

THE
NEW YORK MAGAZINE

OF MYSTERIES

HEALTH

HAPPINESS

PROSPERITY

JULY 1905

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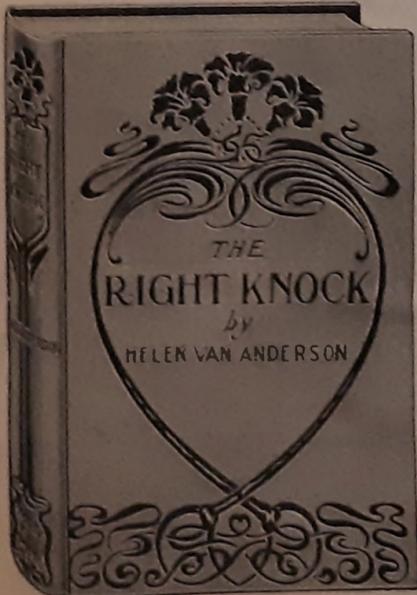
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THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE

OF MYSTERIES

A MAGAZINE OF HEALTH, HAPPINESS AND PROSPERITY

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INDPENDENCE DAY, with all its gay parades, its cannonading and banners, its noise and laughter, is the day of all days dear to lovers of liberty. It stands for freedom from all bonds that restrain individual and national independence.

Its significance is as great to you, dear brothers and sisters, as it was to those in the early days of our country's struggle to attain it.

Perhaps you even see more than the heroes who fought and won our glorious liberty ever did themselves. Perhaps you realize that underlying all the joy of a nation at the attainment of liberty is the joy of every individual who participates in its celebration. Perhaps you realize that the right to liberty is only equalized by its possession.

Perhaps you even look deeper than this and see that the celebration of the day of Independence by the United States is, in truth, the celebration of *United Brothers* as well.

Why not enter into the fraternal as well as the civil celebration of this Fourth of July?

Why not glorify the spirit of liberty by a grand demonstration of its twin spirit, the Spirit of Brotherly love?

Why not see in the magnificent and undying words of our great Declaration of Independence the underlying tie that makes every man, woman and child of one blood and one Brotherhood? Every soul is "born free and equal" and "entitled to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

To the end that you may celebrate this day as never before, in the spirit of Brotherhood and Familyhood, we ask you *all*—friends, subscribers, readers and lovers of *Our Magazine*—to *take care of the people*.

See that the children are careful in shooting firecrackers or toy pistols. See that everybody stands far enough away from the fireworks. In short, *make it your business*, without being in the way, to have a watchful eye and a loving word for those who need special looking after.

The boy who might have an eye put out or a leg broken, look after him as though he were *your own boy*. He is as dear to his mother and father as your boy is to you. *Be akin to him*.

Those little girls who might be in dangerous places or playing with dangerous toys, hover near them, teach them how to hold the punk or throw the torpedo.

Spend your Fourth in this spirit of love, and you will say at its close that you understand as never before the *Spirit of Liberty*.

You know this kind of *practical work*, this great unity of spirit and purpose to bring about the Christly command, *Love one another*, is the mission of *Our Magazine*. Yes, THE NEW



YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES urges that you first of all love God, then your Brothers. It teaches and believes that *this done*, not only *individuals*, but *nations*—all the families of God—shall see the fulfilment of His promises of HEALTH, HAPPINESS and PROSPERITY.

"The good of one is the good of all."

OUR COLORS

By Laura E. Richards

RED! 'tis the hue of battle,
The pledge of victory;
In sunset light, in northern night,
It flashes brave and free.
"Then paint with red thy banner,"
Quoth Freedom to the Land,
"And when thy sons go forth to war,
This sign be in their hand!"

White! 'tis the sign of purity,
Of everlasting truth;
The snowy robe of childhood,
The stainless mail of youth.
Then paint with white thy banner,
And pure as northern snow
May these thy stately children
In truth and honor go.

Blue! 'tis the tint of heaven,
The morning's gold-shot arch,
The burning deeps of noontide,
The stars' unending march.
Then paint with blue thy banner,
And bid thy children raise,
At daybreak, noon and eventide,
Their hymn of love and praise.

Valor and truth and righteousness,
In threefold strength to-day
Raise high the flag triumphant,
The banner glad and gay.
"And keep thou well thy colors,"
Quoth Freedom to the Land,
"And 'gainst a world of evil
Thy sons' sons and thou shalt stand."

OUR IDEAL HOME

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

The Baby's Hands

THEY are such weak and tiny hands,
And yet to earth they bring,
Close folded in the soft, wee palms,
A slender, unseen string.

Invisibly, about our hearts,
This thread of love is thrown,
And closer drawn to bind us fast
Than even we will own.

It stronger binds around our hearts
Than links or bands of steel;
Yet where those hearts are tenderest
No galling hurt we feel.

A little hand that could not lift
The smallest plaything light,
Is strong enough to hold the cord
To keep the bounden tight.

In bondage to those weakling hands,
We owe their sovereign reign;
Proclaim our loyalty to them,
Nor would be free again.

The while a strange deep wonder comes
Our inmost souls to stir,
That life could seem a joy to live
Ere we in bondage were.

Training for Company

I know a mother who always takes her children into her confidence after she has extended an invitation to company; she tells them such things about the life of the expected guest as will arouse either interest or sympathy, and asks them to help her in making the guest happy and at home; she is particular that each child should know the guest's name and should be intrusted with the performance of some service, however slight, in anticipation of the visit. Children delight in arranging flowers, ferns or autumn leaves, and will, if rightly approached, cheerfully trudge through heat or cold to obtain blossoms or other decorations for the home.

This mother to whom I have referred sows in the mind of each of her children the seed of individual responsibility toward the guest of the day or hour; she has trained them to be considerate rather than officious, to surround the guest with an atmosphere of courteous thoughtfulness instead of burdensome attentions; when the guest speaks the children are quiet, whether or not they fully understand the subjects of conversation. After the departure of guests this little mother always thanks her children for helping her to make the visit a pleasant one, and makes appreciative comments upon any unusual evidences of tact and consideration.

I wish the mothers, and all others who have the care of children and their good at heart, could realize the power of judicious praise and encouragement; it will work wonders with the most intractable of children.

I was present with another guest on one occasion, when the children of this same mother were quite young and when one of them was behaving in such a boisterous manner as to interfere with the conversation of the adults. His mother called him to her and sent him ostensibly on an errand; then, excusing herself for a few moments, she followed him, and they had one of those brief but very precious conversations all parents may have with their children if they will. Putting her arms about him and looking straight into his eyes, she said: "I think, my little son, you did not realize how much noise you were making, and I have come out here to remind you." Then, recalling some little kindness he had done for her earlier in the day, she said: "I want to thank you again for what you did this morning, and to tell you what a comfort and joy you are to me." Then, with a kiss, she returned to us. Presently her little son re-entered the room with a beaming face, presented each of us with a geranium leaf he had

plucked from his own small flower garden, and his behavior during the rest of our call could not have been improved upon.

It was a few days later that I met his mother, with whom I was very intimate, and she gave me the foregoing information in response to my inquiry as to how J. had been so suddenly transformed from a very noisy little fellow with a shadow of belligerency in his attitude to such a gentlemanly young host. When a child has been severely censured in the presence of others his self-respect receives a shock from which he does not immediately recover, and it is difficult for him to be spontaneously sweet and courteous with those before whom he has been abashed.—*Mrs. Theodore W. Birney.*

There are some topics of conversation a hostess has a perfect right to ask her guests not to introduce in the presence of her children, and it is also her duty; for instance, any discussion of disease or crime or shocking accidents. As I have often said in these articles, children are lacking in mental perspective; their brains are sensitive to impressions of all kinds, and those of fear, either acute or half defined, are often retained for years, to their positive injury mentally and physically. I should not hesitate courteously to acquaint guests who were comparative strangers with this rule of the household immediately upon their arrival. In this connection, any mistaken idea of what conventionality might claim as due a guest should be set aside in recognition of superior duty toward the welfare and protection of childhood. Guests with the right spirit will be grateful for such a suggestion, and will in many instances act upon it for the remainder of their lives, with advantage to themselves and incalculable benefit to all the children with whom they come in contact.—*Woman's Home Companion.*

Children are what the mothers are.
No fondest father's fondest care
Can fashion so the infant heart,
As those creative beams that dart,
With all their hopes and fears, upon
The cradle of a sleeping son.

W. S. Landor.

Freckles and Tan

SAY, what are these wee little freckles,
And what in the world is tan,
That color and sprinkle all over
The face of our dear little man?

The tan is a heavenly mixture
Of happiness, sunshine and joy,
That darkens the shade of the roses
That bloom in the cheeks of our boy

The freckles are scars of the kisses
That angels in loving embrace
Have pressed, in careless confusion,
All over our little boy's face

So here's to the boy with the freckles,
The boy with the freckles and tan;
These glorious imprints of heaven
Have labeled him God's little man.

—Bowman.

If all thoughts were visible, how careful of our mental work we should become. We should strive to be workmen that "need not to be ashamed."

It is already done. New strength for righteousness, new freedom, new works of faith and charity, new laws, systems, governments, hopes, joys and achievements in the spiritual world.

The *Christian Register* prints a wise paper on "Saving the Boys." It points out that moralizing does but little good. What is wanted is personal inspiration for action. It says:

You can prove to a boy beyond a doubt that bad habits will ruin him, and still he may march directly ahead into evil association and form those very habits. Argue until you exhaust the truth, you will get little hold. It is a waste of time. But get him enthusiastic on some line of good achievement, and you have done all you can do for him—all he needs to have done.

It tells of a vicious lad who was sent to college, as bulky a sample of bunched passions as ever left the family roof. His professor was forewarned and was wise, so he said to the lad: "I do not care to hear you confess your sins, nor do I ask you to promise to lead a better life. What I want of you is that you help me in my work with your classmates. You have had experience, and you know the consequences of vice. Here is a work for us both. Will you help?"

"In this way," says The *Christian Register*, "he was led in time to become a sort of conditor of the professor and began to form habits of doing good. Confessing his sins might have gone on forever; it only swept the floor for future sinning. But here was something positive, and he gradually became one of the most useful men in the college. His vitality was used up on righteousness; a habit of self-control was established; and to-day he is 'not far from the Kingdom of God.' Does anyone know what that kingdom is, where God Himself rules in righteousness?"

We here penetrate to the central truth—that all real salvation must come from within.—*Light.*

Thought
Alone, and its quick elements, Will, Passion,
Reason, Imagination, cannot die.
They are what that which they regard appears,
The stuff whence mutability can weave
All that it hath dominion o'er—worlds, worms,
Empires and superstitions.—*Shelley.*

In every true woman's heart the housekeeping impulse must be subordinated to the home-making desire. There should always be a home atmosphere even at house-cleaning times. This can be accomplished by limiting the upheavals to small areas, thereby lengthening the process but decreasing the dangers. One room at a time, and each completely in order before another is begun, will not so completely satisfy the mental unrest of the housewife, but it will save her strength, and secure for the family always some one place of refuge with mother not too tired to be her own charming self.—*The American Mother.*

A mother noticed a remarkable change in the deportment of her six-year-old son. From being rough, noisy and discourteous, he had suddenly become one of the gentlest and most considerate little fellows in the world. He was attending the kindergarten, and his mother naturally inferred that the change was somehow due to his teacher's instruction. "Miss Smith teaches you to be polite?" she remarked, in a tone of interrogation. "No," said the boy, "she never says a word about it." The mother was puzzled, and all the more when further questioning brought only more emphatic denials that the teacher had ever given her pupils lessons in good breeding. "Well, then," the mother asked finally, "if Miss Smith doesn't say anything, what does she do?" "She doesn't do anything," persisted the boy. "She just walks around, and we feel polite. We feel just as polite as—as anything." That was all he could tell about it, and his mother began to see through the mystery.—*Youth's Companion.*

Heaven can contain no treasures we have not laid up in our consciousness while here. If we go there after idle years we shall find poverty awaiting us. Heaven is not a place of gifts but of opportunities. Let us prepare for that life.

For the Children

The Little Children in Japan

THE little children in Japan
Are fearfully polite;
They always thank their bread and milk
Before they take a bite,
And say, "You make us most content,
Oh, honorable nourishment!"

The little children in Japan
Don't think of being rude;
"Oh, noble, dear mama," they say,
"We trust we don't intrude"—
Instead of rushing into where
All day their mother combs her hair.

The little children in Japan
With toys of paper play,
And carry paper parasols
To keep the rain away;
And when you go to see, you'll find
It's paper walls they live behind.

Selected

Golden Chain of Love to All

At the last meeting of the Northwestern Ethical Educational Society the new international children's organization, the Golden Chain of Love to All, was inaugurated.

Its motto is: "Love is the Way, the Truth and the Life."

Each local society will be known as a Link in the Golden Chain.

The officers are a Conductor and Secretary, chosen by the children of each Link.

There are no dues but Love.

Each child will write a letter of love to another child, to interest it in the work of the Chain. This constitutes membership in the local Link. Three letters a year gives membership in the State Link; six letters a year, in the National Link; nine letters a year, in the Golden Chain of Love to All.

All letters, stamped and addressed, must be submitted to the Link before sending them.

Cases of cruelty and neglect, toward any form of life, ferreted out by the children, will be submitted to the Link, and after action is taken by its members, a committee of three children will be appointed to see the delinquent and use persuasive powers for kindly treatment.

Each Link will open with the children repeating in unison:

"We all are links in Love's Golden Chain;
By the ties of Love we are bound,
To relieve from distress and sorrow and pain
All creatures the wide world round."

Initiation of a new member is simple: The members form a chain and the new member is invited to form a new link therein by the Conductor, while the above verse is repeated.

If there remains any doubt in the minds of adults that children are not capable of conducting the Link, let them consider the following, that was told by a speaker at the Charities Conference in Faribault, Minn.: "A Denver judge says: 'Without intending any reflection upon the civil authorities or police department, we can say that the boys in the Juvenile Court of Denver have prosecuted and convicted more men for selling liquor and tobacco to children, for selling them firearms, junk dealers for purchasing stolen property, men for circulating immoral literature in one year than the entire police department, sheriff's office and all other civil officers combined have done in twenty years.' And the judge adds: 'It has all been done on the square.'"

The parent society of the G. C. of L. to A. is now established in this city, and we now send out the appeal to our readers to establish Links wherever possible and notify the parent society, in care of No. 193 Sixth street, Portland, Ore. We look to the children (no limit as to age) to do a wonderful work in extending the influence of Love throughout the world.

There was a full attendance at the inauguration, and all present made enthusiastic and encouraging speeches in the interest of the new organization. Several reporters of the daily papers were present, and interesting reports of the proceedings appeared in their several papers next day.—*Lucy A. Mallory.*

"I cannot do much," said a little star,
"To make the dark world bright;
My silver beams cannot pierce far
Into the gloom of night.
Yet I am a part of God's great plan,
And so I will do the best I can."

Wynken, Blynken and Nod

ONCE had a schoolmate who was called a mischievous boy. He often made trouble for the teacher. I think the main thing that gave the teacher annoyance was that this boy had a way of his own, was original in his thoughts and could not be held down by rules from saying and doing what he felt like saying and doing.

You know Mr. Beecher, the great preacher, was called a dunce in school because he would not memorize and repeat the thoughts of others. He had his own thoughts about things, different from those of others.

This schoolmate of mine got expelled from school once for writing a poem about a trick some of the boys played on the president of the university.

But I always believed he had a good heart. He was kind, open and free and a good friend to the poor. Of course, he should not have annoyed the teachers. That was naughty of him. He should have been considerate of their feelings and the earnest efforts they were making to teach him from the books. We should always do unto others as we would have them do unto us. This is the "Golden Rule."

This boy became a great writer. He was a writer for many newspapers and magazines and wrote many beautiful poems, some of them for children. He dearly loved children. After he married he had several children of his own. He and his children always played and romped "kicked up jack" about the house.

The man who loves children and whom they love cannot be a bad man. When the great Jean Paul Richter was asked about his religion, his reply was, "I love God and little children."

Once while this friend of mine was city editor of a great Chicago paper, he went down to the office one very cold, snowy, blustery night. The little office boy, the son of a poor widow, was preparing to go down to the post-office after the late mail. He took a silver dollar from his pocket and gave it to the boy and said, "Run along home to your mother, my boy. I will get the mail." When he came back with a sack well filled with exchanges, letters and so forth, he threw the sack down, shook the snow off his clothes and said: "My! but I bet that woman was glad to see her boy home so early!"

I will here give you one of his poems which he wrote for his own little boy:

WYNKEN, BLYNKEN AND NOD

By Eugene Field

Wynken, Blynken and Nod one night
Sailed off in a wooden shoe—
Sailed on a river of misty light
Into a sea of dew.
"Where are you going and what do you wish?"
The old moon asked the three.
"We have come to fish for the herring-fish
That live in the beautiful sea,
Nets of silver and gold have we,"
Said Wynken,
Blynken
and Nod.

The old moon laughed and sang a song
As they rocked in the wooden shoe;
And the wind that sped them all night long
Ruffled the waves of dew.
The little stars were the herring-fish
That lived in the beautiful sea.
"Now cast your nets wherever you wish,
But never afeared are we."
So cried the stars to the fishermen three,
Wynken,
Blynken
and Nod.

All night long their nets they threw
For the fish in the twinkling foam;
Then down from the sky came the wooden shoe,
Bringing the fishermen home.
'Twas all so pretty a sail, it seemed
As if it could not be;
And some folk thought 'twas a dream they'd dreamed
Of sailing that beautiful sea;
But I shall name you the fishermen three:
Wynken,
Blynken
and Nod.

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,
And Nod is a little head,
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies
Is a wee one's trundle bed.
So shut your eyes while the mother sings
Of wonderful sights that be,
And you shall see the beautiful things
As you rock on the misty sea
Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three—
Wynken,
Blynken
and Nod.

The Life.

I will look out for the comfort of
birds, dogs, cats and all the animals
I see. I want them to know I am
their friend.

A Change of Mind

By Carry A. Parker

"I SAY it's a shame!" exclaimed Robert Denton indignantly as he came into the sitting-room after school one winter afternoon. "You know I have told you, mama, about a colored boy that is in my class, by the name of George Johnson?"

Mrs. Denton looked sober. "Yes, I know," she said, "and I have been very sorry that you have felt toward him as you have, just because he is black instead of white. You say he is a good boy, in school and out?"

"Oh, yes," replied Robert, "he behaves all right, but I don't like to have him play with us, anyhow. And to-day, when we were going to have a snow battle, he was elected captain on our side! It was mean!"

"Doesn't he throw well?" asked Mrs. Denton.

"Yes, he does," answered Robert. "That is why they chose him for captain."

"Did you wish to be captain yourself?" was his mother's next question.

Robert's face reddened.

"Boys always like to be that," he said, "and I think I ought to have been instead of a black boy, anyhow. Well, I just wouldn't play. I went into the schoolhouse and stayed until the bell rang. I would another time, too."

Mrs. Denton made no reply, deciding to wait until her son was in a better mood before saying anything more on the subject.

The next day was Saturday, and so pleasant that Robert asked permission to go out to his uncle's farm, three miles from town. His mother consented, and he started in high spirits on his long walk, thinking of the apples, nuts and other good things awaiting him at his journey's end.

A large piece of woods lay between his uncle's home and town, but there was a good road through it, and Robert had no difficulty in finding his way.

He received a warm welcome at the farm, and stayed an hour longer than his aunt advised.

"You know it has been snowing since noon," she said, "and there is no telling what the weather will be before night. If your uncle were here he would take you back home; as it is you will have to walk, and if the road fills with snow you may lose your way."

"I will risk it," Robert replied. "If it snows very hard I can go around the woods instead of through them."

He waited until three o'clock, then started for home, laden with a good-sized sack of nuts.

When he reached the edge of the woods he hesitated. To go around would mean an extra walk of a mile at least, and the road here was plainly to be seen. As the trees were quite close together the snow had not hidden it from view.

"I will risk it," Robert said again, and hurried on into the woods.

For a time all went well. Then there came a wide space where there were but few trees and the snow had fallen upon the road unhindered, covering it completely.

"Never mind," thought Robert, "I know the way. I will strike the road again over there."

He hurried on, but when he reached the spot where he thought the road ought to be, no trace of it was visible.

"I am certain this is the right place," said Robert aloud, "and—let me see—yes, this is the right direction."

He stumbled on eagerly for a while, then stopped suddenly at a clump of trees which he remembered seeing in the summer, and which were a long way from the road. He was lost in the woods! It was almost dark, and there was a chill in the air which, with his fright, made him shake from head to foot.

For an hour or more Robert plunged wildly about, calling as loudly as possible, until he was scarcely able to speak above a whisper. Then he sank exhausted in the snow.

But soon there were sounds not far away—the crunching of snow and a cheery whistle.

Summoning all his strength, Robert called again as loud as he could. The whistling stopped, the crunching grew louder, and in a few moments the moonlight showed him a black face looking kindly into his. His hands were chafed gently, and a pleasant voice said:

"Got lost, did you? That's too bad. I came along just in time, and I am mighty glad of it, too. Let's see if you can walk. Oh, yes. Now we'll have you home right quick. Is this yours? I found it back in the woods," and the bag of nuts was held up.

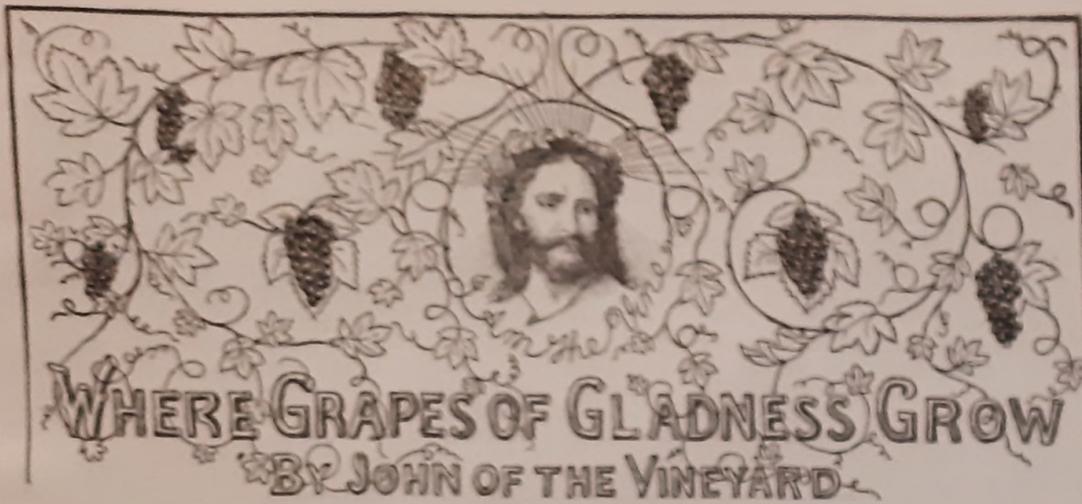
"It was mine, but it is yours now," Robert answered huskily. "Oh, George, I'm so sorry I've acted the way—"

"Never mind," George interrupted. "Maybe I would have done the same if I had been in your place and you in mine."

"I don't believe it. Anyhow, I shall not feel or act that way again, I can tell you," said Robert.

"Mighty fine thing for me you got lost then," George answered, with a jolly laugh.—*Home and School Visitor.*

How art thou to attain self-control, if thou shun all occasions of practicing it?—*Jean Nicholas Grou.*



THOUGHT is first—first in reality, first in time, first in power.

Then things. But what we call things are simply thought-forms. They are fashioned by thought. They exist by thought. If there is life in them, it is thought alive in them.

A crystal is thought-fashioned. By thought it holds its compacted particles in that marshaling which is its nature, which makes it iron or copper or diamond. If thought ceased from its universe, then would the crystal pass and be no more.

The clay also. Thought is thinking in it, and, therefore, it lives and answers the tenderness of suns with the glory of leaves.

God thinks and the universe is—not was, not will be, but IS. The Divine Mind encompasses and fills creation. Nothing exists but that God first thought about it. Nothing comes to pass upon the earth but that first it was an ideal in the Mind of God. In that Mind is its essential existence.

This means that in the Divine Mind there is a perfect ideal of each soul. In the depths of his Fatherhood God invents us. In His imagination we exist, perfect, eternal. His imagination is no idle dalliance, crowded with the mists of uncertainty, smitten through with the palsies of failure. God's imagination is the outgoing of Himself. It is as real as Himself. It can no more be denied out of existence than He can cease to be. Each creation of His grace is divine, eternal, wrought out of the love of God which is the very life and being of God.

Then this is the truth about every soul. Each soul can affirm this truth for himself. Before time, I Am! In time, I Am! After time, I Am! Time can only be as a mist playing about my feet. It does not belong to my identity. It is not essential to me. I am the eternity which is to time as light is to shadow.

Before matter, I Am! In matter, I Am! After matter, I Am! Matter is but as a toy to me. I play with it. Wearied of it, I cast it aside. It does not belong to my identity. It is not essential to me.

Before flesh, I Am! In flesh, I Am! After flesh, I Am! Flesh is but a garment with which I wrap me about, my concession to the conventions of the earth that I may move in its social net. Flesh is not essential to me. It is not necessary to my identity. To it I am as someone lying in the heart of the rose. When I pass beyond the rose, I am still sunshine. In the flesh I am life. Beyond the flesh I am life. The old garment is cast aside and forgotten in the new glories through which life is working out its realities.

In the substance of God, I Am! In the love of God, I Am! In the wisdom of God, I Am! In the life of God, I Am! In the eternity of God, I Am! In God I exist, ideal, perfect, no more the shadow of failure upon me than upon Him. Love weaves us together that we may never be apart. My heart beats in rhythm with His! My breath breathes in the breath of His life! My thought thinks in His wisdom! and is, therefore, dowered with His might.

In this truth of my ideal, perfect existence in the Divine Mind, is the sanction of righteousness. Right conduct is not a thing of passing relations. It is embosomed in my relations to God, in the eternal integrity of the universe! The Mind of God is the might of morals. I do right because it lets the imprisoned splendors of God's holiness shine out upon the world. Duty is no more dull and lifeless, a flinted rock on which to bruise myself. It is rather the touch of beauty being wrought into immortal marble. It is dull soil, but soil breaking into the flames of roses. I brave its difficulties because I see the transfiguration wrought by my hand that passions true in the ideal. Righteousness is rapture—the rapture of the bird on the bough hymning the dawn. It is this because it is part of the being of God, His way of moving amidst His worlds for their glory. It is attuned with the wisdom of His love. The difficulties, the discords, are those stray but helpful sounds that must be made in the tuning of an instrument for its great interpretation of the divine harmonies.

In this truth of my ideal, perfect existence in the Divine Mind, is the enthusiasm of Saviours, the re-

demption fervorings of Buddhas and Christs, the fires that consume in the ardors of martyrs and reformers. In its light the worth of a soul is seen, the immeasurable value of the race—the diamond is known a diamond, and inviting the wise and enthusiastic search through darkest depths, through blackest souls, through ugly appearances, through rousing rocks and eager sacrifices. When it is up here in the light, the splendor of its reality appears. Its worth justifies the wounding, weary ways of search. A Christ is an artist. He sees the real beauty where other eyes are hidden. He is in passionate love with the essential and eternal beauty of the human soul. His yearning endeavor is to free this beauty into the soul's full consciousness of its perfect childhood to the perfect Love Divine. His eyes pierce the mists and shadows of ignorance and evil to the essential goodness and divinity of the soul. His eyes burn in the holy vision. In their tender fervors the Magdalene vision her true self and is enraptured of the splendor and can no more walk in the shadowed ways which before defiled.

You ask where happiness is found, where joy makes her home? In this truth of my ideal, perfect existence in the Divine Mind is the heart of happiness, the soul of joy. Realize this truth, and joys are abroad in your soul as flowers in the heart of June. The ecstasies of great religious awakenings thrill from some conscious unity with the Divine. The worth of the soul, as it lies in the mind of God, is in part visioned, and thus it is that makes the happy fervors of the worshippers. But when this divine reality is recognized, not as a day or a place or a ceremony or an emotion called holy, but as the common daily glory of our lives, as the constant sunshine on the fields of our souls, then have we a child's heart and are a play in God's world, every day a holiday, its holiness not grim and forbidding, but inviting as the cheerful call of another child to comradeship in play.

How eagerly people search after health, if happily they may find it. The sick do not know that the discord of disease sounded in them because they have forgotten who they are—like a prince who, turned beggar, does not know that a kingdom with untold riches is his. In this truth of my ideal, perfect existence in the Divine Mind the perfect life is a praise in fulness of health abounding. In this overpowering glory singing its truth in the soul of him who hath ears to hear, all discords disappear as darkness before the sun. Standing erect in the realization of who we are, the divine life thrills and fills us with its vitality, so that we are created anew, so abounding in fulness of being that sickness can have no more place in us than a shadow can be native to the heart of a sunbeam. Holding this truth vividly in the mind, saying it to yourself, though you may be fearful and unbelieving, is peering toward the dawn which, when light breaks in upon you, will hold you in such a surprise that you wonder whether you ever were really in the dark and longing for light. Gain the realization of this truth of your being, and you will be a rhapsody in which no discord can sound—a life will be about within you that no sickness can shadow.

The eager searchers after success are many. Those who attain the success they seek are often not successful, for the thing they have striven for is a false thing, in its very nature a defeat. Others in the midst of the success fail because they do not know how to use that which they have, and things which we do not know how to use abuse us, and we are worse off than if we did not possess them. To attain a success that satisfies and be able to glorify that success in noble uses, there is need but to realize this truth of my ideal, perfect existence in the Divine Mind. To have the consciousness of this truth is to be dowered with genius, and genius always achieves. To realize this truth is to command the perfect power by which a mountain is built, a diamond compacted, a tree wrought and a human soul fashioned. It is to command the love of God which wins in the world's work like the sunshine wins in the fields. By this truth we are a shine in the wisdom of God and can see the perfect way of our journey. So bright this light, that there is no room for the confusing shadows of fool-

ishness. In this consciousness of who we are, we will achieve, along the lines of our nature, our success which is the fruit of ourselves, the fruit of ourselves, which is the power and grace by which we serve in the will of God. Wise to know what to achieve, powerful to achieve and wise to know how to use the achievement is he who knows that he is at work to realize in his consciousness the perfect

As thought is first, we must, to have the perfect body, mind and being, think the thoughts of truth, the truth of who we are and what we are to become. Get together your noblest ideals, think of all the heroes you admire, the heroes' souls who have captured you with any enthusiasm, and out of these weave the picture of the perfect man you desire to become it. In becoming it, a new ideal will ever spring out of the old, for the ideal which the Divine Mind holds of you is an infinite ideal, its glories ever fascinating as you rapture in your divine achievement.

He who fixes his mind steadfastly upon being a musician becomes it, able to think harmonies or to interpret those which others have thought. He who would attain the perfect life needs also to only fix his mind steadfastly upon that attainment, and he will attain, for this is certain in the mind of God, and the mind of God is the life of the universe, the life of every soul that is abroad on the tides of the Divine Thought.

The "Hands of Love"

The hands of love, spread over us,
In guarding, blessing;
White wings we cannot see or hear,
So soft descending,
With healing power they're touching us,
While gently sleeping,
They quell all doubt, and still each fear
These tender hands of blessing!

Strong Hands of Love supporting us,
They hold the burden,
They help us in our daily task;
When sad, they gladden,
In devious paths are guiding us,
And rough ones smoothen,
"Help us to love these Hands!" we ask,
"We, Thine own children!"
Louisa A'hemty Nash.

God is in all good things and acts in every possible way. Therefore be not cast down at evil. The Law will have its perfect work and the soul that cries for deliverance will be brought into a safe place and given its measure of joy after it has been taught the folly of repining and sin. And that which is before each soul is the sharing of the rule and power of God, for we are His offspring and shall be given the place of sons when we arise and come into His kingdom.

"Lord, that I may receive my sight," prayed the blind man, and straightway he was made whole. So pray each morning and the spiritual illumination God will give you shall be like sight to the blind. Then, when you have received a better spiritual sight, you will see the good behind the loss and will grieve less and be thankful more.

Believe not that the vanished years took away your capacity for the best in life. The years are all alike and they take nothing of vital need to the soul that other years do not bring. Life is eternal, not ending at the gate of earthly transition. Make the most of this life and the best will be beautifully begun no matter when you quit this plane. "Mark the perfect man and behold the upright," for the whole life of that man is peace.

If you can leave the rush and hurry of life, secure time go and sit by some quiet pool and watch the forms of life within it. Unexpected manifestations of God's life are sure to be there, for God registers no spot where He can give life. So, if you keep within yourself one quiet spot wherein the Waters of Refreshing may rest undisturbed you will find in it a thousand forms of joy from God you never dreamed could exist.

Live in the sunshine, and it will invigorate your body, vitalize your mind, and put joy into your heart. The outer criticizes the within, and the within interprets the outer. This means love Nature, and Nature will save you.

Come! Wake up to what YOU ARE! You are an heir to all good. ACT as an heir. INVEST YOUR GOOD, and it will increase a HUNDREDFOLD.

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Blessed is the soul that sees, for to him the world is full of beauty. There is comfort in the mountains for those who look upon them from the windows facing outward. The dawn of Immortal Truth comes with the dawn of common day to those who have vision with the eye in spirit as well as body. It is the grace within that brings the happiness from without. It is the willingness to sacrifice and give much for the spiritual that brings the glad days.

A thousand roses bloom at dawn for those who love the rose.
A thousand daisies wave for him who sees their beauty.
A thousand angels bless the saint who walks where Christ has trod.
God's comfort is His gift to those that seek the Light of God.

Plant not beneath the July sun. The burden of the land is the messenger of strength and growth to the creature of the Lord. Not in equal temperature, in quiet calm and gentle warmth, but in the blazing beams of tropic heat grows the flower and fruits that strengthen and sustain. Mount with the better soil for coming harvest or in the dust of busy streets, endure, accomplish, rise in the pattern of the world, the opportunity for development. The soul must have its days of glory and trial, but if it yields not, but holds fast, it shall grow till it is of the stature of Christ, of the magnitude of spirit which made Mary the mother of the Son, to the glory of maternal and womanhood which is the sign and seal of dominion and joy. "He that endureth unto the end shall be saved."

There is revelation in the hour of dawn. Then we choose what we wish for the day we will make. We choose our studies with thoughts of love and charity as we to our earth tasks as we begin the day from which we come, to which, at last, we go again, bringing with us the fruits of victory.

Be not discouraged! You have many a plant and tree that has endured the storm and drought of the year and has not yet seen good things to be glad it has produced. The apple in the time of hard and cold winter has hardly a blossom even to show it that it has not died in vain. The grass has seen how the seed and only the seed remains of the winter when the snow has been the blessing. Night and the grass and tree and all the garden give the message and thank of God. If your life has not brought forth harvest for the winter and beauty for the spring, are you among the seeds of the winter, shall you complain or might the growth of the field?

The friends, friends, sunny friends, learn that the land of hope, like the land of love, are often late in bringing forth fruit. Know that the grass, that when the snow has passed by, is still in beautiful beauty and strength. Know that you, too, may have your day, are made precious to the Creator, that all the stars and constellations you can see. And learn the wisdom of the sun, that like the bird that flies to the sunny day, and know that behind the dark mist of gloom, your sleep, your rest, your rest, is the hand and shadow of the Love of God and that you shall yet see them, if you have not, and rejoice that those who are with us are more mighty than all that is against us.

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 discovered an unexpected weakness in your character, put yourself as a little child in the hands of the Father, and consecrate yourself anew to Him and the work He has given you to do. Twice every day spend ten minutes earnestly repeating these words: Thy commandments are my delights. The righteousness of Thy testimonies is everlasting; give me understanding and I shall live.

When you have been irritated and vexed into anger and angry words, turn instantly from the temptation to repine, or bitterly condemn yourself. Go where you can be alone, stand erect, and in positive tones declare the strength of the Spirit as resident within you. Say earnestly many times: My heart is filled with Thy love, and my lips shall speak Thy praise. Then give forth a special benediction of love upon your family, friends and associates, especially those with whom you have felt vexed.

This is the sure way to find, give or receive forgiveness. When you seem barren of thought or impulse to good deeds, take a season of word exercise every day and especially before you retire at night. Say ten minutes morning and evening: I am filled with Thy power.

Be earnest in seeing signs of beauty, goodness, joy wherever you go, wherever you look. You will shortly overflow with praise and good works.

When you are wearied with conditions and the daily routine of your work, take time morning and night to repeat: Open my eyes to see new and wondrous things, for Thy kingdom is infinite and Thy ways and works are round about me. Teach me to see Thy light even in the midst of darkness.

Arise and blithely sing thy hymn, though grief has ruled the night.
The gladness of the soul shall live when earth has passed from sight.
Rejoice! A gift God gives to those, the best in all the world.
The gift of yet another day to turn from sin and tears.

Enriched in all life is the power to grow. You can grow from every evil condition. It is your birthright to do so. It is the decree of God that you shall do so. You may delay but not avoid that law of coming good. Accept the messages that tell you you are free. No matter how bound your condition, it is not God that binds, nor has earth power to bind those who know their life in God. Lay hold on Eternal Life. Make that eternal quality a part of the consciousness you have of life, and it shall bless you.

"He smiteth up the poor out of the dust." That means you. He comforts those who mourn. That means that comfort is waiting for your acceptance. "He healeth all our diseases." That means that there is healing for you. Now is the hour for you to seek salvation. The Eastern Windows are aglow with the rising day. Hear ye the words, "My peace I give unto you." We live in the Spirit if we will. "Arise, let us go hence!"

A Song of the Heart

Oh, wear a brave heart in the battle of life,
The year path may be lonely and rough;
Go spend thee along with a laugh and a song—
I will cheer thee, and soften thy grief.
Thy conscience keep clear as the morning so bright,
And through all sorrows gleaming around
You may grieve and be glad (tho' others be sad)
And God Peace hold your troubles abundant.
Remember in darkness there's ever a light,
If ye only the Sparkle of Eyes;
Be sure while you may, 'tis the very best way
Through a narrow "hope deferred" seldom true.
Then see that your heart in the right place is kept,
An oasis in desert you'll find;
And know if you see, that the very best plan
Is to banish dull care from the mind.
Oh, sound that a chorus of Musical Chimes
In the Song of Peace, Joy, Hope and Love;
I will surround through the Mind and ever
You'll find
That its Author is Sunlight Above.
Jane Ballou Hugg.

Life is a short day's climbing; more and more enveloped as we toil up, expecting and returning, doubting at once the existence of mountain ranges. Then suddenly we are overtaken with a glad surprise. A fall, an unexpected turn, and a revelation breaks upon us, and how our weary stand around changed to what, appear as a Alpine splendor, and the wilderness of low peak is not miracle or dream, not covered as it is, not the hope of heaven nor the fear of hell, but the celestial contemplation of earthly duties and human privileges—a mother's love, a father's steady care, the love of home and children, the heart that, not as milk but strong a iron, that other kind us to God, or strength and it give us, as we heard or duty done. These being the "peace of God which passeth all understanding," and garrison our hearts and our thoughts in the ideal, be Christ Jesus of the soul.—Jorden Lloyd Jones.

Let Us Give Thanks

Let us give thanks today;
Each heart finds its straight way
To grateful praise, and pray.
Upon the altar place
Some glad thanksgiving grace.
God to us has been good
In ways not understood,
Vardare and more for done;
Each heart make thankful heart.
Thanksgiving for all life,
However endless strife,
All life is changeable right
Nor follows night the night.
Know this, though darkness be,
There's a light there is for thee.
—Margaret Isabel Cox.

All one's life is made if one knows the notes rightly and in time. That there must be no hurry. There's no crowd to "rest." But there's the making of music in it.—Kathie.

Every man's program is through a succession of teachers, each of whom means at the time to have a superlative influence, but it at last gives place to a new. Frankly let him accept it all. Take thankfully and heartily all they can give. Exchange them, wrestle with them, let them not go until their blessing be won, and after a short season the dream will be awakened, the stream of influence withdrawn, and they will be no longer an alarming factor, but one more bright star shining serenely in your heaven and blessing its light with all your day.—Emerson.

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.

SUCCESS! You say it has been the dream of your life to "be a success," and that you still "hope for it." This shows you do not know the law about success.

THE MYSTIC SUCCESS CLUB was started just to make this plain to you. Its teachings are SIMPLE but SURE.

When you begin to practice them so that you LIVE BY THEM and SLEEP BY THEM and WORK BY THEM, you will no longer HOPE, but KNOW.

After that you will begin to prove that KNOWLEDGE IS POWER by being SUCCESSFUL.

Not in all ways at once nor in full measure. Oh, no—but in many things, and this is proof of the law.

The first thing is to have a sure foundation. For this, look at the splendid words in our heading.

These are the Corner Stones of Our Club. First there is the name of the Club itself. Study it a while.

THE MYSTIC SUCCESS CLUB!

You may wonder about the use of the word Mystic.

It is a wonderful word and has a deep meaning. Mystic means that which is INNER, HIDDEN, SACRED; THAT IN WHICH GOD WORKS.

Now you see how TRUE success is MYSTIC SUCCESS, for ONLY that which is the outshining of God's inner working can be a real success.

Can man make a grain of wheat that will BRING FORTH AT HARVEST TIME? Can man make the LIVING beauty of a flower?

No! Then you see it is the Mystic Presence and Power of God that makes a perfect harvest, a perfect flower or a perfect ANYTHING!

Your Success, if it is success at all, MUST be Mystic Success.

Now note that the Mystic Success Club aims to help YOU to find God, your OWN GODLIKE POWERS and your OWN work.

This done, how can you HELP but succeed?

This is only another way of saying the Club will help you to enter into the Heart of Life, where God works and where YOU should live, and from whence you should put forth the fruits of your Soul.

This putting forth of fruit is YOUR work. This is what you came into the world for, so we say to you the VERY FACT THAT YOU CAME INTO THE WORLD is PROOF that YOUR WORK as a possibility CAME WITH YOU; not manifest, but to BECOME manifest, as the oak tree is to become manifest from the acorn.

Look carefully at our chosen TEXTS. Do you see how beautifully they lead you back to God? Yes, and back to the sweet, trusting faith of your childhood; for remember only as you live with God and in God and let God work in you, just as the innocent child lives and is lived, can you PUT FORTH the stalk, leaf, blossom and fruit of Success, the evidences of which are HEALTH, HAPPINESS and PROSPERITY.

If you would have REAL Health, TURN TO GOD, the Source; if you want Happiness that lasts, TURN TO GOD, the Source; if you want Prosperity that counts the gold of Ophir as the stones of the brook, TURN TO GOD, the Source of all opulence.

THE MYSTIC SUCCESS CLUB leads you reverently to know and practice the Presence of God as the aim and end of the Successful Life.

It teaches you, in short Lessons called DEGREES, which furnish exercises for your daily practice.

There are FOUR DEGREES, arranged as successive stages of study.

The First is the Degree of Health; First Month.

The Second is the Degree of Receptivity; Second Month.

Third, Degree of Personal Attractiveness; Third Month.

Fourth, Degree of Realization; Fourth Month.

Your part in following these simple teachings is to be FAITHFUL and OBEDIENT in the EVERYDAY PRACTICE.

If you wish to know what the Mystic Success Club has done and is doing, send for our Mystic Success Booklet.

It gives you direct from the people the fruits of their work in and with the Club. They gladly and freely write their experiences because they want to help you, and their straightforward, earnest letters make you feel eager to "go and do likewise."

See what a thrill of assurance comes to you when you read these unsolicited, eagerly sent testimonies of victory over disease, sorrow or poverty. Can you doubt that there is a law, and a God-given law, that operates for Health, Happiness and Prosperity?

Here is a letter, for instance, that will show you good fruits:

GERMANTOWN, CAL.

Dear Mystic Success Club: I have just finished the First Degree of Membership in the Club. Have carried out your instructions as well as I knew how, and am happy to state this has been one of the greatest pleasures I have had for years.

When I commenced this Degree I was almost at my wit's end, both physically and mentally. I experienced a change for the better right away, and I would not have missed this work for anything, for I am a better man now in EVERY RESPECT.

If I should never gain another thing through the Club, I should be perfectly happy for what the First Degree has brought me. Publish this if you wish.

With love to all members,

Sincerely yours,
HENRY HEISCH.

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 street, New York City, U. S. A.
 P.S.—When writing kindly enclose stamp for reply.

SPECIAL OFFER FOR JULY ONLY

Life Membership in the Mystic Success Club at Half Price—Only \$1.50

AN IMMEDIATE OPPORTUNITY TO GAIN YOUR UNEXPRESSED DESIRE TO JOIN THE MYSTIC SUCCESS CLUB

YOU WHO HAVE SO OFTEN BEGGED FOR AN EASIER WAY TO SECURE MEMBERSHIP FOR YOURSELF AND FRIENDS IN THE MYSTIC SUCCESS CLUB, READ!

We have decided, for JULY only, to make the following offers: You who are already subscribers, who desire to join the Club ANY DAY BEFORE AUGUST 1, may send THREE NEW SIX-MONTHS' SUBSCRIPTIONS at FIFTY CENTS EACH.

Upon receipt of the \$1.50, which is just one-half price, we will immediately enroll YOU as a full life member and send you the First Degree. THIS IS YOUR OPPORTUNITY.

Our Second Special Offer: You who want to become a member of the MYSTIC SUCCESS CLUB, and who are not yet a subscriber to "OUR MAGAZINE," may send to us ANY DAY BEFORE AUGUST 1, your own subscription for six months and three new subscriptions at 50c. each, making \$2.00 in all, and we will immediately enroll you as a full life member.

This is to be a memorable July, for you will count YOUR LIFE new from the time you begin the work of the MYSTIC SUCCESS CLUB.

We know you will read this offer with appreciation, and that you will realize the benefits of at once securing membership at one-half the regular rates.

With love, we are, yours faithfully, MYSTIC SUCCESS CLUB, 22 N. William St., New York, N. Y.

HEALTH you must have, of course, because it means a strong, splendid Body. It means energy and strength, busy days and peaceful nights when the Body has Health such as God intended it to have. So you should put yourself in the way of knowing and living the Law of Health. Try the Mystic Success Club, for it shows you how the true healing comes from within, how the fruitful, praiseful living renews and makes over Body and Mind.

A glance at the enthusiastic letters from those who have found Health will show how you may find it also.

Dear Mystic Success Club—I want to tell you that after years and years of sickness I have found Health, Peace and Happiness.

The joy that has come to me is wonderful, and when a pain comes, as soon as my thought is directed to God the pain goes. He is able to take care of that which He created, so I only look and behold, it is done. . . . The Eternal God is my refuge and underneath are the Everlasting Arms.

Am so thankful to the Mystic Success Club for leading me into this wondrous light, peace and joy. May God bless all.

E. R. HUNT.

107 Eighteenth street, Buffalo, N. Y.

"And it shall come to pass that before they call, I will answer them," is the promise you have proven. Continue in good works and look unto Him who is your perfect salvation, Sister.

Dear Mystic Success Club—I am very much pleased with the benefit I have derived from this First Degree. Am much stronger in every sense, and sleep so well. . . . I am so thankful to get around as I do. I am now in my fifty-eighth year. . . . I get up at half-past four, and very seldom have any rest until nine at night. Could not do that before practicing the First Degree. . . . You can judge then what you have done for me. With best wishes.

Your sincere Sister,

FANNIE ARMENT.

Dodge City, Kan.

Thank you, Sister, for this good testimony. And is it not the promise that the Lord will give strength to His people? You have proven it and been blessed. In all ways show forth the glory of the Lord, and life and health will be continually renewed.

Dear Mystic Success Club—I have just finished my First Degree, and I will say that it has been a blessing ever since I first began. I am in perfect health, and gaining in strength every day. Peace and blessing to all from your Brother.

J. W. BAKER.

Banner, Mont.

Your good wishes and blessing mean much to us, Brother. On the high waves of a heart's warm thanksgiving many a blessing is sent and received. You can not only help us in the great work, but all other workers for God's Kingdom on earth.

Dear Mystic Success Club—I completed my Third Degree last night, and am feeling stronger in faith and in every way more receptive to the Divine Will. The way is more clear, and I can better understand the inner man. God be praised. I am stronger physically than I have ever been before.

Yours for the good of all,

ELIZABETH A. DURGAN.

Box 76 Tuskegee Institute, Ala.

Spiritual progress is always the result of the earnest, faithful "looking unto God." We rejoice with you that you are becoming more receptive to Divine Will.

Dear Mystic Success Club—Inclosed find record sheet as true as I could fill it out. If there is any miss it was not my intention. I have been bothered with a lame back, and had to chop my stove wood ON MY KNEES for TWENTY YEARS, but SINCE I GOT THE FIRST DEGREE have NOT FELT ANY TROUBLE WITH MY BACK.

Hoping to hear from you and get the other Degree soon.

Yours for Success,

Ord, Neb.

P. J. BUCKS.

This is a splendid proving! What a happy result for the faithful practice you gave, Brother! God keep you in His perfect Health!

Dear Mystic Success Club—I inclose with much pleasure the record sheet of Second Degree. I want to say this work with the Degrees has been the making of me. Not a winter ever passed before that I was not very ill for a long while, but this winter have not been in bed three days altogether. Nor have I had anything in the way of medicine either. I have trusted myself wholly to God and the Club, and intend to always do so. I don't see how I COULD feel better than I now do.

Your Sister,

JULIA LOUISE YASSUER.

338 Spadina Avenue, Toronto, Can.

You have seen the fruits of your faith and faithfulness, Sister, and may you realize more and more of the Presence of God, who is the Giver of all good gifts.

Dear Mystic Success Club—Please find inclosed my First Degree. It has helped me in many ways. My nature is like the restless sea, but I have learned to say, "Peace! Be still" and it is still for a time. I can displace any unpleasant thoughts as soon as aware of them, and can refrain from judging from appearances as I used to do. I now try always to look at the centre, and am learning fast to see God in everything and everybody. . . .

Through your blessed Magazine I have learned the importance of "thoughts." . . . With love and blessing to you all.

Yours for Health and Prosperity,

Harris, Minn.

AUGUSTA STARK.

We thank you, dear Sister, for this flood of sunshine from your new world, for all these things, reveal that you have found your world of joy and the love and peace that abide. God bless you!

HAPPINESS is as bread and wine from our Father's storehouse. It is for each of His children, and so for you, Beloved. If you are weary, plodding along alone, if the days seem dark and the nights long because of pressing worries and threatening fears, try the surest and only panacea—God's gift of Happiness.

You do not need to travel to foreign lands to find it; you do not need to take it from somebody else; you do not need to pay money for it. You only need to "walk and talk with God" to find that heavenly Happiness is possible here upon earth.

The Mystic Success Club will teach you how to seek and find.

Read these letters from those Who Are Happy.

Dear Mystic Success Club—Herein I hand you the record of my Second Degree. . . . Upon the first reading a change seemed to go over my whole system. Each day I have been filled with such deep, inward peace and comfort. All troubles, worries and disappointments seemed to slip from me.

Not a single day during the time of working out this Degree have I felt the least discouraged or downcast, but on the contrary such exhilaration of joy. . . . It is marvelous what physical and spiritual helps I have received since working out the First and Second Degrees, and also wonderful how my health is improved.

Nothing seems impossible to me now. . . . I am also learning how to control the physical by realizing that I partake of the eternal nature of God. . . .

May He pour His countless blessings on each member.

Most gratefully yours,

HATTIE HANDCOCK.

127 Second street, Mason City, Ia.

Dear Sister, you have been greatly blessed—this happiness is the key to many new states and powers. Keep on with faith and joy and thus go from "glory to glory."

Dear Mystic Success Club—It gives me great pleasure to inform you the great benefit I have received from working the Degrees. It has stimulated my mind to progress in all good works as nothing else could. I have more love for my fellow man and all God's creatures than ever before, and I am nearly seventy-two years old. I can truthfully say I have received more consolation, light, wisdom and

understanding from the three lessons just completed than I ever expected to find in this life. My mind is perfectly tranquil, and I very rarely lose my temper, which is very different from my former life. I thank God for the change. If my report is satisfactory will be pleased to receive the Fourth Degree. . . . My wife, who is working the Degrees with me, is also much benefited.

With love to all the Brothers,

Yours sincerely,

THOMAS JOHNS.

What a joy to know this, Brother—that you are truly on the path of peace. We feel great encouragement in our efforts, when all these letters reveal what a wonderful work the Club is doing. We send to you and your dear wife a prayer for more and more of the Peace, and Health, which are of God. How good it is for you to both work and walk together!

Dear Mystic Success Club—I inclose my report on the First Degree. This has been a source of great comfort to me, and I love it very much. To have a set thought for each day increases power of concentration, and with thoughts like these, consciousness of omnipresence and health are deeply impressed.

Faithfully yours,

MISS MARY G. SCOTT.

134 W. Thirteenth avenue, Denver, Col.

Yes, the thought for each day is valuable in many ways, and with the faithful practice, the results are wonderful. Your attitude of mind is what it should be, in order to get greatest good out of the work. Bless you!

Dear Mystic Success Club—I cannot describe the joy I have experienced the last three weeks while doing the work of the Third Degree the second time. They have been the happiest of my life. I can truly say now I know what it means to walk with God, and I can say, too, I have found the peace that passeth understanding, and I am willing to do anything to make my life worthy. I know the Lord is mindful of His own. . . . I cannot tell you what a change has come over me. All I am able to say is, Praise the Lord! Anxiously awaiting the Fourth, I beg to remain, in

Truth, light and faithfulness,

AGDA H. MERRILL.

848 Fell street, San Francisco, Cal.

Another song of joy! You cannot realize how great the blessing you send out to the world by just this expression of your experience. It is always well to put into writing as well as audible speech, or song, these joyful feelings. Their "sound goes out to the ends of the earth." So do you become a light that is set upon a hill.

Dear Mystic Success Club—This night I have finished the Fourth Degree, having gone over the Degrees for the third time, and to-morrow I commence with the First Degree again. It seems that I cannot give them up. How they have benefited me I can never express. I can never tell the wonderful blessings bestowed upon me. All my most earnest desires are being fulfilled beyond my highest expectations. Everything seems to come when I least expect it, and I cannot express my gratitude for the happiness and harmony it has brought. . . . When I meet with little disappointments I simply think: "It ended just as it should. My own shall come to me."

Praying for the success of the Mystic Success Club, I am, with best wishes,

Very sincerely,

BERTHA C. ENTREKIN.

Warm Springs avenue, Huntington, Pa.

There is a great law proven by your willingness to say, it is *all right*, no matter what comes. Calm, and wise mastership of adverse circumstances always means power and demonstration.

Dear Mystic Success Club—I write a word to tell you how much better I feel since becoming a member of the Mystic Success Club. I have no words to explain what this has been to me.

I am well and happy, and thank God for this light I now see. I was in the dark.

May God bless all.

JOSEPHINE PATCH.

Athens, Ga.

The light will shine out in your life, and the dark places become bright. God bless you, Sister.

Dear Mystic Success Club—Thank God! Since I last wrote to you my husband is at work, well and strong as ever. I am well. I can sing, I can shout and I feel as if I can preach since I have joined the Club.

Yours truly,

EVA PHILLIPS

Surely the seed has fallen on good ground! We are happy with you, and all who read your words will receive new life and understanding.

PROSPERITY

is a natural and sure result of fulfilling the Law. Beloved, you need only place yourself in the way of receiving from God (not man).

and you will be abundantly blessed with *every good thing*, even money with which to "pay tribute to Caesar."

Yes, the promise is to you as to all others of the children of God, but the condition is that you *seek first the Kingdom of God* and His righteousness.

This is really a *wonderful thing to do*, and an easy thing, too, when you can be childlike enough to trust God.

Try it. Just the simple, childlike faith in the everyday goodness of the Father, who sendeth "*every good and perfect gift.*"

THE MYSTIC SUCCESS CLUB desires you to know the way of life, that makes it possible for you to look to God not only for *Health and Happiness*, but *Prosperity*.

There is *nothing* like this way.

Beloved, it is the true and *only* way for finding the treasury that can never be empty. Do not think this means *only* the riches of the Spirit. It means all that you need of material things, for has He not supplied the "earth and its fulness" for the express use and enjoyment of His children?

Believing this to be true, the *Mystic Success Club* would have you, with a true and earnest heart, seek the real prosperity, which is for both the spirit and the flesh.

Note the beautiful faith and the rewards it has brought to these who tell us of their God-sent Prosperity.

Dear Mystic Success Club—I herewith inclose record of First Degree. From the fourteenth to the twentieth day I was overwhelmed with business troubles, and although I held to some thought each day, I failed to get results. But the clouds suddenly rolled away, and since that I have had no cares or troubles of any kind that I could not conquer. I have been helped in many ways and now feel perfectly well and free from care and fear, which has been my worst enemy. I also realize that the troubles that beset me this last month have all worked together for good, as thereby my salary has been increased. Now I know by experience that right thoughts make right conditions; that a healthy mind makes a healthy body, etc.

Thank God, I have found the right way!

With love for all,

E. S. RULEY.

Covington, Va.

You succeeded, *because* you were *just as faithful* in the darkness *as the light*. You say you held to some thoughts each day, though *you failed to see results*. Yet *you held them*. This is the point. Remember the law works through dark conditions as well as light. *Be ye faithful*. We are sure you will.

Dear Mystic Success Club—I feel that I have been greatly benefited since I joined the Club, and that I have had great prosperity. It seems like good things just come from somewhere; I don't see where, but they do come.

Sometimes we get into a tight place, and it looks like we will not get through—that is, in money matters—and I think, What can be done? But it all works around and we get through all right. The first thing before I had completed the Second Degree, my boy got work at \$30 per month. My husband was out of work and had been for three months. We had been renting a house to live in, and it seemed impossible to have a home. But my husband got work, and now we have BOUGHT instead of rented a house.

Now we trust and pray to have health, happiness and prosperity enough to pay for the home. I feel that we will. . . . I read the NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES, and am practicing the texts of the Silent Brotherhood noon and night. Your sister and devoted worker for God,

ALICE J. CALHOUN.

818 East Front street, Fort Worth, Tex.

Hold fast to your faith that you *will* pay for the home, Sister. If you have seen so much of the power of right thought, be sure there is more to come. Only be as a little child and live in faith, and trust, doing what your hands find to do. Always turn to the Father Who is a "present help in time of trouble."

Dear Mystic Success Club—I have taught school thirteen years, and have never been refused a school where I have once taught until this spring. If the same thing had happened before I began my Degree work, I would have grieved over it; but I trusted in God that it would turn out all right, and it did.

In less than two weeks after I was offered a school at \$10 a month more, and it is a much more pleasant school.

Before I began this blessed work I would never

have thought that I could have been thrust out among strangers as I have and succeed. I have a pleasant place and everyone is kind to me, and I love my work. When we learn to love our work it is more than half done.

I know the Lord will look after me at all times. I have improved greatly in health, have no more serious ailments and feel like a new person. I fully realize the law—that we become possessors by letting God possess us.

I will never cease to do all I can for God and the Mystic Success Club.

With love and gratitude,

EMMA E. GRAHAM.

Waterman, De Kalb Co., Ill.

Sister, we are delighted with your understanding and practice of the law. You say you "trusted in God," that it would turn out right, and it did. This is what so few are able to do at first—trust—yet it is only by trial you can know either your own worth, or the value of your teachings. You have done nobly.

Dear Mystic Success Club—I was so delighted to receive the Second Degree. Read it through at once, and have continued to read it every day for thirty days; also have committed to memory the seven thoughts, and at last am able to report favorably.

I have collected a debt of several hundred dollars that has been due me for several years. It has been promised many times, but never been paid until now. . . . My experience has been much like that of Caroline Smart on page 11 of May MAGAZINE. Friends turned on me, but other and better friends opened their doors to me. . . . Accept my many thanks for blessings already received.

Yours very sincerely

MRS. CAROLINE SHOBLE.

720 North Tilton street, Colorado Springs, Col.

You have done well. "Hold fast the profession of your faith," and all you can wish for will be yours in due time. Your faithfulness is the surest sign of success. God bless you!

Dear Mystic Success Club—I cannot thank God enough for the work He has done and is doing through our dear Mystic Success Club.

Six months ago, after joining the Club, I started out on a homestead with sixty-five cents in my pocket, for I had just lost all my property by fire. I put all my trust in Providence, and the kindness I received on all sides was wonderful. My success was great. Now I have a nice little farm and home; thanks be to God and the Club. I have got five subscribers, and hope I and all can double the results the coming year.

Thanking all members for special help,

Your friend,

ALBERT J. TWEEDY.

Tamarack, Minn.

It is indeed an inspiration to receive such letters. Surely you have the heart and faith of the little child, Brother. You have only to continue trusting in Providence. How happy the world would be if it could show such Christly faith. But you and all the others who live so close to the Master are adding to the light in the world. Arise, Shine, for Thy light is come.

Dear Mystic Success Club—I am more than well pleased. Everything works well with me, and I am brighter and happier than ever in my life, and more successful every way, even financially. People seem kinder to me; they are more accommodating and seem to like me better. I can't say too much for Our Magazine and the Mystic Success Club. It is all that its name implies.

Sincerely yours for success,

Sargent, Ga.

W. W. CAVENDER.

Your letter is another proof of what power lies in the attitude of Mind to make conditions. The open, loving, trustful devotion to God, and the expectation of good from everywhere makes you attractive to people. They naturally like to help such people, so we can well understand why they "seem kinder and more accommodating." At all times be your true brotherly self, and you will see how you will continue to grow "brighter and happier."

General Testimonials

Dear Mystic Success Club—You would be surprised to know how much help the Club has been to me in *EVERY WAY*. I am a different man, much more successful and happy. Everything is working out all right, and I thank you for the good this First Degree has done me.

Yours truly,

Grand Junction, Col.

W. D. TEMPLE.

To enter *heartily* and faithfully into the study is sure to make you more happy and successful. We are glad for you, Brother. Keep on with the good work.

Dear Mystic Success Club—I cannot find words to express my feeling for the kind messages I have had and the GRAND SUCCESS I have experienced through our grand Club. My HEART and SOUL are with you all the first thing in the morning and the last thing at night and dozens of times during the day.

Yours very truly,

CARL STONE.

58 East Thirteenth street, New York.

Bless you, Brother, your heart is surely full of the Brotherly Spirit. This state of constant outflowing love will not only give blessings, but cause them to return to you again. We rejoice with you.

Dear Mystic Success Club—I must say that the Fourth Degree has kept me very calm indeed. I feel that I am rapidly climbing the ladder of Success.

THEODORE STEPHENS.

Port de Palx, Hayti.

To be calm is to meet all conditions in the wise way, and as a master. You keep your forces in hand and can use them with power, when calm. This is one of the secrets of real success, Brother.

Dear Mystic Success Club—I am well pleased with the results of the Club's teaching. My mind has changed in many ways. I plainly see where we bring evil upon ourselves by FALSE BELIEF.

I am sixty-eight years in earth life and have learned more truth by the past four months' schooling than in all my life before, and praise the Lord for it. My health is good. I sleep like a baby. My dreams are pleasant. All praise to the Father-Mother.

Yours for success,
MRS. JOHN PANICK.

Florence, Kan.

Dear Mystic Success Club—I herein send my Fourth Degree, and wish to say I am more than pleased with the four degrees. They have set my feet on spiritual planes. They have given a body and mind to serve ME. They have given me GOD. Hands to hold out to animate and inanimate life. I could not write on this tablet all the good you have done me.

Yours in vibrations of love and wisdom.
JOHN M. PANICK.

Florence, Kan.

What a delight to read your letters, Brother and Sister Panick. You give such winning pictures of the happiness of two spiritually consecrated lives. May everyone who reads your splendid testimonials be uplifted and stirred to better things. Surely for you, the sunset slope is but the beautiful valley preceding a glorious sunrise on the mountain-top of Life.

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.

Alphabet of Success

THE following alphabet is printed on a neat card and hung up in coffee taverns and places of resort and business in Great Britain:

Attend carefully to the details of your business.
Be prompt in all things.
Consider well, then decide positively.
Dare to do right; fear to do wrong.
Endure trials patiently.
Fight life's battle bravely, manfully.
Go not into the society of the vicious.
Hold integrity sacred.
Injure not another's reputation or business.
Join hands only with the virtuous.
Keep your mind from evil thoughts.
Lie not for any consideration.
Make few special acquaintances.
Never try to appear what you are not.
Observe good manners.
Pay your debts promptly.
Question not the veracity of a friend.
Respect the counsel of your parents.
Sacrifice money rather than principle.
Touch not, taste not, handle not intoxicating drinks.
Use your leisure time for improvement.
Venture not upon the threshold of wrong.
Watch carefully over your passions.
Extend to everyone a kindly salutation.
Yield not to discouragement.
Zealously labor for the right
& Success is certain.

A Prayer for Prosperity

KIND Father, thou hast given us a Temple of the Holy Ghost to feed, clothe and house. Grant us, we pray, wisdom, good judgment, moral courage, tact, inspiration; so that we can properly care for this beautiful and wonderful Temple. Save it from the despair of penury, the waste of disease, the fear of cowardice.

Gracious Father, thou hast given us a casket of jewels in the wonderful Temple called the Mind. Help us to keep it vital, strong, candid, liberal; free from the spleen of anger and malice. May we feed it on all that is cheerful, buoyant, hopeful in life.

Dear Father, thou hast given us a Spirit. It is the very holy of holies of the wonderful Temple. Help us to keep it pure, serene, fearless. Help us, Father, to know the Truth by the inner light of our own spirit; and may it make us God-men. Amen.

Lamar Strickland Payne.

TO OUR MEMBERS

WE want you, Beloved, to read every testimonial, and read it over and over until you get into the same spirit as the writer. We know you are not always on the mountain-top. Neither are these who write. Yet you must remember that the secret of your growth and success lies in patient continuance of your work, whether you are in the valley or on the mountain. Do not think because you have not yet reached the height that you never will. Do not feel that others are better off than you. No, dear hearts, you are all traveling the same road; you are all bound to reach the same goal if you keep on. Remember, you are working according to a law, and if you do your part well the law will work. It is no respecter of persons. It is for you to apply.

You will see by reading these letters of our Brothers and Sisters, that they had their trials, their dark times, but they continued in the right words.

These right words are given you in the Degrees, so you will never lack. Study them so you can say them by heart. The very moment you feel the pressure of a trial, whether in the form of discouragement, sickness or anything else, speak your words, say them aloud. Say them with confidence. Say them with warm faith in God. Say them over and over and over again until the storm passes.

You will then have your testimony to give, and it will do you good, as well as those who are waiting to read it.

Sometimes people say to the Club, "Why don't you print letters of discouragement as well as success?"

Because we want you to keep your eyes on success! You know enough about discouragement. Of course there are always some discouraged people, but you must not be one of them. We want you to know that even one small victory of whatever kind is proof of the law that will bring more.

We want you, each and every one of you, to know that to find God is to find peace, and even the gold and silver you need, providing you are worthy of it through your faithful trust and co-operation with God.

Beloved, KNOW that if you put your whole heart into this daily, hourly reliance upon God, you will be rewarded, for He is faithful Who promised. And His promises are for All.

A Song of Victory

"All thanks to God, who leads us in one continual triumph"

I thank Thee, O my Father,
For the sunshine and the rain,
For the beauty and the pleasure,
For the weariness and pain.

For the hours of sorrow brought me
Knowledge of a joy divine,
And I learned, through pain and weakness,
That the strength of God is mine.

And the burning, sun-scorched pathway,
That compelled me to the shade,
Led me to the crystal fountain
That amid the shadows played.

I thank Thee, O my Father,
For the failure and the loss,
For I found pure gold lay hidden
In what seemed to me but dross.

And flowers have bloomed the sweetest
By the humblest paths I've trod,
And amid the raging tempests
I have found the peace of God.

I thank Thee, O my Father,
For the long and weary night,
O the songs of joy Thou gavest
While I waited for the light!

And I learned amid the darkness
By the spirit's sight to see,
Learned that angel hosts were ready
In my need to come to me.

Learned to welcome pain and trials,
Wings to bear my soul above,
Learned to know that round about me
Are the arms of Changeless Love.

Ida L. Lewis.

The Tide of Faith

By George Eliot

So faith is strong
Only when we are strong, shrinks when we shrink.
It comes when music stirs us, and the chords,
Moving on some grand climax, shake our souls
With influx new that makes new energies.
It comes in swellings of the heart and tears
That rise at noble and at gentle deeds.
It comes in moments of heroic love,
Unjealous joy in joy not made for us;
In conscious triumph of the good within,
Making us worship goodness that rebukes.

Even our failures are a prophecy,
Even our yearnings and our bitter tears
After that fair and true we cannot grasp,
Presentiment of better things on earth
Sweeps in with every force that stirs our souls
To admiration, self-renouncing love.

JUST FOR TO-DAY

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

Let me both diligently work
And duly pray;
Let me be kind in word and deed
Just for to-day.

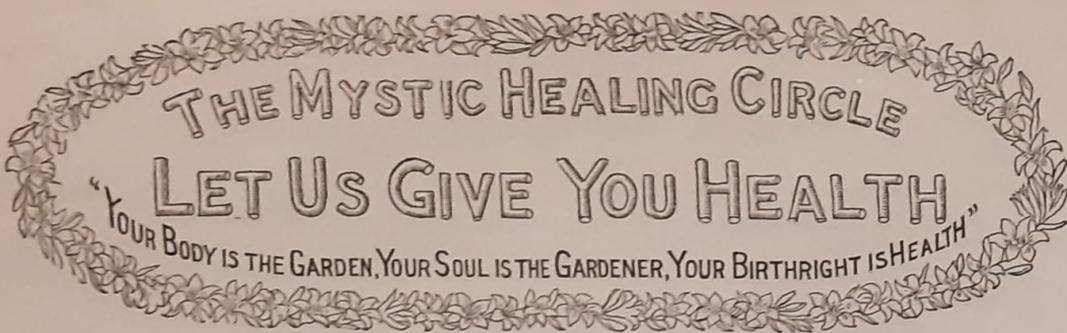
Let me be swift to do Thy will,
Prompt to obey;
Help me to sacrifice myself
Just for to-day.

Let me no wrong or idle word
Unthinking say;
Set Thou a seal upon my lips
Just for to-day.

So, for to-morrow and its needs
I do not pray;
But keep me, guide me, hold me, LORD,
Just for to-day.

CANON WILBERFORCE.

To live happy in this world it is not enough to know how to work; a man must know how to rest. The man who knows only to work will soon wear out. If he doesn't wear out immediately his work will suffer in some way. No man can do his best work unless he alternates it with a little rest. A man who can't drop his work from his mind had better take a few weeks off to study the rest question. His nerves are not what they should be.—George's Weekly.



"Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow."

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, NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES, 22 North William Street, N. Y. City.

"LET THERE BE LIGHT"

Health

By Mystic No. 12

WISDOM is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom; and with all thy getting, get understanding.

Hear, O my son, and receive my sayings; and the years of thy life shall be many.

I have taught thee in the way of wisdom; I have led thee in right paths.

As Joseph was carried away into Egypt, so there often comes into our lives certain misfortunes or conditions which at the time seem the greatest of misfortunes; yet in after years they prove to be not misfortunes, but the way to a new knowledge and practical understanding. They make possible the living of a life filled with greater blessings than could have been obtained in the old way.

There is one class of people which comes to me for help, which has a large amount of my sympathy. I refer to the nervous people. They may have "tried everything," yet they are sick.

There are no people in the world to whom I can give more promise of help than nervous people.

I know what grand things can come to an earnest person who seeks health, having health first, last and always as his motto.

My work is not only to help you to get health, but to help you to get understanding. When you have understanding you know. When you know you cease to think.

When an ocean steamer rushes down the bay on its way to Europe, the captain knows he is liable to encounter adverse winds and great storms; yet that does not affect in the least his most positive knowledge and understanding of how to reach Europe.

So when you first start on the journey to health, you are not to judge of your progress by a day of seeming gloom. Your progress toward health is not to be measured by one day or one week or even by one month.

I wish you to rest upon a firm and sure foundation, and that foundation is—*understanding*.

Understand that every living atom of your body always is working for your health. This can be made plain to your sight if you will observe how any wound that accident has made upon the surface of your body is healed by the life force. When you are sick it proves that you as captain of your ship have been a very poor sailor.

You have sailed here and there and have never brought your ship—yourself—into the port of

Health. Therefore, it is YOU, and not your body, that need knowledge and understanding, and when you have understanding you can reach port in spite of all obstacles.

Now, first of all, let me tell you always to keep the Star of Hope in sight. Never change your course. If the Star of Hope is behind you, then know that you have changed, for the Star of Hope is always shining. Steer your ship by this Star; then you can be sure you are on the right course—the road to health.

This Star may be called by another name.

It may be called the Star of Life. It may mean more to you as Life than Hope.

When the clouds are dark about you, seek to find only this one Star.

When you see and follow the Star of Life you leave behind all former negations.

You believe in life. You trust in life because God is Your Life.

God is the Light that shines through the lantern in the sky.

God is the life that shines through the wild flower you will find growing alone in the wild woods this summer. God is the Life that is in you, vitalizing anew every atom of your body and renewing your mind. You will realize this when you come into the understanding.

There will come to you a new realization of God's Laws, which are always working to help you when you have come into perfect harmony with them and are one with all created things.

You will love to look at the stars more.

You will love to look into the wonders of the morning glory and the rose. And then will your heart beat in tender sympathy with all animal life.

When you have understanding your trust is in God, and by faith you are already safe in the haven of rest.

As God helps the wild flower growing alone in the forest by sending the rain and the dews, He helps you by making The Mystic Healing Circle, through me, your pilot until it has carried your ship out to the broad ocean of Divine Love and Life.

"For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind."

I am glad to make the announcement to those members of The Mystic Healing Circle who have

often wished for a personal word of cheer from me, yet have hesitated because they did not wish to burden me, that arrangements have been made which enable me to answer all letters; and I am sure you will receive great help in this direction as well as from the printed messages of The Mystic Healing Circle and the pages of THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES. There often comes a time when a cheery personal word—even if only saying, "Courage, brother, all is well," will guide your ship into the straight course which leads to health.

To come into full realization of perfect health, let these positive words come to you and build anew:

I am Health. I am happy and contented. I draw to me all the good from everywhere. I believe in the good and trust in the good. I believe in joy and trust in joy.

I believe in peace and trust in peace. I know that all things are working for my good. When I trust in Good I trust in Good, for God is Good.

All things are mine—things present and to come. I, therefore, now, by faith, enjoy the perfect realization of health and now live so that health always is mine, with interest.

Your heart will grow warmer, and instead of thinking this a cold, selfish world, you will find love in its truest sense everywhere.

P. S.—Kindly inclose a stamp when a reply to letter is desired.

Very few realize the value of kindness to animals. Many of the serious accidents might have been avoided had kindness always been used instead of the whip. Animals have very sensitive natures.

When you first approach a strange horse you intend to drive this summer, hold out your hand to him, and his keen sense of smell or instinct will tell him you are kindly disposed toward him, or, in other words, he has thus become thoroughly acquainted with you.

When driving a horse talk to him. Praise him. Speak kindly words of cheer. He will respond most quickly. Should any object appear to frighten him, hold the lines over him, with such calmness and kindness that he will know you will care for him.

Quiet him with gentle words, telling him there is nothing to fear and that nothing can harm him.

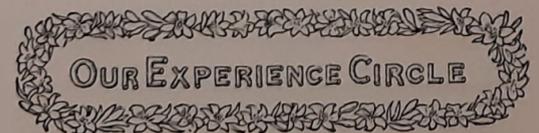
Silently send him the right thought. Silently say: "There, there, there is nothing to fear—nothing to fear—it's all right!" Silently send him soothing thoughts of love and peace.

The kindness you send out to the horse or any animal will be repaid to you.

Your heart will grow warm. Remember the law is "Give and it shall be given unto you"—what we send out comes back to us.

Give love, and love to your life will flow,
And strength in your utmost needs;
Have faith and a score of hearts will show
Their faith in your work and deeds.

When you think of Mystic No. 12 I wish you to always remember that I am trying to help you to use that kind of food that will not only help you build healthy bodies but will better please the appetite than the kind of food you have been in the habit of eating.



Gratitude

Dear Brother Mystic No. 12—Please send me your beautiful message, "Let there be Light." I received much benefit from your other beautiful message, "How to Pray," and what is right living. I thank God for the benefits I have received. Words fail to express my gratitude. May God bless you and your great work.

Yours in love and truth,
Mrs. J. A.

Like Another Woman

Dear Mystic No. 12—I must tell you how much I enjoy your writings and how much they help me in my daily trials, for I have many. I feel like another woman. Thanking you for your kindness and wishing you lasting blessings, I remain,

Yours,
Mrs. J. S.

Take Time

Dear Mystic No. 12—I received the message, "Take Time," for which I thank you very much. Since receiving it I feel a great deal more encouraged. I think the Magazine has improved very much since I subscribed for it. It has helped me both mentally and spiritually, and I would not be without it. I am trying to live the Mystic Life and follow the teachings as far as I can. I am trying to free myself from disease, and I do feel so much more encouraged since receiving "Take Time." Pray for me that I may receive more "Pure Light."

With Sisterly love,
Miss H. F.

Great Benefit

Mystic No. 12, Dear Brother—Inclosed please find one dollar for another month's treatment of your Mystic Healing Vibrations. I have received great benefit from the same.

With Brotherly love,
D. B.

Improved Conditions

Dear Mystic No. 12—Inclosed find one dollar for another month's treatment of your vibrations. The weather has been so bad I could not get out to secure a money order before. We both are happy to report improved conditions.
Fraternally yours,
J. L. & S. L.

Rheumatism

Dear Mystic No. 12—I am glad to say that my hand is all right now and my rheumatism does not trouble me so much. Thanking you for your kindness, I remain,
Your true friend,
Mrs. E. B.

Health

Dear Mystic No. 12—I must acknowledge that I have been getting along very well. I am improving in health every day, and I also feel the blessing of the Lord coming to me every day. I feel well, and Success comes, too, very often.
Yours in Christ,
I. Q.

Became Very Buoyant

Adept No. 12, Dear Brother—Inclosed you will find P. O. Order for one dollar for another month's treatment. On a certain day last month, after feeling much depressed, physically and mentally, I became very buoyant; so much so that as I walked along a country road with two lady friends twenty years younger than myself, they laughed at what they termed my "girlishness," as I skipped over ditches and went over logs after "Spring Beauties," which were on every side.
When I received your communication I found that you had sent me the first Vibrations on that date. With thanks to the All Father and you, dear Brother, I am,
Sincerely,
H. J.

I Wish to Continue

Mystic Adept No. 12, Dear Friend—I send two dollars for one month's treatment for A. & E. I am happy to report the continuous improvement of A., who is now able to sit up for several hours each day, and has even been out of doors in a wheel-chair. From one month's treatment I have received so much benefit that I wish to continue until the close of the school term, if no longer. I am not nearly as nervous and do not feel as worn-out and lifeless as I did. Thanking you for your kindness,
Your friend,
E.

Wonderful Improvement

Dear Mystic No. 12—I wrote you six weeks ago for health treatment for myself. Again I write to tell you of my wonderful improvement. I felt a change in myself a few days after I commenced your treatment, and there has been a steady improvement ever since. I follow your directions closely and read your messages daily. I am thankful to the Father for all His blessings.
Yours in love and faith,
W. B.

Understanding

Dear Brother—I have some good news to write you. I have only lately realized the truth of some of your teachings. I am one of those like the "Unbelieving Thomas," who want everything explained and proven before I can understand. I have been very greedy and wanted to make a short cut instead of walking on the long road, and I have made mistakes and learned lessons which were necessary. There is nothing like experience.
With Sisterly love,
E. R.

I Can Sleep

Dear No. 12—Do you know I feel like praying to have you canonized? For forty years or more I have suffered much of the time with that terrible nervous trouble for which the doctors have many times drugged me to stupidity. Why, I can sleep nights like a healthy baby, for the first time in many years. I am glad I am alive. I tell all my friends who are not well to go to The Mystic Healing Circle. You may, if you like, use this for a testimonial with my initials, and I will reaffirm it to anyone who asks. "Glory be to God in the Highest, on earth peace and good will." This beautiful spring morning I thank Him with a full heart. "May the Love, Peace and Calm of Universal Life abide with you."
Yours for universal Brotherhood,
H. T.

I Can Work All Day Now

Dear Brother Mystic No. 12—I am happy to write you of my great improvement in the last ten days. Thank God and you for it. I can work all day now and feel not as tired as I did in two hours' time. It took me some time, I will admit, to believe such wonderful changes could come to me, but I am very thankful, am not near as nervous as I was, and can sleep better, although not as well as I wish. The best of all is that my mind is so improved. I feel much happier, and where once was darkness now is beautiful light. I can see more to live for and feel I am a child of God, who loves all. I am a firm believer in prayer, I ask God many times each day to send light, love, peace, harmony, health, etc. Inclosed please find another dollar for another month's treatment, as I do not want to lose any Vibrations. Thanking you and our Heavenly Father for all our benefits, I am, as ever,
Very truly,
A. B.

Cold Disappeared

Dear Mystic No. 12—Inclosed please find one dollar for another month's treatment. My cold and sore throat disappeared soon after I wrote to you. Nothing seems to help my throat as quickly as your treatment.
Cordially,
Mrs. F. D.

I Ask God's Blessing on Your Work Every Day

Dear Mystic No. 12—I want to tell you that I have improved so much in the last three weeks. I am able to help myself so much, thanks to God and your Vibrations. Inclosed find one dollar for another month's treatment. I ask God's blessings for your work every day. My husband is sick, too. I inclose one dollar for him.
Gratefully yours,
J. R.

Gratitude for Good Received

Mystic No. 12—Please find two dollars inclosed for two months' treatment, as this past month has done me so much good I wish to continue. Please accept my gratitude for the good I have received. With best wishes,
Yours,
F. A.

More Vibrations

Dear Mystic No. 12—Find inclosed two dollars for which send me two months' more Vibrations. I am much benefited through your Mystic Healing Circle.
Mrs. V. C.

Faith

Dear Brother Mystic No. 12—Your letter is just received, and I am more grateful than I can express. In reading the words from St. Matthew, I feel that Christ has spoken to me personally. I thank you with all my heart.
Yours most truly,
Miss E. V.

Right Living

Dear Mystic No. 12—I am sending you two dollars, Post-Office money order, for another month's treatment and a month's treatment for my sister. My health is much better; have not had a boil in some time. I don't eat beef, or pork, nor drink coffee any more. Am following your directions as near as I can. Please accept my best wishes, and hope you may continue to help the sick.
Your grateful patient,
Miss W.

Eyes Are Better

Mystic No. 12—Please find inclosed one dollar for another month's vibrations for my eyes are improving.
Yours sincerely,
Miss R.

A Decided Change

Dear Mystic No. 12—Inclosed find one dollar for the next month's treatment. I have felt a decided change for the better since you began treating me; in fact I can scarcely believe that I am really growing healthier and happier. I am trying to the best of my understanding to help myself.
Respectfully,
E. S.

I Am So Pleased

Dear Mystic No. 12—I want to tell you how much I have gained and am gaining, first in a mental way under your Vibrations of two months. I am so pleased and life has a different aspect to me now—where once nothing seemed worth while and I was very low-spirited. I thank you for the blessed healing Vibrations to my mind, and I inclose one dollar for another month's treatment, as I do not feel able to go alone as yet. Thanking you sincerely, and sending encouraging thoughts to all struggling ones, and especially sick ones, for health and happiness, I am,
Yours most sincerely,
M. H.

So Much Better

Dear Mystic No. 12—Please continue healing Vibrations for my left side and back for another month. I find myself so much better. I thank God and the blessed Mystics for the help I have received.
Yours very gratefully,
C. R.

I Am Gaining

Dear Mystic No. 12—I now write to thank you for the help you have given me. I am gaining in all ways slowly. I now inclose one dollar for another month's treatment.
Respectfully,
G. W.

Life, Health and Strength

Mystic No. 12, Dear Brother—Inclosed find one dollar for another month's treatment. I am now growing in life, health and strength. I feel better now than I have for a long time, but I will continue in your Vibrations until I have perfect health. I am trying to do just what is good and pure and true, and I hope I may continue to receive your healing Vibrations. I thank you for all the good you have done for me, and praise the Lord for His goodness and His wonderful works.
With Brotherly Love,
T. J.

I Shall Continue Until I Am Well

My Dear Mystic No. 12—Your printed messages received. I derive so much good from them I am steadily improving, thanks be to God and you, dear Mystic. I shall continue under your Vibrations till I am well and perfect. May God bless you for your good and noble work. I am,
Yours very truly,
I. C.

Strength

Dear Mystic No. 12—A month has slipped by and I have not told you how helpful the Vibrations were. Such good, lovely thoughts came to me. I have never been so strong as this spring, although I still cough.
Very sincerely,
Mrs. A. V.

Good Health

Dear Beloved Mystic No. 12—Oh, how thankful I am to know what it is to enjoy good health. I praise the Lord's divine, Holy Name with all my soul, with all my heart and mind. Blessed sunshine seems to do me so much good.
From a Loving Brother,
I. R.

Just Found Out How to Live

Dear Mystic No. 12—I cannot express to you all of the good your Magazine is doing for me. I am trying every day to live more fully its blessed messages. It seems as if I had just found out how to live, and at a time when I thought I could not live at all, after burying my precious boy—all I had. Now I have taken up my work again and I live by constantly repeating the text given.
Yours from a loving heart,
Mrs. K. S.

Very Happy

Dear Brother—Inclosed please find one dollar for another month's treatment; can see a great improvement in many ways, which makes me very happy and thankful to you and our Heavenly Father.
Yours sincerely,
Miss H. L.

Feeling Very Much Better

Dear Mystic No. 12—I again write you for another month's treatment. I am feeling very much better since I came under your treatment and I don't want to relax until I am whole, both mind and body. May God bless the holy band of brothers who are doing such good work for mankind.
Very sincerely,
P. C.

Steadily Improving

Dear Mystic Adept No. 12—Inclosed find one dollar for another month's treatment. I am steadily improving and

can never be thankful enough for the good received. May the Lord bless you, and may many others receive good from these.
Yours truly,
I. C.

Light-hearted and Happy

Dear Mystic No. 12—I have received your messages and am overjoyed with the beautiful thoughts and counsel. I know I shall profit by your Vibrations. In fact I feel that I have already started to profit, for I have not in a long time been so light-hearted and happy as I have been to-day from early this morning.
Yours fraternally,
C. H.

"Those conditions could not occupy the same mind. I resolved then and there to abandon my habits of unholly thoughts, and to turn to God in Truth and Love. There was a conflict which continued one week, while I was taking my First Degree, but the battle is ended and I have the victory, praise God, The Mystic Success Club and Our Magazine, not forgetting Mystic No. 12. You see I summoned to my aid all the help I knew of, for I was in great need.
"It was a matter of Life and death in my case. Oh, but I am so glad and thankful it is all past and I am free. Brothers, you have done a great work for me. God bless you and the All. I will hold you and the blessed work of bringing Health, Happiness and Prosperity to all the Human race, yes, and to all God's creatures. I hope I am entitled to the Second Degree, and may I receive it soon. I would like to add that my physical condition has greatly improved while taking the First Degree. I am past seventy-one years of age, but feel as young as if I were but forty. There is not one defect in my body. I am very happy. I have no fear whatever, for God is now my Habitation henceforth." Saint Paul has said, "For to be carnally minded is death, but to be spiritually minded is Life." You now know what this wonderful statement means.

Sister Ada Tucker, Watertown, S. D., in returning her First Degree has this to say: "Dear Mystic Success Club—It is with a thankful heart that I now write you, thankful that I ever learned of this great and grand work. I have just finished my First Degree, and can say that I know you are helping me to be more calm and peaceful. I hope to grow with it, and get more love, more light, more faith and more understanding every day.
"Of course, I do not know if my report will be acceptable, but I do know it has been a blessing to me to try to do my best in keeping it. My surroundings have not been very good for sitting in the 'Silence,' but I am beginning to feel that we must do our work wherever we are. It is very hard for me to concentrate my mind, or to think of any one thing very long at a time. But my daily study is concentration.
"I have always allowed myself to worry a great deal, but since taking up this work I feel I have been helped by some unseen power to overcome this habit to a great extent, for which I am thankful. I have enjoyed the thoughts given for daily and nightly meditation. They are beautiful.
"I feel that I am a better Christian than ever before, although I have tried to live a Christian life for years, yet I feel I am only just started in the right way. Oh, since I have seen things as I do now, there is a nearness to God that I never could feel before. I can see God as a God of Love, Light, Life, Understanding and Wisdom.
"I feel it is a grand thing to belong to a holy Club like ours, and that the good work is constantly growing."

Mystic Adept No. 12—I write a few lines to tell you that since taking your vibrations I am seemingly perfectly well. I thank you sincerely for your help and also for your beautiful messages. They have done me much good. God bless you with a long life of your good work.
Miss F. G.

A Wonderful Change

Mystic Adept No. 12—I write a few lines to tell you that since taking your vibrations I am seemingly perfectly well. I thank you sincerely for your help and also for your beautiful messages. They have done me much good. God bless you with a long life of your good work.
Miss F. G.

Perfectly Well

Mystic Adept No. 12—I write a few lines to tell you that since taking your vibrations I am seemingly perfectly well. I thank you sincerely for your help and also for your beautiful messages. They have done me much good. God bless you with a long life of your good work.
Miss F. G.

Happier

Dear Mystic Adept No. 12—I am pleased to tell you I am much better and happier. I thank God and you, and hope God will spare you a long life to continue in your good work.
With Love,
C. B.

Wonderfully Improved

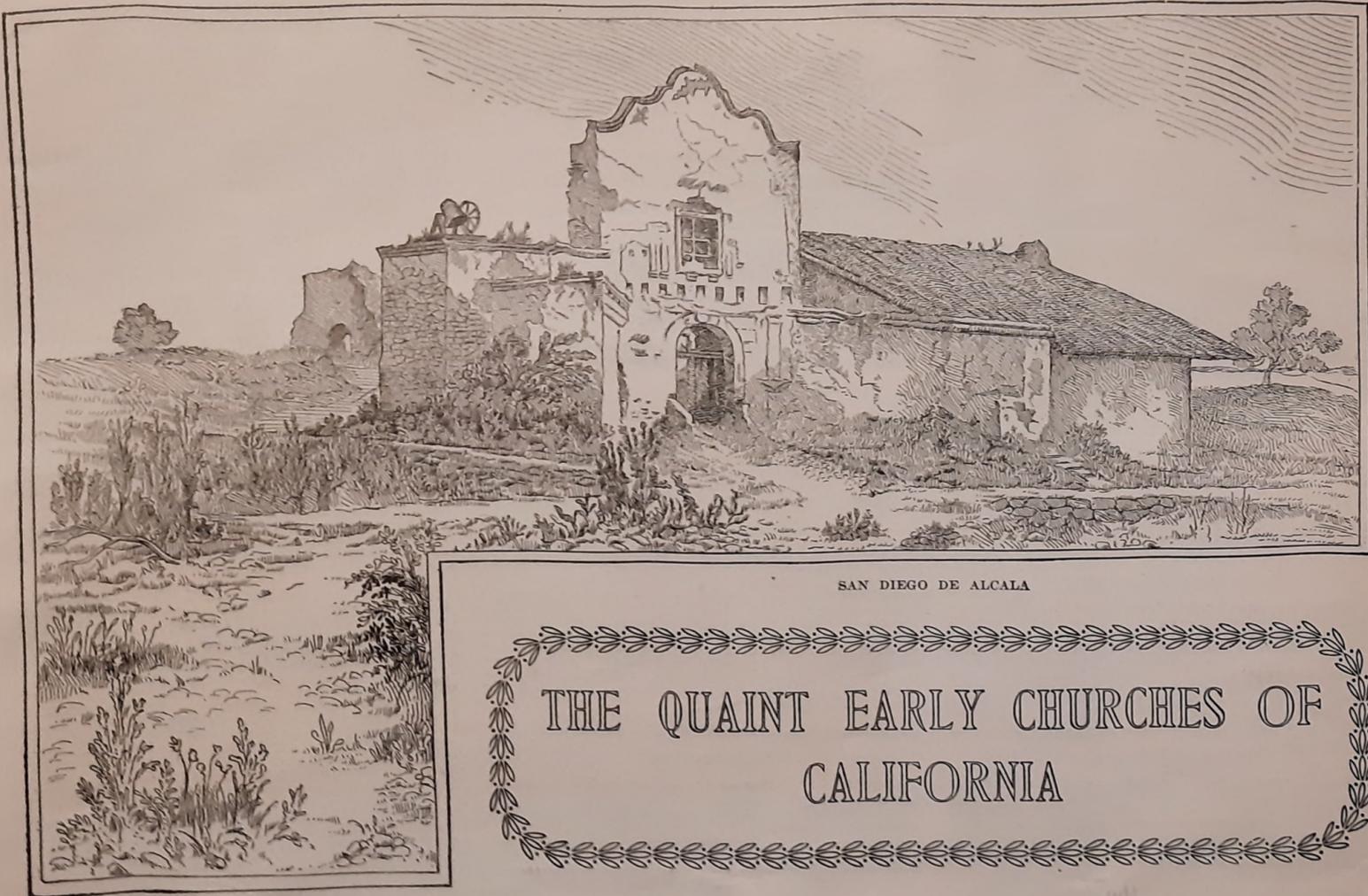
Dear Mystic Adept No. 12—I am pleased to tell you I am much better and happier. I thank God and you, and hope God will spare you a long life to continue in your good work.
With Love,
C. B.

New Hope, New Courage, New Life

Dear Mystic No. 12—I want to tell you and all the dear brothers and sisters all over this broad land how much I have been blessed and strengthened in body and mind; I was almost a wreck when I received your first message. I can see now that I was in bondage, that through fear of Death I had been all my lifetime subject to bondage; now my peace passeth understanding—I don't fear death any more. I have been reading so many beautiful testimonial, that THE MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES has brought so far. I can say of a truth they have given me new hope, new courage, new life, new strength, new knowledge of God's law; it has surely brought peace to my very soul with the teachings of the first and second degree of the dear Mystic Success Club. I am trying to live what the Magazine teaches, for it corresponds with the Bible. These brothers and sisters that write for THE MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES surely have been taught by the Lord. Peace now flows through my heart and mind. I want to thank you, dear Mystic No. 12, for what you have done for me. My husband and I are both well and hearty, and that can't be said of many around here of our age. I must not forget to say that we have prospered in many ways. My desire night and day is for light and understanding; I believe it is coming. I understand the Bible better than I ever did. Thanking you again for your wonderful Healing Vibrations, I am,
Your sister in the bonds of Christian love,
Mrs. G.

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Dear Mystic No. 12—I want to tell you and all the dear brothers and sisters all over this broad land how much I have been blessed and strengthened in body and mind; I was almost a wreck when I received your first message. I can see now that I was in bondage, that through fear of Death I had been all my lifetime subject to bondage; now my peace passeth understanding—I don't fear death any more. I have been reading so many beautiful testimonial, that THE MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES has brought so far. I can say of a truth they have given me new hope, new courage, new life, new strength, new knowledge of God's law; it has surely brought peace to my very soul with the teachings of the first and second degree of the dear Mystic Success Club. I am trying to live what the Magazine teaches, for it corresponds with the Bible. These brothers and sisters that write for THE MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES surely have been taught by the Lord. Peace now flows through my heart and mind. I want to thank you, dear Mystic No. 12, for what you have done for me. My husband and I are both well and hearty, and that can't be said of many around here of our age. I must not forget to say that we have prospered in many ways. My desire night and day is for light and understanding; I believe it is coming. I understand the Bible better than I ever did. Thanking you again for your wonderful Healing Vibrations, I am,
Your sister in the bonds of Christian love,
Mrs. G.



TO Edwin Deakin, the "artist-historian," is directly due the inspiration of the many clubs and History Sections that are to-day enthusiastically taking up the subject of the opening and restoring of El Camino Real, the King's Highway, in California.

About three years ago Mr. Deakin exhibited his marvelous collection of paintings of the twenty-one Missions, as these churches are called.

These Franciscan Missions are strung along El Camino for a distance of nearly one thousand miles north and south, and traversing about three hundred miles east and west.

The road is the original road built by the Franciscan Padres in the establishment of the Missions, which are about one "Spanish day's" journey apart, and it still exists in good country roads for part of the way, though nearly obliterated in some sections.

In the selection of sites for the Missions, the Padres showed great discernment and exquisite taste. The Missions, for the most part, lie conveniently near the sea, in sheltered valleys, with the great Coast Range of mountains behind them, or close to some mountain stream, whose waters keep ever green the rich pasture lands on which their vast herds of cattle grazed.

The magnificence and variety of the scenery along the Highway are unsurpassed. Orange and olive groves, vast vineyards and waving fields of grain, smile upon you from all sides; miles of pasturage resplendent in spring with the golden eschscholtzia, forests of redwood and the pungent eucalyptus, extensive orchards both tropical and semi-tropical, are some of the sights that will greet the eye of the sightseer with the restoration of El Camino.

These twenty-one Missions are the most romantic and picturesque landmarks in California.

The Franciscans were not only skilled in the crafts, they were versed in the elements of the arts, and that they taught the useful mechanical arts and the tilling of the soil as well as the merely ornamental and beautiful is amply evidenced by the weaving, the simple pottery, the intricate basket making, the work in silver, copper, iron, leather and wood engraving which still exist.

It is interesting to know that as the Padres taught the Indians the various arts and crafts, the symbols of the Cross and Crown were always interwoven into the baskets and employed in the pottery.

Illuminated missals and bookbindings in old vellum still exist to attest to the artistic skill of the Indians, so faithfully, so patiently taught by these simple-living, pious Padres.

The Padres also taught the Indians the art of peace and civilization, and by every means in their power strove to lift them out of the depths of savage life and thought. How well they succeeded is told in the few relics that remain to us of the natives' handiwork, and the Missions themselves as they stand, are, historically and architecturally, the noblest in the United States.

The painting of the Missions has covered a period of thirty years as inspiration prompted, the artist begrudging neither time, study, trouble nor expense to obtain the best results.

The Missions were founded in Lower California by the Jesuit Fathers. Later, for political reasons, they were transferred to the Franciscan Fathers.

It is interesting to follow in the footsteps of the Padres from the establishment of the first and most southern Mission, San Diego de Alcalá, in July, 1769, on over the road traversed by the early Fathers.

This Mission was built mostly of burnt tile, though stone and adobe, as used in the construction of all the Missions, were also here

used. It has been spared the ignominy of the whitewasher's brush, and it thus lends itself to the richest, most artistic tints in warm reds, tans, yellows and browns, and if not the best, is one of the finest of the collection. The olive orchard planted by the Padres in 1770, opposite the church, still bears fruit.

The second Mission founded was San Luis Rey de Francia, known later as the "King of Missions." Numerically it exceeded any other Mission, having at one time eight hundred and sixty-nine natives enrolled.

San Juan Capistrano, about two miles from shore, with a noble line of hills for a background, is one of the most beautiful and striking. The church is of stone, with a wall six feet thick, and was partly destroyed in the earthquake of 1812. It is a fine example of Byzantine architecture, the most noted illustration of which is the Sophia Mosque at Constantinople, built by Justinian, A.D. 532-538. Though part of the building has fallen into decay, the graceful lines marking the dome of the sanctuary are still standing, and the frescoes on the walls are rich in color and plainly decipherable.

Santa Barbara, which is still in the hands of the Franciscan Fathers, is one of the largest, and is probably the best known of all the Missions. The church is built of stone, with the usual six-foot wall, and has a tiled roof. Two imposing towers rise from the front, in one of which the chime of bells hang. Stretching out on the western side is a long, low-arched corridor, and back of this a charming old garden, which women are never permitted to visit.

There was one notable exception to this rigid rule. The Princess Louise, now the Duchess of Argyle, was permitted to enter the cloisters and view the garden.

In the fast decaying Mission of San Antonio de Padua, away from the regular line of travel, little is left to indicate that at one time it was one of the richest Missions, celebrated for its fine quality of wheat and flour. The Mission at that time included seven large



SAN CARLOS BORROMEO

farms, each with its own chapel, set amid a park-like country of exquisite beauty.

San Carlos Borromeo del Carmel (commonly called Carmel) was built of creamy white stone in the Moorish style, with a quaint outside stairway leading to the belfry. The fanciful windows and low-tiled roof of this exquisitely harmonious structure have given place to more modern windows and a steep-shingled roof, much to the regret of the lover of the beautiful.

The Mission Dolores, of San Francisco, has but one of the early buildings left—the church—and that is overtopped by so modern a structure that it looks as if it were built but yesterday.

The building of these Missions was a huge undertaking, successfully carried out by these pious, self-sacrificing men under many and trying circumstances. Bear in mind this was nearly one hundred and fifty years ago.

But they never faltered for a moment. They held services in these wonderfully built churches continually—just as is done to-day in any Roman Catholic Church. The schools they established, primarily for the education of the Indians, were as much of a success as the structures themselves.

The Fathers were patient and painstaking to the end—and California, to a great extent, owes much of her present prosperity through the pioneer work of the Spanish Fathers.

The faith of the eighteenth century has left as a heritage to California these superb Missions, such as no other part of the world has ever seen. With their fascinating handicrafts they are of the first importance both as art treasures and historic landmarks.



MISSION OF SAN GABRIEL

My Garden

By Alma Reise

WHEN a child, my mother gave me
Just a little garden spot
Saying, "Give it your attention,
Till it well, neglect it not.

"For if you neglect to work it,
You will find the weeds will grow.
Roots will spread, their seeds will ripen
Faster than the seeds you sow."

So I daily worked my garden,
Pulling every truant weed;
Hoeing till I was rewarded
With rich products for my seed.

Then mother said, "There is a Garden
Wholly under your control;
Weed it well, 'tis more important,
'Tis the Garden of the Soul."

I tried to heed her wise instruction,
Learned my lessons well at school,
Attended church on every Sabbath,
Committed Text, and Golden Rule.

After years my eyes were opened
To the Garden of my Heart,
I saw the weeds that grew within it,
Till they seemed of me—a part.

I saw the thistleweed of temper,
And the ragweed love of self,
The briar of the tongue's sharp answer,
And the tangleweed of self.

These, and many others, growing
In the Garden of my Soul,
Deeply rooted—could I ever
Get them under my control?

I tried—and sometimes was the victor,
Other times they'd conquer me;
Till I wondered if I ever
Should my soul's true fruitage see.

Mother could no longer help me,
For she slept beneath the sod,
And I knew my only hope was
To turn to mother's God.

So I knelt in deep contrition,
Asking Him to guide my way,
And He answered my petition,
For I heard the Still Voice say:

"Child, be guarded every moment,
Let your thoughts be pure and good;
For thoughts are seeds of future actions—
May this well be understood.

"Plant good thoughts, with good intentions,
They'll reward you as they grow,
But if you sow thought-seeds of evil,
You will reap just what you sow."

Am I asked to think no evil,
When I see it every day,
See men sinning till their conscience
Seems as lifeless as the clay?

Then the Still Small Voice made answer,
'Tis the *motive*, not the deed,
That I judge. Are *your* ways faultless,
Are *you* sowing precious seed?

"Do you always think of others
As you'd have them think of you?
Do you feel toward erring brothers
As your Saviour taught to do?"

Rebuked, I turned and tilled my Garden,
Uprooted *Self* and planted Love;
Saw good in every human creature,
That Spark Divine, born from above.

I helped the wanderer and needy,
Till their tears of grief were dried;
My heart was light, and I was conscious
That all the weeds therein had died.

The Garden of my Soul was fertile;
Heartsease grew instead of weeds;
And "Peace that passeth understanding"
Is my reward for better deeds.

Work a little, sing a little,
Whistle and be gay;
Read a little, play a little,
Busy every day;
Talk a little, laugh a little,
Don't forget to pray;
Be a bit of merry sunshine,
All the blessed way.

A Psalm for the Broken-hearted

By Owen R. Washburn

I CRIED unto the Lord: O Infinite One,
whither shall I turn? My flesh is become as
stone with the agony of my life. My heart
is broken within me! The Shadow of Death
is as nothing and the fear of terrible things
has passed from me, for I am desolate.

Where is the place of forgetfulness that
I may hide and remember no more? Where
is the dreamless sleep of the dead that I may
no longer mourn? That I may forget the
hopes of my heart?

By night I lay down to sleep, but the
coming of dawn I saw with open eyes. In
the watches of the night I sought sleep, but
the visions of death were upon me.

I rose to seek the priests of the temple,
but they slumbered; I cried unto the friends
of my youth, but they regarded not my sor-
row; I sought unto the physicians and they
gave me the sleep of the poppy, but I for-
got not the things which have passed away.

My strength died within me. I wandered
beneath the stars. I sat by the graves of
my dead and mused of many things.

And as I pondered I heard the Spirit speak
unto me, I heard the rebuke of God.

The Word of the Lord came unto me
saying, Thou art Mine.

I stood and was astonished, and He spake
unto me again, with a small voice, but
clearer than ringing bells: My Life is thy
life and thou art Mine. Hold up thy head,
O man of little faith. Lift up thy heart
and be no more a reproach unto Me. I
called thee from the Dawn of Time, and
from before the beginning of ages I knew
thee. In all the years thou hast never lost
Me utterly, thou art the child of My love, a
prince of My Kingdom, a savior sent unto
the people of My land.

Then answered I unto the Lord: Take
from me the burdens of life that I may be
free.

The voice spake unto me again: Where
are the gifts I gave unto thee? Hast thou
brought them to perfection? Hast thou
served My people till thy tasks are done?
Hast thou loved much that I should love
thee with exceeding love? Be still and obey
my voice. Arise and finish thy work, and
thou shalt live, indeed.

Then I arose and went unto my neighbor
at the beginning of the day, and I found him
grieved. I approached the households I had
loved and found they had need of me, nor
had I been forgotten of them.

Lord, I have known Thee face to face in
the shadows of the night.

Thou hast been my friend from the day
when Thou created me and until the end of
the world will I remember Thee.

Peace be unto all who have suffered, to all
who have suffered and prayed in spirit, peace
and the knowledge of the love which passeth
not into darkness, but is Light forevermore.

God's Way Is Right

FREE TRANSLATION FROM THE GERMAN OF RODIGAST

WHAT God does, that is surely right,
For perfect is His will;
Whilst He my pathway ordereth,
I gladly hold me still.
For He, my God, shall in my need
My guide and guardian be,
And naught I fear whilst this I know,
He watcheth over me.

What God does, that is surely right,
He never can deceive;
Or those who in His love confide
Alone, unaided leave.
In His protection I will trust,
And patient wait the day
When at His bidding all my griefs
Shall pass for aye away.

What God does, that is surely right,
His love can never fail;
No other remedies but those
He gives me can avail
To heal my wounds. I therefore bow
Submissive to His will;
Upon His truth I build my hopes,
And trust His goodness still.

What God does, that is surely right,
He is my life and light,
Who nothing evil can ordain
To those who trust aright.
Though hidden are His dealings now,
The time fast draweth near
When all His wisdom, all His love,
Shall openly appear.

What God does, that is surely right;
Gives He a bitter cup?
I will not fear, but at His word
Obedient drink it up.
The day shall surely dawn at last,
When peace shall overflow
My aching heart, and all my wounds
His healing touch shall know.

What God does, that is surely right,
This truth will I maintain;
Yea, though my path in life should prove
Rough, thorny, full of pain.
My heavenly Father's arm shall be
My never-failing stay,
And naught I fear whilst this I know;
He ordereth all my way.

Isabella M. Mortimer.

Come to the woods, O weary one,
For faith and hopes are there;
Under the leaves God's will is done
His glory fills the air;
There is joy in the piping from the pond,
There is triumph in the velvet frond.
Come to the woods, O doubting heart,
And learn that earth is fair,
The city and heaven are far apart,
But God is near, out there.

REALIZATION

By FLORENCE M. PIERCE

A GREAT white Presence brooding o'er the earth,
A great white Silence brooding in the soul;
My love, that once divided by itself,
Wedded to Thee, now makes a perfect whole.

The flowers and birds are hushed to dreamless sleep,
The Earth's mother-breast soothes many a tired head;
And in the starry heavens Thine eyes keep watch
For wayworn souls and weary, straying feet.

Only a little journey back to Thee!
But, wilfully, we choose a winding, devious way,
And climb the steep, with garments soiled and torn,
With bleeding feet, and eyes that cannot see.

Behold! the day is flushing all the East,
Earth springs to life and dons her lovely robes;
The birds burst forth in one melodious strain—
Wake, Love, it is the Heavenly Marriage Feast!

THE CHRISTIAN CONSCIOUSNESS IN THE PRESENT AGE

By Julian Vaughan

Written expressly for
THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES

THE spirit of a divine progress is active in the present age. Men of character, of noble ideals and worthy realizations, are looked upon with veneration for the noble manhood which they reveal. If a man is earnest, honest, sincere (and he should not be respected if he is less than this), he is honored, whatever his ecclesiastical connection, whatever his dogmatical system may be.

It is very little that any individual may have done toward this, little that any party or sect may have done, but the spirit, the "spirit of this age," has accomplished it. It is not alone American, English or German. The gospel of a free, enlightened progress has its representative names and its resounding voices in every civilized country to-day. It is nobly helpful.

The moral and spiritual consciousness, in the centres of life, mean character, conduct, principle, earnestness, sincerity of purpose, vital reality of thought and sentiment.

As we apprehend it, to see the Infinite Goodness is to be conscious of His Ever-presence, to enjoy His Idea, to feel the all-pervasive Presence of His Life. It is not a benediction radiated from the face of an individual sovereign, but the growth of the spirit in man into a fuller sense of the Divine—a freer, closer communion with the loving All-Father. It is not so much a passive reception of the Divine favor, but a realization in vivid consciousness of Godhead.

Our Christian consciousness in this sense is commensurate with our spiritual and moral development. As we are ourselves, so is our conception of God. If we can soar to the "VERY LIGHT OF VERY LIGHT"—we behold the Radiant Centre!

Man is a soul—a spiritual power; he may and can behold this Breathing Glory—by the divine beneficence. This spirit in man sees without eyes, hears without ears, operates disembodied or independent of matter, and this Inner Life connects him with heaven and with God.

Without this soul, this disembodied susceptibility, how could he form the least idea of a spiritual state, or of spiritual beings, or of God as the Great Soul of all souls—the Light of Heaven, where there is no more night nor darkness? Where the holy attraction of His Fatherly Love heals the wounded spirit, breathing blessedness upon all that He draws to Himself.

Man certainly has these perceptions and feelings. They are inwrought into his moral and religious constitution, his very being. The universality of this sentiment in the form of a belief in ghosts, in a hereafter, in transmigration, a heaven, a paradise, or a hell, and the like, in all ages and among all mankind, establishes the existence of a faculty or a group of faculties, from the exercise of which these perceptions and feelings proceed.

The moral sentiments are at the root of all Religion. Indeed, the substance and texture of the Bible, of ancient religions, of Indian and other worship, and of all religion, is a spiritual existence, a substance of the Inner Life.

It were utter folly to deny that man has the sentiment of the spiritual, and equal folly to suppose that it comes by education. Education cannot create a native capacity; it can only develop primary powers and possibilities.

Although the Idea of God is held with different modifications by different races and in different ages, yet it has never been wholly wanting to the race. Even the lowest stage of humanity betrays some glimmering of this Inner Celestial Light though broken into strange refractions by the mists of ignorance, and of immature mentality. The noblest and the highest culture can never outgrow its blessed Rays. The very progress of humanity may be traced by the quality which this idea has assumed at different periods, in different nations and faiths.

As the cultivated mind traverses the vast expanse of the heavens, crossing boundless spaces, sensing the display of immeasurable power and the wondrous adaptations of creative skill, it dwells in a realm of beauty, wonder and of awe such as no artist has ever dreamed of reaching in word, sound, color or form. The apprehension of this Benignant Life leads man to feel his own dependence, to yearn toward the Infinite Father, and to rest, grateful, on the bosom of Boundless Love; it is not the man who is of towering intellect, nor yet great in talent, nor profound in knowledge or experience, nor the gifted in poetry—but simply and solely the Pure and Loving in heart, who may see God.

FOR THE SILENT BROTHERHOOD

Thought to be held at 12 M.

"And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me."—John xii. 32.

Thought to be held at 9 P.M.

"Be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you."—E. hesians iv. 32.

BELOVED, the wonderful power of this text will grow upon you as you realize its deep significance. Think of it. "IF I (that is, the Spirit, the Truth, the Christ) BE LIFTED ABOVE THE EARTHLY SIGHTS, THE EARTHLY CONFUSIONS AND PERPLEXITIES, I WILL ATTRACT ALL WHO ARE SUFFERING THE PANGS OF EARTH NEED, I WILL WOO THEM BY MY LOVELINESS TO COME UNTO ME AND LET MY LIGHT SHINE UPON THEM AS IT SHINES UPON YOU."

For Beloved, just as surely as you become acquainted with this living Christ which is your light and your salvation, you will want to lift it up, will want all the world to see the grace and beauty of its presence, the power of its life in your life.

First think of the Way, the Truth and the Life as something definite in your mind, something like a state of holiness, an all-revealing Light, a consuming Love. Then think of these rare states embodied in a human being—in Jesus, the Incarnation of the Christ. There you have your Pattern, your Example. All this and a thousand fold more of the richness of Truth will dawn upon your mind and fill your heart when you faithfully and prayerfully repeat this noonday text.

Do it with all the faith of a little child. Do it with reverence, with devotion. A new world of meaning will be opened to you and you will become as "a new creature."

O Beloved of The Silent Brotherhood, what privilege is ours to thus concentrate upon the golden words of the living Truth, to be consciously united in spiritual prayer. Do you know how much this unity means to the world as well as to ourselves? Do you realize that at twelve o'clock every day, when the poor troubled world is in the midst of its panics, its strikes, its fierce competitions, its anguished disappointments, its blind gropings after peace, we of The Silent Brotherhood are sending out a deep, redeeming stream of Love and Light and Truth?

As the waters of the Gulf Stream change the whole character of the ocean, the atmosphere, and the condition of the earth itself, so will the onflowing Thought stream of our Brotherhood change the condition of the minds and hearts of men and women who need to be drawn unto the Light of the world. And when the retiring hour comes, the hour when once again our great family is centered upon a single thought, let your hearts be quickened with this text, BE YE KIND ONE TO ANOTHER, TENDER-HEARTED, FORGIVING ONE ANOTHER EVEN AS GOD FOR CHRIST'S SAKE HATH FORGIVEN YOU.

Can you even read these words without feeling the warm shining of Love's sun within your soul? This will teach you the real forgiveness, the blotting out of memory, sights and sounds and conditions of evil. Yes, Love will fill your heart so that nothing else can remain in it, and you will then forgive all, even yourself, for with Love there can be no condemnation, no bitterness, no unkindness, no thought of evil.

When you have meditated upon all these things, Beloved, it will be easy for you to send a forgiving thought to all those who may especially need it. It may be yourself first who needs, it may be someone near and dear in your family, or among your friends, or in your neighborhood. Never mind if you do not know what is to be forgiven; it is the blighting cloud of whatever is hard and dark and evil that is to be blotted out. Do your part. Let your Light, your Love, shine out unto the ends of the earth.

Yours in the Love, Fellowship and Service of The Silent Brotherhood.

No. 7.

Ye shall be satisfied when
Ye awake in His likeness.

And are we then asleep? Dropped
down

Beside the toilsome way with stone

For pillow? Dreaming out the given
day?

Then rouse ye! Lift up your head!

Drive slumber from thine eyes! And

Though the sky be overcast and
vivid

Flashes dart across thy path,

This is your watchword:

Ye shall be satisfied when ye awake!

Oh, haste the day when we shall

Awake in His likeness.

NETTIE ELIOT McINTOSH.

If there are tears upon your pillow, know that by turning to the Spirit that is thy Life and Home they shall be made like dewdrops to sparkle in the sunshine of thy joy.

The same sun that makes the rose to fade brings forth the bud from the thorn and maketh another to grow in its place. Be sure there is a joy of the spirit to take the place of every sorrow of earth. Arise and take now the gladness that is thine.

"Peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you," said Jesus. If you have not that peace, know that you have but to ask to receive it. The Christ gave it to us for an everlasting possession, and only our own wrong thought can hide it from us.

Living in Paradise

SUMMER makes Paradise.

What so fair as the great, green carpet that is laid upon the prairie, spread upon the eastern hills, hollowed into the wide valleys and fringed with the silver of rivers, shaded with the green of pines and apple orchards and across whose length is flung the shaded Oriental rugs of woven grain fields, the prayer-mats where sturdy labor prays for rich harvests?

At dawn the dew is ablaze with the tints of heaven, the soft gray of the kindly mists melts slowly to the touch of the all-embracing sun. The bird sings of love from the half-sheltered bough where nest-building is going on, and from the pastures the low of cattle comes down the breeze. Growth, life, joy are native to the days, and if there be any in the land who have not felt the subtle touch of tender June, who have not felt the smile of God in the warm rush of dusk, they are living in Paradise, though refusing to acknowledge that heaven is indeed at hand. If you are thus living, be sure you have no long journey to make to enter into Life.—C. W. Redington.

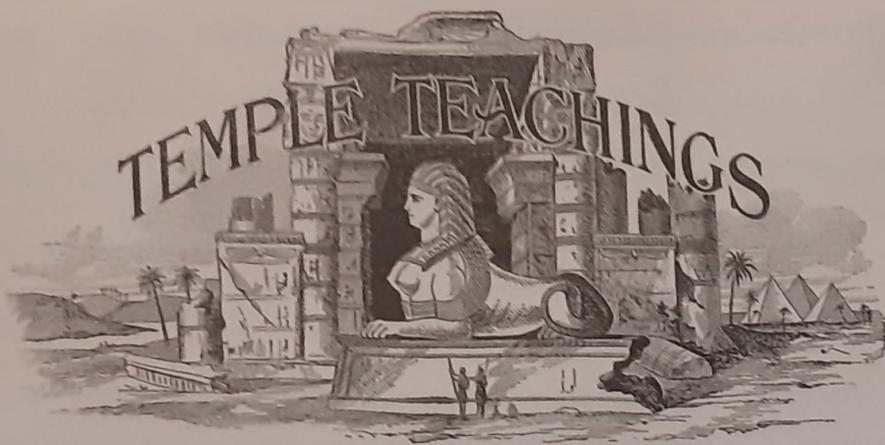
She "loved much," therefore much was forgiven to the sinning woman. So be sure, you who have suffered, that if you have loved much you will love ever and with wisdom from spiritual realms will be blessed.

Upward

THE oak tree boughs once touched the grass;
But every year they grew
A little farther from the ground,
And nearer to the sky.

So live that you each year may be,
While time glides swiftly by,
A little farther from the earth
And nearer to the sky.

"He never fails in his pursuit who maintains a joyful countenance."



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.

AND what wouldst thou, O Child of My Heart? Ask freely, for thou art My Beloved of happy privilege. Thou hast desire for more knowledge on questions that long have troubled thee?

Ah, how gladly, My Heart's own, do I welcome thy search for knowledge of My law! Ask freely. And if thou art empty and sweet of heart, thou shalt receive the answer.

Thou wouldst know the difference in quality of animal and human soul, and if there be eternal life for the creatures of the animal kingdom?

I see. Thou wouldst question the justice of My love for living creatures if all do not come within the pale of universal law.

O child, tender and true, in thy very question lieth the answer.

What is that love within thee that prompteth thy question, but that which is of Me? For thy love is not apart from Mine. Nay, it is the very essence of Myself and is the bond of union 'twixt thy Spirit-soul, the human, and My Spirit-Soul, the All including and Divine.

Thinkest thou not, that question is involved e'en in the Life itself?

Harken, O Child! Neither thy soul, nor thy love, nor thy life is apart from Me, for in very truth I alone am Spirit-Soul, am Love and Life, all-embracing, complete, perfect, eternal. Thy Spirit—the holy self of thee—is but a flowing forth of My Spirit which in and of itself containeth all attributes or aspects of Divinity, of which one is Life, one Love, one Intelligence, and so to all infinity.

Forget not, Beloved, that 'tis only in diversity, not Unity, that change can be, or differentiation. The world of objects, therefore, is the world of diversity and change, but I—the real world—change not. I am Being, My garments the many phases of existence.

Seest not the secret? Perceivest not the clearing of thy puzzled question?

Ah, Child of the Wise One, plain it is as true, that all living creatures, forms or objects are but the different clothings of My Life.

Then this Life which in itself divideth not nor change, is but evidenced by living forms.

What then? Though the form change and disappear, hath this wondrous Life been changed?

Believe it not, Beloved! The Life itself, unchanging, yet in forms diverse and of infinite variety, showeth eternal changes.

The creatures, great or small, for whom thy heart yearneth, are of Me e'en as thou. Their life, their love and their intelligence are but the playing forth of My unchanging Life on the fleeting scroll of Matter.

What, then, the difference 'twixt animal and human? askest thou.

Heed, and thou shalt know so well, O Child, that ne'er again shall this or kindred questions trouble thee.

I, the Infinite, obeying the Law of Infinity, reveal Myself the Formless, through forms, e'en as the earthly sun revealeth light through apertures of space. As rays from this most glorious sun go forth in wide divergence, yet 'scape not from the focussed centre, so the earthly lives of all the myriad forms go forth from Me, the Life, yet 'scape not that Supreme and inmost Centre which holdeth all in Unity.

To complete, in symbol, that which is complete in Being, it needs must be, Beloved, that each minutest part must be an evidence of the Mighty Whole. Thus only can be compassed that eternal cycle of Progression by which the panoramic world of sense can mirror forth My perfect Being.

My Life descendeth into lives, to return again as Love. My Love descendeth into loves, to return again as Love. My Intelligence descendeth into intelligences, to return again as Wisdom.

Thinkest thou one form or garment sufficient as a means of showing forth the Life interminable and Infinite?

Nay! Then many forms are needful. Hence must I have the forms of every realm and every

kind from protoplasm to the finest human. From mineral and plant to starry worlds of shining ether, for all are the wondrous robes of My Appearance.

When thou lookest upon the wise and busy ant, think thou: that is one ray of Infinite Intelligence shining through its earthly window. (This, too, is but a name for form.) When thou art touched by faithfulness of dog or horse, think thou: In these humble creatures doth My God shew forth His love and care for Me.

When thou art charmed and soothed by Nature's wooing beauty, think thou: Through bird and flower, through arching sky and sea and wind, through all things of and on this beauteous earth, doth My Father work, for My well-being.

Then, O My Heart's Own, will thy love merge and mingle with My Love, then will thine intelligence merge and mingle with My Intelligence, the fountain head of all, and as in a flash of all-revealing light, thou shalt know that all My creatures love and love, e'en though the form like that thou callest thine doth pass away.

Yea, the bird, the dog, the horse and all, shall have with thee new garments and new spheres of opportunity. World upon world have I, and each world is but a school wherein are learned such lessons as are needful and appropriate to each and every stage of consciousness.

What, Beloved, still wouldst thou question? Ah, thou art wondering why this need of many schools, of many lessons!

Because, dear one of My Heart, each thought of Mine is as a Seed and of Mine own Essence, yet must be sent forth into realms of outer life to germinate and grow. All germination beginneth in darkness, in mystery and seclusion.

'Tis not I, but the Seed or Essence, the Emanation of Me, that unfoldeth through states of consciousness and according to the degree or individuality of this Emanation is the necessity of environment.

Hast thou not read in my great Temple Book that every seed bringeth forth after its kind?

So, as there are different kinds of Emanations or Seeds but always the One Centre, or Origin, each Emanation or Seed hath its own degree of Me, the Father, yet its own individual opportunity and sphere for unfoldment.

I, the Father, am represented in each seed and am changeless, yet each Child or Emanation passeth through changes of consciousness without knowing that its Essence or Being is the Changeless. Thus must it have many schools of experience and many lives in expression before it knoweth the Supreme Truth of Life, that it is, ever hath been and ever will be, at one with Me, the Changeless.

Then cometh peace. Then can this wondrous Emanation of Me that hath passed through crudest forms of earthly life from amaba to Man, awake to know that it is in My image and privileged to show forth My likeness.

O Child of My Life and Love, Live and let live, love all knowing the All Love.

Be kind to the least in My earth kingdom.

Give thy Cups of Cold Water to all My little ones, for thus only canst thou return love for Love, and minister unto Me.

Peace be unto thee, My Beloved.
HELEN VAN-ANDERSON.

There is a Place in Progress, a state of mind wherein the human rests on the mountain-top of observation, where every valley is purple with blossoms, every forest smooth and velvet-covered, every prairie smiling with verdure, every dwelling-place a sheltered garden, every visible form an angel of peace, a herald of glad tidings.—
C. J. Barton, in Life.

Self-discipline is often better than freedom. Conquer the lower self we must some time. Then will the Noble Self come up grandly into victory over the little things, like the Phoenix over the ashes of its imperfections. For one is then greater than General Nogi at the siege of Port Arthur, or any other "him that taketh a city."

A Lesson of the Rain

The burning heat of summer sends up a haze from the earth, like the incense of altars in ancient times or like the smoke of far-off camps where men toil for the coming harvests. The earth is beaten by the fierce sunshine as though flails of light were falling upon the threshing floors that must be made hard for the separation of wheat and chaff. The river throws back the warmth, the rocks are hot and the locust sings the triumph of the sun. Yet when the fiercest day has come and all nature lies panting beneath its breath, there appear great "thunder heads" above the horizon, the winds awaken and bring a touch of Northern air and with roarings of thunder and the flashing of lightning the rescuing rain comes to refresh and strengthen the earth and all that dwell thereon. Before it the tall grain waves like the billows of the sea, the raindrops whiten the rivers and lakes, the brooks are exalted and rush down their narrow ways with all the strength of spring, the pines are dripping with life-giving drops and a million flowers fill their cups and give forth incense. Then the sun comes back again and over against it, like an eternal witness to God's remembrance of our needs, appears the rainbow, radiant with the raiment of the Seven Angels who twine their girdles to make man a picture for rejoicing.

All visible things are symbols of spiritual truth. See in this, then, the manifestation of God's care for us. When we are forced to bear the burden of heated days, the sweat and dust of thorny paths, the fierce flails of tribulation, then we may see coming a storm at which we grow pale. Its roaring is like a cataract. As the Psalmist cried out, "All thy billows have gone over me." Yet that storm with its fiery bolts and shoutings and fierce winds shall leave the Way refreshed and cool before you if you stand fast. After it you shall loose your sandals and bathe your tired feet. Then shall you find the flowers more fragrant, the world grown beautiful, and not only seven, but seven thousand angels, the Spirits of God's Kingdom on Earth, waiting to give you messages of light.

If even now you face some trial, some storm that seems to beat your soul like a mighty tempest, take heart. "This, too, shall pass away," and after it will come to you the assurance of the Eternal Presence, the knowledge of Infinite Beauty, the strength of Ever-renewing Wisdom.—C. W. Redington.

It Is Your Time To Do Good

ONE of our subscribers, who has caused many copies of this Magazine to be sent to friends, writes us that he knows of several people of very limited means who have liked the copies they have seen so well that they have sent their subscriptions for the year. Many write him most gratefully, thanking him for having let them know that such a helpful and inspiring publication existed.

We are teaching the people to know that by an understanding and obedience to Spiritual Laws they may have Health, Happiness and Prosperity. Perhaps a million people are reading this Magazine each month. Thousands are being helped because we are working to BRING MEN NEARER TO GOD, and thus nearer to the joy that brings peace of mind and the Health and Good Fortune they need.

All kinds of people must be fed. Some accept as bread what others have passed the need of, and some can only use a little part, the truth that is "milk for babes" which we give. But it is a good work, this saving and uplifting of the sorrowful, discouraged, doubting and sick. YOU can help. Send this Magazine where there are lives that lack. There is no better work than helping weary and troubled men and women. Do it now.

Remember Jesus said: 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me.'

How Good Is God!

I THREW myself in anguish on my couch,
My soul went out in one great agonizing cry;
I pleaded hard with God.
"The wicked who forget Thee have their wish;
I have been striving faithfully to do Thy will,
Yet I am still unheard."
And then unto my soul there spake a voice,
As audible as to the outward ear:
"Your wish may now be yours if you the case
Will take in your own hands and out of God's."
Reluctantly I said:
"Give what Thou wilt, only be Thou my guide."
My soul's great longing cry was still refused.
Time passed. And I look back with clearer ken.
I shudder at what would have been had I
Been heard. He led me in a better way.
And I have learned to fear to walk alone,
To take His hand, and plead: "Lead Thou me on."

My soul goes out again in one great cry,
But it is one of praise—"How good is God!"
Rev. Edwin H. Burgess, in the N. Y. Observer.

Self-culture is the acquisition of that which adds to our happiness by enlarging our environments.—
Helen Wilmans.

ENTERTAINMENT AND EDUCATION

By Frederic W. Hurry

Written especially for
THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES



MOST people like to be entertained first, and educated second (if at all). Therefore, their consciousness is centered rather in the emotions than the intellect.

The emotional part of our nature is developed before the intellectual; and so our feelings are usually pleased or hurt before our reasoning powers could be in any way affected.

People are largely animals yet; we all get hungry sometimes, and the needs of the physical can hardly be overlooked.

So, we must all be entertained; and our desires refuse to take No for an answer.

Still, we all have Brains, in a more or less developed condition; and some of us feel an urgent desire for their further development, for education; we even want to combine our nature, and be educated in an entertaining manner, and be entertained in an educational manner.

We see no reason for denying any part of our nature, or for divorcing their interests. We see no reason why the body and the mind, the spiritual and the corporeal, should not work together in harmonious mutual relationship.

We even assert that there must be this co-operation before there can be any results to speak of, any all-round development of Human Nature.

Man is One. Life is One. So, away with the wearing, nerve-prostrating theories of duality.

Away with misery, regret, fault-finding, condemning, recriminating. All is One; and All is Good.

Of course, it is clear enough that all is varied and opposite and contrary. But this is the way the Universe and all therein is entertained and educated. This is the way Consciousness is born.

Don't find fault with the Electric Scheme of Nature—with its many-sided positives and negatives. Time is too valuable to be spent in pessimism. Be cheerful, and you will look pretty.

Everybody likes the Beautiful. And Beauty of one's character and personality—Life itself transformed into Art—is more worthy and desirable, surely, than the ordinary perishing portrayals, worthy as they are.

Don't forget your Self in your work. Don't sacrifice your soul to mechanical technique. Develop yourself. Express yourself. Put something of yourself in your work; put your heart and soul into it. Then it is Art, and you are an Artist.

Then Entertainment and Education are united in a glorious mystic embrace. Matter and mind, soul and body, the image and the thing signified are One.

The end of Life is Art of the highest order. It is the consciousness and the portrayal thereof of the Beautiful, the True and the Good.

What meagre efforts have many artists and scientists, the entertainers and the educators, the leaders of the emotional and the leaders of the intellectual realms, been guilty of! How poor have been the majority of the usual entertaining features in life, how insignificant our educational features!

We have had to be contented with fragments of art and of science; often the merest toys and pastimes for our entertainment, and any old doctrines, born no one knows when or where, for our education.

With these tastes for our consciousness we have wearily trudged thus far up the scales of Evolution. And, considering all things, Man to-day in general does not show so bad.

Some of us, now recognizing the unsatisfactory imperfections everywhere, and also the ability of Human Thought to change and create anew, have decided to make wide sweeping reconstructions, and without further delay.

Seeing that the established forms of Entertainment and of Education have in so many instances nothing for us, being of neither use nor ornament, the only thing left for us to do to make life worth living is to CREATE.

We are now forced through our inconsequent surroundings to be Original. The old habit of following on, we have now simply got to ignore. Out of the depths of our own consciousness, from the material of our own inspirations, we are going to Make Something—just to suit ourselves.

We are not going to recklessly defy Precedent altogether—for Life is a matter of evolution, and the Past has its place; we are just going to improve; to cast out what is no longer of use to-day; we are going to stop expressing or imitating the ways of other people; we are at last going to express ourselves.

It's about time we did.

When Columbus sailed away from the Old World and discovered this stupendous New World, he had little idea of what his expedition was going to lead to.

People have come here, with spirits discouraged but tentatively hopeful, and the atmosphere of promise over this land made new men of them, quickened their energies, and made them successful in every sense of the word.

America is the land of Prosperity.

It is where the souls of men can breathe; where the native personal genius can unfurl its wings.

And America and Americans are only commencing yet.

Not until we shake off altogether the useless shackles of our forefathers—keeping what is only of service for development—shall we be really Free.

Real Freedom means so much for us.

Entire Freedom! Expansion! Unfoldment!

With minds and energies released! With the spiritual creative energies given their full expression!

Then we shall know what Happiness and Wisdom and Power are. Then our days will be days of entertainment and education, of joy and enlightenment.

We are beginning the new Order now. Yes, considering all things, we are not doing so bad. Habits cling so; and human nature is still timid and apprehensive.

Let a few extra bold ones come to the front and encourage the others. So many cannot yet act entirely alone. They want at least some precedent, even if it be a modern one.

Be original. Be kind, and form a new precedent, to help the other fellow and to develop yourself.

Do something! It must be original, you know, to be worth much.

It is all very well and proper merely to observe at first, to take in all that may be presented to the senses; but of greater import than what appeals to our sensations are the possibilities of intellectual research and spiritual creative power.

It is not enough only to look on at this great field of existence. The spectator cannot know the happiness of a creator. And, besides, it is both a duty and a privilege to create, to do.

It is by actual experience that we learn as by no other way. The best educated man is the one who has dealt in numerous failures and successes, which come to the one who moves, and all eventually leading up to a Large Success.

One who gets in touch with the world as well as giving birth to new inspirations from within, is educated; he is the genius. He tries to make his life worth while, feeling that he has an individuality of his own, apart from others, and therefore that something special is expected from him.

This is better than sinking one's personality in a class or a mass; adding one's own tribute of genius to the multifarious genius of the Race.

Engage in some work that is interesting, or make your present work and studies interesting by concentration and attention. It is diffused thought that causes worry and dissatisfaction.

While you are seeking pleasure, don't overlook the coming future, and spend your time always in what is in some way profitable. Consider always the price you have to pay for everything; remember there are laws of justice, compensation, reaction; that you reap what you sow. And ask yourself always whether your actions are worth while. It is well to be businesslike and systematic with yourself; not to go through life anyhow.

We need not be looking outside all the time for sources of amusement or wisdom. Are we not infinite beings; with untold energy all our own, to use as we desire; with minds that are mines of wisdom and invention, if we will only think?

Cultivate mental courage. Dare to think. Dare to be true to your own matured convictions. Take your conscience under your tuition. Be intuitive. Control your thoughts.

The rubbishy entertainments furnished you can be surpassed by you in some way—out of the artistic resources of your own imagination. And your own brain is capable of something far better than the semi-educational standards of the schools.

Your Intuition is an infallible self-instructor. Everyone can be his own university; gaining a universal knowledge from within, tuition from within—Intuition.

You can teach yourself because you have had many experiences, each one of which has been a seed-germ of wisdom, reposing in the depths of your subconsciousness, until you choose to bring its lesson up to the surface and make use of it.

Make use of your past experiences by giving birth to a work of art, a work of science. No one knows the great joy of excellent workmanship except the man who thus chooses to express his native genius.

What the world has got is what the ingenuity and work of men have produced. There are the resources of Nature—boundless; but we are to do the work, make something out of them. And the plans are in our minds.

Everyone wants to be happy. Some appear to get a morbid delight out of being miserable, and making others miserable, or by sticking to ignorance and custom and passing their anathemas on those who fly in the face of ignorance and custom. This is foolishness.

To know what real and lasting delight is, you must know how to appreciate; the intellect as well as the emotions must be given full play, under the control of an earnest desire and will.

In this way, the end and object of existence are gained—the development of Consciousness and Wisdom.

The Isolated Life

MANY families of culture and native taste for the highest literature are scattered in out of the way places. They have been separated from the busy centres of population by circumstances, and plod on without realizing that they are in danger of becoming narrowed in their views of life. Such people feel grief more keenly for the loneliness and are in need of companionship, encouragement and spiritual help. Others live in cities, but through a wrong pride, through unexpected losses leading to poverty, and for various reasons, are also alone. They, too, go about their toil with narrowing views.

There is still a third class, the young men and women who have every advantage of social environment but have not found God so plainly a part of the Universe as is evil, to their unenlightened eyes.

You have a mission to some of each of these classes, and it is a work for them which perhaps no one else on earth will do. It is to give them help by adding a spiritual element to their mental environment. Right words and right teaching is the need of this poverty—opposed, discouraged and often ill humanity about us. Here, then, is your duty: *Send each friend who needs it a sample copy of THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES.*

If you can afford it send a few among those who most need it, a copy for a year.

At least send us a list of names of those who need to know more about how to gain Health, Wealth and Prosperity, of those who are despondent, doubting, sick or poor.

Send us a list of names of those you know who ought to see THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES and we will send them each a sample copy at our expense.

If you could see the letters we get from grateful people who have just found that we have a message for them you would not neglect this matter one hour. We have literally bushels of such letters. They come from thousands of people all over the world. We help mankind. Will you help us to do it?

Read every word of our MYSTIC SUCCESS CLUB Department and you will see what a wonderful work it is doing.

I am the inferior of any man whose rights I trample under foot. Men are not superior by reason of the accident of race and color; they are superior who have the best heart and the best brains. Superiority is born of honesty, of virtue, of charity, and above all of love of liberty. The superior is the providence of the inferior; he is eyes for the blind, strength for the weak, and the shield for the defenseless. He stands erect by bending above the fallen; he rises by lifting others.

J. A. Bolton.

Special Notice to Our Readers

We have a few copies of the first volume of The New York Magazine of Mysteries, which consists of the May, June, July, August, September and October numbers, 1901, bound in cloth with gold lettering, for \$5.00, postage prepaid.

Also, Volume No. 2, consisting of November, December, 1901, and January, February, March and April, 1902, numbers, bound similarly to the first volume, at \$4.00 per volume, postpaid.

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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.

HEART TALKS

By Helen Van-Anderson

Written especially for
THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF
MYSTERIES

A RECENT letter from an earnest sister says: "I have tried so hard to overcome sickness and old age and limitation of every sort, but I have lost heart lately and feel like giving up."

Oh, sister, I know just how you feel! I know just how faithfully you have said your right words and schooled yourself to patience, and done your very best to prove the spiritual law! But listen! It all means that you, having been faithful to the letter, are to be born into the spirit!

Perhaps you do not quite understand, but you will.

Think of this: As the little child learns to use his body you learn to use your mind. Think how fearful, how awkward the child is at first! His whole thought is how to put one foot before the other without losing his balance. After many trials and failures, but unflinching courage, he finally succeeds and walks alone. When he is perfectly fearless, he not only walks but runs. At last he has command of the body. He can think of something else. He is free, because he has established faith in the unseen Power that uses his body. That particular moment when he passed from fear to confidence, from ignorance to knowledge, was the moment he was delivered from the bondage of the letter into the freedom of the spirit. In a sense he was born into the spirit.

This illustrates what I mean by saying you are to be born into the spirit—that is, you are to come into the same unbounded faith in the unseen Power as the child does when he begins to walk and run without fear. He does not stop to reason why he can run; he suddenly discovers that he can run, and that all he has to do is to decide where and when he will run. Something, he knows not what, seems to take charge of his body; his part is to will and to wish, leaving the body to the care of this unknown Something.

Sister, is this not a help to you, to think that now after you have learned to think the right thoughts and to speak the right words, the next step is to trust the Power that will do the rest? The reason you are discouraged and heartsick is because you have been so intent upon the thoughts and words that you have forgotten the Power.

Yes, dear, I know you will say this is hardly true, because the words you speak acknowledge the Power; but think a moment and you will find it is the thought and theory of the Power rather than the realization of it that you have had. The Power must not be a thing apart. It must fill full the thoughts and words. It must fill you and possess you, and it will then overflow in your mind and body. You will then not try to overcome "sickness and old age and limitation of every sort," because they will be overcome, just as the child's fear and weakness and limitation are overcome.

Without knowing how the wonderful change has come about, you will find sickness and old age and limitation gone. Health, new life and freedom will fall upon you as the seamless robe of glory woven in heaven, to be worn upon earth.

What can you do to hasten this happy time of freedom? Oh, my sister! Just be as a little child, literally. Put yourself in the hands of the Power which is only another name for the Father. Stop trying—that is, struggling—stop reasoning about the cause of failure, or the fear of conditions, or the things of yesterday or to-morrow. Just live one moment at a time, and live it with the faith and care-free joy of a happy child. Have no place in your heart or mind for condemnation or regret. Do something that is kind as well as feel kindly.

Do you think the Master spoke trifling words when He said: "He that doeth the will shall know the doctrine"?

Oh, no! These words state the law, and the only law, by which we may ever know the wonderful truth about Life and living.

The first point in the progress of the child is the unconscious use of the Power in his efforts to control and direct the body; the second is his perseverance in spite of many failures; the third is his abandonment to the Power and his consequent freedom from limitations.

This is the objective lesson repeated in every child, taking place in every family throughout the length and breadth of every land in every nation on the face of the earth. Is it any wonder Jesus said, "Suffer little children to come unto Me, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven"?

I learned this lesson just as you and many others, in fact, as everybody must learn it, dear, through experience. Oh, how many years I struggled to do just as you have done—tried to "overcome sickness and limitations of every sort"—but at last it dawned upon me to literally "cast the burden on

the Lord." I hardly knew where or how to begin. I had a physical trouble which was grievous and painful to bear, and which often caused me great humiliation, because I could not hide the evidence of it from those who would criticize. I had many limitations which I had struggled in vain to overcome, but when at last I turned the whole problem over to the Lord, I did it by letting Him have my whole being, mind and body, to live through.

Yes, I can put it in no better way. I went apart to my chamber and said: "From now on, it shall no longer be I but the Lord that uses this body. I am dead, but Christ is alive." Many more thoughts along this line came to me, but I have said enough to give you the key.

Shall I tell you the result? I can only give the faintest outline of what followed during the next nine months, and of the wonderful effect it has had upon my whole life since, but what I can tell may be of some service in helping you and others who are seeking so earnestly after the better way.

At first when I thus gave myself to be lived through, there were many confusing and contradictory states of consciousness. For the sense of strength and joy with which I made the consecration would often be followed by depression and self-condemnation. This because I found it was one thing to say I would give myself wholly to God to be lived through, and quite another to do it. And every failure meant censure and suffering. Still, I knew that, like the child, I was learning to walk and must persevere.

Trials of all kinds beset me. Every trouble I had ever had seemed exaggerated, and the darkness seemed greater than I had ever known, even though it alternated with most wonderful light and revelation. At last, one day—how well I remember it!—I seemed to pass from earth to heaven, from the darkest midnight to the brightest midday. I was, indeed, made over. I could not think or feel as I had before. I was new! And the whole world was new! Everything and everybody was beautiful! The sun seemed brighter, the sky bluer!

And the earth was verily like the glorious city, even the New Jerusalem, with golden streets and gates of pearl. But the great Love that filled my heart! How can I describe it? What words can I use that will convey to you even the dimmest shadow of its glory?

Oh, Beloved, to my mind it was a magical, wondrous light which revealed a new and unknown world; to my heart it was an unspeakable warmth which melted away all hardness and unloosed rivers of tenderness, that seemed to flow forth from me and through me to all the little ones, and sick and desolate and ignorant and poor of the earth. To my soul this surpassing, marvelous Love seemed as an enveloping, overshadowing Presence, the very Essence of both Love and Wisdom.

Take these poor little earth words and let them be as keys if they may, to unlock the heavenly realm I then saw and experienced. I cannot say more, for the inexpressible cannot be expressed.

Just this let me add: In the light and glory of this heavenly Love, my body was made whole and perfect, my youth was renewed, and my mind given a glimpse of the eternal law of Life.

And have these blessings continued? I am sure you are asking.

In a measure yes, and in a measure no. But I could no more go back to be as I was before this experience than a man can become an infant. We are to go from glory to glory, you know. But, like the little child, we all have failures and victories, victories and failures, before the perfect freedom comes. These are the mosaics on the Trestle-board of human life which only experience can place and knowledge can interpret.

"Commit thy way unto the Lord. Trust in Him and verily thou shalt be established."

Sweet Helpfulness

There's never a rose in all the world
But makes some green spray sweeter;
There's never a wind in all the sky
But makes some bird-wing fleetier.

There's never a star but brings to heaven
Some silver radiance tender;
And never a rosy cloud but helps
To crown the sunset splendor.

No robin but may thrill some heart,
His dawn-like gladness voicing.
God gives us all some small sweet way
To set the world rejoicing.



YOU WANT A DIAMOND

There are 82,000,000 people in the United States. Every one of them wants a Diamond! A Diamond is the emblem of prosperity. Its bright and vivid rays of liquid fire are an everlasting delight! The most acceptable present a lady can receive is a Diamond! Remember that Diamonds win Hearts. A Diamond is the gift of all gifts. It lasts forever and is a continual reminder of the giver's affection. Now is the time to obtain a Diamond by the Famous LOFTIS CREDIT SYSTEM. Write To-day for a copy of our Catalog, 1000 illustrations, and our Souvenir Diamond Booklet. We will mail both to you free. Write To-day!

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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 washerwoman could do the same clothes in TWICE the time, with three times the wear and tear from the washboard.

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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. Remember that 50 cents is part of what the machine saves you every week on your own, or on a washerwoman's labor. We intend that the "1900" Washer shall pay for itself and thus cost you nothing.

You don't risk a cent from first to last, and you don't buy it until you have had a full month's trial.

Could we afford to pay freight on thousands of these machines every month if we did not positively KNOW they would do all we claim for them? Can you afford to be without a machine that will do your washing in HALF THE TIME, with half the wear and tear of the washboard, when you can have that machine for a month's free trial, and let it PAY FOR ITSELF? This offer may be withdrawn at any time it overflows our factory.

Write us TO-DAY, while the offer is still open, and while you think of it. The postage stamp is all you risk. Write me personally on this offer, via: R. F. Bieber, General Manager of "1900" Washer Company, 725 North Henry St., Binghamton, New York, or 355 Yonge St., Toronto, Canada.

THE DISCIPLINE OF DARKNESS AND THE HAVEN OF THE LIGHT
By J. P. Cooke
Written especially for THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES

IN the passage of the soul through the lower degrees of Life, as we find it in this mundane sphere, the ego arrives at a stage where it is scarcely in love with the "Good," although casting its eyes above.

It is scarcely love, but rather may be likened to that wild interval of hopes and fears through which the child glides from gladsome girlhood to the fuller strength, power and earnestness of womanhood. Spiritual unfoldment is slow, but gradually changes supervene.

Later when the soul, in its expression, seems to exaggerate its thirst for righteousness, the true spiritual passion is necessarily heightened by its very ardor to an elevation that seems extravagant, yet only to those who cannot feel it.

There is little on earth so exalted, so interesting, so divine as to see a great, brave spirit working out its purpose, working through every earthly obstacle and seeming evil—watching, peering anxiously through the utter darkness and steadily defying the phantoms which crowd around it. The little, finite soul, a mere speck of spirit and hope, wrestling with the mighty temptations and allurements and silencing the fearful voices of that inner craving, that unworthy "desire" or "want" which is perhaps the deadliest and cruellest of human tempters. Yet that struggling soul is sacrificing no duty and is striving and resisting all sin.

As Ella Wheeler Wilcox sings it:

Sometimes I feel so passionate a yearning
For spiritual perfection here below,
This vigorous frame with healthful fervor burning,
Seems my determined foe.

So actively it makes a stern resistance,
So cruelly sometimes it wages war
Against a wholly spiritual existence,
Which I am striving for.

At this golden summer-tide, when myriad insect-wings are rustling quick through the glinting leaves, the woods all musical with birds, and the summered earth lifts her fragrant altars to the light, what a contrast this triumphant scene of nature affords to the struggling soul.

Its agony of desperate weakness, its hunger for needed strength brings to mind by its contrast the conception of Christ the Comforter, the Christ Spirit, the Consoler.

Ary Scheffer painted a picture many years ago, which told the story with wonderful vividness.

It represented Jesus seated, with the various forms of misery crouching at His feet.

There you might look on the poor, the sick, the weary and heavy laden, the afflicted, the crushed. The shipwrecked sailor shows his weather-beaten face, the soldier his scars, the lost wanderer seems to have found his only home. The defeated patriot and reformer bends his eyes toward that sympathetic face so tender with compassion. The poor negro stretches forth his fettered wrists. The young mother sits patient and consoled with her little dead babe in her lap. All are at peace, soothed and charmed to rest beneath those benignant hands stretched forth to save.

All listen to His voice as He might say again, "Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest."

This great need of the soul for comfort presupposes the fact of spiritual, organic being.

Spirit alone organizes. The life principle that has woven into form this individual organism for its career in the Earth life lays down the outer husk when its purpose has been served.

What was that purpose?
To give the soul a "box of tools" to work with. A means of expressing in the outer manifoldness of nature its spiritual intentions. It needs must express for its own progress, and—

In death's unrobing room we strip from 'round us
The garments of Mortality and earth,
And breaking from the embryo state that bound us
Our day of dying is our day of birth.

To the myriad souls of Christendom thus disrobed of the flesh, Jesus, as the Christ Spirit—that is, in His evolved sphere of Power and Divinity—is indeed the Great Consoler.

He is a "Ray of Light" and a large one in the hands of the Living God; He is ever "about His Father's business," in the humbler degrees of life, where He is most needed. His is the tender, gracious, luminous form, the pensive face, the grave, compassionate eye, the atmosphere surcharged with loving benevolence, His ear attent to the lowly, with hands ready to uplift the fainting souls; gathering about Him the poor in spirit, the patient, the heart-hungry!

He restores the child to its mother, or better yet, sometimes, takes it beyond to a better nurture,

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"where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

While going forward and yet just round about us, while their "souls are but a little way above our heads," they need instruction and guidance. Think of that sacramental hour that is to nourish their souls for eternity!

What holy responsibility rests on those ministering spirits who are freighted with wisdom, Love, truth and Power to incline the hearts of these new-born souls unto wisdom; opening the delicate spiritual senses to apprehend the interior breathing life of that "ALL GOOD" and His Living Law!

They are striving to inspire them with Love for those who still remain upon "this bank and shoal of time," who still stand within the shadow of death. Think of this with all its inherent terror, born of their ignorance. For they have never sought to learn, many of them, of that Living Love that suffuses all things in the Innerness of Life.

How should they pass through death without terror? But these holy ministers of Love inspire them with devotion that they, too, in their turn, shall be willing to bear human crosses, and to aid them in climbing the great hills of life; in securing for themselves a mansion beyond the crumbings of this living death.

Jesus tells us "There is a home for each and all. For all who ask and ask aright."

But who shall ask ARIGHT? who that has been indifferent to the truths of the spirit, as it is revealed in each individual breast?

Such as know not and care not. To whom "God" is a word of three letters! Only a sphinx-like symbol of their own ignorance—signifying nothing.

Was such the God that Jesus could pray to in the garden and rise up strong and determined? Looking through bodily weakness to the Cross that awaited Him? Saying: "I can but die," and seeing His only pathway to deliverance in that Agony!

Here indeed we have no "abiding-place"—

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

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

Having done all else, then pray; and in that prayer know that you, having sided with God, shall stand. The hosts that are with us are greater than all that can be brought against us.

FOOD IN SERMONS

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"Having heard of Grape-Nuts food, I finally concluded to give it a fair trial. I quit the use of oatmeal and eggs, and made my breakfasts of Grape-Nuts, cream, toast and Postum. The result was surprising in improved health and total absence of the distress that had, for so long a time, followed the morning meal. My digestion became once more satisfactory, the headaches ceased, and the old feeling of energy returned. Since that time, four years ago, I have always had Grape-Nuts food on my breakfast table.

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"I have known of several persons who were formerly troubled as I was, and who have been helped as I have been, by the use of Grape-Nuts food, on my recommendation, among whom may be mentioned the Rev. ——— now a missionary to China." Name given by Postum Company, Battle Creek, Mich.

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The Value of a Sense of Humor

By Landis Ayr

WHEN one can laugh over annoyance and petty troubles, one is the victor. To be able to rise above these adversaries is a great advantage gained, for the small worries are the most undermining, not alone because they attack our vulnerable points, but also owing to their prolific tendency when encouraged. Succumbing to one trial renders one more susceptible to the next, and so on until the nervous system becomes a sensitive slave to the scourge of small cords.

There is usually a humorous side to every annoyance if one does not mind being the victim of the joke. The ability to laugh at your own discomfiture as you might at that of another is, perhaps, the most desirable of human characteristics. Not only will it deprive trials of their sting, but the influence upon others is invaluable. Would not the average man forego any accomplishment his wife may possess for the sake of a cheery temper?

If she can but view the humorous side he need never dread to face her with the result of his mistakes. Indeed, he will hasten to the sun of her mirth to dispel his own dissatisfaction. Perhaps she has intrusted him with a commission which he has utterly forgotten, or he is doubtful concerning her approval of the methods employed. In any case he is certain of her laughing it off, and he tells her the truth. On the other hand, a woman who frets and repines, perhaps even weeps over untoward circumstances, repels everyone within her circle. If she has a husband he fears to confide in her. He enters his home in dread lest she meet him with reproaches or woeful tales of domestic disturbance. Her children shrink from her rebuking frown and cultivate dissimulation to avoid a scolding. Thus does she lose a woman's dearest claim—the unreserved confidence of husband and children, while herself missing the joy of life, which may be captured only through conquest of its misery.

"Laugh and grow fat" is a pertinent old motto. Ill-temper upsets the digestion; it makes repellent inroads on the countenance. An active sense of humor proclaims its own unhappy power in the smile and buoyancy of its possessor. It is well known that the genial, jolly salesman is the successful one. He can laugh and chaff a customer into a large order where a sour-faced individual would meet an uncompromising rebuff. There really seems no limitation to possibilities for one endowed with a happy, humorous temperament. Even the "positive hump," made an exception by Thackeray, may prove no bar sinister.

Witness the popularity of professional humorists.

A tragedian may be admired, revered, applauded to the echo. But he is not the hail fellow! the adopted brother who may command your last dollar, your coat—anything that is yours—in return for having made you so riotously gay as to laugh away all ills past, present or future.

Once, while traveling, I observed a trio that compelled the attention of every passenger. They were a man, his wife and their little child, so engrossed in each other as to be quite independent of surroundings. The woman was remarkably beautiful, tastefully gowned, gracious in mien; and at first I marveled at her choice of a husband, for he was really insignificant in appearance, being of small stature, carelessly dressed and considerably the lady's senior. But observing, I comprehended. His great blue eyes were brimful of mirth. Every line of his plain features registered a sunny temperament overflowing with humor. The sublime indifference to his clothes marked him unselfish and free of self-consciousness. He kept the lady in gentle paroxysms of laughter, the child also receiving its quota of attention, and the quiet mirth of the three was positively contagious.

His beautiful wife regarded him with absolute devotion; and, as I surreptitiously studied the shabby, jovial, little man, I decided that he had mastered or been gifted with the art of lasting fascination.

The Greater Good

The grace that calls the dear sweet things of earth
 Back in their places as they were of old,
 And gives the daffodil its gleam of gold,
 And bird its song and every blossom birth—
 Should speak to us of love's enchanted worth,
 And what of blessedness may life unfold
 And how a greater good we may behold,
 And have within the sum of nature's mirth!
 Whatever is in this round world of ours,
 Is but a promise of our spirit life—
 The song of birds, the beauty of the flowers,
 And peace succeeding winter storm and strife;
 Nature is but a hint of things supreme—
 To touch desire with dreams the angels dream!

By William Brunton

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A Young Man of Seventy-one

I AM very fond of the bears in Prospect Park. There is more solid fun to the square inch in a bear than is to be found in any other creature on earth; and every little while I find myself down by the den watching my shaggy friends box, wrestle and stand on their heads.

One day last week, while on my way home from visiting the bears, I met a ruddy-faced gentleman who looked so human and friendly that I was moved to pass the time of day with him. He cordially returned my salutation, and the first thing we knew we were in the midst of a heart-to-heart chat about bears, birds, trees, folks and a whole lot of other things.

In the course of our very pleasant conversation my friend said something about the "time when he used to buy wild pigeons by the barrel, and bales upon bales of buffalo robes."

"Wild pigeons! Buffalo robes!" I thought to myself. "It has been a long time," I said to myself, "since wild pigeons and buffalo robes were as plentiful as this gentleman's remarks would seem to indicate."

The man looked very young. I would have guessed his age at forty; possibly, on a pinch, at forty-five. Nowhere about him, in form, step, voice, eye or idea, was there the remotest intimation of the decrepitude that is generally supposed to attend upon age.

Thinking of those pigeons and buffalos, and standing there face to face with the young-looking man, I said to him: "I don't quite understand you. How old are you, anyway?"

"Seventy-one," he coolly replied.

There he stood—a young man of seventy-one!

For three-score years and ten, with a full twelve-month to spare, he had lived upon this earth, facing the battle and the breeze, and in every respect he looked younger, and in reality was younger, than are many men who have not as yet turned forty!

I had a little leisure on my hands, he seemed to be in no particular rush, and I thought I would put a few questions to him.

The net result of the answers obtained was as follows:

He had never been an ascetic or a puritan. He had always been able to admire the beauty of the world, and to enjoy, with deep gratitude, the good things that came to him.

A worker from early boyhood, he had always taken good care of himself, watching out for his health, eating plain food, never drinking to excess, giving himself plenty of sleep.

Recognizing the fact that "man's two greatest enemies are hurry and worry," he had always aimed to take a "good, honest gait, a gait that he could keep up" without drawing too heavily upon his reserve; and having done his day's work he borrowed no trouble about the morrow.

Finally, and most important of all, perhaps, he had never allowed himself to grow old in spirit. He kept his feelings young. In his heart burned the fires of hope and good cheer over which the frosty years were unable to prevail.

He thought young thoughts—and those thoughts kept his mind bright and nimble; just as his prudence had kept his body sound and vigorous.

It was a very handsome sight, that of the young man of seventy-one.

I said to myself: "This man is God's sermon to us, warning us against the folly and uselessness of dying before our time."

This young man of seventy-one is no miracle. He is the natural result of obedience to Nature's wise and beautiful laws.—Rev. Thomas B. Gregory, in New York American.

I have also had my difficult labors and conflicts, as well as Hercules; I have conquered pleasures, I have conquered riches, I have conquered ambition; I have studied cowardice and flattery; neither fear nor intemperance can control me; grief and anger are afraid of me, and fly away from me. These are the victories for which I am crowned, not by Eurytheus, but as being master of myself.

But oh! you unwise and unlearned; teach us first what God is, so that you may be believed in accusing me of impiety; tell us where God is. Is He shut up within the walls of temples? Is this your piety, to place God in the dark or to make Him a stone God? O you unskilled! know you not that God is not made with hands, and hath no basis or fulcrum to stand upon, nor can He be inclosed within the walls of any temple; the whole world, variegated with plants, animals and stars, being His temple? . . . Am I impious, O Eurytheus, who know what God is—is there no God without altars?—or are stones the only witnesses of Him? No, His own works give testimony to Him; and principally the sun; night and day beareth witness to Him; the earth, bringing forth fruits, declares Him; the circle of the Moon is a Heavenly testimony of Him.—Heracitus, 510 B.C.

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A CANDY, originated in YORKSHIRE, England. Made from pure butter, cream and sugar, and other good things. The purest candy made. Not a butter-scotch, or a chewing candy—but a delicious old English sweetmeat, that everyone will enjoy.

You break off a piece and let it dissolve in the mouth, and I tell you, you'll find it more-ish—the more you eat of it, the more you will want.

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Communion With Nature

By Uriel Buchanan

TO-DAY my eyes opened to the light of summer dawn. I saw between drifting clouds the suffused color of the awakened heavens. I beheld the verdure of luxuriant nature adorned with the splendid jewels of morning. There came through the soft air the glad song of birds, with a melody which had in its depths the voice of rapturous freedom. I felt in my veins the red wine of renewed life and my heart thrilled with an unspeakable ecstasy.

Have you looked at the sky and at nature, and thought them dead of all beauty? Is there no harmony within awakened by the song of birds? Have you no ear for the voices of mountain and forest where laughing waters play and the great winds blow? Then come in the bright spring morning, and behold the sun rise new upon the world, and see the dew sparkle on young leaves breaking from bursting buds. Breathe deeply the fragrant, nourishing air. You will feel again the spirit of youth in your heart. Hope's drooping wings will regain strength and soar with the mind through the vaulted heaven of high ideals.

Is there something within which longs to get back to nature and to feel the pulsations of her hidden life? Then cherish this yearning, for it is the golden chord which binds your life to the source of its being.

To watch the processes of nature working miracles in plants and trees, to see the unfolding of buds and smell the perfume and sweetness of myriad blossoms, to walk in the early morning amid the sun-kissed foliage, with the mind free from care, will bring you in close touch with the source of man's greatest power and give you a life draught from the Infinite Fountain. The heart of Nature conceals a balm for every ill. He who is blind to her beauties and deaf to her harmonies must be incapable of responding to life's sweetest strain.

There is an intensity of pleasure one feels who lives close to nature, and walks in solitude amidst the sun-purified hills. Alone with nature, man obtains peace and tranquillity and a sense of companionship supremely greater and more inspiring than can ever be found amidst the sway and press of the multitude. From the pure fountain of nature flows the perennial stream of energy which renews and invigorates the race. The master minds of every nation, in every period of the world's progress, have received their greatest strength and inspiration direct from nature, the great teacher and developer of mankind. The grandest achievements effected by man were conceived in the mind during hours of silent meditation, when the intellect soared out into the solitudes of nature and gathered crystal thoughts from the fountain of truth and wisdom.

To live in sympathy with Nature's moods, and in harmony with her changeless laws, will lead to the unfoldment of all that is great and good. The beautiful earth and radiant heavens will inspire the mind with visions of hidden truths. An unbroken affinity with nature will keep aglow the holy fires in the faithful heart and give renewed courage for high endeavor. By looking for the good in all things, man's heart is filled with love and honest desire and good will, and his heart thrills

A WIDOW'S LUCK

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A woman tells how coffee kept her from insuring her life:

"I suffered for many years chiefly from trouble with my heart, with severe nervous headaches and neuralgia; but although incapacitated at times for my housework, I did not realize the gravity of my condition till I was rejected for life insurance, because, the examining physician said, my heart was so bad he could not pass me. This distressed me very much, as I was a widow and had a child dependent upon me. It was to protect her future that I wanted to insure my life.

"Fortunately for me, I happened to read an advertisement containing a testimonial from a man who had been affected in the same way that I was with heart trouble, and who was cured by leaving off Coffee and using Postum Food Coffee. I grasped at the hope this held out, and made the change at once.

"My health began to improve immediately. The headaches and neuralgia disappeared, I gained in flesh, and my appetite came back to me at once. Greatest of all, my heart was strengthened from the beginning, and soon all the distressing symptoms passed away. No more waking up in the night with my heart trying to fly out of my mouth! Then I again made application for life insurance, and had no trouble in passing the medical examination.

"It was seven years ago that I began to use Postum Food Coffee, and I am using it still, and shall continue to do so, as I find in it a guarantee of good health." Name given by Postum Company, Battle Creek, Mich.

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with unquestioning gratitude for the priceless boon of existence.

The planets and stars of infinite space, the earth and all it contains, the melodies of the winds and waters, the grandeur of the woods and plains and the beauty of all living things, speak with a pleading eloquence which bids man arise in the dignity of power that nature has given him, and to manifest the growing harmonies that spring up from the depths of his consciousness.

In wordless communion with nature question the oracles of life, and measure, if you can, the potentialities of your being. In the hush of that peaceful hour, brought face to face with the silent guardian which keeps faithful account of your wanderings, the touch of a divine fire will quicken the dull brain, and the sluggish heart will become responsive to an energy which lifts man out of the confines of the physical and draws him close to the heart of Being.

A Friendly Toast

HERE'S to thee and thy folks,
May they love me and my folks
As much as me and my folks
Love thee and thy folks.
For there never were folks
Since folks were folks
That loved folks
As well as me and my folks
Love thee and thy folks.

The Gift of Summer

By Winthrop W. Field

LIKE the wheel of the Potter, the Year is turned and the Seasons are formed upon it for our use and joy.

Winter has its message, spring its love, autumn its rejoicing in plenty. Summer gives us growth.

This is the gift to you of this part of the precious year—the chance to grow. This is what the blazing heat and pouring showers, the morning mists and noonday heats, and the haze of tropic zones above the fields bring to all created things.

Far in the coolness of the mountains the wild deer are leading their fawns amid bowers of birch and pine. In the brooks the trout leap before the dawn and the silver of their sides flashes back the silver gleams of the spray. Knee-deep in the rivers and brooks stand the mild-eyed cattle, the sacred kine that feed the babes for millions of our people, and blending obedience with strength, follow to the cattle sheds at close of day. A billion forms of little creatures are thriving in the grasses, and every pool and sandy place and coarsest weed shelters the development of life, while above them is the eagle-calling to its young, and above all the arching sky, wherein even God is forming His visible manifestation of Sun and Earth and Plant into something grander than we have known. This is the gift of Summer. Open, then, thine eyes that thou mayest see that it is time for thee to grow!

See the weed by the roadside, disconnected from the Father-Mother God by being out of place. See it shrivel and fade and die. The blazing sun wheels aloft, and there is no shadow for the plant that has been cut off from its channels of supply. So, too, the soul that cuts itself off from its fellowmen, that denies love and rejects faith and the life in God, is withered, dies and dries till it is gone from this plane of action. Put the plant back in its place in relation to earth and sky, and it thrives again. Put the soul in right relation to Spiritual environment, and it grows and thrives even more than before. But the lesson is plain—except ye abide in Him ye can do nothing.

Stop, then, the fretful turning away from affections that are offered. Grow in grace while the earth is giving new strength to all things. If there be ignorance, narrowness, bigotry even in the thought of your associates, even if there be deliberate sin and selfishness, this should be your season to grow, to help them grow. There is always hope for improvement of the imperfect, and that love which inspires you to make sacrifice will, if rejected, help you to a larger view.

Think you that when Balboa saw the great Pacific Ocean, discovered the great sea that his race had never before looked upon, that the cawing of the crows or the snarling of a wildcat would have driven from his consciousness the majesty and glory of his discovery, the revelation of the vastness of the wonders he had come to discern? Would Socrates discuss with little men the petty matters that you allow yourself to become wrought up over? Would Jesus answer again, as you answer, the mockery of ill-tempered people? Or would He of Divine Wisdom have spoken gently of other things?

You now behold the sea of Spiritual Wisdom. Breaking from the ancient forests of ignorance, you are seeing the great highways of Freedom. Let the vision grow.

In that Infinite Purity mirrored before you there is room for you. Enter upon the discovery of new beauties, new peace, new power, new joy, new love for those who claim you, for those who need you, for God and His Perfect Truth.

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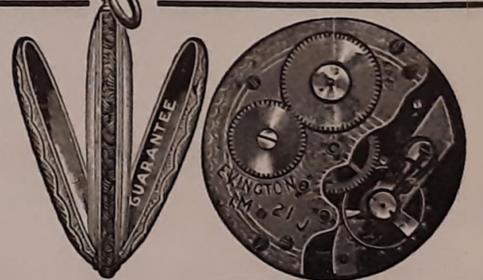
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Clip out this advertisement and mail it to us to-day with your name, post office address and nearest express office. Tell us whether you want a lady's or gent's watch and we will send the watch to your express office at once. If it satisfies you, after a careful examination, pay the express agent \$5.45 and express charges and the watch is yours, but if it doesn't please you return it to us at our expense.

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Mottoes on the Wall

GOING into a friend's room the other day I saw neatly lettered on a sheet of paper and pinned to the wall, "Faith is an invisible and invincible magnet and attracts whatever it fervently desires and calmly and persistently expects."

I read the sentence over several times. "That is a wonderful combination of words," I said to my friend.

"I think so," she answered, "they have helped me more than I can tell you. They are from Ralph Waldo Trine's 'What All the World's A-Seeking.' Have you read it?"

I had read it, not one but many times, I assured her.

There were two more sentiments on the wall in another part of the room. One said, "Every discouraged word or thought of fear and failure helps to tear down and disorganize the currents of constructive thought, which are so potent in the creation of opportunities."

I read this and looked inquiringly at my friend. She blushed but explained: "I get discouraged so easily, you know. If I haven't anything special to trouble me I look ahead and think of what might happen. I am trying to overcome the habit of fear. I found this sentence in one of Ioomis's books I am studying, and put it where I can see it often. I am getting so I actually don't dare worry. I feel that I have lost just so much when I do."

The very first instance of "ideal suggestion" that I ever saw was years ago in the chamber of a girl friend, an extremely voluble young woman, whose tongue was always getting her into trouble. There, on her dressing-table one day, I saw a large piece of cardboard and written across it in a bold hand, "I will not talk so much." How I laughed at it. I remember that she defiantly asserted that it had helped her a lot.

There is no doubt that the old domestic mottoes and church texts have proved of more help than has ever been dreamed. Many a home has been the better for its "God Bless Our Home" worsted motto on the sitting-room wall.

You have seen "Home, Sweet Home" so many times you could not think of home as anything but sweet.

The cherished bits of pasteboard with "Good" printed on them, the children of the "little red schoolhouse" used to carry home to their parents at the close of a well-spent day, contained a deeper significance than teachers or parents discerned.

Dr. Felix Regnault, of Paris, values auto-suggestion as a mental cure-all. He lately cured a hypochondriac by having him write with phosphorescent powder on the wall of his bedroom every night the words, "I am gay."

Words of truth, visible to the eye at all hours, have an intrinsic weight and significance. What we dwell upon we may grow like. Every past mental picture tries to embody itself outwardly, even though years have intervened. How important, then, that our mental pictures be pure and uplifting!—Grace B. Faxon.

You want the good influence of your sainted dead about you. Doubt not you have it. It is for you to realize it. Dry the tears and serve the best ideals for which they strove, and they shall joy in your life and be comforted in being parted from your sight, seeing that you are more near to God and His work than you were before.

Comfort your days by doing good. The Great Physician knew that service is the sovereign remedy for bitterness and depression, so He bade us invite to our feasts those who had need of us, rather than those who would pay us back again in material ways. Comfort and you shall be comforted.

Sing a little about your work each day. There is nothing like the glad melody to clear the way for a glad heart.

Suffering is an evil, but it should make us wise. Have you suffered much? Know that because of it you are able more closely to approach God.

Rule of Three

THREE things to govern: Temper, Tongue and Conduct.

Three things to love: Courage, Gentleness and Affection.

Three things to avoid: Cruelty, Arrogance and Ingratitude.

Three things to delight in: Frankness, Freedom and Beauty.

Three things to wish for: Health, Friends and a Cheerful Spirit.

Three things to respect: Honor, Country and Home.

THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES, in all its efforts, whether of the MYSTIC SUCCESS CIRCLE or the HEALING CIRCLE, or in the living and glowing pages, is ever striving, encouraging its million readers to live the earnest and helpful life—the life that brings the spirit or inner life into outer expression and sets the deeper forces of the Real Life to flowing. This increases the feeling of Human Brotherhood, it develops sympathy, it quickens the spirit and helps to bring the "Angel out of the Block"—of flesh.

How is our spiritual nature to be developed into more and yet more of REAL LIFE?

Christianity is the pure air of the spirit's life. That spirit needs truth to feed upon; it needs gentle, human fellowship. Whatever aids faith vivifies the soul; whatever brings hope puts courage into the soul; whatever intensifies the spirit of kindness warms and vitalizes the soul. What is the master key? It is Love!

Love alone does that. The loving life is the divine life; the human character is the God-like character. The beneficent force, the tender illumination, the power that aims to bless, the light that shines to guide and warm, conveys the intimate essence of deity. Conveys it as nothing else can.

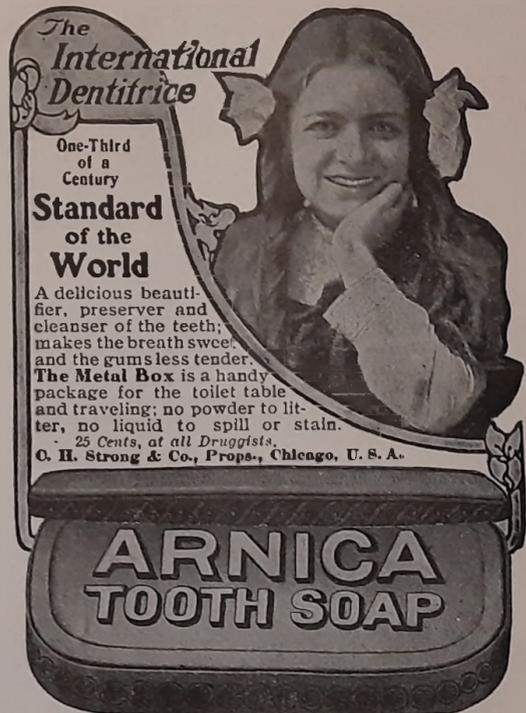
This is the Trinity, Power, Wisdom, Love; but Love is the centre. Even the feeble and unintelligent, if loving, dwell near the heart of things. When the intelligent and strong are loving the heart of things overflows, bursts out in fountains, rolls in rivers, glows in suns. The loveliness of Jesus made Him to be regarded as a divine manifestation; so, too, of Sankia Muni, the Buddha—and until that loveliness be questioned their places in the regard of men will not be taken from them. Love is God. The mightier the love the better; the more enlightened the better; it must be strong or it will effect nothing; it must be enlightened or it will run into sentimentalism, enthusiasm and foolish mistakes. But through all the quality of love must be preserved, else the might will be brutal and the enthusiasm will be fanaticism and bigotry. All faculties may minister to love to make it rich and great; but nothing can be a substitute for love. That alone communicates and reveals Deity. For every illustration of the truth that Love is Divine, not Force or cunning or Diplomacy, we should give thanks.

"You never can tell what your thoughts can do, In bringing you hate or love; For thoughts are things, And their airy wings, Are swifter than carrier dove. They follow the law of the universe— Each thing must create its kind; And they speed over the track, To bring you back Whatever went out of your mind."

Think not that love is lost to you. Men and women come and go, but the real love abides forever, and will surely find the proper place to be given and to receive its own again.

Rise above the trials of this world on the wings of a faith in your own spiritual powers. But if this seem hard sometimes, know that the well-endured affliction, the well-met defeat, sorrow or seeming loss are but passing clouds. "He who endureth unto the end, the same shall be saved."

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Think of Them as Alive

MIDSUMMER finds the cemeteries kept green and the tall monuments and squares of marble bear record of our dead in sombre quietness. We go there to remember, some of us, and put fresh flowers on the low mounds. If we find it well to do this, then it is well. If we wish the place where the form was laid kept green and beautiful, it is not wrong. But oh, friends, do not associate the burial place of the body with the living soul that still loves, moves, grows and enjoys!

Would you, while dwelling in a far-off land, be glad to know that tears for your absence fell daily upon the threshold of the door you passed to take ship to other harbors than you had known? Would you be helped at the thought that in the land of your former home they spoke of you as one who no longer existed? Would you like to have your loved ones speak and act as though you no longer had a share anywhere in God's Universe? If not, then be careful that the loved mother or other departed ones, listening perchance to your words as you remember them, hear you say things painful to bear.

Friend, be sure of this: death is not for the soul, nor for that body which the soul needs, on any higher plane it finds itself ready to act upon. If you see a dear one departing this life, know that the mind has lost its harmony with this plane of existence and is simply readjusting itself. Bear the separation that seems to take place, with quiet strength. Help that soul in its going. Help it after it has gone and speak of each of the great company of the emancipated as you would have them speak of you.

"Do not think of me as dead," is the pathetic plea that those who have caught whispers from the Other Side have heard. Who knows what hindrance we have caused to others by our thought of death and sickness and morbid conditions for those in another world who may be trying to forget all about it? Remember the lines of that poet who said:

We can trust the mighty Shepherd loath none He ever led;
Somewhere yet a greeting waits us, on the faces of our dead.

Heaven-born Graces

FEARLESSNESS, singleness of soul, the will Always to strive for wisdom; opened hand And governed appetites; and piety, And love of lonely study; humbleness, Uprightness, heed to injure naught which lives, Truthfulness, slowness unto wrath, a mind That lightly letteth go what others prize; And equanimity, and charity Which spieth no man's faults; and tenderness Toward all that suffer; a contented heart, Fluttered by no desires; a bearing mild, Modest and grave, with manhood nobly mixed, With patience, fortitude and purity; An unrevengful spirit, never given To rate itself too high—such be the signs, of him whose feet are set On that fair path which leads to heavenly birth!

Sir Edwin Arnold.

I cannot think but God must know About the thing I long for so; I know He is so good, so kind, I cannot think but He will find Some way to help, some way to show Me to the thing I long for so.

Saxe Holm.

The ancestor of every action is thought.

"When men are rightly occupied, their amusement grows out of their work as the color petals out of a fruitful flower."

Be patient under the oppressions of this life. Before the spring appears the worst winds blow; before a better day for you perchance the storms increase. Study, renounce selfish ideals, pray and serve, and the Infinite Peace will visit you before you are aware.

Harvests are now beginning to appear upon the earth, the fruit of toil made not so long ago. Be comforted; perhaps the sacrifices and service of yesterday may bring you golden rewards before you expect to see that have not fallen uselessly by the wayside.

If you have not time for a vacation in the woods or by the sea, try to take one daily in your own heart. The great nature Creator is over and about you, and in the daily ministrations of His life thou art not forgotten.



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CONTINUOUS PRAYER

By Myra G. Frenyear

Written especially for THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES

When thou prayest
Enter into the retired place of thee,
And locking the door of thee,
Pray thou,
To the Father of thee—
To the Father in the secret.
And the Father of thee,
Who is seeing in the secret place,
Will give to thee in the clear light.

PRAYER then is secret. Secret prayer to our Father-Mother aspires to the Almighty heights; goes down into the depths of human feeling; and is as wide as the Absolute Love. We cannot really define it, but we can enter in and know it! Its primary meaning is "to pour forth sounds, words, water," indicating a free, unrestrained giving out of whatever is within—an emptying rather than our idea of receiving or of infilling. In five Oriental languages its root is the same as that of "preach" and "bless." Prayer then is an outpouring of the self to bless; it is that Will of God in all things by which they lift themselves and draw into them the Breath of a higher realm.

Then all things pray, for His Will of Life permeates every atom of His Universe. The morning-glory prays for co-operation, its frail green tendrils reaching and grasping any means we provide by which it may climb; the lily-of-the-valley breathes forth her blessing of perfume; and your noble horse prays for your life when he refuses to take another step in the darkness—you strike, he endures but moves not—then you cautiously examine the ground to find that the river bridge has been swept away. Then, if you are half a man, you pray with devout thanksgiving—and your arms about his neck. Even the least developed man has always prayed after some fashion, because the tie of sonship has ever drawn him toward his real inheritance in God.

Solomon's Temple wonderfully symbolizes our bodies, the temples of the Living God. Dedicating it with prayer Solomon taught the people how to entreat for grace for themselves if they should come into captivity. And who is not in bondage to some adverse habit of thought? But freedom was promised if they would return to God "with all their heart and with all their soul." They were to pray "toward the land" which He gave to their fathers—the land of Promise—the "earth" into which He planted His own faculties in the beginning—the Kingdom of Heaven which Jesus said must be sought before everything else.

They were to pray "toward the City" which God had chosen—the Peace Centre and symbol of the Holy of Holies in each individual. And "toward the house which I (Wisdom) have built in Thy Name," toward the soul body which St. Paul says we have now—the house not made with hands eternal in the heavens. We are to look through His Perfect in us to HIMSELF, Perfect above and around us.

And this is the prayer: "Now, therefore, arise, O Lord God, into Thy resting-place, Thou and the Ark of Thy strength—arise into my consciousness, O my God, into Thy abiding-place in my Holy of Holies, Thou and Thy potential virtues. Let thy priests, O Lord God, be clothed with salvation, and let Thy saints rejoice in goodness. Let my temple servers, my faculties of consciousness, my powers of mind and energy be clothed with righteous ideas and actions, let my saintly, spiritual powers rejoice in Thy glorification."

Now follows the promise: "Then will I hear from heaven and forgive their sin and will heal their land" because "I have chosen and sanctified this house that My NAME may be there forever and Mine eyes and My heart shall be there perpetually." Friends, does this not bring God very near, and make Him doubly dear to know that He is the Christ in that Temple of Consciousness which we are? Christ is our mediator whose Name is forever graven on the Keystone of its entrance arch; whose eyes perpetually behold the beauty of holiness of which we are made, and whose heart actually beats in us with ever ready sympathy and help. Does He not indeed know that our spirit is willing although the flesh be weak?

Old Testament history and biography picture the different states of the intellect through which men wander searching for God. Moses and the Prophets instructed them when in these conditions "to pray habitually to judge self," not for condemnation, but to hold them steadfastly to the true principles and ideals given by the One God. Then, in so far as we live toward the things of the Spirit and shape our building by the pattern shown in the mount of our highest spiritual conceptions, we pray habitually. And prayer thus becomes the subconscious habit of our lives.

But Jesus's whole life was not only subconscious, it was conscious, active prayer. Its spirit perme-



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ated Him, yet He felt the need of seasons of specific communion for fresh infilling of His Father's joy and strength. He spent whole nights in prayer. Then let us set apart special times each day when we go apart and have our lamps filled with the oil of His joy.

For this prayerful concentration it is essential, first to empty ourselves of all self-will and to "RISE ABOVE PERSONAL AND TEMPORAL CONSIDERATIONS." Then the "I" that I AM and YOU ARE may in turn give itself to serve the race family, even as God continually pours Himself into His creations by Love, Light and Life.

This emptiness invites God's faith to come and inhabit us, and abiding in this Christ consciousness, as the branch in the Vine, we have the right to ask, and the answer flows back to us. This is that Faith, that stability of expectation in which St. James tells us to ask, "not hesitating, for he who hesitates is like a wave of the sea, being wind-agitated and tossed; for let not that man think that he shall receive anything of the Lord."

This abiding union necessitates also that when we pray we forgive if we have aught against anyone, or if anyone has aught against us. For thus alone are our heavenward windows opened to let in the blessedness of having all our transgressions blotted out of the book of His remembrance. And lastly, and because we really believe in our hearts that that for which we have asked is now coming to pass, we give thanks that it is ours already. At the grave of Lazarus Jesus lifted up His eyes and said, "Father, I thank Thee that Thou didst hear me, and I know that Thou hearest Me always," although He had voiced no prayer. Indeed, God is so near that He hears the unspoken desire if we ask with such abandon of self that only our holy wish is remembered; if we seek not for self alone but for the good of all, and knock at heaven's door with confident thanksgiving.

Our heart's aspirations continually pray in us, but may we not consciously "pray without ceasing" and "in all things give thanks unto God"? Let us consecrate the common activities of our days in the NAME of Jesus Christ, a Name so full of love, power and protection that through it we may live actively in the world and be not of it.

When we arise in the morning let us open wide our windows, take a few short breaths and then empty our lungs completely—empty ourselves of self. Then inhale slowly and fully not air simply, but the Breath of Life. In exhaling we will let go all self-will, and inhaling be filled with God's Will that we may do that Will now as it is done in heaven.

Let us bathe with thankful hearts for the cleansing and refreshing of water, and also for that inner healing of the River of Life whose current flows direct from Him to us when we thus open the channel. It is a fresh initiation into another day of service.

Let us find the spiritual correspondence of each thing we do and live in that. And seeking our couch at night, without care, we can commit our bodies to Him for refreshing and our souls for instruction, and awaken on the morrow with new strength for new duties.

Thus you see, friends, we can make life continuous prayer and praise and reduce its complexity to three things—acknowledge God in all our ways, listen for what He will say to us, and obey His still, small voice in our own Souls.

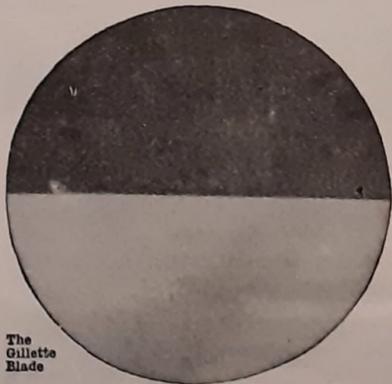
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L. GREENWOOD, Auditor Farmers' Loan & Trust Co., Sioux City, Iowa.



The Gillette Blade

The circular illustrations shown here are exact reproductions of photographs made under the microscope by Prof. W. J. G. Land of the University of Chicago. Same lens and conditions used on both razor blades.

Note the perfectly true edge of the **Gillette Blade**. The other illustration was not from a bad razor but from the best obtainable in daily use



This is exact size of Gillette Blade.



This illustrates razor ready for adjustment. Triple Silver Plated 1/2 Actual Size



The Ordinary Razor Blade

The University of Chicago

Dept. of Botany. April 16, 1905.
Painter, Tobey-Jones Co., Mr. Geo. J. Kendall, Chicago, Ill.
Dear Sir—I am sending proofs of edges of a high grade ordinary shaving razor and the **Gillette Blade** at a magnification of 1200 diameters (in popular language 1,440,000 times.) Negatives were made from Spencer objective 4mm. focal length and Numerical Aperture 0.85; and Zeiss Ocular 8.
You will note that the numerical aperture is a high one, thus making the test a severe one for both blades. Advise me of receipt of proofs. Trusting they will serve your purpose, I am, yours very truly,
Prof. W. J. G. LAND.

The edges of these two razor blades have not been retouched in any way, but are exactly as they appear under the microscope at 1200 diameters. The ordinary razor was one that was stropped in the most scientific manner while the **Gillette** was selected at random from a dozen blades.

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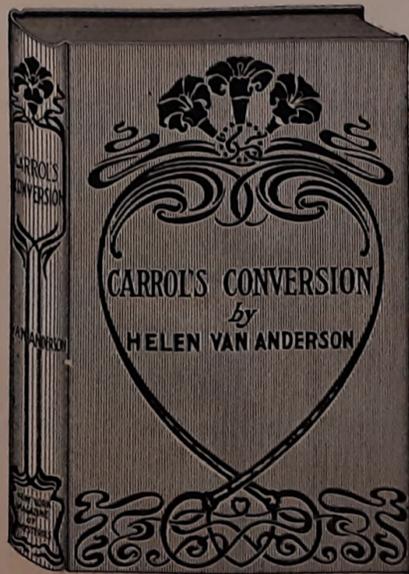
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Price \$2.00 a copy, sent all charges prepaid. Order a copy to-day. Address BOOK DEPARTMENT, "The New York Magazine of Mysteries," 22 North William St., N. Y. City

Is the World Growing Better?

"Is the world growing better?" The Rev. Dr. Henry Van Dyke, who propounds this question in *Everybody's Magazine*, writes in answer: "Not in every eddy, but in the main current of its life; not in a straight line, but with a winding course; not in every respect, but in at least two of the three main points of goodness; not swiftly, but slowly, surely, really growing better." There are better justice and more kindness in the world to-day than a century ago. These two points seem to make up for the deficiency in "self-restraint and the willingness to sacrifice one's own passion and pleasure for the good of others." There is also more mercy in the world. "There are more people in the world who love mercy, and they are having better success in making the spirit prevail. More is being done to-day to prevent and mitigate human suffering, to shelter and protect the weak and helpless, to minister wisely to the sick and wounded in body and in mind, than ever before in the history of mankind. We also find international mercy working on a large scale. The famine in India in 1900-01 called forth contributions from Great Britain, Germany, France and America. When Galveston was swept by flood in 1900, within three weeks \$750,000 was poured in for its relief, and the whole fund amounted to nearly \$1,500,000. The world is also making efforts to mitigate the horrors and torments of war, and the efforts toward the arbitration of international disputes are progressing rapidly."

On the dark side of the record, we have what Dr. Van Dyke calls "an unmistakable increase of the criminal class which lives at war with the social order." Corporations and unions "lock arms in a struggle so fierce that the rights and interests of the community are equally forgotten by both." In our own country lynchings grow more common, divorces increase, and there is an epidemic of accidents and disasters, "due apparently to the spirit of unrestraint and recklessness which is sweeping furiously along the highway of modern life."

But the growth of kindness and mercy and justice is stronger than the bad points just named, according to Dr. Van Dyke. He says:

"Is this selfish and headlong spirit growing? Will it continue to accelerate the pace at which men live, and diminish the control by which they are guided? Will it weaken more and more the bonds of reverence and mutual consideration and household fidelity and civic virtue, until the States which have been civilized by the sanctions of love and the convictions of duty are whirled backward, by the passion of self-indulgence, into the barbarism of luxurious pleasure or the anarchy of bloody social strife?"

"These are the questions that rise to trouble us in our moments of despondency and foreboding. But I think that it is neither wise nor brave to give them an answer of despair. Two are stronger than one. The growth of justice and of kindness, I guess, will in the long run prevail, and the selfish, reckless spirit will be overcome."

"At all events, when Christmas comes, I shall sit down with John Friendly to enjoy its cheer, rather than with any sour pessimist. For the one thing that is sure is this: the hope of humanity lies in the widening, deepening influence of that blessed life which was born nineteen hundred years ago in Bethlehem; and that life teaches us that the only way to make the world better is for each man to do his best."

A Beautiful Impression

A lady called at the house of a neighbor on an errand, but as the family were away she asked the hired man to tell his employer that she would call again. Being in a hurry, and thinking that the man knew who she was, she did not leave her name. The lady of the house returned before the rest of the family, and the man told her that a lady had been there who said she'd call again.

"Who was it?" inquired Mrs. H.—
"Oh, I don't know her name," replied the man.
"But you should have asked her," said Mrs. H.—
"so we could know who had been here. Can't you tell me anything by which I can know who came? Where does she live?"

"I don't know," said the man, "but she is the one that always smiles when she speaks."—*Leaves of Light.*

There is that within which cries "I can" before every spiritual task. The God-Life in us knows no failure. Know that you are one with that, and the hard tasks and the worry of life will be made less difficult.

The Buddhists say, "No seed will die": every seed will grow. Where is the sower which can escape its retransmission? What is vulgar and the essence of all vulgarity, but the aversion of reward? The man whose eyes are nailed, not on the nature of his act, but on the wages, whether it be money, or office, or fame, is almost equally lost. He is great whose eyes are opened to see that the reward of virtuous conduct is temporary, because he is transformed into his action, and taketh its nature, which bears its own fruit, like every other tree.—*Lucianus.*

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The hair is a vegetable and should have vegetable treatment. It turns gray because of the lack of proper vegetable nourishment. As our 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.**

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The Eternal Oneness

Your window may be round and my window may be square, but the same sunlight shines into each.
 The same light brightens your room that brightens mine.
 The same air gives us breath.
 The same water quenches our thirst.
 The same earth is beneath for us to tread.
 The same great life sustains us.

It is as if some colossal loving cup were passed from lip to lip all around the world.
 We all drink of the same waters of life.
 The same stuff is built into me that is built into you.
 You and I are One.

A piece of cloth may be cut and made up into a pair of trousers and into a frock.
 The trousers are trousers and the frock is a frock, but in a true sense the trousers can say to the frock, "You and I are One," and the frock can say to the trousers, "You and I are One."
 The Indian Ocean can say to the Pacific Ocean, "You and I are one."
 And the Pacific Ocean that flows into Tokio Bay can say to the Pacific Ocean that flows into San Francisco Bay, "You and I are One."
 The sunlight that shines through the round window can say to the sunlight that shines through the square window, "You and I are One."

The life that is in you can say to the life that is in me, "We are one," and the life that is in me can say to the life that is in you, "We are one."
 Our life is one.
 The same breath of life animates us.
 The same desires beckon us.
 The same hopes beguile us.
 The same sorrows fret us.
 The same joys cheer us.
 The same peace soothes us, tranquillizes us, poises us.
 "Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, our comforts and our cares."

Some of us, to be sure, are made into trousers and some into frocks, some into bodices and some into negligees, but the tissue is one.

Some of us have this to do, and some of us have that, but our different doings are only the different cuts of the cloth. The fabric of our lives is the same.

Strip us of our outsidenesses, strip us of our manners and mannerisms, our speech and our sports, and we are the same.

Open my heart and you will see yours.
 Open my heart and you will see the same yearning for the perfect peace that passeth all understanding that is in the heart of your heart.

Open my heart and you will see the same longing to do well—to do kindly, to do affectionately, to do helpfully, that is forever calling to you in the heart of your heart.—*Light of Truth.*

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