatest good from it. When troubled I never fail to take it up, with the happy result that I feel perfectly free from care and trouble. My general health, too, has greatly improved since becoming a member of the Club. My mind is easier—much easier. I never feel troubled as before. Even my enemies (although now I have no enemies) are glad to meet me and shake hands. I am more capable of doing business, and I always ask God's co-operation in my business and social transactions. I realize that God is our only help, and how much happier one is when He puts all his trust in Him. I am realizing this more and more every day. The health of my family seems better. Everything is more harmonious, and more honest effort is put forth in their daily duties. Surely, without God's help and co-operation we are helpless. I sleep well and enjoy my well-earned rest. Whenever anything goes wrong I ask God to right it, and it doesn't seem long before everything is righted. May God bless every member of The Mystic Success Club, and I ask that special prayers be continued in my behalf, that in time I may become perfect, in the sight of God, and a power in His cause. I was called by some neighbors a few days ago, to pray for a child's recovery. We all prayed together, and a change for the better came shortly after. Of course, I prayed secretly as well. I have learned more about religion since I began to read THE MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES than I ever knew in my life before. There are so many good writers, and everything is to the point and explained so clearly that even a little child could understand. I feel that with God's help and yours my success and health, and the health of my family, is assured. With the best wishes, I am yours for the success of *Our Magazine and The Success Club.*"

Sister Ruth Woods, 733 South Broadway, St. Louis, Mo., writes at length of her steady progress, and feels confident that, through the practical teachings of the Club, she will be enabled to pursue her duty to the end. In part we read: "Dear Brothers—I have just finished the Fourth Degree. Thank you for helping me so much. I am a different woman now. The moment I feel 'uncertain' or down-hearted I go into the 'Silence' and ask God's help, and I always get relief. May God bless the one who first conceived the idea of such a Magazine as 'Ours.' I do enjoy reading it so much. Indeed, I read each number over and over again, and I always find some great new thought therein. At least, it is new to me. While reading the Holy Bible the following thoughts have been made so plain to me, and I feel that they may help someone. The All-Father-Mother is often much nearer and much better acquainted with our condition than we imagine, and God can so manifest Himself that our weeping shall be turned to joy and our mourning to praise. The goodness of God should be felt and acknowledged in all our blessings, and when about to partake of the bounties of Providence we should thank Him for them and ask Him to make them the means for our good. Faith and trust in Him makes a great and blessed change in the character, condition, enjoyments and prospects of all who believe in Him. God is All in All. He is All there is. The Mystic Success Club has opened my eyes to all this. Whatever God does is right, and however His dealings may appear to us, they are wise, holy, just and good. If we are at peace with God, at peace with our consciences and at peace with one another, then we know the fruits of faith in Him. In order to be good and do good we must first become good ourselves by faith, by love and obedience. Whenever we are even inclined to be good God works in us, and thus influences us to engage in the work of doing good to others. Hence a cheerful and hearty submission is required of us. In forming plans for the future we should never forget our dependence on God, or neglect to seek His guidance and blessing. No past privileges or attainments can be relied on for the future or even present support. God gives us our supply of wisdom, goodness and strength from day to day, for the day; no more, no less. 'Hold Thou me up, and I shall be safe.' Guide me, and I shall go in the right way. For the receiving of spiritual blessings preparation is necessary. These valuable lessons I have learned

from *The Mystic Success Club*. There was a time, and that not so long ago, when I could see little good in anything. Now the whole scheme of life is changed for me, and I see good in everything. As Shakespeare so beautifully puts it: 'Find tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones and good in everything.' In my estimation this is a tremendous step forward. The most important thing in this life is character-building, and I feel I have been especially benefited in having a truer understanding of myself, and I am sure there is to be a further development in the near future. I thank God that He led me to become a member of this Club, and may He forever bless every member of it and every reader of the Magazine as well."

SINGERS OF TO-DAY

Oh, Singer of to-day, this glorious hour
Is all for you and me—what shall it give
To us, and ask of fate—what splendid power
In brain and hand, what glorious right to live

Among our fellows, and to war with sin?
What quickening of the pulse as we aspire
To claim our right and risk earth's joys to win,
To conquer self and force it through the fire?
Give us this force, dear God, and evermore
Give us a deepening love of all our fellow-men;

Give us a new insight—courage to explore
With all the tenderness of human ken
The lowliest heart that beats in human kind,
Its glory and its soul to seek and find!"

Brother M. Felix Ragas, Pointe à Hache, La., writes: "Dear Brothers of The Mystic Success Club—I inclose herewith report of my work in the Fourth Degree. I wish also to thank you for the beautiful Confidential Message sent me. My life up to now has been hard and almost discouraging; but I turn my thoughts to higher and better things, knowing that all will be better for me after awhile, with so many loving Brothers and Sisters praying for me. I know the future will be brighter for me in many ways. At least, that is the way I feel. I bless the day I first sent for a copy of THE MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES. I would not part with 'Our' Magazine under any circumstances; in fact, I feel that I could not. May the Love, Peace and Calm of Universal Life reach each member of *The Mystic Success Club* is my thought every day. I hope I am your Brother in Love."

We receive many letters stating great blessings received, asking us to print same, but not use their names. There is a twofold purpose in printing these testimonies: (1) To show the world the power of God to bring peace, joy, health, strength and success to His children when they love, trust and live with Him; (2) for the good of the soul of the writer. When God has helped us we should fearlessly and with joy and delight acknowledge it to our brothers and sisters, that it may praise and honor and glorify Him and at the same time help lead others to seek Him. God does not need praise nor does He require it, only in so much as it always blesses the one who praises Him openly and freely. "Rejoice in the Lord, O ye righteous; for praise is comely for the upright." Never be afraid to praise and acknowledge God.

Brother Thaddeus C. Smith, 720 Degraw avenue, Newark, N. J., thinks *The Success Club* has brought unity and harmony out of seeming disorder. This is what the Brother has to say for himself: "Dear Brothers of *The Mystic Success Club*—Inclosed you will find my reports of the Fourth Degree just completed, with the result that I cannot adequately express to you my gratitude for your kind care and guidance through the last four months. One year ago I never expected to be as well as I am to-day. It is true, I am a little lame at times, but I am constantly improving. My mind is much more calm. I sleep peacefully. I have a clearer perception of things spiritual. My mind reaches out in love for all; I long to help all in some way, and I find my business improving all the time. Your confidential message Number One reached me this morning, for which please accept my heartfelt thanks. I carefully read every word of it before taking up the business of the day. May God's blessing rest upon all engaged in this blessed work of bringing unity and harmony out of seeming disorder. I will write again in a few days, and would be glad to hear from you at any time, and believe me, I shall try at all times to follow your kind, loving advice. May the love of the Infinite One rest upon us all, and fill all our hearts with that peace which passeth understanding. I, too, rejoice that I am one of the many happy ones who belong to *The Mystic Success Club.*"

Sister Sophronia E. Wells, Mesa Grande, San Diego County, Cal., writes us in the following happy and hopeful spirit, believing all things and hoping all things will be adjusted to every individual's needs. This is part of the letter: "Dear *Mystic Success Club*—I am happy to say I have just finished my Third Degree, and it is with a heart full of thanksgiving that I write and inclose my Record, which I have faithfully kept for the thirty days just past. I wish to say that I have been really helped in seen and unseen ways, as well as mentally and physically since joining the Club. I am happy to know that I belong for all time to such a grand and noble body of men who are constantly working for the cause of all humanity. I shall never cease to thank God that He led me to become a member, and my greatest desire is to radiate the beautiful truths that are revealed to my consciousness, and I shall do all I can to uplift and help my brothers and sisters who have not yet been awakened. THE MAGAZINE OF MY-

STERIES is such a help and comfort. Its teachings are indeed beautiful and help us to realize the grand and glorious freedom that it is possible for all to find. I like to think that I am one with you in spirit and in truth. I ask your prayers that I may have more love and faith and courage—that I may be more persistent in my overcoming. I also feel that I am gaining each day in understanding and can look beyond all seeming knowing, that it hath no power to separate me from the love of God, for 'He that overcometh shall inherit all things.' My love goes out to you all."

Brother Charles S. Parcels, Willard, Seneca County, N. Y., gives this short but impressive account of the way in which the Two Degrees he has taken have benefited him. This is the letter: "Mystic Success Club, Gentlemen—To say that I am well pleased with the Degrees in so far as I have gone would be putting it mildly. I received the Third in due time, and I am thankful—thankful to think that I live in such an enlightened age. I feel better now than I have in years, and my business is becoming more prosperous. I suppose it is because I am enabled, through your help, to pay more attention to it. However that may be, I am becoming more enlightened in the Degrees and have now much more faith in them, as I sit in the 'Silence,' and I can feel your pleasant vibrations and your good influence. I close my eyes and good thoughts come to me, something I could not master until after joining the Club. I know you help me in my daily toil, and my mind is much more calm and receptive than it ever was. I think it has made a great change in my life so far, and I hope to become more and more enlightened in this good work, and may God bless all who call on Him for help in their needs."

Brother Guy T. Ahrens, Davenport, Ia., writes: "Dear Brothers—I return report of Second Degree of our Grand and Noble Club. It has been a pleasure to me to read and study the beautiful and spiritually uplifting thoughts, and I purpose always, through God's help, to make use of them. There are certainly great spiritual benefits derived from a membership in our Club, and I am happy to say that the Degrees I have thus far taken have sustained me when otherwise I would have suffered much from sheer anxiety and worry. I am certain I am in a deeper sense a God-lover than ever in my life before, and the spirit of love for the All pervades my being to a degree far beyond that which I have ever before experienced. May the blessed All-Father help the Club and THE MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES in the great work they are doing. I am yours in sincere friendship." Some great man once said that each individual has a key or tone which must harmonize with those of the people around him in order to insure a peaceful and happy life. Whatever truth there may be in this statement, there can be no doubt that the keynote of the Christian life is Love. And as you cheerfully acknowledge you found your keynote through the study of but two Degrees in *The Mystic Success Club*. The life is pitched in the tone of Love, and any other pitch will bring discord. If anyone has started the tune of life at any other pitch he must stop and start in again at once on the Christ-key.

Sister Millie Swayze, 99 Graham avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., says that, although she has always made a special study of the Scriptures, in fact, she thought she had searched them thoroughly, but the studying of the Four Degrees and the reading of THE MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES has taught the Sister "How to Apply and Use the Scriptural Messages to Great Advantage." Here is what is written in full: "Dear *Mystic Success Club*—I herewith inclose the record of my work in the Fourth Degree. THE MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES has been a great blessing to me. Although I have always studied the Scriptures, or thought I did, the Magazine and the Four Degrees have taught me how to apply and use the Scriptural messages to great advantage. I am sorry the Four Degrees are ended, for my lessons in them have been an untold pleasure to me. Was very much pleased to receive the Confidential Message and glad to see it is Number One, for that must mean there are more to follow. I shall take a lesson from the message each day. Through the teachings of your Magazine and my work in the Four Degrees, I am very much improved spiritually, mentally, physically and materially." It makes one's heart rejoice to read a testimonial such as this, where an improvement has been realized from every standpoint; for if there is one point upon which the sum-total of the work of the Club and the Magazine rests, it is that we have striven and absolutely succeeded in showing our Sisters and Brothers *How To Apply The Scriptures To Their Daily Lives And Needs*. The Holy Book is no idle dream. Quite the contrary. It contains thousands of solid, substantial, spiritual teachings and admonitions, with which all men should be acquainted. "Acquaint now thyself with God" is one of the things we must do. Let God be made manifest in you. Hath He not also said: "The manifestation of the Spirit is given to every man to profit withal."—1 Cor. xii. 7.

JUST FOR TO-DAY

Lord, for to-morrow and its needs
I do not pray,
Keep me from stain of sin
Just for to-day.

Every six or eight weeks a special message is mailed to each member who has completed the work of the Four Degrees. We desire not only to keep in touch with our members, but give them fresh courage and inspiration as time goes on.

The Mystic Success Club is opening wide the doors to New Life to many men and women in all parts of the world who heretofore have led a narrow life—lived in ruts, limitations, disease, poverty and general failure.

The most enduring kind of success to acquire is that success which will make you permanently healthy, peaceful, progressive, prosperous and a noble child of God.

This Club is growing at a tremendous rate and numbers its members by the many thousands.

Our mail is very large, and we select a few letters each month and comment on them in these columns, as many persons ask the same questions.

For instance, a large number of persons write, "Can I join The Mystic Success Club when I already belong to a Success Club?" Certainly, and with great advantage; our plan in no way interferes with or antagonizes any other good plan of life. A membership in our Club makes your mind all-comprehensive to the All Good, in the ALL. We open and train the mind for the highest and noblest success. So, beloved souls, come and join this great and mighty society, no matter what may be your nationality, your religion, or whether you belong to one or many other clubs or organizations—you are sure to get spiritual uplift that will lead you on to a full realization of your hopes or ideals.

Sister Belle L. Topping, 1422 Centre street, Denver, Col., says *The Mystic Success Club* gave her courage to undertake almost anything and to a successful issue. We cannot spare the space for the letter entire, but here is part of it: "Dear Brothers—Inclosed please find my work of the First Degree, and if you think it is all right I will be glad to see the Second. When I first started in to fill out the Blank I wondered if I ever would be able to concentrate my thoughts enough to write a report that could be understood. You see, I have been down in the Slough of Despond so long I have not been able to put my mind on anything; but I just made up my mind to do the best I knew, with the result that to-day I am better physically, mentally and Spiritually. I have often said: 'The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want,' but never before have I felt that sweet, blessed peace come to my soul as it does now when I say the words to myself. I know the blessed Lord will provide the Vital forces to sustain Life. When I first received the Degree it was a task for me to do my work. I was ill, and it was a trial to do anything. I thought it was the weather, but that feeling left me all at once. I am like another person, for all of which I thank my Heavenly Father for His goodness and mercy to me all my life. And I thank *The Mystic Success Club* for the help it has been to me. I pray that I may grow in wisdom and knowledge that I may be more Receptive and able to concentrate. I ask the help of the Mystics and may God bless every member of the Club."

I leave to Thee what'er is mine,
And in Thy will I calmly rest;
I know that richest gifts are Thine,
Thou canst, and Thou wilt, make me blest.

Whoever you are, be your name, race, sect or religion one thing or another, we gladly welcome you among the Success Workers. We emphasize oneness of family because there is oneness in all human-kind, of nature, life, interests and possibilities. The One Father is over all and in all. The One Love will work through all. The perfect recognition of the One Father, the One Love and the One Life makes perfect unity. This means co-operation. Co-operation with God and man brings success in its fullest sense.

Forget differences. Remember unities, and be strong, fearless and free.

Come into the Success Circle where you can find teaching, encouragement, fellowship and real brotherly help to live your highest and best. The Path is before us. The Light shines for all.

"Is it worth while to listen
To aught the world might say?
Is it worth while to heed the praise—
Or blame—of life's short day?
Let men slander as they will,
And whisper falsest words of ill—
Don't mind—but keep thy spirit still
Noble, pure and true.
For in this mortal life of ours,
We form the life that is to be—
Our habits form our characters—
And characters, our destiny.
It matters not what men may say—
Of no avail is slandering spite;
For naught can harm the steadfast soul
That trusts in God and does the right."

A TWENTIETH-CENTURY CREED

In fellowship of living things,
In kindred claims of Man and Beast.
In common courtesy that brings
Help from the Greater to the Least,
In love that all life would receive,
Lord, I believe.

In Peace, earth's passions far above,
In pity, measured not nor priced,
In all souls luminous with love
Alike in Buddha and in Christ,
In ANY Rights that Wrongs retrieve,
Lord, I believe.

In Truth, that falsehood cannot span,
In the majestic march of Laws,
That weed and flower, and worm and man
Result from ONE SUPERNAL CAUSE,
In doubts that dare and faiths that cleave,
Lord, I believe.

Brother Henry Joseph Fritsch, 548 Fourth avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., writes: "Dear Members of the Club—It is with a feeling of gratitude in my heart that I return my report of the First Degree to you. I owe you a great deal. I am a better man, hopeful and confident about the future. This work of the First Degree has caused me to experience a heretofore unknown state of happiness, and I would like to do it over again; but I suppose the rule is to go ahead. It has meant more to me than I can ever tell you. I have been sick for more than six years, but I am hopeful and courageous again now and look confidently into the future. I promise to do my best in every way as concerns my health and my duty toward God and toward my brothers and sisters. I feel able now to cope and battle with anything, knowing full well that if I make a good fight I am bound to come out victorious. I feel as if I had the strength of an army in my good right arm. Your work in this Club and in THE MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES cannot be estimated for the good it is doing, and it should be known the world over. May Heaven bless you, and all the members of the Club. You are doing God's own work, and it will be an everlasting success, as true as God's Word. Then the whole world will be one great community of good, loving, great-hearted and whole-hearted people, living clean, noble and unselfish lives, a joy to God and to themselves. In Brotherly Love I am one of Your Brothers." Yes. We are working toward that glorious end when all men shall dwell in Unity, Peace and Concord. And it will surely come.

These remarkable letters are spontaneous and come unsolicited from those who have been lifted from disease to health by the power of God who healeth all diseases, for those who ask in faith. The Mystic Success Club teaches how to attain this childlike faith, and how to become acquainted with God. Can you wonder at the great works wrought and the throngs of eager souls who are so earnestly seeking the key of life? What a splendid work to spread abroad the tidings of Health, Joy and Courage, so that all may be led into the right way. Help us, Brothers!

Sister Lauretta Maguire, 21 Franklin street, Napa, Cal., writes: "Dear Mystic Success Club—I inclose the report of my work in the Fourth Degree. I am filled with happiness and sweet content over my progress and cannot say enough in praise of The Mystic Success Club. And, although I am not yet well, I have made rapid progress. During one month I was very sick, and my sister wrote Mystic Number Seven for special help, when the answer came back telling me to take deep breathing exercises. I was not able to do it according to instructions at first, but I did the best I could, and I improved fast. I could not take the instructions of Mystic Number Twelve at the time they were sent because I wanted to finish one thing before commencing another. Now I have the time to do what is required of me, and I fully intend to go at once under his treatment. My sister told a very sick lady about the splendid work of The Mystic Success Club. She joined and received help almost immediately. She had gone through with but one Degree when she called upon us to express her gratitude for the suggestion that induced her to become a member. Her face fairly beamed with joy, and well it might. Naturally, she is now full of praise for the Club Work. I find it difficult to always enter the 'Silence' in just the condition I would like, but that will pass away. I am holding the thoughts of The Silent Brotherhood and am receiving much help from them. I will at all times do all I can in behalf of the Club and the Magazine. I have been so wonderfully helped that I feel safe in saying that some of the benefit came from unseen forces. I want to be strong both in body and mind, that I may help others as well as myself. I inclose list of names of some sick people to whom you will please send sample copies of the Magazine. May God bless the founders and all those connected with The Mystic Success Club. I shall continue right on with my Club work, as I feel there is a Life Work in those Four Degrees." You are quite right about there being a great life work in the continued application of the Four Degrees, for through them we believe there is the highest realm of life to attain. And you have grasped the great truth in recognizing this fact.

Brother John F. Stelling, 886 Madison street, Brooklyn, N. Y., sends the following report: To The Mystic Success Club—I have finished my Fourth Degree, and I am really

sorry I could not do twenty-five more. Before I took the Degrees I could hardly walk. I had such lame feet it made me lazy and tired. I had no ambition to do anything. I did not know what the matter was, but I soon found out when I received my First Degree, and then I went to work to do the best I could. Sometimes, on account of the nature of my work, I did not have the chance to work on the Degrees as I wanted to, but I feel all right all the same, and I thank you for it. I have lately been walking from my home to the store and back again. My health is better, and I am really happy now. I really wish I could go farther in the Degrees. It is not always easy work, by any manner of means, but it is always interesting, because I know it is progressive. I am ever yours for Health, Happiness and Prosperity." We have hundreds of Testimonials in which our members express the sincere desire for more than the Four Degrees to master. But if each one will study the Four more carefully he will soon find that they could be strung out to the number of forty, so much is there in them for solid work and acquirement. The great Emerson had an abiding faith that every man would get in the end exactly what he deserved. He brings this out in these virile lines taken from his poem

COMPENSATION

Man's the elm, and Wealth the vine;
Slanch and strong the tendrils twine.
Though the frail ringlets thee deceive,
None from its stock that vine can reave.
Fear not, then, thou child infirm,
There's no god dare wrong a worm;
Laurel crowns cleave to deserts,
And power to him who power exerts.
Hast not thy share? On winged feet,
Lo! it rushes thee to meet;
And all that Nature made thine own,
Floating in air or pent in stone,
Will rive the hills and swim the sea,
And, like thy shadow, follow thee.

Mr. and Mrs. B. J. Grant, 1614 Short street, Salina, Kan., send the following joint testimony: "Dear Mystic Success Club—We have just finished the Fourth Degree, and desire to tell you of the good results. We look at life so differently when our hearts are filled with love for the All. Have been trying to live the Christian life many years, but now see how signally I failed in various ways, by not applying the teachings of the blessed Christ to myself as I should. But what a wonderful searchlight has been thrown on the word of God and in our hearts through reading THE MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES and working out the Four Degrees. I have always wanted and tried to do and live right, but have always been painfully sensitive to censure, which has caused me many hours of anguish. In fact, my life has been one of sorrow and grief. But now things that once hurt me glance off, when I think of the vibrations of love. I am sixty-two years old and have enjoyed better health since working the First Degree than I have since I was twenty years of age; and I do much more work. When I feel in the least fatigued I demand health and receive it. We thank God daily that THE MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES fell in our way, and I will do all I can to interest others in it. We love the teachings of The Mystic Success Club. I now send in my report for the Fourth Degree. We have realized Infinite calm and peace of mind. In the last mail received your message, 'In Holy Love.' It was received in the same spirit. Will devoutly meditate upon the thoughts therein contained. We are yours in Gratitude, Love and Truth." After all, years count for little as years go, if you have the right spirit within you. This evidently is so, in your own case and that of your husband, for mere acquaintances have remarked that you both looked ten years younger. A searchlight turned upon ourselves works wonders in the way of good, does it not?

Sister Deacon Lewis, 52 Jones street, Detroit, Mich., speaks convincingly of how, through patient and constant endeavor, she has finally been able to master her thoughts to a great extent. She says: "My Brothers, Sisters and Friends—I send a greeting to you all, wherever you may be found. I am happy to say I have just completed my Second Degree, and only hope that it will be satisfactory, and I am looking with much pleasurable anticipation toward the receipt of the Third. Personally I have been helped in several ways that to me are very important. In the first place, I have not always found it easy to remain master of this temple in which I dwell—I mean master of my thoughts. Perhaps some may not understand me; but allow me to say that we, as self-conscious beings are swimming in an ocean of mind, just as fish swim in the sea. The sensitive ones instantly catch their vibrations, and especially those vibrating on our plane. Now, as I am very negative, I have suffered from it. When I received my First Degree it was not long before I found I was receiving help, and by the time I had finished it I had overcome all of that. I have been attending a class lately, and I thought I would have to forego the pleasure of it, as I suffered such intense nervousness that I twitched. But before the thirty days devoted to the First Degree were past the nervousness was all gone. I can go to my class now and remain easy and restful. I feel at times as if there was a great overshadowing Presence that ever watches over me. Sometimes I am enveloped in such love-thoughts, I feel as if I would like to gather every unhappy being under my wing, as a hen gathers her little brood of chickens from the oncoming storm. My Second Degree has made me generous with our Magazine literature. It has always been so precious to me I felt I must keep it, because it was so instructive; but during the Second Degree I have given it all away. I am beginning to feel a repose of mind and a calm, sustained energy. I send loving thoughts to all my fellow-members. I say let us span the distance that lies between us by the clasping of hands and a heart to heart and soul to soul communion. Let us remember, as John Burroughs says:

"Serene I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind, nor tide, nor sea.
I rave no more 'gainst time and fate,
For lo, my own shall come to me.

"Awake, asleep, by night or day,
The friends I seek are seeking me.
No wind can drive my bark astray,
Nor change the tide of destiny.

"The stars come nightly to the sky,
The tidal wave unto the sea.
Nor Time—nor Space—nor Deep nor High,
Can keep my own away from me."

Yes; but your own will come to you and to us all, if we put earnest, honest endeavor into every action. This is a plan of activity, and each must do as well as he can the work that is best fitted for him. To every man according to his ability.

Sister Rachel McKenzie, 22 Stephen street, Allman House, Kingston, Jamaica, West Indies, says in part: "Dear Mystic Success Club—I rejoice to be able to say that I received the First Degree of the Club a month ago and have worked through it for Health in a most delightful frame of mind. I can assure you before the Degree got in my hands I had received renewed health of body that I did not anticipate could be again possible. After receiving same I started in earnestly with the thoughts given for daily and nightly meditation. They are indeed very beautiful. No sooner had I commenced them than I felt myself benefited, spiritually, mentally and physically. I had always endeavored to live spiritually, but my mind was somewhat weak and my vitality also. Now I feel ever so strong on those two points, which is entirely due to the practical application of your precepts. I am rejoicing to know that I number among the ranks of those who are seeking for the higher success of all our brothers and sisters in this universe, and I do earnestly ask God's guidance, that whilst I am being helped I may be enabled to help my fellow-beings also. I am now enjoying the calm and peace of mind and body, and will continue to hold the Health thoughts day by day until I can recognize perfect health. I have tried to fill up the Record Blank with my daily experiences to the best of my knowledge and return same as advised, and hope I shall receive the Second Degree, Receptivity, at an early date. God bless our Club and all the Sisters and Brothers connected everywhere. My heart is filled with happiness toward all." There never should be a doubt in any member's mind, but all the conditions promised in every one of the Four Degrees will be realized in the spirit and in the letter of the Law, if you will only faithfully perform your part. We have the living evidences of this in thousands of personally written testimonials. Hath not the Lord said concerning health: "But unto you that fear My Name shall the sun of righteousness arise with healing in his wings."—Mal. iv. 2.

We find a number of persons prefer sending us \$3 for three subscriptions to be sent free to friends or public institutions, and thus earn the privilege of being enrolled as a life member of the Club. While we prefer all members to secure three subscriptions from friends or acquaintances, we have concluded to accept yearly subscriptions that may be given as presents to persons whom you may think need such a cheering and uplifting Magazine to smooth their path of life for one year. No doubt you can select three persons who would be glad to receive the Magazine for one year as a present from you, who would thus be reminded of your interest in their welfare each month for one year. So, if you will send your own subscription for one year and the names of three persons whom you desire it sent to for one year, together with \$4 to pay for same, we will be pleased to enter you as a life member and forward the Four Degrees. You can do good by sending copies to the reading-rooms or some home for aged people, some society, club or public hospital or other similar institution. Many of our regular subscribers often send us subscriptions for homes and institutions of this nature or to some poor "shut-in" invalid or cripple. Your own soul will tell you what to do in the matter. In no way will we receive mere money for a life membership in this Club.

Brother Lewis R. Runkle, 673 Eighth avenue, New York City, gives praise and thanks-giving for the many blessings he now enjoys, and writes as follows: "My Dear Mystic Success Club—I received your pamphlet, and I think I am gaining in health more and more each day. I seem to feel very strong at all times. I praise the Lord with all my soul, with all my mind and with all my heart to know what it is to trust in the Lord with all my faith. I feel like a new man every day. I have almost forgotten what I used to be. To change the words of the Apostle Paul, I am re-born daily, for to be spiritually minded is life." And certainly I have made a gain spiritually. I hope and pray I may always feel as I do now. I fervently thank God for the blessings He has bestowed upon me. My life is sunny. Everywhere is sunshine. Where there was once darkness, there now is light. The burdens that used to seem so heavy to carry I have been enabled to overcome, and where I was once blind, now I see."

Sister Mary Sanderson, 320 Seaton street, Toronto, Canada, has succeeded in rising above petty annoyances, and feels that in this she has conquered her most serious fault. When one becomes superior to trifles, the chance to manifest the larger virtues seems greater. Here is the testimonial in part: "To My Dear Brothers of The Mystic Success Club—My Fourth Degree is worked out and I inclose report, asking for the same kindly judgment which was accorded the other three. I have worked through this Degree against strong opposing forces. When I began the work my mind was in sore distress because of the death of my youngest sister, a woman of brilliant mind, who was unbrink in her efforts to help all within the radius of her influence. Then I had not a room to myself; consequently could never be sure of a few moments for quiet meditation. And yet I have gained a wonderful power over myself. I am now able to control my temper, which used to be a great source of trouble to me. It is also a pleasure to forgive and love people in the face of petty annoyances, which formerly aroused all the evil in me and which are sure to meet everyone in the daily experiences of life. It is as though I am living in a region above the little worries and pinpricks which used to make me miserable. I will be glad and grateful, when you think I am ready and can be trusted, to receive the Special Messages. I will leave you to judge as to whether I am sufficiently developed to understand messages in the 'Silence.' As yet I am but a little child in soul knowledge, but I hope to grow rapidly in mental and spiritual stature under your benign influences. It is my holy ambition to become one of you, as a helper of humanity. While I am waiting further instruction I will keep working out the lessons of the Four Degrees, knowing well that I cannot have these pure, helpful thoughts too thoroughly burned into my memory. I am so glad that my sister is sending you three new subscribers to THE MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES and requesting, at the same time, membership in our blessed Club. I am convinced she will feel as I do concerning it and reap the same benefits, in spite of the fact that she used to laugh the idea to scorn. She now seems much more willing to entertain the idea of increased usefulness through the cultivation of soul power. I must not fail to say a large, heartfelt 'Thank you' for the great help received from THE MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES. It has been a wonderful blessing to me, and I will do my best to secure some subscribers for it. In fact, I have been trying for some time, and am hoping for results from the various numbers of the Magazine I have loaned. I have used every single issue of the Magazine since last January in missionary work, and now am depending on my sister's copy, as mine is bound. In this way I have helped three people to become members of the Club. Now I am actually looking forward to sending names which will be credited as my personal work. Again thanking you for the wonderful soul help which I have received, I am yours in Love, Truth, Justice and Tolerance." Thank you for your missionary work. It is doubly gratifying to hear such a splendid recital of the blessings you now enjoy, and to further learn that you are radiating these same blessings to as many as may be possible.

Brother E. Barricklow, Paola, Kan., writes of his having gained health, good cheer and youth, together with the determination to pursue everything to the end. He says: "Dear Mystic Success Club—Inclosed please find my report for the Third Degree. I owe you a debt of gratitude for the help I have received through the work of these Three Degrees, each one of them having done their part in helping me to overcome the troubles and vexations of life that were apparently dragging me down to ruin and despair; but now, thank God and the Mystics for pointing out the way, I have become healthy and happy. I feel young and full of life, with resolution enough to tackle propositions that heretofore (through dread or fear) were not attainable, which can now be accomplished with freedom from toil, pain or annoyance. How I wish every home throughout the length and breadth of our fair land could be supplied with the teachings of The Mystic Success Club. It is a panacea for all the ills of life. After I have read my Magazine I loan it to my friends, and I make sure that they read it, feeling certain they will like it and so subscribe for it themselves. If my report is satisfactory please send me the Fourth Degree at your earliest convenience. I am yours in Holy Love."

TO MANY INQUIRERS: The Mystic Success Club is in no way connected with any so-called religion or with any so-called religious denomination. It gladly welcomes to membership and fellowship brothers of all religions, no religions, all nations. We are all children of one God. We teach universal love, tolerance, charity, progress and prosperity. Our religion is love of God and all His children, love for this world while we are here, and love and admiration for the countless other beautiful worlds and spheres comprising His universe. We teach the Brotherhood of Man and the Fatherhood of God, the All-Father. But our main aim is to inspire and awaken souls, so that they may be healthy, strong, vital, progressive and prosperous here and now. These are only "hard times of oppression" to those who are asleep spiritually, mentally and physically.

The Mystic Healing Circle

LET US GIVE YOU HEALTH

"Your Body is the Garden, Your Soul is the Gardener, Your Birthright is Health."

HOW WE HELP THE SICK

All those who are suffering from sickness of any kind are requested to write a personal letter to our Mystic Adept Spiritual Healer. Tell him candidly the nature of your disease, that he may immediately give you SPECIAL TREATMENT, surrounding you with HEALING VIBRATIONS, also giving you TRUTHS that will UNFOLD THE KNOWLEDGE OF LIFE'S LAWS, revealing the secret of PERFECT HEALTH and LONG LIFE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"LET THERE BE LIGHT"

I Shall Be Satisfied

By Mystic No. 12

As for me, I will behold Thy face in righteousness: I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with Thy likeness.—PSALM XVII, 15.

Far in the dim, sad silence
Comes the call of woe and pain,
And I listen to the echo
And hear this sad refrain.

Oh, where is joy and gladness?
Oh, where is Gilead's Balm?
For me there's only sickness
And death, with its alarm.

I see no joy in living,
No hope, with courage gone;
My ship is on the ocean,
With chart and compass gone

I listen in the Silence,
I hear no sound but this;
I gaze upon the waters,
I see no sight but this.

One day is like another,
And night does follow day;
The gloom of hope despondent,
In silence I do pray.

Nature

By Mystic No. 12

A MEMBER of The Mystic Healing Circle in a letter recently received, says: "Although I have been trying to realize the nothingness of matter I have not succeeded very well yet." Believing that the words "nothingness of matter" give some a wrong idea of the value of matter, kindly let me say a few words to help you.

In an emergency a surgeon uses heroic means to save the life of a patient.

So the teacher to-day uses sharp words to bring home the real meaning of Bible texts that have become so familiar as to breed contempt and be almost useless.

I wish to use the strongest argument to tell you of the importance of matter.

Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?—I CORIN. iii, 16.

What! Know ye not that your body is the temple

But in the dim, sad silence
A light grew rosy red:
An angel form drew nigh me,
And this is what she said:

"O soul that sleeps and slumbers,
Awake and see the day
Draw nigh thy soul in prison—
Awake, awake, I say!"

And then the dream of matter
Fell from my weary soul,
And all was joy and gladness—
The Truth had made me whole.

Oh, then the joy of living!
All things were then made new,
And all of God's great goodness
Was then to me so true.

Oh, the glory of that Silence,
My Oneness then with Him,
For I was fully satisfied
"With Thy Likeness"—free from sin.

Oh, the glory of the morning,
Oh, the glory of the day,
Oh, the glory of the evening,
When sin doth flee away.

Oh, the glory of the Angels,
Oh, the glory of His Son,
Oh, the glory of God's World,
When all with Him are One.

of the Holy Ghost which is in you, which ye have of God, and ye are not your own? For ye are bought with a price: therefore glorify God in your body, and in your spirit, which are God's.—I CORIN. vi, 19, 20. Of matter the same may be said as of fire, "it is a good servant but a poor master."

The first chapter of Genesis tells us that God said, "Let us make man in Our image, after Our likeness: and let them have dominion over all the earth."

To those who are seeking health in The Mystic Healing Circle, I say, it makes quite a difference whether you have dominion or whether matter has dominion over you.

He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city.—PROVERBS xvi, 32.

The phrase "cart before the horse" is a homely one, but it tells the story in few words.

The cart is important; the horse is important; each in its right relation to the other.

So also is matter important.

"The mind and body are but two varying manifestations of one energy—Life. They are the subjective and objective—inner and outer—expression of God. Each has its laws of growth and development. There should be no conflict of interests. What is good for one is good for the other. Violation of the laws of either disturbs the health of both.

Let me call your attention to the words at the top of this page. "Your Body is the Garden, your Soul is the Gardener, your Birthright is Health." Your birthright is to have dominion. God gave you dominion over all the earth.

Awake to the understanding that God, your Father-Mother, gave you dominion when He made you in His image, after His likeness. Use the power of the silent word for yourself and others.

A party of shipwrecked sailors, out of sight of land, in an open boat, dying of thirst, discovered they were floating in pure, sweet water; it was the mouth of the mighty Amazon, whose rush of waters made the sea a river.

Remember my motto is: "The greatest work one can do for another is to help him to help himself."

What God has given you no one can take from you.

God has given you dominion. Authority.

The centurion saw in Jesus His authority, and was rewarded by having his servant, that had been sick, made whole.

But seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added to you.—MATT. vi, 33.

And when He was demanded of the Pharisees when the Kingdom of God should come, He answered them and said, The Kingdom of God cometh not with observation.

Neither shall they say, lo here! or to there! for behold the Kingdom of God is within you.—LUKE xvii, 20, 21.

Let us get all the weeds out of our garden so that God's lilies can grow.

One broken link in a chain makes the chain of no account. *For whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all.—JAMES ii, 10.*

What doth it profit, my brethren, though a man say he hath faith, and have not works?

Can faith save him?

If a brother or sister be naked, and destitute of daily food, and one of you say unto them, Depart in peace, be ye warmed and filled; notwithstanding ye give them not those things which are needful to the body; what doth it profit? Even so faith, if it hath not works, is dead, being alone.—JAMES ii, 14.

But Jesus called them unto him, and said, Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not; for of such is the Kingdom of God.

Verily I say unto you, Whosoever shall not receive the Kingdom of God as a little child shall in no wise enter therein. And a certain ruler asked Him, saying, Good Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?

And Jesus said unto him, Why callest thou Me good? None is good, save one, and that is God. Thou knowest the Commandments, Do not commit adultery, Do not kill, Do not steal, Do not bear false witness, Honor thy father and thy mother.

And he said, All these have I kept from my youth up.

Now when Jesus heard these things, He said unto him, Yet lackest thou one thing: Sell all that thou hast, and distribute unto the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven; and come follow Me. And when he heard this, he was very sorrowful; for he was very rich.—LUKE xviii, 16.

Several years ago I read in a magazine an article written by a noted New York physician.

He told of those who come to him for health.

One case in particular was that of a rich man whom he told "to either give up his present deal in stocks or give up the late hours of his social life." Yet, the man went away sorrowful, refusing to profit by his physician's advice, and it was only a few months when he succumbed to a cold, having used up all his life force by his manner of living.

Beloved, take your Bible and concordance, and turn to the word, Heart.

Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life.—PROVERBS iv, 23.

Ponder the path of thy feet, and let all thy ways be established.—PROVERBS iv, 26.

The story of "The Nature-Cure of Duncan West" reminds me of some entertainments where a beautiful picture is thrown on a screen, illustrating the song that is being sung at the same time.

Pay particular attention to "Maxey," and how he "threw himself into the breach and dragged his friend away into the arms of Nature."

The mere going away does not always bring the best results, because of home-sickness. Therefore, cultivate the spiritual as well as the material.

Build on resolve and not upon regret
The structure of thy future.
Do not grope among the shadows of old errors,
But let thine own soul's light
Shine on the path of hope
And dissipate its darkness.
Waste no tears
Upon the blotted record of past years,
But turn the leaf and smile,
Oh, smile to see
The fair white pages that remain for thee.

The Nature-Cure of Duncan West

"I find earth not gray but rosy,
Heaven not grim but fair of hue.
Do I stoop? I pluck a posy,
Do I stand and stare? All's blue."
—Browning.

WHEN Duncan West became moody and pre-occupied, surly and quick-tempered, everyone in the office guessed at every possible reason, from headache to heartache, from liver trouble to financial trouble, without finding the true cause.

Duncan West had an idea, and it troubled him. From this it is not to be inferred that an idea was anything so novel in the mind of Duncan West as to produce a sort of mental dyspepsia. On the contrary, his clever ideas had been the ladder upon which he had climbed to a high place on the hill of success.

But one day he got the idea to stop and look around a bit, and then the unfortunate thought came to him that the hill of success is, after all, a rather barren place.

"I might have had less luck, and yet had more luck," he said to himself.

In short, Duncan West got the notion into his head that life isn't worth living, and that is about the worst idea a mortal can have. It is a sad hour in a man's life when he feels convinced of the truth of the old hymn:

"Earth is but a desert drear."

I know of but one thing that could make it more so, and that is if someone suggests that he looks as if he might soon be called upon to leave this "vale of tears."

That changes the aspect of things.

When Duncan West became pale and thin he called at the doctor's office on his way uptown. The good old physician naturally took a deep interest in his case, since it was he who had introduced him to the world some thirty-odd years ago.

When Duncan arose to go the old man grasped his hand and said solemnly: "My boy, take care of yourself," and somehow Duncan West felt a cold grip on his heart, and a little shiver ran down his back; it seemed as if he could feel the raindrops falling on his grave.

He had not taken a vacation in years, and therefore felt somewhat like a schoolboy skipping school when, a few weeks later, he hurried to the train that was to carry him westward.

His plans were not clearly defined; his one idea was to get away—far away from everybody and everything familiar to him. Deep down in his heart Duncan West felt that the disease from which he suffered could not be cured—that it was of the spirit and not of the body.

He knew that he was estranging even his best friends, and the thought hurt—he wanted to get away.

When he arrived in Chicago he looked up his old schoolmate, who lived in his memory as "Maxey." He had a whimsical notion to see if he would also fail him like the rest.

"Maxey" was neither a Doctor of Medicine nor Divinity, but he might have done splendid work in either capacity, for he had that rare insight into human nature that made him realize that the human body and soul can, as a rule, work out their own salvation if they are started right and then left alone.

"The world is all right, old boy," he said cheerily. "You need the nature-cure, that's all." And the first thing he knew Duncan West found himself amid the mighty Rockies, with "Maxey" beside him. They were soon installed in a small inn, and Duncan West found himself in environments not altogether to his liking.

When he called for wine on the day of their arrival, the landlord raised his hands to heaven and lamented that the last had been used last season, and when Duncan demanded various delicacies, to which he had all his life been accustomed, the good soul thoughtfully scratched his head—an operation to which he resorted in moments of extreme mental anguish.

At such times "Maxey" threw himself into the breach and dragged his friend away into the arms of Nature, from which he returned with an appetite that overlooked many shortcomings in the bill of fare.

Less eating and more fresh air and sunshine, was "Maxey's" prescription, and Duncan took it.

As the days went by he began to look at the world with new eyes—again he saw the beauty of it all that he had seen when he wandered in the fairy-fields of childhood. And often when they sat on the crags looking down into the valley, Duncan's eyes grew tear-bright; it was so good to be alive—alive in this glorious, sunny, fragrant out-of-doors.

Sometimes he laid his hand on his heart; it was such a joy to feel it beating—that happy heart in a healthy breast.

Many nights he twisted himself up in his blanket and lay on the rocks until far past midnight, looking into the tideless sea of heaven above him, with its countless anchored ships of gold, and often he saw the moon coming up clear and glorious—first peeping through the branches of a lonely pine, then sailing majestically away into the blue, and he

closed his eyes and listened to the hushed voices of the night, that seemed to be telling some old-time fairy-tales that had a familiar sound.

And so the night-time began to have a different meaning for Duncan West, who began to learn as children do—only in the opposite direction.

One day, late in the autumn, the world-tired traveler who had come up the little path that led to the inn walked down it for the last time, a happy, life-loving man.

"It was a miracle," said he.

"It was fresh air, sunshine and a glimpse of the peace of the woods and mountains," said "Maxey," the student of men.

They paused in the narrow, grass-fringed path and waved a last farewell to the little group they were leaving behind. "Good-bye, good-bye!" called Duncan West, his eyes dim with a mist that did not come down from the hills.—*The Four-Track News.*

The Firm Foundation

Dear Mystic No. 12—I would like to say a few words which you might publish, if they are worth it. I wish I could write down all the ways in which I have been benefited. I cannot, for the influence is so far-reaching. I have not only been benefited spiritually, mentally and physically; but it has been the rod upon which I leaned while passing through the valley of the shadow. Yes, it is the firm foundation upon which Christ told us to build our house, and the floods and the rains may come and beat upon that house but it will not fall, for its foundation is eternal truth. Now, I wish these truths might find their way into every home and awake all those who are yet sleeping, to the beautiful truths which enable us to let go all apprehension and fear and find that peace, harmony and power which none but a fully spiritually awakened person can know.

Yours in Love,
Mrs. G.

Oh, the Glory and Joy of Living!

Mystic Adept No. 12, Dear Brother—My sister is very anxious you should know what benefit she has received from your vibrations in the past month; and as she is quite busy with fall house-cleaning, she wishes me to write for her, which I am only too glad to do, as it is quite marvelous what your treatment has done for her. She says, "Tell him that I am never troubled now with that despondency with which ALL MY LIFE I have been so depressed. And my health is every way so much improved." Yes, she seems quite like another person, and we both feel so very grateful to you for what you have done for us both. Oh! it is a joy to live, and we both do so desire to devote the remainder of our lives in giving to others what we can, the knowledge we have received through our loved MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES and the Healing Vibrations we have received through your treatments.

Mrs. H. wishes me also to tell you how much she has been helped by using the remedy for Constipation, which you recommended, which was "Bran." She had all her life been troubled, and now she does not need to take any medicine for the trouble, as using the Bran has entirely cured her; and she wishes all others might know of its healing virtues who are suffering as she had.

She wishes me to copy the last two verses of "The Song of the Soul Victorious" from the Orient, which just expresses her feelings as well as my own.

"Oh, the glory and joy of living!
To know we are one with God;
'Tis an armor of might to the Spirit,
'Tis a blossom that crowns the Sod!"

"Thus I stand in the Great Forever,
With Thee as eternities roll;
Thy Spirit forsaketh me never;
Thy Love is the home of my soul."
Yours with Holy Love,
Mrs. N.

Relief From Catarrh

Mystic No. 12, Dear Friend—Since I have been receiving your healing vibrations I have improved very much in health.

My head is feeling much better of the catarrh which I have been suffering from. I am very thankful to God and you for your kindness.

Very sincerely,
Mrs. B.

Life Is Beautiful

Dear Mystic No. 12—Inclosed please find \$2 for two months' treatment of myself.

Your Messages and vibrations are helping me very much. I am growing stronger physically.

I have not seen life so beautiful and peaceful in twenty years. I have a few cares left to overcome, but I take it all with a cheerful heart, knowing the angels have charge over me.

With Love,
Mrs. S.

We Have Improved Very Rapidly

Dear Mystic No. 12—It is now over a month since we commenced taking Healing Vibrations, and we have improved very rapidly. I wish to continue treatment until I am righted every way. I thank you for what you have done for us, and have thanked God every day that I am so well.

Yours very gratefully,
E.

I Feel Greatly Benefited

Dear Mystic No. 12—My month's treatment is up, and I feel greatly benefited. Would have written before, but my time has been so completely taken up with household cares, and two little grandchildren to look after, that I have neglected to do so. If I find I need more treatment, will let you know. With many thanks.

Sincerely yours,
Mrs. F. L. D.

I Am Gaining Strength Each Day

Dear Mystic No. 12—I seemed to suddenly get out of harmony, and thought it best to ask Mystic Brother No. 12 to assist me with his health vibrations. Am happy to say I am better and gaining strength each day—spiritually as well as physically.

Mrs. H. W. T.

I Want to Remain in Your Vibrations for Some Time to Come

Dear Mystic No. 12—Inclosed find one dollar for my third month's treatment. I am very much pleased for what you have done for me in the last two months. My husband also is feeling much better. I want to remain in your vibrations for some time to come.

With best wishes,
Mrs. V. M.

Wishes to Continue in the Vibrations

Mystic No. 12, Dear Brother—Although we have not seen you, we have learned to love you and wish to continue in your vibrations two months more; we find it a pleasure to be in the care of a man of God that has such wonderful power. Since writing you two months ago, we have become more calm, and feel we have been helped and strengthened in Spirit, mind and body.

With many thanks,
H. AND M. J. S.

Trying to Help Myself

Dear Mystic No. 12—Your printed messages read, and the good I derive from reading them is wonderful. Yes, I am doing as you say, "Trying to help myself."

The improvement in my health during the last month is marvelous. My face has cleared, so there is hardly a blemish on it, and my kidneys are doing fine. May the good Lord bless you abundantly for the good you are doing to all mankind. Shall continue in your vibrations till I am well.

Very sincerely,
I. W. C.

HEALTH FOR THE CHILDREN

WE WANT EVERY PARENT TO REALIZE WHAT WE ARE DOING FOR THE CHILDREN. TO THOSE WHO HAVE A CHILD SUFFERING WITH DISEASE OF ANY KIND, MORAL OR PHYSICAL, we say: DO NOT DELAY, BUT WRITE AT ONCE, GIVING FULL NAME, AGE AND ALL PARTICULARS.

YOUR PROMPT ACTION NOW MAY MEAN A WHOLE LIFETIME OF JOYOUS HEALTH AND USEFULNESS TO YOUR CHILD.

LET EVERY CHILD HAVE HEALTH.

AN EARNEST, GREAT-HEARTED WOMAN OF LONG EXPERIENCE, WHO IS KNOWN AS MYSTIC MOTHER, IS ASSISTING US IN THIS WORK.

PUT YOUR CHILD IN HER CARE.

For further directions, write, inclosing \$1.00 for ONE MONTH'S TRIAL TREATMENT, to MYSTIC MOTHER, 22 North William Street, New York City, care of New York Magazine of Mysteries.

These Testimonials Speak for Themselves:

A testimonial from the mother of little Ruth, who was cured of scarlet fever.

"DEAR MYSTIC MOTHER:

"May God bless you in all your undertakings. Our little one is cured of scarlet fever. She was better immediately after you began treating her, and got well without the aid of any remedies.

"Mrs. E. J. B.,
"New York City."

And another—

"DEAR MYSTIC MOTHER:

"I write to tell you that both of the children are well of the croup. Please treat them a couple of months until they get strong enough to go out without taking cold so easily.

"Mrs. C. A. WILLIAMS,
"Buffalo, N. Y."

"DEAR MYSTIC MOTHER:

"Our little Hetty is not only out of danger, but is running about the house again, although she is still very weak. My mother says that she had the worst attack of cholera infantum that she ever saw, and that it was certainly through your power that she lives to-day. Dr. Lindsly said he was sorry to be away when she was so sick, but so long as she came out all right—never mind who did it, or how it was done—he is very glad, and he, too, wishes you health and long life.

"Mrs. H. M. JAMES,
"Waterside, Mass."

We also have innumerable testimonies from the parents of the children who suffered from infantile paralysis when it was epidemic at Poughkeepsie a short time ago.

HEART TALKS

By Helen Van-Anderson

Written especially for
THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF
MYSTERIES

NEW YEAR has come again! May the first day be the beginning of three hundred and sixty-four happy ones to follow. May every resolve that is now like a tiny seed spring forth into a beautiful fruit. There is no time so significant as the time of the beginning, and, thank God! we are privileged to make new beginnings not only every year, but every day, every hour, if we like. The realization of this privilege will at once drive from our hearts all regrets. Why should we languish in the memory of the "Too-lates" or the "Might-have-beens"?

Let us begin this year as we never began before in our seed planting. Let us consider that the environments we are in are the very ones we need. That the people with whom we are associated are the ones whom we can best serve, and who will best serve us. Let us even begin to have a friendly feeling toward the work we do, no matter what it is, and so establish the beginning of harmony in our hearts and our lives. This is the greatest beginning of all, for the one remedy for all disorder is order. We are too inclined to think that it is wholly outside, but the fact is it is inside. If we have order and harmony within, we shall be making harmony in the without. Emerson says: "The helm of every man is his thought." We might go even back of this and say his feeling. At any rate, it is certain that the helm is within man, and that it is that something which makes him act and live, either happily or unhappily.

Dear friends, examine your hearts. See if there be discontent or unloveliness of any kind therein. Take note of your views of life, of people, of conditions. See whether you are apt to criticize. See whether you are in the habit of looking for the best, and when you have made a close examination of your habits of feeling and thought, you will see exactly where to begin the change.

Do you think it is impossible to have a feeling of kindness and good will in your heart for everyone? Set apart one day, and see. You must not be disappointed if you find it easier to feel more kindly and more at-one with some than others. But this is not the point for which you are to search. You are to see simply if it is possible for you to have a kindly thought, to see the best side of everybody. At first you may see only the disagreeable traits; you may be repelled; you may find yourself turning away in disgust over some characteristic of mind, or matter of personal appearance; but stop—see if you cannot see something beyond the personal appearance, beyond the mind even. See if you cannot find some reason for modifying what might be the harsh criticism.

Suppose you see a drunken man; naturally your first impulse is to turn away in disgust. Yet on second thought you can easily see that he is to be pitied. That in reality there is something within him which is greater than his weakness. Your mind may go back to the thought of what he was as a child, of the temptations that came to him when he was growing up, of the disappointments and hardships of life, and as you take all these into consideration your heart softens, you are able to see extenuating circumstances, and finally pity will take the place of condemnation. Do you not see how, by practicing this kind of thought about the people you meet, you may be able to find many excuses, and thus learn to have the kindly thought?

This is the true way to begin real living.

Did you ever realize that in proportion as we are unloving and hateful, we are dead? Paul said: "Awake to righteousness, and sin not." And again he spoke of those who are dead in their sins.

Now, dear hearts, you and I are just as dead as any of whom Paul spoke, so long as we are feeling and thinking unkindly. This kind of death is not apparent to the eye unless we know the signs. But the moment we see them we know that we are surely in the midst of death. Now you are wondering what the signs are. Stop a moment and think of the relation between a hateful thought and its expression on the face. Even a moment of anger or discontent produces discord, and this finally produces disease, the end of which is death of the whole body. The signs refer to death of portions of the body, such as wrinkles because of fear or anxiety, paralysis because of temper, etc.

Now, what we want is new life, complete life, even the perfect life which hath no death in it. Shall we not make the beginning for this on this beautiful New Year's Day? Let us see to our habits of thought and action. Resolutely cut off all that lead to death, and cultivate and establish such as lead to life. You see, I refer again to the habit of thinking kindly. It needs to be emphasized. If you could only establish this one habit, all the rest would follow. So it would be a

good plan to set apart New Year's Day as the beginning of the establishment of right habits.

First, take heed to feeling, then thought, then words. Some words that we speak are key-words. "Kindness" is one of them, and kindness is akin to love. We must not be content with being kindly only to persons, but to every living thing. There are countless opportunities every single day for being kind to animals. As an illustration of what one person can do, and how much one person can do, I want to tell you a few instances that occurred while I was in St. Louis a few weeks ago.

My friend who was with me is a great lover of animals, and never loses an opportunity for speaking a kind word to or for horses, cats, dogs or anything that is alive. Our hotel was near a livery stable. One morning as we were ready to go out on the street she said she wanted to go over and see if the stable was comfortable for the horses, if they had plenty of water and good care. I went with her. After a few moments of kindly chat about the dog and the horses and a visit to the stalls, she complimented the proprietor on his good care, which pleased him very much, and she promised to send him "Our Dumb Animals," and other interesting reading matter which would tell him a great deal about horses and dogs. He said he certainly would be glad to read anything she would send. We went away, leaving him feeling very greatly interested and much happier because we had given him a few moments of our time.

Another day a man was beating his horse. This lady went out to the street, remonstrated with him, and then reported him to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, but he promised never to beat his horse again.

Again, when we were about to enter the hotel, a homeless little dog met us. My friend spoke with him, and made much of him, and through her attentions attracted nearly a dozen handsomely dressed ladies and almost as many men, each of whom in turn spoke to the dog and expressed their pity for his condition. While they were all interested, a fine little speech about kindness to animals was delivered, not in a preaching way, but in a real friendly, thoughtful way, that made them all think.

A policeman standing by said that he had never thought of such a thing as that animals needed a kind word, or that they needed any special looking after. My friend made a convert of him, and he promised to read all the papers that she would send. Her eyes were always alert for check reins and docked tails, and it mattered not who the driver, he was always appealed to to be kind, to loosen the rein, or to do whatever might be possible for the animal's comfort. This was a great and beautiful lesson to me. I had always thought myself kind to the dumb creatures, but never had I taken such pains nor such time as did this real lover of our animal friends. Knowing her as I do, and knowing the many beautiful services she is continually giving to humans as well as animals, I can see how truly it is the kind heart which prompts to the kind deeds, and how necessary it is to have a kind heart in order to have either the thought or the will to serve. Make this thoughtfulness for animals another habit. Let it be a part of the service of each day. See how it will wake you up and make you alive. See how many things can be done when you only think of doing them.

Truth is like a diamond; it has many facets, but reflects only one light. So, dear hearts, you see how love is the fulfilling of the whole law, and how, if we only love all things we shall truly live.

My best wishes, my best hopes and my best prayers are for one thing—and that is, that you shall fill the New Year with the abundant love that brings the abundant life.

Where am I going? Never mind;
Just follow the signboard that says:
"Be kind!"
And do the duty that nearest lies,
For that is the pathway to Paradise.

Have a heart that never hardens, and a temper that never tires, and a touch that never hurts.—*Dickens.*

We view the world with our own eyes, each of us, and we make from within us the world which we see.—*Thackeray.*

The very essence of truth is plainness and brightness, the darkness and crookedness are our own.—*Milton.*

Carrol's Conversion

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OF MYSTERIES

22 NORTH WILLIAM STREET

NEW YORK CITY

To that which comes to me as Truth, I must
be true,
As the earth drinks in the sunshine, as the
flowers drink dew,
So must my thirsty soul drink to grow as
flowers grew,
The earth, in all their beauty, as my heart,
each morning new.
—*Josephine Conger.*

Ninety-First Psalm

WHAT is His secret place?
Is it to see His face?
Nay, it's His shadow.
When from the parching heat,
He cools my willing feet
In a soft, green meadow.
Have I sometimes to fight
'Gainst foes as dark as night?
He lends the weapon.
Should atmospheres surround
Where blight and ill are found!
His strength does holpen.
The inner secret this,
His love and mine!

I'm but a birdling weak,
His folded wing I seek
For instant shelter.
My nest shall be His home,
Where snare nor fowler come.
Why should I flutter?
And should I stir abroad,
Angels fly o'er the road
For ministering.
When trouble comes, He's there
If I but call. So sure
He's answering.
The inner secret this,
His love and mine!

Because my love is His,
He says He'll do all this—
And this His secret.
He'll keep me in His ways,
For long, long, endless days.
Till love be perfect!
My love as His.

Louisa A'hmuty Nash.

My lips shall greatly rejoice when
I sing unto Thee; and my soul
which Thou hast redeemed. . . .
My tongue also shall talk of Thy
righteousness all the day long.—
Ps. lxxi, 23-24.

FOR THE SILENT BROTHERHOOD

Thought to be held at 12 M.

"Awake, awake, put on thy strength, O Zion; put on thy beautiful garments, O Jerusalem, the holy city."—Isa. lii, 1.

Thought to be held at 9 P.M.

"I will feed my flock, and I will cause them to lie down, saith the Lord God."—Ezek. xxxiv, 15.

REJOICE! The new day is here; midday, when the best shall appear, when the holy city shall be manifest as thine abiding-place. Such seems the spirit of the beautiful noonday text. It is an utterance of joy befitting the time of the new beginning which the New Year brings to those yearning ones who seek constantly for the knowledge of the kingdom. Now, Beloved, the sure way is to live in the blessed state, not wait for it to come. For it cometh not nor goeth; it forever IS. The words Zion and Jerusalem are typical of the blessedness and the abiding reality of this heavenly state. So it is not that which has to be made, but that which IS MADE. YOU, the Soul, are to "awake and put on thy strength," which makes you as Zion, the place of victory, and as Jerusalem, the place of peace.

In this grand time to be, when the whole world may, if it will, abide in the holy city, the place of peace, there shall be no war nor threatenings of war, for the peace that passeth understanding will not only be in the heart but overflow in the life and be manifest in the works.

Would YOU be a Peace bringer, a "repairer of the breach" between men and nations? Then, O Beloved, be faithful in this daily exercise of joy and exclamatory prayer. As surely as the noontide comes, go for a few moments apart and say with heartfelt zeal: **AWAKE, AWAKE, PUT ON THY STRENGTH, O ZION, PUT ON THY BEAUTIFUL GARMENTS, O JERUSALEM, THE HOLY CITY.**

What calmness, what strength and exultation will come over your spirit! What power will be given you to live the ideal life!

And in the evening that follows this masterful day of joy, sit for a few moments in the silence before you retire and listen to the promise: **I WILL FEED MY FLOCK, AND I WILL CAUSE THEM TO LIE DOWN, SAITH THE LORD.** Oh, what a wonderful promise! Supply and rest. The supply of all things needful for the body, and all that is needful to mind and body—**REST.** What more can you want, O children? **THE BODY FED, THE MIND AT REST.** Can you see how this fulfilment will fit you at once to receive the greater blessings of the spirit, the knowledge, power and grace from on High? In the stillness of the night, in the peace of restful sleep, you shall receive and be blessed with this wonderful fulfilment. Be worthy of it, by making the condition right. Be faithful throughout the days and nights of this glorious month of Beginnings.

No. 3.



THE New Year comes when fir trees stand
Like sentinels on the snowy land.
It comes with joys, it comes with hopes,
That lie like grapes on sunny slopes
Waiting to ripen.

Its fresh resolves like music hidden
Will spring to life when rightly bidden.
But only when the Master speaks
Will New Year turn to plainest speech
Its truth so rare.

The Master waits within the soul—
Of old and new has full control—
And that the old may pass away,
The Master says: Give New Year sway.
Each day's a pearl.

HELEN VAN-ANDERSON.

Man is not God, but hath God's end to serve,
A master to obey, a course to take,
Somewhat to cast off, somewhat to become.
Grant this, then man must pass from old to new,
From vain to real, from mistake to fact,
From what once seemed good to what now proves best.
How can man have progression otherwise?
—Browning.

An Inspiration

THOU shalt be yoked with a yoke of silver,
thy clothing shall shine as crystal. Vaunt not thyself; think not of thine accomplishment; wipe thyself free from thy actions; hold thyself as naught, even as the small thing that pulses in the sunbeam.

And thou shalt be filled with a light in whose shining thou wilt see thyself apart from all that which thou hast accomplished, and thou shalt understand above thy shape and action things more glorious than thou canst dream, or, dreaming in wonderful vision, understand.

None are equal to that Perfection which cannot conceive of imperfection, who knows naught of shadow or evil. It is He who hath conceived and created, given shape and power and quality to all that there is, in absolute perfection and wisdom; even the laws He hath made them; and all the creatures use them, and so are in His Presence through them and because of the nature of their creation and the character thereof. All things move and live according to His Will and the purpose of His desire.

Know this to be a truth, O Man! Thou livest by the continuance of His mercy. What thou gettest out of thy destiny and thine experiences is the development of character. Thine incidents are of thy destiny; they are not of thy soul and spirit. Thou art proving thy power to reach the high place of understanding; of that knowledge that shall make thee to be found in the company of those who Know.

The dragoman, the cleaner of linen, the hewer of stone and the worker in fine metals, or he who is placed high in the ranks of his fellows, each escapes or abides his continuance in the place of labor according to the quality of his efforts.

The place or position of any is not a sign of his attainment or the expression of his spiritual excellence. No man knoweth the spiritual station of another. The spiritual power of the pool cleaner or he who watereth the dusty ways may exceed the spiritual knowledge of him who sitteth in cloth of gold and decked with prism stones.

The experiences of man in the dust roads of the earth do not mirror the future of his soul's destiny or the nature of the things that will prosper him on his journey. See to it that thou judge no man, lest thine act and thy word be demanded of thee.

The diamond uncut contains the brilliancy and the quality of the jewel, which the grinding wheel bringeth forth from it, its power to reflect the light which hath waited upon its polishing from the beginning.

HAFIZI.

"God holds thee in the hollow of His hand":
So spake a voice beyond the veil of night;
Beyond the stars; from realms of unseen light
Breathing this message to my shadow-land:
"God holds thee in the hollow of His hand,
Fear not." As cometh to wild waters peace,
Or to a prisoned bird the glad release;
So to my fevered heart this deep command.

Yet still the cloud shapes gather where I stand
And lightning's flashes thwart an angry sky;
Still the sun's radiance may not glorify
These paths mysterious of shadow-land;
But I have heard a voice—a still command
Of messengers unseen: "Fear not," it saith,
"The light is near, walk on in steadfast faith,
God holds thee in the hollow of His hand."
—Katherine Coolidge.

Life is a battle and the successful soldier is he who wields the sword of Knowledge and trembles not at the threatenings of Ignorance.

So all the while I thought myself
Homeless, forlorn and weary,
Missing my joy, I walked this earth
Myself God's sanctuary. —Faber.

Just for To-day

WHAT a change would come over our lives if we could be made to feel the truth that *Life is only the gift of a day*, that each evening time we might lay aside all that had fretted us so and open the book on a clean page for the record of the uncertain to-morrow. If every day that comes to us from out the treasury of time were looked after carefully, its needs met faithfully and its opportunities given full play, so that we could feel we had lived it at our best, it would be all we could do successfully.

It was well that "God broke our years to hours and days," for we were not given power of mind or body to grasp greater portions of time and make out of them the steps that lead to a well-rounded and successful life.

Is it not strange that no matter how sorely our present necessities may press us, we find ourselves projecting our thoughts into the years that may never come, and wondering how we are to go out and meet them?

There is no road that is lighted farther than to the end of our present day. No bridge that will carry us over into the misty future where we can get a glimpse of what we will need when we get there. God knew that there was enough of labor, enough of care, bound like a fagot on the back of each day, and it may be enough of joy many times to keep the heart from failing. So He closed the door on the morrow with the words, "The morrow shall take care for the things of itself."

It is this fruitless endeavor to look over into the *Forbidden Future*, and because we cannot see it clearly, magnify its sorrows and minimize its happiness that makes life become a wearisome, a hopeless beating of soul wings against the bars that God has wisely put between the Present and the time to come.

If we were sure to see the sunny spots ahead of us, instead of the shadowed ones, and if our ears could catch the tones of the joy bells as surely as they hear the echo of the dirges, it may be that the Father would have thrown open the door of the future, but knowing how anticipated sorrow magnifies itself, while anticipated joys sometimes lose their attraction by long waiting for fulfillment, it was ordered that life by the day or hour was to be our widest horizon of vision.

We have a right to ask God for our present supplies. When He brings us to a new day we can feel that the strength to meet it will be born of its necessities. God cannot forget how much we need to help us go safely over just one little day.

A whole eternity of joy or grief may result from one day of life, and so we are given present supplies for present needs, with the assurance that we come to them, *one by one*. The Father will understand and open up the storehouse of infinite love in answer to our prayer for the "Now."

When the Father enjoined upon us the wisdom of asking only for present necessities He did not say that we were to wholly ignore what might be ours in the future, only that we were not to be "anxious" about it. That we were to learn the lesson of trust, considering that the love that had brought us thus far on the journey is able to shield us to the end.

Like the children of Israel, we are on our way through a wilderness. There are dangers to be guarded against, and so the pillar of love that shelters us as a cloud by day guides as by fire in the darkness, hovers near us.

The manna may be found in our pathway for each new period that God marks off for us—but just enough for that period. Fresh and pure and sustaining we may gather it when we are hungered, and there is no need of anxious care for fear the Father will forget to send it.

God's world is not a world of chance—nor an undiscovered country, where we are in danger of being lost in some wilderness. God and the angels are familiar with every route that is trodden by human feet from the cradle to the grave, and we cannot reach a point beyond the power of love to come to our rescue.

Why should we be so anxious about the dim future that is still in the Master's keeping? If the years of our life were not His, if we could fold our tents and wander into regions far removed from His domains, we might, as did the children of Israel, fear the result, but while "The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof," we can be content with our daily supplies, not troubling the Master in advance for that which we may not need.

Remember this. Yesterday is dead. To-morrow is yet unborn. To-day only is ours. And when we are called upon to give a final account of our stewardship may we be able to say:

"We have put forth our best effort, 'Just for To-day.'"

A Psalm of Dominion

By Owen R. Washburn

WHO shall overcome in the battle and who shall enter into Thy saving health?

He who maketh his creed Uprightness and his confession Purity; he who looketh into the future and is unafraid because of his knowledge of the presence of the Lord.

He who apprehendeth the Truth to understand it, and seeth righteousness as the mountains standing in the sunlight and discerneth the Everlasting Strength through the mists of evil and knoweth not the power of the destroyer.

He who harkeneth in the night-watches for the trumpets of His angels, and seeth the banners of the hosts of God ere it is yet day, and joineth his strength to the Almighty before the coming of Fear and while wickedness is yet afar off.

He shall overcome in the battles and be strong in the day when death and sorrow shall abide by his paths. Yea, when the friends of his youth pass him by and the desire of his life shall turn unto another and the days be covered with trouble as the storms cover the sea, even then shall he be calm in the knowledge of his strength and steadfast as those who trust in the captain of a great ship.

To him who stands near unto Me, saith the Living God, will I give the crown of life and the sceptre of everlasting dominion, and the name he bears shall be unspeakable unto the evil and a glory unto the hosts of those who have entered into salvation.

Evil report shall not abide in his presence nor unloveliness be manifested in the doors of his dwelling; the Truth shall be his comforter and his way shall be unto the glories of the Living God.

His face shall be a light unto the weary and to the dull of understanding; his form shall have the strength of the mighty and the joyousness of eagles above great clouds, calling unto the Sun. Health shall be native unto his flesh and Love unto his heart, and in My light shall he see wisdom with a perfect mind.

Blessed is he who shall enter into the knowledge of his birthright and into the place reserved for the Princes of the House of God.

JUST FOR TO-DAY

"**W**ITH every rising of the sun
Think of your life as just begun;
The past has shrived and buried deep
All yesterdays. There let them sleep,
Nor seek to summon back one ghost
Of that innumerable host.

"Concern yourself with but TO-DAY;
Woo it and teach it to obey
Your will and wish. Since time began
To-Day has been the friend of man.
But in his darkness and his sorrow,
He looks to yesterday and to-morrow.

"You and TO-DAY, a soul sublime,
And the great pregnant hour of time,
With God Himself to bind the twain,
Go forth, I say; Attain, ATTAIN!"

TEMPLE TEACHINGS



One thing have I desired of the Lord; that will I seek after, that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord and to inquire into His Temple.—PSALM XXVii, 4.

WELCOME, My child. Thou art for the first time in thy knowing, in the inner sanctuary of this, thy Temple and Mine. Thou comest timidly, but yearningly. Fear not, but come with confidence. Place thy burdens here upon the Altar—thy burdens, Beloved, which are thy fearsome, blinded thoughts. Tell Me all. Though I know all, yet thy humble giving of thyself to Me availeth more than all else in making thy heart ready for My message unto thee.

Wouldst have a new beginning, with the beginning of the earth's new year? Ah, Dear One of My Heart, how many times thou hast turned thy face toward the Temple, though all in vain. Thou couldst not enter. Thou wert helpless in the toils of the world, of thy intellect, of thy habits, thy selfish will.

True? Yea, full well I know. Yet heed, thou child of the longing heart, thou hast now come to the turn in thy life's pathway when thou desirest *above all else* to know Me, the Counselor, the Mighty One. Thou hast already called Me Father. Thou hast already cried out for help, and now thou sayest, *Not my will, but Thine*. This, Beloved, is the key that doth unlock the door; the Temple is open, and thou art here at the Altar. Whosoever thou canst come as a little child asking for comfort, for instruction, for strength, guidance or health, thou shalt receive. Thou hast come this day with a shadow before thine eyes and a heavy burden upon thy heart. Thou hast lost a dear one; the body thou didst love hath been put away, and in thy wild grief thou askest, "Shall I ever again see my beloved, my child who was so dear to me?" My Heart's Dearest, there is but one life. That can ne'er be taken. The body is but a garment. Many garments clothe the Life or the Spirit which is identified with life. The garment hath brief existence, but the Life or Spirit liveth through eternity. Thy dear one has not gone from thee, for thy love for her and her love for thee keepeth thee ever as one. Through My gracious Law she hath been called to another sphere and is clothed upon with another garment. She hath many new lessons to learn, much new work to do. But through all the seeming change, her love, her Being changeth not.

Thou sayest thou wouldst begin anew. Then, Beloved, cease thy grieving. As this is the day of a new beginning, let it also be to thee a morning of joy. Hast thou not heard the Temple words of old: *Sorrow may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning?* This joy, Beloved, is that which cannot be taken away, for if it be the real joy it is the joy of knowing the endlessness and deathlessness of life. Let thy heart be lifted up. Let thy soul

sing, for now all fear, all doubt, like the shadows of night, are melted away.

When thou canst know this truth as surely as thou knowest the light cometh with the sun, thy joy will remain. Thou wilt have gladness because thy dear one hath entered upon a larger experience, greater opportunities. Think of her passing, therefore, as a birth, not a death. Think of her as in the midst of friends and teachers, and Angels of Light. Think of her as in the midst of beauty and peace, and the joy of happy labor. Think of her as loving thee, even as thou lovest her, for e'en though thou mayest not see her garment, or body as thou hast called it, thou mayest feel her loving thoughts.

Yet beware that thy love be not selfish. Ask not to have her back again upon the earth, nor do thou spend e'en one moment in yearning for her presence, for this would harm her, would hold her back from the work and the place to which she hath been called. Thou must be so unselfish in thy loving, thou wilt be glad for her, and wilt send her oft-times thy rejoicing thoughts. Dear One of My Heart, in this way shalt thou prove that thou art living, and that it is the joy life of the spirit, not the sorrowful life of the flesh thou livest, for this, above all things, Beloved, is true: *Thou art spirit, not flesh*, and when thou knowest with certainty this truth, thy joy shall continue and thine eyes shall not be blinded with the veil of ignorance, nor thy heart heavy with clouds of doubt.

Ah! thou hast another question. Thou wouldst know if when thou meetest again thy loved one thou canst remain forever in her companionship and pursue with her the higher blessings of that other realm. Beloved, this question taketh thee too far beyond thy present need. 'Tis born of fear, not love. Canst thou not trust Me through all the deathless ages as thou art trusting Me this moment? Cannot My Love provide a way for the Eternal journeying of My children's feet?

Rejoice, dear heart! Take in the larger view And know the larger life. Through a jeweled Door hath thy loved one entered into Rarer privilege and surer joy. Fret not against thy loneliness, but lose Thyself in that great Love in which a perfect Trust unites thee with the one unseen. In this true Love when grief hath faded out As night 'fore day, there is the interchange Of thought, the mingling of a common joy, The working out of every aspiration In the wondrous endlessness we call Eternal life. Perchance there may be times When thy heart is lonely, as when the form Was lost to sight, but the change is in thy consciousness, Thy view of life, thy oneness with the outer World, rather than the inner Light. Or there may be periods of silence, but e'en in this If thou but hold the Light, thy heart remaineth Glad. And Patience, like an angel, lifts Thee on her wings and carries thee above All clouds of anguished grieving.

HELEN VAN-ANDERSON.

Lighting the Lamp

The Spirit of man is the candle of the Lord.

ZOROASTER was once approached by a well-dressed person, who said: "Teach me wisdom."

Asking the man to follow, Zoroaster led him into his hut. There he gave him a lighted lamp and said: "Ignite this other lamp which stands before you." The man tried several times to light it, but in vain.

After carefully examining the lamp, he turned to Zoroaster and said: "Why, the wick will not light because there is no oil but water in the lamp."

Zoroaster replied: "Then pour out the water and put in oil." The man did as he was bid, and tried again, but failed, for the wick was still soaked with water.

"Dry the wick," said Zoroaster.

The man did so and then found it easy to ignite the lamp.

"Now, farewell," said Zoroaster. "I have satisfied your wish that I should teach you wisdom."

At this statement the seeker expressed dissatisfaction, whereupon the wise man continued: "You are the lamp which refused to be ignited, but if you produce in yourself the right condition, then the Light of Wisdom will be lighted within you."—*The Word*.

Set the sword of the angel between your Adam nature, your sensuous life, and the Eden of ease it would seek. Hold back the lesser self. Purify with destructive blasts the jungle growths of your heart.

That Man of Nazareth, born in winter, it is said, found no work so important as the preaching of the gospel to the poor. Are you doing anything to help that work? When you call upon those you know, carry you any gospel for those lacking in the treasures of the unseen? He is poorest who knows the least of spiritual things. Give the knowledge they need to such of these as cross your path. This is a New Year's gift beyond all price. With it is healing. With it is prosperity. With it is that thrice-blessed happiness, the knowledge of the living God.

Upward

UPWARD press, though rocks and thistles
Bruise and pierce the weary feet;
Upward press, yea, ever upward,
Till the journey is complete.

All your crosses—name them blessings!
Smile, though burning tear-drops fall!
It will make a "Bow of Promise"—
Sunshine, rain and God o'er all!

Upward press, though Fear and Weakness
Whisper of the foes you'll meet,
Bid you linger in the valley,
Take your fill of Pleasures sweet.

Though, dear heart, you faint and stumble,
Still press on your upward way;
Soon the darksome night will vanish,
Then there comes the glorious day.

And when you have passed the boundary
Of the Sensitive Domain,
Earth thrusts will no longer harm you,
Fear of censure give you pain.

For you'll see with clearer vision
As you onward, upward move,
And your soul, escaped from bondage,
Breathes the calm, pure air of love.

Then, when you have climbed to sunlight,
And your happy, wondering eyes
Backward glance to view the landscape
Where the upward journey lies,

Seeing there the rocks and thistles,
And the footprints stained with blood,
You will turn your rapt gaze heavenward,
Smile, and whisper "ALL WAS GOOD!"

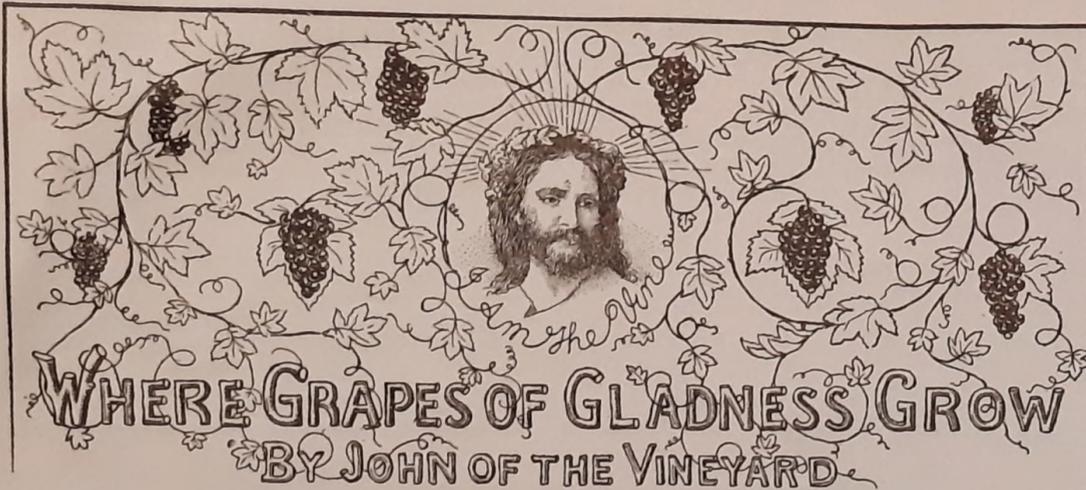
Fannie Herron Wingate.

My Creed

IF any little word of ours
Can make one life the brighter;
If any little song of ours
Can make one heart the lighter;
God help us speak that little word,
And take our bit of singing,
And drop it in some lonely vale,
To set the echoes ringing.

If any little love of ours
Can make one life the sweeter;
If any little care of ours
Can make one step the fleetier;
If any little help may ease
The burden of another;
God give us love and care and strength
To help along each other.

If any watchful thought of ours
Can make some work the stronger;
If any cheery smile of ours
Can make its brightness longer;
Then let us speak that thought to-day
With tender eyes a-glowing,
So God may grant some weary one
Shall reap from our glad sowing.



"Joy is the grace we say to God."

When we are happy the divine over-heart has joy in our happiness. What a grace to us is the smile of a little child! What a grace to Him, our Father in the Heavens, our mother in the earths, is our child-heartedness smiling in the fulness of life.

Here are grapes, hanging in purple clusters in the vineyard. What a joy God's heart has had in making them! In rounding into them the beauty of Himself, in throwing into them the sweetness of His thoughts, thinking gently upon us! The grapes are His gladnesses as He plays the game of life, the game of beauty; plays it with the sunshine and the soil, with the wind and the dew. A gladness it is, too deep for frivolling speech; a smile too great to make the noise of laughter upon the wind. A joy out of His beautiful silences, and in silence showing the beauty out of which it came.

As certainly as a child is happy in its play is the heart of God happy in growing a grape. As certainly as the violinist is happy when turning the winds into the sweetness of his song is God happy in purpling to the autumn winds the sweetness of His grapes.

When, therefore, your eye delights in the grape, your joy is kindling to the joy of God, and you are having fellowship together. When your tongue is enchanted by the sweetness of the grape, your gladness is smiling at the gladness of God, and you are having a fellowship together. Something of His joy has entered into you, and as it shines there in your midst, it is indeed like an altar fire, saying a grace of praise unto Him.

Listen with the ear of the spirit, and you will hear Him from the midst of the vines say unto you in a voice all melodious in love: "This is My body broken for you; this do ye, as oft as ye do it, in remembrance of Me, for through your remembrance of Me I am entering into your deeps to become the very life of your conscious being, and part of My being it is that you are feeding upon, the body of My life in the grape, so freely given because I am in love with you with an everlasting love."

"This is My blood of the New Testament which is shed for the remission of your sins, for the re-knitting of your wasted strength into the beauty of wholeness. As oft as ye, in loving thoughts of Me, drink this cup of the grape, you are showing forth My death, as I am coming unto you in fullness of life, My death that I am dying for you in the grape that you may live in your body. This do ye, as oft as ye do it, in remembrance of Me, for through all gentle remembrances of Me, through all gentle thinkings about Me, I am entering into your conscious being with a new, with a deeper, with a diviner union, the pledge of our love sworn to in the very truth of our being. This wine of the cup of the grape is My life's blood, which I give all joyously to you that our lives may become the one life of gladness we live in our world."

He, the Everlasting Love, is in the grape, giving Himself unto us. And when we eat the grape gratefully as from Him, we are giving ourselves unto Him, and in our growing beauty He is seeing of His soul's travail and is satisfied in the peace of a great joy.

When we know how to worship in the grape, there is a new vineyard, even in the fields of our souls, and the fruit thereof is of the eternal life and the everlasting gladness.

So it is true that:

Joy is the grace God says to us.

Where He is so happy that we smile to Him in His joy, in a grape or a bird, in a brook or a sky, in a rose or a star, in a sunbeam or a child—there, indeed, is He saying a grace unto us, giving us such a benediction of grace, mercy and peace as never fell from loving lips after a tender sermon. It is God's heart and joy which purples in the grape, which goldens in the peach, which browns in the chestnut, which yellows in the daffodil, which sings in the oriole, which shines in the star, which flows in the brook, which speaks in the voice of a child. All the beauty in the earth, all the lives are simply the graces which God's joy is saying to us over and over again.

Then it is not in the clouds that we meet God,

but in the sunshine. It is not in the sorrows that we find Him, but in the joys. He is not in the frown of a priest; He is in the smile of a child. He is not in the chant that moans a *miserere*; He is in the lyric of a thrush singing itself to the winds of dawn.

We cannot find Him by bruising ourselves, as if He were in the ache. When we wear the robes of grief, we are not inviting Him. In moanings of despair we search in vain for Him, but where life is at its full, there He is, for He is life. Where joys are a-brim, there He is, for He is joy. Where light is ashine, there He is, for He is light. Where flowers are abloom, there He is, for He is beauty. Where birds are asong, there He is, for He is music. Where children are at play, there He is, for He is the child-heart of the universe, turning Himself into the endless processions of the little children. Where love is, there He is, for He is love.

You search for Him through fast days and feast days, and find Him not, for He is universal joy, and can be found in no shadowing limitations which do not carry the lights of laughter in their hearts. You are just happy that you are alive, and lo! He whom thou hast searched for in vain, lies discovered in the joy of your heart. You are in love, for the very beauty of a flower or bird, a child or a woman, and lo! He whom thou hast searched for is revealed in the love of your heart. Some great truth stirs you like a trumpet's blast as you find it in a crucible or in numbers, in a rock or a brain, in the soil or in the life, and He whom thou hast searched for is found in the truth of your heart.

Oh, the simplicity of it all! In my hand is a grain of sand. I am compassing in my grasp the omnipotence of God. Could I but realize what I do, I would be master of myself and my destiny. I am feasting on a grape. I am feeding upon the life of God. Could I but realize what I do, I would dissolve all the shadows of death in the light of eternal life. I am looking into the heart of a rose. I am adoring the beauty of God. Could I but realize what I do, I would put to flight all ugliness and deformity, as the dawn puts to flight the darkness, and the day of beauty would reign!

I am listening to the songs the sparrows sing, taking the winds of March in the glory of summer. I am harkening to the Voice of God, the voice that sang worlds to their places in the sky. Because it does gentle into a sparrow's song, could I but realize what I hear, I would be the master of music and sing out all the discords, till life and the vast forever were one grand sweet song.

I am looking into the face of my mother. Into God's tenderest heart my eyes see. Could I but realize my vision, I would be the master of love, I would sweeten out all hate, I would love out all wars. I would love in all brotherhood, I would heal the hurt of my race, all tears I would smile away, and make every life but a chord in the Bethlehem hymn, singing over all the hills of earth, through all the towns of time, peace on earth, good will among men, glorifying God in the highest, the highest always just loving kindness and tender mercy, just the beauty of all His children dwelling together in unity and in the joy of that unity praising Him.

What do the grapes say unto you, the grapes that are the gladnesses of God, but just this: In the simplest way be happy, and you are learning the secret of my life. Be happy and you will be good. A smile shining from a joyous heart never slew a man. Kindness, which is but a beam of joy, never robbed a man. In the sunshine of laughter evils dissolve like shadows in beams of the sun. Where grapes of gladness grow, there are no thistles on the vines to sting, no thorns on the branches to stab. Where grapes of gladness grow, there is God. By joy you can enter with Him, into the fulness of life.

To live is to have justice, truth, reason, devotion, probity, sincerity, common sense, right and duty welded to the heart. To live is to know what one is worth, what one can do and should do. Life is conscience.—*Victor Hugo*.

It Pays

It pays to wear a smiling face,
And laugh our troubles down,
For all our little troubles wait
Our laughter or our frown.
Beneath the magic of a smile,
Our doubts will fade away,
As melts the frost in early spring
Beneath the sunny ray.

It pays to give a helping hand
To eager, earnest youth;
To note, with all their waywardness,
Their courage and their truth;
To strive with sympathy and love,
Their confidence to win;
It pays to open wide the heart
And "let the sunshine in."

The Joy of the Working

"And no one shall work for money and no one shall work for fame;
But each for the joy of the working, and each in his separate Star,
Shall paint the Thing as he sees it for the God of Things as they are."

THAT is what we have need to do—to work in life for the joy of the working—to live our life for the joy of it—to seek for the God in all; and if we will but see things as they really are, we will find God everywhere; we will see that in every seed there lies the promise of the harvest; that in each breath we draw is the promise of physical, mental and spiritual life. We shall see that in every thought there is the foundation of heaven and hell, and each act builds for regret and sorrow or for eternal joy.

To be able to work and have at the same time a definite understanding of what we wish to accomplish is to be in love with our accepted task. To live so as to make the best possible use of our life is true living, not mere existence. To take hold of all things as they are, considering them good and realizing it our duty to make them better, that is the true spirit, and in the cheerful fulfillment of this self-imposed task we will realize what is meant by "the joy of the working."

When the intelligent reasoning mind, by a proper use of the physical body, has grasped the meaning of this life, then this very intelligence will point the way to higher achievements, to loftier ambition than the desire for fame, or the acquirement of wealth, for mere gratification of its possession.

To the intelligent mind—the inner man—the greatest joy derived from the working is in the realization that a home is being provided for the soul. As frequently stated, our Philosophy teaches that man is not born with a soul but that such must be acquired by earnest striving; that it is not given us as a gift from on high, but is ours only when we have earned it. God, the Universal, of which our soul is a part, is drawn to us as we desire and deserve.

What is the joy of the working? The living of our life, to the best of our ability, in whatever sphere of action we may be placed, for that condition, however, apparently evil, is a necessary step upon the ladder of our existence. It is the place where duty has called us, and in the performance of it we will attract, by loving service, patience and gentleness, the soul that is awaiting us.

The intelligent thought of to-day desires to be made acquainted with the inner life, upon the proper basis—with that which is useful for the purpose of right living and thinking, and not with that kind of life which is the product of disordered physical and mental functions. The right living will make our life an example to others, and if we are maligned and misunderstood, it matters not. Reputation may be lost, but a lofty character is an eternal possession. The martyrdom of one life is the glory of another.

To live the true life that we can enjoy we should acquaint ourselves with the fundamental laws of nature; we should not look to the supernatural to explain that which is natural; for if we fill our intelligent mind with dreams of the night, with the nightmares of fancy, if we believe that disembodied spirits will help us to understand life, then we abuse the power which is ours—the power to perceive and conceive.

To be joyful in every condition of life, to be glad of the opportunity to make something of ourselves so that we may draw the eternal soul unto us, that is our purpose, and in its fulfillment will we experience all the "joy of the working."—*Atmos*.

Nature is full of lessons to man, and is ever pleading with him to "come up higher." When the soul is in tune with the purity of the lily, the majesty of the mountains, the glory of the sunbeam and the steadfastness of the stars, he catches celestial symphonies and touches the hem of Infinity.—*Martha P. Owen*.

January, 1905

A Resolve for the New Year

By Owen R. Washburn

Written especially for
THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES

TIME is an illusion of man. Seasons, hours, moments are spun as the mind works at the wheel of life, but the pendulum of days swings fast or slow as we move it in the midst of our dreams of things. In the visions of the night we compass the earth while the clock is striking twelve, and grow old as the feet of a friend come up the stairs or a hand knocks upon our door. Time is experience that common consent recognizes. Time is the measuring-rod upon the walls of the cities of men. By it we narrow our bounds and set walls to limit our labors. Could we lay down the rod and measure as God measures we should dwell in larger places and do other deeds. Man is the user, not the child, of Time.

A year has just ended. Its graves are covered with memories like the mists above low valleys at evening. Its idols are broken at many shrines, its garlands of roses and of rue are alike withered. We go not back to that land. The dreams we have dreamed on summer nights or in the winter storms we cannot return to, and the days we have seen are now as elusive as they. Only love and the glories we have laid up in that treasury where moth and rust and thieves cannot approach are ours to use. He who looks backward shall see only sunsets and shall lose the way to the Gates of the Morning. Dead sins, dead pleasures, dead hopes and joys are dead because they were not of God. If those things which were born of Infinite Love, of Purity, Truth and Kindness, are in seeming death believe it not. That which is born of the Spirit is eternal. All you gave to good last year is yours, and yours till the angel of the iron book shall open it for your eyes, and you see through happy tears the record of the exceeding great achievements and great rewards that you have awaiting you as you enter the realm of that perfect understanding which is the Perfect Peace, the Rest, the Crown, the Dominion that knows no end.

But as you face this great year, the year of all the years that man has known, the year of spiritual awakening and of victories over death and hell, as you face it, Child of God, what will you choose as a thought to help you in the daily struggle upward to the clear air of a more eternal life?

Know you not that only in dominion over yourself and over the illusions of the earth-life is there happiness, or that way-shower to happiness, the sense of duty well done! Men have died among their diamonds and gone hence in sorrow and remorse. Women have gained the homage of the great and passed away with the vipers upon their breasts. Palaces that fronted back the sun in their splendor, homage of prostrate thousands awed at kingly power, the poets' laurel wreaths and that mighty throb of victory wherewith the philosopher greets the creation of a new system of thought which shall make him famed when marble towers are crumbled in the winds, are as nothing to the soul that goes down into the gray ashes of burned-out years unawakened, unenlightened and afraid.

Child of God, this is a mental universe. In it mind is Lord of lords and King of kings. Thought fashioned the farthest star and set the great aurora above the Northern snows to flash to the heavens a message of the God that is everywhere. Thought rules the creeping ant beneath our feet, when the gardens bloom and thought tints the cheek of happy girlhood, when the spirit of spring brings its proclamation of eternal youth.

Real things are not material. The stores laid up for many days in the houses of men are transitory. A century hence and they shall be as the silks that Cæsar saw, like the fine linen the Queen of Sheba

flung around her form when she went forth to hear herself hailed as queen of queens. Climb not to the windows of towers you have built in commercial, industrial or artistic fields when you offer your prayer to the God of All and make the resolve that shall abide with you through the coming round of seasons. Choose not some lesser pearl of thought to wear next your heart as above all price. Make a great resolve, worthy a great life, a great destiny, a great Eternal Love of which you were born before the mountains were robed with blue or the waters were divided from the low beaches of yet manless earth.

Resolve that you WILL LIVE IN CONSCIOUSNESS OF GOD.

Know that to live with the Infinite ever present in your deepest thought is to live the NORMAL LIFE.

To go through the experiences of even one year doing nothing abnormal, to live without "quenching the spirit" or outraging that heaven-born aspiration which is yours from the beginning of years; to live simply, lovingly and with calm fortitude; to deny the temptations to all excesses, to be larger than the trials of material surroundings, is simple, and it is to be one with God. Jesus, a workman who lived in Nazareth, did nothing less nor more than this. Knowing His dominion He availed himself of His birthright, and quietly entered into the inheritance from Truth which is the common heritage of men. To be at one with the Divine Power which brought us into being is to be the Christ. He attained to the power of Truth, He taught and healed and blessed with new ideals of love because He was simply a child of God; because He understood His Sonship and lived in that consciousness. Betrayal, disappointment, ingratitude and the death of the cross could not prevail against that self-knowledge which allied Him with Eternal Spirit.

He was normal in denying the temptations of materialism. He was His simple self in His wrestlings with the powers of this world; He was son of Mary and son of God by the right of comprehension of verities which, though as true for our understanding as for His, we have not yet realized.

Live the normal life. Have you problems? They will be solved when you have made more spiritual your life and environment. They cannot be solved in any other way. Have you griefs? Know that to the Divine Intelligence nothing is sad. Have you fears? They are but the conspiracies of evil counsels; they will vanish if you are but simply true. There is nothing in the universe that can permanently harm the spiritual life which its Creator has brought forth and blessed.

Do you indulge the senses for sense pleasure alone? Then do not complain of the Creator that you suffer pains because of the sin that finds more joy in the material than in the spiritual. God is spirit, and they who would be one with spirit must come to it in truth.

Greet the year, then, as a simple seeker after the things you were born to make your own. Drugs, narcotics, stimulants, undue search for fame or leadership or place among men, these are not native to the heart. Spring will soon be here, and its glory you may make your own for all the year. Summer will robe the earth and bathe your thoughts with warmth and light. Autumn will bring tints that hint of heaven, and the glory of the frost is a promise of beauty from bitter days. The coldest nights of this season of snows are turned back from your hearth, the evening light is type of a radiance that shall make all darkness but a tent above the place where you rest.

You are not forgotten in the years. Eagles may suffer hunger in the narrow clefts of barren rocks, but when they rise and with fearless eyes greet the sunshine as they breast the gale God giveth them their meat in due season. Rise from the narrow clefts of your environment. Trust yourself to those spiritual opinions which were ever yours. Go simply and quietly about the tasks that you know are yours, and the days shall bring you peace and gladness. Seek the purity of the Spirit, for in that search a divine life is attained and we receive Eternal help, for lo! He is "with you unto the end of the world."

"Go forth in thy turn," said the Lord of the years to the year we greet to-day—
"Go forth to succor my people, who are thronging the world's highway.

Carry them health and comfort, carry them joy and light,
The grace of the eager dawning, the ease of the restful night.

"Take them the flying snowflake, and the hope of the hastening spring.
The green of the leaf unrolling, the gleam of the bluebird's wing.
Give them the gladness of children, the strength of sinew and nerve,
The pluck of the man in battle, who may fall, but will never swerve.

"Send them the lilt of the singer, the sword that is swift to smite
In the headlong rush of the onset, when the wrong resists the right.
Pour on them peace that crowneth hosts which have bravely striven,
Over them throw the mantle they wear who are God-forgiven.

"Shrive them of sin and of blunders; oh, make my people free!
Let this year among years be thought of as a time of jubilee,
Throbbing with notes triumphant, waving with banners fair,
A year of the grace of the Highest, to vanquish human despair.

"For sorrow and sighing send them, O Year, the dance of mirth,
And banish the moan and the crying from the struggling, orphaned earth.
Go forth in thy turn, O blithe New Year," said the Lord of the passing days;
And the angels in heaven heard Him, and lifted a psalm of praise.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

Only be thou strong, and very courageous, then thou shalt make thy way prosperous, and then thou shalt have good success.—Joshua i, 7, 8.

The Silence

INTO the Silence, O Soul, would I walk with thee. Into that chamber whose walls are adorned with unexpressed ideals of the Soul. Here are thoughts that were never yet given outward expression. Here are poems excelling in beauty and grandeur those of earth's greatest masters. Songs sweeter and diviner than the incomparable Wagner ever voiced to an astonished world. Here are thoughts more creative than those of the great philosophies and religions. For now we have crossed the threshold of the Unexpressed. In the Silence characters are formed and developed. In Silence geniuses are born.

When I walk with thee, O Soul, into the Silence, awe and reverence abide with me. That which is formless, uncreated, ready for the Master, fills me with awe. Into the Silence and commune with Self! Find there thy mission in the world. Into the Silence, O Soul, and there find the growing pathway of the Spirit. From the Silence, O Soul, shalt thou Return, seeking no longer far and wide thy mission in the world, for the message of thyself in glowing and burning eloquence speaks in thine every act.

—George A. Fuller.

A SINGER'S MISSION

SING me a song to-day,
For my heart beats high;
There is never a film of cloud
In my arching sky;
Sing me a song that shall voice my gladness,
A song that has never a note of sadness.

Sing me a song to-day,
For my heart beats low;
And shadows are over the way
That I must go;
Sing me a song to bring back gladness,
And give me courage and cure my sadness.

Sing me a song to-day—
Always a song of cheer,
Fitting if I am glad,
Or, faint with fear;
The world has many a dirge of sadness,
But all too few are its songs of gladness.

—E. A. Latta.

Immediately

The certainest, surest thing I know,
 Whatever, what else may yet befall
 Of blessings or bane, of weal or woe,
 Is the truth, that is fatefulest far of all,
 That the Master will knock at my door some night,
 And there, in the silence hushed and dim,
 Will wait for my coming, with lamp alight,
 To open immediately to Him.

I wonder if I at His tap shall spring
 In eagerness up, and cross the floor
 With rapturous step, and freely fling,
 In the murk of the midnight, wide the door?
 Or will there be work to be put away?
 Or the taper, that burns too low, to trim?
 Or something that craves too much delay
 To open immediately to Him?

Or shall I with whitened fear grow dumb
 The moment I hear the sudden knock,
 And, startled to think He hath surely come,
 Shall falter and fail to find the lock,
 And keep Him so waiting, as I stand
 Irresolute, while my senses swim,
 Instead of the bound with outstretched hand
 To open immediately to Him?

If this is the only thing foretold
 Of all my future—then, I pray
 That, quietly watchful, I may hold
 The key of a golden faith each day
 Fast shut in my grasp, that when I hear
 His step, be it dawn or midnight dim,
 Straightway I may rise without a fear,
 And open immediately to Him.

—Margaret J. Preston.

Not a leaf has ever fluttered down into the dust
 and perished there but has helped to enrich the
 earth's soil, and not a lowly life in all the past has
 been lived purely and nobly but the world to-day
 is a little richer and better for it.—J. R. Miller.

The Freedom of Truth

By Charles Brodie Patterson

Written especially for
 THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES

JESUS said, "Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free." There is no vagueness or uncertainty in such a statement—or promise, for it is both. It was made to those "that believed on Him," and there was but one condition—"If ye continue in My word." On a similar occasion He had said "He that doeth My will shall know of the doctrine." If we do and continue to do, we shall know, and such knowledge is freedom. That is the kernel of it all. Action, expression, experience, is the road to knowledge. A little later Jesus said to His disciples that "To know God was life everlasting"; here He says that a knowledge of the truth is freedom, and we know the truth by doing His will and continuing in it. Now, each soul's conception of the word of God for him—the will of God in his life—is not only different from every other soul's conception, but varies essentially at every step of that soul's progress. "An eye for an eye" is as true for those who are still living under the law of cause and effect—the "Law of sin and death"—as is the higher and all-including truth of non-resistance of evil for those who now know only "The law of the spirit of life." The conception of truth necessarily varies with the point of view. It is the same indivisible and unvarying truth, but its revelation is progressive and keeps pace with the progress and development of the soul. At each step, however, it is truth and the truth that makes free if it is the highest, the truest that the soul sees at that step. And, however partial, it nevertheless leads inevitably, quickly, into the larger truth, if only it be honestly acknowledged and fearlessly lived up to. "Do the truth you know, and you shall learn the truth you need to know." And it is only by doing the truth we know that we can ever attain the larger horizon.

In answer to Christ's assertion that to know the truth was to be free indeed, the Jews who heard it began to put forward their claims to freedom through Abraham, and because of their adherence to the law. There are many to-day who practically do the same. They place all their dependence—hang all their hopes—on what Paul wrote or Moses said. Like the Jews of old their question is continually "How is it written?" It was of such that Jesus said "The truth is not in them," for all the saints, prophets and apostles cannot take the place to any man of the word written in his own soul. This is the truth for each of us that makes each of us free. The inspired men of old or of any time were great only as they listened to this inward voice. It is only by faithful response to the soul's

intentions that the world has been gradually lifted to higher and higher standards.

"Truth is within ourselves; it takes no rise
 From outward things, whate'er you may believe.
 There is an inmost centre in us all
 Where truth abides in fulness. And to know
 Rather consists in opening out a way
 Whence the imprisoned splendours may escape,
 Than in effecting entry for a light
 Supposed to be without."

Another's vision of truth can help us only by stirring us to action, activity, expression, and, in its turn, opening our inner sight to the heavenly vision. The ideals and standards of the past are the shackles and bonds of the present. We must walk in the new and living way, the way that is made plain only as we fearlessly live out each gleam of the truth as it comes to us. No matter how vitally something may have helped us yesterday; if it does not to-day stir us into action it is not to-day the word of God for us. We do not like to incur the criticism or misunderstanding of those among whom our lives are cast, and so we shrink from working out boldly some new light that is striking in upon us. We want to please the world as well as ourselves, and, in the end, we please neither, for we are cowards and cowards are in the very gall of bitterness.

It is on the personal plane of life that men worship some authority of church or creed or personality. The impulse of obedience or response to great men is well enough in its place and plays its due part in the work of development. As long as souls need personal help and the impetus of personal inspiration, it is far better to revere and follow other souls than that each should in all its selfishness be a law unto itself.

But the moment one sees the higher life of impersonal revelation, impersonal service, at that moment outward authority loses its hold. We can never unfold to the highest and best that is in us while we obey any outside dictum. Verily, "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creation," and the very path that man has to tread is hereafter a new one and his life is a unique life. He is individual; there is no other soul like him in the universe, and to unfold, express freely all there is of himself, he must live his own life, unhampered by the things of yesterday. For him there is no time but the present—"the moment eternal." If we could only realize it, all there can ever be of eternity for any one of us is just the moment in which we live and which we call the present.

Obedience to the inner voice, moment by moment, means the freedom wherewith Christ doth set us free. Is it not strange, that the one thing we seem to fear most is to "fall into the hands of the living God"—the grasp of the living truth? The old feeling that it was a "fearful thing" has probably done more to retard the world's progress than any other one idea. Yet this is just what we must learn to let ourselves do; we must learn to let go of the personal, the earthly self, with all its outworn symbols and standards—its false concepts of separate life interests, and let ourselves be carried out on the tide of our own deepest instincts to rest forever on the bosom of God's great ocean of truth and love.

There is but one thing that stands between a soul and its true freedom, and that is the personal will. We desire freedom from physical, mental and spiritual bondage—we want "to be saved"—but saved *in* our sins and not from them. We want to know the truth, but we want even more to hold on to personal happiness, material security, ease, fame—we will not let go of ourselves, give all that we have in exchange for this pearl of great price. And yet, as a matter of fact, it is only in so doing that anything is ever truly ours. It is only when we reach the point of realization in which we are willing to lose our lives that we indeed save them; it is only as we come to hold all else as nothing in the balance with this pearl of great price, that we are enabled at last to see that it in itself holds all the wealth of all worlds. It is only as we give up all in the service of truth—that truth which is the direct, inmost and unerring revelation of God's will in the soul of each of us—that we come into that freedom in which "all things are ours." It is only as we seek first the kingdom of God, the kingdom that is "within" and only within, that "all these things," of our need of which the Father knows even better than we ourselves, are "added unto us."

"The key of the universe is given into our hands when we throw ourselves unreservedly into the service of the highest truth we know, with fidelity to the right as God gives us to see the right."

Each individual may add to the power of the great, life-giving truth that makes for the freedom of the world as well as that of the single soul, by a true solution of the problems that come into the daily life of each. It may seem at first impossible that the little perplexities and uncertainties of our "day-by-day, bread-and-butter" existence should have any part to play in the development of humanity and the history of the world. But they have, in a less degree, perhaps, but no less truly and vitally than do the great achievements or disasters that are heralded by press and pulpit around the globe. For what other purpose, indeed, could they have come into our lives?

As we settle each of these problems, great or small, honestly, fearlessly, as we square it with our ideal—the truth as it is revealed to our inmost souls at that moment—regardless of possible criticism or apparent limitation, just to that degree we have contributed to the solving of that problem for the whole universe. In a certain sense the whole universe was waiting for just our solution of it. Objectively considered, it may indeed have seemed a trivial thing. It is the spirit which we brought to its solution that weighed in the balance. It is the character, the moral muscle, we make in the conflict, that counts—the gleam of truth we contribute through the solving that truly helps the world.

It is so easy to deceive ourselves. There are few achievements at once more difficult and desirable than simple honesty of thought. How many of us, for that matter, really do our own thinking—ever really work out a truth for ourselves and act solely upon our individual conviction? We are continually thinking over again the thoughts that have been presented to us through our teachers—books we have read—the minds of those with whom we come in contact day by day. We accept opinions ready made. Let us look into our minds at this moment—look honestly and fearlessly. What so-called opinions and convictions do we find there that are genuinely our own—ours at first hand, ours because we have proved them for ourselves—because both sides of each question have been tried in the crucible of our own mentality or experience—in the light of our own inmost revelation? And yet only so is a true progress—a knowledge of the truth—possible; only so can any soul find its freedom. Even error will eventually right itself through honest action—if carried logically to its conclusion. That "the wages of sin is death," is, in reality, the promise of the resurrection, of the rise of the day star in the soul. Every error honestly held, every false or partial belief honestly worked out, leads as inevitably to the truth as does any other road in God's universe. It is when false and superficial standards and creeds are merely accepted, held because they are held by others and not proved, that the way of truth is indeed a long and rough one. It is only by the fearless, honest facing by each soul of the problems that come to each for solution, that the cause of truth is served. It is honesty of purpose, thought and action that leads surely and swiftly into the desired haven of all truth—into the freedom wherewith Christ makes us free.

Song for All Souls

God bless all poor souls to-day,
 Those who weep or those who pray;
 Those who sing or those who sigh
 Underneath the roof-tree sky;
 North, or east, or far, or near,
 Kinsmen linked by a tear.

*Thou, that art my brother, say
 God bless all poor souls to-day.*

God bless all poor souls to-day,
 Love alone doth reign alway—
 Bold or brave or weak or worn,
 Jewel-decked or tatter-torn;
 Beggar, prince, or clown or king,
 Weeping bird with bruised wing.

*All within Love's sovran sway—
 God bless all poor souls to-day.*
 —Robert Loveman.

God is infinitesimal before He becomes stupendous. The Love and Wisdom that inheres in the seed is the God that creates out of the seed all the evolutions appertaining to it. If God were not involved in the seed, growth (creation) would be impossible.—Lucy A. Mallory.

Genius without morality is a harp without strings. The framework of harmony is there, but the divine strains are unheard.

A Real Comforter.

When you are lonely,
 tired or sorrowful, read
 Our Magazine.
 It is the best comforter
 you can find.

A Study of Freedom

Oh, Freedom, most misunderstood, most misconstrued, most longed for and most shunned of all the vital principles of the most mighty truth. Let us come just a trifle closer to your inner being and see if you really are such a fearful and distant thing, or if you are so simple a law of life that we pass you by because of your sweet humility.

And now comes the answer which always comes out of the infinite and holy silence to every longing heart which seeks its blessed conference.

There can be no freedom except in love!

There can be no love except in freedom!

No man is in the slightest bondage of any kind on any plane unless he requires it and demands it and chooses to remain in it.

Could there be any tyrants unless there were slaves?

Could one man bend his neck under the yoke of another unless he wanted to?

It may be an unconscious bending, unconscious tyranny, unconscious slavery; but what is the object of our expression of life upon this planet but to come into consciousness and so free ourselves from the bondage and the barriers which seem to separate us from our divine birthright?

Why should we be satisfied with the pottage of delusion when we have the storehouse of our Father within such easy access if we will only accept its abundance?

You speak of the tyranny of the almighty dollar. You say that the greedy monster has its grip upon the hearts and homes of men, and that it is crushing you into unconsciousness rather than freeing you from material bondage.

That, dear friend, is as you desire; if you wish to bend your head under that most unnecessary and most useless of tyrants, the metallic and fickle simoleon, it will allow you the privilege, but you know and I know that

Poverty on any plane is not for the man who is aware of his relative position to and in the cosmos.

The only use of poverty of any kind is to prove to a man that he does not know himself. If he did he would bring himself into completeness.

Pain of any kind is friendly and has its use because it points the way out of the mire of delusion into the broad path of reality.

So when you see the light of truth, why cling to the pain? Its use is over. Throw it out. Be free to hold your head high and look with the divine side of yourself into the divine side of the universe.

To be sure we can only act as far as we can think, but we are all doing a good deal of thinking for ourselves these days. We are not only thinking ourselves into the conscious action of faith and understanding, but we are permitting other people to think themselves into Freedom also, which is really the greater step.

Too long men have desired to control their fellow-beings. They could not realize that to make a slave of another creature is the sure way to enslave themselves. Now they know that in order to become aware of infinite things and to cast out all delusive bondage they must stop interfering with the soul development of other men.

Feed and clothe your brother's body if you feel that you must do something for him, although he may resent even that intrusion of his divine right of self-reliant individuality, but keep your touch from interfering with his soul expression. He may not know and you may not know how deeply he resents interference—externally he may seem grateful, but the resentment is there and will some day throw out its force toward the person who intruded into its holy of holies.

Inspire men to think for themselves. Help the struggling child to its feet, and then as the mother bird throws the fluttering little baby bird out of the nest, throw it out on its own feet to grow strong with its own force and not from drawing on your magnetic power.

In simpler words: The only way you and I can come into freedom is to leave every other man in perfect freedom.

How does any man know what I need? How do I know what any other soul needs? Is not my divine right the right of choice, and of all things may I not choose my own path toward consciousness?

What is crime in one country is virtue in another.

Does truth ever change?

What is destructive to one temperament is constructive to another.

Is not truth infinite in its variety?

Truth does not change because it is all life, all expression.

Truth is infinitely various because it is changeless.

Truth has all and every side, and as we develop into consciousness of its infinity we constantly change all our life expression to meet our newer, freer viewpoint. We lose thought of the outer self,

and come into the glorious poise toward which our desire for life, love, opulence, freedom on all planes is leading us.

Again and always the question is meeting us from souls who have not yet dared to think for themselves and who seem to want to be led by someone else. "But your ideas of freedom are dangerous and your thoughts about occultism are even more dangerous."

Possibly. Anything is dangerous if you think it is. It would be dangerous for me to attempt to guide an ocean liner across the Atlantic. It would not be dangerous if I had understanding and faith in that particular direction. It might be equally dangerous for the pilot of that vessel to guide my tiny daughter across the sea of her babyhood—might at least be uncomfortable for the baby—but if he had developed his love and wisdom in that direction she would be quite as safe in his hands as in mine.

It never hurts people to know things, and occult things are the very simplest things of life, so simple that we do not think it worth while to bother with them.

Occultism simply teaches the laws of the finer forces of nature, of the substance of faith, of the quality of the thought forces, of the use and abuse of magnetic forces, of causes and effects. Is that dangerous?

All things are relative. Desire is the ruling motive. The man who does not desire to know will not be overburdened with wisdom. He is perfectly protected by the barrier of satisfaction, and it is a safe place for him until his desire for truth breaks down his barriers and leads him into the freedom of his own soul expression.

Whatever phase of experience a man requires his innate desire will attract to him. It is not forced upon him. He is not a victim of circumstance or anything else. The real self is demanding expression, and he is freely entering into his own. If his outer self rebels and refuses to recognize its oneness with the inner there may be pain and conflict. If he will only let go and be willing the hard places and the dark places soon fade out of his consciousness.

Let us not delude ourselves even for a moment in our conception of this beautiful poised thing. While a man is privileged to choose his life expression it may not lead him into peace. He may need much that we do not realize the use of, but his knowledge comes by different avenues than ours.

Freedom is not licentiousness on any plane.
Freedom is not intemperance on any plane.
Freedom is not riotousness on any plane.
Freedom is poised in constructive forces,
and can only be expressed in purity because
it has no life in any other realm.

Freedom belongs to the individual and the individual belong to the whole. When a man is free he recognizes himself in all humanity, and the beautiful part of it is that all men recognize him. Appreciation is his, love is his, for men always receive just exactly what they give.

The stronger the individual life the purer the genius, the more completely does it merge itself into service and oneness with all men.—Grace M. Brown, in *Fulfillment*.

Religion and Life

GREAT is that religion which has room in it for all other religions and embraces them all—the love and truth in them all. For in all religions there is more or less of truth and some error. This is the Divine Law of Love and Evolution. As a truth, each being is far greater than any religion or any Book conceives or comprehends; life is fuller, larger, richer and greater than has ever been dreamed of by seer, sage, prophet or poet; man in this degree of evolution is only beginning to get true and clear glimpses of the orderly beauty of eternal and progressive life. Life does not come out of religion; religion is only a part of the Whole and Eternal, and is only a means and not an end—Man goes beyond religion.—*The Blissful Prophet*.



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TRIFLES

By Lida Hood Talbot

Written especially for
THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES

To be taken captive by the trivial is to be held in a cheap bondage, whose attrition will wear one to the sharp edge of a fretful and disappointed life, for our environments are shaped by the kind of mentality we put into them. Thoughts become living things and shape our actions and conditions in resemblance to themselves.

There is no servitude so debasing as that which takes constant notice of the inconsequential and petty incidents of one's daily experience. To so constantly employ the mind is to debase the office of each faculty and open the door to all sorts of weakening influences.

To be greatly concerned about that which has no lasting value, and making much out of nothing, is to narrow and warp the nature and produce a sure degeneration of the character until it becomes abnormal and irrational. The bondage of the small is what makes many lives very hard and unsatisfactory. Exaggerating molehills into mountains becomes a habit, the lenses of the mental eyes can only see through an abnormal imagination, and the weights bear heavily, of trifles light as air!

"Occupy thyself with few things if thou wouldst be tranquil," and let those few things be something worth while; something that will serve you and establish a cheerful habit of thought and kindly and unselfish action. "Consider that everything which happens, happens justly," says Marcus Aurelius. This mental attitude radiates health and good cheer; it is the sort of prayer that "pulls the rope below and rings the bell above."

You have no cause for annoyance if your stranger neighbor chews his or her toothpick when he or she leaves the restaurant and walks along the street. Just see to it that you do not do it, and let it go at that. If either of these fail in some nice observance, let it not fret you or cause audible comment. I know a woman who made one whole morning miserable for herself and friend through the small observation of seeing a strange woman's shoe heels "run over." With strenuous energy she querulously commented upon the untidiness and lack of culture of this passing stranger with such persistence that the beauty and serenity of the morning were lost, and there was nothing gained from what would have otherwise been a fruitful association. I have known two whole dinner hours spoiled, the friendly converse silenced and a general chill settle down upon all, while the man of the house peevishly lamented the underdone mutton, and, like Rachel, would not be comforted because it was not—done.

"The foolish have no range in their scale." Small, irritating things, seemingly very useless and vital, tag us all; but let them touch and be gone.

"MANNA"

The Old Biblical Term Suggests Good Food.

Such remarkable changes can be brought about by food properly selected that the best physicians now look to the rearrangement of a person's diet as one of the most important things.

A member of the Clinic Publishing Co., publishers of medical journals in Chicago, writes as follows, and says that he does not object to our using his name publicly:

"I wish to state a few facts which will show to you why there is, and ever will be, in my heart a most grateful appreciation of Grape-Nuts as a life-giving, nerve-strengthening and health-restoring food.

"My eldest son, William R., was taken with a severe attack of scarlet fever. This left him in a state of such utter collapse and prostration of nerve force and energy that he was unable to sustain his own weight.

"A complication of troubles followed; the kidneys became affected, and the doctors all declared his case hopeless.

"Naturally the stomach was too enfeebled to retain or assimilate solid food, and milk, beef tea and the like soon became nauseating to him.

"Simply as an experiment a spoonful of Grape-Nuts was suggested and tried. Its predigested constituents seemed to exactly suit my boy's case. Eureka! We had indeed found it.

"He not only retained the food but relished it and asked for more. From that very day he began to mend, and in three weeks was convalescent. Gradually from mere skin and bones Will has grown ruddy, bright-eyed and manly, weighing now, at fifteen years of age, over one hundred and thirty pounds.

"Can you wonder that in our family Grape-Nuts is considered almost as 'Manna from Heaven'?" Wm. R. Emery, No. 232 Foster St., Ravenswood, Chicago, Ill.

Meet life cheerfully; be broadly sanguine. The noticing of trifles begets only worry and narrows the gauge of the mind. When we allow them any position in our thoughts they will rule us and come in time to be a fixed habit of mind, and so repulse our best friend and thought. There is no attraction of good in it.

The disagreeable actions of others should not be allowed to fret us, or bear with any particular weight upon us. We should treat them as we would any other repulsive thing, look away from them and try to forget it all as quickly as possible. We set into vibration, by so doing, better conditions, besides gaining control over ourselves and enlarging our capacity for the true considerations of worthy and vital things.

A small thing may preach to us, but should not be allowed to fret us, or disturb the tranquil temper—such are not to be indulged; put them outside your sacred portals and consider only what is important and necessary to your highest interest and the best welfare of all your connections.

There is no festival for the intellect in the small and insignificant and foolish! What matter is it if Mrs. Jones will persist in wearing a color that is unbecoming to her, and why should Brown's extravagance bother us? What if the tea-kettle does leak, the grocer is half an hour late and the baker doesn't come at all? There are other tea-kettles, grocers and bakers, and plenty more days and hours in which to make good the time that has been apparently lost. I often wonder what would be the result if each individual were to persist in making each hour of his life one of joy and love and kindness. Even though we were to give only half the time of praising and being glad; of the harmony it would produce in not only our lives, but all the nature about us. . . . Let us stop the considerations of trifles and set about being hospitable to the important thing, even though it be less than the thing we enjoy fretting over. . . . Let us grow a larger charity for the mean thing and endeavor to lift it into something good—make it an agent for lifting us out of the rut of the lugubrious.

"The Philosophy of the Golden Pup" says:

"It's awful nice a-sittin'
Watchin' troubles floatin' by,
Smiles across your face a-fittin'
And contentment in your eye.

"I like to watch some bubbles
Go a-bustin' with a splash!
I like to watch my troubles
Go to grass with other trash."

Let us be very industrious in being glad. Let us prove our loyalty in being grateful!

A Sunshiny Saint

"Yes, she's just sunshine in any community she's in." One woman was talking to another behind us as the cars sped over the Arizona desert. "I knew her first when they lived in New Mexico, in a forlorn little settlement, where they had a very hard time, but where everybody loved her; and now they are in California. But it doesn't matter where she is, she is always just the same. Her husband is a man who struggles with a very bad temper, and invariably looks on the dark side of things, so she has always had a heavy handicap at home. But it would surprise you to see how much she has changed her husband for the better in all these years, and how she smooths over the quarrels he feels it is necessary to have with his neighbors wherever he goes."

"How about her children?" asked the other woman. "I hope they take after her."

"There were two, but they are both dead. It was a life-sorrow that went deep, but she is so victoriously sunny that, except for the tender way in which she mothers all the young people that come in her way, you would never think how lonely she is for those who have gone. She turns everything into sweetness, you see. She is the best Christian I know, and the 'joy of the Lord' isn't a figure of speech with her, as it is with most of us."

That was all we heard, but it was something to be remembered long after the journey was ended. The brave soul that is like sunshine—we all have known such a one. The pity of it is that, while admiring such victorious cheerfulness, we feel no responsibility to cultivate it ourselves. We, too, can be "just sunshine," if we choose. It is a grace worth trying for.—Forward.

It is the broad-minded, well-developed man that occupies the position of honor to-day; listen to the advice of older experienced people.—Governor-elect Myron T. Herrick, of Ohio.

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Ever see a pair of Listening Machines? They make the Deaf hear distinctly. They are so soft in the ears one can't tell they are wearing them. And, no one else can tell either, because they are out of sight when worn. Wilson's Ear Drums are to weak hearing what spectacles are to weak sight. Because, they are sound-magnifiers, just as glasses are sight-magnifiers. They rest the Ear Nerves by taking the strain off them—the strain of trying to hear dim sounds. They can be put into the ears, or taken out, in a minute, just as comfortably as spectacles can be put on and off. And, they can be worn for weeks at a time, because they are ventilated, and so soft in the ear holes they are not felt even when the head rests on the pillow. They also protect any raw inner parts of the ear from wind, or cold, dust, or sudden and piercing sounds.

These little telephones make it as easy for a Deaf person to hear weak sounds as spectacles make it easy to read fine print. And, the longer one wears them the better his hearing grows, because they rest up, and strengthen, the ear nerves. To rest a weak ear from straining is like resting a strained wrist from working.

Wilson's Ear Drums rest the Ear Nerves by making the sounds louder, so it is easy to understand without trying and straining. They make Deaf people cheerful and comfortable, because such people can talk with their friends without the friends having to shout back at them. They can hear without straining. It is the straining that puts such a queer, anxious look on the face of a deaf person.

Wilson's Ear Drums make all the sound strike hard on the center of the human ear drum, instead of spreading it weakly all over the surface. It thus makes the center of the human ear drum vibrate ten times as much as if the same sound struck the whole drum head. It is this vibration of the ear drum that carries sound to the hearing Nerves. When we make the drum vibrate ten times as much we make the sound ten times as loud and ten times as easy to understand.

This is why people who had not in years heard a clock strike can now hear that same clock tick anywhere in the room, while wearing Wilson's Ear Drums.

Deafness, from any cause, ear-ache, buzzing noises in the head, raw and running ears, broken ear-drums, and other ear troubles, are relieved and cured (even after Ear Doctors have given up the case), by the use of these comfortable little ear-resters and sound-magnifiers.

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Olegraphers, Lawyers, Physicians, Telegraph Operators, Trainmen, Workers in Boiler Shops and Foundries—four hundred people of all ranks who were Deaf, tell their experience in this free book. They tell how their hearing was brought back to them almost instantly, by the proper use of Wilson's Ear Drums.

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This book has been the means of making 320,000 Deaf people hear again. It will be mailed free to you if you merely write a post card for it today. Don't put off getting back your hearing. Write now, while you think of it. Get the free book of proof.

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Origin of a Crime Lies in Thought

THE origin of all crime lies back of the quick temper which held the knife.

The origin of crime lies in a thought. A crime is the result of a series of thoughts, the first of which may have lodged in the brain of an innocent child.

Men who have studied the workings of the human mind tell us that each thought makes a track upon the brain. That the same thought always travels over the same path. They tell us that the track deepens as the thought passes more and more frequently over the path until the thread-like track becomes a deep rut.

A wagon track, light at first, if constantly driven over, becomes a rut. If the wheels continue to plow into the earth the track is cut deeper and deeper until it is impossible for the wheels to roll out of the rut until it reaches the end of the road.

It is thus with the ruts in the brain. When the path is cut too deep the thought must follow the old course, wherever it leads.

The rut may lead to theft.
The rut may lead to lying.
The rut may lead to murder.
Every thought, good or bad, if permitted to travel again and again through the mind, leads to some act, good or bad.

Crime has its origin in a thought. Great prisons have been built, but crime still walks among us.

The habitual wishing to possess what belongs to another too often leads to theft.

The ever-present wish to be rid of one who is hateful too often leads to murder.

Strong walls cannot control crime until brick and mortar can control thought.

And thought is free as the air. It slips past the guard, it passes through the keyhole, it scorns the grating, it laughs at walls of stone, it knows not the terror of the gallows.

Prisons cannot save us, the scaffold cannot free us, the laws cannot protect us from crime.

Ah, but where the laws are weak you are strong.

When the walls of the prison are fragile you are powerful.

While the hangman's rope cannot choke the life from crime, you can.

When the desire for the possession of what belongs to another comes to you, turn it out. Don't wish for what is not your own. Resolve to earn what you would have. Thus a different brain track is made and this track deepened will lead to prosperity, never to theft.

Instead of wishing to rid yourself of one who is hateful, wish yourself higher and better than he. This thought-path will lead to a higher plane, where the air is rarer and the sight is clearer, and the hateful one, way down at the foot of the mountain which you have climbed, dare not even lift his eyes to the heights upon which you stand. Is that not better than a life behind prison walls?

Man is more powerful than the law. We are more powerful than are the instruments of the law.

We can control thought, and crime begins in thought.—Eric P. Bach.

Truth needs no champions; in the infinite deep
Of everlasting Soul her strength abides,
From Nature's heart her mighty pulses leap,
Through Nature's veins her strength,
Undying, tides.
—Lowell.

The sweetest lives are those to duty wed,
Whose deeds, both great and small,
Are close-knit strands of an unbroken thread,
Where love ennobles all.
The world may sound no trumpets, ring no bells;
The Book of Life the shining record tells.
—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

Great success is attending the new experiment being made with the convicts in the penitentiary at Jackson, Mich., by substituting kindness for severity. The prisoners are allowed to play baseball with outside clubs, and circus and theatrical performances are given in the prison. They are allowed to converse with each other on the recreation grounds an hour each day, and the majority of them are paid for their labor and other privileges are granted them. The punishments for disorderly conduct are withdrawal of these privileges, which are highly appreciated by the prisoners, and consequently there are seldom any infractions of the rules.

It would not take many generations to do away with crime and criminals if this method was practiced all over the world. Before a criminal can be reformed into a law-abiding citizen he must be taught to respect himself, and he must feel that he will be respected if he does right.

There are very few who are so degraded that they will not respond to kindness.—Universal Republic

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Nearing the Inner Light

Love is the strength and beauty of character; yes, though it be grown in life's shaded and saddened places; though all the dripping of the trees and the night rain drenches the heart, when most it yearns to woo the sunshine of the spirit.

The strength of Love comes as the Benediction of heaven. It comes as the perfumed paths of the wooded dell; as the tender twilight and the rosy dawn; as the fragrance of new-mown hay or the Indian sweet grass, or the rippling gold of the waving cornfield! All is blessed!

As the spirit turns to its Infinite Source in the Inner, Overruling Life and Goodness, we sense our nearness to that changeless Love.

As Theodore Parker so beautifully sang it:

"Yes, I am nearer Thee! For flesh and sense Have been exchanged for an eternal youth; My spirit hath been born anew, and hence I worship Thee in spirit and in truth."

Yes, I am nearer Thee! Though still unseen, Thy presence fills my life's diviner part. Now that no earth shadows intervene, I feel a deeper sense of what Thou art.

Yes, I am nearer Thee! Thy boundless love Fills all my being with a rich increase, And soft descending, like a heavenly dove, I feel the benediction of Thy peace.

Yes, I am nearer Thee! All that I sought Of Truth, of Wisdom, or Eternal Right, Is clearly present to my inmost thought Like the uprising of a glorious light.

Yes, I am nearer Thee! Oh, calm and still, And beautiful and best beyond degree, Is this surrender of my finite will— Is this absorption of my soul in Thee.

"O Thou! whom men call God and know no more," When they shall leave the worship of the Past, And learn to Love Thee rather than adore, All souls shall draw thus nearer Thee at last.

—J. P. Cooke.

TO HANDLE MEN

To Do So Successfully One Must Acquire Self-Control.

A foreman in a great locomotive works tells how he acquired self-control after it had been lost through the coffee habit:

"I find myself obliged to write you about Postum Coffee," he premises. "I have been a great tea and coffee drinker for over forty years, and can say that it made me almost a total wreck. I am a night foreman in the American Locomotive Co., and have to take my dinner with me; also a bottle of tea or coffee. In time it got to be so that there was not a night, for over a year, but that I would have a headache or heartburn or both. I went to the doctors almost every week to see if they could do something for me. They said it was the tobacco habit that did the mischief.

"So I gave up tobacco, but it did not help me any. I got so nervous that the men under me did not like to work for me, as I could not use them as men ought to be used. I was nervous, irritable and would find fault all the time.

"Two months ago I took dinner with some friends who gave me what I supposed was a cup of coffee. They explained that it was Postum Coffee, and my friend's wife said that she had used it about six months and that during that time had no headache such as she was formerly subject to, and that she felt so well all the time. That evening I took a package of Postum home with me and began using it.

"The result proved that the doctors were wrong—it was not tobacco but tea and coffee that upset me so. During the two months that I have used Postum I have had neither headache or heartburn, my nervousness has left me and I have gained fourteen pounds in weight.

"Use this if you want to, as I have got twenty-four families to drinking Postum instead of coffee. They saw what it had done for me." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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The Religion of Humanity

By this caption I do not refer to the philosophy of August Comte, but to human life. To realized altruism, or brotherly love. Call it spiritual reciprocity or universal kindness.

This seems to us to cover the whole of human nature, comprehending, on the one hand, the duties which each individual soul owes to itself, its obligation to keep its own integrity, purity and independence, and, on the other, the obligations and duties that connect each individual soul abroad to other souls, to home and family, to neighborhood, to society, to one's country, to the whole brotherhood of man.

On the one hand we have the virtues of self-reliance, obedience to the inspirations of one's own soul; on the other we have the mutual kindness, good will and regard for right that hold communities together, the affections of home and friendship, the sweet charities that carry relief to every form of deprivation and suffering, the multiform humanities that seek to establish justice and love between man and man and to improve and elevate the condition of the race.

Is it questioned whether this is really religious work or the evidence of religion? I reply that I know not what "Religion" is, if it be not the practical allegiance of the human heart and life to the divine law of love. If it be not to keep one's soul clean and truthful, pure and upright, according to the inner light and sense of duty which is alive within; and to help other souls to cleanness and purity, to truth, to peace, according to the inspirations of that love which flows through us from the inner life-light of all, and which is to bind us in one fraternity with our fellow-men.

We do not live to ourselves alone! No! Such a life, even though it uses few religious terms, confesses no "religious forms," is yet in the best sense religious. It is truthful and spiritual.

This very integrity which it has is the energy with which it adheres to the law of eternal rectitude. This very love which inspires its acts, impelling it to constant kindness and beneficence, is an animating impulse from the very heart of infinite love—of the breathing light of life.

Let us have that integrity of spirit, that love, and we live day by day in serene communion with the Eternal Being. Our desires are prayers; our acts are worship; our kindnesses are sacraments; our natural growth and advance in worthy effort and achievement is our growth in "grace," and death, when it comes, is but a step, composedly and fearlessly taken, into the opening secrets of the inner life, hidden with the spirit in God.

"Oh, my mortal friends and brothers! We are each and all another's; And the soul that gives most freely from its treasure hath the more;

Would you lose your life, you find it, And in giving life, you bind it Like an amulet of safety, to your heart forevermore."
 —Light of Truth.

Reckon We'll Git Thar Yit

HE wuz always a-sayin', when trouble come 'roun',
 "I reckon we'll git thar yit!
 Ain't enough rain for a lily to drown—
 Reckon we'll git thar yit!
 It's jest human natur' to growl an' complain;
 Ruther have sunshine than oceans o' rain;
 But—spite o' wild weather, I'm tellin' you plain,
 Reckon we'll git thar yit!"

An' we carried that counsel the rough way along—
 "Reckon we'll git thar yit!"
 It lightened the burden—made sorrow a song—
 "Reckon we'll git thar yit!"
 He wuz only a toiler in bloom an' in blight,
 With Hope's star a-shinin', full blaze, in his sight;
 But he looked to the light, friends—he looked to the light—
 "Reckon we'll git thar yit!"

—Atlanta Constitution.

Take note of **THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES**—its material, mental and spiritual calibre. Note that it is filled to the utmost with good things. Note that its table is spread with a feast for any mind, with an elixir and balm for every soul.

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Lift Me Up

OUT of myself, dear Lord,
Oh, lift me up!
No more I trust myself in life's dim maze,
Sufficient to myself in all its devious ways,
I trust no more, but humbly at Thy throne
Pray, "Lead me, for I cannot go alone."

Out of my weary self
Oh, lift me up!
I faint, the road winds upward all the way,
Each night but ends another weary day.
Give me Thy strength, and I may be so blest
As "on the heights" I find the longed-for rest.

Out of my selfish self
Oh, lift me up!
To live for others, and in living so,
To be a blessing wheresoe'er I go,
To give the sunshine, and the clouds conceal,
Or let them but the silver clouds reveal.

Out of my lonely self
Oh, lift me up!
The other hearts with love are running o'er;
Tho' dear ones fill my lonely home no more,
Tho' every day I miss the fond caress,
Help me to join in others' happiness.

Out of my doubting self
Oh, lift me up!
Help me to feel that Thou art always near;
That tho' 'tis night and all around seems drear,
Help me to know that tho' I cannot see,
It is my Father's hand that leadeth me.

NELLIE L. HARVEY.

A Cure for Melancholy

(Translated from the German)

ONCE I, too, was a victim of melancholy. I really cannot remember what sin had been committed against me by society or the world at large or by Mother Nature. Suffice it to say, I was in the condition of the frenzied poet who wishes that the stars may clash in their orbits, that the earth may rend itself in twain and devour him and then bury him at the public expense. Wretch! Is not the pump handle high enough for him? Or will nothing answer but the horns of the moon to hang himself on?

I believe I owed my creditors a couple of hundred florins and my publisher the manuscript of a few novels, without knowing how to extricate myself from either dilemma: that was the whole trouble. Conditions are similar with regard to other men. Do not imagine that Byron's imitators are inspired by loss of faith in mankind. At worst their shoes are down at the heel, and they have not sufficient confidence in the humanity and patriotism of their cobbler to suppose that he will new-sole them on the strength of the future.

An exception must be made in favor of those nobler souls, such as bilious and splenetic patients, whose hatred of the world is due to more exalted causes. These have more reason to rail at the world, since the sick man can always regard the well man as the one who has unlawfully appropriated the health which he himself has lost.

Heaven be praised, I had no liver complaint; and yet I found the whole world hideous and unendurable. Why should the trees and frogs be green, men red-cheeked, ink so black, and paper so white? Why should not the trees be black, the frogs white and people green?

How can two persons be such fools as to laugh when they meet and take each other by the hand? How can one read such papers as the very ones in which I publish so much nonsense? Why do not the editors pitch me out of the window and the public send the editors after me, following themselves through the same window?

How can anyone take pleasure in planting a tree when he is certain that the fruit will be stolen? How can anyone be willing to marry when he considers that he may have boys and girls, and how much trouble they will give him? How can anybody wish to come to such a stupid place as Pest, or how can he leave the city when he gets here, since there is nothing but misery out in the country?

And what unfeeling wretches people are! At one end of the city is a funeral, at the other a dance. If anybody has had a hearty meal he ought to weep, thinking of the many who are hungry; if he sleeps well he ought to be waked up every minute, in order to realize how many are unable to sleep. Does anybody do this? Not a soul. All men are heartless egotists. The world is a rotten fruit. Where is the last judgment? Where is the comet which shall equalize all things by making an end of all?

It was in such a vile humor as this that I wandered out among the mountains into the woods, and I felt a positive satisfaction if in my path I chanced upon a fat mushroom which I could crush beneath my feet. The mushroom is the true child of nature, for it grows out of nothing on chance soil. So it was a comfort to avenge myself on these favorites of fortune and, as it were, chastise happiness through them. I could even have written verses on the occasion!

While I was sauntering about in this aimless and weary fashion, suddenly from out the depths of the forest an inspiring and familiar choral was wafted to my ear. It was the first verse of the

patriotic hymn by Franz Kölesci, which is known to every Hungarian:

"Fill our dear Hungarian land,
God, with joy and blessing!
When our foes around us stand,
Keep them from oppressing!
May this nation peaceful be
After pain and sorrow;
If yesterday was dark to see,
The brighter be the morrow!"

H'm! I wonder who can be so insanely optimistic in these days! A very pretty hymn, if one were only in the mood for it. Well, go ahead! Let those sing who feel like it. I shall not join them. But now the song rose higher, the whole eight stanzas were sung, and the first verse, was repeated at the end:

"Fill our dear Hungarian land,
God, with joy and blessing!" etc.

For a long time I deliberated whether I should turn aside into a thorny swamp and leave half my coat behind me in order to escape the singers, or whether I should take the shortest way past them and spoil their good humor by my melancholy countenance. Envy led me to choose the latter course.

Some shrubbery separated me from the musicians; and, pressing through the foliage, I found myself on a smooth meadow, in the centre of which stood a wide-spreading beech. There, on the green turf under the tree, sat twelve persons, ranging from children up to young men. These were the singers of the hymn.

And all twelve were—*blind!* They were all poor orphan boys, who could see neither heaven nor earth. With closed eyes and faces turned toward the sky, they sang their

"Fill our dear Hungarian land,
God, with joy and blessing!"

with such a rapture of enthusiasm that the tears streamed from their eyes.

If to you too the name of fatherland is dear, if even your hearts rejoice over the hopeful future, if even your lips can utter nothing but a blessing for the nation, for all humanity, what, then, shall I say to whom God gave every cause for joy and hope?

I stood there long. After the song was ended, the good boys arose, and, joining hands, began to play blind-man's bluff with unbandaged eyes, merrily chasing each other around the great tree and enjoying every joke to the full. They dispersed over the meadow, gathered flowers, made garlands and nosegays, with which they decorated hats and buttonholes. How beautiful that must be for anyone who could see!

Again they sang a merry song, in praise of life and all its beauties—the glorious heaven, universal love, happy youth and God, who gives all these blessings!

I suddenly noticed that I had folded my hands, as if in silent prayer, and was thinking within myself, "Lord, forgive that I have not seen Thee hitherto!"

Gone was my melancholy. I cast aside my foolish hatred of mankind, far away into the swamp. Do not ask whither, for there might be some fools who would go and pick it up!

I returned home, and sat down to work. In this way I satisfied my publishers and through them my creditors. Since then neither melancholy nor hatred of mankind has tormented me. Cured of my malady, I still walk in the forest. If I unexpectedly find myself before the great beech tree, I recall that scene; and, if I am troubled by any gloomy thoughts, they vanish instantly in that spot.

Talk happiness. The world is sad enough
Without your woe. No path is wholly rough.
Look for the places that are smooth and clear,
And speak of them to rest the weary ear
Of earth, so hurt by one continuous strain
Of mortal discontent and grief and pain.
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Saves Many Dogs' Lives

DALLAS, TEX., Sept. 25.—Hundreds of dogs are killed annually in Texas cities because the "dog-tax" is not paid by owners. Fort Worth's dog wagon has taken up hundreds of untagged dogs, put them in the pound to be shot within the twenty-four-hour limit, but before that time the one-dollar tax per dog came to the tax gatherer from an unidentified person.

To-day it developed that Captain M. B. Lloyd, a lover of dogs particularly and animal pets generally, was the philanthropic savior of the condemned canines. When Chief of Police Rea privately called on Captain Lloyd to learn how many dogs he proposed to pay taxes for, the captain said:

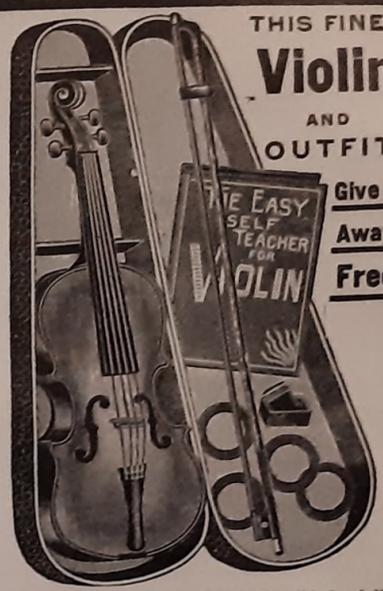
"All of them. None shall be killed."
Chief Rea said this afternoon:
"There are no conditions attached to Captain Lloyd's offer. It is simple, direct and pointed. Not a dog caught shall be put to death."—*Republic*, Sept. 26, 1904, St. Louis, Mo.

The strength of a nation, especially of a republican nation, is in the intelligent and well-ordered homes of the people.—*Mrs. Sigourney*.

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As God Sees

"God is light and in Him is no darkness at all."
"And God said, Let there be light." God let the light be by being light. In the same way we, by being the light, let it be, and are able to realize it more and more fully as we come into ever closer touch with the Universal Light.

When perplexities come into our experiences it is necessary to be still, for in that stillness we learn guidance. If, when something disturbs us, we say to ourselves, "Be still," judgment will come. From judgment we shall have calmness, and calmness brings a strength unknown except through the stillness.

When troubles come to us we are apt to say, Why is this? Ought we not rather to turn to the stillness within and ask, How would God look upon this? We should then see as the Eternal sees, and the mere act of turning to the quiet within would help us.

Before Jesus were many teachers, but we do not find Him following either them or their teachings. He made His connection directly with the Presence that is Love and the power that is limitless.

To wish to see as the Father sees is to do the will of Christ. He left with us the presence of the Holy Spirit, and to realize this presence in us is to realize our connection with God. Revelation has not ended. When we wish to see as God sees we are making ourselves ready for revelation. A broader vision will be ours. Where we have been seeing limitations and darkness there will come light and the calm sense of peace—the soul serenity that is so necessary if we desire fuller life. From this revelation we shall receive greater light upon Truth as a whole and also upon the particular Truth of which we stand in need.

Looking outward from the standpoint of the Universal, we must see more broadly, more truly. From our own standpoint our vision is limited; we see only the part, and so centered do we become upon one point—our attention so focused there, that we fail to grasp the principle of the whole.

We call man finite and God infinite and say man cannot contain God. No, not if you measure God by inches. In you and me is the essence of God, the Life and Nature of God. Substance is one. The bottle in the ocean holds within it the same water as the ocean—the same substance, the same essence.

Man has within himself the power for limitless development. Mind cannot be measured by outward dimensions. Each soul has free access to the great Oversoul—a continuous inflow of the presence in which we live as of the air we breathe. We are always filled with the inflow and outflow of Universal life.

The One Presence everywhere is Infinite Mind to which we each have access. The revelation of this mind is within, and when we know this we have the consciousness of its presence; but if we are ignorant, we cut our thoughts off from receptivity.

Say: Let Light be. Turn to the Light until it fills you.

Just to the degree that you are expressing Divine Life are you living. We should have no individual life if the Divine Life were not back and through all, and to the degree that we have let it be revealed, it is expressed through us.

If this, the God Mind, is everywhere—the all—then within us is this knowledge. We cannot measure it by rule and say it occupies this much space. It is withinness and immeasurable. To know, as one says, that two times two are four adds to individual knowledge only—it does not enlarge the universal. To look to the Universal helps us to know the truth of things as God knows it.

What shall we know? If we see as God sees, we shall know only the positive side—only what is, not what is not.

The parents of a child delight to tell what he has done. They tell of the steps he has learned to take, of the teeth he has cut, the words he begins to say. So, too, I am sure, the Universal Love

says of the individual, not—herein he has failed; but, in this he has gained—seeing always the positive side of his life.

Many of you have, without doubt, read of the young girl in our city who could handle snakes with such marvelous success. I was calling upon her mother and met the young woman. After a few moments she asked me if I should like to see her "babies," and produced two snakes, which she fondled and talked of in a most loving manner. She told me that her aversion to snakes had been strong, but that accident having led her to discover her power over them, she had learned to love them. It was her intention to travel and exhibit them, lecturing upon their habits; not for the sake of satisfying the curiosity of others, but because she felt that she had something to tell. "I never," she said, "knew so well before the truth of the one life in all."

I felt that I had heard a fine sermon on the unity of all things. The truth came to me more plainly than ever before that we are not to have an aversion to anything, but that we are to see even snakes as God sees them.

We are to make our union with all things. He who sees from the universal or positive side has internal evidence. "Let me see as God sees." Think of this and apply it. When you are inclined to sit in judgment, stop and say, "Let me see it from the standpoint of Universal wisdom, not from my own small, petty point of view." Thus shall we find a true basis of judgment—the only basis of power—and an inner peace.—Rev. Nona L. Brooks, in *Fulfillment*.

The men whom I have seen succeed best in life have always been cheerful and hopeful men, who went about their business with a smile on their faces, and took the changes and chances of this mortal life like men, facing rough and smooth alike as it came.—Charles Kingsley.

The fact that a man is continuously troubled and disturbed by close contact with others is an indication that he requires such contact to impel him onward to a clearer comprehension of himself, and toward a higher and more steadfast state of mind. The very things which he regards as insurmountable hindrances will become to him the most valuable aids when he fully realizes his moral responsibility and his innate power to do right. He will then cease to blame others for his unmanly conduct, and will commence to live steadfastly under all circumstances; the scales of self-delusion will quickly fall from his eyes, and he will then see that oftentimes when he imagined himself provoked by others he himself was really the provoker; and as he rises above his own mental perturbations, the necessity for coming in contact with the same conditions in others will cease, and he will pass, by a natural process, into the company of the good and pure, and will then awaken in others the nobility which he has arrived at in himself.

"Be noble! and the nobleness that lies
In other men, sleeping, but never dead,
Will rise in majesty to meet thine own."

And the Spirit reneweth and refresheth all things; it is the mighty creating and re-creating Force of the Universe; it cureth all ills and wipeth away all tears; it is the Ancient and Eternal Physician; it healeth when we open the doors of our souls, hearts and minds and invite It to dwell with us.

It is, I think, not going too far to say that every fact connected with human organization goes to prove that man was originally formed a frugivorous animal. This opinion is principally derived from the formation of his teeth and digestive organs, as well as from the character of his skin and the general structure of his limbs.—Sir Charles Bell.

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PROSPERITY
BY MARGARETTA GRAY BOTHWELL
Written especially for
THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES

THE Conceptions of Prosperity, like those of happiness, are manifold. And, like all other conditions, Prosperity is the manifestation of certain eternal, immutable principles immanent in conditions themselves.

One is prosperous to the degree that he has made a success; and he is successful to the degree that his desires and ideals are consciously fulfilled. Let us remember, however, that there are no unfulfilled desires or ideals.

It is commonly believed that only the few attain their ideals. There never was greater misconception of the Truth, and right conceptions of the Truth are what free us from bondage, from sin, sickness and inharmony of all kinds. Whatever one really is in his desires and ideals, that will he embody in himself and his environment.

It is not generally known that every thought is a seed which bears fruit after its kind on the tree of Life. And while it is true that no one really desires to harvest a crop of hard, bitter and distasteful fruit and be compelled to eat thereof, it is true that if he reap such harvest, he has desired to sow the hard and bitter thought-seed, of which the bitter fruit is the materialized ideal.

The Law of Reciprocity is the Law of Life. Everything has its price, and no one ever receives anything for which he does not pay in full in the coin of the realm wherein the thing is purchased.

The man who desires to shirk his obligations and to live a shiftless, purposeless life, usually does so. But he pays the price thereof in full, in loss of faculties that go to make a noble, manly character.

The man whose desires and ideals impinge in the realm of material luxuries so that his all-absorbing and consuming desire is to accumulate wealth, and whose every effort is exerted in that one direction, generally fulfils his desires in all sorts of material possessions, for he has paid the price in full; and frequently it has been the price of health or happiness or both. But his desires and ideals have been realized. Health and happiness have been secondary considerations. Or at least the causes of which they are the results have been secondary.

If one's innermost desire is for brilliancy of intellect, and if the idea is to keep an eye on the main chance of intellectual accumulation, the price is paid in full. For such a one may have great glory and may be the recipient of much worldly adoration and homage. But if all effort is toward that one end alone, it is exercised at the expense of some of the necessary and legitimate physical demands, and that man's prosperity therefore is not complete, for true prosperity is the embodiment of all the mental and spiritual faculties, to which are added all physical and material needs in their respective order and degree.

It is surprising how the word "prosperity" is confined almost wholly to material wealth. Even those who call themselves Christians speak of one as being "prosperous" or the reverse in proportion to his acquisition of material luxuries. And yet their type of the true man had not where to lay His head! How unprosperous He was and what a dismal failure He made of life, gauged by the modern standard of prosperity!

While it is true that there are always two points of view from which to consider every problem, viz., the personal and the universal, it is also true that there is but one point from which to solve each problem correctly, and that is the point of view of principle.

The solution of any problem on a basis other than principle is untrue, and that which is reared on an untruth cannot endure.

The principles and laws of mathematics are universal and immutable and are no respecters of persons; they are the same to all at all times. The sum reads, "If I buy coffee at thirty cents per pound and sell it for thirty-five cents, how much do I make on 10,000 pounds?" It does not read, "If I buy coffee at thirty cents a pound, what proportion of cheery should I adulterate it with in order to defraud John Jones of \$1,000?" True, mathematics would have to be employed in the solution of this impure and unholy proposition. But that fact has not affected or injured the principles of mathematics in any way. That affected by it has been the moral nature of the individual who has used this perfect and holy principle for an imperfect and unholy purpose.

Not only must one exercise the principles and laws of mathematics with intellectual accuracy, but also they must be employed with moral and spiritual accuracy if one have enduring Prosperity.

The Prosperity that flits about, that is here to-day and gone to-morrow, is possible for all. Anyone may have whatever in this world he pays the price of.

If one desire money, houses, lands, clothes, brilliancy of intellect, and if these are obtained in any degree at the expense of another, he can have them and probably will have them; but he pays for them in pain and suffering, both mental and physical. He pays in full for value received. It is of this sort of Prosperity we read in Proverbs: "And the prosperity of fools shall destroy them."

This is not the sort of Prosperity Jesus of Nazareth either taught or had. Nor was it of this kind that David sang of old. How well David knew the Law of Life, the Law that the Christ voiced so concisely when He said: "Be not deceived. God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

In the first Psalm is shown the process by way of which true Prosperity is attained:

"Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the wicked,
Nor standeth in the way of sinners,
Nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.
But his delight is in the law of the Lord;
And in His law doth he meditate day and night.
And he shall be like a tree planted by the streams of water,
That bringeth forth its fruit in its season.
Whose leaf also doth not wither;
And whatsoever he doeth shall prosper."

There is no uncertain sound in this. It is vitalized with the Truth of your being and mine.

We have known but recently that law and order obtains in every thought, and that every thought is recorded in the body and in the life of the individual with mathematical exactness. Our ignorance concerning its operation changes not the law. It merely changes our attitude toward the law, and through our attitude are we affected for weal or woe. A greater measure of responsibility rests upon the one who knows. Responsibility is the price paid for knowledge and wisdom.

The one who really understands and knows the Law, and who has made it his own through solving his every problem by it, does truly delight in it, and eternal Prosperity cannot be withheld from him. All his physical needs will be ministered unto at exactly the right moment and to the exact degree of the need. His own personal needs are very simple and are few in number. Yet his needs are manifold as well, for the Universe is his home and every human being is his child, and he cares for each with divine compassion, and thus assists toward clothing the naked and feeding the hungry and bringing forth Prosperity into the land whereunto he has been sent.

To be truly prosperous, then, one must (1) have a desire to live a life of Principle. This is seeking first the kingdom of God, or Principle; (2) he must apply this Principle to every Life problem. And this does not mean only to the large problems, but to the small ones as well—to everything. In a life of Principle one is always true to the Self, for the Self is God, and my Self includes every other Self. When true to Self one cannot be false to anyone.

When this is the basis of one's conduct and life, "all things shall be added," and he shall know and have enduring Prosperity.

We'll Understand

SOMETIMES, I think that sorrows past
A brighter message leave behind
Than joys, which often shadows cast,
Though seeming fair and only kind.

For clearer after grief's sad rain
The sunset ray, and rainbow gleam,
And hope which bringeth cease of pain,
Than passing glint of joy's fleet beam.

The darkness bringeth quiet rest,
A sense of God's omnipotence,
As richest verdure groweth best
When dripping clouds obscure the sun.

Some time, I think, we'll understand
That Love's own hand doth lead away,
And though denying, His command
Brings strength and cheer for every day.

IRMA T. JONES.

Greatness and goodness are not means, but ends.
—S. T. Coleridge.

Verily, I say unto you: Not in the heavens, not in the midst of the sea, not if thou hidest thyself away in the clefts of the mountains, wilt thou find a place where thou canst escape the fruit of thy evil actions. At the same time thou art sure to receive the blessings of thy good actions.—Buddha.



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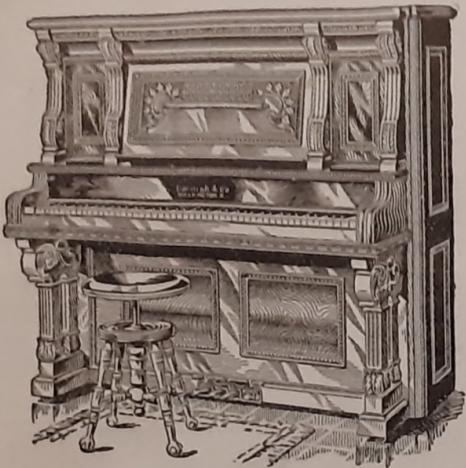
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Seeing and Believing

We often hear it said that Seeing is believing. But this is not true. When, for instance, we witness an exhibition of *legerdemain* we do not believe the evidence of our eyes; we know what we see is an optical illusion. The reality in that case is not what we see with our outward eyes but what we know from other sources, namely, the fact that our eyes are being deceived. The fact is, believing is not seeing, but knowing. Belief is necessary only where knowledge is lacking or imperfect.

With this clue, that seeing, apart from knowledge, is impartial and defective, a very little reflection leads us to the conclusion that there are three kinds of vision, namely, physical, intellectual and spiritual; and also, corresponding with these, three kinds of knowledge. In other words, man possesses an outer sight, an inner sight and an inmost sight. To see truly he must co-ordinate and balance these three perceptions of his three-fold nature by subordinating the evidence of his senses to that of his intellect, and the evidence of his intellect to that of his spiritual nature. Thus only is it possible to see perfectly in the true sense of the word.

Again, Seeing, on all three plans alike, is of two kinds—active and passive. We see perfectly only when we see actively; that is to say, when we consciously and voluntarily look at an object with deliberately focussed vision. All else we see vaguely as in a mist.

Faith may be regarded as a graphic power acting through the eye of the soul, like light through a lens, and forming within the heart of man spiritual images.

"Faith is the pencil of the soul
That pictures heavenly things."

And where there is an eye—which is the organ of sight—there are objects to be seen by it. The objects of Faith are the things of the spiritual world—"things" which, as St. Paul tells us, are "not seen," that is, not seen directly but indirectly by their "evidence" in the shape of spiritual perception or realization, for the things of faith are none the less real and substantial because they are not material. "What," asks the great master-seer, Swedenborg, "is Faith without a definite Object? Is it not like a look into the universe which falls, as it were, into an empty void and is lost?" And then anticipating—as he so often does—the latest conclusions of modern mental science, he simply explains in the sufficiently clear phraseology of St. Paul, how that every man has a natural mind and a spiritual mind, that as to his understanding (which is mediary) man exists now and here in both worlds, and that spiritual things are neither seen with the eyes nor grasped by the imagination but are spiritually discerned, that is to say, felt and realized, and therefore known as eternal verities; for now (*i. e.*, outwardly, in the natural world) we see as through a glass darkly, but then (*i. e.*, inwardly in the spiritual world) face to face, that is to say, not merely seeing even as we are seen, but knowing even as we are known. Faith, therefore, may be regarded as a kind of indirect vision, for, as St. Paul says, it is "the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen."

The practical point for those of us who are seeking practical teaching is, that this inward sight or power of making mental images is under the immediate control of our will. We can admit these images or shut them out, and our well-being consists in wisely using this power of selection. Our thoughts are mental photographs, and their production depends upon laws exactly parallel to those of photography. The human heart is a veritable camera obscura, literally a dark chamber. The tablet of our heart is an exceedingly sensitive surface on which our thoughts are projected, as on the photographic plate in the darkness of the camera. Also, in each case, the ultimate disposal of the image and its quality as a work of art depends upon the quality of the object and the will and the artistic skill of the individual operator who has power either to make or to mar the image, and the first essential is, he must realize and know that the Object exists. In fact, we can manipulate these thoughts or mental pictures of eternal verities. We can admit, exclude, focus, develop, fix, reduce, enlarge, multiply or utterly destroy them. These pictures determine and make our character; nay, more, they are our character. Be they beautiful or ugly, be they masterpieces or abortions and daubs, we are responsible for their quality. They are our chosen ideals. If our thoughts are not pure and beautiful we must not blame God, "devil" or man, but simply and solely ourselves. We may indeed admit a wrong thought into our heart, but whether we allow it to develop into maturity or whether we strangle it in its birth is entirely a matter of our own individual will and choice. A certain thought is a seed of a certain quality. Will you crush it, or will you let it grow? "To be or not to be? That is the question." To say of an evil thought thus allowed to grow, "I could not help it," is as unreasonable as for a photographer to say, "I am not responsible for that photograph. It made itself." But did it? Could it? As well might the painter of a bad picture, or the writer of an immoral book, or the perpetrator of a crime, plead, "I could not help it." It is against evil thoughts that the Sermon on the Mount is directed. Its underlying principle is: Look well to your thoughts. Right thoughts

produce right deeds; wrong thoughts produce wrong deeds. It is by his ideals as ingrained in his secret thoughts, his habitual frames of mind, that a man will be judged, and is judged every moment of his life. It is not what other people see or believe, but what he himself consciously and voluntarily and habitually elects to see and believe, and therefore realizes and embodies in his actions, that constitutes a man's real character. And if we analyze those other mental pictures of which our conscience approves as being good and worthy to live, we shall find that the most valuable as well as the most beautiful element in them is faith—faith in God, faith in Man, faith in Truth. The best way of attaining that faith is by consciously hoping and expecting to see our Object and this is to be acquired by cultivating a mental temper void of doubt and fear, of disquiet and unrest and worry. We must adopt that positive and affirmative principle of viewing things which looks for their good qualities instead of that negative principle of doubt and fault-finding which looks for, and therefore sees, chiefly their bad qualities.

Faith is not mere intellectual assent as expressible in a creed or formula. Nor is it mere passive willingness and acquiescence, but an active and strenuous feeling of wishfulness as implied in that oft-repeated "If" of Christ, which was the one "conditional mood" He invariably postulated in all His works of healing—"If thou wilt"—implying a groping—sometimes painful, sometimes joyous—in the dark as for some hidden treasure; a passionate seeking resulting in the passionate finding of life itself. Thus we picture blind Bartimeus eagerly forcing his way through the resisting throng and defying all obstructions until he got into the very presence of the Christ. His faith was to him a very real thing, an irresistible power which impelled him to struggle against all impediments, and though his outward eyes were sealed, there was, we may be sure, within him an inner sight which was all the keener because of the absence of outward vision. Is not the common experience of shutting our bodily eyes when we want to think deeply an admission of the fact that outward vision acts at times as a disturbing element to inward perception? For that very reason it is that we are commanded, when we pray, to "Shut the door."

A beautiful illustration of the power of what is commonly called "blind" faith is seen in that almost animal instinct of subterranean vegetation which, although lying apparently still and lifeless in the womb of Mother Earth, is really all the while exerting a tremendous force as patiently, but strenuously it feels its way and works its way out of darkness into light. As to the power of growing roots which trees throw out in all directions to form an anchorage for the superstructure, as well as channels of nutriment, an eminent botanist remarks that in tropical countries the destruction of buildings is often caused by such growth, and that neither conquering nations, nor earthquakes, nor fires, nor tempests, nor rain, nor all these put together, have destroyed so many works of man as have the roots of plants, which have all insidiously begun their work as fibres. What a striking picture of that faith which removes mountains!

But Faith is never more beautiful than when it manifests itself in man by a calm and steadfast feeling of confidence in the integrity, justice and beneficence of the cosmic laws and of his own being as an integral part of the universe—a feeling tersely summed up in Browning's oft-quoted line, "God's in His Heaven; all's right with the world." And this just temperament, or perfect attunement of the soul with its surroundings, once it becomes habitual, produces a life of peace, calm, serenity, poise; a quiet mind that can never be "put out," whatever happens; that ever makes allowance for the infirmities and misdeeds of others; that, although it will not be put out, will yet willingly and joyfully of its own accord go miles out of its way to "do a good turn"; that is patient under contradiction, unkind treatment or injustice. For Faith is more than mere passive belief in something unseen by the senses. It is an active belief in that unseen something in spite of its being flatly contradicted by the evidence of the senses, or by purely metaphysical deductions, or by the specious arguments of sophistry. "Be thou faithful unto death" has in view a trust stretched to the breaking-point, as exemplified by the patient endurance of the Patriarch Job, who was indeed faithful unto death when in the face of all his troubles he boldly indicated the Divine Justice and gave expression to that sublime utterance, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him."—W. H. Gill.

To follow Truth—wherever it may lead;
To hate all meanness, cowardice or greed;
To look for Beauty under common clay;
Our brothers' burden sharing, when they weep;
But, if we fail, to bear defeat alone;
To live in hearts that loved us, when we're gone
Beyond the twilight (till the morning break) to sleep,
That is Success.

—Ernest Neal Lyon.

THE CHRIST LIFE

By Myra G. Frenyear

Written especially for
THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES

WITH Mozoomdar, I ask myself, What right have I to handle this subject, and with him, I answer: "My spirit craves to utter itself on this endless theme," although "mine are but human prayerful endeavors to realize the character and spirit of the Son of God."

"All things are made by Him" (the Logos or Word); "and without Him was not anything made. That which hath been made was Life in Him; and the Life was the Light of men. And the Light shone in the darkness and the darkness overcame it not." John was not that Light. He was witness to it, but "the true Light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world" was now coming into physical manifestation. The Christ principle, everywhere visible to discerning souls, was, in Jesus coming to the perfect stature of the God-man.

According to St. John, the Word was the first outgoing of God, the Absolute One, in creation. And this descent or expression is Word, is Life, is Light, is Christ, is Jesus—that is Jesus Christ, the manifesting power of God by whom all things came and continue.

The Christ life, then, must be based on this universal foundation which is laid from eternity in Him. He said truly, "I am the Way, the Truth and the Life." To find this Way study the narrative and absorb the spirit of His life lived in the flesh. "The Word became flesh and dwelt among us full of grace and truth," and through this incarnation is revealed the method and course of all spiritual awakening and progress. To walk in this Way is to experience spiritually that which every act of His typifies from birth, through consecration, self-renunciation and crucifixion to resurrection. If these words can help you to trace and love this blessed Path you will find it a key of understanding to open yourselves to "the Truth and the Life," and to open these to you.

John the Baptist is the door of preparation; the intellect perceiving that its importance as an accumulator of knowledge must decrease while intuitional and spiritual knowing must increase. Lyman Abbott says of John's cry that his "fundamental idea is not so much sorrow as change—a change, however, be it observed, not merely of conduct, but of the thinking and immortal part." That is, John came preaching immersion in new ideas of righteousness for the doing away of shortcomings. His call is to make an atmosphere vitally ethical and moral into which the Christ can come. This is the first baptism in holy water, wondrous symbol of the new birth through pure thought.

The second baptism is of the Holy Breath which can bring the Christ to birth in your consciousness. It is the knowledge of that power in you through which you become sons of God. Here is the complete consecration of the physical, mental and moral man to the guidance of Christ.

This is a crucial point in the new life. It is the completion of one revolution in the spiral of human progress and the beginning of another. A point of seeming stagnation is only the end of a bit of down grade by which you gain power for the new upward movement. So, even Jesus Christ was "driven of the Spirit" into the wilderness to be tested for His public ministry.

And when you are new born to a higher or wider outlook you choose some service for humanity. You may not have realized this, but it is true, and with it you choose new problems and testings.

But remember this: that the living Jesus Christ has charge of this whole human race; that He loves each one; and He never calls you to the test except He knows that you can pass it successfully, or longs thereby to save you from undertaking that for which you are unready.

Remember, too, that you are never tried until there has been some measure of the Holy Spirit poured into you. Then be thankful for the three test questions which, in some form, always precede each promotion to higher work: "Would I willingly let any physical gratification mar this service?" "No, for I realize that man cannot live by bread alone 'but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God.'" "Having found the pinnacle of my holy city would I throw myself down that God might save and men wonder?" "No. It is written, 'Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God.' My light must shine only for His glory." Again, "Could I use my Christ to gain men's applause, or the power or wealth of the world?" "No. Go hence, all adverse thoughts; worship is for God, and Him only will I serve." Many a saint has been wrecked on this last rock after traveling far on the Path; therefore "Let him who thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall."

Now, the practical ministry to which this leads

begins at Jerusalem, your own soul centre. Man is beginning to learn that he has many brains besides the one in the head. The most sensitive of these is the solar or sun plexus. This is your true centre where your Sun of Righteousness forever shines—*actually* shines as the sun in yonder sky.

Your first work is to believe in Him whom He hath sent in you. Whenever you find yourself thinking of yourself as body, come back to your centre and hold your consciousness there for awhile. Say, mentally, "I am a centre of God's consciousness. I am made in His image and likeness. I am I."

With all your variety of experience and changes of consciousness you know yourself to be the same "I" from childhood to the present moment. If you do not know this, pray delay not to go apart a little while each day and hold your thought to this:

"I—I AM I—I AM That I AM," until you find your true self.

Now that you have found yourself you can go out to minister.

It was asked by those who witnessed the feeding of the five thousand, "What shall we do to work the works of God?" and Jesus answered, "This is the work of God that you believe in Him whom He hath sent." Believe in, rely on this Son of Righteousness, not only in Jesus Christ and in yourself, but in every other one, moral and immoral, rich and poor, wise and foolish, spiritual and worldly.

This One, at the centre of you, is eternally alive and universally conscious, and He unflinchingly responds to the slightest acknowledgment of His Being. Therefore, you can make your ministry universal, although you be a "shut-in" in some obscure village. And what is more blessed than to call to the Christ consciousness in our Brothers, knowing It will respond, whether they be in Africa, Asia or the United States?

First, acknowledgment and then forgiveness of the man and all the acts of the man who "misrepresents himself," as Emerson says. The Son of Man has power on earth to forgive sins. Every act which we name "sin" had its original impulse in the Spirit and was good. Man has translated and is translating spiritual impulses into physical language, hence there is discord. Therefore seek to get back of an act to its spiritual correlative and dissolve the idea of a sin in your universal solvent, your love of souls. Thus you "Resist not evil but overcome evil with good." Jesus had no concern not to do wrong, because He was filled with a great impelling zeal to do right. He paused not to criticize but went straight to the spiritual origin which He always recognized back of actions. To this He spoke with such power that an outcast became the redeemed Magdalene and an oppressing tax-gatherer a disciple of the Lord.

Having acknowledged the Son of God in a Brother and being determined to see only good back of his actions, you may discover the soul impulse which he has ignorantly mistranslated. Now, bless that impulse. There is undreamed-of power in blessing. It is the secret of increase. Find his, or your own mite of faculty, ability, health, light, truth, bring it to the Christ of God and bless it for increase and sacred use. Even so Jesus did with the five loaves and two fishes, which, when blessed, fed five thousand. Bless your brains, hands, motives in His name. Bless everything and everybody. Bless, *bless*, BLESS!

If you follow these suggestions for the Christ Life, it cannot be long before this which you have sent out will begin to return to you, and you will find your heart overflowing with peace, joy and love. Then will you bless and love your enemies, and your every thought will go forth with the three-fold ministry of faith in the Son of Man; the confidence of definite, world-wide blessing and universal love.

Just Bear With Me

Just bear with me, my friend,
Full oft I've failed to say
The word of cheer that might have waked
To melody your day.

Just bear with me, when'er
The word I say is wrong.
Think of the love that after all
Beats for you, true and strong.

Just bear with me—and try
To give me of your faith;
The faith that heartens life,
And bridges even death.

Look sharp! Thou art one of God's eyes.
Speak clear! For His word thou art.
Be His finger! . . . Act strong and wise.
Love hard, and get into His heart.

—Ernest Crosby.

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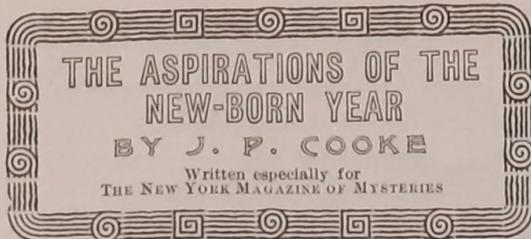
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ON the threshold of this year let us commune with the ONE! The Light Ineffable! Could we, from the hill-top of meditation look out on the world of Divine order and Harmony from the Living Light within even to the outerness of Nature, and put ourselves in loving communication with the perfect system of which we form a part, feast on its beauty, admire its grandeur, wonder at its immensity, gather about us thoughts of its beneficence, brace ourselves against its immovable pillars of Law—what calmness and strength would take possession of the breast.

The stroke of calamity would be prevented from crushing, the cloud would pass away from the spirit, suffering would lose its sting, sorrow its numb pain, the will would recover its composure and conscience its serenity, while the lurking shapes of fear and sin would vanish.

Why should we not thus commune? All real prayer resolves itself into this: Thy will be done!

They who discover and acknowledge that the world they live in is the complete embodiment of the perfect will and Perfect Mind, are they who most habitually and feelingly offer that pure petition. There is the living piety, for theirs is the **LIVING GOD and the LIVING COMMUNION!**

Our Loving Elder Brother, Jesus, has already told us that death will be banished when Humanity is ready to receive the Truth as it is, and as it was, and as it must ever remain.

If it is best, may it please that Great Spirit, to whom we kneel in the silence of our inner lives, to instil into the life of humanity that love for the Truth, that full acceptance of the Truth which shall justify the Great Master of Life in banishing death from the earth. That Thy children may be changed and know not death, but only the revelations of new degrees of Life! Life! Blessed, Beauteous, Bountiful Life in Thy bosom. In the Bosom of Thy Love.

Oh, Thou Living Light in whose Greatness the eternal years revolve; Thou Life of the years and of our souls. Great Father and Mother of all being, we wish to bring unto Thee the praises of Thy little ones of the earth life and upon the Altar of this newly born year, lay in humbleness all our hopes, all our fears, all our prayers and praises, and we would ask Thee to bless them.

Well we know that Thy Love is Great as the Attraction of Immensity! That Thy Charity is boundless as Thy Being, and so we feel sure of Thy blessing. We are assured that Thou wilt hear, and hearing wilt answer. Though it may not be in accordance with our wishes or our ways, yet surely will it be with our best good and our highest interests.

Thou hast our good in Thy keeping as Thou hast our life, and we know that by the law Thou hast implanted within us we must forever draw nearer and still nearer to Thee, up the grand spirals of Being, understanding more and still more of life and of our relations to life and to Thee!

Oh, Living Light and Love, grant that the tears of those who mourn at the dawn of this newly born year may be turned to diamonds of hope and trust and Love. That their mourning garments may be changed to robes of Joy. That the wondrous heavens of Thy Love, crowned with full consciousness, may be their gift on this New Year!

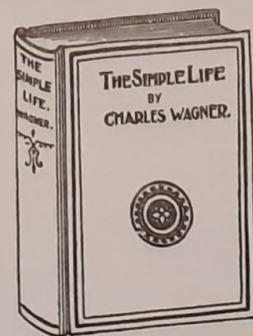
While Thou dost so tenderly, so lovingly fold us about with the mantle of Thy Protection, may we know and appreciate it. May we all see it in its beauty and understand that it is Thy Hand that holdeth it around us.

Holy, Fathering Love, we kneel at the altar of Thy Being with our offerings, knowing they are humble and simple, yet feeling that they will be received by Thee and Thy Blessing will come because we have sent out upon the holy, electric air our earnest aspirations, our soul-desires for Good. May Thy children go forth freely through the earth, never weary of well doing, may Thy abiding Presence be with each one, enabling them to wipe away the tears of sorrow that are falling down humanity's cheeks. May we speak unto every heart words that shall turn their attention toward the things of the better life. While the thought of "Passing Away" is written upon all creations here, even upon the years and the old thoughts, may earth's children learn a lesson, and may we all feel that the time may be at our door when the Angels shall write upon the deserted temple, "Passed Away."

May Light from the Inner Kingdom of Life shine upon every soul here, may all feel that their good shall survive, and their darkness shall pass away, so that when the Angel comes he may find us all ready and waiting. So shall Thy Kingdom come to our hearts and our minds, and so shall Thy will be done on earth even as in the Holier degrees of Life Beyond.

So shall our Gratitude for the gifts and uses of Life be Thine, all, all Thine own, **HOLY LIGHT DIVINE! Amen.**

THE SIMPLE LIFE.



3

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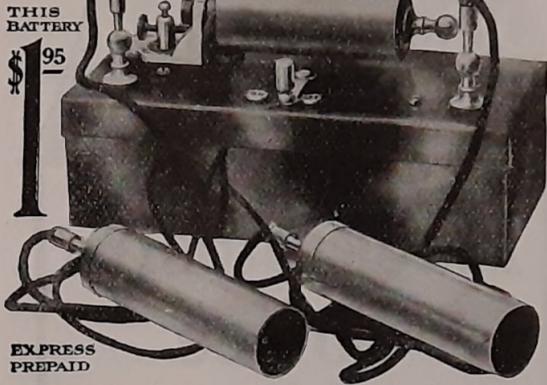
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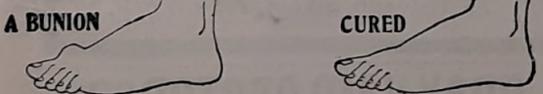
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Over a Century Old; Getting New Teeth

ONLY PENSIONER OF THE WAR OF 1812 HAS NEW HAIR AS FINE AS A BABY'S

ALVA, N. Y.—Hiram S. Cronk, the only surviving pensioner of the War of 1802, celebrated his 104th birthday at his home here to-day. For a man of his age he displays wonderful vitality. His daughter, with whom he makes his home, is of the opinion that her father is getting new teeth, and members of the family say that a few years ago new hair, as soft and fine as a baby's, made its appearance on his head in places where the old hair had fallen away.

Cronk was born at Frankfort, N. Y., and has spent practically his entire life within the borders of this State. When about thirteen years of age he enlisted in the U. S. Army. The War of 1812 was then nearing its close. According to a record in possession of his relatives, Cronk entered the U. S. military service at Western, N. Y., on August 2, 1814, as a private in Captain Edmund Fuller's company, the 157th Regiment, infantry, New York Militia, Lieut.-Col. Erastus Cleveland commanding.

He served in the defense of Sackett's Harbor, on Lake Ontario, until honorably discharged by reason of the expiration of his enlistment, November 16, 1814. His father, James Cronk, and his brothers, John and Casper, enlisted at the same time and place. His first period of service was for forty days, at Sackett's Harbor, and his relatives state that he went as a substitute for a period of sixty days more, or until the close of the war, when he was honorably discharged. Cronk got a pension of \$8 a month in 1870, and in March, 1902, this was increased to \$25 a month. Two weeks ago Governor Odell signed a bill granting him a pension of \$72 a month.—*Los Angeles Record.*

Apropos of the above item, we append a few words from the pen of Harry Gaze, the gifted editor of *Life Culture*, in which he says:

"Perhaps you have made up your mind to some day take up the practical study of health, longevity or practical psychology. This command is appropriate: 'Do it Now.' You would most assuredly make a positive effort if you knew how much more enjoyable and complete your life would be by virtue of the effort. Ignore the excuses that arise from mere habit. You desire to express abundant life now. Why not put into immediate practice the principles which make it possible?"

"You may have made up your mind that your habit of overeating is injurious, and determined to make a change soon toward moderation. Do not hesitate, but form the good habit now. You may also be troubled with the habit of fear, and have vaguely determined to overcome this shortcoming. Be practical; do the thing you fear to do now! You may also have a dim conception that if you would replace your weak, negative suggestions with strong, vigorous thought, it would contribute toward your mental and physical health. Now is your opportunity. You possess the power of thinking a beautiful and forceful thought this very minute. Of course, you have heard that to be healthy one must practice deep breathing. You may have read that fully ten thousand persons die annually in New York, alone simply because they do not breathe sufficient pure air. In other words, they die of consumption, which is simply lung starvation. Are you breathing correctly now? As you read this article, is your spine straight and are you incorporating into your being a proper amount of rejuvenative oxygen? If you are not, then immediately heed this valuable advice: 'Do it Now!'"

What Has the Year in Store?

By Hilda B. Monty

THE old year has gone with its hopes and fears, Its joys and sorrows, its smiles and tears; The new year has come, the joy bells ring, But what to us will the new year bring?

What has the new year in store for us? Will it bring us pleasure or bring us pain? Shall we gather only the straw and chaff, Or the ripened bundles of golden grain?

What has the year in store for us? We are looking forward with hope or dread; Will it bring us flowers for the seed we have sown, Or only noxious weeds instead?

What has the year in store for us? We have planted seeds—have they taken root In the deep, rich soil? In the years to come Will they yield us sweet or bitter fruit?

We cannot know, but we'll wait and trust That the days, as they're passing one by one, Will gather a flower or golden sheaf, To gladden our hearts when the year is done.

Within ourselves deliverance must be sought; Each man his prison makes.

—Edwin Arnold.



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WHENCE COMES THE GROWING POWER?

BY EMILY S. BOUTON

Written especially for THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES

"My words fly up, my thoughts remain below; Words without thoughts never to heaven go."



ANY writers lay great stress upon two things. One is the absolute need, if true spiritual growth is to be made, of practicing a season of "silence" daily; the other, of making constant affirmations of the omnipresence of God.

All who believe in the possible gradual dominance of the body with the thoughts and passions which it represents, by the Higher Mind or Soul, alike urge the regular meditation and the constant holding, either by spoken or mental repetition, of some strong, upbuilding idea.

But why repeat the same affirmation? Why say words over and over and over again until they lose their meaning?

Ah! there is the pith of the whole matter. They must not be allowed to lose their meaning. These affirmations must be uttered with the earnest desire to make them a part of the true consciousness. They must be made to enter into the very warp and woof of the nature. We know, for instance, that the assertion "God is Love" is an eternal truth, but we need to realize it in the inmost fibre of our being. By dwelling upon it constantly the spiritual realization, with its accompanying illumination, will finally come.

Belief is a wonderful autocrat. What we believe, without doubt or question, absolutely exists for us, until our faith in the reality is shaken. Affirming wretchedness, we become wretched, and so remain until a contrary belief brings a change.

"He has told that story so often, declaring it to be true, that he is actually convinced of it himself," I have heard declared of some individual. We have, I fancy, all known of such instances, but do not think how surely the same law might be applied in a higher, better way. It brings us back again to the shaping power of thought, the great force which may control our whole lives to joy or to its opposite.

It is the "silence" and the practice of affirming some vital truth that creates a definite mental atmosphere of good which everybody feels who comes within the sphere of its influence. Not only should this affirmation be made at that time, however, but whenever an opposite condition becomes insistent. This will, in time, make the condition a permanent one, and an upward step is taken in the path of evolution.

Another thing is true about this mental atmosphere which is self-created in the way spoken of. It is this, and it is well worth thinking of: It gives a definite character to the place in which the person dwells. Everyone must have noticed the different impression received on entering into various homes, for which there seems no external reason. In one there comes to the stranger an instant feeling of peace and pleasantness. In another a nameless and indefinable depression falls upon the person who enters, such as follows jangling bells breaking in where harmony should dwell.

This is not the effect of the imagination, but something real, and to the psychically sensitive a tangible thing. I well remember a cottage outwardly and within of the plainest fashioning and adornment. In it dwelt for years a widow and her sons, the latter still in school and dependent upon the mother. Life was not easy for this woman, but always one felt the presence of a strong, cheerful, confident spirit, which seemed not only present in herself, but to pervade the dwelling. Strange as it may appear, this "something" remained long after the family moved away, and gave the cottage a neighborhood reputation for being desirable which its externals did not warrant.

An example of the opposite kind is also one within my own knowledge. Two friends who were in Paris for study went to a pension and engaged rooms, one a well-furnished parlor, the other, just across a little hall, a sleeping-room. To both came the same experience—a perfect horror of remaining alone in the parlor even when it was flooded with sunshine; a creeping terror which made them feel as if they must be able to keep every part of the room in view. Each fearing to be called superstitious, said nothing to the other until after they were settled for the season in Germany. Then one day the younger told of her feeling, and was astonished to find her companion had been affected in a similar way. Later they learned that a most unhappy woman lived for a long time in the room, where, finally, her life came to a mysterious and tragic ending.

How can this subtle and invisible influence be explained?

To me it seems that the same law was operative in both cases. Science tells us to-day what students of older philosophies have long known, that every particle of matter is in a constant state

of vibration or motion. This is true even of what we call solids. The walls of our dwelling appear to the physical senses immovable and impenetrable unless by great force outwardly applied. In reality there are interstices between their particles into which finer matter may be impelled and where it may remain.

This being the case, it is easy to see how the thought-substance of a person dwelling continuously in a room may enter into and become a part of its apparently solid belongings, making itself felt by those who come in with a power proportionate to the intensity and continuity of the dweller's mental vibrations. When long maintained the influence becomes what may be termed the permanent mental atmosphere of the room or dwelling, remaining until displaced by thoughts of an opposite character. In the room in Paris other forces of which I cannot stop to speak here may also have contributed to bring about the result described.

Admitting, then, the fact that it is possible for us to determine not only the character of our own mental aura, but, in a large degree, the mental atmosphere, so to speak, of our homes, the latter to affect, it may be, for good or ill those to come after us, our responsibility for right thinking becomes tremendous. It all goes to prove, however, the absolute unity of life and how impossible is any separateness of the individual from the whole. And it also proves indirectly another thing, that there is no "dead" matter, for that which has no life can have no real existence, since God is Life and He is everywhere, which, again, means Unity.

What is the right thinking that is to produce the mental atmosphere of hope and joy, of faith and courage?

It is the continued dwelling upon those things which are in unison with the Infinite thought. In this way only can be aroused the vibrations going to the Infinite source of all power, and returning as power to the thinker again. Being one with all creative force, it is yours to use if you put yourself in harmony with it by the method described.

As yet we are far from a complete realization of our at-onement with the Divine. This must come as a growth, a gradual overcoming of a consciousness of what is so unlike the Good which is All-in-All, that it must be unreal, and has only the power which we give it in our belief.

It is from the possible destruction of wrong beliefs that the benefit comes from "the Silence" and from continued affirmations of vital truths.

They bring us into the condition in which we may learn to distinguish between our true desires and our idle wishes. We come to know truth from falsehood. We find our divine self-hood, and through this finding gain a constantly increasing power over the body and its environments. Armed with faith and hope and understanding, life takes on a new meaning, including a constantly growing perception of the nearness of the "Kingdom of Heaven." For, as Annie Besant says: "Inasmuch as heaven is not far away from us, but surrounds us on every side, and we are only shut out from it by our incapacity to feel its vibrations—inasmuch as these vibrations are playing upon us at every moment of our lives—all that is needed to be in heaven is to become conscious of these vibrations."

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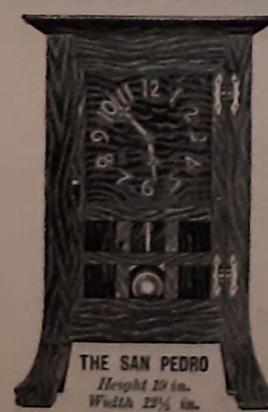
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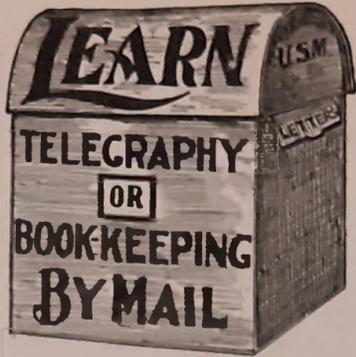
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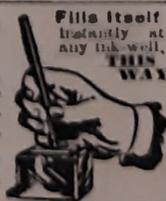
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"An' then, doctor, I saw the coon's eyes—I saw thet coon's eyes. Doctor, I—I never saw a coon's eyes befo'. I reckon—I reckon—there wouldn't be so much hurtin' done in this world of jes' befo' yo' hurted yo' saw the thing's eyes! An' I looked at him—an' he looked at me—an' his eyes said, 'Be yo' goin' to kill me?' Thar worn't no trees—no sky—no nothin'—jes' on'y thet coon's eyes. 'It's on'y cowards kill what can't fight,' they says. 'It's on'y devils kill fo' fun,' they says. Everythin' thet hed ever been 'frail—an' I've been 'frail!—looked out o' thet coon's eyes. Everythin' thet ever been hurt—and, God a'mighty! I've been hurt!—looked out o' thet coon's eyes. 'Be yo' goin' to kill me?' An' I flinged my gun's far she'd flew, an' I see, 'No, yo' mean, scared, hunted critter, yo'!'—Medical Talk for the Home.

March on, my soul, nor like a laggard stay. March swiftly on, yet err not from the way. Where all the nobly wise of old have trod—The path of faith made by the sons of God. Follow the marks that they have set beside. The narrow, cloud-swept track, to be thy guide; Follow and honor what the past has gained, And forward still, that more may be attained. Something to learn, and something to forget; Hold fast the good and seek the better yet; Press on, and prove the pilgrim-hope of youth—That creeds are milestones on the road to Truth. —Henry van Dyke.

The Books a Young Man Should Own

If I could own only one book out of the millions that have been published it would be a Bible. If I were limited to the choice of two books, it should be a Bible and a Shakespeare. If I could choose only three books I would have a Bible, a Shakespeare and a Tennyson. Why?

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Shakespeare is the greatest collection of stories of Man ever turned out by a single brain, that was not inspired directly by a divine power. Shakespeare is a Genius who ought to live for a thousand years. He knew Life. He understood human heart throbs and swayed the passions of the soul with a master's hand. Who are his imitators? He stands alone, a Colossus in literature—inimitable.

Tennyson might be called the poetical interpreter of the Bible. He deals in parables. His "Idylls of the King" is a Biblical parable of the coming of man into life and the wrecking of his best self by sin.—Lamar Strickland Payne.

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To make men free; It is with me
The dearest purpose of my heart
That I may know and do my part
To speed the cause of Liberty.
—Lowell.

"I don't get tired because—because I am giving people pleasure—old people. When I see the old gray heads swaying to and fro and hear the laughter, then I forget that I'm working; I actually believe I'm doing somebody some good. And you know how that is. Take yourself. Suppose you knew of a family somewhere up country that would feel better for having you visit them now and then. Wouldn't you make the trip? Of course you would; you'd go up every week and feel good all over for doing it. And if your business was such that you could make a nice little living out of those trips without really worrying about the business end, would you ever get tired?"—Denman Thompson; Interview in San Francisco Examiner.

The nearer I approach the end the plainer I hear around me the immortal symphonies of the worlds which invite me. It is marvelous, yet simple. When I go down to the grave I can say, like many others, "I have finished my day's work," but I cannot say, "I have finished my life." My day's work will begin the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley; it is a thoroughfare. It closes in the twilight to open with the dawn. My work is only begun; I yearn for it to become higher and nobler, and this craving for the infinite demonstrates there is an affinity. . . . Man is a reduced copy of God, a duodecimo of the gigantic folio, but, nevertheless, the same book. Though I am an atom, I feel I am divine, gifted with divine power, because I can clear up the chaos that is within me.—Victor Hugo.

Ranch Philosophy

"Oh, this is a world o' sorrow an' woe,"
Bill Jones he sez ter me;
"It's a mighty hard line we hev ter toe,"
An' he moaned quite dismally;
"With babes ter feed an' a wife as cross
As a blusterin' day in March,
An' chores ter do, an' hay ter toss
Till all the grit an' starch
Thet held me stiff an' firm in life,
Back twenty years ago,
Has disappeared in a maze o' strife,
Like last December's snow."

"An' then there's rheumatiz," he said,
"An' fever an' kindred ills,
Till it seems thet I'm about half dead
From pain an' quinine pills;
With an' achin' head, an' a twitchin' back,
An' a host o' squallin' tads,
An' bills ter pay, an' a constant lack
O' gold, an' shoes for the lads—
Ah! what's the use" (and he shook his head)
"O' honesty an' worth,
When crops won't yield, an' dear is bread,
An' the riotous rule the earth?"

"Just look at the sun high in the sky,"
I said ter old Bill Jones.
"It ain't a-askin' the how an' why,
An' fillin' the air with groans;
Why it kinder smiles, an' seems ter say,
As it enters each crack an' chink,
'I'll push all darkness out o' the way
Tho' it be as black as ink";
An' men sing hymns ter the mighty sun,
As they work among the hay,
An' children grow as they leap an' run
In its smile the livelong day.

"So cast yer eyes ter the top o' the trees,
An' keep 'em away from the mire,
An' when in yer orchard, see busy bees
'Stead o' crows an' insects dire;
An' trust ter heaven, where God still dwells,
An' steers all things aright—
The corn thet bends, the grass thet swells,
All move before His sight;
Just open yer heart ter the sun o' love,
An' let it but warm yer through,
Then life—a blossom sweet'll prove—
An' heartsease outgrow sad rue!"
—Sam Ertou Foulds.

Endurance is the crowning quality, and patience all the passion of great hearts.—Lowell.

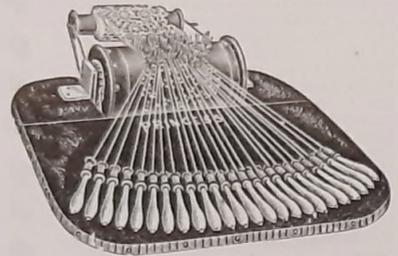
Never let us think evil of men who do not see as we do.—Drummond.

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O Lord, I Love Thee

O LORD, I thank Thee;
Thou hast led me on through devious ways;
O'er stones that bruised my feet,
And briars that tore my hands;
But Thou hast brought me out
At last upon the plain.
Dear Lord, I thank Thee.

O Lord, I praise Thee;
Thy undying love has cheered my arm,
Thy hand has been beneath my path,
Thy clear, far-seeing eyes have known the end,
And I am come out on the plain at last.
Dear Lord, I praise Thee.

If that which I can do be not amiss,
If heart and head and hand
Can serve Thee, then with bliss I'll sing;
For Thou hast brought me out
Upon the plains at last.
O Lord, I love Thee.

Nettie Elliot McIntosh.

"Nature never made a heart all marble;
but in its fissures sows
The wild flower, Love; from whose rich
seeds spring forth
A world of mercies and sweet charities."

The secular life must absorb the spiritual, must be permeated by it, transformed by it; else would the spiritual have no business in earthly places and the human world would miss its true purpose of being, dishonoring Him who wills it to be. The world is not doomed to be a godless world; it is to be the abode of a redeemed and perfected man; the realization of all ideals. Religion is one of those ideals, but not the only one, the chief but not the only agency for transforming the world. There is a greater word even than religion, a word of farther reach, of more momentous import, including religion with how much else; that word is HUMANITY.—
Rev. Frederick H. Hedge.

Many words of appreciation tell us continually that **OUR MAGAZINE** is the most welcome visitor in the home, because it always brings messages of help and comfort as well as instruction. One recent letter says: "It has really shown a new world to us—a beautiful world of thought, which teaches just how to make the world we live in equally beautiful. Our whole family is made over."

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1. Don't keep your eyes on the ground when walking. Keep them on a level.
 2. Don't walk with the weight on the heels. Walk with the weight on the balls of the feet.
 3. Don't wear high heels for walking. Wear low heels, which leave the body in its normal position.
 4. Don't walk with the back bent back. Bend neither forward nor backward, but keep the spine straight.
 5. Don't hold the chest up so high that it becomes an effort.
 6. Don't wear your clothing so tight that it interferes with your breathing.
 7. Don't stand with the weight of the body on one hip.
 8. Don't stand with the weight of the body against the spine.
 9. Don't cover the top of your collar with your neck. Hold your neck up.
 10. Don't sit on the end of your spine.
 11. Don't sit with your knees apart. They should always touch.
 12. Don't sit with the legs crossed, because it throws the weight on one hip and distorts the body.
- NOTE.—The above suggestions and exercises are so excellent in character, and so much useful information expressed in a limited space, that we reprint it verbatim from our esteemed contemporary, *The Family Doctor*, of London, to whose columns we are frequently indebted.—*Physical Culture*.

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The Glory of Her Passing

By **Martha P. Owen**

Written especially for
THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me;
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark;
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark.

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my pilot face to face,
When I have crossed the bar.

—Tennyson.

I CANNOT leave my two little ewe lambs," she would often and again say. "This life is so beautiful and full of promise I do not want to leave it." But one bright, warm, spring day she grew suddenly radiant and said, "God knows how I love the April flowers, and you see He's letting me stay till they blossom again. I am so thankful. I have so much to be grateful for. I do want to see the bloom of spring before I go."

Was this a flash of deep soul knowledge that whispered to her that it would be so? For, strange as it may appear, and as it seemed then impossible, our beloved sister lingered, with the pendulum of life swinging between hope and fear, till the June roses came again and earth stood smiling at the gateway of summer.

From this time she grew more and more trustful; she seemed filled with a divine presence, and there was no longer the wish to stay—only that the Father's will should be done. So childlike she had grown in her faith and trust in His loving care.

For the most part, she had looked on life through roseate windows, the few years of her pilgrimage on this planet. She had lived a simple, Christian life, as taught and exemplified by the lowly Nazarene. Always doing for others with a gentle generosity that knew no bounds, ever ready to minister to the "weary and heavy laden" wherever she went on her mission of mercy, she left a luminous trail of light behind her. Entirely free from any claims to spiritual power, yet, like Peter, there was healing in her very presence. Through her unselfish life she created such an atmosphere of love, such a spirit of devotion and sympathy for all human suffering, that she radiated the very essence of divine goodness, which fell like a benediction on all with whom she came in contact. Not in mere words only, but in truth and fact she lived the life of a soul in tune with the Infinite.

She realized more and more the wonders of His love and goodness, and she yielded trustfully, as a little child, to the mystic change as it wove its invisible network around her.

It had been an unusual night of intense watching and waiting; we stood breathless, without hope that she would rally to consciousness again; and sure enough, just as the pink dawn of day brushed back the darkened folds of night she opened her eyes—lit by a strange fire—and a far-away splendor illumined her pale features with ineffable grace. In that look we recognized that the supreme moment had come.

She looked out through the open window upon her garden of roses, all in bloom, the fulfillment of her wish.

An effulgent smile broke over her face as she said, with extreme tenderness yet with a voice as clear and strong as it ever was even in perfect health, "It is morning. Oh, how glorious, how bright, how splendid it is! I never dreamed that even heaven could be so surpassingly lovely. I am going home, and our angel loved ones are here to take me to that home 'not made with hands.' Mother, daughter, sister—all in their shining robes of glory. Do you not see them? They are so beautiful and I am so happy. I am not sorry to go now that God's great goodness has been shown to me. I leave all my treasures in His loving keeping."

She turned her eyes again toward the window, where she looked on the flowers, and said, "You see that rose there? As sure as it is there I am going to heaven, where the soul of the rose lives, to where all is light and love and peace. Now sing, 'Shall We Gather at the River,' while the angels guide me over the river."

There was not a tremor when her soul slipped out of its tenement of clay, so quietly and peacefully it took its flight. When she had passed it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music. Through our tears we seemed to see our loved one borne to the peaks of God on the invisible wings of song. There was no moaning of the bar, for well she knew her "pilot face to face" with whom she crossed the silent sea that lies between that fair country and this.

It was like the deep, melodious prelude to a

heavenly symphony, and this blessed glimpse of all her glory touched our eyes with light supernal. Her inbreathing consciousness of a larger, fuller life dropped like precious manna into our hungry hearts as in that supreme moment she had stood at the portals between time and eternity.

We had surely seen the pure, white light of immortal day as it glorified her, "a light that never shone on land or sea."

In that wondrous, unsurpassable moment the two worlds were molten into one. The heavens had opened and caught up the earth in a great cloud of amethyst and gold, leaving us the blessed memory and the blessed hope—a hope that rested on the sapphire stairway of knowledge. We had witnessed a glory scene, one that the great Master sometimes flashes in a golden gleam athwart the dark background of sorrow, to illumine our dull and bewildered senses. It was the transcendent victory of life over death, of the spiritual over the material, of immortality over the mortal.

Abide With Me

DEAR Lord, abide with me in every thought,
Let me be clean and pure,
May happiness to earth be brought
By me and made secure.

Dear Lord, abide with me in every deed,
Let every act be thine;
Help me the needy ones to clothe and feed,
To all be true and kind.

Dear Lord, abide with me from noontide hour
To twilight soft and gray;
From twilight gray to rosy dawn
Of Thy eternal day.

Mrs. H. H. Templeton.

Avoid passion, which blindeth the judgment.
Avoid faction, which maketh thee judge of all men
as they agree or disagree with thine opinions, or thy
side or party.—Richard Baxter.



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The Cliff Dwellers at the World's Fair

ETHNOLOGY, the newly developing science of the human race, has received a strong impetus at the World's Fair in St. Louis.

In keeping with the recent expansion of the boundaries of our country, the World's Fair authorities have taken particular pains to represent thoroughly the different races of men that occupy the territory of the Union. Accordingly much has been done to afford the visitor to the Fair a clearer understanding of the daily life, manners and customs of the North American Indians, than whom no more interesting group are found in the Cliff Dwellers Exhibit. Here some three hundred men, women and children, direct descendants of the Cliff Dwellers, so-called, have erected for themselves a strangely fascinating home in a huge rock that resembles in all respects their permanent abode in the cliffs and canyons of the Colorado River in New Mexico, adjacent to the little Moki city of Wolpi, for several seasons the annual gathering point of the foremost scientists of the world, who go there to study the native rites of these, perhaps the strangest of earth's people. To see these natives thus has been heretofore the privilege only of travelers and explorers. But, thanks to a bit of enterprise on the part of prominent exhibitors at the World's Fair, a representative gathering of Zunis, Mokis and Pueblos were induced to come to St. Louis and portray with every fidelity to nature their numerous strange native customs. Among these the celebrated snake dance of the Moki priests and tribal chiefs easily takes front rank. This snake dance is biennially performed at Wolpi and by it these interesting semi-savages actually conjure the rain out of the clouds. They also dance the peace dance, the eagle and the kiote dances, in the latter the little Zuni and Moki children showing their hereditary aptitude for public entertainment. It is only in the snake dance, however, that the Indians, if such they really are—inasmuch as they bear characteristics more nearly allied to the Aztecs of Mexico—use live, terribly poisonous snakes. The Indians use these reptiles with the familiarity resembling the carelessness of an American white child playing with its favorite toys. They not alone exhibit all the familiar "snake-charming" tricks, but carry the serpents about in their mouths to the evident horror of every Caucasian onlooker. This almost gruesome spectacle seems to be a sort of religious rite with the Mokis. The accompanying incantation fairly spellbinds the beholder.

The Moki and Zuni birds of peace, which are highly developed, consist in making beautiful blankets and rugs, each of which has a pattern never again duplicated, each also being in its design symbolical of the folklore of these most interesting North American aborigines. They grind their corn in the primitive fashion of thousands of years ago, make bead and other trinkets after the fashion handed down by an ancestry that reaches back into the nebulous region of fable and despite the roar, turmoil and excitement of the greatest fair ever held on this earth, a fair so great and varied that not in one hundred years will posterity look upon its like again, these quiet, docile, peace-loving Zunis and Mokis pass their daily lives in contentment and naturally not anxious about their future because the worst that can happen to them is to go home at the end of the Fair.—*Light of Truth.*

A Golden Age

"Oh, Golden Age, whose light is of the dawn
And not of sunset, forward, not behind—
Flood the new heavens and earth, and with
thee bring

All the old virtues, whatsoever things
Are pure and honest and of good repute,
But add thereto whatever bard hath sung
Or seer has told of when in trance or dream
They saw the Happy Isles of prophecy!
Let Justice hold their scale, and Truth divide
Between the right and wrong; but give the
heart

The freedom of its fair inheritance.

"Let common need, the brotherhood of
prayer,
The heirship of an unknown destiny,
The unsolved mystery round about us, make
A man more precious than the gold of Ophir,
Sacred, inviolate, unto whom all things
Should minister as outward types and signs
Of the eternal beauty which fulfils
The one great purpose of creation, love—
The sole necessity of earth and heaven!"

Socrates thanked the gods for the gift of a shrewish wife in that it enabled him the better to cultivate the virtue of patience. If a man is impatient with the impatient, he is himself impatient; if he is selfish with the selfish, then he is himself selfish. The test and measure of virtue is trial, and, like gold and precious stones, the more it is tested the brighter it shines. If a man thinks he has a virtue, yet gives way when its opposing vice is presented to him, let him not delude himself, he has not yet attained to the possession of that virtue.

YOU DON'T NEED A GUN IF YOU KNOW JIU-JITSU

If you would know how to defend yourself, unarmed, against every form of vicious attack and render helpless your assailant with an ease and rapidity which is astonishing—if you would possess that physical strength and power of endurance which characterize the Japanese soldier—you must learn Jiu-Jitsu.

Jiu-Jitsu is the most wonderful system of physical training and self-defense the world has ever known. Its practice develops every muscle, every tissue and strengthens every organ of the human body. It makes men "strong as steel," and women the physical equal of men of their own age and weight. As a means of self-defense, it is as potent at short range as the most deadly weapon. The Science includes a thorough knowledge of anatomy, and teaches how to produce temporary paralysis by a slight pressure exerted at one of the many vulnerable points. When once a person skilled in the art effects one of the Jiu-Jitsu "holds," it is utterly useless for an opponent to offer resistance. It makes no difference how unequally matched in point of size or strength the contestants may be, a knowledge of Jiu-Jitsu will enable a woman to overcome and render powerless the strongest man.

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For over 2000 years the principles of Jiu-Jitsu have been religiously guarded. By an imperial edict the teaching of the system was forbidden outside of Japan. The friendly feeling, however, existing between Japan and the United States has been instrumental in releasing Jiu-Jitsu from its oath-bound secrecy, and all the secrets of the Japanese National System of Physical Training and Self-Defense are now being revealed to the American people for the first time by the Yabe School of Jiu-Jitsu, at Rochester, N. Y. Mr. Y. K. Yabe, formerly of the Ten-Shin Ryu School of Jiu-Jitsu, has formulated a correspondence course which contains full instructions in Jiu-Jitsu. It is identical with the course taught in the leading school of Japan.

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Oh, let my weakness have an end!
Give unto me, made lowly wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice.
—Wordsworth.

A Song in the Heart

By Irma T. Jones

MANY trials and sorrows had come to Theresa. She could not remember a time when clouds were not raining; thwarted ambition, many daily pin-pricks of annoyance, having to live with uncongenial relatives, loss of property, ill health and bereavement, all conspired to depress her spirit and make her morbid. Her life was burdensome, and at times she was overcome with melancholy.

One day there came to her from a friend she had never seen a letter of sympathy and hope. Its message was: "Be not cast down; God is your peace; be grateful, remember your mercies. Praise always; pray always. Live your own life, and be not afraid."

The thought sent home by the spirit was: "Be grateful, think on your mercies." Here she had failed, for she had many mercies. Indeed, despite her sadness, the loving mercy of God had wonderfully blessed her with helpful friends, with loving, obedient children, and carried her through many tribulations safely. Still, she had not remembered to be grateful, she had neglected praise for complaining. When she began to think on her blessings she was compelled to exclaim: "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits; Who redeemeth thy life from destruction, and crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies."

Now, when she is tempted to give way to repining she says softly, "Be grateful, remember your mercies," and lo! the sun is soon shining and she is cheerful again. There is a song in her heart, where before was grief and sadness. Trials come to her, but met with a brave and thankful heart, they do not "hurt" as they did, and living in the sunshine, she has more strength to endure patiently whatever comes to her, assured that even "disappointment is His appointment."

Truly, there is no remedy more effective for despondency and repining than a thankful heart. When one can truly say, "I have learned to give thanks in everything," a wonderful victory has been won. Looking at the cheerful experiences of which even the saddest life has a share, helps to lighten the load appointed to each man or woman. "Introduce your sorrows to your joys," said one, "and they will not long remain sorrows," they will soon be wedded to thanksgiving.

"I am the happiest woman in the city; I have not a trouble in the world," said a poor washer-woman one day. "I love work, and my daughter gives me a home. I'm so sorry for those rich people who are always complaining. I work six days every week, and when I am well I can always sing. I guess I am well because I sing so much. Even when I do not sing aloud I just sing in my heart, and I'm happy all the day." She began again one of her favorite songs:

Wonderful things in the Bible I see,
This is the dearest—that Jesus loves me.

She was a widow who, in early life, had had many afflictions, but having learned the secret of peace and joy, was at last really happy. Her sunset days will be her best days, and she is a joy-maker wherever she goes.

Blessed are the peaceable fruits wrought in a life by tribulation; still more blessed the fruits of a thankful spirit. Be grateful, then, sad heart, and wait, patiently wait, for the gladness in store for every faithful one who trusts.

Night comes hither star by star,
With dim growing comes the day;
So quiet may
Linger, long upon the way.

Patience, wait, the bliss will come,
As the bird comes, with smooth breast,
To round the nest
In the branches of green rest.

The world grows apace with its own endowments. The richness of her treasure vaults call out man's intuitive desire to possess her unbounded secrets.

Her handiwork in arts and sciences in their delicate touches and combinations are so far beyond the realization and comprehension of man that he cannot take a step in advance of the past without discovering that God's law of duality and harmony is ever present.

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There Is No Death

THERE is no death! Lo! all is life,
Springing from God's own heart.
Birth, earthly growth, the change called death,
Are all of life a part.

From out its mortal house of clay,
The soul steps forth in strength
To build again with truer skill
A grander home at length.

It throws aside its outworn dress,
To clothe itself anew
In robes more glorious and bright
That bring fresh powers to view.

Another span of helpful work
For self and man and God,
The soul takes up with loving zeal,
It rests not 'neath the sod.

There is no death! Lo! all is life,
Springing from God's own heart;
Birth, earthly growth, the change called death,
Are all of life a part.

—Mate Hughes.

Nervous prostration and nervous dyspepsia are direct results of self-thought and self-interest; every contagious disease is made possible to us through fear for our personal safety; and low mental condition and spiritual depression are due to fussing over our own unfortunate circumstances. There is more health in self-forgetfulness than in the combined drugs of the earth, and more happiness in self-adjustment than in the realization of all our present wishes.—L. H.

What's the use of blaming others for the fault that is your own—

What's the use?

What's the use of shifting burdens you should carry all alone—

What's the use?

Will it make your burden lighter

If the world refuses to

Weep about the home-made troubles

That have made their home with you?

What's the use?

—Denver Times.

"The character of a man is made up of his experiences—not of the memory of them, but of their influence and effects. We are all of us the product of what we have thought and done. We drop these things out of conscious memory, or overlay them by new experiences, but this does not obliterate them. They are a part of our nature all the same. Some, perhaps, do not forget all that took place in former lives; they recall scenes when something occurs to quicken the consciousness of them. How many of us have seen some things, or passed through some experience which we immediately become conscious of having witnessed or participated in at some former time. We may be unable to account for it, or to divine the matter, still there is something within us which tells us it is not altogether a fantasy of the imagination."

By a process as constant and immutable as gravitation the ideal is ever in transmutation into the actual; mind indexes itself in body; thought builds itself into action; and the human imaging faculty erects its own mansion, stately or otherwise, and dwells within.—Henry Wood.

"'Tis in Ourselves"

FORCE not thy fate,
Contented be
Then to await
Thy Destiny.
Know *thou art free*,
Not held by chance.

And if so be
Things hinder thee,
Do *thou create*
The circumstance
That shall advance
Thy state for thee.

Do not believe
That fear and care,
Which fools receive,
Thou too shalt share;
For know, we grieve,
And sorrow bear
Through *ignorance*.

—R. Dimsdale Stocker.

It was a true saying of a living author, "Every man is a man after God's own heart if he acts out in faith the special function for which he is fitted." To be a man after God's own heart, as the beloved Son was, is His call to each of us.

One Half the Short Man's Ambition



INVENTORS, scientists and physicians have for years been trying to find some method whereby the height of an individual could be increased, and up to the last few years have met with failure. It remained for a comparatively young man, Mr. K. Leo Minges by name, to discover what so many others had failed to do.

Mr. Minges resides in Rochester, N. Y., and has devoted the best part of his life in studying and experimenting on the Cartilage, and his great efforts have at last been crowned with success. A large company, composed of Rochester's leading citizens, has been formed for the purpose of placing Mr. Minges' discovery and inventions before the public, so that now it is possible for any lady or gentleman who is short to increase his or her height from two to five inches. These results are absolutely guaranteed.

Mr. Minges has successfully used his method on himself, and has grown from a short, stunted boy to a handsome, robust man of 6 feet 1 inch in height. Thousands of people living in all parts of the world are using his method with equally as startling results. Let us send you the absolute proof of the above statement.

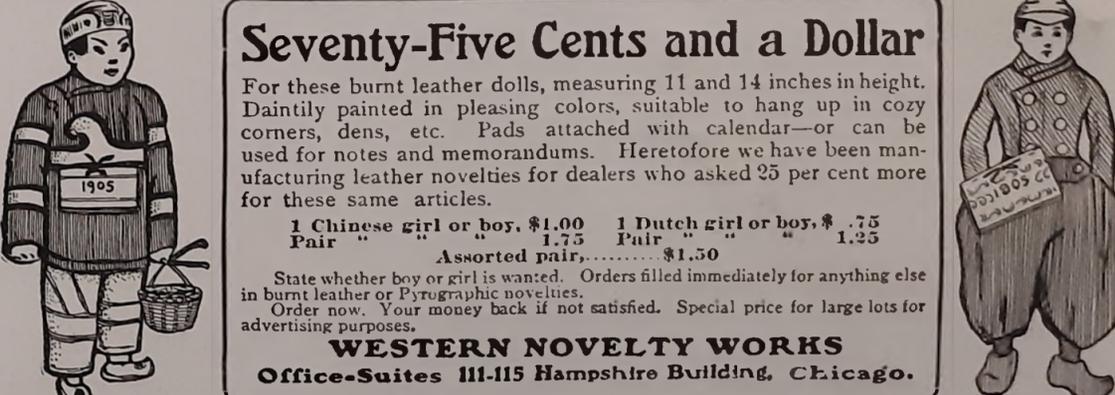
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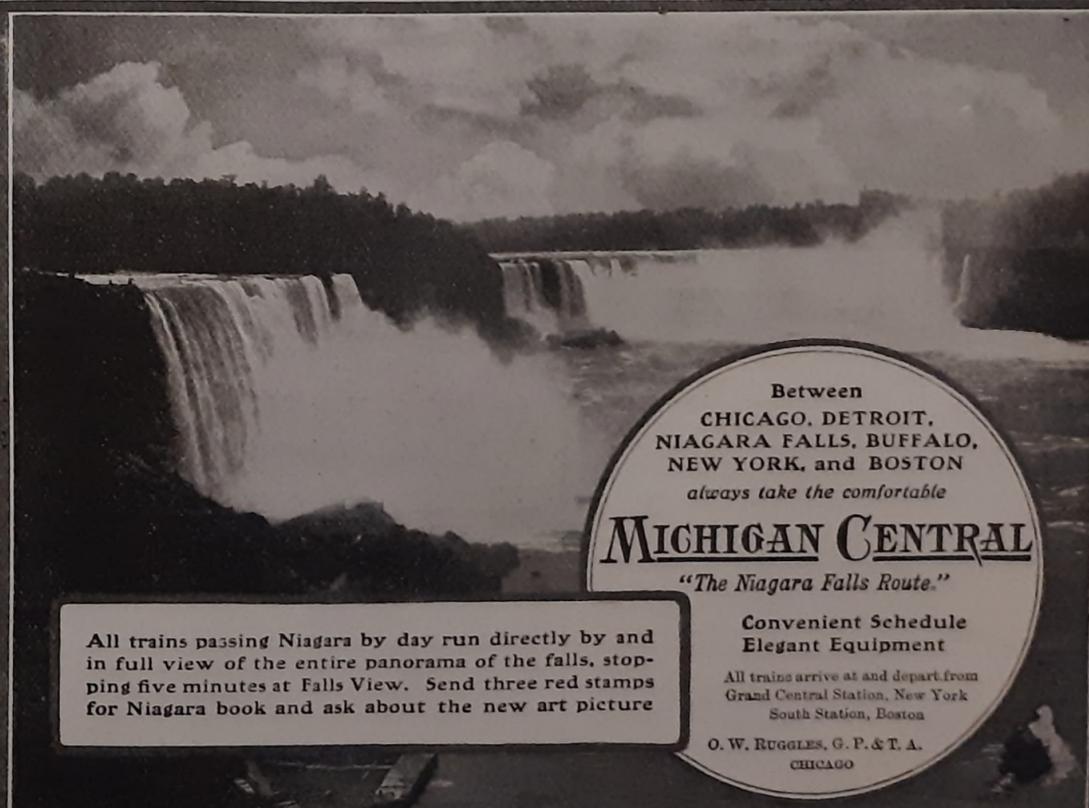
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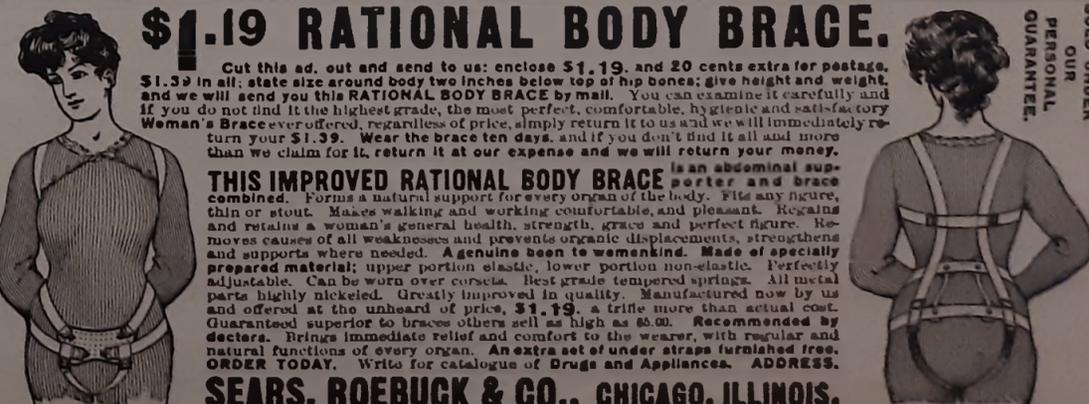
All trains passing Niagara by day run directly by and in full view of the entire panorama of the falls, stopping five minutes at Falls View. Send three red stamps for Niagara book and ask about the new art picture

**Convenient Schedule
Elegant Equipment**

All trains arrive at and depart from
Grand Central Station, New York
South Station, Boston

O. W. RUGGLES, G. P. & T. A.
CHICAGO

\$1.19 RATIONAL BODY BRACE.



Cut this ad. out and send to us: enclose \$1.19, and 20 cents extra for postage. \$1.39 in all; state size around body two inches below top of hip bones; give height and weight, and we will send you this RATIONAL BODY BRACE by mail. You can examine it carefully and if you do not find it the highest grade, the most perfect, comfortable, hygienic and satisfactory Woman's Brace ever offered, regardless of price, simply return it to us and we will immediately return your \$1.39. Wear the brace ten days, and if you don't find it all and more than we claim for it, return it at our expense and we will return your money.

THIS IMPROVED RATIONAL BODY BRACE is an abdominal support and brace combined. Forms a natural support for every organ of the body. Fits any figure, thin or stout. Makes walking and working comfortable, and pleasant. Regains and retains a woman's general health, strength, grace and perfect figure. Removes causes of all weaknesses and prevents organic displacements, strengthens and supports where needed. A genuine boon to womankind. Made of specially prepared material; upper portion elastic, lower portion non-elastic. Perfectly adjustable. Can be worn over corsets. Best grade tempered springs. All metal parts highly nickel-plated. Greatly improved in quality. Manufactured now by us and offered at the unheard of price, \$1.19, a trifle more than actual cost. Guaranteed superior to braces others sell as high as \$5.00. Recommended by doctors. Brings immediate relief and comfort to the wearer, with regular and natural functions of every organ. An extra set of under straps furnished free. **ORDER TODAY.** Write for catalogue of Drugs and Appliances. ADDRESS.

SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

SOLD UNDER OUR PERSONAL GUARANTEE.

The Healthfulness of Forgetting

MUCH is said and written nowadays about cultivating the memory. Schools have been established for the purpose of teaching memory culture. Individuals are taught how to train the memory so that they may be able to retain impressions, remember the names of people, the date of different events, recall past experiences, and so on, and so on.

All a very good thing. A good memory is necessary to success, business and social. A well-trained memory is a very useful faculty to possess. It not only makes smooth the way of its possessor but it is so much capital stock to his credit.

But with all our memory training we should also learn the art of forgetting. Perhaps more of us need to learn how to forget than to learn how to remember. Forgetting can be learned just as easily as remembering, but it requires exactly the opposite kind of training. Even learning how to forget the things we should forget will help us to remember the things we should remember.

The things that are unpleasant, the things that irritate, the things that make us feel bitter and unkind—these are the things we should forget, the things we should discard and banish to absolute forgetfulness.

The health of the body, as well as of the mind, depends upon forgetting. To let the memory of a wrong, of angry words, of petty meanness, linger and rattle in your memory will not only dissipate your mental energy but it will react upon the body. The secretions will be diminished, digestion impaired, sleep disturbed, and the general health suffer in consequence. Forgetting is a splendid mental calisthenic, and a good medicine for the body.

If anyone has been mean to you, has wronged you, heaped slander upon you, treated you contemptuously or discourteously, forget it. Remembering will not undo it, but will only make you irritable, bitter and angry, will react upon you harmfully, both physically and mentally. Cast it out of your memory and let it return to the one who sent it. It is sure to do so without any effort on your part, for it is a law that that which is sent out will return again unto the sender.

If your friends prove false and cast you off, do not hold it in anger against them, but rather pity them. Keep a clear conscience and forget the little jealousies, the petty meannesses, that may be bestowed upon you. By casting it out of your mind you can go on serenely and happily, while the ones who have done the mean things will be the only ones to suffer.

Forget the peculiarities of your friends, forget their faults. Remember only their good qualities. Forget your disappointments, forget your annoyances, forget all the disagreeable things.

By forgetting you will develop for yourself a sunny disposition, a good-natured temper, a cheerful manner, a healthful body. Forgetting keeps at bay wrinkles and old age. It beautifies the countenance with a beauty all its own—peace, contentment, health. It strengthens the memory, keeps young and virile the faculties of the mind, elastic and agile the muscles of the body.

How shall you forget? By turning your mind to happier things. When the remembrance of unpleasant things crowds into your mind, use your will power and deny it a foothold there. Turn your thoughts immediately to the happy moments that have been yours. Deny the disagreeable things any place in your thoughts. Pick up a book and read, or go to some place. Get out in the fresh air and walk or ride. Fill the mind so full of other matters that there will be no room for the disagreeable memories.

Every night as the sun goes down let all the disagreeable happenings of the day slip out of your mind and sink into oblivion. Blot them out, annihilate them, and permit no resurrection. Go to sleep with the thought of pleasant things in your mind, and begin the next day as though it was the first day of all your life, the last day, the only day. And make this day a record of sweet memories. If anything disagreeable intrudes at nightfall blot it out. Then if another day is given you, make it better than the day before, remembering only the things that are lovely and lovable.

To forget—that is what we need. Just to forget. All the petty annoyances, all the vexing irritations, all the mean words, all the unkind acts, the deep wrongs, the bitter disappointments—just let them go, don't hang on to them.

Learn to forget. Make a study of it. Practice it. Become an expert at forgetting. Train this faculty of the mind until it is strong and virile. Then the memory will have fewer things to remember and it will become quick and alert in remembering the things that are worth remembering. It will not be cumbered with the disagreeable things and all its attention will be given to the beautiful things, to the worth-while things.

No matter what business you are pursuing, no matter what literary subjects you may be studying, no matter what scientific problems you are trying to solve, take up the study of forgetting. The art of forgetting will give added lustre to all your literary, business or scientific attainments, and it will add immeasurably to health of mind and body.

Medical Talk.

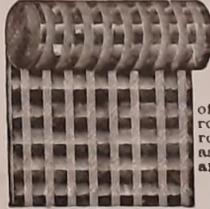
LET US SEND YOU A CARPET.

SELECT ANY ONE of the six special high grade, new 1905 pattern, full yard width carpets illustrated and described hereon, state the number of the carpet, the number of yards you want to cover any room or rooms you wish to carpet, let us send you any one of these six carpets on our **three months' FREE TRIAL PLAN**, put the carpet down in your parlor, sitting room, library, bed room, hall or other room, use it for three months, during which time compare it in style, pattern, color effect, finish, general richness of appearance and quality with carpets that others sell at double our price, and if you do not find it in every way equal and entirely satisfactory to you, the greatest carpet value you ever saw or heard of, you can return the carpet to us at our expense, and **WE WILL IMMEDIATELY RETURN YOUR MONEY**, together with any freight charges paid by you.

SEND US \$1.00 say which one of these carpets you wish, state the number of yards wanted, and we will send the carpet to you C. O. D., subject to examination. You can examine it at your nearest railroad station, and if found perfectly satisfactory then pay the railroad agent our price and freight charges, less the \$1.00 sent with order; or press charge of 25 cents. In either case the carpet will go to you with the understanding and agreement that you can return it to us at any time within three months if you are not convinced you have gotten such a carpet as you could not buy elsewhere at less than double our price, and **WE WILL IMMEDIATELY RETURN YOUR MONEY TO YOU**.

We are the largest dealers in carpets in the world selling direct to the consumer. We sell far more carpeting than all other mail order or catalogue houses combined. We own and control the output of most of the factories making our carpets, thus reducing the cost to the first cost of material and labor, and as a result we can sell you the highest grade carpets at about one-half the prices charged by others.

OUR SPECIAL 10-CENT CARPET.



No. 17314

FOR THIS HEAVY FLORAL REVERSIBLE GRANITE INGRAIN CARPET.

No. 17322 For 23 cents per yard we furnish this extra heavy, closely woven, reversible, full yard wide granite ingrain carpet as the equal of carpets that sell generally at double the price, one of the most beautiful designs ever shown, and it comes in the very latest style, shade and pattern. We furnish it in either dark green or rich dark red background as desired, with harmonizing effects. The maple leaf in the green carpet is of tan and oak, while in the red ground the maple leaf is bright Empire green shading to a Nile green. In ordering be sure to state whether you wish the dark green or dark red background. This carpet is suitable for covering any room and will give excellent wear. \$2.76 pays for enough of this carpet to cover a room 9x12 (larger or smaller rooms in proportion). Don't fail to send us an order from one of these six numbers for the carpeting you require.

23 CENTS PER YARD



No. 17322



No. 17333

29 CENTS PER YARD BUYS THIS NEW 1905 PATTERN, RED AND TAN UNION WOOL, HEAVY REVERSIBLE INGRAIN CARPET, the equal of high grade, 30-inch wide ingrain carpet that sells generally at double the price.

No. 17333 This makes a handsome, reversible, yard wide carpet for parlor, hall, bed room or other rooms, such a carpet as you would pay your local dealer about double our price for; entirely new in design and color. This carpet has a rich dark red and tan background, the floral and scroll effect being brought out in tan. It is a carpet in which the richness of the coloring and beautiful pattern must be seen to be appreciated. Remember, this carpet is full one yard wide, 12 yards costing \$3.48 to cover a room 9x12 (larger or smaller rooms in proportion), double the value you can get from any other house. Don't fail to take advantage of this wonderful carpetsale.

DON'T BUY A CARPET, rug or curtain, don't buy any curtains, draperies or upholstery without first taking advantage of this exceptional carpet sale and sending for one of the six carpets illustrated and described above, or until you write for our Free Carpet Catalogue, Carpet Outfit and Color Plates.

IF YOU DON'T ORDER one of these carpets direct from this advertisement, then don't fail to write for our Free Carpet Book and Carpet Outfit, mailed to any address free on application.

OUR FREE CARPET BOOK AND OUTFIT.

WE ISSUE A HANDSOME, LARGE, SPECIAL CARPET CATALOGUE showing an almost endless variety of carpets in Axminster, Moquette, Brussels, Velvet, Ingrain, Granite, Rag, Hemp and other carpets; everything in Carpeting, Matting, Linoleum, Oilcloths, etc.; a complete line of Curtains, Draperies and Upholstery. With the free book goes a big variety of color sample plates, reproduced from yard and a half lengths of carpet, these color sample plates showing the exact colorings and patterns of the different carpets, rugs, linoleum, draperies, etc. With the big free book containing sample color plates, descriptions, prices, etc., we also send the most astonishingly liberal carpet offer ever heard of. You get our free trial offer, our binding guarantee proposition, you get our latest and most astonishingly liberal carpet offer.

IF YOU DON'T SEND FOR ONE of the six carpets illustrated hereon don't fail to write for the Free Carpet Book and Outfit. On a postal card or in a letter simply say "Send me your Free Carpet Catalogue," and the book and outfit, the sample plates, the offers, the latest proposition, everything we have to offer in carpets, will go to you by return mail, postpaid, free with our compliments. Address:

SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., CHICAGO.

33 CENTS PER YARD BUYS THIS EXTRA HEAVY, HALF WOOL, FULL YARD WIDTH, REVERSIBLE INGRAIN CARPET in the very latest light parlor shade, new for 1905, one of the handsomest ingrain parlor carpets ever produced.

No. 17334 This handsome, heavy weight ingrain carpet comes in a medium light color ground with light green and dark shades of red. The scroll effects are brought out in white, cardinal and light green. The handsome design is entirely new, it is one of the richest ingrain carpets ever produced, will beautify any parlor, library or other well furnished room. Don't fail to take advantage of this unusual carpet sale. Enclose \$1.00 or enclose the full amount, state the number of yards you want and remember you can return the carpet to us at any time within three months and get your money back if you are not perfectly satisfied.



No. 17334



No. 17335

46 CENTS PER YARD BUYS THIS, OUR NEW 1905 STYLE BLOCK PATTERN DESIGN, GOTTON CHAIN, EXTRA HEAVY, ONE YARD WIDTH INGRAIN CARPET, the equal of any weight ingrain carpet that sell generally at about double the price.

No. 17335 If you want to get one of the handsomest yard wide ingrain carpets made, to cover a parlor, library or other nice room, if you want to buy it at about one-half the price charged by others, if you want to get something in color, pattern, general style and effect better than anything in your neighborhood, then select this, our new 1905 reversible ingrain carpet. It is a new block pattern. The medallion effects are brought out in shades of olive, Nile and cardinal. The carpet is extra well made, made very heavy, and our special 46-cent price barely covers the cost of material and labor in our own mill, with but our one small percentage of profit added.

DON'T FAIL TO TAKE ADVANTAGE of this exceptional carpet sale and send for the carpet you require to cover your rooms.

60 CENTS PER YARD BUYS THIS, OUR NEW 1905 DESIGN IN A DARK WINE GROUND, AN EXTRA SUPER ALL WOOL HEAVY WEIGHT, REVERSIBLE INGRAIN CARPET.

No. 17336 Don't pay \$1.00 to \$1.25 for a heavy, all wool ingrain carpet when we will under this, our special offer, furnish you the very latest style, design and pattern and color effect in one of the very best ingrain carpets made for only 60 cents per yard. Just think, you can cover a room 9x12 with 12 yards of this carpet for only \$7.20 (larger or smaller rooms in proportion), about one-half the price others charge for carpets that will not compare with this in wearing qualities, color, pattern, style or beautiful effect. The general color effect in this carpet is produced by a ground work of a deep rich shade of wine and the floral effects are brought out in bright cardinal and rich emerald green, also bunches of foliage and flowers are brought out in colors of tan, yellow and white. This makes a specially rich and desirable carpet for parlors, libraries, bed rooms or other rooms, good enough for any room in any house, the equal of carpets sold generally at double the price.



No. 17336

BARGAINSALE REMNANTS SILK RIBBONS



BEAUTIFUL SILK RIBBONS AT LOW PRICES

To close out our tremendous large stock of Remnants of Silk Ribbons, which is the largest in quantity,

value and variety in New York City, we have marked the prices way down. These are the most beautiful Silk Ribbons in the East, and at this remarkable mark-down sale we are making an unprecedented and unparalleled BARGAIN OFFER. These beautiful Silk Ribbons were recently purchased at wholesale auction sales at prices which will enable our lady customers to secure unheard-of bargains. We are overstocked and must sell them at a greatly reduced price from their real value. These ribbons are really very fine ribbons. Please do not judge them by our MARK-DOWN PRICES. They are bought in very large quantities at wholesale auction sales, and we generally buy for spot cash all the ribbons a mill has. We have bought as high as \$3,000 worth of these beautiful Silk Ribbons at one time, and they are certainly of most excellent value. We are anxious to sell a lot of these rare Silk Ribbons in every neighborhood, as their beauty and value at OUR CUT PRICES will sell lots of them to your lady friends.

Now, remember, these remnants are all from one to two and three yards in length, and many of them are the finest quality of Ribbons in the market, of different widths, in a variety of fashionable shades, in fact, nearly all colors are represented; also different kinds of Ribbons adapted for bonnet strings, neckwear, trimmings for hats and dresses, boys, scarfs, etc., etc. No lady can purchase such fine Ribbons as these at any store in the land for many times our price, so that the bargains offered by us should be taken advantage of by our customers.

Our stock of Silk Ribbons, from which we put up these 35-cent packages, consists of Crown Edge, Gros Grain, Moire, Pleot Edge, Satin Edge, Silk Brocade, Striped Ottoman, and various other styles of Plain and Fancy Silk Ribbons suited to the wants of our lady friends.

Silk Ribbons, assorted colors, no remnants less than one yard long, and all first-class, useful goods.

We will send 1 package for 35 cents, silver, or 36 cents in 2-cent stamps. Carefully packed in boxes, postpaid, upon receipt of price. Address

PARIS RIBBON CO., Box 1344, NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

GREAT INCUBATOR TRIAL OFFER.

FOR \$3.95 AND UPWARDS, about one-half the prices usually asked, we furnish the highest grade, latest and most improved, easiest to operate, safest, surest, most substantial, simplest and most successful incubators sold, under our binding guarantee and refund offer and offered to anyone on sixty days' free trial. Write for our free Incubator Catalogue and we will send you free, by return mail, the most astonishing incubator offer ever heard of, our big illustrated special Incubator Catalogue showing everything in incubators, indoor and outdoor brooders, combined incubators and brooders and yards, poultry supplies of all kinds; we will explain our free trial plan, our pay after received terms, our binding guarantees, our money returned proposition. You will be surprised at our low prices and liberal offers.

BIG MONEY RAISING CHICKENS. We will also explain how you can make big money raising chickens; how any man or woman, boy or girl, without any previous experience, can, with one of our simple and improved incubators, make \$100.00 to \$150.00 every season with practically no capital invested. Don't buy an incubator of any kind, any make or price before you get our offers. Don't fail to write for our free Incubator Catalogue and get all our new liberal inducements, all our valuable incubator and chicken raising information, our complete catalogue showing all styles at unheard of low prices, all we have to offer by return mail, postpaid. Send a postal today and ask for the free Incubator Catalogue. Address:



60 Days Free Trial.

SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., Chicago, Illinois.

Readers are offered here a Splendid Opportunity

No. 7515—Black Fur Scarf

Fine Belgian cone scarf over 60 inches long, with 2 large bear brushes. For selling 2 doz.



No. 3717—Ladies' Vic Kid Shoes

Medium heavy soles, patent leather tip; comfortable, durable and stylish. For selling 2 doz.



No. 200—Combination Desk and Bookcase

Solid oak, French plate mirror, large glass door in bookcase, and a complete, full size desk. For selling 7 doz.



No. 80—Kitchen Cabinet

Top 26x48 in., 2 large flour bins, 2 drawers, one divided into compartments. For selling 4 doz.



No. 9064—Boy's Suit

2-piece, double-breasted, medium heavy cheviot, well made, neatly trimmed. For selling 2 doz.



No. 58—Oak Dresser

Large oval French plate mirror, base 20x40, weight 125 lbs. For selling 7 doz.



No. 16—Ladies' 7-in. Hand Bag

Grain seal, fancy braided handle, contains full size card case and coin purse. For selling 1 doz.



No. 4089—Cambric Petticoat
Fancy wide torchou lace trimmed, all sizes. For selling 1 doz.



No. 314—Lace Curtains
Nottingham pattern, 36 inches wide, 3 yards long. One pair for selling 1 doz.



No. 0—Food Chopper
None made better than the "Universal"; a household necessity. For selling 2 doz.



No. 99—Smyrna Jute Rug
30 in. wide and 5 feet long, oriental or floral design. For selling 1 doz.



No. 104—Iron Bed
Height 56 inches, 3 coats best white enamel, brass trimmed. For selling 3 doz.



No. 3—Ladies' Writing Desk
Solid oak front, finely finished, very artistic, drawer 10x22. For selling 3 doz.



No. 7920—Ladies' Walking Skirt

Good quality oxford gray molton, neatly trimmed, well made and serviceable. For selling 1 doz.



No. 168 Kitchen Cupboard

Of oak, strongly built, 6 ft. 7 in. high, 3 ft. 4 in. wide, glass doors, 2 drawers, etc.; weight 125 lbs. For selling 6 doz.



No. 498 Hall Tree

Solid oak, quarter sawed, hand-cut finish, 77 in. high, 34 in. wide, full size French plate mirror. For selling 5 doz.



No. 572—Morris Chair

Oak frame, finely polished, best stripe velour upholstery; a perfect reclining chair. For selling 4 doz.



No. 1548—Ladies' Turban Hat

Fine French felt, beautiful hackle breast, large velvet bow, fancy buckle, etc.; all colors. For selling 1 doz.



No. 116—Bed Spread

Fine quality, in white, 72x84 in., neat patterns. For selling 1 doz.



No. 1020—Ladies' Kid Gloves

Fine quality, select kid, black, tan or brown. For selling 1 doz.

HELP WANTED

Ladies and Girls:—We want you to help us introduce among your friends our celebrated "Red Cross" Flavoring Extracts and earn any of these premiums or your choice of several hundred others. Our Extracts sell at 20 cents and are quickly sold, because they are used in every family, and once bought are always asked for again—and our first customers are our best ones. We sell it on a guarantee—money back if not satisfactory.

In this advertisement we illustrate a few of the many hundred premiums which are fully described in our New 150-Page Catalogue. We have premiums for selling one dozen up to 40 dozen. We believe our offer to be the most liberal ever made by a reliable firm, and you will be surprised to find how pleasant the work is; also how quickly you can sell the Extracts. By our plan you are not overstocked with goods until you find for yourself how many can be sold.

No money required in advance. Your credit is good with us. Fill in and cut out the Coupon below and send it to us at once; we will then send you by mail, postpaid, 1 dozen assorted "Red Cross" Flavoring Extracts to commence with; also our Big Premium Catalogue. If you can't sell them we will take them back; but there's no CAN'T about it—YOU CAN.

PETERSON & CO., 95 Kinzie St., Dept. 21, Chicago, Ill.



No. 4030—Reed Rocker
Full size, very comfortable, elegant finish, strongly made and perfectly balanced. For selling 3 doz.



No. 4391—Portieres
Good quality chenille, 3 yds. long, beautiful patterns in red, blue or green. For selling 3 doz.



No. 901—Oak Rocker

Quartered back and hand carved, rodded arms, polished saddle seat, turned spindle legs, strongly braced. For selling 3 doz.



No. 79—Sewing Rocker
Quartered oak, hand finished, showy design, carved, braced arms, gloss finish, plain dish seat. For selling 2 doz.



No. 118—Oak Sideboard
Well built, beautifully finished, showy design, size, top 22x44, bevel plate mirror 14x24, weight 180 lbs. For selling 9 doz.



No. 01045—Hanging Lamp
Patent spring extension, 14 inch hand decorated dome shade—30 prisms, complete. For selling 4 doz.



No. 112—Parlor Lamp
Beautifully hand decorated flowers in natural colors, height 18 in., complete. For selling 1 doz.



No. 1250—Guitar
Full size, beautiful mahogany finish, excellent tone, a genuine Lyon & Healy instrument. For selling 3 doz.



No. 2—Extension Table
Solid oak, well made and beautifully finished, new pattern top, 42x42 inches when closed. For selling 5 doz.



No. 27½—Gondola Couch
Hardwood frame, best figured velour covering in attractive colors; size 28x76; spring edge, seat and head. For selling 5 doz.



No. 13—Silver Set
Neat shell pattern, good quality, wear for ever; 6 knives, 6 forks, in satin-lined case. For selling 2 doz.



No. 16—Ladies' 7-in. Hand Bag

Grain seal, fancy braided handle, contains full size card case and coin purse. For selling 1 doz.



No. 1208—Lyon & Healy Mandolin
9 ribs, highly polished, sweet tone and well made. For selling 3 doz.



No. 165—Rogers Silver Set
26 full size pieces, handsome pattern, hand engraved; 6 each knives, forks, table spoons, tea spoons; 1 sugar, 1 butter; all in satin-lined case. For selling 5 doz.



No. 125—Tea or Dinner Set
Fine quality, 34 full size pieces, elegantly decorated; our best crockery offer. For selling 4 doz.

CUT THIS OUT NOW

PETERSON & CO., 95 Kinzie Street, Dept. 21, Chicago, Ill.

Send me one dozen Extracts, assorted flavors, and premium list, both by mail postpaid. I will try my best to sell them, and select premium later.

Name

Postoffice

Street..... State

Harbor Lights

By Winthrop W. Field

Blessed is that captain who sees the harbor lights shining clear after many days of storm.

He comes up from the desolate ways of the sea, he hears the welcome roar of breakers, the shouts of men afar off, the songs of his sailors greeting the land, the wash of the tide under the moss-grown prow; he is going home.

Back of the lighthouse is the group he holds dear. Back of the dancing lights of little boats the great city are new tasks and new honors. He has battled with storm and ice and heat and bitter waves that shouted to him of death and the abyss, but he is going home.

Are you headed toward the harbor lights?

They are there. Far or close at hand they shine. Orion may be lost, the North star may have fallen from heaven, the Great Bear may be flung down through space and scattered, but the lights of the Harbor of God will shine undimmed for those who turn to see.

God fixes not only lights, but He provides the sure guides through the waters of wide oceans. True is the needle of faith. Sure the ancient marks that guide the mariners. Every depth is charted, every shoal recorded. He leaves no wanderer desolate.

And what if storms blow? Shall we therefore forget the harbor we seek?

Get the troubles of life behind you, the thought of spiritual realities before you. Turn your face from the salt wastes of trial to the great harbor of God's love and care.

He does not forget. He is with us always, "even unto the end of the world."

You cannot see the proof?

Oh, thou blind one! You are the proof!

Whence is your life? Whence the power to think and love? Cannot the Power that brought you here keep you in every place? Do you then refuse to learn, refuse to suffer that you may gain wisdom and understanding?

You are the witness to the Spirit over all. Because it lives you live also.

And because the clouds cover the heavens and there is no harbor in sight do you deny there is a harbor?

The rough, untaught captains of little ships could teach you more wisdom. Are they not daily passing hours when they have no sight of port or star or sun?

Courage. "Though my barque sink 'tis to another sea." Though you make your bed in the grave yet even there are you part of that great All-Soul whose bounds and might and wisdom and love and rewards are beyond our greatest guessing.

Are there not harbor lights for you, captains all? Little hands hold up the beacons, women's gentle care keeps the lamps well trimmed and burning, strong men and loving youths beckon you on.

Turn Northward from the tropic of sense and self. God is abroad upon the waters of your horizons. In the Harbor there is peace.

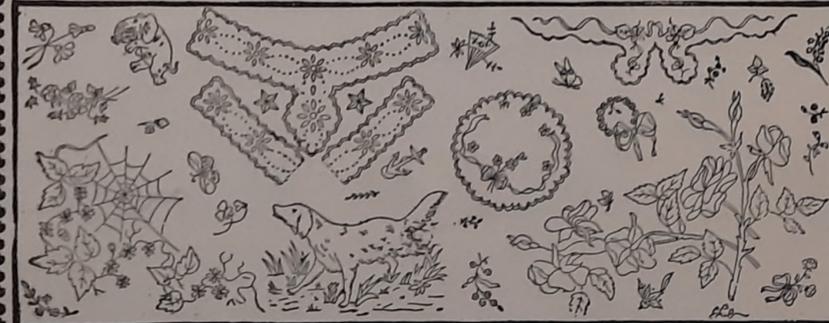


The "Imperial" Stamping Outfit IS JUST WHAT YOU WANT

IT is a collection of almost **ONE HUNDRED NEW** and exquisite designs for delicate embroidery, as well as three alphabets. The designs vary in size from 20 x 20 inches to $\frac{1}{8}$ of an inch. This gives a wide range for different degrees of skill. They are for all manner of **WOMEN'S WEAR AND HOUSE ORNAMENTATION**, and comprise Centrepieces, Scarfs, Doilies, Waist Sets, Collar and Cuff Sets, Lambrequins, Collars, Borders, Corners, Handkerchief Cases, etc., and are performed on 9 sheets of best quality bond paper, the largest of which is 22 x 28 inches. More than this, each outfit includes **ONE PIECE** of **L'INCOMPARABLE**, the new French stamping preparation. It is far **SUPERIOR** to anything yet discovered, as it is **GUARANTEED** not to soil or injure the most delicate material. This is the most **COMPLETE OUTFIT** obtainable. It gives a clear cut impression on coarse or delicate material, and the three different sizes of the alphabet, viz., 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches high for table linen, 1 inch high for handkerchiefs, and $\frac{1}{2}$ inch high for other articles, make it very useful for marking household work. It includes a distributor and book of instructions.

Take advantage of this at once. Don't wait or you will forget it. We will send you **THE GENTLEWOMAN** for one year on receipt of 25 cents, and this fine stamping outfit **FREE**. Send to-day.

THE GENTLEWOMAN, German Herold Bldg., New York.

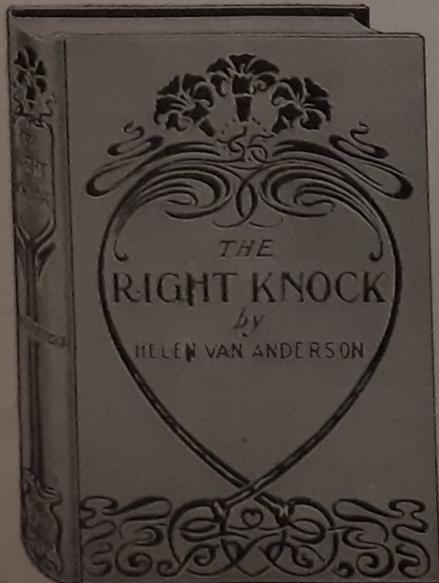


REV. HELEN VAN-ANDERSON'S GREAT BOOK "THE RIGHT KNOCK"

Teaches How All Diseases Can Be Permanently Healed and Cured by the Power of Spiritual Healing

TWELVE LESSONS ON CHRISTIAN HEALING

"THE RIGHT KNOCK," By Helen Van-Anderson



This inspired book teaches you **HOW TO BE HEALED** through Divine power; shows you **HOW TO LIVE** the happy successful life **EVERY DAY**. "THE RIGHT KNOCK" has healed and helped thousands of people by its simple, direct interpretation and application of the Master's Gospel. "THE RIGHT KNOCK" tells you **EXACTLY** what to do **TO GET WELL WITHOUT DRUGS, MEDICINES OR DOCTORS**. It explains the true Christ life. It tells you the relations between sin and disease, and why love is the fulfilling of the Law. It tells you how to heal yourself and others by the Eternal Divine Power.

"THE RIGHT KNOCK" has been tried and proven to be the messenger of the New Dispensation, inasmuch as it explains the works of the **TRUTH THAT MAKES FREE**.

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Notwithstanding the great expense and care of producing this great Psychic mental-mystic work, for a little while, to get a good many copies circulated quickly, we intend to make this

SPECIAL OFFER TO YOU

If you will send us only \$1.00 for one year's subscription to **THE MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES**, we will present you "**Absolutely Free**" one copy of the greatest of works of "**Spiritual Healing**." Remember, you send us only \$1.00 for one year's subscription to **THE MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES** and we send you the Magazine for one whole year and this great book **Free**.

The Blissful Prophet Says "An inspired work that lifts its readers into the very highest life and health vibrations; a book for all aspiring souls. It clearly, concisely, simply and comprehensively shows the way to health, strength of mind and body, and opens the mind to new realms of thought that will help one to prosperity, and a long, useful and happy life. I advise all to secure this great book."—**THE BLISSFUL PROPHET**.

In Conclusion Remember this book of "**Twelve Lessons in Divine Healing**" will help you to heal your own ills, no matter what they may be, and also the diseases of others. It is a story of **Christian Healing** inspired by personal experience. Practical, simple directions of healing self and others. This is one of the first and most popular books in the Metaphysical field. Thousands testify benefits received and cures wrought by reading it. One lady wrote that her husband had been cured of pneumonia, while another says that she had thrown aside her glasses, etc., etc. **One feels wonderful Health and Life Vibrations by merely handling this Great Spiritual Book.**

This is a Special Offer to You for a Little While As we earnestly desire to secure your subscription to **THE MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES**, we have concluded to make you this **Extra Special Offer**, namely: if you will promptly send us \$1.00 to pay for one year's subscription to **THE MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES**, we will mail you, postpaid, as a free gift or premium, one copy of this excellent book. By accepting this unusual offer and becoming a subscriber to **THE MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES**, you will help to spread the knowledge of **Health, Happiness and Prosperity**, besides securing **Free** one copy of this most excellent 320-page work. Elegantly bound. We know that you will appreciate the liberality of this splendid offer and promptly send us your subscription to **THE MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES**. We are printing the greatest Magazine and Books in the whole world for "**Health, Happiness, Prosperity and Progress**." Address **THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES, 22 North William Street, New York City.**

NOTE.—Present subscribers can receive a copy of this great book by sending \$1.00, and we will extend their subscription one year.

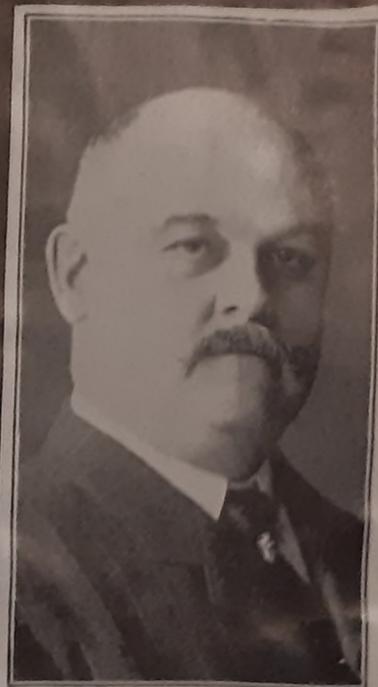
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Big Dividends Already Earned

Come with a Concern Already Successful

Double Your Investment in Five Years



PRESIDENT CHARLES E. ELLIS

Do You Want To Become the Financial Partner, Financial Co-Partner, Financial Co-Operator, with One of the Most Successful and Wealthy Financiers and Publishers in New York City? If So, Read Every Word of this Announcement, and Act At Once.

THE ONLY ONE of its kind in this whole country. We wish to have a good, earnest talk with every reader, and especially with every subscriber of this magazine. We feel sure that every such subscriber who has had the pleasure of reading this magazine, enjoying the comforts resulting from the mental food regularly found in its columns, will each and every one agree that it is the only one of its kind in existence. As you already know, the object of this magazine is to bring **Health, Happiness and Prosperity** to all mankind. We receive hundreds of letters every day from devoted readers saying that they are so much more **Healthy**, so much more **Happy**, so much more **Satisfied** with all this world, since they have been regularly visited by what they frequently call "their dear helpful magazine." It is now our object to make each and every one of the readers, and, as we have said above, more especially the subscribers, of **The New York Magazine of Mysteries**, more prosperous financially. You have followed us by subscribing and reading this magazine, from month to month, from year to year; as we have grown you have watched us; **You have been Satisfied**, otherwise we could not have succeeded in obtaining over **one hundred and fifty thousand (150,000)** monthly circulation inside of three short years. Co-operate with us now in our ambition to make each and every Co-Partner—Co-Operator—Co-Investor **wealthier**, and we will guarantee to make every promise good, and that means we will guarantee to satisfy you just the same as we have done before, and *always will continue to do*. Remember there is not a single cent of indebtedness of any kind whatsoever. We do not owe a cent. We have a strong cash balance in the bank. We have already during the first three (3) months of this year earned enough money to equal a net profit that would pay a dividend of over six (6) per cent. And just stop and consider that we have nine (9) more working months in this year. Just think of getting a guaranteed investment where you are sure of getting **big, substantial dividends** and at the same time have your money just as safe as if it were in a Savings Bank. We will leave it for you to decide after carefully studying the wonderful showing and steady growth of the subscription and advertising receipts since this magazine was born. We believe that you will agree with us when we say that a showing like this has never been equaled in the publishing world.

THE MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES ASSOCIATION, INC., is incorporated with 25,000 non-assessable and fully paid shares of \$10.00 each.

Total of Moneys taken in for Subscriptions from the Time the Magazine was Started up to and Inclusive of October, 1904.

YEAR 1901, - - - - -	\$8,078.48
" 1902, - - - - -	41,370.00
" 1903, - - - - -	55,562.16
FIRST TEN MONTHS OF 1904, -	116,684.01
GRAND TOTAL, - - - - -	\$221,694.65

DIVIDENDS PAID

Large and satisfactory dividends will be paid regularly each and every six months. **November 1st, 1904**, we paid our regular semi-annual dividend, which represents the interest or earning capacity of our shares for the six preceding months from May 1st to November 1st, 1904. This dividend was eight per cent. (8 p. c.) or at the rate of sixteen per cent. (16 p. c.) per year. In other words, everybody who owned one share received a dividend of eighty cents, those who owned two shares received one dollar and sixty cents, those who owned five shares received four dollars, the owner of fifty shares received forty dollars, etc., etc. You will agree with me that this is a splendid return on these investments, for six months. The next dividend will be paid the first day of next May, and so on, each and every six months. If you subscribe for shares now you will practically get a present next May of 3 months' interest. Besides the hundreds upon hundreds of shareholders who received dividends in every State in our Union, we also sent dividends to shareholders in England, Germany, New Zealand, Trinidad, Mexico, Wales, Scotland, Costa Rica, Canary Islands, Sweden, France, So. Wales, Panama, So. Australia, Japan, China, Ceylon, Ireland, So. Africa, Honduras, Alaska, Canada, Porto Rico and Hawaii.

Total of Moneys Taken in for Advertising from May, 1902, up to October, 1904, inclusive.

Year	\$3,618.00
1902 - - - - -	24,571.38
1903 - - - - -	29,083.12
1904 (first ten months only)	
Total, - - - - -	\$57,272.50

You will notice that during the year 1904 from April the subscriptions amounted to \$5,054.42. For 1902 they increased to \$41,370.00. Even after taking out the first three months, the increase over 1901 was \$24,783.29, or 300 per cent. We now find that 1903 brought \$55,562.16, an increase of \$14,192.16 over the previous year, and of \$31,154.26 over the first year, on a basis of counting only the last nine months. To fully appreciate and illustrate how a magazine will increase its earnings after once the public has given it their support and approval, we ask you to carefully note what happened to our subscriptions during the first ten months of this year. From January 1st to November 1st of this year we have taken in **\$116,684.01**. In these ten months we have taken \$61,121.85 more than during the whole of last year (1903) and we have two more months to work in 1904. You will also notice that the advertising receipts have wonderfully increased during the last twelve months. They are sure to materially increase now each and every month. You will notice that the receipts for advertising for the first ten months of this year were \$10,243.06 more than they were for the same months last year. We say that money put into this institution is as safe as a Savings Bank, and we feel sure that you have arrived at the same decision after reading the above actual receipts which have occurred during the past three years. Yes, indeed! A savings bank is just as safe. One is as safe as the other, but does one pay as much as the other? **No, indeed!** Even on the earnings of our magazine, just as they have been running since the first of the year, we are in a position to pay large dividends or, in other words, you will double your money in between four and five years if you invest your dividends at the same rate. **We will guarantee to refund you your money.** Write us about this, so there cannot possibly be any misunderstanding. So here is our proposition to the readers and subscribers of **The New York Magazine of Mysteries**. **First**, big dividends promptly paid. **Second**, money invested safe as in a savings bank. **Third**, money refunded. **Special contract** to this effect. **Fourth**, your money at rate of dividends now being earned will more than double in five years.

See What Others Have Done

Some of the largest fortunes in this country have been made in the publishing business. *The Youth's Companion, The Christian Herald, The Ladies' Home Journal, Women's Magazine and The Century Magazine* are each and every one making a fortune every year. We could go on and name many others. All of these publications are making large profits right in the face of the closest kind of competition, while with us there is no competition whatever. **The New York Magazine of Mysteries** is the only one of its kind in this country. **You know**; you have read it now for some time.

OUR REASON

It will at once occur to all the readers of this magazine that there must be some reason why we wish to take you in as a shareholder, and practically as a partner, of this wonderful publishing business which is earning such large dividends. Our reason is that the *larger* the success of anything to-day the larger the number of minds that govern that scheme overwhelming success. This is an age of co-operation. We want every subscriber to this magazine as a co-operator. We want **YOU—NOW**. We want all your good ideas. Just see what we can do with all these practical co-partners and advisory co-operators after we have boiled down all their ideas and added them to our already wonderfully successful method of conducting this magazine. The way to get your co-operation is to have you interested financially. The only way to get you thus interested is to divide with you our big profits. This we are now willing to do, if you will write us at once. We are sure that you never had a better opportunity in all your life to become associated financially with one of the most successful publishing houses in this country and in a magazine that has no rival nor competitor. **You are a well-read and a thoughtful person** if you are a subscriber to this magazine, and you will appreciate the fact that in 50 times out of a hundred, when you are asked to put money into any enterprise, it is to be used to experiment with, trying to

make the enterprise a financial success. **SOMETIMES NOT.** Sometimes it proves so. But here with our proposition, we ask you to do nothing of the kind. All the experimental stages are over, and the magazine is on a **BIG EARNING BASIS**. We ask you to come in and share our prosperity—*for what?* For your co-operation. Don't say to yourself that your co-operation cannot be of any use to us. We assure you that it will be, and just as soon as you become a shareholder, large or small, we will show and prove to you that your co-operation can be of great use and financial profit to both yourself and ourselves. We do not care what discoveries are made during this the Twentieth Century. We predict that at the end of this Century you will find co-operation the one strong, popular and successful method of conducting any large enterprise. At that time your magazine, our magazine, will stand a towering monument to your far-sightedness in knowing enough to grasp an opportunity—where co-operation in the publishing business would accomplish so much. **This is our reason, dear subscriber. Write us to-day. Become a shareholder and let us show you what co-operation will accomplish in the new era of the publishing business, and also what large dividends co-operation will pay you.**

WHO HAS DONE IT?

We also know that you wish to learn who conceived, who planned the campaign, who pushed this magazine to such a phenomenal success, and made it such a splendid paying piece of property. **Who**, after it is paying a large and satisfactory dividend upon all the money invested, still has the ambition to look yet farther ahead, and has in his mind's eye a larger circulation, a bigger and better magazine, to bring **Health, Happiness and Prosperity** to all mankind. This gentleman, this publisher and financier, is **Mr. Charles E. Ellis**, President of this Magazine Corporation, besides being a large holder of real estate in both New York and New Jersey. Mr. Ellis is known among the bankers of New York to be interested in several large and successful enterprises. President Ellis's wealth would easily foot up into a million or more if he should care to sell and withdraw from his valuable publishing business and other enterprises. But President Ellis is not that kind of a man. He is a worker. He is a successful, hard-working business man, that fully believes in co-operation, and he now is fully convinced, as President of this Company, that he wants the co-operation of every subscriber and reader of this magazine. He believes and knows that if you are his co-partner in this publication, as a shareholder and co-operator, you and he together can make this the grandest, brightest and best magazine in the world to bring **Health, Happiness and Prosperity** to all mankind. **Here you can become a co-partner with Mr. Ellis**, one of the most successful business men in New York, and in the United States for that matter. **Act to-day. Write us at once. Draw your dividends forever from now on, and watch the further successful development of "your," or "our," magazine.** This is what co-operation means. Mr. Ellis is President of this corporation. Mr. Ellis is also President and owns nearly all the shares in the C. E. Ellis Company, valued conservatively at \$250,000.00. Mr. Ellis has other investments in New York City real estate, bonds, stocks and mortgages to the amount of many hundreds of thousands of dollars. Any bank or mercantile agency will tell you his guarantee is as good as gold. **This is the successful man that wants you for a co-partner and co-operator**, as a shareholder in this company. Remember, you will do business directly with Mr. Ellis in this matter. After giving the matter thorough and mature consideration, Mr. Ellis has decided to part with a limited amount of his own personal valuable holdings and make you his co-shareholder and co-dividend receiver. It is a great opportunity.

MY OFFER TO YOU

I will sell a limited number of shares at their par value of Ten Dollars (\$10) per share. I wish to have your co-operation. Perhaps I value this more than money. So you can use your own judgment as to how many shares you wish. I will be just about as well pleased if you subscribe for one share, as if you send for a hundred, which, by the way, is the most I will sell to any one subscriber. I would very much rather one hundred subscribers would have a few shares each, than to have one person have a large number of shares. Why? Because if I have one hundred people as co-partners with one share each, just think, how much more they can co-operate with me than could one person who might own one hundred shares. If you are going to invest money anywhere, you have a right to thoroughly understand everything about your company in which you are going to invest. If there is anything that you do not understand, or something further that you wish to know, write me at once. On the other hand, if you feel that you are thoroughly acquainted with just what I am going to do and just why I feel that I need you as a Co-Partner and Co-Operator, as a shareholder, you can enclose in your letter the amount of money you wish to subscribe for shares. Send to me to-day for, say, one or two shares and see what co-operation will accomplish in way of getting out the best paper you ever read and the biggest dividends, I believe, you ever received on an investment. The price of the shares I have decided to sell is 20¢ each per share. Please let me hear from you to-day. Address

CHARLES E. ELLIS, President,

713 Temple Court Bldg., New York City



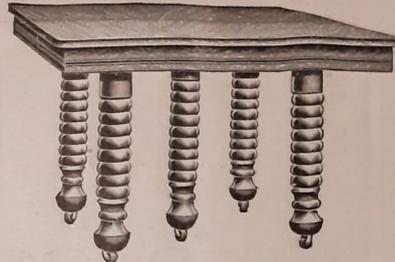
This Handsome Morris Chair
Extra well made and very durable. GIVEN for using or selling only \$10 worth of our goods.



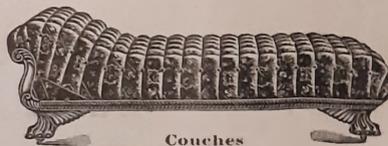
Ladies' Desk
60 in. high, 30 in. wide, solid oak. GIVEN for using or selling \$10 worth.



Child's Storm Coat
Made to order. GIVEN for using or selling \$5 worth.



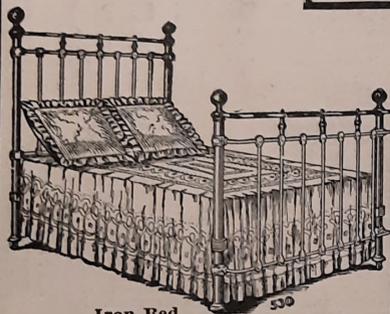
Extension Dining Table
Solid oak. Easy to earn. GIVEN with \$10 assortment of our goods.



Couches
Extra well made, 14 different styles. GIVEN with \$10 worth and up.



Oak Sideboard
Highly polished, well made. GIVEN with an assortment of Soap, Extracts, etc. Write for catalogue.



Iron Bed
This handsome white IRON BED, with brass trimmings. GIVEN for using or selling \$10 worth of our goods.



Carpets
GIVEN for using or selling \$8 worth.



Oak Rocker
This elegant new style \$10 polished OAK ROCKER, or your choice of several different styles of Rockers and Chairs, GIVEN for using or selling only \$10 worth of our goods. Write for large illustrated catalogue, it's free.

Crofts & Reed's Soaps and Premiums

Makers of Strictly High-Grade Laundry and Toilet Soaps, Perfumes, Flavoring Extracts, Baking Powder, Spices, Toilet Articles, Etc.

Shipped Direct from Factory to Home at One-Half the Usual Cost

You get wholesale and retail dealers' profits and expenses in the form of some useful and valuable article as a premium. We want you to try our goods. We guarantee them, and will give you the best premiums that money will buy.

30 Days' Free Trial

NO MONEY IN ADVANCE

We make a specialty of giving the greatest possible values in

\$10 PREMIUMS WITH \$10 ORDERS

If no Premium is Desired, we will give you the goods at Half Price, in amounts of \$2.50 and up, in other words, \$5.00 worth for \$2.50, or \$10.00 worth for \$5.00. This means 2½c a bar for our best Laundry Soap, 12½c per one pound can pure Baking Powder, 12½c a box (3 cakes) for fine Toilet Soaps, regular price 25c. Perfumes, Extracts and everything else in same proportion. **REMEMBER** you can always make your own selection of Laundry and Toilet Soaps, Perfumes, Flavoring Extracts, Baking Powder, Spices, etc., or you can have all Laundry or all Toilet Soaps, or part of both.

SEND US A TRIAL ORDER, you will find it a Great Saving to buy goods in this way.

Write for large illustrated catalogue of nearly 500 useful and valuable articles, such as Ladies' Furs, Skirts, Waists, Desks, Bookcases, Tables, Silverware, Lamps, Dinner Sets, Carpets, Lace Curtains, Hats, etc., given with orders for your own use, or for selling \$5.00 worth and up.

Money Refunded if Everything is Not Entirely Satisfactory

Our goods and premiums have been spoken of so highly so many times and by so many people, we feel satisfied that our customers appreciate our efforts in trying to give them the highest grade of goods and the most valuable premiums, and we never stop trying to do better and better. We are constantly receiving letters similar to these:

"I have used your perfumes and fine toilet soaps in my family and found them very fine. The ladies of the Aid Society of a church in Chicago, of which I was pastor, sold your extracts, perfumes and toilet soaps regularly, and they gave excellent satisfaction."

Very truly yours, Rev. J. A. Matlack, Pastor M. E. Church, Galena, Ill. Sept. 21, 1904.
"My wife considers your soaps, both toilet and laundry, of a very high grade, and your flavoring extracts and baking powder of superior purity and strength." Cordially,
M. W. Satterfield, Pastor Fowler M. E. Church, Chicago, Ill. Sept. 22, 1904.

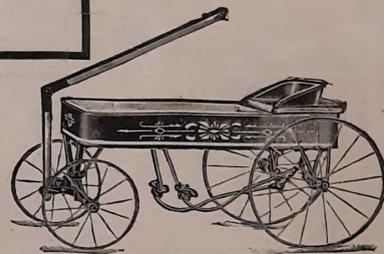
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CROFTS & REED,
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This Handsome 8-Day Mantel Clock
GIVEN for using or selling \$10 worth of our goods.



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GIVEN for using or selling \$5 worth.



Chiffonier
Quartered oak, golden oak finish, swell front drawers. Easy to earn. Write for catalogue.

Combination Cabinet
70 in. high, 39 in. wide. GIVEN with assortment of Soap, etc. See catalogue.



This is one of the Finest and Best Cabinets made. See catalogue for full description.

Kitchen Cabinet
27x48 in. GIVEN with only \$10 worth of our goods.



100-PIECE DINNER SET
Beautiful three-color and gold decoration. GIVEN with \$15 worth of our goods.