

THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES

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HEALTH
HAPPINESS
PROSPERITY

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THE BEST GIFT

PAUL counted the gift of Love the greatest of all gifts, and to express the high value he set upon it he wrote a few words sounding its praises. Never from inspired brain came a tribute more perfect. Its syllables fall upon the ear like the cadence of some distant music, of which the apostle's soul had caught the echo.

"Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels and have not love, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal." Eloquence is a great and inspiring gift; it has stirred the souls of men to brave deeds; it has awakened sympathies and swept heartstrings with its fire or its pathos, but without love it is as a tinkling cymbal.

The gift of prophecy was still eagerly sought for as a token of God's presence, for Paul's letter to the Corinthians was written at a time when the glories of a great prophetic age had not yet faded from the minds of the Jews; yet the gift, though it was great enough to understand all mysteries and all knowledge, without Love was as nothing. And faith, even so strong that the everlasting hills could be removed, without Love was of no avail. What, though the wealth were given to feed the hungry

poor, and the body to feed the flames of martyrdom, without Love it was profitless to the soul. Nor was this estimate too high.

What this *best gift* has done for the world, and what it is doing daily and hourly, can scarcely be told. It has been teaching mankind to be unselfish, to do good to others, and to put the self-seeking spirit, so natural to human nature, in the background. The world is slow to follow this lesson which the Church has been striving to teach for nineteen centuries, but some have learned to live up to its teachings, and many a life is rejoicing in the unselfish love of men and women who have left homes of comfort and even luxury to tell the story of Christ's infinite love, thus proving the share they have in it.

Love teaches mercy and humanity; it has changed laws and has set the captive free; it has taught lessons of kindness and has set in motion the thousand agencies that are humanizing the world. It is teaching generosity and men and women are learning to rear monuments for themselves, not of costly marble, "to show their love or pride," but the more lasting ones that live in grateful human hearts.

It has brought all this and more, for every movement that has for its end the elevation of man in his moral, mental or spiritual being has found its origin in the greatest of all love. All that is good, noble and pure comes from the same source—the world's *best* gift. No steps are taken toward truth, toward higher thought or better life, but have had their beginnings in this ocean of love, where will also be found their completion.

Earthly loves fade away and vanish, but this love is as broad as the ocean, and as changeless as eternity. Upon its bosom all cares and sorrows may be laid and comforted, and all the disquiet and restlessness of life calmed into everlasting peace.

We know everybody would profit by committing to memory this, the most wonderful and inspiring chapter in the whole Bible—because it gives to us the precepts we should strive to exemplify, and of which the Christ was the living, breathing example.

This wonderful chapter follows in the revised American Edition.

For those who still cling to the simple classic edition of King James, we take much pleasure in giving this also—the two following in parallel columns.

The American Edition

If I speak with the tongues of men and of angels,
 BUT HAVE NOT LOVE,
 I am become sounding brass, or a clanging cymbal.
 And if I have the gift of Prophecy,
 And know all Mysteries and all Knowledge,
 And if I have all Faith, so as to remove Mountains,
 BUT HAVE NOT LOVE,
 I am nothing.
 And if I bestow all my Goods to feed the poor,
 And if I give my Body to be Burned,
 BUT HAVE NOT LOVE,
 It profiteth me nothing.
 LOVE suffereth long, and is kind;
 LOVE envieth not;
 LOVE vaunteth not itself,
 Is not puffed up,
 Doth not behave itself unseemly,
 Seeketh not its own,
 Is not provoked,
 Taketh not account of evil;
 Rejoiceth not in unrighteousness,
 But rejoiceth with the Truth,
 Beareth all things,
 Believeth all things,
 Hopeth all things,
 Endureth all things.
 LOVE NEVER FAILETH:
 But whether there be Prophecies, they shall be done away;
 Whether there be Tongues, they shall cease;
 Whether there be Knowledge, it shall be done away,
 For we know in part,
 And we prophesy in part;
 But when that which is Perfect is come,
 That which is in Part shall be done away.
 When I was a child,
 I spake as a child,
 I felt as a child,
 I thought as a child;
 Now that I am become a man
 I have put away childish things.
 For now we see in a mirror darkly
 But then face to face;
 Now I know in part,
 But then shall I know fully even as also I was fully known.
 But now abideth
 FAITH, HOPE, LOVE,
 These three;
 And the greatest of these is
 LOVE.

The King James Edition

Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels,
 AND HAVE NOT CHARITY,
 I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal,
 And though I have the gift of Prophecy,
 And understand all Mysteries and all Knowledge,
 And though I have all Faith, so that I could remove Mountains,
 AND HAVE NOT CHARITY,
 I am nothing:
 And though I bestow all my Goods to feed the poor,
 And though I give my Body to be Burned,
 AND HAVE NOT CHARITY,
 It profiteth me nothing.
 CHARITY suffereth long and is kind;
 CHARITY envieth not;
 CHARITY vaunteth not itself,
 Is not puffed up,
 Doth not behave itself unseemly,
 Seeketh not her own,
 Is not easily provoked,
 Thinketh no evil;
 Rejoiceth not in iniquity,
 But rejoiceth in the Truth;
 Beareth all things,
 Believeth all things,
 Hopeth all things,
 Endureth all things.
 CHARITY NEVER FAILETH:
 But whether there be Prophecies, they shall fail;
 Whether there be Tongues, they shall cease;
 Whether there be Knowledge, it shall vanish away.
 For now we know in part,
 And we shall prophesy in part.
 But when that which is Perfect is come,
 Then that which is in Part shall be done away.
 When I was a child,
 I spake as a child,
 I understood as a child,
 I thought as a child:
 But when I became a man,
 I put away childish things.
 For now we see through a glass darkly;
 But then face to face;
 Now I know in part;
 But then shall I know even as also I am known.
 And now abideth
 FAITH, HOPE, CHARITY,
 These three;
 But the greatest of these is
 CHARITY.

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OF MYSTERIES

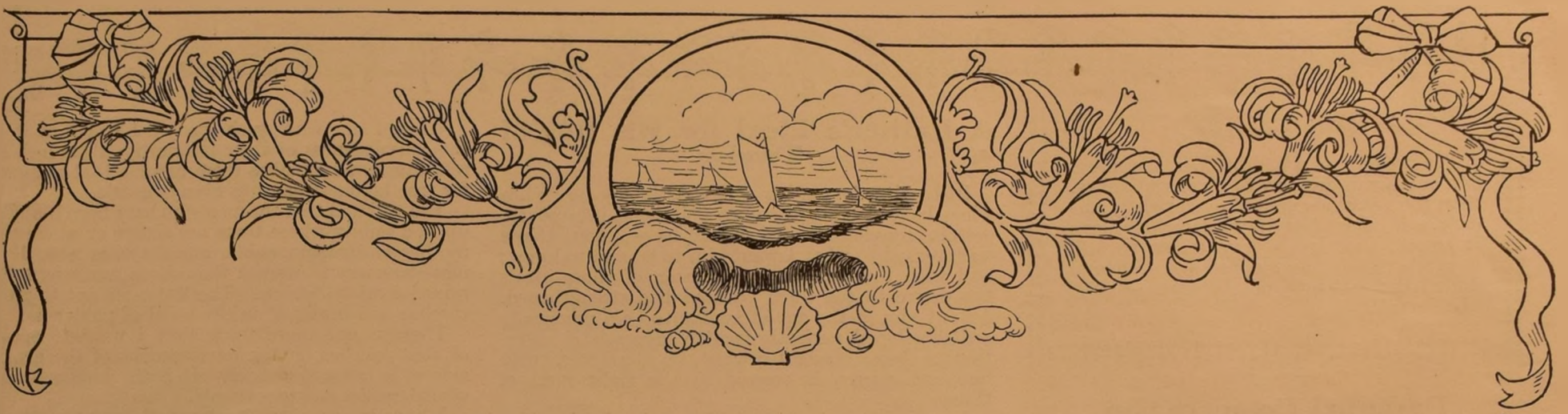
A MAGAZINE OF HEALTH, HAPPINESS AND PROSPERITY

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No. 1



OUR ANNIVERSARY



ANOTHER year has passed, and with this issue we celebrate the Fourth Year of *phenomenal Success*, for OUR MAGAZINE has been a success from the start.

To the oft-repeated question, What is the secret of the rapid and increasing demand for THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES, we answer:

The only secret is an open one, and it is this. WE DEAL WITH THE VITAL PROBLEMS OF HUMAN LIFE, AND WE TAKE A PERSONAL INTEREST IN EVERY MAN, WOMAN AND CHILD *who appeals to us*.

We believe there is a Right Way to Live, and that *when people live Right*, they may enjoy HEALTH, HAPPINESS and PROSPERITY.

That this has been a *welcome* and *Potent Gospel*, the great and ever-growing army of readers testifies.

Can you read such letters as the following without a conviction as to the cause of our uninterrupted success?

"I can find no words strong enough to express the fascination, the delight and sustaining interest with which I have read the two numbers—perhaps devoured them would be a better word—of THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES just received. It is something so novel—so entirely different from the common routine of magazine work in general—that it cannot fail of an immense success, lifting, as it must, the heart and mind of every thoughtful reader above the cares, the discouragements and disappointments of this lower life to something better, brighter, happier. The whole tone of the Magazine is so elevating and ennobling, so sweet and true, that it must place every sad and struggling soul *en rapport* with higher and nobler thoughts, encouraging and strengthening.

"K. S. H., San Francisco, Cal."

Here is an extract from the letter of a man who writes in the midst of a deep sorrow:

"Your Magazine came at the darkest hour of my and my wife's life. We had just come from the grave of our only child. Someone put a copy of the Magazine into our hands. It brought light and comfort and enabled my wife to control her grief sufficiently to go away for a much-needed rest. God bless you for this loving work.

"J. G. B."

And this from one who says:

"I am beginning to understand and trust the Divine Spirit to lead and direct me in my efforts to live a higher life."

So, in all the forty-eight months since the beginning of our work, we have sent out thousands of Magazines each month. Like white-sailed ships laden with rich argosies, they have gone forth touching at all ports and bearing some sweet gift to every ready soul.

And we are *every day* receiving the return blessings. Letters of gratitude, of rejoicing or yearning for what help we can give, applications for membership in the *Mystic Success Club*, subscriptions for friends in sorrow or loneliness—all these to the number of hundreds and thousands bring us eloquent testimony of the success of our efforts.

We thank you all, Friends, Brothers, Sisters, we thank you not only for your good words, but your encouragement, your sympathy and your co-operation. You have sent us names and addresses, you have sent us subscribers, you have gladly helped in getting clubs for Success Club membership, and in many and countless ways you have *stood by us*, and we are glad for you, for the world and for ourselves, for it all means that with YOUR help we shall revolutionize the world with the gospel of *Health, Happiness and Prosperity*.

Can you send us at least *one* new subscriber to commemorate our Fourth Anniversary? To you and to those who have already sent Anniversary subscriptions, we extend our hearty thanks and join our wishes and efforts with yours to make OUR MAGAZINE, the coming year, even *more* memorable in its wonderful work.

OUR IDEAL HOME

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

The pressure of a hand, a kiss, the caress of a child, will do more to save, sometimes, than the wisest argument, even rightly understood. Love alone is wisdom, love alone is power; and, where love seems to fail, it is where self has stepped between and dulled the potency of its rays.—George MacDonald.

Parental Co-operation

THE necessity for thoughtful, prayerful co-operation between parents should be emphasized. While it is quite true that, on account of the father's daily absence from home, the greater part of this training devolves upon the mother, it is equally true that she is handicapped in her efforts unless she have the assistance of her husband.

A wise young matron of my acquaintance, who has four small children, told me that from the time her little son was old enough to make definite requests concerning the things he would like to do or to have, unless it were a trivial matter or one which required an immediate decision, she invariably replied: "Well, dear, I will talk it over with father and tell you to-morrow." She found this in no way weakened her own authority, but rather strengthened it, and it kept the young father in close touch with his children's desires and aims and developed that necessary sympathy without which there can be no true companionship between parent and child. These questions were never discussed in the children's presence, but if the thing longed for were something which the father disapproved, he said: "My dear, your mother has told me you wish to do so," and then would follow the reasons for his disapproval, the final word being either a politely and sincerely expressed regret for the child's disappointment or a suggestion of some simple substitute or plan, which usually had the desired effect of taking his thoughts from the coveted object. Such a method also gave the mother time for consideration; if the proposed matter were one which she instantly knew she could not sanction, she very frankly said: "I do not think, my dear, that either your father or I can give our consent to this, but I will talk it over with him, as usual." This, in a measure, fortified the child for the disappointment in store for him, and also increased his respect for his mother's judgment when his father gave the reasons why he and his mother could not accede to his wishes.

It is an indisputable fact that the average parents will take time and thought for frequent and long discussions of business and other matters which concern their material interests and social advancement, and yet never give ten minutes' serious consideration to the difference of temperament among their children and the best methods of developing them mentally, morally and physically. This question of temperament is a very fascinating one. It is only through a knowledge of a child's temperament that the best results in its training may be attained.

The old idea that in providing for the material wants of his family a father's obligations were discharged is fast disappearing, and men who are in the main fair-minded and logical are recognizing that they owe an even greater duty to wife and child, and this realization is manifesting itself in constant, thoughtful consideration for the former and in a closer companionship and sympathy with the latter.—Mrs. Theodore Birney, in *The Delineator*.

Home life is most important because from it goes forth an influence upon every phase of life, business, domestic and social. The home influence should be the impetus to all the affairs of daily living.—Rev. Nona Brooks.

A Father's Ideal for His Boy of Twelve

IN looking forward to the time in my boy's life when he will emerge out of childhood into youth, certain convictions and ideals have taken shape with regard to what I want him to be and to know; and with the clearer apprehension of those ideals the desire to see them realized has strengthened. I want him at the age of twelve to be a physically well developed, perfectly healthy, dependable, affectionate boy, straightforward in character, with buoyant spirits, interested in the right kind of things.

His health is to be established by having him spend his days as far as possible out of doors in all weathers; by providing a plain but generous diet at regular hours; by requiring daily abundant use of cool water for bathing and drinking, and by securing long nights of unbroken sleep in a room flooded with fresh air.

It is my conviction that up to the age of twelve a boy can get the education he needs better by doing things than by studying about them—that is, by various forms of interested physical activity, both of work and play. The chief thing I want my boy to learn is how to work, how to apply himself to an appointed task until it is done or his time is up. The task ought not to be made too hard nor the time too long for undeveloped powers of application and endurance; but within proper limits, even at this age, a boy can begin to learn the great lesson that lies at the foundation of all high achievement.

The chief thing I desire in the way of knowledge gained from books is that he shall have learned to love to read, and that his taste shall be formed by reading the best.

To sum up briefly: I want my boy during childhood to be established in good health, good habits, good thoughts, by outdoor life, with many and varied kinds of physical activity; by reading and comradeship with his parents; by companionship with other boys; with enough instruction in reading, mathematics and music in the public school to bring him up to his school grade at the age of twelve. But I want his home to be the central and the supreme influence, the place where he will get his ideas of life, his point of view and his ideals.

EDWARD E. BRADLEY.

Gentle Side of Boy's Character

WE are told by an observant writer that the gentleness and gallantry of American men have at all times been acknowledged by observers of all nations, says Margaret Stone.

They are disposed to treat women with a studied gallantry which in most European countries is reserved by men for the one girl with whom they happen to be in love.

That this is true of the majority of men there is no doubt, but there are individual men, I am sorry to say, to whom it cannot apply, and in whom there is much room for improvement.

I write to-day for the benefit of those gentlemen who are not gentle, and to urge mothers to lay great stress upon the gentle side of the characters of their sons.

It is in the championship of his mother and sisters that a young man first reveals his true spirit, and in his home that he first learns to be respectful or disrespectful.

Make your boy understand that a man is not a gentleman who can be rude in speech or act to any woman. He should be taught to show all the gentleness and respect that are due a woman in his association with his young girl playmates, for this side of his character cannot be developed too early in order that it may become a well-fixed habit.

There are many men who hold the opinion that gentleness of manner is effeminate, and so they try to affect a brusqueness that often borders on rudeness, and believe they are cultivating a type of manhood that is to be commended.

When I am with such people I feel that it is the consciousness of their inferiority, their lack of refinement, that makes them assume that manner, for true heroic strength is always gentle.

You will find that the men who have been brought up in a family where there are sisters or where the mother is companionable, are the ones who show more courtesy to women than those men who have mixed more with men. The latter are apt to grow careless and negligent in the habit of politeness.

There is one more thing that I want to speak of that touches on the development of the gentle side of a boy's character. It is the kindness and consideration due to servants.

I have known men and boys who were most attentive and polite to the members of their families and all others who were fortunate enough to have been born in their rank of life, but who treated the servants as though they were not made by the same Mind.

It is a mean trait and implies a hardness of heart that certainly does not adorn a life.

Teach your boy to cultivate the true heroic strength, for with the possession of that he will never allow the lower elements of his nature to take the place of the higher.

He will make servants of his passions, and govern them with reference to his physical and mental welfare.

Let him remember that "one who has not himself in his own power" is likely to commit some serious breach of decorum at a critical time. No gentleman will lose his temper or forget himself in any way in the presence of women.

Have you a mother-heart that is not satisfied? Behold the thousands of little ones who, because of neglect or trouble, are in need of mother-love. God sends you to them. Be good to them and they will bless you before you are aware.

All things for love. All things in some divine
And wish'd-for way conspire, as Nature knows,
To some great good. Where'er a daisy grows
There grows a joy. The forest trees combine
To talk of peace when mortals would repine,
And he is false to God who flouts the rose.

—Eric Mackay.

HOME

It is good to have a corner just to call one's own,
Though it be a nest in branches by the west
wind blown;
Though it be a crooked window under mossy
eaves,
Known but to darting swallows and to autumn's
drifting leaves.

Though it only be a little room of four bare
walls,
Caught in 'mid smoky chimneys and the city's
noisy calls;
The heart may rest awhile, and the soul may
be alone
If yet one has a corner just to call one's own.

The busy world is beckoning, and lures us away,
And life seems all to-morrow, though 'tis leaving
us to-day;
But there's nothing half so rare in the golden
days to come,
As a little roof, a low roof, that we call Home.

There is nothing half so precious in the wide
world and free,
As the dear hearts, the near hearts, close to you
and me—
Oh, when the dream is broken, and a-wandering
we roam,
We'll find no other shelter like the one called
Home.

Fame may be awaiting us, and glory on the way,
But the humble things, the sweet things, are
ours every day;
And for loss or for gain there is, nothing can atone
Like a heart and a corner just to call one's own!

For the Children

The Punctuation Marks

Six little marks from school are we,
Very important all agree,
Filled to the brim with mystery,
Six little marks from school.

One little mark is round and small,
But where it stands the voice must fall.
At the close of a sentence all
Place this little mark from school:

One little mark with gown a-trailing,
Holds up the voice, and, never failing,
Tells you not long to pause when hailing,
This little mark from school:

If out of breath you chance to meet
Two little dots both round and neat,
Pause, and these tiny guardsmen greet—
These little marks from school:

When shorter pauses are your pleasure,
One trails his sword—takes half the measure,
Then speeds you on to seek new treasure,
This little mark from school:

One little mark, ear-shaped, implies
"Keep up the voice—await replies"—
To gather information tries,
This little mark from school:

One little mark, with an exclamation,
Presents itself to your observation,
And leaves the voice at an elevation,
This little mark from school:

Six little marks! Be sure to heed us;
Carefully study, write and read us;
For you can never cease to need us—
Six little marks from school!

Julia M. Colton.

A Pressure of Business

SMALL Tommy was as busy as a man that owns a mill;
So busy at his play was he, he never could keep still.
"I have so much to do, mama," he just took time to say;
"I think 'twill take me all night long, until the other day."

Not Old

You ask, How old is grandpa?
Who said that he was old?
He tells the nicest stories,
That no one else has told.

His hair is white? That's nothing.
Dick's hair is white; he's four.
He lets Dick beat him running,
Just for a joke, no more.

Of course, he has some wrinkles
Around his mouth and eyes
That mostly come from laughing,
Though some, of course, are wise.

For grandpa laughs so easy
We have all kinds of fun;
The other boys, they bother,
But grandpa's number one.

Delia Hart Stone.

The Child and the Rose

I

"PRETTY rose, what do you say,
Blooming sweet from day to day?
Tell the lesson to you given
By our gentle Lord in Heaven.
Tell me *why* you bloom so fair,
Breathing perfume on the air?"

II

"Dearest child, my lesson's this,
What you give you ne'er will miss.
Of your best give out a share,
Give of love, and give of cheer,
In life's garden blooming sweet
Give out joy to all you meet."

Lillian Foster Colby.

Teddy and the Sand Man

By Costella G. Washburn

TEDDY was such a little boy that his mother would not let him go to the sand-bank alone. He might wander into the brook, she thought, or get hurt by the cattle in the pasture. Teddy forgot, sometimes, even the things other boys of five would remember. Thus it happened that after Aunt Alice and the twins had visited at his house and gone away again his mother gave him a slice of gingerbread, two hugs and a kiss, and put him into the front yard to watch the squirrel in the big elm tree and play with his red cart.

"I guess," thought Teddy, "I will go just a little way down by the sand-bank, just a little way."

He looked around to see if mother was watching, but she was on the sofa, fast asleep, she was so tired that hot summer day.

Then Teddy heard the wind in the tree-tops and the door of the shed slam in the breeze, and felt very guilty that he should want to run away to the sand-bank, but after walking a little while it almost surprised him to find that he was right there.

"What a nice place," he thought, and such soft cool sand came out when he dug a little.

There were the bossy cows away off, and the brook was not so very near, just singing over there. He jumped when a big bumblebee went right by his ear, but soon sat down by the little cave Uncle Ned had made with a big shovel.

Then he heard the hired man driving by up in the road beyond the wall. How the wagon rumbled! But no one could see him. Now the wagon was away, away off. Then Teddy heard a dreadful sound right over his head. It sounded some like lions, he thought, and some like bears, and some like a big dog that might bite. He scrambled into the cave as fast as he could go, his tiny heart making so much noise he was afraid that awful thing would hear it. Then he heard something walking on the ground above, and kept very still for a long, long time. Maybe it would not find him.

When everything was quiet a voice in the cave asked gently: "Is this a runaway boy?"

"Well," said Teddy, "you see, well—I just came part way down to the sand-bank just a minute."

Then he saw a smiling little old man with bright eyes and peaked cap, a peaked nose and a peaked chin. In his hand was a little sieve for the dream-land sand, and shining specks of silver, which good sand has, were all over his coat, making it very pretty.

"Here is a boy," said he, "who thought his little legs had a right to take him away from his mother, and they had not at all. He thought his hiding would keep him safe when he was doing wrong. His mother trusted him, and he ran away. What sort of a boy is this, Teddy?"

"I's 'fraid I's a bad boy."

"Are you bad, or was it just the running away that was bad?"

"I guess it was both."

"No, Teddy," said the Sand Man, "you are always good, but your naughty ways are bad. What made you afraid?"

"Oh, that awful, awful bear or something holered at me and wanted to eat me right up."

"Yes," said the Sand Man, looking very sorry, "you were afraid because you were wrong. Boys doing right are not afraid. You were a coward just as soon as you forgot about being good. It is too bad."

"I guess I won't be anything but good now."

"That is right. I will have you hear some music now. I love goodness, and each night I will come and help you start to Nodland." Having said this the Sand Man stepped into his own sieve and began to shake it with his hands. Soon he was settling down into it. Later he shook himself and the sieve so fast that a cloud of sand rose up, and when Teddy rubbed his eyes he was gone.

"I wonder where that music is coming from?" he said, and looked out. There was a sparrow singing him a sweet little song. Soon it flew away, and Teddy, as brave as a soldier, started home. Again came that dreadful noise, but he did not run. Instead he looked up on the bank, and there was a dear bossy calf calling its mother. Then Teddy laughed that such a pretty baby cow could make such a noise. But he did not forget what the Sand Man said, and he never ran away again.

I will be sure to see that my canary has fresh water and seed every day, and that all my pets and all animals I meet are kindly treated.

How Edna Washed Dishes

"COME, Edna, I want you to wash the dishes."

"I don't want to, mama," whined Edna Lyle.

"Very well," said her mother, "I can't work on your new dress." Now Edna was very anxious to appear in the concert in the new dress, Sunday.

"Why can't they wait until dinner-time? I'll do them then."

"I shall not leave my kitchen so untidy, Edna; besides, you would not like to wash so many as breakfast and dinner would make," said her mother.

"But I told Nellie Akers I would help her make the letters for our motto, and I won't have any time," persisted Edna.

"You will have time enough," said Mrs. Lyle. "Now, without any more words, you must help me, or I can't help you."

Edna saw teasing was of no use. She went to work saying, "I hate to do the old dishes," and she packed them together recklessly.

"Come here a minute, Edna." She went to her mother, who said, "If you break any of the dishes, you'll have to replace them out of your own money. Suppose I threw your dress around, saying, I hate to sew this old thing, looking cross and feeling hateful. What would you think of me? Wouldn't you feel ashamed of your mother? Is it right for me to work for you and you unwilling to help me? Isn't that very selfish?"

"I will tell you of a plan; you have learned some pretty poems at school. While you are washing the dishes—I am near enough to hear—I should like to hear you repeat some, and afterward sing the song you have been rehearsing for the concert. I should love to hear you."

Edna's face was a study; the vexed expression had changed to one of interest, and that had given way to pleasure. As her mother finished her last remark Edna exclaimed, "I will! I will recite the first part of Whittier's 'Snowbound,' which we are learning." Back to the kitchen Edna went cheerfully, and while she worked she said:

"The sun that brief December day
Rose cheerless over hills of gray
And, darkly circled, gave at noon
A sadder light than waning moon

Unwarned by any sunset light
The gray day darkened into night,
A night made hoary with the swarm
And whirl-dance of the blinding storm,
As zigzag wavering to and fro
Crossed and recrossed the winged snow;
And ere the early bedtime came
The white drift piled the window-frame,
And through the glass the clothes-line posts
Looked in like tall and sheeted ghosts.

"So all night long the storm roared on;
The morning broke without a sun;
All day the hoary meteor fell;
And, when the second morning shone,
We looked upon a world unknown,
On nothing we could call our own.

No cloud above, no earth below,
A universe of sky and snow,
The old familiar sights of ours
Took marvelous shapes; strange domes and towers
Rose up where sty or corn-crib stood,
Or garden wall or belt of wood;
A smooth white mound the brush-pile showed,
A fenceless drift what once was road;
The bridge post an old man sat
With loose-flung coat and high cocked hat;
The well-curb had a Chinese roof;
And even the long sweep, high aloof,
In its slant splendor, seemed to tell
Of Pisa's leaning miracle.

"That is as much as we have learned, mama," Edna said.

The dishes were finished while she sang. "I'll run over and help Nellie, now, mama." And she left her home in a happy mood.—*Progressive Lyceum.*

I WOULDN'T FRET

DEAR little lad, with flashing eyes,
And soft red cheeks where the swift red flies,
Someone has grieved you, dear; I know
Just how it hurts; words can hurt so!
But listen, laddie—don't you hear
The old clock ticking loud and clear?
It says: "Dear heart, let us forget—
I wouldn't fret, I wouldn't fret!"

Why, little girlie, what's gone wrong?
My song-bird's drooping, hushed her song.
The world has used you ill, you say?
Ah, sweetheart, that is just its way.
It doesn't mean to be unkind,
So, little lassie, never mind;
The old clock ticks: "Forget, forget,
I wouldn't fret, I wouldn't fret!"

—*Success.*

A Psalm of Seed-Time

By Owen R. Washburn

TO the furrows man goeth with the seed.

He scattereth it in the ground and covereth it and forgetteth where it is placed. The rains fall upon it, the winds pass over it, the night is black above it. Thou, O Living God, seest it and bringest it forth to the joy of the reapers.

In the noontime I rested from my labor by a clear brook. I beheld the workers in the valleys and heard afar their shouts as they called one unto another. The birds were in the thickets, making soft the linings of their nests, singing of love and Thee.

I gathered flowers and mused upon them. They were in the darkness beneath the earth, yet at the call of God they came forth. They were chilled with the frosts of winter, yet they arose in their day and gave God thanks. They were not regarded of men, yet He who made man cared for them. Their fragrance was as the incense in the temples of the East, as the odor of spices and sandalwood in the houses of kings.

Then came into my heart the knowledge of the mystery of the seed-time. It was revealed unto me and I praise the Giver of all wisdom.

He who planteth the seed endureth toil to make a sacrifice. He endureth tribulation of body and parteth with that which is his and goeth his way and seeth it no more forever. In this is he blessed more than all the hosts of those who give not and labor not. The end bringeth forth the glory of the sower.

So also is the work of him who toileth in the fields of time, in the Vale of Sorrow and the Valley of Humiliation. He soweth goodness even unto the clouds; he droppeth riches in hidden places and knoweth not where his treasure is after he has passed; he covereth it and forgetteth it. Yet God keepeth the work of men's hands. He regardeth the affections of the heart and the tears of our striving. Night falls upon us but we are not forgotten, the winds blow chill upon us and the flood-gates of heaven are unloosed against us. The toil of the seed-time bringeth other toil and no man giveth thanks unto us for the labor which we have taken in the planting. These things I saw, and blessed God.

Then there came upon me the spirit of Youth, even the Spirit of Spring and of Eternal Life. I was carried away of the Spirit into the consciousness which is the chamber of the Eternal Presence. And there came unto the chamber a husbandman and stood before an altar. And the husbandman brought a handful of wheat, even of clean wheat and spread it upon the altar and worshiped. Then fell there a voice in the chamber saying: "Thou hast attained." And as I looked the wheat vanished away and upon the altar was a scroll written with the Word of God, which bringeth joy and wisdom and peace unto all who receive it. And the husbandman was clothed with earth-stained garments, yet he went out glorified, with the scroll in his hand.

Then I followed after him and laid hold upon him and entreated him, saying, "Show unto me the mystery of these things."

And he answered and said unto me: "He who gathereth the wheat from the harvest of God shall receive wisdom unto everlasting life. The clean wheat of earth shall become the knowledge of the joy of Heaven. That which is sown unto God is sure unto the ages."

Then I arose from the borders of the brook and sang with joy. God keepeth the gardens. Glory is unto him who labors and asketh not again the seed that he has bestowed.



REMEMBER.

REMEMBER, dear, the
spring is here,

And just the time to start
Flowers that thrive 'neath
sun and love
In garden and in heart.

The earth is bright with
gladsome light;

The air seems full of mirth;
All nature's rife with eager
life—

'Tis springtime of the
earth.

In fertile spots o'er barren
lots

Scatter the seeds abroad;
In later hours of fruit and
flowers

We'll find our rich reward.

Remove the shade where
frost delayed

And wintry winds made
bare;

First let it know the sun's
warm glow,

Then plant sweet roses
there.

Rose M. Williams.



O Beauty Old, Yet Ever New!

"O Beauty old, yet ever new!
Eternal Voice and Inward Word
The Logos of the Greek and Jew,
The old sphere-music which the Samian
heard!

"Truth, which the sage and prophet saw,
Long sought without, but found within,
The law of Love beyond all law,
The Life o'erflowing mortal death and
sin!

"Shine on us with the light which glowed
Upon the trance-bound shepherd's way
Who saw the darkness overflowed
And drowned by tides of everlasting
Day.

"Shine, light of God—make broad thy scope
To all who sin and suffer; more
And better than we dare to hope
With Heaven's compassion make our
longings poor."

FOR THE SILENT BROTHERHOOD

Thought to be held at 12 M.

"Acquaint now thyself with Him and be at peace; thereby good shall come unto thee."—Job xxii, 21.

Thought to be held at 9 P.M.

"The Lord thy God in the midst of thee is mighty: He will save, He will rejoice over thee with joy, He will rest in His love, He will joy over thee with singing."—Zeph. iii, 17.

DID you ever realize, Beloved, that when you are distressed, restless and of anguished heart, it is because you never knew, or for the time being do not know, God?

Think all that this implies! That there is a FRIEND WAITING to be friendly, a GIVER waiting to give gifts in ANY KIND OF GOOD you may need! And BECAUSE you do not know Him you are LONELY, SICK, DESOLATE.

Why not begin to realize the Presence of this Friend? Why not begin to think of getting acquainted?

Do you really want to?

Then take the noonday text and repeat it OVER and OVER, not quickly, but slowly, thoughtfully, HEARTFULLY. Rise every morning with the joyful thought, "I AM acquainted with my Friend. I am happy in the thought of His friendship. I will be worthy of it and strive to deserve all that it brings."

When the noon hour strikes, pause a moment from your task, whatever it may be, and have silent thanksgiving that you are acquainted with this wonderful Friend who does so much for you.

It may be only a moment, or it may be longer, but if you can give your heart even for ONE minute to a real satisfying conviction that you HAVE this Friend and ARE acquainted with Him, it will verily come to pass not only that You KNOW Him, but RECEIVE FROM Him the good He has for YOU. And you will have peace that passeth understanding.

Be as faithful, too, when the night hour comes around. Possibly you will have friends who have dropped in for the evening, or you may be out on the street or in some place of amusement at that time.

NEVER MIND! Make a practice of stopping conversation or anything that would distract your attention, if only long enough to mentally REPEAT THE TEXT. The very act of remembering it will establish a current of joy in your soul, and this will be a well spring of water in your desert by and bye, because it will become a habit. Peace and joy, peace and joy are twin words, and they induce twin states of heart and mind.

You will be like a new creature by the time the month is over, and your whole world will have become to you new and beautiful.

Peace and joy abide with you all, Beloved.

No. 7.

"Love One Another"

THE command is to Love one another. Love was the great word of power with the Master, the key to His position as a Teacher and as a Saviour of men and women.

Not as the world loves should ye love, but love as God loved when He gave all things their Life. God is Lord—not of death, but of life.

Life of the golden grain,
Life of all on land or main,
Life of Angel—as of clod—
Love! the Spirit Breath of God.

Love is like music—some instruments can run two or three octaves, some all the keyboard of sounds, from the black thunder to the keenest lightning. Just so some hearts are susceptible of melody, and some can sing not only the one endless theme—the Love songs—but can run along the full gamut of faculty, sounding all the depths and shoals of choral harmony, illustrating the wonders of the power of sound. Think of those wonders, from the trill of the nightingale or the skylark to the rumbling of the earth thunder or the volcano; from the din of the trip-hammer on the boiler to the sweet song of the lover as he pours into the dreaming ear of the maiden the pent-up music of his heart, while her responsive soul thrills under the magic of his words or of his melody!

As Landor says:

Give me the eyes that look on mine,
And when they see them dimly shine,
Are moister than they were.
Give me the eyes that fain would find
Some relics of a youthful mind
Amid the wrecks of care.
Give me the eyes that catch at last
A few faint glimpses of the past,
And like the ark rite dove
Bring back a long-lost olive bough
And can discover even now
A heart that once could love.

And yet the sweetest music is not alone the peal of wedding bells, though they should sing the sweetest little story ever told; nor yet the night-bird's call in the moonlit woods, nor the bugle call of chanticleer as he greets the sun that, with rosy fingers, climbs o'er the eastern hills at break of day; but sweeter, dearer, fairer than all of these shall come the mellow chimes of all the celestial silver bells of Heaven, saying to us at that exalted moment, "Come, come! Come, ye earthborn, sin weary, serpent beguiled, come! My Brother and my Sister, come, ye blessed of my Father! Enter into the joy of your Lord. Inherit the kingdom, prepared through God's Love for THEE, before the great beams of the world were laid in the Laurentian Rocks—those mighty Ribs of the Earth.

HIS LOVE GIVES ALL TO THEE.

JOHN PARSONS.

He who waits for God is not mispending his time. Such waiting is true living—such tarrying is the truest speed.—Joseph Parker.

Immortality

Extract of Speech Made in London by the
Rev. Mr. Phillips

THE good and great and wise are my companions; my delightful hope is harmless if not holy; and wake me not to a disappointment, which, in your tomb of annihilation, I shall not taste hereafter. My Lord! I will abide by the precepts, admire the beauty, revere the mysteries, and as far as in me lies, practice the mandates of this book (Bible), this sacred volume; and should the ridicule of earth and the blasphemy of hell assail me I shall console myself by the contemplation of those blessed spirits who in the same holy cause have toiled and shone and suffered.

If I err with the luminaries I have chosen for my guides I confess myself captivated by the loveliness of their aberrations. If they err, it is in fields of light; if they aspire, it is at all events a glorious daring; and rather than sink with infidelity into the dust, I am content to cheat myself with their vision of eternity. It may, indeed, be nothing but a delusion, but then I err with the disciples of philosophy and virtue—with men who have drunk deep at the fountain of human knowledge.

I err with Bacon, the great confidant of Nature, and fraught with all the learning of the past and almost prescient of the future; yet too wise not to know his weakness and too philosophic not to feel his ignorance. I err with Milton, rising on angel wings to heaven and like the bird of morn soaring out of light amid the music of his grateful piety.

I err with Locke, whose pure philosophy only taught him to adore its source; whose warm love of genuine liberty was never chilled into rebellion with its author. . . . I err with Newton, whose star-like spirit, shooting athwart the darkness of the Sphere, too soon reascended to the home of its nativity. With men like these I shall remain in "error." It is not possible to produce from all the earth so pure a system of practical morality, a code of ethics more sublime in its conceptions, more simple in its means, more happy and powerful in its operations than this Bible.

Oh! in the name of your darling policy, filch not its guide from youth, its shield from man and its crutch from age.

My Daily Bread

When hungry I
My bread do eat,
I do descry
Thy care is sweet!

And in my bread
When I am fed,
Thou pledgest me
My soul shall be
Fed well and clad;
Its sorest cry
Thou'lt satisfy!

So when I'm sad,
And when I sigh,
Sweet peace is nigh
My heart to bless
With dear caress,
And from my soul
To roll
My burden's dole
Far, far away.
Then joy's midday
My life doth greet,
With sunny sky
And birds that fly
And sing,
And flowers spring
Up everywhere.

All life is fair
In Thee! in Thee!
And Thou, Lord, art
Within my heart
The very life,
With gladness rife,
The very life
Of me! of me!

When hungry I
My bread do eat,
I do descry
Thy care is sweet!

At daily bread
I bow my head,
And worship Thee
Who lovest me,
Who always gives
The life
My soul,
My body
Lives.

J. M. Scott.

Providential Care

"WHO telleth the number of the stars and calleth each by its name?" Words expressive of God's Fatherly protection of such as are docile seekers after perfection, and use even the blessings of earth as stepping-stones, not as resting-places, to attain a nobler condition of existence.

The things of earth are like the wings birds possess to bear them upward, not to stand upon idly and vainly as do those who set their hearts thereon and lose sight of the higher destiny beyond.

The Soul—A Gem

GEMS are no less precious when incased in a humble receptacle; indeed, the contrast adds often to their brilliancy. Even so is the soul set in modest surroundings, its lustre is not lessened one iota, and is often increased thereby, each adversity arousing latent energies which awaken the admiration of the tinsel-hearted world and sometimes stir up emulation among such as can distinguish gold from alloy. Such is the use of Trial.

Be thou this radiant gem, and may thy lustre draw around thee many another soul.

Have you done good and then suffered for it? Know that it was done for God and that the doing and the enduring was for Him, and "He that seeth in secret shall reward you openly."—C. SIMONS.

If you were not an eternal part of God's universe you would not be able to know spiritual joy. Therefore, if you have ever realized one moment of blessedness you may be sure that you have become a citizen of an everlasting Kingdom and will yet attain again to all your soul desires.

The Mystic Success Club

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

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

HEALTH

That Thy ways may be known on earth, Thy saving HEALTH among all nations, let the people praise Thee, O God; let all the people praise Thee.

—Ps. lxxvii, 2-3.

HAPPINESS

HAPPY is the man that findeth wisdom and the man that getteth understanding.

—Prov. xiii, 13.

PROSPERITY

This book of the law shall not depart out of thy mouth, but thou shalt meditate therein day and night, that thou mayest observe to do all that is written therein, for then thou shalt make thy way PROSPEROUS, and thou shalt have GOOD SUCCESS.—Josh. 1-8.

EVERY human being desires to be a Success—to be the fullest expression of what man may be and may accomplish.

This is WHY the MYSTIC SUCCESS CLUB has a place and a work in this great world of yearning souls, of which you are one.

Have you not wished that you could be more, know more, do more?

Of course you have! And being, knowing, doing are three indispensable factors which lie back of all success and therefore back of yours.

It leads you with reverent words to the Author and Source of your being, for **YOU MUST KNOW GOD IN ORDER TO KNOW YOURSELF**, and you must know yourself and your relation to God **IN ORDER TO KNOW WHAT YOU CAN DO**.

The directions are very plain and the language so simple that you **CANNOT FAIL** to understand just what to do.

Like a little child, you begin this beautiful life with God, who promises **HEALTH, HAPPINESS AND PROSPERITY** to those who keep the law, which means those who make conditions right so that the law may be executed. If, therefore, you **DO YOUR PART** the law will use you as its administrator and **GIVE YOU** the **BENEFIT OF ITS FULFILMENT**.

The simplest road to knowledge is the surest.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

FIRST, DEGREE of **HEALTH**. (First month.)

SECOND, DEGREE of **RECEPTIVITY**. (Second month.)

THIRD, DEGREE of **PERSONAL ATTRACTIVENESS**. (Third month.)

FOURTH, DEGREE of **REALIZATION**. (Fourth month.)

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

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

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

You see we are basing results on Principles tried and true. We ask no one to accept mere assertions. We know you can prove this law **FOR YOURSELF** if you will **ONLY DO YOUR PART**, and because "the law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul," we want **EVERY POOR, SICK, LONELY OR DISCOURAGED SOUL TO HAVE THE GREAT BENEFIT OF KNOWING AND PROVING FOR HIMSELF**.

You who read and love Our Magazine know that we want it **ABOVE ALL ELSE** to be a **TRUE FRIEND** to **EACH AND EVERY ONE OF YOU**. You can therefore see **WHY** we are striving in every way to put **LIVING HELPS** in your pathway, why we want **YOU—EACH ONE OF YOU**—to have the advantages of membership in our **MYSTIC SUCCESS CLUB**.

For the purpose of letting you know of these advantages, we allow these people who have been benefited to tell about the Club in their own words and in their own way. Gladly, freely, voluntarily, in the **FULNESS OF THEIR JOY**, they write letters of gratitude and praise for what the **CLUB HAS DONE FOR THEM**, desiring that the whole world should know of their precious experiences and of their glad release from sickness, distress or poverty.

Read this from Sister Mamie A. Billings, of South Haven, Mich., who, in sending her picture with her letter, says: "I send my photo which I had taken in order to show how I have gained in health and flesh. I am not the same person, it seems to me, as when I began in the MYSTIC SUCCESS CLUB work. I have everything to be thankful for, for my family and self are comfortable and happy. . . . I thank God and the Club for all the good I have received through the teachings. They have lifted me into the calm mind and contentment which are so building to soul and body."

Does not this make **YOUR** heart glad, too?

Now read this from Brother D. W. Missman, 801 Coats street, Columbia, Mo.: "Dear Mystic Success Club—I send the report of the Third Degree. In the beginning I thought it impossible to derive help from these Degrees, but before I was through with the first one I saw my mistake. As I advance I daily grow in grace. I hardly know myself now. I cannot thank you enough for your help through the Father. Am anxious for the next Degree. . . ."

We quote from one more letter: "Dear Mystic Success Club—It is with a heart full of thankfulness that I inclose my last Degree. I cannot express on paper how much I thank the blessed Lord for putting **THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES** in my way. Since I have joined this wonderful Club I have been **HELPED IN EVERY WAY**, in **HEALTH, STRENGTH AND FINANCES**. I **HAVE HAD SUCCESS BEYOND MY EXPECTATIONS**. It seems as though the unseen forces were with me all the time. I shall through God's help and the help of the **MYSTIC SUCCESS CLUB** do all I can to uplift those who are strangers to religion. I am yours for the spreading of the blessed Gospel.—Mrs. L. A. Sherman, Reno, Nev., March 6, 1905."

Can you read these **UNSOLICITED** and **SPLENDID** testimonies without being stirred to the depths of your heart? **OF COURSE NOT!** They give you more interest in humanity, awaken your zeal to do **YOUR PART** in the world's work, and arouse within you a **DEEPENING FAITH** in the power of **BROTHERHOOD, CO-OPERATION AND UNITY**.

Now do you want that subtle, mystic bond of strength which always unites workers in a cause for universal good to be YOUR STRENGTH, and to help YOU to realize the HEALTH, HAPPINESS AND PROSPERITY God meant His every child to enjoy?

We do not urge you, dear Brother, dear Sister, to join the MYSTIC SUCCESS CLUB, for we want you to feel the perfect freedom of choice which is your privilege; but, having told you WHAT THE CLUB STANDS FOR, WHAT IT IS DOING FOR OTHERS, and WHAT IT MAY DO FOR YOU, we lay before you the OPPORTUNITY of becoming a member if you so desire.

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

The requirements are, FOUR SUBSCRIPTIONS TO OUR MAGAZINE (including your own), which, at one dollar each, makes a total of FOUR DOLLARS for a LIFE MEMBERSHIP. This entitles you, WITHOUT FURTHER DUES OR PAYMENTS, to ALL THE ADVANTAGES OF THE CLUB. This means, besides the Four Degrees, SPECIAL MESSAGES FROM TIME TO TIME, CORRESPONDENCE, COUNSEL and SOULFUL HELP IN EVERY WAY POSSIBLE, TO SUIT YOUR SPECIAL NEED.

If you are already a subscriber you can GET THREE FRIENDS or ACQUAINTANCES TO SUBSCRIBE. UPON RECEIPT OF THEIR NAMES AND ADDRESSES AND THE THREE DOLLARS we will immediately enroll YOU as a member, and send you the First Degree and Record sheet with directions for the first month's daily practice.

It takes only a little time each day, but WHAT A WONDERFUL INVESTMENT OF TIME!

It takes only a little effort moment by moment to live through a beautiful

day of beautiful thoughts, but WHAT A WONDERFUL INVESTMENT OF EFFORT!

HEALTH, HAPPINESS, PROSPERITY! These should be the outer expressions in body, mind and estate of the INNER GRACE OF THE SPIRIT.

When you are ready, send in your membership subscriptions. NOW is the best time, FOR WHY SHOULD THE GOOD, WHICH WILL CHANGE EVERY ASPECT OF LIFE, BE DELAYED IN ITS MINISTRY?

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

WE WANT TO HELP YOU, AS WE WANT YOU TO HELP US IN HELPING THE WHOLE FAMILY OF GOD. When you have read and thought over these things that we have said to you about our GRAND CLUB and THE WORK IT IS DOING, WRITE AND GIVE US A HEART MESSAGE; tell us how YOU feel about this way of helping our Brothers. Do you not agree with us that SUCCESS already achieved is the surest basis for further VICTORY?

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

With this writing we send forth a decree that HEALTH, HAPPINESS AND PROSPERITY may be yours in ever increasing and abundant measure.

With love and good-will to all the world,

THE MYSTIC SUCCESS CLUB,

Care of THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES,

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

HEALTH For YOU who are sick, LISTEN! Many who have been given up to die have been HEALED through the MYSTIC SUCCESS CLUB. Many who have been chronic invalids FOR YEARS have found HEALTH through the MYSTIC SUCCESS CLUB.

WHY NOT YOU?

THE MYSTIC SUCCESS CLUB will teach you the oldest, simplest and surest way to get well.

Out of the hundreds of spontaneous letters we have chosen just six as testimonials of restored Health.

We ask you to read and ponder over them, for they tell of results of study in the MYSTIC SUCCESS CLUB.

Results speak for themselves. The Law is no respecter of persons.

You, too, can enjoy the precious blessing of Health, so let us hear from you. Tell us you want to begin at once with the Health Degree. We want you to be able and happy to say to all the world that You have found the secret of Health, as so many enthusiastic Brothers and Sisters are doing.

Read between the lines of these letters and feel the writers' overflow of joy. Even this will start you in the way of Health. In your hands lies the power of choice. We cannot choose for you. We can only open the door of Health and invite you to come in, which we do most heartily.

Dear Mystic Success Club: At this time, a year ago, I was just recovering from a long, severe illness. Every day I am so thankful that I am on my feet, able to join in the world's work.

Ever since I joined Our Club Health, Strength, Power of Intellect and Heart are becoming manifest in me.

It is impossible for me to tell the benefit I have received from my membership and the practical working of the Degrees laid down for study. To those who see me often the results are very apparent, yet to me, I feel that I am but at the beginning and look forward eagerly to the more to be realized. I have finished my Fourth Degree, but shall go right through the Degrees again, keeping the record in my diary.

I am a teacher of very little children and have been called very successful, but the years past are nothing to the last five months. "All things seem to work together for good" to me in my daily efforts with my little ones. Envy, discontent, uncharitableness, impatience and a host of kindred thoughts have silently left me and, like Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch, I can exclaim, "Oh, I ain't a-worryin'." I seem to enjoy everything and everybody. People come to me telling their troubles. I seem to be appreciated more than I ever was, and I appreciate all success wherever seen.

My highest hopes and ideals are surely being realized. Like Kundry in Parsifal I think daily, "Service, Service," and new and delightful occasions for IT are given me.

Yours for realization of the highest love and its expression in loving service.

BERTHA L. CLARK,

39 Vernon street, Waltham, Mass.

What a wholesome, joyous ring to your words, Sister! You have found the keystone of permanent health and joy when you say your desire is to serve. Sympathy and service open hearts and doors everywhere! How beautiful it is to think you are called to work among the little ones! Who can estimate the good that will blossom in their lives from the seeds of truth you are planting in these days of loving ministry?

Here is another message of courage and good cheer:

Dear Mystic Success Club: I want to let you know that I am feeling fine. My whole mind and body are changed to love and happiness. I am rid of that terrible pain in my left breast. It has bothered me for fifteen years and the doctors wanted to operate, but it has disappeared without any pain. My rheumatism is gone, and the swelling of my body and limbs is very much better. I can't tell you how thankful I am to the Club and our dear Father. I think in a little while I will be perfectly well, for I don't have those awful pains in my head any more. I really love these dear little Degree books and read them every day. The Magazine is a real companion to me as well as a teacher. I am sending mine to my sick friends, and I tell them what a blessing I found when I found the Mystic Success Club. I think it was God's love that sent it to me, for I really could not have lived much longer. Life was a misery to me all the time. I thank you all for the blessing you have been to me, and I ask for nothing but a kind, loving heart and the continuance of my present good health.

MRS. ALICE A. STRAUB,
Ontario, Cal.

You have surely been blessed, dear heart. It is the humble, grateful soul that can receive; so you, Sister, asking for health and the kind, loving heart, now have both. Keep joyous, full of zeal for all good works, and you will receive more and more of the heavenly manna day by day.

If you are discouraged and feel that you are still in the dark concerning these wonderful truths, read what our Sister Julia M. Pence says of her experience:

Dear Friends and Brothers: Before joining the Club I was in a wretched condition both mentally and physically; everything was black despair, but now I am the picture of health and have developed Magnetic Powers to a marked degree, and yet I cannot grasp the thought of God as a near, ever present Power within my own Soul. I believe in the all-wise, powerful, loving God, but He seems far away and only at times can I get a fleeting feeling of nearness. I seem yet to be struggling with something, I don't know what; as though I were in a pit or cave and could get glimpses occasionally of the light but could not reach it. I cannot understand why my mental powers have not developed in as marked a degree as my physical. I have had a great many things to bear that would have completely crushed me but for the help of the Club and Magazine, but I long for that light that my soul cries out for. I

ask you to help me, advise me, suggest, pray, anything that will lead me on to a fuller realization.

Yours in Love for the Highest,

JULIA M. PENCE,

Hollister, San Benito Co., Cal.

Dear Heart: In the first place let this thought be of comfort to you. The glimpse that you say you have of God is the promise of a consciousness which is to be permanently yours. Do not be troubled about not knowing God, but just be as loving, as kind, as childlike as you can every moment. Some sweet day Love will become Light, and in the midst of that Light you will find the Great Love which is God. "He that doeth the will shall know the doctrine." This is the way God intends we shall find Him. Just love and trust and serve.

Hear this, friends, and see what two months' work has yielded:

Dear Mystic Success Club: I herewith inclose my Second Degree report. I cannot explain in words what the Club has done for me so far.

My health and body are sound to-day and my mind happy. I wish every member of the Success Club could feel as healthy and happy as I do. As soon as I am through with my Magazines I give them to my friends, for I want everyone I come in contact with to know of this blessed work and have a taste of the joy I feel.

May the blessings of the Father be with all.

Your Sister,

MRS. B. MUZILEA,

736 N. Ashland avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Isn't it beautiful to be able to say, "My body is sound, and my mind happy"? You are finding the value of right words when they lift you out of unhappiness and bring you out into such fulness of living joy.

Here is encouraging testimony from three months' effort. Brother Dowling says:

Dear Mystic Success Club: Inclosed you will find the Record Sheet of the Third Degree as I have kept it. I thank God and the Mystic Success Club for the many blessings I have received during the last thirty days. It has been the dream of my life that I should live to see the day when I would be free from MEDICINE and DOCTORS, and I HAVE LIVED TO SEE IT. It is not necessary for me to try to explain to you how I have been led to love God and the Magazine through its teachings and the work in my Degrees. I never felt so free in my life. I know now what Paul meant when he said "For as many as are led by the spirit of God they are the Sons of God." I ask the prayers of the Club that I may be awakened to still greater light, and with many thanks to the Club I will close, awaiting with much pleasure my Fourth Degree.

Your Brother,

ISAAC DOWLING,

Jacksonville, Fla.

This is positive proof to you, dear Brother, is it not, that if we turn to Our Father, the Universal Friend, Life of all Lives, He, the Creator of the Universe, is able to keep His work in repair? You have laid the axe at the root of your physical conditions and by the word of truth and authority have made a clean sweep of undesirable conditions.

You are truly living in the Light, and you will realize more and more of this marvelous One-ness with the Source of all Light as you go on with your good work. God bless you, Brother!

This is the last one we will give you this time on the subject of health, and it tells its own story of the *Power of the Spoken Word*:

To the Mystic Success Club, Dear Brothers and Sisters: I have finished my First Degree at last! I have been a long time about it; but am away from home so much among the sick that I could not spend as much time as I would have liked on my Degree work. I found such comfort in reading and studying the Degrees, it has helped me mentally and physically and given me such sweet moments of happiness and contentment. Whenever I feel low-spirited or have bodily ailments creeping on, I try the Healing Thoughts. They always help me. Several times I have had a severe headache coming on and an awful pain in my ankle; it must have been rheumatism; it would pain me so I could hardly walk, but by holding some of the Healing Thoughts in the Degree awhile, all the pain would leave. At times I would be so very tired, and in these times, too, by holding these thoughts and speaking the word I would be refreshed and able to go on with my work.

I have never experienced before such a sense of sweet contentment and happiness, such love for all of God's creation as I do now. Hoping you will find me ready for my Second Degree I am

Your loving and thankful sister,
MARY U. OBERHANSLEY,
Payson, Utah.

Dear Sister, the very sunshine of the Spirit glows through every word you write. Verily, the true word has power to open the door of gladness to every soul. "Your faith has made you whole." Your presence in the sick-room will bring healing to many a couch. You are called to a beautiful work, the true Christ work—this ministry to the suffering.

HAPPINESS You want of course! Can you think of any greater boon to the world or to the individual than Happiness?

THEN WHY NOT BE HAPPY? Why not learn to wear and look through the rose-colored spectacles of Joy? Joy and happiness are inseparable like the sun and the shine, and they are as the elixir of life to Mind and Body.

When you have Joy in your heart, you will exhale Happiness as the rose exhales her perfume; when you are joyful, your blood is rich and red and pulsing with Life and Health. Do you see the connection? You must *overflow with Happiness if you are to abound in Health*.

THE MYSTIC SUCCESS CLUB Degrees teach you the way to *find*, to *enjoy* and to *live* Happiness.

See what a few happy ones say about it:

Mystic Success Club, Dear Brothers: I herewith inclose the record of my work in the Third Degree and I wish I had language to express the pleasure and benefit it has been to me, but I have not and can only say that the love that now fills my heart for all around me makes these latter days worth a whole lifetime of what life was before I entered this Club, and the great joy has also come to me that I am winning for myself the love of those to whom my heart goes out in loving kindness, so that life, indeed, is here and now a heaven. I feel that I could go on with this Degree, working it over and over, but I know there is something still higher for me to acquire, and hope you will find me ready for my Fourth Degree.

In holy love,
T. A. LINDLEY,
Calro, Ind. Ter.

Bless you, Brother! Your letter is a true revealer of the rewards given to the faithful. When you say the "love which now fills your heart is worth a whole lifetime of what life was before," you bear witness that you have found the "pearl of great price." May your love abound and your joy increase.

Here is a Brother who is finding the solid comfort and inspiring help of the Degrees, even in the midst of trial and hardship.

Mystic Success Club, Dear Brothers and Sisters: I herewith send the record of my work in the Third Degree. I must say that my development is slow, but I have truly received more good from this Degree than any of the former ones. I can truly say that at times I have experienced a peace and calmness of mind that was unusual, and I could not account for it otherwise than by unseen help.

I HAVE HAD EXTRA TROUBLE AND HARD-SHIP THIS PAST MONTH AND DO NOT SEE HOW I COULD HAVE STOOD IT WITHOUT YOUR AID. Sometimes everything in nature seemed to greet me and made me feel a thrill of joy at my heart, and I could go into my room and sit a long time just thinking how happy I was. I am learning more and more how to treat thoughts as real things, for they are surely the foundation of all action.

Thanking you for the work so far and anticipating the Fourth Degree with pleasure, I am

Your Brother,
J. T. JOHNSON,
Hobart, Ind.

R. F. D. No. 1.

You have found the real path of knowledge when you begin to realize that thoughts are the foundation for actions, Brother, and the more you experience the joy as well as the power that comes with right thinking, the surer you will be of the Law which is making you to know the source of all joy and power and health. You will now gain in strength and confidence, for you will trust more and more to the unseen Helper who is a "very present help in time of trouble."

See what faithful perseverance has done for this one who declares such a victory:

Dear Mystic Success Club: I have at last gained the victory! I have worked this Third Degree over and over, determined to get RESULTS. I began to study it on the first of January. I was surprised to find it so altogether and pre-eminently Christian—Biblically Christian. I have for many years held just such thoughts and truths, believing them taught by the Bible and that they should be materialized in my life, in my character. To a certain degree I have attained that which I believed and hoped for. It is only since the fourth of this month that I have been able to grasp, to hold, to realize the complete meaning and blessedness of this Degree, and it has enabled me to see just what the Christ life and joy may be to one who yields his whole being in love to God, a love that indeed "casteth out all fear." I am, in love to all,

Your brother,
ALBERT M. BROBST,
Kankakee, Ill.

Dear Brother, we rejoice with you that you have found the Christ life a *tangible, practicable reality* in this twentieth century. This is what we want every soul to know and understand. *It is possible*, no matter what the circumstances or conditions of a life, "to yield the whole being in love to God." You have proven this, and again we say, we rejoice with you and wish you Godspeed.

Read this and see if your heart does not leap with eagerness to be a purveyor of the Father's bounties, like this dear Sister:

The Mystic Success Club, Dear Mystics: I have now finished my Third Degree and will add a little to send with my record sheet. I have never told the dear Mystics, but I have been working very hard since I learned the wonderful power in thought. There are SO MANY that are in such dire need of a true, loving, helping hand, and the effect of my work upon my patients almost startles me sometimes.

I have come to feel that whenever the knowledge of one, rich or poor, in trouble comes to me, that I am responsible for the result, and IF POSSIBLE I give them my immediate attention, and not in a single instance have I afterward failed to learn that an improvement began to take place about the time I began to treat them; but there are so many and time is too short to accomplish what I feel I must. If a spirit could be handicapped mine would surely be, for I have six in my own family and three boarders, and all my work to do alone, as my daughters are all either teaching or in school, and my own health has for years been very poor. Thanks to the dear Father who has led me to know the dear Mystic Success Circle, and learn of them wherein my power lies, and how to use it, I NEVER DID AS MUCH WORK WITH SO LITTLE WEARINESS AS I HAVE DONE THIS WINTER. Still, I spend no time of any account upon myself, for there are so many who are in so much greater need, that I have no time for self and just leave that with the Loving One, "Who seeth in secret." I have no quiet time to spend in the work. My hands are busy and my thought constantly interrupted, still I try to improve every moment when by any possibility I am free IN MIND, to lift my heart and soul to Him who is the fountain-head of strength.

Often I am able to change the whole current of disturbing forces just by the silent thought method, without one spoken word. I can never thank you enough for the light you have brought into my life and for the strength I daily receive from the dear MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES. With the warm handclasp of faithfulness, I commit this hurriedly written letter to you, while I am one in the spirit with the All.

MRS. EVA W. WOODBURY,
March 14, 1905. Knoxville, Pa.

Your zeal is inspiring, Sister, and yet you must not overwork the instrument (the body) your Father has given you. To be as just, as considerate, as kind, as loving to the child of God you call *yourself*, is as much your duty, as to be just, considerate, kind and loving to all His other children. In this way *only* can you *continue* to be what you are now, an *active distributing centre* of the Father's love. Your letter bears witness that you are a dweller in the Kingdom of heaven. God bless you!

And here are three more pearls on our rosary of Happiness:

Dear Mystic Success Club: Inclosed please find the report of my Third Degree. You will notice that I haven't made much show in the report, but can honestly say that since working out the three Degrees, I am a much happier man and can bear my troubles with ease. I have thanked God a thousand times for leading me to read THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES and what it has led to. May God bless the MYSTIC SUCCESS CLUB and all its workers. I still remain, in truth and sincerity,

Your Brother,
JOSIAH BANNISTER,
Grace, Bannock Co., Idaho.

February 4, 1905.

March 7, 1905.

Dear Mystic Success Club: I send herein my report of the Third Degree, which I have just finished. I can truly say that the work has greatly helped and strengthened me. I am more receptive and even my daily work is made easier, and I have that "peace that passeth understanding," am more contented and happy and feel that surely I am on the right road to grand success. I thank you all for the help I have received and may God bless every soul in this grand work with peace and prosperity. I am, in holy love,

Your Brother,
L. W. GATES,
Marshalltown, Iowa.

Sta. 3.

February 1, 1905.

Dear Mystic Success Club: I inclose the report of the First Degree. It is my nature to be a "doubting Thomas," hence after working through the Degree according to instructions, I held it for a month before returning to see whether the comfortable poise of mind would continue. I am happy to say I have been thoroughly tested and find it is a real and lasting joy. I can quietly say, after having striven to the utmost of my ability, "It rests with thee, O Father."

Your Sister,
AGNES SMITH,
European Hotel,
Niagara Falls, N. Y.

"Can bear my troubles with ease," says Brother Bannister. "I have the peace that passeth understanding," adds Brother Gates. "I am happy to say I have been thoroughly tested and find it a real and lasting joy," writes Sister Smith.

Brothers and Sister, the Club can ask no surer proof of the truth of its teachings than these voluntary expressions of your own experiences. That you have found the rock upon which to build HEALTH, HAPPINESS and PROSPERITY, we are glad for your sakes and for the help your words will be to others, for that which will help any soul to "bear trouble easily," that which will give the nameless peace, that which proves a "real and lasting joy," is worth seeking by all.

May you gain new light and go from victory to victory as the happy days come and go.

To Many Inquirers

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

WELCOME TO THE MYSTIC SUCCESS CLUB.

PROSPERITY is a magic word in your ear, is it not? Does it not mean abundance of all good things, even material, with which to provide beautiful environments?

Perhaps if you stop and consider a moment you will see that it *really* means a FULL, OUTWARD EXPRESSION of the riches of the Spirit. Just as the color and petals of the lily fittingly and beautifully express the spirit of Life embodied in the lily, so should not only your *body*, but your *body's clothing*, your *body's habitation* and *environment*, fittingly express the all-glorious Soul which is the real You.

YES, THIS IS YOUR BIRTHRIGHT. But there is a condition. The Wise One, even our Elder Brother, said: "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." This is the true way to find Prosperity, for if it comes not in the true way, it may vanish.

In studying the MYSTIC SUCCESS CLUB DEGREES you will learn to seek the Kingdom for the Kingdom's sake, and lo! these "other things" are added, not always immediately, but as *you need them*. What is better than this, that *when* you need, *what* you need will be at hand?

To know this, and live *fearlessly, trustingly* and *justly* with all men, is to be *truly* and *abundantly prosperous*.

When? Now, if you are ready. If not now, when you are ready.

THE MYSTIC SUCCESS CLUB helps you to get ready for your Inheritance of *Health, Happiness* and *Prosperity*, for these three are as three notes in the grandest chord of harmony in human life.

Read these words from those who have already proven the Law of PROSPERITY:

Dear Mystic Success Club: Inclosed please find Second Degree record sheet, which I hope will prove satisfactory, and if so I shall be pleased to receive the Third Degree. I am very happy to-day. I have received many blessings during the time I have been working the Degrees. One of the letters from a Sister makes me feel that perhaps it would help others if I told of a time not very long ago when I thought I stood all alone in this country, that is, as far as earthly friends go. Not only alone and unknown, but my health ruined and very little money, but the very instant old doors were closed to me, other doors, and yes, even other hearts, were thrown open, and people whom I had never heard of nor seen before became dear friends, whom I trust I shall never lose. Through them I became acquainted with Our Magazine and Club, and to-day, thank God, I am in good health and better off financially than I have ever been. If any sister wishes to write to me, I shall be glad to explain the whole circumstance as it occurred.

Yours very sincerely,

CAROLINE SMART,

522 N. Church street, West Chester, Pa.

Surely this is a splendid testimony of the goodness of God to His trusting children! Thank you, Sister, for this loving proof of your desire to hold your light so all can see it. THE MYSTIC SUCCESS CLUB has brought you blessings, indeed, but it was your faithfulness in following directions, and in realizing the power of God that made these demonstrations possible.

Mystic Success Club, Dear Brothers: Please find my record sheet inclosed. I have done the best I could under all circumstances. When I had worked about halfway through my Degrees a buyer for my farm came and I sold at a good price. On the twenty-second will sell all of my stock and household goods. Please send me special Vibrations for that day, that I may stand the ordeal, as I feel I cannot stand without the great God's support. May God bless you all as He has blessed me.

Your Brother,

DAN'L D. BICKETT,

R. F. D. No. 8.

Xenia, O.

Ah, Brother, when you depend on God for support you will never be unprovided for. May your faith grow evermore as that of a little child who knows that love and help will come for all needs and on all occasions.

Dear Mystic Success Club: I am a member of the Club, but I don't seem to be in the "right file" somehow. I don't seem to grasp the right idea so as to reap the benefit I ought.

I have worked through the Four Degrees and am a member in good standing. In the past four

months I have had UNBOUNDED SUCCESS FINANCIALLY, yet I do not catch the right vibration for HEALTH. While I am feeling better and weigh more than I have for twenty years, I am not satisfied. I guess I am somewhat "cranky," and do not appreciate my blessings as I ought. You know that incentives are needed sometimes to dispel the lethargy of the Soul. I think that is my case. I need something to stir me up. If you have any of the required "ginger" to finish my case, just call me down on it and I will thank you for so doing. I trust I have made myself plain and not acted the part of a complainer, as I fully realize the fact that I am the one to build my life for success.

Your Brother,

G. A. GRAY,

Nevada City, Cal.

Good! We are glad you recognize the need of an occasional "stirring up," but you need not be discouraged, only try from this moment to see what you really are in Spirit, and declare yourself as *this Spirit* rather than what you seem. Then you will be able to heed the command, *Arise and shine, for your light is come*. Just repeat these words a few times with the vigor that comes with the knowledge that you are *at one* with the Great Centre of Power, and you will draw from this source all that you need to make life full to the brim with *Health, Happiness* and *Prosperity*.

Just note the relation between Happiness and Prosperity in this and other letters.

Mystic Success Club, Dear Brothers: Please find my last and Fourth Degree record properly filled out. Since I became a member of the Mystic Success Club my salary has been increased twenty dollars. This must be a sure indication of success. My health is better and I am much happier and know how to overcome little difficulties which will soon erase the larger ones. I wouldn't be without my "Magazine" and its vibrations for anything. I wish all our members unlimited success and happiness.

With sisterly love for all.

MRS. ALLIE J. FILTE,

Clarendon, Ark.

What a fine grasp you have of the relation between cause and effect! Yes, if you know how to overcome little difficulties, you will overcome the larger ones. Progress is always from small to great and greater attainments. Only be patient and faithful moment by moment and day by day. God bless you, Sister, in all your work.

What a thread of joy runs through these lines! A great victory surely, to be able to let go of all worry and fear!

Dear Mystic Success Club: I inclose report of my First Degree and am happy to say that I have received untold benefits, mentally, spiritually, physically and also FINANCIALLY, FOR SUCCESS IS COMING TO ME IN SO MANY WAYS THAT I NEVER DREAMED OF. Oh! the happy, cheerful, trusting feeling I now have! I can let go of all worry and fear; it can no longer hold my mind as it used to.

I think the work of the Club is simply wonderful. It is surely one of God's special gifts to help and uplift all. I have been so situated, so encumbered with my household affairs that I could not keep my record as I wished, but every spare moment I have studied my Degrees and realize such good results. With a heart full of love to the members of the Club and to the whole world, I am Yours for Success, Happiness and Prosperity,

MRS. ANNIE S. J. STEPHENS,

509 San Pedro avenue, San Antonio, Tex.

Yes, Sister, you have thrown off the delusion of appearances. You now realize that, as God's child, you are happy in God's love, and this brings all the rest.

Don't you think the work of THE MYSTIC SUCCESS CLUB worth keeping up? Help us to let the whole world know about it.

Dear Mystic Success Club: I have derived great benefit from the course and am truly grateful to you all. I sincerely trust I may still be held in thought by you all. I HAVE HAD NUMEROUS OPPORTUNITIES FOR SUCCESS IN MY BUSINESS DURING THIS LAST THIRTY DAYS, and have realized to a great extent the words of Scripture, "All things are yours." Hoping that I may still keep in touch with the Club, I am,

Yours sincerely,

IDA A. WRIGHT,

Athens, Pa.

Of course, you are having numerous opportunities for success in your business. You have the magic key to success and have been wise enough to use it, and so have unlocked the treasure house of the Father, which is the privilege of every child of God. "The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof." Is not this inventory sufficient to warrant our faith in the supply? We rejoice with you, Sister, and can assure you that you are on the right track.

General Testimonials

Here is a voice from Wales:

Dear Brothers of the Mystic Success Club: I now forward you the Record Sheet of the Fourth Degree. I finished it a week ago, but delayed writing; it was like parting from an old friend. I was very sorry when I had finished, but since I have received the Confidential Message No. 1 I feel better, because I know that I shall be hearing from you at intervals. I shall be only too pleased and overjoyed to be allowed to help in the work that you think of establishing in this country. I am another person since I have become a member of the Success Club. I can never thank you enough for the good you have done me. I used to be very quick tempered and of an excitable nature, and have spent many miserable days seeing no good in anyone or anything. But oh! what a blessed, glorious change. I now see good in everything in the world, and wonder at my own self that I could have been so hopelessly blind to all the beauties of Nature and Creation until now. When things don't go just right, I go into the silence and tell my Father all about it, and then I know that it is all right. The Bible, too, which was a great mystery to me, is now as plain reading as A B C. Since I have joined the Mystic Success Club I am happy to say that you have been the means of changing my husband so that he seems to be a new man. Much inharmony used to prevail in our home, owing to his excessive drinking habit; he has been a heavy drinker since boyhood. All that is changed now. He is a sober man, has given up the drink habit entirely, and happiness and peace reign in our home, for which I thank the Father and His noble instrument, the Mystic Success Club.

I feel an unspeakable desire to aid and do good, to help suffering humanity. I can never be thankful enough to the person that first sent me the "Magazine of Mysteries." I used to be a great sufferer from rheumatism, but, thank God, that is gone, and I am wonderfully improved in health. With love to all the Brothers and Sisters, I am,

Your Sister,

ELLEN LEWIS,

8 Jones street,

Cilfynydd, W. Pontypridd, South Wales.

Surely there is no respect of places or persons with the loving Father. Our Sister, you have been greatly blessed and are a blessing to all. We rejoice with you.

Dear Mystic Success Club: I have completed my Second Degree. I cannot tell you how glad and thankful I am to belong to this Club. A help and influence comes to me daily. My family and all others with whom I come in contact are noting the change it has made in me. Wishing the greatest success to the Club and Long Life and Prosperity to the "Magazine of Mysteries," I am,

Yours sincerely,

MRS. O. L. COLLINS,

2931 Ellendale avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

The tree is known by its fruits, and you are showing forth the ripe fruit, when those around you note the great change and the work that is being wrought in you.

Dear Mystic Success Club: I am sending in my Record Sheet of the Third Degree, and hope it will meet with your favor. I have a poor chance to study, as I keep a boarding-house and am very busy all day, and in the evening when I can get quiet I am so weary that I can scarcely stay awake. But even with these things against me, I do enjoy the work and bless the day that I met with this good work. There has been a big change in me. I control my temper much better, and I know I am more kind and loving, and I am going to try hard to come up to the standard. I do love the "Magazine of Mysteries" so much. It is a most welcome visitor each month. Oh, the blessed things I have learned from the "Magazine" and the Degrees of the Club. Hoping to hear from you soon, I am,

Yours for Success and Happiness,

MRS. C. C. ROADS,

354 W. Sixth street, Peru, Ind.

Going to "try hard to come up to the standard." These little words alone bear witness to the true heaven that is working within you, dear Sister.

We mail you a Special Message

every few weeks after you have completed the Four Degrees. We want to keep in touch with you, and to give you the words of Faith and Courage as time goes on.



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.

Please write your name very plainly.

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

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

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

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

"LET THERE BE LIGHT"

Wheat

By Mystic No. 12

You are like a rich man who wishes to build a grand mansion to live in.

So he digs deep into the ground until he comes to a good solid foundation of rock, and then he commences to build a very substantial wall that shall support the beautiful house he will build thereon.

This is a wonderful age in which you are now living. Quite different it is from the times of one hundred years ago.

You are all ambitious and have golden, sunny ideas of life and you look forward to the days to come that shall bring you success, fame and glory.

You who are young in heart may now begin to dig to lay a foundation on which to build future success.

Now if you will study the lives of our greatest men you will find they were capable of great endurance—they had good constitutions, or, in other words, they had good health.

During the last few years I have received a good many letters asking me questions pertaining to all the affairs of life, and especially about how to get and keep health.

I concentrate all my energies, all my thought and all my efforts to just one thing, and that one is—HEALTH. Because you may be sickly or delicate is no reason why you should remain sickly or delicate. The race is not to the swift nor the battle to the strong, but to the pure in heart and in his manner of life.

Some four hundred years ago the strong and hardy people of Europe came to a new world, as they then called it.

They found people living there whose principal diet was meat. They had a grain called corn, but their principal reliance was upon the game which abounded in the vast forests, and when the hunters were unable to kill the wild animals a famine was the result.

Longfellow tells us of such conditions in the story of "The Famine"—

"Oh, the long and dreary winter!
Oh, the cold and cruel winter!"

These people who lived mostly upon flesh meats were not very numerous. There were very few children in each family.

The people were divided into different tribes or nations, and made constant war upon one another.

Well, the hardy and energetic people of Europe

came to this land and cut down the trees and soon the wilderness was made to blossom as the rose. It became literally a land flowing with milk and honey.

They brought with them a most wonderful grain which they planted. This grain was called wheat.

Now this is the most wonderful part of my story. This wheat contains in each grain just the right kind of nourishment for the human system, but some time, somehow, it became fashionable to "bolt" the wheat, or, in other words, to sift out those parts of the flour which gave it a dark color, and make bread only of the snowy white flour, and the bread was very nice to look at, but after several generations of people had eaten this white flour bread, they had to employ a great army of workers to help them. These people that helped them were called Dentists and Doctors and Healers.

The Dentists made gold and porcelain teeth for the people, and the Doctors and the Healers performed many wonders and spectacles were made even for the children.

But yet there were many sick people, and they called their sickness "general debility" because they were generally weak and had found no cure.

Great light has now come to this earth.

Remember this: the wise way is to deal with the cause if you wish to make a perfect cure. Then you rest upon a sure and firm foundation.

This month I bring to your notice the words of a great man who years ago told about

"THE WHOLE AND THE HULLED WHEAT."

Of all the grains known to man there is no other so good for human food as wheat. A proof of this is indirectly to be found in the fact that within that belt of the earth's surface where this grain grows, there the best organized, most influential and highly civilized human beings dwell. The "potential energy" which this grain contains is more available to the development of a high order of bodily and intellectual vigor than any other grain, and when eaten, aids to the promotion of the largest measure of physical strength and intellectual and moral resource.

"Other grains are good, any of them very much better than flesh meats; but no one of them contains in itself so large a proportion of the constituent elements which go essentially to make up a perfect human body, as wheat."

"It is a question of no small import, how this grain shall be prepared for food so as to have its answer, in the best measure, human needs."

"The Roman soldier, whose name has come down to us with historic renown, as having been competent to undergo more physical endurance than any

other representative of labor, uniformly, when on the march, ate all his wheat unground and uncooked. On it, as a food, he endured the severe campaigns which have made ancient Roman valor illustrious. When from any cause this food failed him, and he was compelled to subsist for a longer or lesser time without it, his physical strength and his physical courage sensibly diminished. In our day also, just as far as facts have been gathered, going to show the effects upon the bodies, minds, morals and conduct of men who have eaten wheat which had been ground and bolted, and so made into superfine flour, they have deteriorated in all these respects.

"HOW, THEN, OUGHT THIS GRAIN TO BE EATEN?"

"Two points are significant. One, that it should be ground so as not to lose any of its component parts; the other, that being thus ground, it should be cooked so as not to change any of its proximate elements. Wheat is made up of three distinguishing constituents: First, its outer covering, which is innutritious; second, its inner covering, which is nutritious but of a glutinous quality; third, its inmost part, which is also nutritious, but is almost purely starch. From the starchy and glutinous portions nutriment is obtained, and the inquiry is often made to me, 'Why not hull the wheat in such a manner as to retain the gluten and the starch, and let the fibrous, flinty portion, which is the external covering to it, be thrown away?' My answer to this inquiry is as follows: The human body, in its natural state, is so constituted that, in order to have the digestive organization perform its functions healthfully, there needs to be introduced within the walls of the stomach and bowels, along with the nutritious food eaten, a certain amount of innutritious material, for the following reasons:

"First, The stomach and bowels have their inner surface lined by a very delicate structure, called the mucous membrane. This membrane is so organized that, in the exercise of its function, it secretes a fluid, necessary to the proper performance of decomposition, assimilation and defecation. If, from any cause whatever, this fluid is not secreted, especially in the bowels, and particularly in the lower or large bowel, the excretory process becomes defective, and a condition of the bowels, known as the constipated, is set up. There is no cause for habitual, regular, active exercise of the mucous membrane of the large intestine. It becomes, therefore, habitually inert. The food, being almost entirely or quite nutritious, is decomposed and absorbed into the blood, so that there is no call, or very little call, for an action of the lower bowel. Under such condition, all that it has to do is to excrete whatever effete material flows through the blood vessels into its cavities.

"This secretion of waste matter from the blood is much less likely to be efficient when the bowel contains no factitious or indigestible materials which have descended into its cavities from above, than would be the case were it, in a measure, filled regularly with such materials, and thereby excited to organic action.

"Analogous to this, an illustration may be found in the increased and more effective action of the salivary glands when something is put within the mouth, than when nothing is there. A gravel stone, a bit of chip, or any hard, indigestible substance, like a bit of resinous gum put into the mouth, by its very presence excites the salivary glands to action and increases their flow thereby. When anything is within the walls of the large intestine which is indigestible, the vital necessity is for the organ to be rid of it. It must go along its passageway and be excreted at its lower opening. To remain unexpelled would be to create congestion, irritation and inflammation, maybe suppuration and then organic destruction. To rid itself of this matter it must be removed; and to this end a fluid is poured, from the cavities which hold it, into the canal, and thereby it is enabled to be sent down and passed out.

"HEALTHFUL ACTION"

"Now, all this vital effort tends directly to keep up a healthy state of the mucous membranous structure, just as much as exercise of the muscle helps to keep it in good health; and if to take food, which has no factitious material, is to dispose of this food entirely before any of it reaches the large bowel, then the bowel has nothing to do, except to take care of what little secretion of waste matters from the blood may be passed into its cavities. The more inert the bowel becomes from want of organic action, the less of this secretion takes place, until at length a lack of movement of the bowel becomes habitual for want of anything to move. Thus, what we call constipation, one of the worst and most dangerous to health of all the diseases which are curable, with which the human body is afflicted, is established.

"I am not trying to write a scientific treatise. I am trying to set, in plain phrase, the truth in this matter, so that the plain folk, who lay no special claim to science, can get the idea that so delicate a membrane as the mucous, lining as it does the walls of the stomach, of the small intestine and of the large bowel, needs to have its proper stimulus or excitant, in order that it may perform its natural

action well. To do this, it must be made vitally sensitive, or it becomes vitally insensitive. It needs, therefore, the presence of material which cannot be digested, in order that it may be healthfully exercised.

"THE VALUE OF BRAN"

"So far, therefore, as our food is made out of the grain known as wheat, the external or innutritious part of it, known as bran or hull, is of immense importance. Unhulled and properly prepared wheat makes the best food for man of anything known as an edible. Hulled, it is, and must be, very inferior. Facts are stubborn things, and one of them is, that persons, young and old, who live largely upon food made out of wheat which has been bolted, the bran being separated from the flour, are constipated, purely from a want of natural action of the bowels. An additional, and not less pregnant fact, is that, whenever they have stopped taking food made of bolted wheat flour, and have gone to eating food made of unbolted flour, their constipation has lessened. The action of the lower bowel increases, and, after awhile, becomes natural; and when constipation gives way to a full movement, this reflects, sometimes, entire and complete relief over the whole brood of ailments which had made their lives wretched.

"That wheat prepared as food, with the gluten retained along with the starch, the bran being only separated from these, is much better as a nutritious article than it can be if the starch alone is used, and the gluten permitted to go with the bran, and these be thrown away, or used for animals, while the starch portion only is food for human beings, there can be no question. But the danger does not lie, with our people, so much from an innutritive point, as it does from a proper disposition of wastage. There is a great number of articles of food, easily to be obtained, that can be made serviceable to repair the system as against the waste that constantly goes on in it. It is not necessary that men should eat wheat exclusively, or in the main, in order to get the means of nutrition. All the grains are serviceable in this direction. A large class of vegetables is very valuable. Many of our fruits are nutritious; so that if a man could not get wheat, he could get along very well without it. To take care of his nutrient relations is less difficult than it is to dispose of the waste matters which constantly accumulate in his system, and which must be moved out throughout one or all of the four passages: First, his skin; second, his lungs; third, his kidneys; fourth, his bowels. These are the four excretory openings.

"It is less material to the proper action of skin and lungs and kidneys, whether or not a man eats, along with his food, a certain amount of substance that cannot be digested, than it is to his stomach and bowels for the reason that their action does not depend upon the use of such material. But the bowels cannot act in their natural vigor and efficiency unless they are, in a measure, incited to action by the presence of such material. The mere secretion from the blood of the waste matters, which legitimately flow into the cavities of the bowels for their excretion, is comparatively so small that the bowels would have too little to do if they had these, and these alone, to cast out. The accumulation of this pure wastage secreted from the blood, to be cast out through the bowels, would be, even in a vigorously healthy man, of so minimum a quantity that the action of the bowels caused by its presence within their walls, thus exciting them to a movement, would be not oftener than once in two, three or four days, especially if the skin, the kidneys and the lungs were healthfully active, and excreted their relative proportion of the whole matter of wastage. In any number of instances, men have bowel movements because the skin and the kidneys are so inert as to throw upon the bowels, very largely, the work they ought to do.

"DIFFICULTY OF DIGESTION"

"It is well to consider one fact in connection with the eating of food made out of the whole kernel of the wheat, ground into flour, as compared with food made out of grain with the outer skin or bran taken off, the glutinous and starch portions being retained. This fact is, that with many persons the whole grain being ground and made into food, irritates, and causes flatulence in the stomach and bowels, both small and great, and so disturbs those who eat it, causing them to suffer, when, if the husk or flinty bran skin be taken off, they eat the remainder with less difficulty. They therefore argue that it is well to separate these; and their argument is good on the ground of their ill condition. I might not think that beefsteak was as good for man as some other aliment, and yet I would give it to him under certain conditions in preference to the other, since in these conditions he could eat it with less suffering. But if I had his ultimate good in view, I should seek to change the state of his stomach that he might eat what was in itself better for him, rather than have his morbid necessity say what he should be compelled to eat. It may be said, I think, without question, that any person who cannot eat food made out of unbolted wheat meal, the grain being properly ground and properly prepared, has a sick mucous membrane.

That membrane, beginning at the stomach and ending at the lower opening of the alimentary or intestinal canal, is congested, or the membrane is sick or irritated, or has along its track patches of acutely sore spots. Wheat meal preparations put into the stomach and sent along this canal irritate these inflamed surfaces by the presence of the flinty or bran portion of it. Take this bran out, and the nutritious portions are disposed of without distress; but this very irritation caused by the bran is the very means, and, in many instances, the only means for the cure of this sick membrane. It stimulates it, if I may so say, causing it to do what nothing but some factitious material could cause it to do; and while the person thus eating this food suffers meanwhile more than he would if the bran were taken out, after awhile he begins to suffer less, and still less, until at length he can eat it without any trouble. Then congestion of the liver ceases; kidney difficulties lessen; lungs begin to play better; bowels become natural; skin becomes soft; nerves become less sensitive at their centres or termini; brain becomes more vigorous; mind becomes clear; sleep comes to the man; temperature regulates itself well; and the whole creature finds himself newly related to conscious existence.

"The apple and the potato and some other fruits and vegetables have their skin, but we don't like them. The meats we eat have no factitious material unless we pulverize the bones. Our condiments—sugar, butter, salt and all the spices—are largely free. Our other grains have hulls which we very much dislike. The oat, the rye, the corn have a hull so much thicker, coarser and heavier than the wheat that we feel obliged to bolt this out.

"But the wheat has its hull so delicate that if it be properly ground it can be retained in the food, and used without spoiling the relish of its other portions, and without disturbing the most delicate stomach, except for a time, while at the same time it answers an imperative need. In fact, it is because of its peculiarity in the structure of its indigestible portion, that, in a measure, it excels any other article known to man as food. It is composed of the nicest proportions of nutriment and innutritment of all the grains and substances of food which we have, and if a man can get nothing else, he can live, work and think on it. His brain will be healthy; all parts of the body will be healthy; and he will stand up a marvel and model of health and endurance, as did the old Roman soldiers.

"Cultivate, then, in every way you can, the practice of eating, along with your food, that made out of unbolted wheat meal; and if you are, for the time being, disturbed by it, be courageous, and bear it. Sooner or later you can win on that basis; and when you have, you have won health, or, at least, the next thing to it, the possibility and probability of getting it."



Two Months' Treatment

Mystic No. 12, My Dear Sir—Inclosed find two dollars for two months' treatment in the Healing Circle. I have improved very much in the last two months, both mentally and physically, and am more than grateful to you for your thoughts and help. As I am still a little nervous I think two months' more treatment will benefit me greatly. I still ask for your help daily. Thanking you again, I remain, Most sincerely yours, M. S.

Just Before the Dawn

Mystic No. 12—I received your most kind and welcome letter some time ago, but have kept putting off answering from time to time. Some time ago I took a month's treatment with you; my health has been very much better since, and I have also been helped in other ways. Soon after writing to you for help I met with a great trouble; immediately my burden seemed lighter and I faced it bravely, feeling everything would be all right some day; sometimes the darkest hour is just before the dawn. You have helped me wonderfully, but I still need your help. I would like to continue in your Vibrations; I cannot get along without your help. I cannot get along without THE MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES. It has been such a help to me during the year that has passed, and I hope that I may always have it to read; it has been an inspiration and a comfort to me. I hope to be able to help spread the circulation and do something for the Magazine. I sleep much better than I did before taking your treatments. I try always to do the best I can, and leave it all with my Father in Heaven. I know that He cares for me. I will bring this letter to a close, wishing you and all the dear Mystics every success in this grand work for the Master.

Yours in Holy Love,

J. C.

Gained in Weight and Strength

Dear Brother—After one month's treatment I wish to tell you that I am much improved; I have gained about ten pounds in weight and strength in proportion; I am glad to say that I will be able to go to work again in a short time. I cannot thank you and the Mystics of the Mystic Success Club enough for what you have done for me; may God bless you all and your good work. I am sending one dollar for another month's treatment, as I wish to remain in your Vibrations until I am perfectly well.

Yours gratefully, G. V.

Trying to Help Others

Dear Brother Mystic No. 12—I write to let you know that I have been feeling so much better since I have been treated by you; I did all my hard work last week and did not feel any bad effects. I am so thankful to you and God for what I have received; I wish that I could convince every sufferer

that I know to get the same help, and I am doing all I can in that way. I send you a dollar bill and ask your Prayers and Vibrations for my son. Hoping this will reach you safely, I remain,

Your sister in love, S. R.

Seeking Wisdom and Understanding

My Dear Friend Mystic No. 12—I send you a dollar for the second month's treatment of your Vibrations, and I hope this will be in time, so that I will not lose any of your Vibrations. I am improving in mind and body, and I am trying to rule the spirit. I shall continue in your Vibrations, and by the help of God the Father Almighty, I shall get knowledge and understanding.

Yours in faith, hope and love, J. R.

Has More Strength

Beloved Mystic No. 12—Please find inclosed one dollar for a second month's treatment; I feel that I am stronger than I was one month ago; I am trusting God and the Holy Mystics to bring me into perfect health and communion with Divine forces. My prayer is that your Vibrations will bring me into the pure light and understanding of God's love.

Yours sincerely, M. M.

Happiness

Mystic No. 12, Dear Brother—A few months ago I asked you to treat my mother. I am very thankful to tell you that the disturbed mental condition has greatly improved and she seems more peaceful and happy. Thanking you again for all your help and kindness, I remain,

Gratefully yours, Mrs. —.

The Pain Has Been Much Less

Mystic No. 12—One month of your treatment has gone by, and I am so well pleased that I inclose one dollar for another month's Vibrations. I am an old lady and much broken down in every way; last summer I was confined to my bed many weeks, and since then I have had pain in my side most of the time. Under your treatment, however, the pain has been much less. I read THE MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES every month and the papers you sent me with much interest, and am striving with all my might to understand and practice the truths therein contained. My great desire is for my remaining years to have health, strength and understanding of these truths, so that I can use them to help my fellow-men. I am sure, as time rolls on, I shall receive the health and light I have so long sought and prayed for.

Yours most sincerely, E. R.

Lots of Good

My Dear Mystic No. 12—Inclosed herewith please find one dollar for another month's treatment, beginning February 28. I am feeling so much better. Your Vibrations are doing me lots of good.

Very sincerely yours, A. K.

Getting Well Fast

Mystic No. 12, Dear Sir—Inclosed please find one dollar (\$1) for another month's Vibrations. I am getting well fast; I am not so nervous as I have been. I can sew now and work some; I am gaining strength fast. I am doing all I can to get well. Please keep on praying for my health, that I may get well and strong, and that I may understand God's commands. I wish that I could overcome all that is in my way of coming nearer to God. God bless you for your noble work. God bless you and your Healing Circle.

Yours truly, A. M.

I Wish to Continue in Your Vibrations

Dear Mystic—I wish very much to continue in your Vibrations, for I know that they do me a great deal of good. Am following your directions as near as seems possible at the present time. I am trying to be patient. My first month is up on the 24th, and I hope you receive this letter with inclosed one dollar in time.

With kind regards, A. K.

Laws of Life

Mystic No. 12—Last July I took one month's treatment of your Healing Vibrations and messages, and I must say your laws of life and ideas drew me in a new way in thought and mentally and physically I got better. Now I want the second month's treatment for which find inclosed one-dollar money order.

Very truly, J. S.

Less Worry

Mystic No. 12, Dear Brother—I received your welcome messages. I am feeling better than when I first wrote you. I do not worry as much, and everything seems to take on a different aspect than it used to. I have committed to memory the two prayers you sent me in "How to Pray" and use them frequently. I read my Bible and THE MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES, and they are both a source of great comfort to me, although there are some things I do not fully comprehend. I feel very thankful to a kind, Heavenly Father for attracting my attention to THE MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES. Surely, dear brother, yours is a labor of love, and may God's choicest blessings rest on your efforts. I thank you very much for your kind interest in my behalf, and will close by saying, with God's help, I will try to help myself. May God bless you and keep you and cause His face to shine upon you is the sincere wish of

Yours respectfully, C. A.

I Have More Hope and Courage

Dear Mystic No. 12—I inclose one dollar for another month's Vibrations. I find I am improving every day. I send the money a little bit ahead of time, so there will not one day be lost. I have more hope and courage now, and I have faith to believe I will get well physically, mentally and spiritually.

Sincerely, E. O.

Free from Pain

My Dear Mystic No. 12—Inclosed find one dollar for one month's treatment for my husband and myself. I want to write you that this last month is the first time in years that I have been free from pain. My voice is gaining too.

Yours in hope and love, E. & C. K.

The Good Ground

By Otwen R. Washburn

Written especially for
THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES

IN a parable Jesus told us that some seed "fell on good ground." Why is some ground good and other ground barren? Once all ground was alike. Why are some spots blooming with flowers and rich with grain or fruits each year, while near them are barren wastes where briars and coarse grasses grow?

Look back to the earlier days of this progressive creation of which we are a part and you will understand. Once great tides ran across the continent. Once the moon, nearer than now, swayed the currents of the seas in strange ways. Sand bars were blown about like thistledown, mountains rose and sank and rose again, and in the churning fury of billows beating on rock-guarded coasts the fragments of the world's crust were ground into sand.

Then came days of fiery volcanoes among verdure-clad fields, of moving glaciers, freezing the face of the world into sterner lines and grinding new channels across the hills. At last the earth lay quiet, and slowly the Infinite Love took form in Life, and the shores of the lakes and streams were bordered with tiny plants, the forerunners of flowers and forest trees and kindly grain.

But still there was no good ground. That must come after another struggle. First into the desert marched low forms of life, growing into hard, thorny weeds as years went by. These, dying, made a thin soil, and upon this developed ever higher types, till at last the primal forms of grass and wood were all begun. Then came the struggle to possess that land. Gigantic growths tried to crowd each other aside. The rains were warm, the tropic heat almost exceeded the limit of any plant life. Brakes grew fifty feet high, trees developed poisonous dew that killed other forms of life. Up into the air for hundreds of feet they struggled, choked each other, and died from lack of air and light. Or, sometimes, overwhelmed suddenly, they became part of earth, to reappear as coal in a distant age. While these rank growths were working out the falsity of selfish appeals to brute force there appeared finer, more highly organized, more spiritual types of trees and plants. These were more adaptable. They spent not their energies sending out poisons, but in producing fruits, in preparing to overcome the world by service to other creatures, by scattering their seed abroad and asking little room and giving much to the earth. These were the ancestors of the apple and the orange, the peach and the rose. When the birds appeared they made a league of love with them. The seeds were carried by the dove, and where the giant of the old order died for lack of soil these servers of the life about them thrived exceedingly. Not from brute force, armed attitudes, came dominion, but from the kindly serving of all creatures.

The rocks are no longer red-hot upon the globe. The glaciers are retreating to the northward. The valleys are fertile and the hills bring forth for the flocks.

Observe this and learn the lesson: The good ground was made by shock and fire and flood and change and separation. That which has endured little or endured not enough is still barren, but that which has endured all things is bringing forth harvests, and is happy with wheat and orchards and singing birds and lowing flocks. The fury of fire storms and of earthquakes that broke the hills

was not the wrath but the eternal love of God subduing all things to His will.

Observe also that dominion is the result of service. The trees that thrive most produce something for some creature. The barren thorn trees are now but shrub-like growths, but the pine and the oak and chestnut and cherry and palm bring forth food for bird or animal, and are strong for the use of man. The best plants, the cotton, the corn and many a garden growth have all things cleared away before them that they may grow unvexed to the fullest standard of usefulness.

Children of Eternity, be not cast down at affliction nor the testings of temptation. If God so loved the world that He made fire and flood the ministers of His will, think you not He cares for you so that the fires of suffering and the floods of adversity shall leave the Eternal Soul "good ground"? If weeds died in the deserts for ages, and yet good fruit was made possible by the death of these, shall there not come forth in your life fruit such as angels shall rejoice in when the soul is ready after the desolations you have seen?

If usefulness gave the tree and flower dominion, shall it not prove as effective in higher realms? Make haste that the soil of your fields be worked upon to the bringing forth of much fruit, but know that no trials are vain. On the borders of volcanoes, where the lava ran fathoms deep in savage destruction, now bloom the growths that mark the most fertile lands beneath the sun. When the lava was transmuted to plant food the work was done. When our anger and hate are also destroyed we shall find ourselves good ground.

Take courage, and again I say, take courage! God is taking such care of you that you are part of the one field He has made all things to serve. Have you been parted from those you love? Have you been shaken as by an earthquake of the mind? Have you been carried away as by a flood? Let these be your helps to make your life good ground that it may bring forth harvests fit for the spirit that is over all and of which we are ourselves are part.

Not one experience of Mother Earth was ever useless. The barren fields are yet to blossom as the rose. Nothing was in vain.

For us all happiness is founded on experience. Rejoice, and again and again rejoice, as each new experience is passed and put away. Rejoice even when the fires of sin have cleansed you from some form of sinning. Those lava ashes shall be to you strength when you are ready to be as the gardens of Paradise, watered by the river, the streams of which make glad the city of God.

Even now the good ground is torn before it brings forth. Plowshares that turn not aside cover the growths of past times and leave the dark side outward before the seed is planted. Then comes the Spirit of Life, and makes all things new, and more to be desired than ever is the harrowed field. So may it be in your life. No matter how hard was the trial, you may, by being anxious to bring forth something for others, be blest yourself.

But beware how you let the wrong seed fall upon the new-turned areas of your thought. The tares grow quickly, but at the last they are cut down and cast into the oven. You cannot afford to be anything save what God would have you to become. And all good seed produces a daily harvest to all eternity.

Take heart, the Master builds again
A charmed life old Goodness hath,
The tares may perish, but the grain
Is not for death.

This, then, is the message of the ages, as of this month of planting; that evil is self-destroying and good alone abides; that suffering will pass away, but after all has been endured nothing but the "good ground" remains, and in the gardens thus formed we shall rejoice. It is our task to make the painful travail of the birth of spiritual life as short as possible. It is for us to put away the

chaotic, volcano-and-earthquake condition and get quickly into that thought which is typified by perpetual growth in an everlasting Eden.

This we are doing now. The trials and tears and heartaches leave some new element with us that at last brings forth the garlands to make crowns of everlasting joy. There is comfort for all, recompense for all, in due measure as we have had faith, hope and love. We shall prosper in the places that were deserts. Like the root out of the dry ground shall we come up into the flower of our immortal life. Soon or late all loves, longings, prayers shall be fulfilled, and we shall forget the former things, for they will have passed away. Make, then, yourself ready, for behold, the Bridegroom, the Ever-living Christ, cometh. Go forth to meet Him and to be obedient and toiling followers of the ever-living Lord. Prepare for

That God, which ever lives and loves,
One God, one law, one element,
And one far-off divine event,
To which the whole creation moves.

Real Victory

To forgive wrongs darker than death and night;
To suffer woes that hope thinks infinite;
To love and bear; to hope till hope creates
From her own wrecks the thing she contemplates;
Never to change nor falter, nor repent,
This, like thy glory, Titan, is to be
Good, brave and joyous, beautiful and free;
This is above life, love, empire and victory.
—Shelley.

The Divine Attraction

There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

A POWER outside and beyond us—of the existence and reality of that none can doubt who question facts seriously. Many recognize power and power only: the play of vast forces against which man has as much as he can do to maintain himself.

At moments we are unmindful of it, but only at moments; for no sooner do we reflect than we are well aware that we are in the grasp of tremendous forces before which our little lives are as leaves in the forest before the autumn gale.

It is always easy to believe in the Overruling Goodness when the "Lilacs bloom in the doorway" and the violets peep through the sod; we are tired of winter and are apt to forget the cold, gray light of the morning, the pitiless winds, the icicles that hang on the wall or drop from the windows, when the walk is slippery from ice and we must beat our fingers to keep the blood from chilling in the numb pain. Yet all this helps to make the golden days of June the days that are Perfect. The Power of contrast is the power of polarity. Then we can love the joy of the summer days.

In these days man cares but little about the things which are doing interiorly in his spirit, since the things of the external occupy him completely. When these externalities are the chief ends of life, the things of the inner life are of little account—they may be concealed or even quite unknown. Such is life to the thoughtless; but the wise man will practice self-examination and self-discipline, for "Self is the Lord of Self; who else could be the Lord?"

Man is saved, he "walks the untrodden land by the power of the self-controlled self."

A Water Lily

O STAR, on the heart of the river,
O marvel of bloom and of grace,
Did you fall right down from heaven,
Out of the sweetest place?

You are white as the thought of an angel,
Your heart is steeped in the sun;
Did you grow in the Golden City,
You pure and radiant one?

Nay, I fell not out of heaven,
None gave me my saintly white;
It slowly grew from the darkness
Down in the dreary night.

From the ooze of the silent river
I won my glory and grace;
White souls fall not, O my poet!
They rise to the sweetest place.

W. L. BUTTS.



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Down the highways of the winds and up from the treasures of God where the dews are counted as sapphires and diamonds come to us the messages of tender love as the great May Gate of the year swings wide to our hurrying feet.

Across the uncounted leagues of awakened earth shines the pale green of the robes of smiling Love as, passion-moved, she walks and woos and kisses all the infinite host of beings that have their joy in God. The tiny flowers of the field glow beneath her touch, the trees of the orchards grow pink as the buds swell, the mighty oak and towering elms are all palpitating with the coming of the whispering spirit of willowy spring.

Granite mountains are hidden under fringed birches, gashes in the breast of Mother Earth are half-healed by springing grasses, and over the valleys where rivers have been burnished by the dawns is hung the great turquoise which clasps in deepest blue the pearly clouds. There is nothing but warmth and sunshine in the Eternal Plan for this season.

Arise, look out of the Window Eastward! "Is this a time to afflict your soul," to fast, to pray? The very snails and turtles are moved to action in this hour of God's appearing.

Respond to the touch that maketh all things new. Did God make May to mourn in? Did the Hepatica misunderstand the Master of Life when it arrayed itself in white and tints of blue? Are the marshlands wrong when from the sodden earth they garb themselves in the dress of youth and gladness? "Wherefore if God so clothe the grass of the fields, which to-day is and to-morrow is cut down," what think you He would want of you? That you should hang mourning garments upon yourself? That you should let down the veil of sorrow before your face between yourself and God?

Do the meadows send forth no more lilies if one lily fall? Do the orchards have no more perfume if one tree die? Why, then, should the grief of yesterday move you to love less, rejoice less in the Infinite Life that is about you?

Know you not the riches of God? Know you not they can never be exhausted? For every loss there is more than fulfilment. For every death an increase of Eternal Life for you.

Shall the children of the bride-chamber mourn while the bridegroom is with them? Shall you wear black and encourage tears or repining while the rustling apparel of the Almighty Peace and Truth is music upon the mountains and a glory among the gardens?

Shall you keep winter-like hatreds when the glow of Everlasting Joy calls to you from the very tree trunks and boulders? Always spring comes after winter has gone, and teaches us spiritual truth. Its whole message is that love brings all good things. That love and life are one and God is both, and more.

Live in harmony with this thought. Cast aside your limiting bonds and accept what Maytime declares. "Let your garments be always white" and your thought be ever full of faith, and trust that your own shall come to you. Thus shall you gain the power to see the "stars shine through the cypress trees," and you will learn

"That truth, to flesh and sense unknown,
That Life is ever lord of Death
And Love can never lose its own."

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 tried to do your best yet have been misunderstood—when you feel broken-hearted and forsaken, go out in the fresh air under the friendly sky, and let the soft wind blow over your face, realizing it as God's tenderness. Then remember what Jesus said to those who felt as you: *Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake.* . . . Can you take this to yourself and say: *I am blessed; yes, in this moment I rejoice that I am blessed.* If you can—nay, if you will—say these words until you feel them in your heart, you will indeed partake of the bread of heaven, and your loneliness shall flee away and your sorrows be forgotten.

When you have said or done aught for which you are ashamed, or out of which you have learned the way of humility, say many times with deep sincerity and yearning of heart: *Create within me a new heart, O God. Create a right spirit within me.* . . . And after these words have gone forth, add fervently and praisefully: *I thank Thee that Thou hast heard me, O Father.*

When you have passed through a trying period of your life, though you might wish you had done differently, spend no thought in vain regret. Look not backward, but ever forward. Say with Paul: *I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.* Say it earnestly, repeatedly, until new strength floods your soul and new light your mind. Say it whenever you need renewed courage.

When you feel a wave of fear sweeping over you—fear of accident, sickness or poverty, say: *God hath not given me the spirit of fear, but of power and of love, and of a sound mind. Every moment of my life, in all my ways, I will acknowledge Him as the only Power and the Power of my life.* Then will the wave pass, and you will be filled with a great and wondrous peace, and you will begin to understand how it is God makes His tabernacle with men.

The Angels' Song of Peace

[Written for the Peace Congress held in Boston]

By Martin Kellogg Schermerhorn

FORWARD, all ye faithful,
Seeking Love and Peace;
Hastening on the era
When all strife shall cease;
All the saintly sages
Lead us in the way;
Forward, in their footsteps,
Toward that perfect day!
All the saintly sages, etc.

Raise the song of triumph—
"Peace on Earth, Good Will";
Angels sang this anthem;
Let us sing it still;
Hell's foundations quiver
At this Song of Peace.
Brothers, let us sing it
Till all strife shall cease!
All the saintly sages, etc.

Children of One Father
Are the nations all;
"Children mine, beloved"—
Each one doth He call—
"Be ye not divided,
All one Family
Be, in mind and spirit
And in Charity!"
All the saintly sages, etc.

Wealth and power shall perish,
Nations rise and wane;
Love of others only
Steadfast will remain;
Hate and greed can never
'Gainst this Love prevail;
It shall stand triumphant
When all else shall fail!
All the saintly sages, etc.

Forward, then, ye faithful,
Seeking Love and Peace;
Hastening on the era
When all strife shall cease!
Join us, all ye people,
Join our hopeful throng;
Blend with ours your voices
In the Angels' Song;
All the saintly sages
Lead us in the way;
Forward in their footsteps
Toward that perfect day! Amen.
—Our Dumb Animals.

On the Sea of Galilee

Jesus and His disciples were sailing on the sea of Galilee when a great storm arose, and Jesus was asleep. The wind blew and the waves beat upon the little ship. The disciples were in great terror and they woke Jesus, saying to Him, "Master, earnest Thou not that we perish?" Then He arose and rebuked the wind and said unto the sea, "Peace, be still," and the wind ceased and there was a great calm.

If we look upon this little story merely as an incident which happened nineteen hundred years ago, it can mean very little to us. Let us take it as being typical of our own lives, and what do we find there?

The meaning of the word Galilee is "a circle." Jesus typified this circle when He said, "I came forth from the Father, and am come into the world; again I leave the world, and go to the Father." It is life—world experience. Jesus was often out there on that Sea of Galilee. We are out there, too, in our own little ships. The disciples are our thoughts. They are always with us.

Presently a storm arises. My storm may not be like your storm. There are storms of physical weakness, poverty, worry, anxiety. The winds of trouble blow, and its waves roll high. What fear among the disciples—the thoughts! They fly in terror here and there. Jesus is asleep. The higher consciousness slumbers. Oh, arouse the Jesus within you. Do not let Him lie asleep. With that calm presence see Him rise and bid the troubled waves of sickness or of sorrow to "Be still." Then will come that great calm when all the anxious thoughts and fears are still.

LOUISE B. McLAUGHLIN.

The Suffering Presence

FROM the earth the sign may come,
From the floating cloud;
From the silences most dumb
It may speak aloud.

Whenso'er thou hear'st that voice,
Whatso'er thy fear,
Let thy trembling soul rejoice—
God is near.

JOHN BROWN JEWETT.

HEART TALKS

By Helen Van-Anderson

Written especially for
THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF
MYSTERIES

MAY is here with all her winsome ways and lovely promises.

Isn't it good to be alive and see all this beauty, and, better still, to know that it comes from the very heart of the earth? Somehow there seems so much that is beautiful, and I think that I never enjoyed a spring more, and that is saying a good deal.

Perhaps it is because I see more clearly than ever before the relation between what is hidden and what is revealed.

If we could only realize the law of cause and effect, or the relation between the seen and the unseen, we should have more faith in dealing with the cause to change the effect.

This reminds me to answer a question asked in one of the many beautiful letters I have received this month as to how to cultivate more volume and depth of tone in the singing voice.

My young friend says: "They tell me I have a very sweet voice, in quality like a violin tone, but unless I can make it less like a baby's I will never be able to do much with it. If you can tell how I can change this I will be willing to do anything, even to the laying down of my mental life and finding a new one."

Now, my dear, take the hint which Nature gives, and look for that which is hidden.

You say your voice is light in quality, yet very sweet. The sweetness is the indication of the natural harmony and purity of soul; the absence of breadth or depth is probably due to a lack of experience as well as unawakened emotions.

Before I tell you just what to do, I want to explain a little about the wonderful "I."

The "I" expresses through the mouth, but back of the mouth are the centres of consciousness.

There are three general centres functioning through the body.

First is the intellectual, and may be called the centre of intellectual Perception; its physical correspondence is the middle of the forehead.

The second centre is expressed physically in the upper part of the chest, and may be called the centre of Reflection or Imitation.

The third is the centre of Feeling or Emotion, of which the solar plexus is the physical expressor.

In gaining the technique of singing you use the first or intellectual centre. The second is used as you reflect or imitate sounds. Possibly this is all that you have as yet experienced. When your tones come from the Feeling centre you cannot fail, if your instrument is developed sufficiently, to have the depth and fulness of tone that you desire, for it will be the breadth and vastness of the soul's feeling which will express itself from this centre.

Is this clear to you? Let me illustrate.

Some beautiful day go out to the shore of the ocean when the tide is coming in. Listen to the sound of the waves. At first you will hear the sound by distinguishing it from other sounds. It will be a sound and nothing more. Try to imitate it. You will find in your effort that your chest is involved in the listening as well as your ears. This explains why there is often a breathlessness in intense listening. Try again, but before doing so realize what the coming of the waves signifies. Realize the depth and mightiness of the ocean, its vastness, its grandeur and power. Be not concerned alone with the sound, but the volume, the power that makes the sound. As you realize the power of the ocean you will be lost to all else.

If you can succeed in making yourself feel at one with this power, yes, even as though you were impelled with the resistless tide itself, you will be able to send forth in your tone something of your realization of the illimitable power and grandeur of the ocean. Your tone will be sent forth from the solar plexus, not because you *think* of sending it from the solar plexus, but because in the great tide of feeling it finds the natural expression from the natural centre of feeling.

Do you see the hint of the law? Then try in every way to deepen your feeling about everything. Get back of the appearance of things into the reality, the hidden side. In every way strive to find your deeper self, your soul, which knows, which lives, which thrills, which *feels* with the deep things of God and the Universe.

I have a friend who is a wonderful teacher of reading and the interpretation of literature.

Some years ago she lived in a Northern college town, and one day there came to her a colored boy who was a pupil in the college.

He said there was to be an oratorical contest, and he would like to be coached so that he might compete for the prize. His oration was to be the speech of Toussaint l'Ouverture, the colored hero of Hayti, who became the leader in the emancipation of his race.

After the arrangements for the special coaching had been made, and the boy was about to go, he said, half-apologetically: "I would like to win that prize, but I suppose it's no use to think I can."

"What!" exclaimed my friend. "Then don't come to me for any lessons, for I can do nothing for you. If you are only thinking of winning the prize, or thinking whether you can successfully repeat the words of your oration, you had better not begin. But if you can forget *yourself* and can be Toussaint l'Ouverture, speaking for your race, you will win."

The boy started, his eyes opened wide, and in his heart he determined to know nothing and to be nothing but the impassioned leader and rescuer of his people.

That boy won the prize. Not only that one, but many another, for he had learned the secret of oratory.

Why could you not do the same with singing?

It may be necessary for a long time to think and practice such music as is *majestic, deep, soulful*, and in every case and at all times be sure to enter into the feeling of the musician that you may lose all thought of your limitation in soulful expression.

Of course, it goes without saying that you will keep the body in practice, that you will pay attention to the best instruction for deep breathing, tone production, etc.

As you become accustomed to looking beyond the surface of things you will find your life deepened and broadened, and you will live from the centre of being, expressing more and more through the feeling centre rather than those of perception or reflection, although it takes the three to make the perfect "I." Emerson says truly: "When a man lives with God his voice shall be as sweet as the murmur of the brook and the rustle of the corn."

To the little woman who is trying so hard to make both ends meet, and at the same time give all the children of the neighborhood good stories, good songs and good times, I must say, *God bless you.* You are sowing in a field that shall bring forth a golden harvest. May the roses and lilies of these children's happy thoughts be showered upon you as the days go by.

I want to thank all who have written me such encouraging words. They are like "apples of gold in pictures of silver."

Music of Silence

By Emma D. Pitts

I FAIR would sing a song of light
Whose waves of sound my spirit fill;
A song of joy and radiance bright,
That would the starry midnight thrill;
Could I but catch the rhythm sweet
That rolls along the ambient air;
Could I but catch the music fleet
That winds about me everywhere.

There's music in the wind that blows,
And in the storm clouds' awful roar;
There's music in the fragment rose,
And in the rocky, wave-washed shore;
There's music in the sturdy voice
That speaks the truth and knows no fear,
That bids us evermore rejoice,
Enjoy and use our freedom here.

And when descend the shades of night,
Or when dark clouds of care appear,
And o'er us shines no ray of light;
If we but listen we will hear
The mystic waves of solitude,
That strike upon our inner ears;
Not billows that are dark and rude,
But music of the heavenly spheres.

Would we but tune our ears aright
We'd catch the waves of silence deep,
That throng upon our senses quite,
A benediction ere we sleep.
And I would sing a song of joy
Could I but voice the heavenly strain,
Could I but seize without alloy
The mystic rhythm all unseen.

**When everything seems dark and hard,
GIVE UP—yes, give your hopes and plans,
as well as your DOUBTS and FEARS, TO
GOD. Love's white light will purify and
glorify EVERYTHING. GOD IS LOVE.**

God's Kingdom

I SAW a noble vision—
The realm of love supreme—
When earth in glad transition
Had won her golden dream.
A scene the saints and sages
In starry vigils spied,
And prophets of all ages saw
Smiling as they died.

The earth was God's free garden
Where thought and faith had room,
There was no hate to harden
No scorn to chill their bloom.
I heard from fane and altar
All tongues one gospel read,
All worship sang one psalter
And said one simple creed.

Religion's self-commanded
In stately robes no more,
Life's angel, humble-handed
She went from door to door.
Each sorrow had its soothers,
Each need its kindly care—
And all mankind were brothers.
For love ruled everywhere.

Oh, day that hath no dating,
Oh, dream of jubilee,
The wondrous hour is waiting
To bid thy glory be,
When heaven's eternal patience
All human hearts shall win,
And earth's enfranchised nations
Shall hail God's Kingdom in!

This is the open door to the greater works our Master has commissioned us to do.

Her Happy-day Book

AFTER a life filled with disappointment and many sorrows, Claudia had learned to find her happiness in bits of sunshine falling by the wayside. The coming of her favorite magazine, a letter from a much-loved friend, a few words of kindly appreciation, or a bit of Scripture, were as so many cups of refreshing water to her thirsty spirit. These things helped her to be brave and thankful, despite the many trials which fell to her lot. Slowly she was learning lessons of cheerfulness and patience. Even the disappointments which had seemed almost unbearable, she was turning into blessings in disguise, singing often—

"Disappointment is His appointment.
Change one letter, then I see
That the thwarting of my purpose
Is God's better choice for me.
His appointment must be blessing,
For the end from the beginning
Open to His wisdom lies."

Thus, as Claudia cultivated the habit of happiness, of letting sorrows pass, and of dwelling on her mercies, she began to keep "a Happy-day Book," by recording each day in a small diary all the happenings which had made the day joyful. After a few weeks she reviewed the pages, when two things greatly surprised her: first, how few were the days when she had received nothing to rejoice in, and, second, that the record of her joys was so one-sided. She had received much; she had given so little to others. In other words, all unconsciously to herself, her happiness was becoming very selfish. Only once had she recorded special gladness from making another happy; she had received manifold blessings, but scarcely had she learned the exquisite satisfaction of carrying cheer to others.

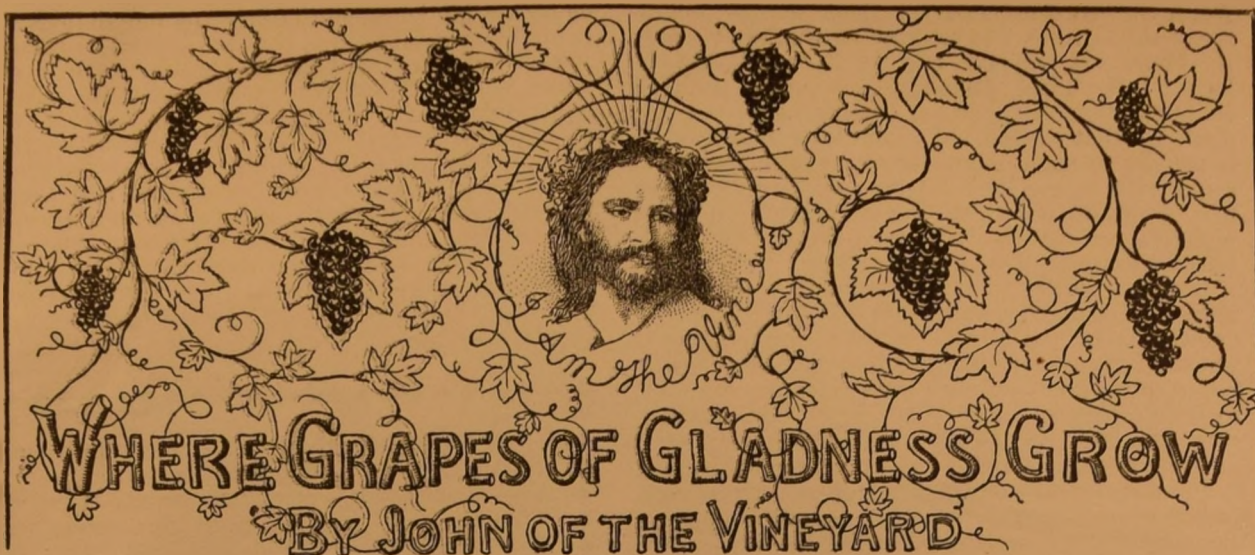
With a sense of humiliation Claudia closed the book, resolving that in future its pages should tell a different story; others should henceforth be made glad by ministries she had entirely forgotten. "Of silver and gold she had none," but with such as she had she would dower those around her; smiles and kind words, a cheerful countenance, and a happy heart should make sunshine in every shady place where duty might call her; her favorite magazine should be passed on to some shut-in soul who needed its message of hope.

Claudia's Happy-day Book had taught her an invaluable lesson: "She was not giving her best to others as she should; she was selfishly receiving, content to take without returning anything." She has now adopted for her motto, "Not to be ministered unto, but to minister," and finds her stream of gladness wide, deep and heavenly, and so satisfying that she no longer cares for a "Happy-day Book" to record her joys—

"For the heart that's truly blest
Is never all its own;
No ray of glory lights the heart
That beats for self alone."

—IRMA T. JONES.

**Let us send a copy of OUR
MAGAZINE to your friends
who are sick, lonely or dis-
courage. Send us their
names and addresses; we
will do the rest.**



Love is the life God lives for us.

This is the word the grape says, enshrining His love in its life. By love it rhymes its tendrils and crowns its song with the purple verse. It loves the soil; the soil loves it, and out of this loving growth comes. It loves the dew; the dew loves it, and out of this embrace the green leaves come. It loves the rain; the rain loves it, and its life blood courses the hidden ways of joy. It loves the sunshine; the sunshine loves it, and in purple cups their wine of love is abrim. It loves the air; the air loves it; they have been in many a life embrace, and their love is in the fragrance delighting you. God loves the vine; the vine loves God, and by that love comes life, the life God lives for us in the grape.

Through the love of him and her, that golden gate into life, the vine climbed up into the sunshine where its children are born. The bee came with its love; the blossoms answered love with love, the marriage sacrament complete. Within that love was God, His love and wisdom making one that there might be begotten these children of the vineyard.

And everywhere is this love of him and her as everywhere is the love and truth of God. A bit of soil is here, an atom of the universe. I find it formed a crystal, and know that it was fashioned by a kiss, the kiss of him and her. Two yearnings met, becoming this one atom. And so the world was made, the rocks and soils, the granite hills and fertile plains. By uniting loves the earth is rounded to its work. By love it has fellowshiped into what man calls gold, into what man has named iron, into what man knows as marble, into what man uses as soil. When the plowshare moves it is moving through love. When the drill strikes the rock, it is smiting love, sundering ties of age-long affection. When the furnace burns, it is consuming the ties of ancient loves. Its flame is a marriage flame in which the steel by the attraction of love becomes railroads and ships and the countless servants of man's creative genius. It is the love of God which holds all things together. In the midst of everything is God. In everything love is the life God lives for us.

Here is the clover. It burns a gentle fire that bumblebees may see. They come to it with love. They get the answer of love. It is the sacrament of marriage, and so the endless clovers may fulfil their generations on the earth. Every flower is beautiful by love. Its color is set by love, for love, as certainly as the blushing cheek of Amaryllis tells the passion of her heart. Oh, the wonder of it! The beauty of gardens and fields is just the beauty of love. I rapture in the rose! It is love in which I rejoice. I walk the fields, growing happy in the gold of the buttercup. It is love in which I am happy. I drink the wine of the grape. It is love that quenches my thirst. I banquet on apples. It is love that satisfies my hunger. I feed upon nuts. It is love which reknits my wasted strength. It is love that feeds my loom of life that the garment of my days be woven. Love is the life God lives for me, in the grape, in the apple, in the nut. I cannot eat but that it is His body broken for me. I cannot drink but that it is His blood shed for me. Ever He gives Himself, and as I receive with reverent love, we commune together, we enter into each other the eternal life. What a holiness is life! How divine each beating of the heart! How heavenly each shining of the eye! What a grandeur each motion of the hand! What a dignity in each step across the earth! Of what infinite worth is my life! I should live it as unto God in the awe of worship!

But among the vines a bird! The song-sparrow is singing. It is love set to music. It voices the love of its heart. It sings for its mate. Bird songs are always lover songs. The beauty of bird plumage is always the beauty of love. His colors are always for her eye. His song is always for her ear. When love weaves their lives together it is that other lives may come. By this grace God lives His life of the birds for us. It is for the joy of His love that they break forth into song. It is His heart singing that I hear, singing for very joy that love is the life He is living in His summer.

And now the wonder of worship! I sit beneath this tree eating my apple and grape, keeping my sacrament of love with God. On the bough an

oriole sings. It is a golden hymn. In it is the love of God singing for me. He is the feast and the song. As I worship He ministers to me the sacrament and sings to me the hymn. I cannot but yield my life unto Him! I cannot but passionately love Him! I cannot but devotedly serve Him! He is my life, the life I live. I am His life, the life He lives that He may be known and loved of men.

In the meadow a flock of sheep! Their voices are the voices of love. He gently calls to her. As gently she replies. Love unto love, and motherhood enters into her glory. Another has come to be. And so the flocks come across the wasting centuries. Abraham's filled the plains before his eyes and passed. But here before my eye are flocks, and flocks will be unto the end. How endlessly God lives His life for us! The sheep gives its treasures of wool. I am clothed, clothed by the love of God! And my horse? Is he not, too, fashioned of the love of God? Is it not God's love that is at the fires of life within him? Then, O marvel of love! God pulls my burdens and plows my fields. In Christ He not only gives Himself, but in everything! In everything is His love living for us. I cannot but worship Him in the strength of my horse. I cannot but in my horse be kind to Him who beyond measure is kind to me. I may say grace in a prayer of gratitude. This He will not refuse. But kindness is the grace we say unto God. In such grace is His deeper delight. I cannot reach into the skies to be kind to Him. He must have such kindness there that my poor meed of service He would not miss. But here! Here in my horse I may be kind unto Him, and gratefully He will receive that grace of me. I may be kind to Him in all the lives in which He lives His love for us. I may feed a hungry bird, and the kindness is unto Him. I may bind up the wound of a dog, and the kindness is unto Him. The Maha-Bharata tells us that King Yudhi-Sthira forsook his kingdom to find Indra, and he united infinitely with the Almighty God. His faithful dog follows him clear to the heavenly gates to which he was allowed to go without death. The gates would open for him, but shut to his dog. He says to Indra:

"This hound hath ate with me,
Followed me, loved me; must I leave him now?"

Indra smiled, and forth from the dog stood Dharma, the Lord of Justice, who had faithfully loved and followed him in the form of his faithful hound. Unto the least of these his brethren, was this not spoken by God's Son, and are not these, in forest or field, in stable or house, sons of God and brothers of Christ? If I cherish kindly one little life, I cherish a life of God, I am kind unto God. In each little heart His own is a beat. All life rhymes with Him. He is its tuneful cause.

Love is the life we live for God.

In loving the fruits my life has increase. In loving the flowers my life grows beautiful. In loving the birds my life is winged with newer joys. In loving the beasts strength and gentleness minister their fulness unto me. Then my love helps them to become a finer grape, a richer flower, a happier bird, a nobler horse—my love is a worship acceptable unto God. My love is the life I live for God. When I love what He has made, my love is a joy unto Him. His delight in a bird completes when I am at joy in its song.

Colin and Chloe come into the vineyard. His tones are low and tender. Her face is aflame with a color mating the reddest red rose. Their eyes are alight in a great love. The sound of a kiss mingles with the song-sparrow's ballad. I know that the old story is being told—the story of that holiest love by which the race of men has kept its endless way across this earth. The mystery of motherhood confronts me—the motherhood that was holy on the first Christmas night, because on every night and in every day it is holy. I am the child of God by the grace of such motherhood. Love is the life God lives for us. His motherhood lay within each motherhood, sanctifying and begetting, and so I am His child and cannot be denied. In me is His image and likeness. The breath of His life is breathing in me. The thrill of His heart is a-beat in mine. In His love I love my mother, wife and

child. In His love I love my friend. In His love I love my race, "nothing human alien to me." Kindness is the grace I say to God. My gratitude is holiest, rarest delight to Him, when it takes the form of some kindness to those needing kindness; when it is love freely given to those needing love. The holiest altar fire I can kindle is gratitude in another's heart. In that fire he is as certainly as in any burning bush. The sweetest sound I can hymn to Him is the voice of my brother shaping a gratitude for a kindness done. I may lie on the grass and look into the blue deeps of His sky, reaching out my hand and yearning that His hands clasp mine. My hands will be empty of His touch. But when a friend's hand holds mine, my desire to feel the clasp of God's hand is fulfilled. How beautiful that He comes so by the tender indication of my lovers and friends! How wonderful that the word of His love is made flesh that I may behold His glory in the face of my friend, that I may hear Him speak to me in the voice of my friend. How true! How true! that

Love is the life God lives for us.

How can I help loving Him? How can I find a joy other than serving Him? I need not distress my heart with learned theologies about Him. Whatever anyone may say I need not fear Him, for He is love, and in love there is no hurt or hatred, no wickedness of wrath to wreck. I need not worry that He does not send angels unto me to tell me His will. Perplexity ends in this—that simply by loving I am knowing God, and experiencing the holiness of His life.

Let your hand be a helpful hand, never shadowed with an unkindness. Love your friends and be happy with them. Love your lovers and rejoice in them. Love life. Delight in it as a little child delights in it. All love is of God. In all love He lives. In love we find Him. His love that is in all and through all is able to overcome all our discords, and attune us to perfect life. Simply let love have her perfect work. Grapes of gladness grow because God is love. Everything lives because God is love. You are because God is love. Love is everywhere in everything, and love is the life God lives for us.

CIRCLES

THE Universe, in mystic rings,
And mighty circles, sweeps.
Men listening hear the angels sing,
And know the hand that keeps:
They feel that deep within the space
Beats one great heart of love,
And from this heavenly centered place
Descends a snow-white dove.

Symbol of purity and peace,
The spirit white enfolds,
That into nature, without cease
Pours to uplift, upholds.
Without its life-renewing flow,
What are we more than clods?
Yet when we feel its heavenly glow,
We know we're near to God.

For every heart that beats with love,
Akin to Father's heart above,
Another centre, circles wide.
And strong in faith a soul abides.
Sweet watch and ward is over all,
And He who notes the sparrow's fall
Each circling ring will guide aright,
And mark in space its path of light.

Oh! mystic love of God and man,
Who can its wondrous circle span?
He who with purity shields his heart,
Alone can learn the mystic art,
And find when God and man are one,
That all the universe is done,
And bound in chords of love that chime
Each heart to heart, and all to Him.

HARRIET S. BOGARDUS.

Intellectual Knowledge and Intuitional Wisdom

By W. J. Colville

Written especially for
THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES



VERY rarely is that clear distinction made between wisdom and knowledge which is emphasized in the twelfth chapter of Paul's first epistle to the Corinthians. The word of *wisdom* and the word of *knowledge* stand out in clear distinctness on that instructive page, and it would be a great boon to thinkers to-day if such definite discrimination were universally adhered to.

Knowledge refers to facts which we have accumulated and stored in memory, but wisdom far transcends knowledge, as it enables us to obtain information from super-terrestrial sources and in super-terrene ways; it also qualifies us for turning to good account whatever facts are in our possession. We not infrequently discover that very learned people are almost destitute of spiritual discernment, so that when new difficulties and complications arise before them they feel powerless to take a single sagacious step. A chief defect in modern methods of training has been the overstress laid on verbal memory. This has led to glittering superficiality and to an absurd overrating of exclusively physical achievements.

We are now experiencing a protest and a reaction against idolatry of Mammon, because the soul of humanity insistently cries out for spiritual nutrition and it gets no nourishment from the literal husk of philosophy or religion. Spiritual kernels are within all shells, and they alone who crack the letter of any religious or philosophic system find peace and satisfaction.

The much worn expression "going into the silence" connotes an excellent proceeding whenever its significance is understood, but ordinarily it is difficult to see just how much benefit is derivable from actual pursuance of the habit. To meditate upon a profitable text is salutary, so is it to concentrate attention on a pleasing object for the purpose of studying it more thoroughly; but before we can, to use Martineau's expressive language, "Reach to the inmost depth of all," we must thrust aside all our supposed knowledge and become childlike, though not childish, in our state of receptivity to interior illumination.

The three great orders of teachers designated *Literati*, *Inspirati* and *Illuminati* represent three distinct stages of growth or degrees of mystical attainment. Men and women of letters need not be more than intellectual and still they may prove efficient. Inspired people need only be receptive to an influx of inspiration from other entities. Illumined ones must have entered the interior of life's sanctuary, heard the divine voice and seen the *shekinah* without an intermediary.

Seership differs radically from ordinary mediumship, because it involves the individual enlightenment of the seer, who is not an echo or a mouthpiece but a discernor of spiritual reality. The greatest among Gnostics have often been seemingly unschooled, while the greatest of schoolmen are often professedly agnostic. The query concerning Jesus, "Whence hath He knowledge seeing He hath never learned?" opens wide vistas for inquiry. Without presuming to settle any historical dispute or even to consider the question with reference to one great master only, we may profitably inquire whether there are ways for obtaining enlightenment outside collegiate halls and without either oral instruction from adepts or access to precious manuscripts.

Occultists of all schools throughout all lands and periods have unanimously taught that this planet's outer atmosphere is interpenetrated with a wide-extending psychic palimpsest, and that whoever gains access to this universal record—free to all who have developed the ability to read and to decipher it—are independent of ordinary training. The usually imperfect exhibitions of psychometry, which interest all students of psychic experiences, throw a glimmer of light on the book of universal remembrance from which the genuine prophet derives much of the startling material which enables him to revive the past, describe the distant and predict the future. Animal instinct and human intuition are related faculties though belonging to different planes of nature. Below the intellectual level of educated or civilized races we find multitudes of savage or barbaric hordes displaying extraordinary and fascinating faculties which invite serious study on the part of contemporary psychologists who are puzzling over the problem of telepathy and all phenomena allied therewith.

Every inquirer into hidden wisdom confronts the "dweller on the threshold" or the "guardian of the highway" in some guise or other, for only the brave and pure can find the "jewel within the lotus." We must disengage our minds from all contemplation of mundane objects before we can discover what wisdom's disciples long to know. It is usually in some moments of great difficulty, at some crisis in our life's history, that we make our first acquaintance with genuine intuition. Impressions are invariably derived from without; intuition proceeds always from within.

Business people, though very acute in many faculties, are often deceived, despite their superficial knowledge of the world, by the sleek impostor whose misrepresentations, including skilful forgeries, could never gull an intuitive discriminator. Intuition pierces every disguise; it sees through every veil and is indeed worthy to be called a sixth or seventh sense, as it is sometimes termed in an endeavor to suggest a definition. Occasional flashes of intuition come to men and women in the common walks of life, especially when they are earnestly inviting illumination on occasions when ordinary counsel has been sought but found unavailing.

The adept or master is simply one in whom this higher principle is unusually awakened; it is therefore true that such highly unfolded souls are in a genuine sense the "light of the world" and "salt of the earth," though intrinsically there is nothing whatever in them which is not shared by humanity at large.

When we have become truly Gnostic we need no longer to seek instruction from others; but until our own interior perception is supernaturally developed we derive much help from those who have reached altitudes we have not yet scaled. Whenever a morsel of esoteric teaching has become clear to our understanding, it remains henceforth as a portion of our intellectual knowledge; but even after we have intelligently grasped it we may be still too little wise to see clearly how to use it. A safe rational rule to observe continually is to employ reason to the utmost; then, when we have reached its seeming limit in ourselves, we may wisely seek guidance from others who have compassed knowledge to which we are yet strangers. Intuitive perception, at its highest, transcends all methods which are confined to seeking counsel from individual teachers; but when we do not feel able to grasp a necessary truth unaided, it is our privilege and right to obtain aid from elder brethren.

Some pious souls imagine that they are distrustful God when they seek human assistance, but such fears are surely groundless unless we deny the legitimacy of schools and teachers altogether. A saner view of the question is that God works through neighborly affection and that our interdependence is of divine appointment. It is always wise to seek enlightenment from within more than from without; a blessed experience of many earnest seekers for more light is that, after they have sought in vain for direction elsewhere, they have found the needed truth revealed within. Theologians have displayed true insight whenever they have taught that we can always know all necessary truth—i. e., the exact degree and aspect of truth essential to the carrying out of our particular life-mission. WISDOM IS JUSTIFIED OF ALL HER CHILDREN. These precious words must truly mean distinctly that wisdom is revealed to every soul according to its definite necessity. To "be wise in the fear of the Lord" means to arrive at wisdom through unswerving reverence for righteousness, while "hidden wisdom" signifies that interior discernment which is sought and found successfully through turning to the spirit within and looking away from vanities without. Wisdom never concerns itself with merely historical or local aspects of any narrative. Principles, not persons and places, are of moment in the light of spiritual understanding. The truly wise can apply the truth they discern to any time, place or person, even as the rule in mathematics is susceptible of universal application.

Intellectual knowledge is necessary for specialists or experts in any given line, but it is always of limited applicability. Wisdom is often exhibited by the unlettered to an amazing degree, and it often startles and confounds collegians to discover that, with all their knowledge, they can often profit by accepting advice from the illiterate. Nervous disorders, often extremely prevalent among people who study and follow arbitrary systems, are entirely unknown among those wise ones who live a truly simple life; and the simplest life is best adapted alike to seer and sage. Simplicity is lack of complexity, and therefore induces no confusion. There are but very few principles to be mastered in any art or science, but principles can be applied in myriad circumstances. When we have clear insight into the law of equity we can arbitrate

between nations as between individuals; it is because we fail to behold clearly the foundations of equitable administration that we confront difficulties at home and in business identical with those which perplex Senators when discussing the rights and needs of vast communities. To know of the existence of a flagrant error, and to know also the occasion of error, is not wisdom. The learned physician may diagnose most accurately and prognosticate most effectively and yet be quite unable to stem the torrent of disease; while some illiterate "healer" may handle intuitively a mighty force which will regenerate a wasted and corrupted system and yet know nothing of medical science or even of anatomy.

All the excellently disposed reformers of to-day who are seeking to abolish injustice and all its attendant woes, seek blindly for a panacea until they cease from destructive methods and bend every energy to constructive tasks. *Nothing is permanently gained by conflict with error.*

Palliation of distress and temporary cessation of some open practice of iniquity may be thus secured, but if we are to rejoice by reason of the final eradication of evil in society, we must seek only for constructive doctrine, acting upon which we can build the true temple of Solomon according to its esoteric plan. Intuition is architect; intellect is builder. If intellect receives no plan from intuition, then ideals cannot be realized, because they are not presented or beheld. Seeking in silence and reposeful meditation the plan according to which the organic structure of regenerated humanity must be compiled, and having received this plan in secret, our next great step will be to use our intellectual powers to carry that design into complete effect.

SONNET.

I have but one boon, Lord, to ask of Thee :

Grant me the Gift of Penetration ; I Would know myself, as others know, and try

To remedy the faults that others see.

I ask no riches, Lord ; my only plea And wish is but to learn the truth, and by

My knowledge see the obstacles that lie

Before me, on my path of destiny.

I ask no gift of cleverness ; I would But know the stones that lie along my way ;

My longing is for subtle sight, to find

The bad that ever lingers with the good—

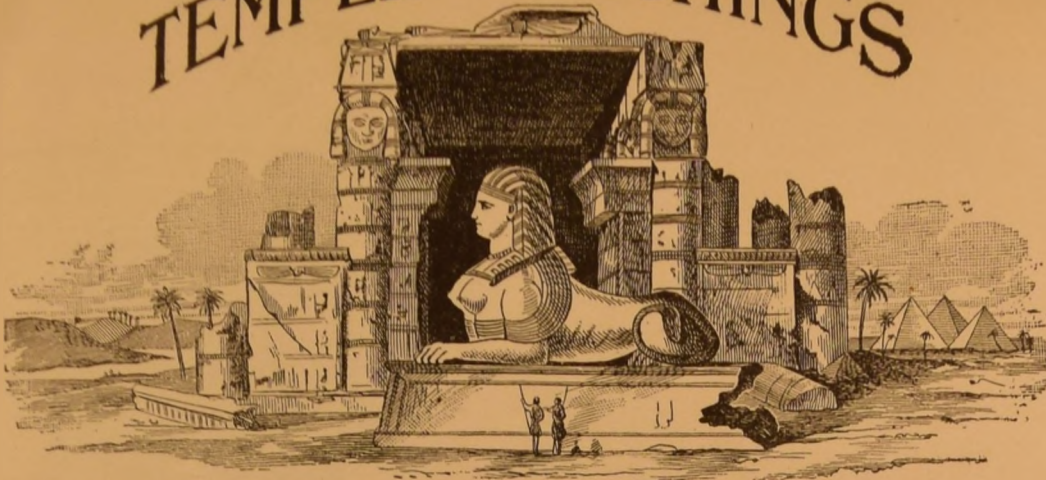
That I may winnow all the evil—aye,

And leave all save my better self behind.

Stacy E. Baker.

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TEMPLE TEACHINGS



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

TH, Beloved, how precious art thou, e'en with all thy plaints and weakling human fears! To Me thy heart is but a yearning child's, and every lesson, hard though it be in learning, is so much good to thee. Take courage, dear one of My flock; thou shalt know the full and pregnant meaning of all thy life's experience, both that which toucheth thee and those thou lovest, if thou wilt but heed these teachings in the Temple.

Thou wonderest oft why thou canst not hear My voice—why, try as thou wilt, the secret place is but an empty name.

Harken, Beloved, thou hast yet not learned to still thy human thinking. Thou art ever mindful of thy earthiness and the earth beneath thy feet. When thou wouldst be still, a thousand wandering fancies through thy brain or black-winged fears flit across the horizon of thy mind. Doubt in all its myriad forms assails the citadel where Peace should reign supreme. The vexing problems of thy day seem ever present, e'en when thou most wouldst shun them; and so, in truth, thou oft art torn with tumult and the sense of separateness from Me. But, dear one of My heart, fear not, for day by day, as thou in truth and with humility most sweet dost come to Me in this Temple of thy Soul, thou shalt find the Secret Place where I abide. 'Tis not afar, 'tis neither up nor down, nor here nor there; yet, in thy childlike, loving trust, thy sure abandonment to Me, thou wilt enter in and find supernal peace.

How shalt thou school thy wayward mind?

Ah, Beloved, not by giving way to scourging thoughts of self-reproach, not by fierce command, or dark despair. Nay, gently must thou yield thyself to stillness as, when at night thou liest down upon thy bed. See how, when thou art all composed for sleep, thou lettest go of every care or thought of burden. Thou givest all thy body to sweet rest and whatsoever may betide till morning cometh. In this same fashion, O My Heart's Beloved, must thou give thy mind to quiet waiting in the stillness of the Spirit. What matter if the world's confusion be around thee; must thou not at every moment be master of aught that stirreth in the realm of sound or all tumultuous sights? Thy spirit, like the deep, deep sea, hath the place of poise, the perfect centre of supremest peace. Shouldst thou not at any instant be enabled to drop the plummet of thy consciousness into the midst of its serenity?

But how?

As thou enterest upon thy night's rest, I repeat again: Let go, let go the ever rushing, anxious round of human thoughts; the ceaseless reasoning as to why thou must have sore experience; the self-reproach or anxious thought for acts done or yet to do, the yearning effort to pierce the future's veil of mystery; the brooding self-compassion for some fancied slight—all these must thou let go. Drop them as the day's garments are dropped from thee when thou seekest thy bed. Put them off! Assume thy liberty from them; then, as though thy mind wert winged, soar far above into

an atmosphere of heavenly space and freedom, else below to the altared stillness of thy spirit's centre.

This, Beloved, is My tabernacle with thee; this the Temple wherein thou seest Me as thy Friend and Comforter and hearest My words of love and counsel. This where thou art made to know thy oneness with Me.

Hast not read the inspired words of My Temple Prophet, John of Patmos, wherein he saith: *Beloved, the tabernacle of God is with men, and He will dwell with them, and they shall be His people; and God Himself shall be with them and be their God. And God shall wipe all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying; neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away.*

O Child of My Spirit, why canst thou not realize this is true for thee as for every soul I have sent into the realm of mortality?

Why canst thou not see that the unrest and sufferings, the struggles and heartbreaks, are only in this realm, where I am neither known nor seen? Yet I am there, though eyes be blind and ears be deaf, though hearts be hard and lips a stranger to My Name.

Yea, yea, Beloved, though thou be in the roar of war and tumult, though all thy walls crumble, and thy life be spent in riot of despair, I am there in the midst of thee, waiting, waiting for thy knock upon the Temple door.

Have I not said, *Knock and it shall be opened, ask and ye shall receive?*

What! Thou didst not understand that these were words of literal truth?

Nay, say rather, O My Heart's Own, thou didst not know Me or My Presence. I seemed afar from thee, and My heart thou thoughtest hardened, My ears unstopped to thy cry.

So, e'en though I sent the One illumined, the Flower of My earthly flock, who told thee of My Name and Presence, My Nature and My Law, thou didst not believe, and so have suffered for thy unbelief; yea, not only thou, but all my grieving, careless children have been by ignorance cut off from joy and health and sweet enjoyment of My beautiful earth because they thought Me absent in some far-off golden sphere of imagery.

But read again, and read with childlike faith, the words of My inspired Son; read, then live, the words and let thy heart yield fullest love to truth, and life, and in this sweet obedience wilt thou know that both are of Me, from Me and in Me.

Then daily, yea, in all thy ways, acknowledge Me, and, believing thus, I am the very Life in whom thou dost live and have thy being, thou wilt find Me in the sanctuary the sacred place of thine own Spirit.

Knowest not now, Beloved, that only in the silence of thine earthly thoughts thou canst find the Voice that speaketh to thy soul, yea, the Holy One that doth reveal to thee the things of Spirit?

See that thou art worthy through obedience and faith, Beloved, to be the mediator between the Spirit and the world, the unseen and the seen.

May Peace, Dear One, like the dew of Hermon, fall upon thy heart and mind and give to thee refreshment and new life.

HELEN VAN-ANDERSON.

MINISTRY

L. V. NEWTON

Now and then an odorous flower
Blossoms in some hidden place,
That a passing soul may linger
To absorb its charm and grace;
Standing there in radiant beauty,
Pure and perfect in the air—
Breathe the perfume of its presence
In God's audience chamber there.

Now and then, a strain of music
Throbs to Memory's cloisters' thrill,
With its haunting, vivid message
That the silent chambers fill;
Every note so perfect—blending
With all other chords in space—
One great Mass without an ending,
That quivering, pulsates in each place.

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The Coming Religion of the Real Woman

BY J. P. COOKE

Written especially for
THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES

IN speaking of the Religion of womanhood, within the brief space here allowable, I would strive to illustrate what seems to be the most complete moral attainment of our American life.

The ideal element is, of course, essential to the grace, beauty and innate goodness of womanly character. Devoid of this element, it would want the innate loveliness which sweetens all other qualities with the soul of a Feminine Inspiration.

A lofty and strenuous soul is not necessarily unfeminine. Indeed, it may be most womanly, rich in fancy and sensibility. She that is blessed with a rich womanly soul, even though but moderately gifted with talent or beauty, has a lustre around her of purity and grace more engaging than any brilliancy of genius or splendor of beauty.

That which does offend and shock us, is the harsh voice, the ungente look, the mindless and unmusical speech. These things in woman give us pain because they always disappoint, disenchant and contradict the faith which we fondly cherish and would ever cherish in the diviner, more heavenly humanity which we instinctively attribute to womanhood in its lofty heights.

This is so in the matron as well as in the maiden. In the devotion of the mother as well as in the golden dreams of girlhood. In the cherished wife and companion as well as in the virgin. It is as precious—yes, as holy—in the whitening hairs of age as in the glow and ardor of high-hearted youth.

In the womanly woman we reach the world of character, warmth, feeling for truth and "Rightness." There we find tenderness toward innocence, pity for suffering, sympathy with sorrow—a living impulse to do something to alleviate the miseries of mankind.

How often we are overjoyed to see cultivation, training, judgment, steadiness of aim, loftiness of consecration, wisdom of purpose, or fineness of perception. There is a beautiful broad feminine element, an element of human feeling running through the whole nature directing thoughts, interesting feeling and conferring a moral dignity, yes, even a spiritual grace.

In the noblest of these types we find a loveliness of expression that irradiates the face, lights the eye, curves the lines of the lips and glows in an atmosphere of serenity which pervades the conduct.

The true woman is ever self-possessed and composed. With her keen yet delicate and penetrating intuition she threads her way through the mazes of sophistry and pretense until she arrives at the essential truth. Her spiritual perceptions will follow on the same lines.

She is ever filled with a lofty hope, trusting that even in the burnt-out embers of pitiable humanity she will find a spark that may be encouraged. The days of her life seem to be reckoned by the blessings she sheds on one or another, by her voice

HONEST CONFESSION

A Doctor's Talk on Food.

There are no fairer set of men on earth than the doctors, and when they find they have been in error they are usually apt to make honest and manly confession of the fact.

A case in point is that of an eminent practitioner, one of the good old school, who lives in Texas. His plain, unvarnished tale needs no dressing up:

"I had always had an intense prejudice, which I can now see was unwarrantable and unreasonable, against all much advertised foods. Hence, I never read a line of the many 'ads.' of Grape-Nuts, nor tested the food till last winter.

"While in Corpus Christi for my health, and visiting my youngest son, who has four of the ruddiest, healthiest little boys I ever saw, I ate my first dish of Grape-Nuts food for supper with my little grandsons. I became exceedingly fond of it, and have eaten a package of it every week since, and find it a delicious, refreshing and strengthening food, leaving no ill effects whatever, causing no eructations (with which I was formerly much troubled), no sense of fullness, nausea, nor distress of stomach in any way.

"There is no other food that agrees with me so well, or sits as lightly or pleasantly upon my stomach as this does. I am stronger and more active since I began the use of Grape-Nuts than I have been for ten years, and am no longer troubled with nausea and indigestion." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason.
Look in each pkg. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

and presence. Her smile, her gentle, helpful atmosphere dissipates the weariness of labors, and life glides on so sweetly that no murmur is heard.

It is true we may often meet with the counterfeit of such womanhood—but it is only a counterfeit, and points the sincerest flattery which is imitation of this noble womanhood.

A fine type of our gentler womanhood of to-day is shown in some ladies, delicate, refined and cultured, who perhaps withdraw from "society"—enriching the mind with refined and graceful studies in art, music or literature, and making perfection of character their chief aim. This type is often exceedingly beautiful, yes, fascinating as it develops along the pathway of the simple, spiritual life—the life of simple living and "High Thinking." Thus they realize the aim of all religion which is to teach *how to live aright*. The learning and the living it, are religion *in esse*.

The spirit of life, hid with Christ in God, will lead in the purification of the heart, the building up of a blameless and beautiful life; these are in truth the underlying and ever-enduring elements in all the grand religions, the world over.

These flowering souls come to see, more and more, of the "DIVINE WAY"—the way of the LIVING LIGHT. They see that there is one UNCREATED and ETERNAL LIFE pervading all creations. That there is the one TRANSFORMER, who is himself changeless, while changing all creations from bad to good and from good to better.

That this UNCREATED, *alone*, is the CREATOR, the PRODUCER and SUSTAINER of Life.

This "Changeless" alone evolves change. That the attraction of God sustains all and by its power creations and transformations are perpetual.

Eternal, self-existent Soul!

From whom Life's issues take their start,

Thou art the undivided Whole

Of whom each creature forms a part.

Thy boundless being's distant reach,

Our finite vision may not see;

But this we know: that each with each,

We live and move alone in Thee.

This Holy One of Eternity Breathes and joins LOVE and wisdom in an eternal Power, and the Male and Female Principles of Nature come into being and have brought forth Man—the HIGHEST and HOLIEST of God's Creations

This UNCREATED LIGHT stands alone, the great Central attraction and Power—the ONE POSITIVE MIND.

Peerless and One—is the Soul of Immensity!

While buds are bursting in the vales,

And changing into flowers

The merry, happy birds of spring

Are gladdening all the hours.

Woman, in perfect consciousness, abides, realizing the glory of God in that "Kingdom of Heaven," which sits smiling in her heart.

When I Go Home

By Eugene Field

It comes to me often in silence,

When the firelight sputters low—

When the black uncertain shadows

Seem wraiths of the long ago;

Always with throb of heartache

That thrills each pulsive vein,

Comes the old, unquiet longing

For the peace of home again.

I'm sick of the roar of cities,

And of faces old and strange;

I know where there's warmth of welcome,

And my yearning fancies range

Back to the dear old homestead,

With an aching sense of pain;

But there'll be joy in the coming

When I go home again.

When I go home again! There's music

That may never die away

And it seems the band of angels,

On a mystic harp to play,

Have touched with a yearning sadness

On a beautiful, broken strain,

To which is my fond heart wording—

When I go home again.

Outside of my darkening window

Is the great world's crash and din,

And slowly the autumn's shadows

Come drifting, drifting in,

Sobbing, the night winds murmur

To the plash of the autumn rain;

But I dream of the glorious greeting

When I go home again.

You are as a polar star to some lonely soul on the sea of life. Is it not a precious privilege to SHINE?



Let this Machine do your Washing Free.

There are Motor-Springs beneath the tub.

These springs do nearly all the hard work, when once you start them going. And this washing machine works as easy as a bicycle wheel does.

There are slats on the inside bottom of the tub.

These slats act as paddles, to swing the water in the same direction you revolve the tub.

You throw the soiled clothes into the tub first. Then you throw enough water over the clothes to float them.

Next you put the heavy wooden cover on top of the clothes to anchor them, and to press them down.

This cover has slats on its lower side to grip the clothes and hold them from turning around when the tub turns.

Now, we are all ready for quick and easy washing.

You grasp the upright handle on the side of the tub and, with it, you revolve the tub one-third way round, till it strikes a motor-spring.

This motor-spring throws the tub back till it strikes the other motor-spring, which in turn throws it back to the first motor-spring.

The machine must have a little help from you, at every swing, but the motor-springs, and the ball-bearings, do practically all the hard work.

You can sit in a rocking chair and do all that the washer requires of you. A child can run it easily full of clothes.

When you revolve the tub the clothes don't move.

But the water moves like a mill race through the clothes.

The paddles on the tub bottom drive the soapy water THROUGH and through the clothes at every swing of the tub. Back and forth, in and out of every fold, and through every mesh in the cloth, the hot soapy water runs like a torrent. This is how it carries away all the dirt from the clothes, in from six to ten minutes by the clock.

It drives the dirt out through the meshes of the fabrics WITHOUT ANY RUBBING—without any WEAR and TEAR from the washboard.

It will wash the finest lace fabric without breaking a thread, or a button, and it will wash a heavy, dirty carpet with equal ease and rapidity. Fifteen to twenty garments, or five large bed-sheets, can be washed at one time with this "1900" Washer.

A child can do this in six to twelve minutes better than any able washer-woman could do the same clothes in TWICE the time, with three times the wear and tear from the washboard.

This is what we SAY, now how do we PROVE it?

We send you our "1900" Washer free of charge, on a full month's trial, and we even pay the freight out of our own pockets.

No cash deposit is asked, no notes, no contract, no security.

You may use the washer four weeks at our expense.

If you find it won't wash as many clothes in FOUR hours as you can wash by hand in EIGHT hours you send it back to the railway station—that's all.

But, if, from a month's actual use, you are convinced it saves HALF the time in washing, does the work better, and does it twice as easily as it could be done by hand, you keep the machine.

Then you mail us 50 cents a week till it is paid for.

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Works Meet for Repentance

By Myra G. Frenyear

Written especially for
THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES

It is not most significant that almost every thoughtful writer and speaker to-day has something to say of the New Era? Surely it is coming, for the strenuousness of the times, the individual and national unrest, indicate a blind effort of the people to adjust themselves to something intensely felt but vaguely understood. And it must be very near, since the intuition which predicts its swift approach is wellnigh universal and each day's events foreshadow it.

This is a transition period the like of which earth has not experienced for two thousand years. It is a modern repetition of that troublous passage from the Jewish dispensation to the Christ Age. You remember He said He came not to bring immediate peace, but the sword of specialization and individualism. True individuality will remain to be crowned with Unity, but divisions and sectarianism will be swallowed up in catholicity.

Following the wise and prophetic of the ages, present-day crimes and disasters are signs that the dawn of the New Day is now breaking in which all men will consciously seek the Kingdom. There has been much unconscious seeking, but henceforth it will be enlightened, understanding, law-commanding faith, which will lay hold of heavenly verities.

Genesis I is an inspired description of the Universal Man in his essence and principle, and "the earth" represents the potential energy of all virtues. To bring these into active manifestation will be work meet for twentieth-century repentance, which must be a deep and essential change of mind from materialism to spirituality. And he who accomplishes this will realize that "He who blesseth himself in the earth shall bless himself in the God of Truth; and he who sweareth in the earth shall swear by the God of Truth; because the former troubles are forgotten and because they are hid from mine eyes. For behold, I create new heavens and a new earth, and the former shall not be remembered nor come upon the heart." So "According to His promise, look we for new heavens and a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness." For "The Lord shall comfort Zion; He will comfort all her waste places, and He will make her wilderness like Eden and the desert like the garden of the Lord; joy and gladness shall be found therein, thanksgiving and the voice of melody." But how can these things come until large numbers of men learn to live the Sermon on the Mount?

EDITOR BROWNE

Of the Rockford Morning Star.

"About seven years ago I ceased drinking coffee to give your Postum a trial.

"I had suffered acutely from various forms of indigestion and my stomach had become so disordered as to repel almost every sort of substantial food. My general health was bad. At close intervals I would suffer severe attacks which confined me in bed for a week or more. Soon after changing from coffee to Postum the indigestion abated, and in a short time ceased entirely. I have continued the daily use of your excellent Food Coffee, and assure you most cordially that I am indebted to you for the relief it has brought me.

"Wishing you a continued success, I am,

"Yours very truly,

"J. STANLEY BROWNE,

"Managing Editor."

Of course, when a man's health shows he can stand coffee without trouble, let him drink it, but most highly-organized brain-workers simply cannot.

The drugs natural to the coffee berry affect the stomach and other organs and thence to the complex nervous system, throwing it out of balance and producing disorders in various parts of the body. Keep up this daily poisoning and serious disease is sure to supervene. So when man or woman finds that coffee is a smooth but deadly enemy and health is of any value at all, there is but one road—quit.

It is easy to find out if coffee be the cause of the troubles, for if left off ten days and Postum be used in its place and the sick and diseased conditions begin to disappear, the proof is unanswerable.

Postum is not good if made by short boiling. It must be boiled full fifteen minutes when the crisp coffee flavor and the food elements are brought out of the grains and the beverage is ready to fulfil its mission of palatable comfort and renewing the cells and nerve centres broken down by coffee.

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Man has not become more wicked in himself, but he is expressing the culmination of this whole age of materialism. He is like the coaster on a toboggan slide. He gathers momentum so that when he reaches the end of the grade there is either a destructive crash like that threatened in Russia to-day, or he is carried far up the opposite ascent, as America will be if she gives herself to the religious impulse which is everywhere seeking to make itself felt. God is breathing His Spirit into the depths of man's nature with a great, yearning tenderness, so he must act. But alas, he follows the lines of least resistance, which are fixed by his habitual quality of thought, so that war and oppression need not surprise us.

If he will yield himself to the Spirit, this tremendous energy which he has generated will lift him quickly into the clear morning light of the new Earth. For when he recognizes his divine inheritance, he comes into that direct line of influence from Jesus Christ, our Elder Brother, through the illumination of prophets, the ministration of angels and the communion of saints.

How shall we know when we have really entered the new life? Individually it comes in some hour of absolute calm at the centre of our being; and so will it come to earth, but only regenerated minds will know, quickened ears hear, the silence and loving hearts understand. Like as we stand by the sea and note that instant of perfect stillness when the waves take breath, as it were, then follows the low, sweet music as the first tiny waves lap the shore at our feet, and we know the tide has turned.

Then the Spirit witnesseth with our spirits, and those wonderful virtual faculties with which God endowed us will flow back and earth will indeed be the garden of the Lord. Man is endowed with undreamed-of powers, which will develop naturally if he seeks first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, as fruit follows seed, stalk and blossom. The spiritual senses, which but few now have, are a prophecy of that which is for all men and women alike.

Oppositions between men and women will be lost in the Universal Man. Each has rights, not the same, but happily coming nearer to the one Right.

The Holy Spirit has breathed into them the Word of Wisdom, the Word of Knowledge, of understanding Faith, the blessed healing power and ability to do mighty works; they have received prophetic vision, intuition to discern spirits, understanding of different languages and the interpretation of dialects.

In the East fields and roads often lie side by side, with no partition between the mellow, prepared soil and the trodden path. As cultivator of "the earth" the Sower knows the soil is the real field of labor, yet freely sends these Words of the Kingdom broadcast. His hand is not stayed because some precious seeds fall upon the hard path, the rocky places or among thorns. So long as He loves, conditions cannot discourage Him. The Word is the true, indestructible seed of Love and Light; Winter's cold and Summer's sun and rain will convert the hardest stone into fruitful soil; even thorns decay, returning to earth their life potency, and the "wicked ones," who snatched the seed from those hardened by habitual indifference, may be transformed by that which they thought to destroy. His responsibility is to sow the true seed in love and cultivate only good grain.

The Master of men commissioned His followers to "heal the sick, cleanse the lepers, raise the dead, cast out devils," because the power has been freely given them. By the silent thought or spoken Word to those present or absent, or by the laying on of hands, the sick will be healed as the Spirit directs. Having plucked the beam from his own eye, his clear seeing will purify the leprous atmosphere about him. He obeys the prophet's command, "Speak ye every man the Truth [not simply the fact, but the Truth] to his neighbor; judge Truth and execute the judgment of Peace; and let none of you imagine evil in your heart against his neighbor." He holds steadily aloft the Christ within, and every dead faculty and dormant power rises into conscious life. And those who look to him see the Christ Light and glorify their heavenly Father. After absolute fasting from harsh judgments and devoutly praying he has authority to cast out demons; to free those spirits who, although not now clothed with bodies, are still shrouded in the consciousness of evil. Blessed work this, to release souls as did Jesus Christ when He "preached to the spirits in prison"; for spiritual consciousness is the goal of life, and that seen and unseen worlds are one the coming age will prove.

All occupations will be spiritual in aim, and so will be unbroken by that shadow called death; and they will certainly be co-operative, for if competition is the life of trade it is the death of men. These things shall be, for He is faithful who promised. And there shall be a Holy City! Imagine it! A HOLY CITY on the NEW EARTH, where we shall live as "one body, in one Spirit," acknowledging "one Lord, one Faith, one Immersion, one God and Father of all; He who is over all and through all and in all." Will it not be work meet for illuminated minds, sure intuitions and restored souls to realize the poet's dream?

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The Disease of Sorrow

By Lida Hood Talbot

Written especially for
THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES

THERE is something strangely inconsistent in the melancholy pleasure which so many seem to take in daily visiting the graves of their dead, and the professions of faith in God and love for His Law.

I speak with the greatest respect, and the tender appreciation of one whose cup has been drained to the dregs. I cannot resist the expression of the thoughts that may help, in a measure at least, such as sorrow without hope and surcease.

It would seem that if this belief in God is a conviction, and that a love for His Law is become a law of our hearts, we will realize that this strange experience of Nature, which is as natural as birth, should not cause such a mental and spiritual disease of sorrow.

The body profits nothing; though the house be beautiful, when the life which animated it, when the dweller within has withdrawn himself, there is nothing there for us to mourn over and continue in visiting.

If the beloved one had gone to some splendid city or some wonderful country, would you continue to visit the house he lived in, and so be a witness to its decay? I think not. Your thoughts and love and desires would follow after and picture your beloved and build his future fair, that into which he had withdrawn you would send him every gift of love, every high hope, and would give him the most perfect freedom of which you are capable.

My faith is such that I never think of my dear ones not seen as being in the earth; as ever having been there at all, but as having risen as the Christ who proved the victory of Life by appearing again and again to those unto whom His personal love had been given. If we believe in all that the word eternal implies, we know that there is existence for our beloved somewhere; and if we truly believe, as we say we do, then are we consistent in professing a faith which we do not ratify by being joyful, and at least placing in our thoughts as somewhere above the conditions of the physical? Is it reasonable to continue focussing our attention on the insensate and decaying flesh, which in a little time returns to the substances of matter?

I can understand the return of the Materialist to the little mound of earth and there pouring out his inconsolable grief, for it is all that he believes in; all that he knew and loved he believes to be there, and so he is consistent. This low, green hill hides relentlessly all that gave him joy and happiness. For him there is only remembrance; for him there is no future. He is to look backward for his happiness and regret can only face him. His future is chemical affiliations.

Can you think of the character and all that went to make it stand out in a royal individuality, a splendid personality, a divine identity, as being held to the dense gravity of material substance and its law of disintegration? I cannot. I cannot think of all that tenderness, that thoughtfulness, that gay sweet heart; that brain, whose quick device of thought turned every cloud to sunshine; that loyalty to family and friends, that clear comprehension of Truth, honor and honesty, courage and patience, as turning back into so much water, so much gas, so much of all the material substances. I can only think of all that wonderful faith in God; all that marvelous love for humanity as having lifted him into the City of God, into the freedom of a tremendous existence, where he is learning more and more of the wonders of eternal life, and that his journey in the existences of knowledge has just begun.

No matter how much we love the dear, dead form, it belongs to Nature; she will nurse it and purify it and change it back into other forms of "hopeful dust that holds the seeds of another life." We have been the means of an expression of eternal

Intelligence; an Intelligence which is forever seeking manifestation.

Let us think of the risen Soul, lifted on another plane of expression, whereon there are new and vital things to be learned, things necessary to it for its development. Pious Christians, let us be consistent; if we believe in a Supreme Intelligence, from whom comes life in its different phases; in a God of Love; in an Infinite Father in whose tenderness we have faith—let us smile and be glad when He has put forth His tender Hand and touched our Beloved, and in the great silence which falls upon him to whom is given the divine command to "Come up higher"; let us know it is of such a Mystery that no human comprehension has yet encompassed its depths. Let us be happy and content, even, in our loneliness; since 'tis of God, the Supreme Love and kindness!

Let us think of these who pass from our sight and the touch of our hands as living real lives and sentient existences, intelligent and active, and earnest and busy—empowered with freshened energy and renewed vigor and wider range of vision and of a broader scope of intellectual perception. Not that this step from one plane of existence to another, over which the mystic veil drops upon the mortal eye, lifts them all at once into Omnipotent wisdom and universal knowledge and Omnipresence, but simply a little higher up the ever-ascending planes of the Knowledge that is not foolishness with the Lord of Life!

Let us say with our Eastern brother of our dead:

Faithful friends, it lies, I know,
Pale and white and cold as snow;
And ye say: Abdallah's dead,
Weeping at his feet and head.
I can see your falling tears;
I can hear your sighs and prayers.
Cease your tears and let it lie;
It was mine, it is not I.

Sweet friends, what the women lave
For its last bed in the grave
Is a hut which I am quitting;
Is a garment no more fitting;
Is a cage from which at last
Like a bird my soul hath passed.
Love the inmate, not the room,
The wearer, not the garb or plume;
Love the falcon, not the bars
Which kept him from the splendid stars!

Onward thou shalt go,
Bearing thy own and cheering others' woe;
Treading the path where guiding angels lead
And scattering on thy way the priceless seed
Which, sown in tears, is harvested in joy.

Peace is yours. Let no man rob you of that.
Your life is in the Eternal Life and beneath all loss
you have known is the Eternal Love wherein there
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May Day

ANCIENT barbarians gave the feast of May Day to the Romans, the Romans gave it to the English people, and to it we have added customs that were old in England when the Romans first set foot in Britain. The history of the day is forgotten; the day itself is a festival of the best instincts of the soul.

It is the spirit of youth and joy that keeps this holiday in remembrance. The plants are reaching upward into the sunshine, the flocks are on the hills, the trees are putting forth leaves and the great world is glad, because of the life that makes beautiful the mountains.

Of old the May-pole was adorned and danced around by village girls.

Before that it was probably a tree in bloom, plucked from the wood to prove that spring had come and seed-time was at hand. Always the goddess of flowers was revered, and the ceremonies that now survive reflect the worship of Flora.

Well for us if we still have heart to go a-Maying! Well for all if, when the bloom is on the tender plants, we care for the Divine Love manifested and can enter into the thought of harmony and fragrance, so that the pastures are to us the paths of Paradise and the soft winds the heralds of the sweeter life that lies beyond our sight.

Have you lacked child-love? Did Maytime miss you when the Oversoul gave mortals blessings? Think not it is now too late. Go out where the tender growths of the heart are found, to the better nature of those who need you, to the child, the acquaintance, the mother who lacks spiritual help.

Take a May-thought with you and watch it grow when you have bestowed it with pure love upon another.

Men with lonely hearts, women with empty arms, enter into the joy of eternal youth through the great, wide gate of Love; seek out humanity and show it the God-moved impulses of your heart. Trust, believe, arouse your sleeping youth and affection, and give as the winds give warmth to the briars till they blossom with roses! There is nothing lost! May has come again. The May that God sends. Go a-Maying in the fields of earth, and you shall come back laden with the garlands that will bloom through all eternity.

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As a great many of our friends would like to have these bound volumes, we suggest that if you desire one to send your order promptly, as our supply of the first volume is very small.

Are there not far higher Powers at work behind the screen of Life than what we dream of—silent partners, so to say, in the active concerns of material life? Do thy best, and leave to their care the rest.

Be Kind to Animals

KEEP not the helpless animals in insufficient shelter, and leave no crevice through which the wintry air, perhaps driven by a biting wind and laden with driving snow, may penetrate. Animals insufficiently housed require more food. Nature is not deceived. Forthwith she takes a due portion of the food consumed, and which otherwise would be converted into strength-giving muscle and converts it into a fuel food the purpose of which is to keep the body warm.

A horse needs rest the same as a human, and that rest he cannot get any more than a human being can if he is insufficiently sheltered, underfed or overworked, even. He becomes crabbed, just as would a human being under like conditions. His power to work is materially lessened; he wears out faster than if properly taken care of; he deteriorates in value.—*The Occident*.

Sometimes the crows drive the song-birds away, but the singers of the wood still chant praise to God. So, you who have been driven by black forebodings, shall yet sing again when raven wings have passed by and been forgotten.

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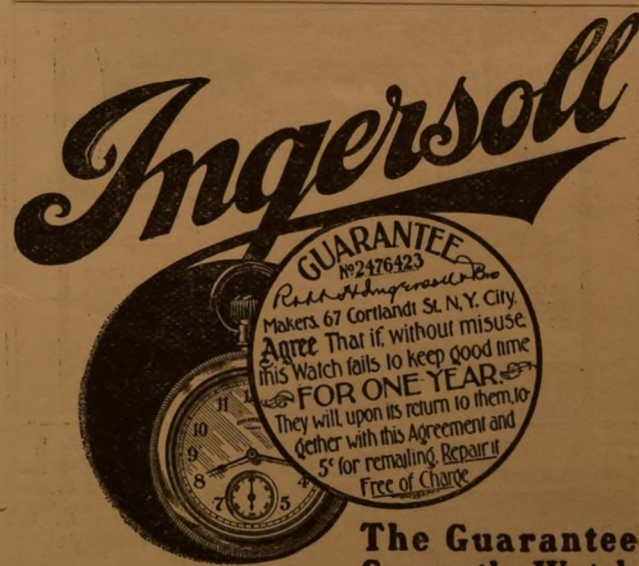


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Life More Abundant

By Julia G. Boalt

Written especially for
THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES

I AM come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly. —Jesus.

Life, radiant, thrilling, invincible life, quickening the soul and its body; life that energizes, that renews, that builds, that expands, that elevates this Source of all Good for us! Jesus gave us the Way. It is by the Word that both creates and reveals. Your words—if they are His—will give you life. Can you not speak them?

He said, "Ye are gods; and ye are all of you the children of the Most High." This is why you can speak them! Again Jesus said, "And this is life eternal to know Thee, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent." Why, then, should the possessors of life eternal, the Great Reality, be concerned with death, even be in fear of this passing shadow?

Be faithful in thinking, in speaking, in living words of Life. Love by a faith which is the substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things still unseen, a faith heroic, enduring and assured!

In this faith a long line of earnest souls have conquered and rejoiced, finding it operative in all the spheres of being.

"Call upon Me, and I will answer thee, and show thee great and mighty things that thou knowest not." These words being yielded to and trusted by a man of our times led him out of old associations to new fields of labor, and to the perception of most blessed truths which have brought many to a knowledge of Divine Life for the body. "The Lord is my portion," said my soul!

When Emily Brontë came to the hour of her exodus from earth-life she gave expression to this Song of Triumph:

No coward soul is mine; no trembler in
The world's storm-troubled sphere!
I see Heaven's glories shine and faith
Shines equal, arming me from fear.

There is not room for Death,
No atom that this might could render void;
Thou, Thou art Being and art Breath,
And what Thou art may never be destroyed.

Eternal Spirit Breath, absorb us in Thy life and glory that we all may be one, and one expression of Thy Life and Will on this planet which is our present dwelling-place by Thy appointment.

Thy will be done on earth, we pray, and the more ardently as we see that it means the manifestation of Oneness of Life. Science reveals it in the constant marvels of Nature's operations; Man's evolution testifies to it, and St. Paul goes so far as to say that the establishment of the Christ-consciousness on the earth draws hither principalities and powers who perceive therein the display of manifold wisdom. Yet while the man of wisdom hies from the Star Centre to the earthy man, there are lords many and gods many, and the greatest of these is Mammon!

Dullard though he be, producing dullards, and a tyrant exacting the sacrifice of health and conscience, he has been a ruler of many who have become like unto him.

But a new vision is coming to our people, even to those that have cried "Who shall show us any good?" We are beginning to see that the Shining One is in our midst. He who guided our Fathers over the sea and gave them this broad land with its mountains and great streams, He is calling to the Prisoners of Hope "Come forth!" and to them that are in darkness, "Show yourselves!"

So are we coming to realize that the preservation of peace, even within our borders, will require a rule of righteousness, a regard for life. Many nations are in distress looking this way!

If we would fulfil our national destiny we must return to our old ideals, and seek to know and to do the will of the God of nations. In knowing God we shall know Man!

Only thus can the sacredness of human rights be perceived, and the gifts of mind and soul find their opportunity, these human manifestations of the great Life. Then shall oppression cease, drudgery give way to inspiration, and the path to undreamed-of achievement be made plain.

Man shall eat angels' food and mount up on wings as angels.

For him time and space shall be telescoped, as the Life within finds its chance of demonstration eliminating disease and sorrow by sweeping away selfishness, or separation, the root of all evil imagining.

Then shall the reign of Life extend o'er the earth till all is Life, glorious Life revealed.

For the first Adam was but a living soul, whereas the second Adam is a quickening Spirit—the Spirit of all glorious Life.

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The Butterfly

MAN

Wonderful object! So lovely, bright!
Are you a flower with wings of light?
Are you a beautiful thought incased
Gaily in jewels, with gold inlaced?
Are you a being that's known no care,
Sorrow nor trouble, or aught not fair?
Live you in heaven, on earth, at will?
Flitting about with no thought of ill?
What is your mission, or have you none,
Sipping earth's sweets as though work
were done?

I am a being enslaved by sin.
Glory divine can man hope to win?

BUTTERFLY

Questioning soul! Understandest not
What thou beholdest? Or hast forgot
Words of the Master? If born again,
Creature is new, He declared to men.
Suffering, toiling, along your way,
Live we again? You inquire each day.
Study my history. You may see
Answer to question that troubles thee.
I was a worm and crawled around,
Spurned, despised, wherever found;
Changed, transformed, all lovely, bright,
Sparkling with gems of the rarest light,
See you me now and you know me not.
Wonder from whence! In my lowly lot
Saw you no plan of the God of Love?
Looked you not from the earth above?
Now am I living a second life,
Freed from the first with its cares and strife.

L. I. Bartlett.

In February *Harper's Bazar* Margaret Deland writes of the wickedness of growing old. "Except the surrendering of the soul to age without a fight," she says, "there are few more pathetic sights than this of the poor, defeated body, never giving up its fight against age." "Real age" is what we must be on the watch for. Its three deadly symptoms are: "Selfishness—Stagnation—Intolerance." The three invulnerable defenses which, if we use we shall die young, are: "Sympathy—Progress—Tolerance." "For progress the effort must be intellectual; we must read, we must listen, we must think. Better go and take a ride in one of those ugly, snorting, ill-smelling red devils than condemn it untried; better read up on the irritating and unlovely industrial conditions than sit and moan over the degeneration of Bridget. Better even sit down with a dictionary and a book in a foreign language and deliberately exercise the atrophied powers of concentration and attention in good hard study than let these powers still further harden and waste."

The Choir at Daybreak

I SAT by the window at daybreak,
As the wild birds caroled the hour,
And watched the shades of the night-time
Droop 'neath the morning's power,
And as the banners of sunrise
Flung their colors above the trees
The burst of light charmed the bird notes
Into sweeter melodies.

The wren, the linnet and robin,
The oriole, calbird and jay,
And all the choir of the treetops
Spiritedly sang, and gay
And with notes unknown to mortals,
With harmonies grandly fair
As the soul's unuttered music,
They piped on the morning air.

The daybreak's freshness and grandeur,
And the songs of the happy birds.
Commingled a tender beauty
That cannot be told in words;
And a gladness settled o'er me
That lifted me out of the cares
That yesterday bore upon me
In the burden of affairs.
Homer P. Branch, in Our Dumb Animals

How much good there is in kind words!
When you feel kindly, **DO NOT FAIL TO SPEAK KINDLY.** When your heart is filled with love, your lips are filled with loving words.

When you were engaged

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MICHIGAN BUSINESS INSTITUTE,
333 Institute Bldg., Kalamazoo, Mich.

"What Are We Here For, Brothers Mine?"

By Emily S. Bouton

Written especially for
THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES

What are we here for? Here to grow
In every grace divine.
The beauty of the world to know,
And in its beauty shine;
To follow Truth where'er it lies,
Through loneliness and scorn;
To hold earth's bounty equal prize
Of every child that's born.

FIND these lines, pregnant with meaning, in a poem by James H. West, which appears upon the cover page of "Unity." They arouse at once that same old questioning spirit as to the why and wherefore of life, never yet satisfied. Even accepting the thought that we are

Here to grow
In every grace divine,

yet there always comes what sometimes becomes an almost agonized inquiry of *how* this growth can best be made. How shall we find the way to winning "every grace divine"?

We have all heard that the whole secret lies in the words carved over the entrance to an ancient temple—Know Thyself—and we can understand that it might be so. When the possibility reaches the strength of a conviction that herein lies the Way, the Truth and the Life, we wonder how we are to attain such a specific knowledge of our own complex nature as to enable us to progress toward the perfect ideal which every Master who has lived and taught humanity has assured us is the ultimate of all who live.

No doubt this is the most difficult of all tasks because we have been trained to believe that the world without contains everything that it is important to know. It is not the wonderful force that pushes the plant to its beautiful and fragrant flowering that the child is taught to consider, but the number and arrangement of the parts of the blossom, and their outward relation to each other. He goes through the years, therefore, with no understanding that the life and consciousness of the plant are the same in essence as his own, only differing in the mode and degrees of expression.

The value of music is largely measured and understood by the appeal it makes to the senses, with no thought that the laws by which it is governed, in either its highest or lowest form, come from the same Divine consciousness which is seeking to manifest itself in the outer world—in a different way, to be sure, from its manifestation in the flower, but the same wonderful and potent force.

Men call this force Nature, but do not perceive that it always works from within outward, and that it *must* be one and the same everywhere, differing only in what may be called the extension of consciousness in manifestation. This law, which compels all growth from within, and which is operative in every particle or atom of substance, men use in lesser things than themselves many times, without being conscious of the fact. Those who have read of that wonder-worker of science in California who is bringing to pass a new order in the vegetable world, which in turn will introduce a new order into the world of man, will see that he is, knowingly or unknowingly, working upon the principle of the unity of life, and of the possibility of human control of its manifestations on all planes below the evolutionary place the worker himself has attained.

This man, who is doing such marvelous things that they seem the production of magic, who is changing the life which is homely, unprofitable, and even inimical to all other life, into what is beautiful and useful, has grasped the secret of growth. He has come in very truth

The beauty of the world to know,

and is making it visible to others. He learned

To follow Truth where'er it lies
Through loneliness and scorn—

for we are told that in the earlier days he was denounced from the pulpit as "a foe to God and man, one who was interrupting the well-ordered course of plant life, destroying forces and functions long established and sacred."

More than once he came perilously near to starving, but he rose "by sheer force of noble ideals above all temporal ills." He was, and is, true to the inner light, and hence his wonderful success in his work. He seems to have discovered how to bend nature to his will. In reality he has divined how to use, to a certain extent, the laws that govern the manifestations in the vegetable world, of the One great energy which throbs through the universe.

The creator of the music that stirs the emotions, and often arouses the soul to assert itself over a saddened body, only transcribes what is within the spiritual centre of his own being. The vibrations reach the spiritual centres of others just in proportion as they are able to transmit them, and are



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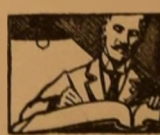
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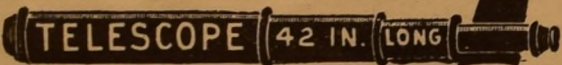
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The Tower of Truth

BY FREDERIC W. BURRY

Written especially for
THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES



Men have built their towers of Babel, their sky-scraping monuments and lofty temples of brick and stone for the memorial and propaganda of grotesque theories and creeds; but it has remained for recent times to build a spiritual structure, living and breathing—a wonderful Tower of Truth.

The various sciences have given their share of material for this lasting monument of Knowledge. This temple of Wisdom is constructed of many bricks and stones, which were each sometimes considered to be the Whole Thing, the Complete Tower of Truth, by those who placed them there.

But with all the accumulated Knowledge, the Tower of Truth is really only beginning to be built. During the last few years many stories have been added; and what we know to-day represents a mass of practical Wisdom that may be said to be imposing.

But we have much to learn yet. The Tower of Truth, even with the present visible plans and aspirations, will soon have several more stories added; and who shall talk about a finality to this monument of intelligence and consciousness?

It is not an obelisk of Dogma. It is not a Tombstone. Truth is not Theology, and Science is not Superstition.

In this castle towering to heights celestial, founded on the hard substantial rocks of experience, are no gold bricks, no shams. From the bottom upward it is all live material, and when any part wears out (as all things do) it is replaced by something new.

Truth is an elastic substance. Spirit is ethereal. Life is made up of transformations.

To get at realities you must enter in. Stop your sky-gazing and forget your fantastic credos, and go and see for yourself.

Let your Reason have a fair play—at least, for a little while. Take the elevator up the Tower of Truth, stopping on the floors you desire to inspect; look around and absorb what is worth while, and after observing well add your brick of wisdom to the towering structure; leave your personal signature on the immortal roster of the race's development.

Make yourself worth while.

Conventions and fashions tell you to copy. The bogey of precedent is always keeping you back. But never mind—dare, act, originate.

It is such a relief to be a genius. Creation is so satisfying.

One's early attempts may be of a mediocre character; but there is always development; one thing most surely leads to another by the principle of attraction—if we only keep on.

Truth is born of Experience. An idea is proved after it has been experimented with.

The subjects of Mind and Spirit are made so much of in these days, because we have now found them so practical. We used to imagine they had to do with the intangible and supernatural.

People read their romances and also build up their elaborate systems of make-believe of various sorts, some for Sundays and some for week days; and with the aid of these narcotics they place a cloudy veil between their vision and Truth.

Fiction is only Truth seen dimly. Truth is always more wonderful than Fiction. The Real is greater than the Ideal.

How much better it would be, how much more interesting, if men (when their minds are matured) would allow their vision to penetrate deeper. How much wiser and healthier to have a cleared vision.

The old conceptions of Reality have not been inviting enough to make men forsake the fairy tales. But Science is now manifesting the glories of Reality.

We are teaching practical Religions and demonstrable Philosophies. We have something to talk about, and we have something to show—it is not all talk.

We are dealing in Words that possess Power.

Where do we get all these dynamic Inspirations? Well, we have suffered; we have felt the keen edges of Experience, that infallible sharp sword that makes you more and more Conscious.

How else shall a man be enabled to scale the heights of Wisdom?

Only we must couple our learning with faith. We must recognize the place and destiny of the varied life and conditions of existence—within and without. We must acknowledge results as they are, we must go deep—and our faith must take a venture.

For it is not necessary that a thing shall be capable of ocular demonstration before it can be vouched for as True. There are more senses than

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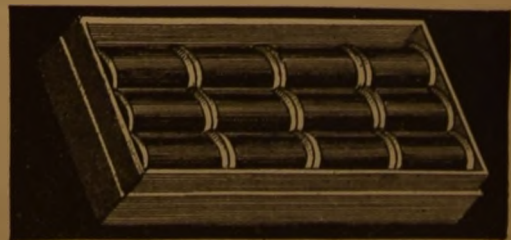
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THE JOY OF WORKING

By Uriel Smith

Written expressly for
THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES

THE great problem that we are all trying to solve is how to make our religion practical, how to do our work and earn our wages honestly and joyously. And, after all, it is not a difficult question, looked at in a level way. It simply means the application of spiritual principles to our daily life—a recognition of the simple elements that go to make up success in its broadest sense, and by this word success we mean not necessarily the hoarding of money, because we all know that our wealthy brother is much more worried about taking care of what he has than in getting more, but we mean by success that happiness in doing our work which makes us do it well and which produces results in proportion.

And you know we don't necessarily have to love our work. But we must work for the joy of working, of doing something.

Step out into the keen morning air, knowing that you are going to do something that even your mother and children are wearing apparel.

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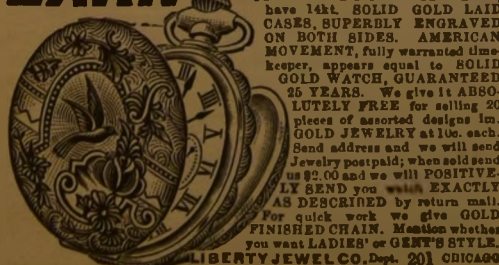
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five; there are soul-senses; there is an intuition that so often demonstrates a fact as nothing else could.

The Tower of Truth is the Race-Consciousness. We are living here, we are going through our nights and days—all for the extension of Truth, for Consciousness. What is Truth without Consciousness? What is it *but* Consciousness?

The theories and creeds of the past have been all right as far as they went. Underlying all the doctrines of mankind one can discern some element of truth, something sincere, something at least symbolic of Life. In the past men have conceived their crude ideas—and, yes, there has been something in them.

But this is the age of growth; this is the building era—the progressive period. We are transcribing the historic statements, evolving the learning of the ages. We are critics; and we even dare to question the revered authorities. Why should we not? Truth cannot be afraid of being questioned.

Among a certain class, those who seemingly pride themselves on their ultra-conservatism and blind fidelity, the word Science is scoffed at. These are the ones who prefer the Letter before the Spirit; who like symbolism better than the reality.

These slow movers, treading grudgingly in the rear of the inevitable march of evolution, do little toward the building of the structure of Truth; they add little to the now fast-growing bulk of Human Wisdom. It is these laggards obstinate in refusing to let the light of their Reason shine more brightly, who keep back a destined universal extension of Human Development.

For we are so much dependent on one another—especially in our social life; and whatever we may personally think, we cannot always say or do just what we would like; for those who are against us, those who choose still longer to be blind and backward, are in desperately large numbers.

They have also numerable conventicles of ostentatious but flimsy structure to offset the noble Tower of Truth; though to-day Truth is holding its own in the eyes of the multitude; it is proving itself more substantial, very different to those others, the houses of cards which totter and crumble because they are not made of the right stuff.

We are living in worlds of consciousness. If you are unhappy turn on the electric light of your Imagination, and so alter the scenery around you. Existence is only a dramatic affair; and you can see what you wish.

It is pure folly to be miserable; and whatever you say to the contrary, whatever "peculiar circumstances" you may have to battle with (remember we all have individual "peculiar" ones, too), still it is foolishness to be miserable.

At least, to continue in our miseries. As you cultivate a self-reliant and masterful attitude, as you grow, the old miseries become a source of amusement to you. There is nothing so ludicrous as the horrible when you look at it from one point of view.

Make your mind stronger; conquer the obstacles; assume a position of mastery.

Truth is relative; facts are not stubborn things; you can mold circumstances; you can direct Fate. Everything is just the way you look at it; conditions depend on acts of recognition; the objective is created by the subjective—matter is the servant of mind.

So Truth is shown to be a very practical pursuit. Philosophy is the only thing worth much while.

Spend your Time to the most profitable account. Don't let make-believes and hypocrisies, shams and humbugs deaden your Character any longer.

Devote your life to Truth. Acquire more Knowledge. Be a Scientist.

It is a glorious thing to build up the Tower of Truth, and so make Life easier and happier and in every way better.

If, instead of making such frantic efforts to keep up the support of almost useless institutions, some of our earnest workers and generous philanthropists would be true to themselves first and loyal to the established authorities after, they could often turn their energies and resources into more valuable channels.

A great deal of time and money is wasted because people will not think.

But you need not follow in the train of custom. You can Think! If you will, you shall be rewarded; and the race will also be moved up a step. The world is made by Human Thought. Add your share.

You will at once find it worth while, bringing results to every department that make up your existence.

Leave the dark and dead sepulchres of Tradition, O Man! Take up your abode in the illuminated and alive Tower of Truth.

OUR MAGAZINE stands for the deep things of the heart and life. It helps you to know the *best* in yourself and your Brothers everywhere. It brings you days of joy and nights of peace, and teaches you how to be a *living* joy. Send \$1.00 for a year's subscription. 22 North William Street, New York.

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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 or piercing sounds.

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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 sounds 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 cases), by the use of these comfortable little ear-resters and sound-magnifiers.

A sensible book, about Deafness, tells how they are made, and has printed in it letters from hundreds of people who are using them.

Clergymen, 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.

Some of these very people may live near you, and be well known to you. What they have to say is mighty strong proof.

This book has been the means of making 326,000 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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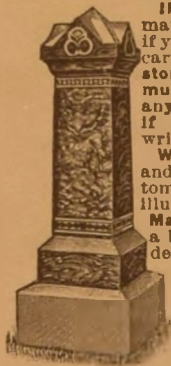
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Trifles

'Tis the little things that help.
The cheery word that's spoken
May brighten up a sombre day,
Or soothe a heart that's broken.
EDITH C. HAYNES.

Individual Importance

MAN is not a mechanism, wound up and unconsciously accomplishing acts over which he has no control. Although only a speck in the vast universe, each has his place and duties marked, and must fulfil these willingly or be forced to do so by the events and adversities of Life.

To know one's self is a rare virtue in humanity, recognizing its own personal qualities as superior to any its neighbor possesses. How needful, therefore, to raise the higher self on the deep foundation of humble acquaintance of the Ego.

Behold the ear of corn which expands in the husk till arrived at maturity. Such is an emblem of the soul enshrined within the tabernacle of the flesh, so that it may grow under various conditions in experience till it be worthy to be transplanted to a higher sphere.

Sing a Little Song

You think you have nor "tune," nor "time"
And can't catch up a melody;
You say you have no singing voice
And when at church no psalmody.
No matter
Sing me yet a little song!

Just hear the children at their play,
If they can't sing their song they "talk it";
And birds, and insects, as they fly,
If they've no song they chirp and buzz it;
Gaily flutter
As they sing that little song!

"Heave hoy! heave hoy!" the sailors sing
When ropes are coiling, sails are hoisting.
In helping harmony they blend,
And each the other thus is helping.
So together
We can work and sing a song!

A happy heart makes hard work light,
So with the heart we'll keep on singing.
A song and a smile make others bright,
And smiles well up when joy is winging.
See eyes a-glitter
When sings the heart its little song!

Magnetic is the cheery smile;
Eyes with love-light bright are kindling!
Not what we do, but what we are,
Will bring these rays and smiles reflecting;
A joy creator
Is the life that sings a song.

Our lives in "time and tune" with God
Will find in Him their powers of singing.
God's song for us, and ours for Him,
Sweet rays of light and love emitting,
Making brighter
Other hearts who'll learn our song!
Louisa A'hmuty Nash.

Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace,
whose mind is stayed on Thee: because
he trusteth in Thee.—Isaiah xxvi.

Helpful Hints to Higher Living

GOODNESS is the only mystery.
"Judgment Day" is all the time.
Justice is the measure of absolute compensation.
Sweetly swings the pendulum of the perfect law.
Happiness cannot be purchased at the expense of rectitude.

There is no room in the religion of Covenanters for superfluities.

The test of Character is the maintenance of integrity in adversity and prosperity.

Clarify and purify mind and body—noble inspirations and deeds follow naturally.

Reduce spiritual laws to living Misery is a moral microbe which gnaws at the soul-tissues.

The universe is built on a basis of divine order. In vain man seeks to escape its operation.

We believe in the utility of goodness. God speaks to all, but is heard most distinctly in the cultivated inner sense.—Rev. Geneva Lake.

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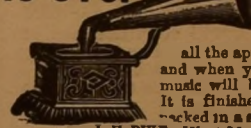
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THE JOY OF WORKING

By Uriel Smith

Written expressly for
THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES

THE great problem that we are all trying to solve is how to make our religion practical, how to do our work and earn our wages honestly and joyously. And, after all, it is not a difficult question, looked at in a level way. It simply means the application of spiritual principles to our daily life—a recognition of the simple elements that go to make up success in its broadest sense, and by this word success we mean not necessarily the hoarding of money, because we all know that our wealthy brother is much more worried about taking care of what he has than in getting more, but we mean by success that happiness in doing our work which makes us do it well and which produces results in proportion.

And you know we don't necessarily have to love our work. But we must work for the joy of working, of doing something.

Step out into the keen morning air, knowing that you are going to do something, that even your whole being is going to praise God in a spontaneous effort, that every nerve is going to quiver with that divine purpose in its effort to express itself honestly. Do you know you can do this easily if you change your point of view? If you will class yourself as a world worker and not as a hireling, if you will remember that although you may get so much an hour from an individual, yet you are in the pay of an Employer who never gives you short wages or works you overtime. And He is God. He gives you your wages to the miser's fraction. He gives you your promotion—without a pull.

The first thing we must do in order to be successful, then, either spiritually or materially, is to be honest with ourselves.

Oh, yes, I know it is hard, but that is what we're here for, is it not? That's why you and I are children in this world school-room of ours—to learn our lesson, to profit by experience, to live one day at a time, to do our work as well as we can, and be kind. I was saying a moment ago that it was easy if you change your point of view. And we see the force of this statement when we look at the great workers who stand out giant-like against the glory of the past. What of Lincoln? Was he working for himself or his party? No, a man whose slogan was "government for the people, by the people" was a world worker and not a hireling. He was working for the people, and you know now what a grand worker he was and how well he did his work. If he had worked for himself or for his party, what then? Read his life and wonder. If he had swerved from his purpose, if he had shirked the responsibilities thrust upon him, what then?

And then there was Jesus. You remember how He worked without a place to lay His head, but with the light of a mighty purpose in His eye and a glorious message on His lips. And although His footsteps faltered, yet His great heart whispered: "Oh, humanity, humanity, would that I could gather thee to my bosom and teach thee peace!"

And you know how in the last days they spat upon Him, and mocked Him, and crucified Him, and called Him King of the Jews. But you and I know His kingdom was in the hearts of humanity. He was a world worker, and that is what you and I are. We can't bail out the ocean with a spoon. But we can do our own work as well as we can, and remember we have no concern with any other man's duty. We have our own particular work to do, and that needs all our concentration of effort, every moment of our undivided attention.

And yet there is just one more thing I would say before I lay down my pen, and that is that no one can do our work for us; we alone must do it, unshrinkingly, joyously, unselfishly, manfully. Let's get down to it now, let's commence just now with a new song on our lips, a new purpose in our hearts, and thus hasten that glorious time of which dreamers have thought and poets have sung.

And so we must realize that we are doing the world's work. No matter if it be shining shoes, or making them, or making clothes, or washing them, or building houses, or ships, or keeping books, or writing them, we are all of us, every last one of us, part of a whole. And that we—you and I—owe it to ourselves to play our part nobly, to be honest with ourselves and do our work just as well as we can for the pure joy of doing it.

Think of it! We are world workers, you and I, working for every other bee in the hive, working to make life a little pleasanter for somebody, making history as citizens, making homes as parents, making character as individuals. May the glory of the Master worker become manifest in our lives and inspire all of us with the blessedness of working.

When you plant seeds in the earth some fail to grow, but when you plant spiritual seed in the Garden of God none ever fail. Seen or unseen they bring forth after their kind. Some thirty, some sixty and some a hundredfold. Therefore, weary one, take heart! You have never wasted any hour you have spent in doing good.

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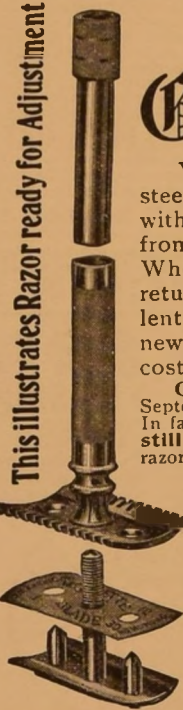
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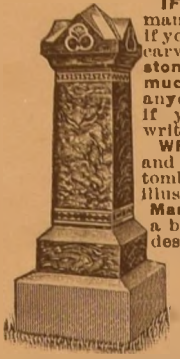
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Trifles

'Tis the little things that help.
The cheery word that's spoken
May brighten up a sombre day,
Or soothe a heart that's broken.
EDITH C. HAYNES.

Individual Importance

MAN is not a mechanism, wound up and unconsciously accomplishing acts over which he has no control. Although only a speck in the vast universe, each has his place and duties marked, and must fulfil these willingly or be forced to do so by the events and adversities of Life.

To know one's self is a rare virtue in humanity, recognizing its own personal qualities as superior to any its neighbor possesses. How needful, therefore, to raise the higher self on the deep foundation of humble acquaintance of the Ego.

Behold the ear of corn which expands in the husk till arrived at maturity. Such is an emblem of the soul enshrined within the tabernacle of the flesh, so that it may grow under various conditions in experience till it be worthy to be transplanted to a higher sphere.

Sing a Little Song

You think you have nor "tune," nor "time"
And can't catch up a melody;
You say you have no singing voice
And when at church no psalmody.
No matter
Sing me yet a little song!

Just hear the children at their play,
If they can't sing their song they "talk it";
And birds, and insects, as they fly,
If they've no song they chirp and buzz it;
Gaily flutter
As they sing that little song!

"Heave hoy! heave hoy!" the sailors sing
When ropes are coiling, sails are hoisting.
In helping harmony they blend,
And each the other thus is helping.
So together
We can work and sing a song!

A happy heart makes hard work light,
So with the heart we'll keep on singing.
A song and a smile make others bright,
And smiles well up when joy is winging.
See eyes aglitter
When sings the heart its little song!

Magnetic is the cheery smile;
Eyes with love-light bright are kindling!
Not what we do, but what we are,
Will bring these rays and smiles reflecting;
A joy creator
Is the life that sings a song.

Our lives in "time and tune" with God
Will find in Him their powers of singing.
God's song for us, and ours for Him,
Sweet rays of light and love emitting,
Making brighter
Other hearts who'll learn our song!
Louisa A'hmuty Nash.

Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace,
whose mind is stayed on Thee: because
he trusteth in Thee.—Isaiah xxvi.

Helpful Hints to Higher Living

GOODNESS is the only mystery.
"Judgment Day" is all the time.
Justice is the measure of absolute compensation.
Sweetly swings the pendulum of the perfect law.
Happiness cannot be purchased at the expense of rectitude.

There is no room in the religion of Covenanters for superfluities.

The test of Character is the maintenance of integrity in adversity and prosperity.

Clarify and purify mind and body—noble inspirations and deeds follow naturally.

Reduce spiritual laws to living Misery is a moral microbe which gnaws at the soul-tissues.

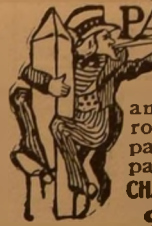
The universe is built on a basis of divine order. In vain man seeks to escape its operation.

We believe in the utility of goodness. God speaks to all, but is heard most distinctly in the cultivated inner sense.—Rev. Geneva Lake.

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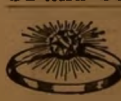
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THE JOY OF WORKING

By Uriel Smith

WHICH EXPLORES FOR
THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES

THE great problem that we are all trying to solve is how to make our religion practical, how to do our work and earn our wages honestly and joyously. And, after all, it is not a difficult question, looked at in a level way. It simply means the application of spiritual principles to our daily life—a recognition of the simple elements that go to make up success in its broadest sense, and by this word success we mean not necessarily the hoarding of money, because we all know that our wealthy brother is much more worried about taking care of what he has than in getting more, but we mean by success that happiness in doing our work which makes us do it well and which produces results in proportion.

And you know we don't necessarily have to love our work. But we must work for the joy of working, of doing something.

Step out into the keen morning air, knowing that you are going to do something, that even your whole being is going to praise God in a spontaneous effort, that every nerve is going to quiver with that divine purpose in its effort to express itself honestly. Do you know you can do this easily if you change your point of view? If you will class yourself as a world worker and not as a hireling, if you will remember that although you may get so much an hour from an individual, yet you are in the pay of an Employer who never gives you short wages or works you overtime. And He is God. He gives you your wages to the miser's fraction. He gives you your promotion—without a pull.

The first thing we must do in order to be successful, then, either spiritually or materially, is to be honest with ourselves.

Oh, yes, I know it is hard, but that is what we're here for, is it not? That's why you and I are children in this world school-room of ours—to learn our lesson, to profit by experience, to live one day at a time, to do our work as well as we can, and be kind. I was saying a moment ago that it was easy if you change your point of view. And we see the force of this statement when we look at the great workers who stand out giant-like against the glory of the past. What of Lincoln? Was he working for himself or his party? No, a man whose slogan was "government for the people, by the people" was a world worker and not a hireling. He was working for the people, and you know now what a grand worker he was and how well he did his work. If he had worked for himself or for his party, what then? Read his life and wonder. If he had swerved from his purpose, if he had shirked the responsibilities thrust upon him, what then?

And then there was Jesus. You remember how He worked without a place to lay His head, but with the light of a mighty purpose in His eye and a glorious message on His lips. And although His footsteps faltered, yet His great heart whispered: "Oh, humanity, humanity, would that I could gather thee to my bosom and teach thee peace!"

And you know how in the last days they spat upon Him, and mocked Him, and crucified Him, and called Him King of the Jews. But you and I know His kingdom was in the hearts of humanity. He was a world worker, and that is what you and I are. We can't bail out the ocean with a spoon. But we can do our own work as well as we can, and remember we have no concern with any other man's duty. We have our own particular work to do, and that needs all our concentration of effort, every moment of our undivided attention.

And yet there is just one more thing I would say before I lay down my pen, and that is that no one can do our work for us; we alone must do it, unshrinkingly, joyously, unselfishly, manfully. Let's get down to it now, let's commence just now with a new song on our lips, a new purpose in our hearts, and thus hasten that glorious time of which dreamers have thought and poets have sung.

And so we must realize that we are doing the world's work. No matter if it be shining shoes, or making them, or making clothes, or washing them, or building houses, or ships, or keeping books, or writing them, we are all of us, every last one of us, part of a whole. And that we—you and I—owe it to ourselves to play our part nobly, to be honest with ourselves and do our work just as well as we can for the pure joy of doing it.

Think of it! We are world workers, you and I, working for every other bee in the hive, working to make life a little pleasanter for somebody, making history as nations, making homes as parents, making character as individuals. May the glory of the Master worker become manifest in our lives and inspire all of us with the blessedness of working.

When you plant seeds in the earth some fail to grow, but when you plant spiritual seed in the Garden of God none ever fail. Seen or unseen they bring forth after their kind. Some thirty, some sixty and some a hundredfold. Therefore, weary one, take heart! You have never wasted any hour you have spent in doing good.

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This is a low average of the number of shaves that can be secured with a

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With each razor there are twelve double edged blades of wafer steel, tempered so hard, by our secret process, they must be ground with Diamond Dust, and so perfectly sharpened, every one will give from ten to forty delightful, velvety shaves without stropping. When they are dull we will send you one new blade for every two returned to us. Repeated exchanging in this way gives you an equivalent of twenty-two blades with every outfit. After they are all used new ones can be purchased at so low a price that your shaving will cost you but a fraction of a cent a shave.

Gillette Sales Co., New York. Gentlemen—I bought one of your razors last September and I would not sell it for many times its value if I could not get another. In fact it is the only razor. I have used one blade sixty-two times and am still using it. We have a chain of 26 banks and several of our boys have brought the razor from seeing mine.

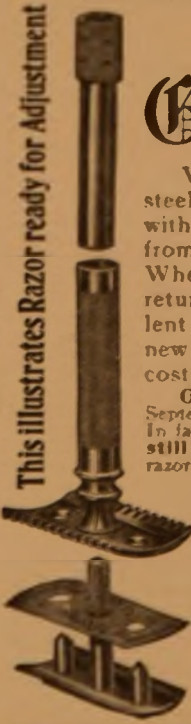
Respectfully,
L. GREENWOOD,
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Ask your dealer for the Gillette Safety Razor; he can procure it for you. Write for our interesting booklet which explains our thirty days free trial offer. Most dealers make this offer; if yours don't, we will.

The Gillette Sales Company, 1161 Times Building, Times Sq., New York.

References: Any one of our 168,141 satisfied users to Jan. 1, '05, our first year in the market.

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Rules for To-day

Work out your own salvation.
 Be cheerful! be thankful! don't worry, and prosperity is yours.
 When you don't know what to do, don't do it.
 If any circumstances be not to thy mind, suit thy mind to thy circumstances.
 Heaven never helps a man who will not act.
 God gives us much that we may make it more.
 Obey Divine law and you will always be in the current of progress and prosperity.
 The more we are in ourselves the more we may mean to God.
 God's law understood and obeyed brings peace.
 Ability brings responsibility. Ability is abused when not used.
 Sweetness is strength, and strength is sweetness.
 Make friends with circumstances; never quarrel with fate.
 Life is given to be glad in. Joy is for all men.
 A cheerful heart doeth good to everybody.
 Only the true is good, and only the good is true.
 Seek only the good, and only the good will come to you.
 Read Isaiah xxvi, 3, 4.
 Patience and perseverance accomplish all righteous desires.
 Patience is not a virtue when it whines.
 God makes our sunshine; we make our own clouds.
 They who hunt for peace and happiness generally find them.
 They who hunt for trouble soon find it.
 Bring yourself into harmony with your surroundings.
 Talk happiness! The world is sad enough without our woes.
 Be strong with the strength of the Spirit.
 There is no place too lowly for the display of high qualities.

OLIVER C. SABIN.

"Eighty Years and More"

'Tis yet high day, thy staff resume,
 And fight fresh battles for the truth;
 For what is age but youth's full bloom,
 A riper, more transcendent youth!
 A weight of gold
 Is never old;
 Streams broader grow as downward rolled.

At sixty-two life has begun;
 At seventy-three begin once more;
 Fly swifter as thou near'st the sun,
 And brighter shine at eighty-four;
 At ninety-five
 Shouldst thou arrive
 Still wait on God, and work and thrive.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Children lavish affection upon dolls. Those of larger growth turn to images of flesh and worship them. But the enlightened soul worships not the images but the un-imaged, the Divine Life and the manifestations of its love.

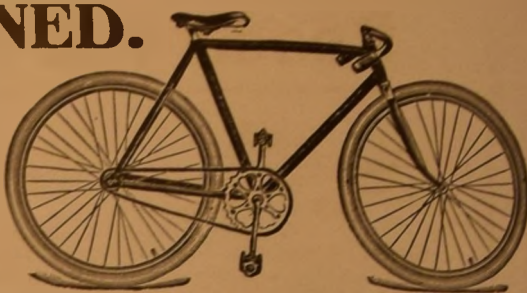
3

PRICE EXPLAINED.

AT FROM \$3.00 TO \$5.00 Bicycles similar to the bicycle hereon have been widely advertised by other houses. How bicycles can be offered at these prices and why we can sell the highest grade new 1905 Model bicycles in gents', ladies' and children's sizes, at much lower prices than any other house is all explained in our new, big, free Special Bicycle Catalogue. Cut this advertisement out and send to us and you will receive by return mail, free, postpaid, our new Special Bicycle Catalogue, fully describing our complete line of new 1905 gents', ladies' and children's bicycles, all shown in large, handsome half-tone illustrations; everything in bicycle sundries and supplies at the lowest prices ever known. **TIRES, COASTER BRAKES, SADDLES, PEDALS, etc., at LESS THAN ONE-HALF THE PRICES USUALLY ASKED.** **WITH THE BIG FREE CATALOGUE** you will receive the most liberal bicycle offer ever heard of, a new and marvelous proposition. Why we can sell at much lower prices than all others will be fully explained. Our system of shipping the day we receive your order and our low freight and express rate will be explained. You will get **OUR FREE TRIAL OFFER**, safe and prompt delivery guarantee, our binding guarantee, our latest proposition. Everything will go to you by return mail, free, postpaid.

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This can be easily done in any locality by merely devoting part of your spare time. The bicycle offer we will send you is really an astonishingly liberal one. Don't fail to cut this advertisement out and send to us, or on a postal card say, "Send me your new bicycle offer," and get everything that we will send you free by mail, postpaid. Address:

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HAVE YOU ANY USE FOR A BUGGY? If you have, don't fail to cut this ad. out today and mail to us. If you can't use a top buggy at any price, call your neighbor's attention to this announcement. Don't buy any latest proposition, everything explained, all free for the asking. **WRITE TODAY. ADDRESS: SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., Chicago, Ill.**

BARGAIN SALE REMNANTS of SILK RIBBONS



BEAUTIFUL SILK RIBBONS AT LOW PRICES

To close out our tremendous large stock of Remnants of Silk Ribbons, which is the largest in quantity, value and variety in New York City, we have marked the prices way down. These are the most beautiful Silk Ribbons in the East, and at this remarkable mark-down sale we are making an unprecedented and unparalleled **BARGAIN OFFER**. These beautiful Silk Ribbons were recently purchased at wholesale auction sales at prices which will enable our lady customers to secure unheard-of bargains. We are overstocked and must sell them at a greatly reduced price from their real value. These ribbons are really very fine ribbons. Please do not judge them by our **MARK-DOWN PRICES**. They are bought in very large quantities at wholesale auction sales, and we generally buy for spot cash all the ribbons a mill has. We have bought as high as \$3,000 worth of these beautiful Silk Ribbons at one time, and they are certainly of most excellent value. We are anxious to sell a lot of these rare Silk Ribbons in every neighborhood, as their beauty and value at **OUR CUT PRICES** will sell lots of them to your lady friends.

Now, remember, these remnants are all from one to two and three yards in length, and many of them are the finest quality of Ribbons in the market, of different widths, in a variety of fashionable shades, in fact, nearly all colors are represented; also different kinds of Ribbons adapted for bonnet strings, neckwear, trimming for hats and dresses, bows, scarfs, etc., etc. No lady can purchase such fine Ribbons as these at any store in the land for many times our price, so that the bargains offered by us should be taken advantage of by our customers.

Our stock of Silk Ribbons, from which we put up these 35-cent packages, consists of Crown Edge, Gros Grain, Moire, Picot Edge, Satin Edge, Silk Brocade, Striped Ottoman, and various other styles of Plain and Fancy Silk Ribbons suited to the wants of our lady friends.

We put up carefully assorted packages of 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

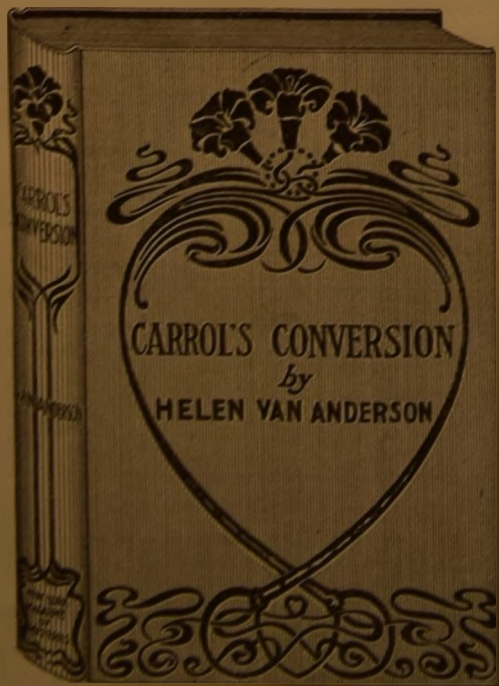
PARIS RIBBON CO., Box 1344, NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

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Mrs. HELEN VAN-ANDERSON'S GREAT BOOK

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We have spared no expense in publishing Mrs. Van-Anderson's latest book, "Carrol's Conversion." It is printed on *Expensive, Dull-Finished Paper*. The type is of good size, clear, plain and distinct, so that it can be easily read. It is beautifully and handsomely bound in cloth.

We have spent a large amount of money in printing and publishing this book because we knew that the contents were well worth being given to the world in the best manner possible, so we printed it in a regular \$2.00 library edition.

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We believe that "CARROL'S CONVERSION" is Mrs. Van-Anderson's masterpiece. It is a wonderful story, cleverly written, and holds the interest of the reader from the first chapter to the last; and, remarkable as it may seem, it is a book that also holds the interest of people of all ages. Boys and girls enjoy it, and are benefited by it and so are their parents and grandparents. In fact, it is a book that should be in everybody's home.

"Oh, if you could only know what this wonderful book has done for me and my family," wrote a lady from California.

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It is a story of life as it is lived, and in this book you will see the causes of happiness and unhappiness; you will see in it pictures of *yourself*. There is no book that will please you more and will do you more good than "CARROL'S CONVERSION."

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Consists of 8 balls, 5 mallets, 2 stakes and 10 arches. Finely painted and varnished; packed in substantial box.
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Solid oak, French plate mirror, large glass door in bookcase, and a complete, full-size desk.
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Top 24x48 in., 2 large flour bins, 2 drawers, one divided into compartments.
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Solid oak, hand polished, top 18x33, bevel mirror 12x18, 5 drawers and hat cupboard, weight 130 lbs.
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Hard wood, full size, folding; with cane seat and rubber tires; serviceable and convenient.
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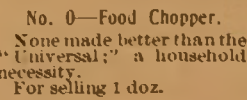
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Single-breasted, patch sleeves, best quality cloth, velvet collar; solid colors or checks.
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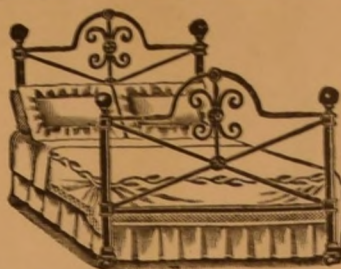
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Full size, finely upholstered, with neat parasol, enameled gear, rubber tires, foot-brake and up-to-date throughout.
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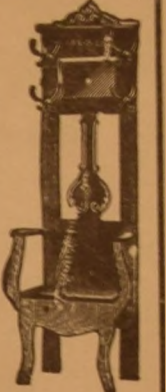
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Solid oak front, finely finished, very artistic, drawer 10x22.
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Oak frame, finely polished, best stripe velvet upholstery; a perfect reclining chair.
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Fine quality, in white, 72x84 in., neat patterns.
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.
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This beautiful, full-size hammock is made of good stock, close medium weave, with large pillow and adjustable foot spreader.
For selling 1 doz.

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Why not earn a beautiful and useful Premium *easily* by selling what the people want and will buy again? You will be agreeably surprised to find how pleasant the work is. It doesn't pay to sell trash. Sell "MOTHER'S SALVE," the greatest cure known for *catarrh, croup and colds*. The world never saw its equal for healing *cuts, burns, sores, piles, etc.* Every jar is guaranteed; our first customers are our best ones.

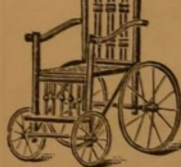
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Hard wood, full size, folding; with cane seat and rubber tires; serviceable and convenient.
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Full size, very comfortable, elegant finish, strongly made and perfectly balanced.
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Good quality chenille, 3 yds. long, beautiful patterns in red, blue or green.
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Quartered back and hand carved, rounded arms, polished saddle seat, turned spindle legs, strongly braced.
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Quartered oak, hand carved, braced arms, gloss finish, plain dished seat.
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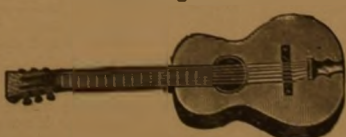
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Well built, beautifully finished, showy design, size, top 22x44, bevel-plate mirror 14x24, weight 180 lbs.
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No. 58—Oak Dresser.
Large, oval French plate mirror, base 20x40, weight 125 lbs.
For selling 6 doz.



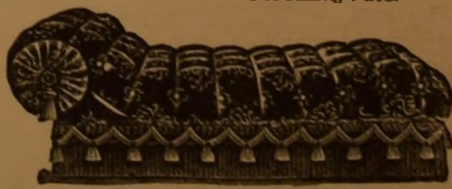
No. 112—Parlor Lamp.
Beautifully hand decorated flowers in natural colors, height 18 in., complete.
For selling 1 doz.



No. 1250—Guitar.
Full size, beautiful mahogany finish, excellent tone, a genuine Lyon & Healy instrument.
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No. 2—Extension Table.
Solid oak, well made and beautifully finished, new pattern top, 42x42 inches when closed.
For selling 4 doz.



No. 27 1/2—Gondola Couch.
Hardwood frame, best figured velvet covering in attractive colors; size 28x76, spring edge, seat and head.
For selling 3 1/2 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. 486—Ladies' Oxfords.
Medium weight, bright kid, patent leather tips, best stitch soles.
For selling 1 doz.



No. 165—Rogers' Silver Set.
28 full-size pieces, handsome pattern, hand engraved; 6 each knives, forks, tablespoons, teaspoons; 1 sugar, 1 butter; all in satin-lined case.
For selling 3 1/2 doz.



No. 125—Tea or Dinner Set.
Fine quality, 56 full-size pieces, elegantly decorated; our best crockery offer.
For selling 2 1/2 doz.



No. 75—Clock.
8 day, half-hour strike, correct timepiece, oak case, 22 in. high, 6 in. dial.
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Patent spring extension, 14-in. hand-decorated dome shade—30 pieces complete.
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No. 13—Silver Set.
Neat shell pattern, good quality, wear forever; 6 knives, 6 forks, in satin-lined case.
For selling 1 1/2 doz.

CUT THIS OUT NOW.

THE MOTHER'S REMEDIES CO., 40 Kinzie St., Chicago, Ill.

Send me six jars "Mother's Salve" and Premium List, both by mail, postpaid. I will try my best to sell them and select premium later.

Name

Postoffice

Street State



Oh, charming May,
Fresh, fair and gay,
Who comes from thy bowers
Mid perfume and flowers.

Thou art spring with its wintry days gone by,
Thou art summer without its scorching sky.

We celebrate now and ever the joy of living, the
free, noble life of the Christian spirit!

It is a beautiful fashion to be glad,
Joy is the gratitude we give to God.

The man or woman who lays up riches in the
heaven of others' hearts shall never lack for Love
in his own, for then surely:

Serene will be our days and bright,
And happy will our nature be
When Love is an unerring light,
And Joy its own security.
And blest are they who in the main
This faith even now do entertain;
Live in the spirit of this creed,
Yet find that other strength according to their need.

Man's spiritual progress is not effected in a min-
ute, but by steps from the first direction of the
will to the end of life in this earthly temple, that
it may be perfected hereafter. Let us have "Great
boldness in the Faith," to do right; for surely
man's best gifts lie beyond the power of man
either to give or to take away.

As the bird trims her to the gale
I trim myself to the storm of time;
I man the rudder, reef the sail,
Obey the voice at eve, obeyed at prime.
Lowly faithful, banish fear,
Right onward drive unharmed;
The Port, well worth the cruise, is near,
And every wave is charmed.

No affliction, no temptation, no guilt nor
power of sin or error, no wounded spirit nor terri-
fied conscience should e'er induce us to despair of
help and comfort from the ever-present Goodness.

Some time when all life's lessons have been learned,
And suns and stars forevermore have set,
The thing which our weak judgments here have
spurred,
The things o'er which we grieved with lashes wet,
Will flash before us out of life's dark night,
As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue;
And we shall see how all God's plans are right,
And how what seemed reproof was Love most true.

Do not attempt to pack a Great Hope into a
small soul. Let your soul expand, so that great
hopes shall have great room.

We are never beneath hope, while above hell;
nor above hope, while beneath heaven.

Auspicious Hope, in thy sweet garden grow
Wreaths for each toil, a charm for every woe.

A propensity to fear and sorrow is real poverty,
but a propensity to Faith, Hope and Joy is real
riches.

Hope is a King!

Blessed be the King that cometh in the name of
the Lord (LUKE xix, 28).

In the world without and the world within
He maketh all things new;
The touch of sorrow, the stain of sin,
Shall flee from the gate when the King comes in,
From the chill night's damp and dew.

Anew in the heavens the sweet stars shine,
On earth new blossoms spring;
The old life lost in the life divine;
"Thy will be mine, my will be Thine,"
Is the song which the new hearts sing.

Wherefore, beloved, seeing that ye look for such
things, be diligent that ye may be found of Him in
peace, without spot and blameless (II PETER iii, 14).

It is indeed the "mighty hopes that make us
men," and its vibrations are brightest when they
dawn from fear.

What helps it that we have the wealth of the
Indies in our pockets, if we have not the reasonable
hope of heaven in our souls?

Hope is a lover's staff; walk hence with that, and
manage it against despairing thoughts.—Shakespeare.

With small Hope little will be attempted, because
little would be expected.

"So grant me, God, from every care
And stain of passion free,
Aloft thro' virtue's purer air
To hold my course to Thee.
No sin to cloud, no lure to stay
My soul as home she springs;
Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
Thy freedom in her wings."

Never let your thought of yourself be of age,
Keep the spirit of youth in all things and you will
hold back the waves of the sea of time.

Crooked Spines Made Straight




Mr. Sheldon, the inventor of the appliances made by us, suffered from Spinal Curvature for years. In turn he tried nearly every known form of support, with little relief and no cure. He finally invented a spinal appliance which enabled him to assume and maintain a natural, upright position. This Appliance is an important part of the Sheldon Method of curing Spinal Curvature. It gives an even, continuous, perfect support to a weak or deformed spine; average weight only 16 ounces; is cool, comfortable, durable, pliable, and capable of easy and accurate adjustment. Put on and taken off easily as a coat; causes no inconvenience in working or exercising, and is not noticeable under clothing. It is designed for men, women and children. It is the only safe and humane appliance to place on a young child, because its elasticity and ease of adjustment permit full growth and development.

With it is furnished a marvelous absorbent application which takes all pain and soreness out of the back, makes the stiffened muscles relax and assists in the straightening of the spine. A book outlining a system of special physical exercises also accompanies the appliance.

By this remarkably successful method, you can be treated and cured in your own home of any form of spinal trouble. The price of the combined treatment places relief and cure (if a cure is possible), within your easy reach. Each Appliance is made to individual measurements and fits perfectly. We have strong testimonials from every State in the Union and the endorsements of noted physicians. We guarantee satisfaction or refund your money at the end of thirty days' trial. No matter how long you have suffered, there is still bright hope for you.

Write and tell us about your own or any case in which you are interested. We will send you our catalogue, which fully explains, by word and picture, how Spinal Curvature, weak back, stooped shoulders and weak abdomen are relieved and permanently cured by the Sheldon Method.

PHILO BURT MFG. CO.,
208 Fifth St., Jamestown, N. Y.

DARKEN YOUR GRAY HAIR.

The hair is a vegetable and should have vegetable treatment. It turns gray because of the lack of proper vegetable nourishment. As one grows older the system cannot supply it—gray hair is the result. Gray hair CAN BE RESTORED to its natural color by natural means. The herbs and plants of the mountains and fields have in them all the elements of life, health and beauty that the gray hair requires for its restoration. DUBY'S OZARK HERBS are certain herbs, barks and plants gathered in the Ozark Mountains, which have been found to contain all the elements necessary to the life, beauty, color and health of the hair. They will

RESTORE GRAY HAIR TO ITS FORMER COLOR AND LUSTRE.

Will not rub off, are not sticky, dirty or gummy, and WILL NOT STAIN THE SCALP. They prevent the hair from falling out, promote its growth, cure and prevent dandruff, do not wash or rub off, keep the scalp clean and healthy, and give that soft lustre to the hair that takes TEN YEARS FROM YOUR AGE. They are absolutely harmless. They produce the most luxuriant tresses from dry, coarse and wiry hair, and cause hair turning gray to assume its original color, health and vigor in a very short time.

Enclosed find 25c for another package of Ozark Herbs. I have just finished using one package, and my hair is now almost white again, and it has stopped coming out.—Margaret Horner, 107 Huron St., Ypsilanti, Mich.



I have used 3 packages of your Ozark Herbs. My hair was gray when I started using it, but is nearly black now. I have used a good many hair restorers, but yours is the best I have ever used.—H. C. Peterson, Pentwater, Mich.

COSTS ONLY 25 CENTS TO MAKE ONE PINT.

There is more health to the hair in a single package of DUBY'S OZARK HERBS than in all the hair stains and dyes made. Gives any shade from light brown to black according to strength used. Delightful and fragrant, giving that delicate perfume of the wood violet to the hair. We will send a full size package of DUBY'S OZARK HERBS for 25 cents, or 5 packages for \$1.00, by mail, postpaid, and guarantee it satisfactory or refund the money. A package makes one pint. Sent in plain wrapper. Stamps accepted.

OZARK HERB COMPANY, Block 30, St. Louis, Missouri.



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by ordering your daily household supplies from us, the manufacturers, and getting valuable and sensible premiums free. We can give you these premiums free—because we cut out wholesaler's and retailer's profits and traveling salesman's and other useless expenses.

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FOR THIS PRETTY HOUSE DESK—VALUE \$6.

With an order for only \$5.50 worth of our Teas, Coffees, Spices, Extracts, Laundry and Toilet Soaps, Perfumes, etc., etc., for your own family use or for distribution among your friends and neighbors, at prices no greater than your dealer charges you—better goods, too—we will give you absolutely free this beautiful Ladies Desk worth \$6 in any furniture store in the country. It's just the kind of an artistic, handy, convenient desk every lady wants to have in her home.

It is well and carefully constructed from the best of selected material. The front is of solid oak, while the top and sides are hardwood, the complete desk being carefully finished in golden oak and nicely polished. It is 40 in. high and 26 in. wide, with a writing bed 24 in. deep and a drawer under desk 10x22 in. in size. The interior is large and spacious, is fitted with two large pigeon holes, two pen rests and two stationery compartments. The drop lid is handsomely carved. The legs are of the latest fancy French shaped style, has neat and strong lock and key and handsome pressed brass trimmings.

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"Care of the Baby," showing different ways baby can use it.

A. O. MAXWELL, M 1007 Trude Bldg., Chicago, Ill.



The Light of Love

(A Dream)

It was a bare open plain that stretched before me, the wind seemed to have swept even the last dead leaf of autumn from its cold expanse.

To the right stood a bold piece of gray jagged rock, which almost looked as if it had been suddenly hurled there by a giant hand, so solitary and isolated it was. The sky was dull, colorless, blank, for the clouds had wept their utmost, and now assumed the hopeless calm that sometimes follows a storm of grief.

I stood alone, I gazed into a vast silence, until the grayness and the barren waste were a part of myself; I was the spirit of my gray dream.

Looking from north to south, from east to west, I could discern no companion, no sign of life, no creature; and no touch of nature's beauty in flower or shrub, or waving grass, met my gaze.

At length, worn out with wandering to and fro, I turned wearily, and set my face to the east, saying, "There at least lies the King of Day, he may shine forth and show me the path that leads from this wilderness."

I resolutely lifted my eyes from the sullen waste, and looked upward, I hastened my weary steps and trod firmly, and gradually I felt a growing hope within, for before me I saw a golden streak of light, faint but clear, as if a sunbeam had lost its way, and was playing at hide-and-seek among the cloudlets.

Resolutely I kept my eyes fixed on the Light. It grew brighter, the track widened, till all at once a path of dazzling brightness lay before me.

I forgot the sombre rock, the arid waste, the sullen wilderness, they faded into nothingness. Joyfully I hastened forward, forgetting those things which were behind, longing to attain to that beautiful beyond. I was conscious that I had left the plain, although I scarcely knew that I had scaled the heights. Around me the flowers blossomed, the trees bent and kissed the silvery rippling stream, running shyly 'neath their shadowy branches. Little children slipped their soft palms in mine, gentle voices filled my ear with music, friends thronged around me, claiming my love and sympathy, the air was full of the joyous song of birds and gentle murmur of the insect world, for Love, which is the Light, had bathed my darkened understanding with its effulgence, and now I knew that the grayness was from within, not without, for life depends on our point of view; we can make it beautiful or we can make it weary. The weariness is born of selfishness, the beauty is born of Love, and Love it is which takes the discord of life and softens it until it becomes a part of the Eternal Harmony.—E. Lovel Langton.

THE MYSTIC SUCCESS CLUB bases its teachings on the Truth as found in the Bible. It teaches faith and holiness in the life and **HEALTH, HAPPINESS** and **PROSPERITY** as the outcome of the Right Life.

Lessons in Palmistry

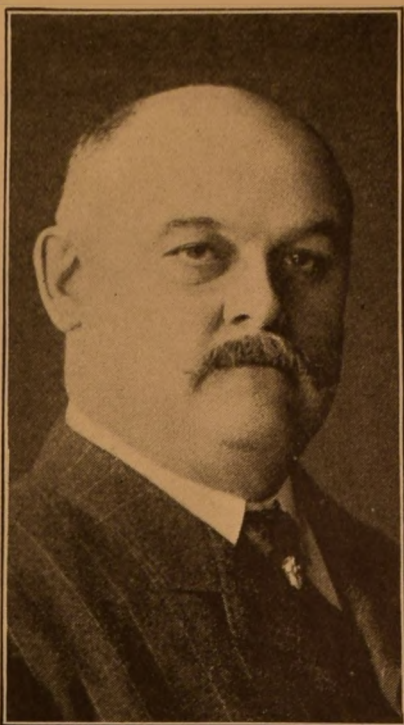
We can highly recommend this book to anyone desiring to become a palmist, or who wishes to read his or her own hand.

Anyone can easily understand these lessons in palmistry, as they are profusely illustrated with excellent engravings, showing in detail the many different kinds of hands and the lines of the palm.

The author of Lessons in Palmistry, who hides her identity behind the pen name "Maria Andrews," has made a lifelong study of cheirosophy—the science of palmistry—doing so for pure interest in the study and not for professional gain. She is a member of one of the oldest and best known English families, as a girl meeting in her own home, where they were constant visitors and long-time friends of her family, Bulwer-Lytton, Charles Dickens, Thackeray, Anthony Trollope, and others of their contemporaries of national note. Bulwer-Lytton and Dickens were firm believers in the science of cheirosophy, and through their interest in it, and later for its own sake, the writer of these lessons found it a most attractive study, no less for cultivated people than for men of worldwide fame.

"Mrs. Andrews" looks upon the hand as an open book to all who can read it, and in forty years of travel and active life she has proved to herself and to her friends the truth and worth of the science in helping the youth of both sexes to determine their career from the knowledge written in their hands, of their talents.

We have secured an edition of this valuable work, and as long as it lasts we will be pleased to send a copy to any of our readers at only 25 cents a copy. It is a book of 68 large pages, profusely illustrated. Address all orders, inclosing 25 cents, to THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES, 22 North William Street, New York City.



PRESIDENT CHARLES E. ELLIS

ONE YEAR AGO in the May, 1904, issue of this Magazine I for the first time offered shares in **The Magazine of Mysteries Association Inc.** At that time I said—"I would part with a limited number of my shares at their par value of Ten Dollars (\$10) a share" because I claimed "that the larger the success of anything to-day the larger the number of minds that govern that self same overwhelming success." I said "this was the age of Co-operation." That "I wanted every reader and subscriber of this Magazine as a Co-partner." That "I wanted you NOW." "I wanted your good ideas." For you "to see what I could do with all these practical Co-partners and advisory Co-operators after I had boiled down all their ideas and added them to our already wonderfully successful method of conducting this Magazine."

I further said "the way to get your Co-operation was to have you interested financially." "The only way to get you thus interested was to divide with you our big profits. That I was willing to do this." That "I was sure that you would never have a better opportunity in all your lifetime to become associated financially with one of the most successful publishing houses in this country, and in a Magazine that has no real competitor. I asked you "to Co-operate with me in my ambition to make each and every Co-Partner, Co-Operator, Co-Investor, Wealthier." That "I guaranteed to make every promise good." That "your money would be just as safe as in a savings bank." That "you could have your money refunded by our special refund agreement and contract signed by the Treasurer of our Association, all particulars of which would be sent you upon application." That "you would receive regularly large dividends every May 1 and November 1 of each and every year as they were earned." That if you wrote me I would send you a personal letter with detailed particulars and that I would guarantee that "you would be very much interested and pleased." That "you would receive such dividends, that I sincerely believed you would be more than satisfied."

WHAT HAS BEEN THE RESULT?

Since my first announcement of a year ago Our Association has become a **Confirmed Success.** There has been such a constant and increasing demand for my shares in the Association that there are only a few remaining of the number I set aside for my readers and subscribers. For this reason and on account of the large dividends which have been paid and the splendid increased financial outlook for our Magazine and its large earning capacity the shares were increased from their par value to \$20.00 each on the first of March and since that time a great many have been sold at the new price.

DIVIDENDS

On the first of last November we sent a dividend (representing interest for six months from May 1, 1904, to November 1, 1904) of **Eight Per Cent.** to all shareholders whose Certificates were dated on or before October 1, 1904. On the first of this month, May 1, 1905, we sent another six months semi-annual dividend to every shareholder whose Certificate was dated on or before April 1st, 1905. This makes the splendid total of **Sixteen per cent.** for the past year. Last May in my first announcement, I said "you could double your investment in five years." If you receive sixteen per cent. for five years on your investment and invest your dividends so they will bring the same income you will have at the end of five years more than doubled your investment. So you see I have done even better than I promised last May. The next dividend will be paid the first day of next November and so on each and every six months. 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.

Your money invested in these shares will be as safe as in a Savings Bank and the returns will be much larger; besides receiving these large and satisfactory dividends every May and November of each year, you will have the satisfaction of knowing that you are the part owner of one of the most influential magazines now being published to bring Health, Happiness and Prosperity to all mankind; and it is accomplishing its object.

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, Prosperity and Wealth to all mankind. This gentleman, this publisher and financier, is **Mr. Charles E. Ellis**, President of this Magazine Association, 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 Pros-

Every Reader
Every Subscriber

Should Have Their Money Invested in Shares in The Magazine of Mysteries Association, Inc.

As Safe As
A Savings Bank

perity 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," of "our" magazine. This is what co-operation means. Mr. Ellis is President of this Association. 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. This is a great opportunity.

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, Munsey'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.

ONLY A FEW SHARES LEFT

Over seventy-five per cent. or three-quarters of all the shares which I had set aside to dispose of to my readers and subscribers of The New York Magazine of Mysteries have been sold. In other words I have only a few thousand dollars more that will be sold. This is one of the best opportunities to get a high grade investment, that is just as safe as a savings bank, that you will ever have. At the same time you can feel that your money besides bringing you large dividends every May and November is invested in a publication that is spreading a great influence for all that is good into every community where it circulates. This feeling alone is one that will give all my Co-operators—Co-workers—Co-partners as shareholders a great satisfaction. Write me today and I will send you a personal letter telling you in detail just how you can have your money refunded, just how you can co-operate with me, without doing any actual work and in fact how you can get big returns from your money and at the same time feel that you have become a better and more influential citizen by having your money invested in The New York Magazine of Mysteries, where it is doing so much good to bring Health, Happiness and Prosperity to all its readers and subscribers. If you will write me today you will never regret it; on the contrary, you will say "that was the day I raised one of the successful milestones in my life's journey."

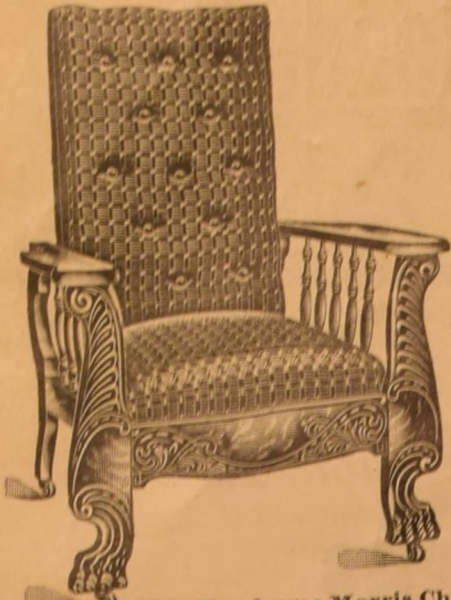
MY OFFER TO YOU

I will sell the remaining few of my valuable co-operative profit dividend-paying shares in The Magazine of Mysteries Association (Inc.), which I have set aside for my readers and subscribers, at twenty dollars (\$20.00) per share (this is double their par value). There are less than 2,500 shares left to be sold. I wish to have your co-operation. I do not care how few shares you buy. No subscription is too small. Hereafter I prefer not to sell more than five (5) shares to any one person, and the offer of shares will be withdrawn just as soon as this lot is sold. The reason I am selling these shares for double their par value is because they are getting scarce and also that I consider them worth much more. It is my earnest ambition to make these shares earn and pay such large dividends that they will be worth and sell for fifty dollars (\$50.00) each. It is not the money I care about so much as to have your co-operation, your influence in your neighborhood and with your circle of friends. A small number of shares will accomplish this just as well as a hundred. Before you invest in a single share I want you to understand every little detail regarding the Association of which you are to become a valuable and respected member. Now, if you will sit down and write me at once, I will immediately, upon receipt of your letter, send you a long, personal answer, and I will also inclose the circulars headed: "Your Money Refunded," "How You Can Co-operate With Us," without doing any actual work, and "Our Immediate Profit-Sharing Plan." I am sure you will be pleased, after you have carefully read my long, personal letter and these circulars.

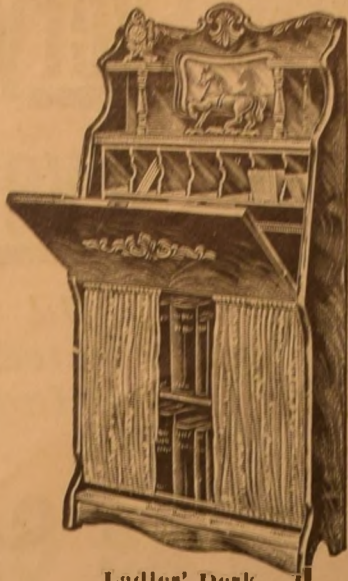
You will be convinced that it will be for your interest and for my interest to become my Co-Partner as a shareholder in this Association.

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 inclose 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 the 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 twenty dollars (\$20.00) each. Shares are only offered to members of the Mystic Success Club and readers and subscribers of "Our Magazine." Please let me hear from you to-day. Address

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NEW YORK CITY



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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.



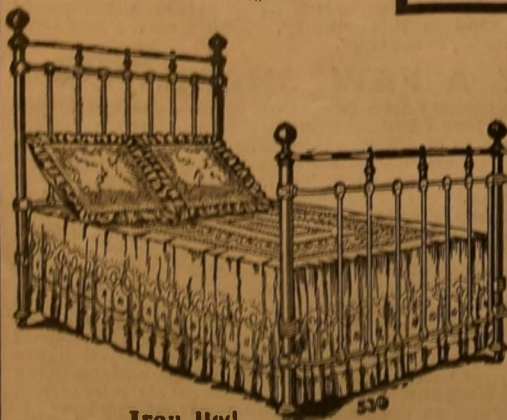
Child's Storm Coat
Made to order. GIVEN for using or selling \$5 worth.



This Handsome Reed Rocker.
Full size; substantially made of the finest quality reed and finished with two coats of white shellac. GIVEN for using or selling \$10 worth of our goods. Other styles with \$7 and \$8 worth.



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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.



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Well made and very durable. Lined with galvanized iron. Built-bearing casters. Several sizes. GIVEN for using or selling \$12 to \$24 worth of our goods.

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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.**

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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. Matlack, Pastor Fowler M. E. Church, Chicago, Ill. Sept. 22, 1904.

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36 x 72 in. GIVEN with \$10 worth.



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Beautiful three-color and gold decoration. GIVEN with \$10 worth of our goods.