

# THE FREE MAN.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

DEVOTED TO

THE STUDY OF NEW THOUGHT, THE PHILOSOPHY OF  
HEALTH AND THE SCIENCE OF LIFE.

EDITED BY

CHAS. W. CLOSE, Ph. D., S. S. D.

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# THE FREE MAN.

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## RECOVERY.

BY J. W. ROBBINS.

It is all past, the long dark night of pain;  
The feverish thirst; the cry in vain:  
The fretting whispers of the watchers;  
The City's clamorous din;  
The pauses ominous;  
And the dream of sin.

The time has come, the Dawn's swift hour of change,  
The light eternal, and vision strange;  
The soothing murmur of Life's ocean,  
With its wonderful song  
Of endless joyfulness  
Undeified by wrong.

'Tis well with man, The glad new day is here;  
The glorious sun has banished fear,  
Disease, the tomb, no more alarm the soul  
With poisonous breath;  
Life omnipotent reigneth,  
And there is no death.

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## COMMAND SILENCE.

BY CHAS. W. CLOSE, PH. D., S. S. D.

HAVE been frequently asked what is meant by "going into the silence," not only by new students of the new thought, but often by those who have given much time to its study, and who complain that try as they may they "cannot get into the silence."

Now I think much misunderstanding arises from the use of this phrase "going into the silence" which not only does not truly express what the teacher of the new thought means, but not infrequently I find that it gives exactly the opposite idea from that which it was intended to convey.

In so much is this the case that while habit may cause me to occasionally use the phrase I have resolved to drop it as much as

possible from my teaching, and in its place put before the student the true meaning this phrase was intended to convey.

When you were told to "go into the silence" it was not intended to convey the idea that it was or ever is necessary for you to go out of the noise and confusion of the outer world in person and enforce on yourself a literal silence.

I am aware that there are cults whose teaching enjoins some such Hermetism as this, as there are others who teach the soul dwarfing doctrine of celibacy as the road to true happiness, but the free human has no call to tie himself to those excrescences of the new thought of perfect individuality. If you must have a religious belief, old-fashioned Christianity with its orthodox Devil and orthodox hell, bad as it was, is preferable to some of these new beliefs.

What is to be done is to quiet and silence yourself to all outward troubles by silent and forceful realization of the power resident in the human soul to overcome all things so that no outward troubles, be they the noise and bustle of worldly traffic, the disappointment of apparently defeated desires, the illness of the flesh, or whatever they may be, can have any effect on you.

This is not, literally speaking, "going into the silence," hence my objection to the phrase, but it is *resting in the knowledge of the Spirit's power over all things which commands silence*, and in the midst of the turmoil of life the calm soul says, "peace, be still," to all outward clamors, for indeed and in truth "none of these things move" the soul centered in omnipotent Love, which is to become most truly self-centered.

Seek then to give the silencing power of the soul perfect expression by recognizing within yourself the power to will and to do whatsoever your soul's love dictates.

The silent forces are ever at your command, and do you but recognize this truth, be it ever so faintly, immediately there comes to your personal mind a calming, powerful influence that raises you up out of the depths, into the region of light where you see all things clearly, and while you silence all opposing influence by the calm indifference of an invincible Spirit, you may also command the very Silence to speak and make itself heard, the very rocks speak to your soul in response to the command of the I AM of you, unveiling to your eyes the mysteries of creation, growth,

life and death ; and revealing to you the fact that of all these THE SPIRITUAL HUMAN IS MASTER.

Command Silence and all things from the pinnacle of your perfect self and "all things are yours" and obey your will.

No amount of crucifying of the personal self will increase your real power, but a single moment's true recognition of the dignity, Power and Majesty of the HUMAN SOUL, as an expression of Omnipotent Love renews your vitality and adds to the expression of your power.

Learn to command silence at all times by resting calmly amid the battles of life in the supreme and blissful knowledge of the soul's omnipotence within the sphere of its own action.

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## "TO THINE OWN SELF."

BY JULIA BROWN-STRODE:

How long shall I be patient? ah, how long  
Shall tender duty make me suffer wrong?—*Shakespeare.*

WINTER was come, clasping hands with the late, long mid-summer weather and autumn seemed excluded from the year. A continued drought had dried the sap from the leaves and they fell, dead, brown things, in this first fierce wind. The wind seemed all the more cutting and intense because of the sudden change, the sky all the more gray and lowering from contrast with its past brightness.

A woman was climbing the uneven hill path which led from the spring to the back of the parsonage. The wind cracked her cotton garments like a whip and made a floating pennon of her shawl. Her body was bent laboriously to one side to balance her unequal load and the water she carried splashed on her small, worn shoes. She set the bucket down on reaching the stone steps, which were the terminus of the narrow hill path, and turned to look on the scene below her.

A rugged landscape lay below and beyond, a picturesque blending of rock, and hill, and wood. A small summer house nestled at the foot of the hill and a tiny, spring-fed stream dashed recklessly along its pebbly course, as if to escape the biting breeze.

It was a familiar and enchanting scene to the woman who gazed, yet her plaintive wish, to-day, was that autumn had given it the

beauty of color, thus granting an external brightness to her own lusterless existence.

Cheerless, cheerless, cheerless. So would her own life pass into colorless autumn to merge at length into desolate, and unfeeling winter. Already she felt she was growing old.

She was twenty-seven.

She took off her disordered shawl and rearranged it, securing it with a pin from the bosom of her gown. Her breath yet quite spent, she sank listlessly, half sheltered from the breeze, on the stone steps to rest.

In the eyes which lingered on the rugged scene dwelt a brooding discontent. She picked up a piece of keel and traced on the rock at her side, the summer-house below, the little winding stream, and ended with a short-hand imitation of trees. Then, as if suddenly conscious of her own handiwork, she dashed the rude pencil across the sketch and, with a shrug of self-contempt, tossed it among the stones at the foot of the hill. She did not rise to go on. She sat there still as though finding satisfaction in dissatisfying thoughts, and disappointing contemplations.

"Ignoring duty," so she named it, "to court bitterness."

She hated duty. To her it meant sacrifice. And she hated sacrifice.

There was, however, nothing hard or defiant in the face which now leaned itself upon the tired hands. Though thought had lent it force, the general expression of countenance bespoke resignation rather than resentment. But this was one of those days of days, when despondency settled down upon her, a black, depressing cloud, and her soul was shaken by a storm of discontent. At such times she preferred the rocks and wind to any contact with human life. She recovered slowly from these attacks of gloom, her face quite pale and pinched as from a passing illness, and silently resumed the even tenor of her ways. For hers was not a tragic existence. There had been in her life no deep sorrow, save one. Health had not been denied her, nor strength to labor. She possessed home and friends, a comfortable fireside, and bread enough, and to spare. Yet her soul panted for freedom; freedom from the circumscription of home, from unchosen labor, and from over-lapping lives which held her in loving bondage to tiresome ways. But when rebellious longings formulated themselves into

definite thought, regarding these things, she called herself a selfish woman. It was against all the partially accepted, half rejected orthodoxy of her mind.

Hers had been a commonplace existence. Could one have entered the small room which she called her own, and have looked within the little desk, which sat beneath the low window, he would there have found a book, the record of her life for, perhaps, a dozen years. In it, but for the interweaving of her own thought-life, the record of the days would read somewhat as this:

"Rose at 6; prepared breakfast; got children off to school; did work of dining-room and kitchen; scrubbed or baked," as the case might be, "prepared and served dinner; did chamber work and mended clothes; served supper and finished evening work." Variety, indeed, might be added by the following or similar interspersions. "Nursed sister through spell of fever; tended boys through attack of measles; got off box of clothes for heathen; baked cake for church sociable; cleaned house; entertained father's exchange minister."

Yet she was neither wife, mother, nor salaried servant.

She was beginning to be, what she, in her merrier moments, called herself, an old maid.

## CHAPTER II.

Ten years ago, when but seventeen, Janet Taylor was summoned from the city where she was attending an art school, to the bedside of her mother. A fortnight later she sat within the quiet house, through which death had passed, the new born babe upon her knee and the four other children clinging about her. She had at first, silently, yet none the less bitterly, resented this infant which had cost her mother's life and had gone about with a stony face altogether ignoring its presence. But the second night after her mother's death, when aching brows and bursting heart made sleep impossible, she heard its faint continuous cry which brought no response. Rising she had gone to the crib where it lay. She uncovered it and looked for the first time on its little face. Its plaintive cry went up to her a piteous personal appeal. She felt its tiny hands which clasped her fingers with persuasive force. They were quite cold. The tired nurse slept heavily by the dying fire. As Janet moved about preparing milk for the child she awoke.

"What are you doing?" she asked resentfully.

"Fixing the baby's milk."

"Indeed! The child was fed an hour ago. It will be fed again when the proper time comes."

"But it seems so cold and lonely, in the crib here all by itself."

"The baby is all right. No child should be allowed to sleep with older people."

"That may be true, nurse, under favorable conditions, but winter is coming on and the temperature of our house is varying, at best. The child needs the steady warmth of human contact. Poor, poor little motherless one." She leaned over the child, and, for the first time, the fountain of tears was loosed. "I will take you to bed with me."

"Indeed you shall not," the nurse cried starting up. "I will not have my rules interfered with." She warmed and fed the child, however, and replaced it in its crib.

Janet sat by the child till dawn, her tears falling silently. It was so good to be able to weep. And over, and over, her lips whispered a secret, solemn vow. "Mother, I will, I will."

The next week the nurse departed. The following night Janet took the child to her own bosom and little sister occupied the cradle. A servant was employed in the kitchen, but, in every possible way, this elder sister became a mother to the motherless household.

She was as one consecrated to a noble cause. She could not do enough.

Janet Taylor's mother came of a strong and noble family. She had been an aspiring girl, but a romantic love affair with a penniless preacher had cut short her individual ambitions. She, however, accepted with gentle patience, and loving resignation, the domestic sphere to which matrimony exclusively confined her. Notwithstanding, she might have died a secretly disappointed woman, had she not believed she beheld in this elder daughter the fulfillment of her own unfulfilled ambition. And, when Janet first crept to the coal bucket and traced on the spotless wall incongruous figures, her mother clasped her rapturously to her bosom, crying, "*My child has a gift.*"

And she had fostered it joyously. It was to her a sacred thing. Her husband, absorbed in his books, in his ministerial labors, was

dumbly unacquainted with the hope that burned afresh within her at the thought of this child. Had she failed? She who had been given this precious, precious trust. It was through her individual effort that Janet had been sent at an early age to an art institute. After two years she had come home to see her mother die. But the last thought for her, that lit the mother's dim, beautiful eyes, the last word for her, as she kissed her, kissed her, kissed her, was: "*My child has a gift.*"

Janet had felt the inspiration of her mother's hope, had drank of her sublime faith. Her thought leaped forward to a time when her whole life should be devoted to art—to serving the world through her art. A hundred times, as the baby slept, she had drawn its tiny hands, its chubby feet, its dimpled, darling face. In these rare moments of leisure the children were wont to keep aloof. "Let us get out of this," the twins would stolidly remark to little sister; "Janet will want us to sit for her and it is so stupid."

In these precious moments the blank edges of newspapers, the unprinted pages of books, the carefully preserved wrappings from tea and coffee, became adorned with multitudinous drawings from still life. It was a half mechanical, wholly irresistible, outward working of the inner spirit. But with the tender babe, the restless five-year-old sister, the sturdy twins, a brother two years her junior, and a studious, absorbed father to minister to, there was little time for this work, of which her head and heart was full.

One day she said to herself, "It is given me to live a dull life, and I shall not neglect the one, or the other."

But unhappiness began, and longing, when she saw the possibilities of the one life recede farther, and farther, into the future, and the other press upon her, fuller and fuller of demands.

A never forgotten time was one morning as she stood drawing a bit of vine that clambered across the study window. Wholly oblivious to her surroundings, the child crept to the hearth and adorned its face with soot, and little sister also in an artistic mood, mounted the table and did splatter work with the ink among her father's papers. She was awakened from her reverie by the grave, ministerial tones of her father, in itself a reproof. She could never forget what he had said, nor the humiliating conclusion of his speech. "You are no longer a child, Janet, but a woman, and

you must put away childish things." Thereupon he had taken paper and pencil from her relaxing fingers and had laid them on the shelf as if in conclusion of the whole matter. But when, half blinded by unshed tears, she had caught up the child to carry him away he had recalled her, saying gently, as he laid his hand upon her head. "Let duty be your pleasure, daughter, and the Lord will reward you in the end."

This she had done, forcing the tide of her ambition into severe and more severe channels. Two years after her mother's death when certain economies became necessary in order to send Tom to college, the servant was dismissed and all the common drudgery of the household devolved upon her. She had taken it up bravely. She was so fond and proud of Tom, her stalwart, handsome brother, and she wanted that he should have a chance. Her own chance now seemed to lie in the dim and distant future when the children were grown up.

She had even given up her heart's best love. "I must take my mother's place," she had said. "Some day I may share your life, and you mine, but not now."

He was an ardent youth and had resisted her decision manfully, but since he must wait, wait he would, a thousand years, if need be.

She thought of this to-day, and smiled.

Youth is so positive.

He had gone east, later, to England.

It was a trifling love affair, the people said. It was not to be supposed that the heir of Marborough estate, with all his opportunities and advantages, would return to marry the daughter of an obscure minister of a country town.

There was a frequent exchange of letters between them the first year. The next there were not so many. Janet's letters were always delayed. Her life had become one continuous round of duties and her letters seemed so tame, so poverty stricken, in comparison with his, rich with the enthusiasm of life. After a time there was no further exchange of letters and Janet had written the last.

Five years later he returned from abroad. They met quite by accident the first evening of his arrival in town. She was coming from the spring leading her baby brother by the hand. It had

been a tiresome day and its labors were only just ended. She still wore working dress and the hair which had made such a heavenly frame for her young face was twisted into a severe knot at the back of her head.

They shook hands. The meeting was full of pained restraint. Both realized, almost for the first, that they had been but boy and girl when they separated. She saw before her a man of intellect and power. He a tired, sober, somewhat faded little woman.

"Can this be the baby I knew five years ago?" he asked, patting the child's head; and the little lad, usually so bright and fearless, clung to his sister's skirts and would not look up.

Janet had gone to her room carrying with her the heavy child. She longed unutterably to be alone, but there was no opportunity for solitude. She gave the little fellow a portfolio of drawings and threw herself across the bed. She felt dumbly miserable.

"Did the man scare you, sister?" the child asked from the floor where he lay on his fat little stomach, his heels in the air, while he spread out the drawings before him.

"Hush, little one."

She lay there for a long time thinking. She looked pale and ill. But when the child came to her, pulling at her sleeve with complaining fingers, she took him on her lap and told him a fine tale before singing him to sleep.

Marborough had not asked to call, but he did call the following evening. Janet was not at home. The next day was Sunday and the children, even to baby Paul, were sent to Sunday School and church. Janet had hastily finished her work and gone for a secluded hour to the old summer house at the foot of the hill. She had no thought of reading but had caught up a book abstractedly, as one who constantly busy, mechanically feigns occupation.

It was spring time and the world was fragrant with blossoms and musical with the song of birds. Presently she was awakened from her reverie by the sound of voices passing the enclosed side of the summer house. She was not sure that she recognized them, but her heart did, and seemed to rear and start backward like a frightened steed.

The voice was Marborough's and he was speaking in a half weary, half bitter tone, in answer to his companion's question as to how he had spent the morning.

“Oh, I have been listening to ‘Brother’ Taylor’s twaddle for the last hour.

His companion laughed. “I understand, old fellow, that the parson’s daughter starred in your first love affair. She was a pretty thing at that time.”

Marborough cast his cigar impatiently from him. If he replied at all Janet Taylor did not hear him.

The next morning he found on his desk a neat package containing his letters and a ring with a very cool request for those that had been given in exchange.

He returned the letters in person but was obliged to leave without seeing Janet. She had gone to the country with her father.

A day later he returned East.

Thus the affair ended. But had things been different, was her duty any nearer done than when she began it five years before?

It was apparently no nearer done to-day as she sat here on the stones in the bleak wind.

\* \* \* \* \*

“‘The Lord will reward you,’” she thought of that, to-day; that promise.

Out of a certain perversity of mind she liked in these moments of discontent and rebellion, to return to childish reasoning; to the beliefs and teachings of childhood which she had neither fully abandoned nor out-grown.

“‘The Lord will reward you,’” she thought of that. She had faithfully worked. The ever pressing duties of her narrow sphere had been conscientiously performed though they had taken her time, her thought, her energy. Perhaps she would find happiness in the help and comfort she had been to others. But she did not. It was not enough. She longed for faculties, long pent up, to have an opportunity and field for action. She was as one hungry and athirst. She was miserable. She had expected one day to be permitted to claim her time and energy. She had even thought this would sooner or later be the reward of which her father spoke. She asked nothing more. She asked but this; that she might be permitted to work out her genius in freedom. But time had given her no assurance that her hope was to be realized. The children were almost grown. Tom, the eldest, was married. Yet the burden of her days was as great and monotonous as at any time in her life.

"The Lord will reward you," she thought of that. Not to-day with hope or expectancy, but with skeptical bitterness.

What had been her reward? A discontented mind and a feeling of utter loss. But "in the end," her father had said, "reward you in the end." That meant after death, so her thoughts ran, reverting to the heaven of which her father taught. Would she find happiness there? She smiled at her own perverse and childish fancy. Would self-effacement here mean enlarged powers in the great beyond? It was not in accordance with her best reasoning. She fancied herself seated alone in that abode of bliss watching spirits whose earthly development had made them capable of highest spiritual enjoyment, ashamed of her own lesser growth. Yet she was not less than they. That she knew. The highest had not reached a height to which she might not attain. Through her whole being, with triumphant force, this thought leaped! She knew not from whence it came, but it filled her. She rose to her feet looking over the scene before her with cloudless eye and serene lip. In her pose and attitude there was something heroic and sublime. The feeling the thought had brought her was with her still a sense of greatness and power. "In that day," she whispered. And then the force of the Living Present was so strong upon her its surging life revealed a spirit truth: *All that I shall ever be, that I am now.*

The keen wind cut her face. She straightened her shoulders and faced it with a smile. Her lips pronounced two words: "I AM."

(To be continued.)

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## WAITING.

ROSABEL REED.

VIEWED from a material standpoint, *waiting* is perhaps the most dreary and discouraging task, or condition, which mortals are called upon to experience. Whatever may be the boon for which one is obliged to wait, whether for health, temporarily lost, fortune delayed or friends departed, neither ever seemed so dear, so indispensable, as during the long hours of enforced inactivity, when the truant comes not and the heart grows sick with hope deferred. If only one might be up and *doing* something—*anything*—which would definitely hasten the return of the

missing treasure; but to simply sit, with folded hands, anxious eyes and aching heart,—passive, helpless,—tortured by alternate hope and despair,—requires greater courage than many a more hazardous position in the stirring events of life.

The discipline is severe, but let us profit by it to the fullest extent; let us gather patience, sweetness, unselfishness, self-control and all the graces possible, from the tedious and painful lesson, remembering that

“They also serve, who only stand and wait.”

Let us bravely accept whatever opportunity for service may be ours. But there is one general truth, which it is to be hoped we shall learn; and that is, that nothing is of lasting value, which belongs to, or holds us upon, a purely material plane; we must find the spiritual element in the experience, in order to receive its real benefaction. We may even have waited in vain; and yet, if we have suffered and, happily, grown strong, we have awakened to the blessed realization that the withholding of that very boon which, of all others, we most craved, has been the means of our spiritual unfoldment. We have quaffed to the dregs the bitter draft, which was pressed to our lips, and found that it was indeed an elixir of divine Life;—a source of development and upliftment to the soul, more precious than anything else we could have desired.

“All things come round to him who will but wait.”

This is undoubtedly true, if those “things” *really belong* to him who waits. Nothing which is truly one’s own, can be forever withheld; but we would make an addition to the quotation and say—

“All things come round to him who will but wait” and, *waiting*, WILLS. For the potency of thought-force is mighty; it has been ignored too long, and is still being neglected by too many; by all means, let us learn to use this divine gift during our waiting; it will accomplish more than all the physical activity which we are capable of manifesting. How often we observe one who is desirous of attaining some particular object or position, and who has not yet arisen above a material plane of thought, laboring zealously, unceasingly, striving by brute force to gain the prize, or gratify earthly ambition. Doubtless, many of us have been through this stage of determined “hustling;” we have felt sure that

unflagging haste, and unremitting toil were the only, and the certain means to the coveted object ; only to find that its winning left us worn and drooping from the mad race for success, and mayhap still unsatisfied and longing for something better and higher ; or we may have been surprised to see some gentle "dreamer," with half the effort secure equal honors.

However, the experience was necessary, or we should not have encountered it ; and at its close, we have added to our store of wisdom the truth that the extravagant expenditure of mere physical energy, though associated with mental effort, can never force results which shall satisfy our higher nature ; wherefore, we bring to an end this eager "rushing" period of our existence, and, resolutely putting our disappointment beneath our feet, make it a stepping-stone to better deeds, to nobler ends.

We recall hearing the regretful remark :—" I feel, I know, I have not progressed in the least degree, spiritually, during the past year ; but my business keeps me constantly traveling,—hurrying hither and yon, so I have scarcely an unoccupied moment for study or meditation."

Instantly the thought arose, suggested by personal experience,—that the business, already established, might be managed from a central office, and, even if the financial returns were not as large as under the present system, the deficit would be offset, if not more than balanced, by the decreased expenditures of a more quiet mode of living, which would afford the coveted leisure for spiritual growth.

"I stay my haste, I make delays,  
For what avails this eager pace?  
I stand amid the eternal ways,  
And what is mine shall know my face."

To each one is given the choice—whether preference and predominance shall belong to material or spiritual things in earth-life. Some may be so situated, for the present, that the wished-for opportunity for development on a higher plane can not be immediately realized ; but thought-forces, soul-forces, may at once be set in operation, which, wisely and *perseveringly* employed, will inevitably produce ultimately the condition and result desired. This power is possessed by everyone ; why lack the faith and

steadfastness to use it? The reward is far greater and more satisfying than the winning of wealth or fame.

Some there are who, like the friend above cited, would fain claim spiritual riches, without relinquishing in the least degree, the grasp upon material affairs, which must often fill life with care, fear, worry and unrest;—the very antithesis of the peace, trust, unselfishness and aspiration which are qualifications indispensable to spiritual progression.

It is not easy to put to the test the beautiful promise,—“Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you.” But we know that at last, for each one, shall dawn that golden day, when shall be entertained the true spirit of John Burrough’s oft quoted, but ever beautiful lines:

“Serene, I fold my hands and wait,  
Whate’er the storms of life may be;  
Faith guides me up to heaven’s gate,  
And love will bring my own to me.”

The condition here implied is not stagnation, not a shirking of duties, nor entire cessation of physical activities; but the attainment to a spiritual attitude of perfect inward peace,—a recognition of, and an absolute trust in, that omnipotent, omnipresent Love, in which we live, and move and have our being. The doubts and turmoil and struggle and unmeaning haste of material existence, have drifted away like a dark atmosphere from our spiritual vision, so that, in the clear light of the Sun of Being, we can discern somewhat the plan of the great Designer, and partially comprehend the working of the divine Law:—wherefore, we dwell ever in a spiritual state of blessed tranquility and abiding peace, always receiving, yet, for the infinite, eternal Good which is surely *our own*, confidently, serenely, *waiting*.

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## EDITORIAL.

1901.

The twentieth century.

We wish you all a happy new century.

While the passage from one century to another of the Christian Era can have no special significance to the growth or development of the human race, it has become a custom to measure the world’s

progress by centuries, and thus we speak of the civilization and progress of the seventeenth, eighteenth, nineteenth centuries, Etc., according as we wish to refer to a particular period of a peoples's growth in civilization, arts, manufactures, Etc., Etc.

And in this way we ask, what of mankind in this new century into which we are just entering? Will he progress in peaceful civilization, or will modern implements and methods of warfare hurl the people back into the barbarism of the middle and dark ages? Will it be a century of increased and pitiless competition, or will co-operative socialism make us all of one family, sharing equally in all things; or is there some medium course which will be deemed best by the twentieth century human? Will the development of electricity become a blessing, lessening the hardships of labor and increasing the enjoyment of the masses, or will its growing usefulness be monopolized by the few, while the many are reduced to greater privations in consequence? In a word is the twentieth century to be one of progression or of retrogression?

If we could see to the end of the century now all these questions could be easily answered, but as it is, we must leave old Father Time to answer all questions and solve all riddles.

But while we can see that in the past there have been periods of progress followed by what may seem to have been periods of retrogression a careful survey of the past history of the world would indicate that progress is the law of life as a whole, and this being so we are led to enquire what it is that pushes the race onward and upward, in spite of all seeming obstacles, to a higher and better state of existence?

Some will say religion is the cause, others that it is man's inherent nature to grow and develop the spiritual man.

Recently we read an extract from a sermon by a clergyman in which he attributed all human progress to the Bible and Christianity.

This last habit of attributing all good things to the influence of Christianity has been pushed almost to the limit.

What is this Christianity, for which so much is claimed and so little is proven?

What is it that distinguishes Christianity from other religious beliefs?

The distinctively Christian doctrines are a belief in the miracu-

lous as well as immaculate conception of Jesus and in his vicarious blood atonement on the cross for the sins of the world, or for such of the world as accept the doctrines mentioned as truth.

These are the basic doctrines of accepted Christianity though they are dished up in a variety of forms by the different Christian denominations.

Will any rational human claim that these doctrines ever were the cause of human progress which has led up to the civilization which we enjoy to-day?

If so, we must differ from such a one for we can find nothing in the history of the human race to prove such to be the truth.

"But," say some of our readers, perhaps, "you have left out the best part, the real vital part of Christianity, which teaches us to live by the golden rule of love."

Be not so fast friends, for while it is true that Christianity includes the law of love in its ethics, and while it is still further made the chief and corner-stone of his philosophy by Jesus, called The Christ, and again while we not only admit but are ready to maintain that it is this same law of love that is the supreme cause of whatever progress the human race has made, this law is not distinctively Christian, *i. e.*, it is not found in Christianity alone as distinct from other religions and it is not necessary to become a Christian in order to understand the law of love or to be benefited by it, as witness the fact of its universal acceptance regardless of creeds and religions.

Jesus was not the originator of the golden rule; he merely gave it a new wording.

Five centuries before Christ, the Chinese philosopher and teacher, Confucious, gave his people the substance of the golden rule as follows:

"Do unto another what you would have him do unto you, and do not to another what you would not have him do unto you. Thou needest this law alone. It is the foundation of all the rest."

Three hundred and fifty years before Christ, Aristotle formulated the golden rule as follows:

"We should conduct ourselves towards others as we would have others act towards us."

Pittacus gave a negative form of the golden rule of love 650 B. C., as follows:

"Do not to your neighbor what you would take ill from him."

The golden rule by Thales, 464, B. C., was: "Avoid doing what you would blame others for doing."

Isocrates, 338 B. C., said: "Act toward others as you would desire them to act toward you."

The golden rule of Aristippus, 365 B. C., reads: "Cherish reciprocal benevolence, which will make you as anxious for another's welfare as your own."

The Pythagorean, Sextus, 406, B. C., gave the rule in the following words, "What you wish your neighbors to be to you, such be also to them."

And fifty years before Christ, Hillel gave the golden rule in these words: "Do not to others what you would not like others to do to you."

We thus see that the claim that the law of love is essentially and distinctively Christian has not the slightest foundation in fact, for it is quite as distinctively Confucian as it is Christian, and far more HUMAN than either.

Yes, the law of love is the law of humanity, and it is the Spirit of Love in humanity that is the cause of all progress, and any attempt to make any special form of religion responsible for human progress is an attempt, either intentionally or through ignorance, to belittle the DIVINE HUMAN in order to prop up that which is but a makeshift of superstition.

If mankind in this the twentieth century is to advance, he must do so through this law of love by recognizing the divinity and power of the human Spirit.

You are not "a poor worm of the dust."

You are not "a miserable sinner."

You never were "lost," nor ever can be, and therefore you have no need of a crucified Savior, or the bloody monstrosity of the vicarious atonement, or yet the impossible doctrine of the miraculous conception of a man now dead for nineteen centuries.

Away with this superstition that for so long has held the human race in bondage! Step out from its superstitious and benumbing shadow and be free men and free women.

The human, male and female, is the grandest expression of omnipotent Love in the Universe.

Every step in the progress of the race has been made by human

love bravely expressed, and if it was coupled with superstitious religious beliefs, racial growth is not due to the latter, but to the inherent and undying love of the Spirit of Humanity.

Jesus, the Christ, was inherently, divinely human, and so also was Confucius, Gautama, Buddha, Alfred the Great, of England, our own Washington, and many, many other great humans who have shown forth the greatness of the human Spirit in their efforts for the human race.

And countless thousands of whom history says and knows nothing have through their expression of human love helped to push the race onward and upward to the expression of the perfect ideal human.

\* \* \* \* \*

Each human being is an expression of the ideal human and as such becomes a center alike for the attraction and radiation of OMNIPOTENT LOVE which is the real life of man and which has healing in its wings for "every ill that flesh is heir to."

Those who recognize the fact that HUMANITY is far greater, nobler and more powerful than Christianity, or any and all religions and creeds; those who realize their inherent power to will and to do whatsoever the Spirit within them (which is the reality back of all, the I AM of the individual) directs, will, in the degree and to the extent of that righteous recognition and realization, be able not only to heal themselves, but by their radiation of pure love to heal and help others.

\* \* \* \* \*

Success in any walk of life may be attained through this recognition of the invincible power of the Human Spirit, and many are being helped not only to a better state of health and a broader, more liberal and truthful view of humanity, but also to more successful social and business life through the mental and spiritual aid of those who have unfolded to a degree of self recognition that makes them vital batteries sending forth vibrations of Life, Love, Wisdom and Power to all who come within the sphere of their influence.

You, reader, can thus become a center of life, radiating power, health and happiness to all by thus recognizing your own divine power, your own "I Am that I Am."

\* \* \* \* \*

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is the prophesy of its ultimate perfect expression in Spirit, soul and body, or in still plainer language, in Substance, Individuality and Personal expression.

\* \* \* \* \*

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\* \* \* \* \*

Prof. C. W. Close has sent us a beautifully bound and printed book of "Occult Stories" from his own pen, with some very pretty poems at the end. Of the stories we think "One Thanksgiving" the best and most interesting.—*From Expression, London, England.*

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SEXUAL LAW AND PHILOSOPHY OF PERFECT HEALTH, by Charles W. Close, Ph. D.—Sex is the Basis of Creation. This great question is beautifully and lucidly illustrated in eight chapters; students find this book most helpful. Published by C. W. Close, 124 Birch St., Bangor, Maine. Price, 10 cts. silver.—*From The Radix.*

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## BOOKS RECEIVED.

EVOLUTION OF IMMORTALITY by Rosicrucia, author of "The Rosy Cross," "Principles of Nature and of Life," etc. This book is published by Eulian Pub. Co., 57 Washington St., Salem, Mass. Price \$1.00. It is handsomely bound in blue and gold cloth.

THE KEY TO MAGNETIC HEALING, by Prof. J. H. Strasser. Published by Webb Pub. Co., St. Paul, Minn. Price \$5.00. This is a cloth bound book and contains the portrait of J. H. Strasser and Mrs. Emilie Strasser. Teaches Weltmerism. The information it contains though not new to well informed students of the new thought is valuable and will prove helpful to many. Order of The Mionion Book Co., Box 1384 Bangor, Me.

FATE MASTERED, DESTINY FULFILLED, by W. J. Colville, published by Thos. Y. Crowell & Co., 426 & 428 West Broadway, New York. Price 35 cents. Ornamental, white imitation leather binding. It is in Colville's best vein and will be appreciated by his friends the world over. You want it.

STRAY THOUGHTS, by M. Josephine Conger, a small book of verses born in the quiet of a Missouri village. The Bulletin Printing House, Linneus, Mo. No price given.

CHRISTIANITY, a chapter from Spiritual Consciousness, by Frank H. Sprague. Price 3 cents per copy. Lee & Shepard, Publishers, Boston, Mass.

ASTROLOGY, by C. H. Van Dorn, Newark, New Jersey. No price given.

WAHRHEIT IN WORT UND LIED. (Truth in Word and Song.) This is a collection of songs for all lovers and students of truth selected and compiled by H. H. Schroder and Ernst Krohn. Cloth 75 cents, board covers 50 cents, postage 5 cents. Send all orders to the publisher, H. H. Schroder, 2622 South 12th St., St. Louis, Mo.

Our German reviewer says: These hymns are so full of light, of Love for humanity, that all who ponder over them or sing them must be lifted out of darkness into the light, their hearts must warm with the love radiating through them, that peace which passeth all understanding must come over them and out of this stillness they will wake up rejoicing, finding that they are one with the universal.

JUST HOW TO WAKE THE SOLAR PLEXUS, by Elizabeth Towne, Holyoke, Mass. Paper, 19 pages. Price 25 cents.

This is written in the positive style characteristic of the Editor of the Nautilus. The breathing drills given therein we can heartily recommend as they are practically the same as we have prac-

ticed and recommended to our students for years. Order of the author.

THE OCCULT LITERARY NEWS AND REVIEWS, AN OCCULT REVIEW OF REVIEWS, is the title of a new quarterly that comes to our desk from the publisher, E. Marsh-Stiles, 12 St. Stephen's Mansions, Westminster, S. W. England. Subscription price in Great Britain 2s. 2d. per year, single number 6½d. In America 50 cts. per year.

This first issue presents an interesting table of contents, and we congratulate our English friends on having so good an occult periodical at so small a cost.

We would call the attention of our readers to the new adv. of *The X-Rays* on page 28 of this issue.

The Mionion Book Company advertises twenty good and cheap books on page 26 of this issue. The little work entitled *ASTROLOGY MADE EASY*, is among those offered by this Company and it is the best low priced hand book of Astrology for the people we have ever seen. It sells for 10 cts. Send all orders to The Mionion Book Company, F. M., Box 1384, Bangor, Maine.

PROF. LYMAN E. STOWE'S LESSONS IN THE ATOMIC SOUL THEORY, Astrological Pub. Co., 133 Catherine St., Detroit, Mich. Price not given.

These lessons set forth in detail *The Atomic Soul Theory*, advanced by Prof. Stowe, and with which his articles in recent issues of THE FREE MAN have made our readers somewhat familiar. Those who have read these articles with interest will wish to read and study these lessons.

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## WHAT OUR FRIENDS ARE SAYING.

MR. CHARLES W. CLOSE,

Dear Sir:—I wish to thank you very much for the copy of THE FREE MAN (December Number) just received. The article written by yourself on first page and entitled "The Purpose of Mental Healing" has been of more help to me in my Metaphysical studies than anything of the kind I have ever read. I have bought many books during the past three years, including works of Mulford, Dresser, Mrs. Wilmans, Eleanor Kirk, Trine, Berrier and a number of others, besides many of the magazines "Mind and Intelligence" but your explanation of the subconscious, the conscious and the superconscious planes of development, were to me the most lucid of them all.

Yours truly,

MRS. JESSIE C. KEAN, Rochester, N. Y.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., Nov. 23, 1900.

PROF. C. W. CLOSE, 124 Birch St., Bangor, Maine.

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A. D. MILLER.

Nov. 29, 1900.

In regard to publishing in your FREE MAN, the comments I passed on your Phrenopathy or Rational Mind Cure, will say, you have my consent. I assure you if I can be the means of helping even one person out of bondage and darkness into freedom and light, I shall be most happy. I again affirm most heartily and without compunction of conscience that in all my studies and readings I have found nothing so electrifying, invigorating and uplifting in Spirit, Soul and body as your exhaustive ideas on the subject of mental-spiritual therapeutics.

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Contents of PHRENOPATHY, price, etc., on 2nd page of cover.

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See Special offer on page 21.

Nov. 19th, 1900.

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Dear Sir:—I beg to inform you that I am well, hearty and healthy. I am better every day. I feel more life and more happiness since my study of your book "Phrenopathy"; I have studied many valuable books but Phrenopathy is the best because it has taught me how to live.

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## THOUGHT.

Every thought  
That is wrought  
In the workshop  
Of the brain,  
Should be  
In quality  
Noble, strong,  
To ease the  
World's pain;  
To right  
It's wrong;  
To help make  
Life to all  
A joyous song.

MARIE A. WATSON.

---

## “TO THINE OWN SELF.”

BY JULIA BROWN-STRODE.

### CHAPTER III.

SHE turned, caught up the bucket of water, and ran swiftly along the path to the parsonage. By the time she reached the house her sudden impulse had exhausted itself, and she entered the kitchen to sink wearily into the first chair.

It was a cosy kitchen, with its blue enamelled walls, its spotless floor with the strip of bright, old-fashioned carpet spread before the polished stove. A fire glowed on the hearth, a rosy light sifted through the red oil curtains of the windows, and a kettle sang merrily.

The blustering day had brought the family about the single fire the house contained at this season.

The minister had drawn a small, round, table to the window and was engaged upon the last pages of a Sunday morning sermon. He was a small man with a refined, and exceedingly thoughtful

cast of countenance. When conscious at all of external things, his manner was characterized by the most exquisite old-fashioned courtesy. He lived, however, largely in an inner intellectual world and his inner vision sadly dimmed his physical sight. That the bed was spread and the board prepared, he was vaguely aware, but, as to how these things came about, he no more felt an interest, than he felt an interest in the manufacture of the cloth that composed his garments. Had something been missing from the list of things that composed his physical comforts, he would have aroused himself to question. But, since they were, he accepted them always as a matter of course. He was looked upon as a pure and spiritual minded scholar and gentleman.

Paul, the youngest of the family, at this moment lounged on the settee, his feet higher than his head, enjoying a second perusal of "Tom Sawyer."

Maud, the fifteen year old school girl, sat curled in a wooden rocker her head resting on one plump hand and her eyes on the pages of a book. Her crisp blue calico dress and white apron set off her yellow hair and peach bloom complexion to perfection. She was a very pretty girl.

Robert and Rex, lately come in were making their toilet at the sink.

"Maud, daughter," the father called in soft, measured tones.

"Yes, papa."

"Will you find time to copy this manuscript tonight, child?"

"I shall be very busy with my lessons, papa. I would be glad if you could get Janet to do the work. She writes much better than I." A thing Miss Maud, under other circumstances, would have acknowledged with reluctance.

"Let her first put a button on my shirt," interposed Rob, vigorously scrubbing his shining countenance with a kitchen towel.

"And say, Jen," chimed in Rex, splashing water right and left; "let's have supper by 6."

"Yes, Janet," sided the coaxing voice of Maud, "do let's have supper by 6. We meet for choir practice half an hour earlier this evening."

"Tom, the married brother, just then entered, a restless cherub on each arm. He deposited them both on Janet's lap. Keep the kids this evening sister. Mame and I are invited out to tea. We

will not stay late. Just give the infants free swing and they'll be all right. You look tired. Why don't you make the boys carry the water? Mame wouldn't stand that two minutes."

He picked up the bucket of water from the floor, by her side, set it on the table and passed out of the opposite door, leaving with her the two, restless two year old babes.

#### CHAPTER IV.

Man has freedom already, but he has to discover it. He has it, but every moment forgets it. That discovering, consciously or unconsciously, is the whole life of every one.—*Swami Vivekananda.*

It was late that night when the sleeping infants were carried home; later still when the last page of her father's sermon was copied and laid on his desk for inspection; still later, when the last small offices of the day were completed and Janet sought her room. It was a quaint, irregular room in the gable end of the old-fashioned house. It combined a sleeping room, a library, and a studio, in one. A small home made book case held the few books Janet called her own, an easel sat in one corner, and the walls were covered with drawings of every description, from a tin pail to a summer house at the foot of the hill. The room was shared with her sister. Janet had always looked forward to a time when she might have a room "all to herself." She often said if the Fates were to grant her one wish she would ask "a secret chamber" where she might occasionally retire, secure from all the world. She called this her living room. In the other rooms she kept house. It revealed a picturesque disorder.

She was very tired tonight. Maud, sometime before returned from choir practice, lay in the dim light already sleeping. Janet gazed on the fair, free face as she knelt mechanically beside the little bed. She studied it. Her thoughts were of its colouring, its lights and shades. The neck, and one dimpled shoulder lay bare. The hair, rippling and golden, swept the pillow. Janet forgot her weariness as she gazed. She forgot her purpose to pray. Her musing merged, as ever, into a great longing, a longing to reproduce in the enduring form of art and beauty—the eloquence of beauty—that surrounded her and set her soul on fire. She gazed in joy, then, of a sudden, all her weariness and depression returned. "Slave," was the word she whispered as she buried her face in the

coverlet of the little bed. "Slave," she repeated wearily, almost resignedly. "No, not slave," she at length whispered. "Not fettered, but fearful; not helpless, but weak; not a servant of God but of the people; holiest promptings sacrificed to trivial and immediate demands; highest aspirations stilled as vain. Alas! Alas!"

She remained kneeling for a time, her face hidden. Then she rose, passive and relaxed and lay down beside her sister. She had uttered no set prayer. She had not poured out her heart. She had made no eloquent appeal as she had done many times before.

"I meditate on Him who is the Creator of the universe; may he enlighten my mind."

She slept, dreamed, and wakened. Through her whole being she felt as before the surging of awakened life.

"Slave," she smiled now as she thought of the word as applied to herself—as applied to any soul capable of recognizing its own power and worth. The light of her own spirit seemed to illuminate her wearied mentality. A force within her was awakened, capable of fronting every difficulty.

Again she slept, the heart within her peaceable and resolved.

\* \* \* \* \*

The pale morning sunlight was entering the window when she awoke. By her side Maud still slept, one pink cheek resting on a plump and dimpled hand. She made a charming picture and one which only the story hearted could ruthlessly disturb. Janet took her by the shoulder and shook her gently. Her touch seemed the height of impertinence to the sleeping beauty, and her voice, despite its gentleness, very unsympathetic and commanding at the beginning of the day. She took hold of the disturbing hand, threw it away petulantly, turning her face to the wall without opening her eyes. But when Janet spoke again there was something so peculiar, so electric in her tones, that Maud sat up at once, throwing back the covers with angry emphasis.

"I perceive you will not let me be."

"No, you must get up at once."

"What's going on today?"

Janet made no reply. She had risen and stepping to the doorway was urging the boys to rise.

"Breakfast ready?" was the drowsy inquiry.

When told the fire was to be lighted, Rex inquired with some solicitude if she were ill.

She had ample time to dress and collect her thoughts before it was decided between the two boys as to which should build the fire. When she entered the kitchen, twenty minutes later, however, she found Rex seated, book in hand, beside the genial new-made warmth.

"Getting up is the hardest work of the day," he said, good humoredly. "Headache?"

His sister was busy picking up papers and books which lay strewn about tables, window seats and chairs, and apparently did not hear.

As one looked at her, in the clear morning light, she appeared very different from the girlish creature who had bidden her lover good-by ten years before—almost as unlike as she and the fair young sister appeared today, but, to the mature mind, not less interesting. In every sense of the word, she was a woman; a woman who had thought, endured, suffered. She was taller. The plumpness of girlhood had vanished, leaving a subtle suggestion of strength. Her hair was darker but her brow was not less white. Her face was grave and thoughtful. It was pleasant to watch her as she moved about, now stretching an arm for a book, now stooping to pick up a paper or magazine. Her figure was such as artists delight to sketch. The lines were long and delicately curved. She wore the simplest blue cotton gown.

Janet had once remarked to her father, "books are an invention of the devil, to take men out of themselves and make them forget to think, and to act."

"You speak with some wisdom, daughter, but far too vehemently" her father had replied in his slow, placid tones, as he glanced about his own bookish disordered sanctum. "It is true, reading may become merely intellectual dissipation which results in a form of anaesthesia very difficult to overcome. Constant recourse to books take men out of themselves, as you remarked, and away from the fountain head of wisdom. It cannot be said that men cease to think, but they cease to meditate. Few people know how to meditate." Thereupon, the reverend Mr. Taylor entered upon a discourse on the reading habit which threatened to consume the larger part of that morning. He concluded by saying, "I have

sometimes wondered what the result would be if, for the next century, all books save the bible were removed from the children of men."

"Do you mean that the bible be taken as a text book on law, morals, science—astronomy, geology—"

"Yes, my dear, I have sometimes wondered what the result would be."

Janet wondered too, but she only said, "If you will sit on the porch now, dear father, I will put your room in order for you."

She was thinking this morning, with a tired sigh, of the task Mame and her club fraternity had taken upon themselves, to read all the new and popular books. Yet Janet loved books.

She was just giving the finishing touches to the room when Maud entered, sleepy and irritable. "I can't but wonder why I should be awakened at this unearthly hour," she said half angrily as she dropped into the nearest chair.

"I thought you might help with the breakfast, dear."

"Yes, do help," said Rex coaxingly, "Sister is not well." He felt since he had been requested to build the fire that his sister must be verging on an illness.

Thus importuned, the young lady, reluctantly pulled herself together and, with a decided air of martyrdom, laid the table while his sister prepared the morning meal.

It was a simple repast, consisting of toast and eggs, oat-meal and coffee. During the process of preparation Paul came clattering down the stairs, two steps at a time, and begun throwing the books wildly about in a mad search for a missing arithmetic. Janet came to the rescue. He was in desperate haste. Would sister bring the apples from under the tree as she used them? Papa had requested him to do so, but there were all his problems to be solved before school time.

Much, very much to Paul's surprise Janet refused. "I cannot do your work this morning, little brother," she said, quite firmly; "you have only to make an extra effort since the problems were not solved last night."

Paul's explanations and expostulations were interrupted by Robert, who entered, gay and debonair, a light fall overcoat, which he had just extracted from a box of winter clothing, thrown jauntily over his arm. Would sister re-cover the soiled collar and replace

the buttons? He would purchase the material. She could do it as well as old Timmy the tailor, and it would be a saving. Janet took the coat from his extended hand and threw it across the back of a chair.

"How many cigars will you smoke today, Rob?"

Rob smiled in a half startled way as he glanced toward the study door to see if his father were yet come down.

"Three, only three; indeed, sister. But you never reproved me for smoking before."

"Nor do I now. I prefer that you should learn for yourself, if possible that smoking is a detrimental and extravagant habit. But you may no longer smoke at my expense—as a result of my saving, I shall never again darn a stocking, or patch a garment for a man who smokes cigars."

"Oh, come now," said Rex, impatiently throwing his book on the settee. "Jan is sick this morning. Leave her alone. Did you say breakfast was ready, sister?"

Mr. Taylor had just descended much perturbed over the loss of a certain sheet of manuscript.

Janet went up to him and kissed away his abstracted frown. "Never mind, father, I will search for it after breakfast. Come to breakfast now. Come, children!"

Paul had hastened out for a basket of apples and, returning tumbled them into a box in the corner, making a rolling emphasis to his father's low spoken "amen."

"Excuse me, papa," he said, turning about, his round cheeks brightened by the crisp morning air and his eyes aglow. "Say, guess who's got back?"

"The Marboroughs," said Rex. "I saw Mr. Max on the terrace this morning. I'd give a thousand dollars to be able to wear that man's clothes." Rex, whose ambition was to be stalwart was tall and quite slender. "He's just my size."

"You bet," said little Paul, tossing his cap into a corner. He and brother Tom are the two best looking men in Marborough."

The Rev. Mr. Taylor looked up at his son's announcement. There was a new light on his face. "Yes, Mr. Marborough is a man of fine presence. He has an exceptional mind, as well. He would have been a power for good in the church, and for the cause with which his mother has allied so faithfully. I hear Mrs. Mar-

borough is very ill. I must call and see her this morning. Janet, please remind me of this duty should it slip my memory."

"Yes, papa."

"By the way," said Maud, glancing up from her saucer of oat meal, to which she was doing dainty justice. "Isn't Mr. Marborough an old beau of Janet's?"

"Nonsense," said Janet. "Sister never had a beau. Come little brother, come to breakfast." She drew the chair back from the table for the little lad but her cheeks were burning and the older children laughed in chorus at her apparent embarrassment.

"Oh, that is a pity;" said Rob. When we all know that young school master who worked in Tom's office last summer was all broken up about you and you know deacon Transon spoke to papa, and then there was that missionary to China, and the Egyptian who took a course in bible study with papa last fall, and—"

"Oh," said Janet, laughing, as she busied herself among the cups and saucers, "if you count the widowers, the missionaries and the converted heathen, it may be said I have had a few opportunities. But never mind, Janet will never marry. There is one thing I mean to do, though," she continued, with a circular glance at the family group, that is, after all these years, to resume my art with unbroken zeal. I am afraid, "her eyes resting on Maud with a half pleading, half smiling expression, that if I do, little sister must help with the work."

"Help!" exclaimed Maud in surprised staccato, "I don't see how you can expect me to help with the work with all my studies."

Immediate discussion of the matter was prevented by the entrance of Tom, a sunny, handsome, young giant. He stole a kiss from Maud's peachy-pink cheek, pinched Paul's ear, inquired solicitously after his father's health, and then stood with his broad back to the fire looking benignly down upon the family group. There was the usual exchange of happy commonplaces and then hurriedly, as if to get through with an unnecessary formality before it escaped his memory, "By the way, Janet, will it be all right for me to bring over the children this afternoon, while Mame attends some club function? This is Gretchen's afternoon off."

"I am afraid it will not, Tom, dear," Janet replied as she brought forth an additional supply of toast.

Mr. Taylor glanced up inquiringly. "Some extra work this afternoon, daughter?"

"Nothing, father, except that I had arranged to go out sketching. You know I just remarked that I contemplated resuming my art."

"Ah, me," said Rex, mockingly his eyes lifted to the ceiling in a die away attitude. "How a la Baskertseff it all sounds."

"That may be," returned Janet, quietly, "but well I know that young creature's heartburnings."

"Well, Janet," said Maud, after a moment's thoughtful silence, "I hope you'll find time, then, to do some decorative work on the end of my sash, and finish the fan, which I have waited for so long."

"Mame was saying, the other day," said Tom, "she wished you would find more time for your art."

Janet's face brightened.

"She wanted you," seriously continued her married brother, "to come over and decorate our front door panels."

"How greatly in demand my work has already become," Janet exclaimed with feigned gayety, as she busied herself with serving, "What a popular artist I am!"

"Yes," remarked Rob, with dry sarcasm, "our barn is looking shabby; let me suggest that you give it a coat of paint."

(To be continued.)

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## "WHO CARES?"

SOMEONE put the brief interrogation quoted above rather disconsolately, after recounting experiences involving more or less of a continual struggle—physically, mentally, morally,—to make the most and the best of the meagre and unpromising materials and opportunities at command; the long strain, which gave no indication of abatement, and which appeared unappreciated, seemed for the moment unbearable;—a vain and thankless endeavor;—and she asked wearily: "Who cares?"

So many times since then the pathetic query has been recalled; it was eloquently suggestive of the thoughtlessness, the selfishness, the lack of human sympathy to too great an extent manifested in the world. It is not alone those who are suffering for the neces-

sities of existence, not alone those who bear the burden of physical pain or the obvious weight of great and exceptional affliction, who reach out for support from their fellow-men; but all who strive, despite untoward circumstances, to rise to higher levels;—all who wage the daily, commonplace battle with the personal, abiding foes of their own "household," which, however petty, or even intangible they may appear to others, are very formidable and of undeniable reality to those who encounter them. We are sometimes assured that it is "human nature" for each one to magnify his own troubles, great or small though they be; but there seems to be quite the opposite tendency when regarding the trials of other people; it appears easy to find the brightness and the blessings in the life of another. How familiar the remark:—

"Your lines are cast in such pleasant places; while I have so much to contend with. You ought to be most grateful and very happy."

And the reply:—

"You think so because you do not understand; my burdens, though not the *same* as yours, are equally heavy."

The first speaker is perhaps incredulous; but it is a truth that the sorrows which are least apparent to others, and which must be borne in silence, are frequently the greatest test of fortitude. There is often the necessity for outward serenity, or even vivacity, when the heart aches with a grief from which there is no escape. And then, contemplating the great mass of humanity, each one apparently too deeply engrossed in his own pursuits, his own pleasures, his own cares, his own struggles, to feel concern for those of others, we sigh,— "Who cares?"

Or, perchance, we have desired to do some special work in the world;—something for which we felt an ability, which it would be a duty, as well as a labor of love to cultivate, and which would be a factor for good in human affairs; yet, when we have undertaken our self-appointed task, feeling it to be worthy of life-long effort and devotion, we have met with protests, with predictions of failure, with ridicule, with indifference, with everything, in short, save encouragement, but, being determined, we refused to be disheartened and sturdily pressed on, mayhap after a long struggle, to something like success, so far as our own attainments were concerned; yet, even so,—in the end we are forced to the conviction

that our finest endeavors, our noblest expressions, must ever be for the few; indeed, shall we not say that it is the approbation of our own inner self which is our real and final reward? were it not for that, should we not at times feel inclined to echo the plaintive query of our friend—"Who cares?"

The more superficial our efforts, the more likely they are to be estimated at their full value; the finer and more exacting the work, the more probability of its being underrated, received indifferently or even ignored. Often, indeed, when we have done our best in any direction, the motive is misunderstood and the result censured; and then it may occur that we begin even to distrust ourselves;—to fear that we have been mistaken in our estimate of our own strength or abilities, or have chosen a field of labor for which we are unfitted; for, to the majority, words of praise from others are sweet, and disapproval is hard to endure patiently; yet outward protest avails little; so long as we look to the world as a judge of our merit, and seek its applause as our reward, so long must we bear in silence our disappointment if it fails to commend our achievement. There is always the temptation to alter our methods to satisfy the friends or the public who pass judgment; but by so doing, we must place restrictions upon our efforts, and a lack of spontaneity and individuality is certain to appear in the result. And so we struggle on, often crying in our hearts, "We have given of our very best and—who cares?"

But at last the time will come when we shall comprehend that so long as we *have* offered our *very best*, it does not matter who cares; our own conscience—the higher self—will approve, and that is all-sufficient; if others receive benefit or pleasure, and express commendation of our performance, it is well; but "The (real) reward is in the doing;" in the satisfaction of knowing that we have acted up to our own highest conception of right. Whatever may be our noblest ideal of Goodness, Beauty and Truth, let us always give expression to that ideal, to the fullest extent of which we are capable. Each must build his own character; each must abide by the results of his own deeds; if any such prove to have been mistakes, then each one may extract from the discovery of his error, sufficient profitable experience to prevent a repetition; one is wiser and stronger and fortified against a similar blunder in the future. No amount of deference to the opinions of others,

could teach so valuable a lesson; and not until we recognize and assume our individual responsibility, shall we cast aside all false limitations, and *really* give of our *best* to the world. Moreover that "best" will be continually improving as we progress ever higher in the upward journey, and the real ego finds more and more complete manifestation through us.

We wish this truth might be impressed upon all who would strive to cultivate talent,—to rise to eminence along any path of higher education,—to improve self or condition in any way whatsoever:—that the gratification of worldly ambition as a goal, is sure to lead to ultimate disappointment; for, without the true artistic temperament,—the combination of purity, sensitiveness and intensity—the spiritual fire inherent in the soul,—there can be no really great achievement; and, possessing these necessary qualifications, one must eventually arrive at the inevitable conclusion that he is degrading his exalted power to unworthy ends, when he seeks to crown it with the perishable laurel of public applause. Let his work be all for the sake of fulfilling the highest possibilities of his nature; of developing his capacities to their grandest expression; of living, in truth, up to his loftiest ideals; let material rewards take care of themselves; let them rest at his feet, while his gaze is steadily directed upward— aspiring, inspiring—continually receiving that spiritual influx which far surpasses any temporal guerdon Ambition could ever suggest.

"And only the Master shall praise us, and only the Master shall blame,  
And no one shall work for money, and no one shall work for fame;  
But each for the joy of the working, and each in his separate star,  
Shall draw the Thing as he sees It, for the God of Things as They Are!"

ROSABEL REED.

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## EDITORIAL.

A correspondent asks us to give our "opinion of the philosophy and phenomena of Spirit return. Are all these manifestations due to forces in the medium alone, or have they connection with the dead?"

Our correspondent raises a question of deep import to the human race, and we are sensible of the fact that there may be many who are better qualified for the task of explaining the phenomena of modern Spiritualism; nevertheless, the question having been

asked we will venture to explain, as far as we can, our idea of these phenomena, which, leaving out the numerous fraudulent practices of dishonest mediums, are not denied, at least not by us.

The views set forth are the result of our own personal experience, and are, we firmly believe, in accord with scientific truth; and our premises being correct our statement must be a fact.

It is an axiom of the New Thought that there is absolutely but one creative Substance and Reality (call it, Spirit, Mind, Matter, Life, God, or whatsoever name best suits you) from which spring forth all existences of mind and matter.

This statement of fact may be logically proven in many ways. To some it is an inspiration of Divine Truth that all things exist from God or Spirit who, as St. Paul stated, is "above all, and through all, and in you all," and "in whom we live, move and have our being."

The materialist, arguing from his experience of the things of this world, will tell you that matter is the prime substance from which springs forth all things, even the life, mind and spirit that so surely transcends the grosser forms of matter.

The philosopher takes a middle and more rational ground than either, and recognizes the truth that both extremists have discovered.

Inspiration (not meaning thereby the orthodox idea of inspiration as applied to the Bible, but rather, the inbreathing of the soul by which ideal truth becomes cognizant to the individual intellect) intuitively explained to consciousness, gives him the idea that there is and can be but one vitalizing force, energy or substance in the universe; while reasoning, from the known fact that the densest material may be reduced to invisible "points of force," to the inspiration of the ideal, he is convinced of the absolute oneness in the essential Substance of all things; hence we find this statement based on a sound philosophical reasoning as well as upon the logic of scientific research and inspired truth.

Accepting this statement of the oneness of prime substance, we have an explanation of all the phenomena of the universe, for if there be but one prime creative Substance, then every form of life, mind and matter must arise out of this one essential Reality; and further, this truth being admitted, every atom of the universal

Substance must be a vital potentiality seeking an ideal expression in the visible universe.

But, again reasoning from the visible to the invisible, or from the apparent to the real, we find that there must be in the primitive atom the potentiality of not only one idea, but of many and diverse ideas, for we see its diversity of expression throughout nature.

But how is this primitive atom to express all this vast array of forms, and is there any single permanent idea to be ultimated, and if so, what?

The theory of evolution shows that all nature tends to the ultimate expression of ideal humanity, but in evolution there was a "missing link" which is supplied by the theory of reincarnation (not of that weird reincarnation which would teach that the individual is reincarnated as such in a variety of forms, with the obligation of suffering for his unremembered faults in a previous incarnation, a theory as revolting to our mind as the orthodox hell fire theory) but a natural reincarnation of creative Substance in high, and yet higher forms, urged on thereto by the potential energy of the human ideal inherent in its every atom.

Assuming then that the theory of natural reincarnation is true (and the assumption is borne out by many natural facts to which we have not space or time to refer now) and the further facts shown throughout nature, that all substance is sexed and tends to an ultimate expression in the human, male and female, we may see that when any congregation of atoms have passed through one form of expression, and dissolution has taken place, the atoms have developed one stage toward their ultimate human expression, and are thus capable of higher expression in a future incarnation; and they form an element in the atmosphere of the planet they surround which supplies to it the life energy necessary to the expression of the next higher step in the evolution of the human.

Thus each specie in its death adds to the planet's atmosphere its own developed vitality from which is drawn forth the next higher grade of life and power, until we reach the human, when we meet the question, "If a man die shall he live again?"

Does natural reincarnation cease with man, and when he dies does his Spirit live on as a conscious entity for all eternity?

Doubtless much of the phenomena of what is termed modern

spiritualism may be explained through the action of the medium's subconscious mentality, but can all its phenomena be so explained?

We do not believe that this explanation will apply in all cases.

We believe that experiences of our own demonstrate (to us at least) that the individual Spirit continues as a conscious entity after the dissolution of the body, for a longer or shorter period.

But why should we believe this more of the human than of the plant or animal?

To answer this question intelligently we must look into the nature and power of thought.

In our observation of the in evolution of creative substance we notice with each successive incarnation, that a larger degree of mentality is expressed, till in some of the higher animals many have thought that instinct is supplemented by some degree of reasoning thought, while in man mind becomes the conscious dominant force in the degree that it recognized it as such.

Mediums tell us that there are Spirit flowers and Spirit animals as well as human Spirits.

May it not be that while creative substance is in expression on this planet its ideal form may receive a thought impulse that enables that individual expression of the ideal to continue in spirit form for a period of time depending upon the coherent intensity of its mental or thought force during its visible existence?

We believe that so it is, and that such phenomena as are not produced either by intentional fraud or from the medium's subconsciousness, are real, and that the spirits of the departed, under favorable conditions, may and do make themselves manifest to those in the physical body.

But, the question now arises, are these spirits to live eternally in an invisible "Spirit world" as conscious entities?

Our experience, such as it is, gives a decided negative to this idea.

Such experience as we have had tends to show that the spirit after leaving the body does not continue to express as high a degree of individuality as it formerly expressed in the body, but seemingly begins to merge its individuality in the Universal, and this being true, after an ideal spiritual existence in the invisible of longer or shorter duration, (we do not pretend to say how long or

how short) the individual Spirit substance loses its individual expression and is merged into a sphere of human spirit substance which is reincarnated on this or other planets as a higher human type.

As our friend requested, we have given our opinion, and we are conscious of the fact that it is but imperfectly stated, for to give it in full would require much more space than is available in *THE FREE MAN*; but we should feel that our opinion was but of little value did it not point out the practical value to humanity of the theory we put forward.

As the tendency of all substance would appear to be to express an ideal humanity, and as the Spiritual entity while it exists after dissolution is dependent on the impulse given it by the thought force developed in the physical, it is evident that the more positive we become in the expression of our individuality the longer will we be able to maintain existence in the physical, and in case of the dissolution of the physical, the longer will the spirit entity continue in ideal enjoyment of existence in the invisible.

But believing, as we do, that the loss of the physical is a distinct weakening of individual expression, ultimately tending to disintegration and reincarnation, we believe also that the ultimate destiny of the human is the expression of eternal life in human form on this planet, and that by recognizing the invincible ideal human as our truest individuality (for though the individual personal entity dies and is born again, the ideal individuality, which is potential in every atom of substance, never dies, but is the eternal I AM of the human race) we shall become more and more master of the atomic substance of our bodies, and mankind will ultimately attain an undying personal expression.

\* \* \* \* \*

Laying aside all speculative theories we may work for the betterment of ourselves and the human race by acting upon the knowledge we have that the individual human is a magnet for the attraction of human vitality from the universal Life, to be incorporated into the physical, and while we may indulge in speculation concerning the unknown, we may, by acting upon known principles, regenerate our living personalities into more perfect expressions of the ideal I AM.

Another correspondent writes: "If it is true that the human Ego has the power of attracting to itself those things it desires and of attaining success in life, how would it work if universally applied in a society where nearly all interests are conflicting and where one man's success must necessarily, (under the present system) be built upon the failure of others? A great many writers speak as if Mental Science was a panacea for all the ills of society without recognizing any necessity for a readjustment of society itself. This to my mind is a weakness in the philosophy. For if all were educated in its use, admitting its claims to be true, all would be on a level of equality as far as this factor was concerned and no benefit would result to any one, and the same condition of gross inequality as to material conditions would still obtain.

In what way can a person best attain the perfect confidence in his own power under all circumstances, which seems to be the central thought of the science?"

Our correspondent falls into a not unusual error, that of imagining a condition that does not exist in fact and trying to solve a future problem while the work of to-day is ignored.

The present state of society is the result of centuries of evolution and is the very best that can be under present circumstances.

There are too many people who, seeing the great inequality of our present civilization, imagine they must "reform society" first, and then society, we presume, is to undertake the reform of the individual! Thus we have Prohibitionists who think to cure drunkenness by making laws restraining the individual; and we have socialists and others who seem to think if they can only have Governmental ownership of everything, Government can reform Society's units in some mysterious way.

Now this to our mind is most decidedly "putting the cart before the horse."

If any one wishes to reform society let him begin with himself and reform and readjust himself in harmony with his own highest ideal, and by so much does he reform society. Not until the units of society are in themselves perfect can we have an ideally perfect social condition, and while some laws may be necessary to protect the community from the mistakes of its undeveloped members, no law enacted by man ever did or ever will reform a single individual. *He must reform himself.*

The human race is in a state of growth and some have reached one plane of development and some another. The potentiality of the perfect human is in every individual of the race, and in proportion to the degree of our recognition of our own power do we attain to a high, and yet higher plane of development.

Our friend need not fear for the time when all the individuals of society have developed their highest powers, for in that day the human race will have grown to a civilization suited to racial conditions, just as the present state of social growth is fitted to the unequal development of the race.

Our present work is to develop ourselves to the highest possible point.

It is a mistake to suppose that success for one individual can only be attained at the expense of another; this is not so (except in this respect, that those who are not sufficiently self developed to meet the requirements of the changing conditions of society incident upon the growth of the human race must, because of this underdevelopment, remain in the rear of progress) but on the contrary, every individual who develops a higher degree of individuality is a distinct help to the whole of society, while he not infrequently is enabled to help many who of their own force could not have kept up with the progress of the race.

The New Thought under its various names is not put forward as a "panacea for social ills," but is simply a promulgation of the law of life, the understanding of which enables the mere person to become individualized.

Every advance the world has ever made in any department of life has been made by individualists, men and women who had developed powers beyond the common, though they were the inherent possibilities of all.

And the best way to develop this invincible human Spirit is to cultivate an optimistic state of mind that lets nothing daunt it. If apparent failure overtake you, let it go, drop it beneath you, and use it as a stepping stone to something higher.

Get into line with the progressive thought of to-day, develop your own powers to the utmost, and do not weaken your individual powers by worrying about the inequality of social conditions.

Because Tom is a dullard is no reason why Jack should refuse to develop his more brilliant parts, in order to be on a level with

Tom. Let Jack develop all his powers, and though Tom may never be his equal, he may be in much better condition because of Jack's powers than would have been possible without the latter's help.

The human is a magnet and will in any case attract in some degree the elements of power from the universal, and it remains with each individual to decide whether it shall be larger or smaller, according as he recognizes his own invincible Spirit or fails to do so.

\* \* \* \* \*

Recognizing the silent *I Am* as the centre and source of personal life, and as the invincible individual which every personality shadows forth according to the plane of its growth, and using this recognition as the basis of his treatment, Mr. Close has been able to bring health and success to many who were sick bodily and financially.

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In order that all who wish to do so may make a trial of the phrenopathic method of cure at a nominal cost, I will give one month's trial treatment for health, to any person who has not been a patient of mine, for one dollar. If you are sick and want to give my method a trial as above offered, send one dollar in Postal or Express Money order, or by registered mail (stamps will not be accepted in payment of this offer) and state your name and address, sex, whether married or single, and leading symptom. Address, Chas. W. Close, Ph. D., S. S. D., 124 Birch St., Bangor, Maine.

\* \* \* \* \*

We clip the following item from the *Bayonne Standard*, an up-to-date weekly newspaper published by J. T. R. Proctor & Sons, at Bayonne, N. J.

#### BOOKS THAT MERIT MENTION.

To those interested in *The New Thought*, the leading article in the January issue of *THE FREE MAN*, by the editor, Mr. Chas.

W. Close, entitled "Command Silence," explains very clearly what may have puzzled a good many students as to what is meant by "going into the silence." In conclusion the writer says: "Learn to command silence at all times by resting calmly amid the battles of life in the supreme and blissful knowledge of the soul's omnipotence within the sphere of its own action." What gives promise of being a very attractive story is begun in this number of THE FREE MAN, entitled, "To Thine Own Self," by Julia Brown-Strode. Those who are casting about for a good magazine to begin the year 1901 should select THE FREE MAN. It costs \$1.00 a year and is published by C. W. Close, 124 Birch St., Bangor, Maine.

\* \* \* \* \*

We wish to thank those of our subscribers who so promptly complied with our request in the supplement to last month's issue, and we shall strive to make THE FREE MAN still more worthy of the many complimentary remarks of our friends who thus came to our aid.

\* \* \* \* \*

We have just issued the fourth thousand of our pamphlet, entitled, SEXUAL LAW, AND THE PHILOSOPHY OF PERFECT HEALTH.

This little work is growing in popularity daily, and is, we believe, destined to do much toward helping the race to a higher and better mode of life. Sent postpaid on receipt of price, 10 cents in silver, or 12 one-cent stamps. Address, Chas. W. Close, Publisher, 124 Birch St., Bangor, Maine, U. S. A.

\* \* \* \* \*

ONE OF THE BLUE HEN'S CHICKENS, by Virginia Durant Young, is now ready to be delivered to customers.

Mrs. Young does not need an introduction to the readers of THE FREE MAN who had the pleasure of reading her story when it was published as a serial in these pages, but perhaps you are not all aware of the fact that she edits and publishes a weekly newspaper, called *The Fairfax Enterprise*, at her home in Fairfax, S. C., which is unique in its way, being, we believe, the only weekly newspaper in the world the work on which, from the Editor's to that of the "Printer's Devil" is done wholly by women.

Mrs. Young has made a success of this paper which shows what a determined woman can do.

She has also written other novels, which have proven a success, but we believe this, her latest work, to be her best.

It is an intensely interesting story of the New South, full of the wit and humor of the Southern village and plantation, her Southern country dialect being the real thing, such as will be recognized by those familiar with the people of the section of our country in which the scene of the story is laid.

Her description of places and scenery captivate the imagination of the reader and seem to transport him to the sunny clime of which she writes.

Her men and women are realities to the reader, and her heroine, Rizpah, whom the amusing Mrs. Briggs terms "one of the blue hen's chickens" is a high minded, noble souled woman, who not only rises above the misfortunes entailed by the Civil War, but enables others to develop in themselves the power to rise above adverse conditions. The work is not without thrilling incidents, and is a book that should be read by all who wish to become familiar with the conditions facing the New South to-day.

The book is tastefully bound in paper and sells for fifty cents per copy. Order of the Publisher, Chas. W. Close, 124 Birch St., Bangor, Maine.

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## WHAT OUR FRIENDS ARE SAYING.

WHITEHALL, MONTANA, Nov. 29, 1900.

MR. C. W. CLOSE, Bangor, Maine.

Dear Mr. Close:—I have been so busy enjoying life that I have neglected to tell you how well I am. I feel so well and so free from the old nervousness that I am enjoying all the days, and—yes, nights, for I sleep from nine till seven as sound as ever I did as a child. And how I do appreciate it all.

I have gained thirteen of the twenty-five pounds I lost.

Please don't advocate moderation in eating just yet. I am so hungry all the time. Am never satisfied in fact, but the lost tissue, or rather the rebuilding tissue seems to require it. I never eat to the point of actual stuffing but I eat more than I ever did in all my life.

I am truly very thankful to you, Mr Close, for what you have done for me. I feel that you have done it all, for my body has been so weak my mind wouldn't stay on anything. I have followed the treatment as best I could, better now than formerly for I am stronger. But to be free from headache is a blessing I

have tried to gain for a lifetime and now I am free. I shall also be free from other fleshly ills too, and then I can and shall be perfectly well. Thank you again for your great help.

Yours truly,

RUTH ELISE KELLOGG.

☞ See Special Offer to the sick on page 51.

OAKLAND, MAINE, Dec. 13, 1900.

DEAR DR. CLOSE:

As my month's treatment has expired I feel to express my deep gratitude for the benefit I have received. I am sure I feel as though I had been in Heaven for the past month so much better have I been in every way. I had not been to Waterville for nine years. I went out and made four days visit and got along finely, all my friends were so surprised. I took THE FREE MAN, August number, with me and a lady there from Augusta read about a case of Asthma that was cured and said she knew of a poor sufferer who would feel very thankful to find relief. I think in all probability you will hear from that person soon if you have not already.

I have been out to walk every day these cold days on the snow, which I have not done for eight winters. It will be truly wonderful if I can keep out all winter and not get sick as I have before.

I did not realize when I commenced taking your treatment that I should be so healed in Spirit as well as body, but such is the case; there is a joy in this experience, a union so to speak of the finite with the Infinite.

Now as to my eyes; they are so much better, when I commenced I could not go into the room where there were lights, now I am really writing this letter to you by these same lights, and I can sew all day; all these are blessings, I truly appreciate. I am helped far beyond my expectation. I wonder if there are many who respond so readily?

I am so grateful to you.

If any one is in doubt about getting help you can refer them to me. I should be glad to give them any information. I am going to write to several invalids in regard to you in different sections of the country, as it may be such a blessing to them.

Yours most gratefully,

MRS. ELIZA C. BACHELDER.

C. W. CLOSE, Bangor, Maine.

Dear Sir:—The little pamphlet "Sexual Law & The Philosophy of Perfect Health," together with a copy of "THE FREE MAN," has been received and thank you most sincerely, especially for the Sexual Law & The Perfect Health.

I have never before got as much for ten cents nor for a good deal more than that. I must say that you are the first one who has seemed to be able to explain what the subconscious mind is. That little book contains more real information than any of ten times its size which I have seen.

Yours very truly,

MRS. E. G. DOWELL.

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NEW AUGUSTA, MARION CO., IND., Dec. 21, 1900.

MR. CLOSE.

Dear Sir:—I received your little book entitled "Business Success" which is a "gem of purest ray serene," and your periodical THE FREE MAN is brimful of the choicest mental food and please accept my thanks for the same. Inclosed please find one dollar for which please send me your book "Phrenopathy" and oblige yours

Fraternally,

ANNA MITCHELL.

☞ See adv. of Business Success on third page of cover.

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SEWARD, NEB., Dec. 9, 1900.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—

I thought I would write and tell you that my side is perfectly well and I feel better in many other ways. I thank you very much for all you have done for me and hope I may some day be able to reward you more fully. I shall continue the breathing exercises for I think they are a great help to any one who will practice them. May you ever be in touch with the Divine love and wisdom.

Very kindly yours,

JEANETT GRAHAM.

☞ Mr. Close makes a special offer to new patients on page 51.

MR. C. W. CLOSE, Bangor, Me.

My Dear Sir:—Thank you very much for copy of FREE MAN for January. It is an unusually fine and interesting issue.

I particularly enjoyed your article "Command Silence."

"To Thine Own Self" fits me in so many ways that I must know what "Janet did when she found the 'I Am.'"

I myself have learned to recognize the "I Am" but still it seems duty and sacrifice against freedom, the flight of talent if not the fire of genius and possibly remorse because of neglected duty.

I want to know how "Janet" solved this problem.

\*.\*

☞ THE FREE MAN, \$1.00 per year. Subscribe now!

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Dec. 2, 1900.

DR. C. W. CLOSE, 124 Birch St., Bangor, Maine.

Dear Sir:—Enclosed please find one dollar for success treatments. I am enjoying success now, everything seems to come my way. Many thanks to you for the treatments.

Very truly,

N. D. R

☞ See second page of cover.

---

Nov. 30, 1900.

DEAR MR. CLOSE:—

I have nothing but the most encouraging report to make, and like one of your patients feel like saying "how can these things be." Surely it seems only

wonderful, my nerves, which were a great source of trouble, I could hardly tell now that I had any. What a luxury is this.

My limbs are better; that soreness is nearly gone. I can go about the house with much more ease. \*.\*

☞ See fourth page of cover.

Nov. 30, 1900.

You have done so much for me, I want to do something really worthy for you. Just at the close of day I feel your treatment strongest. Just when I feel I am tired out, there comes to me waves of strength and inspiration. Soon I mean to write you that I am well.

Gratefully yours, \*.\*

Dec. 10, 1900.

C. W. CLOSE, ESQ., Bangor, Maine.

Dear Sir:—Enclosed you will find one dollar. fee for business treatment during December. I am pleased to say business has been fairly good with me since I commenced to take your treatments and I feel a dollar is due you when the first of the month sets in. Wishing you success I am

Yours truly, \*.\*

MR. C. W. CLOSE, 124 Birch St., Bangor, Me.

Dear Sir:—I think I have found my "Center." I will discontinue treatment. I can go it alone. Thank you for your aid.

Yours sincerely,

E. C. D.

Nov. 17, 1900.

I know your treatments have done me much good, and I thank you very much.

Respectfully yours,

E. R.

**GOD**  
**AND**  
**THE**  
**CITY.**

Bishop Potter's book now ready. It should be in the hands of every man, woman, and young person in every town, village and hamlet in the United States and the Right Reverend author has done a glorious service by his manly, outspoken courageousness. It is published by the Abbey Press, 114 Fifth Avenue, New York, (who always issue interesting books) and will be sent post free for twenty-five cents or it may be ordered through any bookseller.

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MARCH, 1901.

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Where mortal mind is prone to strife—  
To guide in paths our fathers trod?  
The peace of God, the peace of God.

Lo, in the east a star appears,  
Shining as in the by-gone years.  
Spirit of Truth thy light increase  
And guide us to the Prince of Peace.

Seek we a king 'mid pomp and dross?  
Then must we seek and suffer loss.  
Each soul God gives a diadem,  
Each lowly heart its Bethlehem.

For God is spirit, God is Love,  
And near or far, below, above,  
Beside, *within* us is our Lord,  
The peace of God, the peace of God.

Despise not Nazareth nor forget  
That there are prophets with us yet.  
"Greater than mine shall works be done,"  
Said God's obedient, loyal son.

"All things are yours." "Now is the day,"  
Children of God, He leads the way,  
And guides us where our fathers trod;  
"Be still, and know that I am God."

Serve from the heart, the thought within,  
Then shall ye know there is no sin.  
All things together work for good,  
When Love is lived and understood.

Live by the promise, claim the peace,  
And lo! His power gives sure release  
Peace upon earth, goodwill abroad,—  
The peace of God,—the peace of God.

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## "TO THINE OWN SELF."

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## CHAPTER V.

THE Marborough estate stretched westward, from the quiet town of Marborough, the homestead portion adjoining, on the east, the Presbyterian parish. The town had been founded and named after Captain Marborough. It was a thrifty

place in early days and one which had promised brilliantly, but more favored cities, to the north and east, had sapped its budding life, and tamed its ambition, until it now accepted, quite contentedly, the apparent decree of destiny—that of mediocrity. It was eminently respectable, that, it ever maintained. No places of drink, or dens of infamy existed within its borders. Its schools were of the best, its churches a power unquestioned, its woman's clubs entirely up-to-date, and as to its aristocracy—was not the name of Marborough sufficient proof?

Mrs. Marborough, present owner of the Marborough estate, had come to this town of the middle-west some thirty years before. She was at that time, a Miss Marks, and sprang, it is said, from one of the most aristocratic families of the east, whose fallen fortune she was endeavoring to retrieve, by teaching, or otherwise. As to this, I do not know. Certainly, her mien and carriage suggested breeding, and she was, withal, exceedingly beautiful, graceful and stylish as a Parisian belle. She had come as a teacher in the public school, and, being related to one of the so-called, first families of the place, she entered their home and was thus brought into immediate social prominence. This is as it was. But, otherwise, it could have made little difference with Miss Mark's success. Her star was right for social conquest.

The town, at that time, was thronged with young people, and older people, too, who still felt the playful fires of youth in their veins, and things were exceedingly gay and festive. There were amateur theatricals, charades, dances, spelling bees, coasting parties and dinners, galore. Miss Marks took every one by storm. She played, she sang, she danced, she acted, and all divinely. Her speech, her manner, her artistic eccentricities of dress were copied by all the young ladies who came within the radius of her charming aura. She was, indeed, quite the rage. It is said she received six proposals within as many months.

I have no doubt this was true.

Among her suitors was Maxwell Marborough, son of the late Captain Marborough, a middle-aged lawyer of established reputation, and sole possessor of the Marborough fortune. He was a big, fine looking, studious fellow, his whole thought and life merged in his profession. He was not at all a society man, and up to the time of his meeting Miss Marks he had been most pro-

vokingly indifferent to the charms of women. His meeting with her was as dynamo to the smouldering fires of his unawakened love-life. And she,—well, anyhow, at the close of the school year, when she returned east, he followed, madly (the descriptive adjective is the one employed by his town's people at the time) and they were married. After the customary bridal tour, they returned, and Mrs. Marborough became mistress of Marborough mansion.

I hope I may be forgiven this alliteration. I am weakly led to use the word "Mansion," for the sake of euphony.

The house was a commodious gray stone structure, fashioned after the colonial style of architecture, and made to endure the centuries. Mrs. Marborough's sprightliness developed into a most becoming dignity and she graced the old home like a queen. Some said she brought into the home the first air of *real* aristocracy. The Marboroughs previously, were but a monied, thrifty pioneer sort of people, adoring education, but esteeming common sense above culture. She made, withal, a most exemplary wife, and Judge Marborough—for he afterwards rose to that dignity—worshipped her to the end of his days. To the son who came to them, the first year of their married life, she made a most devoted mother. Judge Marborough died when this son was fourteen years of age. After his death Mrs. Marborough remained little at Marborough house. A biennial visit of five or six weeks, for business purposes, was the extent of her stay. The farm lands were leased, but a housekeeper and gardener were kept in constant employ, and the house always in readiness for occupancy, by the owner at an hour's notice. It was predicted that Mrs. Marborough would marry again, for at the time of her husband's death she was still young, and still beautiful. But she did not. She seemed to have grown in every way superior to the attention of men. It was said, by the malicious few, that she attained her heart's desire when she came into possession of the Marborough fortune.

Sometimes the malicious few are right in their conclusions, more often they are wrong.

Mrs. Marborough always maintained a dignified friendliness with the people of the town. She was a generous giver to all public enterprises, entirely orthodox in her religious views, a strict attendant at church, and for these reasons, as well as from

the fact that her resplendant equipage, and high bred mien, as she passed through the semi-busy streets, gave caste to the town, she was considered a very superior woman.

Maxwell Marborough, junior, was said to be the exact prototype of his father in his youth. He was of the same athletic proportions—aside from his clear, gray eyes, so like his mother's—the same complexion and cast of features. He was a wholesome fellow, rather studious and absorbed as his father had been, and apparently, entirely lacking in vanity and egotism. He was as his nurse said, in the days of his infancy and childhood, "absolutely non-spoilable." The word is of her own coining. Certainly up to his eighteenth year, no amount of attention or flattery had served to turn his head. He looked upon his mother as a most exalted and angelic personage; mistaken sometimes, to be sure, but occupying a position not easily attainable by ordinary mortals.

As for himself, he was only a common fellow for whom much digging was necessary if he ever arrived at distinction.

He was fond of digging; fond of all manly sports.

His love-life, like that of his father's, was sealed and quiescent, only the volcanic eruption came earlier.

## CHAPTER VI.

It was just previous to Judge Marborough's death that the Reverend Mr. Taylor was installed as pastor of Marborough parish. It was at this time that Maxwell Marborough first met Janet Taylor. She was then but a slip of a girl with curls far below her waist and her skirts to her knees. He had thought Tom Taylor a lucky lad to have so pretty a sister and twin brothers into the bargain. (It was always with a degree of humility that Max revealed the fact that he was an only child.) Janet's association with Tom and his comrades, since infancy, had given her a key to the free masonry of boyhood, a sort of social affinity with all boys, and she treated Maxwell with a sisterly freedom very satisfying and delightful to him. They had roamed the hills, waded streams, climbed trees, rowed and romped together. She was a buoyant companion, joyously attuned to all outdoor life, indefatigable and fearless. Once when Tom, in an uncongenial mood, pronounced all girls nuisances and advised his sister, rather contemptuously, "not to tag," Max had taken her by the hand, saying in tones of

mingled resentment and tenderness, "Oh, pshaw, now, let her come on."

It was in the waning of his nineteenth year, however, that this young man was met and fairly overcome. Fresh from college he accompanied his mother on one of her business trips to Marborough, his head full of athletics, rather than girls, and his plan to organize a crack baseball team among his old comrades. It was with this idea in view he called at the parsonage, the morning after his arrival, to consult with Tom Taylor. Passing through the gate, set in the well-kept hedge, which separated the parsonage from the more spacious and pretentious grounds which surrounded his home, he threaded his way through his neighbor's front yard with its tangle of shrubbery and old-fashioned flowers, and mounted the wooden steps of the piazza. The clustered lilac bushes were all abloom and the clump of syringas just putting forth their waxen petals. An overgrown rose tree, which adorned a dilapidated trellis, mingled its yellow bloom with the sifting blossoms of the snowball, a portion of its sprangling branches, from over-sweetness, sprawling on the grass. As Janet was wont to remark, in the language of Emerson, "whosoever sees our garden discovers that we must have some other garden." But," she once added, casting her artist's eye over the enchanting wilderness, "I think I like it best so. I am sure I should have a spasm if Marborough's gardener were let loose on our territory."

Marborough stood for a moment looking over this front yard where he had once played hide and seek hilariously, then rapped at the front door. Though the door was open his repeated knock brought no response until, just as he was turning away, there was the sound of lithesome footsteps overhead and, in a moment, a girlish figure descended the stairs, lightly and swiftly as a bird, and threw open the screen door.

"I paused to peep over the banisters," said a laughing, apologetic voice, "I thought you might be an agent, though why an agent should call on a minister's family is more than I can understand. It is Maxwell Marborough."

She held out her hand with the old, frank, unconstrained smile. Her cheeks were pink and paling from her flight. A flowing sleeve dropped from one white and rounded arm, as she held aside the door. "Will you come in?"

He came in crushing his cap beneath his arm. He was not self-conscious—he was conscious only of her. He had not realized that the years had brought womanhood to her, as well as manhood to himself. He had thought of her as still a child and he found her a woman; a woman so ideally, romantically beautiful, that he stood in her presence, reverent and amazed. There was a world of mysterious light in her fine eyes, and the cord that girt the picturesque Greek gown, beneath her swelling bust, was not more glittering and golden than her shining hair.

“Oh, yes, Tom is in the garden. I will call him if you will step into the study.”

He was not conscious that he had asked for Tom, but he must have done so.

She lifted her arm and held aside the portierre—it was worth all the Marborough acres to see her do it—and they entered the room where he and Tom used to play domino on the green baize table. The windows were lifted and through the screens the lilac-scented air sifted in. She moved to the side door calling aloud her brother's name.

“Tom, oh, Tom, Mr. Marborough has called to see you.” Her voice floated over the garden sensuous and sweet. “I suppose I must call you mister, now?” she said, turning about and looking at him out of merry eyes, eyes so free from guile or coquetry. “It has been a long time since we neighbors met, and we have both grown some. I look at Tom every day and marvel. You are taller than he, I believe, and quite as athletic. Let me see, I was away last summer, and the summer before that, and you were not at home the two preceding summers. It is a long time since we have seen each other. Do be seated. Tom will be in in a moment I know.”

Tom did come in—all too soon. Marborough was only vaguely conscious of what passed between them, and of an overpowering sense of disappointment that Janet disappeared. He passed her on his way out however, where she was seated on the piazza with her little sister in her lap, and he went home his heart working laboriously and out of tune, but he was in an ecstasy.

He called on her that afternoon, but she was not at home. She had gone sketching, so her mother said, and she looked at him in mild surprise. He had never before observed what an imposing

woman Mrs. Taylor was. The next morning he robbed the conservatory to send Janet flowers. On the afternoon of the same day, he met her quite by accident as she roamed the wooded pasture, sketch book in hand. God had meant it so, so his heart whispered, and he told her, "I love you, love you, love you. I have loved you since we first met." He believed he had. *Perhaps* he had—had thought and dreamed of her through the years. She accepted his impassioned outpour as the flower accepts the beating summer rain. But when he told her the story the next day, and the next, with the same desperation, she told him she would see him no more if he did not cease talking in such a wild, idolotrous fashion; that it was positively wicked and they must talk of something else.

They did talk of other things; they grew quite merry together and his love for her increased with the knowledge of her wisdom. They spoke of their hopes and ambitions. "I suppose I must follow out my mother's ambition for me," Marborough said a little dejectedly, "and take up the study of law." They were walking where the white-trunked sycamores threw their broad shadows across the path, he with cap in hand in instinctive reverence.

"You speak as though you had already entered the profession," Janet said smiling, "and were passing an unhappy verdict upon your own life."

"The truth is I had rather take up some of the useful arts or sciences, only I don't know what—something that would have a permanent value in the chain of evolution. Sometimes I have thought the world would be altogether better off without a profession that exists on squabbles."

"Oh, I don't know," said Janet, throwing back her head with a superior air, "At least we have a greater need for honest, conscientious men in the profession of law than in any other. You might be one of the truly noble ones."

"I should try to be. But there is something I could better do if I only knew what it was."

"I have always been certain as to what I wished to do," Janet said, looking straight before her with dreamy, unseeing eyes. "I want, some day, to paint such wonderful pictures, that everyone who looks at them will be made better. You might become an architect and plan splendid houses and allow me to do the decor-

ating, only" she threw back her head, drawing in a deep, full breath, "only I should never promise to live in any of them. I am a true Bohemian."

They were crossing a little brook just then, and on an impulse—an oft-restrained impulse—his arm went round her rapturously and his face bent down to hers. But swift as a flash her hand went up, its soft palm resting against his brow, holding his large head backward and thwarting the purpose of his lips. So they stood for a moment, his arms about her and his face half bent to hers. But, though her lips smiled, there was something in her eyes which restrained him. His arms dropped and they walked on together side by side.

"I think I must be drunk, sweetheart. Of course I should speak to your father and mother. Let me speak to them to-night. Oh, Janet."

She shook her head, glancing up at him archly from beneath her tangled curls. "Not until you are duly sober."

"I am afraid my intoxication is not to be overcome. You love me, Janet?"

"I am not sure. Indeed, I am not sure." At the gate they parted. He tremulous with hope and fear.

It was one evening they were seated together on the piazza, he lingering under the pretext of waiting for Tom. Mrs. Taylor had retired to put the little ones to bed. It was a silent, blissful time. Janet permitted him to hold her hand and his arm rested behind her on the piazza step. He or she could never tell just how it happened, but his face bent down and their lips met. It was an awakening kiss, and for an instant they clung together in a sweet and impassioned embrace. Then Janet had sprung up and fled into the house, and he had gone home, unconscious of earth or sky, unconscious of body or limb, a point of pleasure, swimming in a sea of bliss.

An hour later when Mrs. Taylor came to bid her daughter good-night, she found her with her pink cheeks hidden among the pillows and her long hair enveloping her like a veil. There was something in her attitude which bespoke emotion and her mother bent over her, saying, "What is it my child?"

Janet put up her arm and drew her mother's face down beside her own, but for a time she did not speak.

"What is it, my child?"

"But for my promise to you, mamma, I am afraid I would not tell you. I have exchanged my first kiss with the one I love."

"With the one you love! Oh, Janet," Mrs. Taylor disengaged herself and walked to the window. From off the tangled garden, the flower-scented air floated in. In a moment she returned and seated herself beside her daughter. Many passionate, desperate things welled up in her protective mother's heart, but she was silent. At length she said, "Max Marborough."

The girl trembled.

"He is a man of the world."

"He is good. His aims are high. He wishes to do noble things."

"And my daughter, what does *she* wish to do?"

The girl sat up. Her cheeks burned and her eyes shown eloquently. "You know my dream, mother; I can never give it up."

"Then," said the mother in tones that outrivaled Bernhardt in her intensest moments, "then must my daughter give up *love*." She spoke on, she spoke at length, on her face was a pale illumination and her words seemed inspired. She told her daughter that her union with Maxwell Marborough would in no wise affect his dreams or his ambitions while hers might forever vanish or be thrust aside by the stern reality of material things. She told her she had endeavored to give her a joyous childhood and she wanted that she should have a prolonged, free and happy girlhood. She hoped that she might sometime marry, but not for many years. She told her that many refined and delicate-minded women had been won through the physical—by the power of a kiss, the touch of a magnetic hand—and had yearned thereafter for the spiritual, the intellectual, through long years, and found it not. She told her that youth was unable to judge, to choose. She made her feel very young, very indiscreet, very reckless. There was power in her voice and in her words. There was power in the radiating intensity of her encompassing mother's life.

The next morning Max Marborough received a note from Janet. It read:

"Mr. Marborough, Dear Friend:—I have had a long talk with my mother. She thinks I am very young. She has great ambitions for me which she feels our association might disappoint.

She begs that you will not seek to see me further at this time. She feels, as do I, that if our love is true it will endure through silence and years. I am soon to return to school. She has promised that I may some time write to you but not now. I am sure you will not think less of me that I obey my mother in this.

I am, and shall ever remain all that your heart has named me.

JANET TAYLOR."

Mrs. Marborough found the note on her son's dressing table. "Mrs. Taylor is a wise woman," she said, as she held the love-kissed missive up toward the flames of the candlebra, and watched the gray ashes sift downward with a smile.

She did not know that her son called on Mrs. Taylor after Janet had gone away. He threw himself upon her mercy. He pleaded with her. She was firm, but she said things to him which he never forgot, and he went away with hope in his heart.

#### CHAPTER VII.

Marborough was always glad of his interview with Mrs. Taylor; it gave him an understanding of the true nobility of her character. He had gone to her in boyish impetuosity, he had poured out his heart, and she had received him, and listened to him, with the gentleness and tolerance of a mother. His memory of her was very beautiful. He went away soon after and he did not see her again; he saw only the fair body, which her gracious spirit had once inhabited, as it lay in its coffin. There was still something about the inanimate clay, so stately, so reposeful, so superior. A calm smile rested on the kindly lips, yet he knew she must have clung to earth-life, for the sake of those she left behind. He saw Janet and Tom clinging together, in utter desolation; the fixed and terrible woe of his sweetheart's tearless face. He saw the minister bowed with grief. He had heard the children crying. He, too, had wept. He had sought Janet after the funeral but they could say nothing; the faltering words of sympathy died on his lips but half spoken and they sat with clasped hands and sorrowful faces, looking out into the chill November dusk.

When he had gone again to see her he found her seated by the window with the baby in her lap. Her face had lost its hard and tearless aspect and bore the chastened expression of one whom suffering has purified and exalted. She looked thinner. Her eyes seemed larger and the light within them more wonderful.

He had come to importune her. He told her that her mother would think differently now; he wished he might have talked with her before she died. He told Janet he would help her to attain to that which she might not attain alone—without her mother's help and inspiration. He told her he would make her life easy and beautiful for her if she would but permit him to do so, that, through him, her mother's hope in her should be realized."

She listened to him patiently, but when he had finished she laid her hand on the child in her lap saying in a voice, clear and intense, "I have a duty." And then with a look, appealing and tender, she placed her other hand in his, "My boy must wait."

There was no other way. He promised to wait, but he went home sad and desperate, to throw himself, face downward, upon the couch beside his mother's chair.

"If I could only marry her now," he said, despairingly, "if I could only marry her now."

"Marry who, darling?" Mrs. Marborough asked, with assumed innocence. The idea of her son, who was still to her but a lad, wishing to marry any one seemed to her positively ridiculous and filled her with scarcely repressible mirth.

"Who?" asked the boy, starting up hurt and irritated, and again throwing himself backwards where he now lay looking at his mother with eyes full of pain and reproach. "Who could it be, but the one woman in the world for me? Janet Taylor."

Mrs. Marborough reached over and laid her hand on her son's brow, stroking his eyelids down caressingly, that he might not see the amused smile, which played about her lips and eyes, despite her every effort at control.

"But, my darling, you are so young."

"I knew you would say that, mamma," he burst forth, making a spasmodic movement with his strong limbs, as though he would gladly kick aside any barrier between himself and the one he loved, if it would only assume tangible material form. "I was willing to acknowledge myself *young* once," he continued with scornful emphasis upon the hated adjective, "and to wait, but I think I am *man* enough to take care of a girl who is left without her mother, if," he added, with a little sinking of the voice, "if she would only let me. We could take the baby, too, and the little sister. It would be a joy to care for them."

"And for the old man and the boys," Mrs. Marborough longed to add. Her impulse was to laugh aloud, but she only continued to stroke her son's eyelids, and she said, when she could command her voice. "I think my son is willing to assume the responsibilities of a family very early."

"I don't know what I could better do, under the circumstances, mamma."

"Than to give up all your prospects and settle down in Marborough, a commonplace man?"

"I would not settle down in the sense you mean, mamma; Janet would be an inspiration to me my whole life long."

Mrs. Marborough smiled. She could afford to be tolerant since she felt there was no danger of speedy termination to this very foolish affair, which if precipitated might retard indefinitely her son's prospects. Time, she felt certain, would cool the ardor of the impatient youth, and she said soothingly, affecting a sentimentality, which she in no wise possessed, "If your love should endure, darling, when the proper time comes for you to marry, then I have nothing to say."

"It will endure forever," he answered vehemently,

She could not resist saying, "Remember you are going away, dearest, and will meet many beautiful and gifted women—"

"Mother."

"I know it seems like desecration to suggest forgetfulness of this being now glorified in your eyes."

"She is glorified because her own soul glorifies—will ever glorify her. What to me are all the gifted and beautiful women in the world compared to Janet Taylor. Oh, mother, if you could but know her as she is."

Mrs. Marborough smiled, giving him a teasing, playful pat. Her hands were exquisite, white and jewelled.

"I was in love myself, once," she said, the smile breaking into a light laugh. "Oh, it is so long ago. My mother was wise, discreet. We never married. In my mind and heart he is still my immortal lover. But if we had married—bah! the sentiment would have been worn to a frazzle years ago, and myself, too. What would I have done as the wife of a poor man. Your case and mine, dear, are not paralleled, but there is a semblance. Make Janet your immortal sweetheart."

He rose up, throwing aside his mother's hand with an impatience he had never before evinced. Anger sat on lip and brow. "Don't speak like that, mother, it makes me feel hateful—wicked. It makes me wish for the first time that you were different."

She pacified him with words and with explanations which did not explain. He was the most wretched of men. The thought that he must soon return east tortured him.

For a time he resisted his mother's plans to this and only complied when she consented to his giving up the law and entering a school of technology. This he did. He had found his work and was not so wretched as he felt he must be. Janet's letters reached him; a source of solace and joy. Then, suddenly, it was his mother's purpose that he continue his studies in England. He remonstrated but she was firm. It was there Janet's letters ceased to come to him. He wrote again and again. He wrote a third letter without receiving a reply. He wrote to Tom, to Mr. Taylor, in vain. Then a report reached him which chilled his heart.

He did not know that his sweetheart's letters were intercepted; that his own letters were taken from the private mailbox and burned.

The woman who did it bore a seraphic expression of countenance.

She believed she was doing right.

This was ten years ago.

(To be continued.)

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## ONE EXPLANATION OF SPIRIT PHENOMENA.

⑥ VERY investigator of Spiritualism, who has conscientiously sought the truth, without partiality or prejudice, has no doubt reached the conclusion that it is not all fake or trickery. But at the same time he has been perplexed at the contradictory and unsatisfactory results. It seems just as easy to get the spirit of a live man as the spirit of a dead man. Or it seems often perfectly easy to get the spirit of a person of the imagination. Our friends of the spiritualistic faith always have the ready answer, it is the work of lying spirits, but why lying spirits should be so over anxious to deceive us they never explain.

I think I can give a better solution of the subject.

If as I maintain, the Atomic Soul Theory be true, man has not

one soul but thousands. In fact he is continually throwing off conscious entities who have been part of himself and may have power under certain conditions to organize a body and present himself as the original.

The Hindo Adepts claim a man may appear in a number of places, at one and the same time.

A work of so undoubted authority as Encyclopaedia Britannica, under the head of mysteries, cites a case where a certain Catholic Priest had promised to be present at a friend's funeral, some hundreds of miles distant. The Priest was taken sick and felt very badly because he would not be able to attend his friend's funeral. But a large number of people testified that they saw the Priest officiate at the funeral, while as large a number testified they saw him in his sick bed at home.

The only answer to this is, these people were mistaken, which is improbable; or that they lied which is unreasonable, or that the Priest had some means of appearing at two places at one and the same time, which is very remarkable.

Not long since I read an article said to be an interview with Keller, the Magician, in which it was claimed Mr. Keller made the statement that he was told by an Adept in India that he would be forcibly carried to Australia and held there for a year. (The article gave the dates but I cannot just now find the article.) At the date given, Mr. Keller went on board a ship to bid some friends good bye, and by some mistake, before he was aware of it the ship was out to sea, and Mr. Keller was finally landed in Australia where he was taken sick of a fever, which confined him in bed for the most part of a year in a delirious condition, but the strange part of it was that after he got home to England his friends declared, they had seen him and talked with him several times while he had been conducting business at home during the same period he lay sick in Australia and that he knew nothing of it and was very much worked up over the matter.

There are many other strange things I could recite, which I have gathered in my many years of research, but this is enough for our purpose.

If a man can appear in several places at one and the same time, then the idea of a single sub-conscious power will not answer this problem, but that he must have more than one entity, able to perform the feat.

It is also true that an entity which organizes a body, by attracting harmonious soul atoms, has the power of organizing atoms to clothe the body.

If all this can be done, and I believe it can, then much more in the same line may be done, and it is no wonder a hundred spiritual circles all calling for the spirit of Daniel Webster should each get a Daniel Webster, and as all men of the United States have not the same caliber of mind so all of the soul atoms of matter would not have the same capacity, hence we get some Daniel Websters who seem inferior to the original Daniel Webster. Yet they were a part of his organism.

I have attended Seances where materialized hands came out, with shape and color, scar and blemish, that were sworn to as belonging to friends of those present. On one occasion, Thomas Crane, an old familiar friend, thought to have one test that none but himself should know, not even I, and he wore his dead brother's vest. When the time came for his brother's hand, the hand came out of the cabinet, and mind you there was no one in the cabinet, or trap doors, or possibilities for fraud. "There," cried my friend, "Is that not my brother's hand?" His brother had been a lake captain and had a very rough and peculiar shaped hand caused by his rough sailor experience. I remarked "That looks very much like your brother's hand."

Said my friend "If that is my brother's hand let him take hold of something I have of his." The hand reached out took hold of the overcoat and pulled it and then pulled his vest. "There," cried my friend, "There is a test. I have my brother's vest on and not another soul knew it."

"Well," said I, "Tom if that is your brother's hand why should he not know the coat from the vest? Why did he pull the coat first?" "My goodness," exclaimed my friend, "I have got my brother's overcoat on and I did not know it."

Now there was a Mr. B. present who said, "Now I want my brother's hand, a small white hand to come and take a memorandum book out of my pocket I have in mind and write his name in it. Immediately a small, white hand appeared, took the memorandum book from a number and wrote William B. in a very distinct and pretty hand. "There," exclaimed Mr. B. "There is a beautiful test. How he should know which book I had in mind I do not know, but I have no brother William, dead or alive!

Now here is a strange phenomenon all right enough, but how are you going to explain it?

Our Spiritualist friends would cry "Oh lying spirits of course." But a better answer is, just as every King has sycophants ready to do anything the King asks. Just as the Lord says who shall persuade Ahab that he may go up and fall at Ramoth-gilead?" "And there came forth a spirit," who was ready to act the lying spirit in the mouth of the prophets. See 1 Kings, xxii: 19 to 23. Now Mr. B. did not have faith, though an honest gentleman he called for a lie and a liar. He got it and he had enough soul atoms of his own, under the existing favorable conditions to perform just what he had called for.

I have a friend Prof. Hutchings who is a hypnotist, with a vast amount of magnetic power. He is also a traveling salesman. He has been working some time for a bicycle house, and got acquainted with Tom Cooper and several other champion bicycle riders. My friend quit the bicycle house and went to selling gasolene stoves. Sometime about a year ago he was traveling through Ohio. He put up in a hotel, I think he told me at Lima, Ohio. He was much worn out and immediately fell asleep, on retiring. How long he slept he did not know, but he was awakened by a number of shadowy forms around him, who seemed to be bending over him to wait on a sick man who lay in the bed behind him. After watching the forms for some time, he pinched himself and did other things to satisfy himself that he was awake and not enduring a case of nightmare. He then tried to distinguish the shadowy forms and he recognized his friend Cooper and one or two others. They all seemed to be expressing sympathy for the sick man whom he could not recognize. Knowing his friend Cooper was still living, knocked the ghost theory out of his mind, he then grasped at the shadows, and they dissolved and disappeared. This was repeated several times before morning. Finally in the morning he says to the landlord, "If I stay here tonight and must sleep with some one I had rather you would put a well person in bed with me than a sick one."

"Why, what do you mean?" asked the landlord, and my friend related what had taken place.

The landlord, in great surprise exclaimed, "What room did you occupy?" The answer was given, when the landlord hastened to

the register and exclaimed, "My God that was the very room that bicyclist died in last summer."

So the vision my friend saw had actually been enacted in that room the summer before.

Now the spirit of the dead might have taken the place of the sick man, but who represented Tom Cooper and the champions? If other spirits personified these gentlemen, for what purpose could it have been? On the other hand while this thing was first enacted the interested parties threw off soul atoms which still lingered in the room, and when my friend with his strong magnetic force rested there, the individual soul atoms of his kingdom or organism, recognized their friends they had come in contact with, and hastened to relate the matters to their King. Not being able to get him to understand it they united with their friends, drawing assistance from the soul atoms of wall, carpet, bedding, furniture and all substance there about, making shadowy bodies visible to the condition of their king, and so reenacting the things which had taken place there before. But as soon as my friend exerted physical energy to reach out to grasp the forms, the exertion recalled his soul atoms to duty and of a necessity the forms dissolved, each atomic soul seeking its original positions.

How long such organic bodies might maintain their organisms would depend upon the wisdom and strength of the organizing atom, and the condition under which the body was organized.

We read of the angels appearing to Abraham as men and of taking dinner with him, but they had to hasten they could not remain long.

There is no other such a reasonable and logical manner of explaining these things and it does not combat spirit return, but every perplexing phenomenon and mystical problem may be easily solved through the Atomic Soul Theory, besides what a mighty power it places in the hands of man who learns to concentrate, attract and organize the desired unseen forces of nature.

PROF. LYMAN E. STOWE.

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## MEDITATION.

"All effective action has its source in deep meditation, and out of the Silence comes ever the creative word."

To one who seeks the upward path which leads to the develop-

ment of spiritual powers, MEDITATION is a potent factor in the evolution which takes place. It is a solace for many an otherwise weary or perforce inactive hour, a shield against the petty darts of worldly opposition or malice, a soothing balm which renders the pilgrim oblivious to the stones which bruise his feet and the thorns which pierce the flesh—or even the storms which rage about him—on his toilsome journey, a means of strength which wins many a victory and gains many a coveted height.

The average individual is so prone to allow his thoughts to flit from one subject to another; drifting idly, aimlessly, over a multitude of themes, all perhaps unimportant,—and thus wastes precious time and energy, besides indulging and cultivating a pernicious habit.

“I positively cannot concentrate my mind upon any subject; I can not hold to any special line of thought; I wish I might, but I have tried and find it impossible;” declared a friend, and doubtless many others may have had a similar experience. It would be interesting, were it not humiliating, to trace backward from the trifling and material thought, upon which one may become ignominiously stranded, through the various leadings over divers topics, back to the one sublime subject which was to have absorbed the attention for a certain quiet period of contemplation. Yet it is only by recognizing our present failures, discovering our points of weakness and arising more strongly and wisely equipped, that we at last attain success in any direction; and the power to withdraw from the babel and perplexities of the average existence, into the inner Temple of one’s own being, there to dwell for a time in the sacred silence, is no exception to the rule. The desire for the acquirement of this faculty must be sufficiently earnest to guarantee patience and steady perseverance; granted the exercise of these qualities, and success in ever-increasing measure is assured.

Upon the discovery that the truant mind has strayed from the point of concentration, or the proposed plane of contemplation, it is a useful practice to mentally *sweep* all petty promiscuous thoughts—an objectionable, ill-assorted company—from the mental plane, just as one would sweep away with his arm an indiscriminate mass of useless odds and ends of any sort from a table or other surface which he desired to employ for the arrangement of more important

materials. It is easy thus to start afresh in meditation, feeling that all intrusive subjects have in this manner been collectively disposed of. This is also a forcible suggestion that "thoughts are things." The exercise of such simple discipline as the fore-going, which experience will indicate as adapted to individual needs, will prove quite effectual in eventually bringing the most erratic mind under control of the will.

The custom of superficial, vacillating thought must find its outward correspondence in one's appearance, conversation, dealings and associations, and render that one incapable of appreciating the deeper meaning of his own experiences, the real significance of his opportunities. Note the grade of literature sought by one of this class; you will find it light, artificial, sensational; acquaintances will be in kind, and all the affairs of life will be ordered with a regard to trivial emotion, novelty and display. Let such an one attend an instructive or uplifting lecture, or read a book dealing with lofty themes, and a casual, surface reflection would be mirrored on his mind; but he would utterly fail to grasp the vital import of the sentiments expressed. Let him come in contact with intellects farther advanced than his own, and if not actually repelled he is ill at ease and obviously out of his element in their presence. If one is unable to retire within the depths of his own nature, he certainly cannot hope to penetrate and comprehend the inner life of another.

It does not require much consideration to enable us to arrive at the conclusion that if one is sufficiently *interested* in a subject, meditation upon it is not only a possibility but a delight; we shall not need the force of the written or uttered word; we shall carry with us wherever we go, in our heart of hearts, the sublime thoughts which are the wings of the soul, ever bearing it upward; they will be our bright companions in all times and places, continually blessing and inspiring us, when we will dwell with them in silence apart. There will be no tedious, lonely hours, no seasons wasted in idle repining, or useless worriment; for at the inner Shrine we entertain far happier and holier guests, whose abiding presence endows us with Purity, Wisdom, Peace and Power. Nor are we thereby shut out from human companionship; as things spiritual are eternal, while things material are but temporal,—so we find that friendships based upon spiritual sympathy are the only unself-

ish and enduring ones; while those who are merely associates fluttering about the flame of material pleasures, so long as taste invites or opportunity allows, soon stray apart to different scenes or revels, without a regret for the separation, since new affiliations are formed to take the place of the old.

And then we find such choice spirits revealed through literature, authors whom we may never meet in an external sense, we yet recognize as fraternal souls, and know and love in the higher and *real* significance of those terms. What a wealth of wisdom, garnered from the rich experiences of a noble and exalted life, is condensed within the modest cover of some book, which to the reader of popular fiction would prove dull and almost meaningless; but which to a kindred soul, vibrates with living truth clothed with outward form—the exquisite language of a master mind. Such books are like fine music; the author strikes the chords of his own beautiful life, and all who are attuned to their vibrations thrill a response. How much more truly do we claim such an one as a friend, than many with whom we come into frequent outward contact. The writer has given *himself* to the world—to all congenial spirits who are able to comprehend and receive his message; and these may gladly claim and enter into the bounty of his friendship. And we read and meditate; sometimes one sentence may contain food for long contemplation; and we hold it close, as something which is our very own, and feel ourselves spiritually enriched by the possession.

Some, in the eagerness to progress rapidly in the higher life, seek to grasp too much at once; they learn that this writer and that one, and several others, are considered as authorities in spiritual teaching, and proceed at once to supply themselves with a multitude of books;—more than they could hope to *digest* in months of careful perusal. Better read but one page, or even a sentence, and absorb the full, the inner significance of its truth, *meditate* over it, make it a part of one's very self for all time, than to skim over a whole volume in the same length of time, and find at its close an entire inability to give a distinct and comprehensive summary of its contents. If this is not possible, either the book has not "said anything"—it is not adapted to the requirements of the reader—or it has been carelessly read. The brain, like the stomach, is limited to a certain capacity, and can assimilate only a given amount of food at one time.

The person who reads superficially may be likened to dry, barren soil, whose surface is non-absorbent—well-nigh impervious to the rain which falls upon it,—shedding the greater part, so that it flows to some more open and receptive field which gratefully drinks in the welcome moisture, and returns, to gladden the earth, a bountiful growth of beautiful verdure in consequence. Nothing is worth reading at all, to one who seeks progress, which is not deserving of being read carefully, thoroughly, deeply; that some portion, at least, may be absorbed into the inner life, to enrich it; and therefore the world, by the increased luxuriance of thought, and word, and deed thenceforward put forth to bless humanity—in brief, by enhanced spiritual growth.

We find in conning various authors, who have written regarding things metaphysical, that each one expresses much the same ideas, only clothed in his particular style as to language, and presented according to his own conception; we observe certain phrases often repeated through a writer's several works; evidently embodying, to his mind the pith and upliftment and power of the Truth as he views it; while another teacher employs a different expression as his favorite and crowning blossom of philosophical or religious verity. It is even the same with readers; one will be attracted, instructed, advanced, by one writer's teaching, whom another will fail to reach to any extent. Wherever the student finds a revelation of Truth which appeals to his special needs and individuality, there let him pause. Sometimes a (seemingly) chance reading of a stray fragment or article by an unknown writer, has been the source of real upliftment to a soul seeking to rise; it might have been owing to the particularly receptive mood of the reader at the time—the stage of progress, which needed that precise word as a final stepping-stone to a point of attainment—or the true spiritual affinity existing between him and the writer; certainly, the latter would have been rejoiced could he have known his message had wrought so great a benefit to one fellow being.

Truth is without beginning and without end; it is only new in the sense that it is just apprehended by an individual. A student recently remarked:—

“When I first began to study the so-called ‘New Thought,’ I wondered at the reiteration of certain set phrases; it seemed to me unnecessary; I learned and could repeat them all easily enough, I

wanted something further. Now I understand that one needs not only to repeat but to ponder upon these expressions of truth, until they are comprehended by a deeper faculty than the mental."

It is really so; there are certain truths which must be perceived *spiritually*, and will be when the higher nature awakes to fullness of life. Then there is an inner comprehension which is exalted and thrilled by the meditation upon some sublime truth; then the confusion and turmoil of temporal affairs is quite excluded, for the soul is withdrawn within the inner sanctuary and there is light and joy ineffable; and the one so blest in contemplation has surely risen by so much upon his upward way, and never returns to quite the same plane of existence as before; for that hallowed inner Silence has encompassed him about, the heavenly harmonies have vibrated through his being, and he no more responds as of yore to the discords of earth; but sings ever in his heart a song of rejoicing and thanksgiving and reaches out his hand in peace and love to all mankind. And even as his spiritual body is illumined by celestial light, so is something of new brightness and serenity reflected from his visible countenance; and each period of meditation serves to give added spiritual power and discernment, while his eyes look ever upward seeking the heights of Glory and Attainment.

"The soul gives itself alone, original and pure, to the Lonely, Original and Pure, who, on that condition, gladly inhabits, leads, and speaks through it.—Behold, it saith, I am born into the great, the universal mind.—So come I to live in thought, and act with energies which are immortal."

ROSABEL REED.

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## EDITORIAL.

We are frequently asked how it is possible for a person in Maine to treat a person thousands of miles distant, mentally, for health or success, and do it successfully. To many the idea that such a thing can be done is in the nature of a miracle, and in these days when everything is supposed to be regulated by law the idea of a miracle is apt to be scouted; and rightly so for there are no miracles in the old sense of something outside and apart from law.

But the philosophy of the absent treatment is not founded on miracles, or supernaturalism, but is based on facts, which though

not readily understood by one not familiar with what is termed the "New Thought," are the outworking of natural mental law.

During the closing years of the nineteenth century much knowledge that had hitherto been occult was brought to light by active and advanced brains.

In the domain of electricity this has been most noticeable, though its wonders are not yet half understood, and in wireless telegraphy we find a close analogy to the action of the human mind in what is termed the absent mental or phrenopathic treatment.

In wireless telegraphy the operator at one point, sends through the transmitter, a telegram which is received by a receiver at another station, the message traveling through the ether, the electric vibrations recording themselves on the delicate instrument prepared for them. Thus has been physically demonstrated the fact that the invisible ether can be made to vibrate intelligently at the will of man.

In a way similar to wireless telegraphy the mind of man may transmit messages from one brain to another through the vibrant quality of the universal life force.

The human brain furnishes both transmitter and receiver, and the universal life force which permeates every atom of the earth's atmosphere furnishes the ethereal substance for the transmission of the mental force from mind to mind.

The cerebrum or forebrain is the delicate instrument of the thought force and is electric in its action, and from it may be sent forth a vibrant thought force of greater or less intensity, according to dynamic force of the mind projecting it, whose vibrations go forth upon the universal sea of life impelled toward the object of its desire.

That the thinking brain acts electrically has been proven by Julius Emmner, of Washington, D. C., who claims to have invented an electrical apparatus by means of which one's thoughts can be recorded upon a sensitive film in such a way that these same thoughts may be made to project themselves from the film-like record into the thinking brain of another person so that the second person will rethink the thoughts of the first person accurately.

When this inventor has perfected his think-o-graph the whole world will be convinced of the fact that thoughts are things, having an electric force of their own.

But for one who has made a careful and experimental study of mind force it needs not this invention to prove the electrical action

of thought force, nor is Mr. Emmner's marvellous invention necessary to receive and record the thought forces sent out from the human cerebrum, for in the back brain (cerebellum and *medulla oblongata*) we have the most delicate receiver vibrant to every thought influence which is allowed to reach it.

We say it is vibrant to every thought influence that is allowed to reach it because each individual has the inherent power (developed through the subconscious growth in varying degrees) of refusing to receive the undesirable.

When the conditions are right it is possible for one mind to transmit a telepathic message to another miles away and have it received word for word as it is sent. This we have proven many times to the satisfaction of ourselves and others.

But the conditions for such telepathy are not always at hand, for while one may have the understanding to send out such a message the person to whom he wishes to send it may not be in a condition to receive. Sometimes when such is the case some intermediate person who is thus receptive will receive a message intended for another in a way that is sometimes amusing and occasionally embarrassing to one or both parties.

The art of telepathy is yet in its infancy and has yet to be perfected. Will it be during the present century?

But while telepathy as a means of carrying on a conversation with those at distant points is not universally applicable at the present time, there is a form of telepathy that is almost universally applicable, and that is in its relation to the healing art, and this is so because health is at once natural and desirable.

When a patient sends to a phrenopathic healer for "absent treatment" he (or she) is as far as possible to be, receptive to the healer's thought, *i. e.*, there is a desire for health in both conscious and subconscious mentality, and this desire makes the organ of the subconscious vitality, the back brain, receptive to the vibrations of a healthy vitality, and this establishes an unbroken circuit between patient and healer.

The healer now acts from his own self center and through the instrumentality of the cerebrum sends out a vitalizing thought vibrating through the universal life till its force reaches the atmosphere of the patient where it is absorbed by the sub-conscious mentality of the patient and enters his system with his breath, and is received and used by the back brain for the benefit of the patient.

But, you may object. If this is so why is it that all are not at once healed, instead of often having to wait for months?

The reason is that all are not developed to the same degree of receptivity.

It must be remembered that in the development of the human, he makes many mistakes whose effects are registered upon the sub-

consciousness, and these must be overcome before a cure is effected.

One person may have developed to a point where a single mental treatment may be all that is required to set him right, while another may have become so confirmed in disease that it may take months to bring about the desired results.

Where the latter is the case there is no doubt that if the healing vibration is constantly sent and is as constantly received a cure will result; but the great hinderance to a cure in a case of this kind is that the patient, not at first realizing any gain, and not understanding the method of cure, gets discouraged and gives up trying before the vital forces are sufficiently renewed to effect the desired cure.

The philosophy of success treatment, so-called, is the same.

The person desiring this treatment receives from the healer a vibration of vital force that tends to increase his magnetic or attractive force so that he can bring more force into his business relations and thus enhance his chance of success.

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But do not make the mistake of supposing that the success treatment is to be substituted for practical work and practical business methods, for it is not.

There is no miracle to be wrought, and after taking success treatments you need not expect it to rain gold dollars in your vicinity, for it won't.

But if practically applied the renewed brain force will enable you to make a greater success in anything into which you put your whole soul-effort. This has been proven again and again.

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# THE FREE MAN.

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## • SELF-POISE.

THE question is frequently asked, "How can I make the philosophy of the new thought practical?" and in one form or another the substance of the reply is, "You must become self-poised;" but frequently this reply seems to enlighten but little, and we are asked, "What is this self-poise of which you have so much to say?" and then it may be, the question is followed by the disparaging assertion that "Your self-poise looks very much like self-conceit."

Now that is just what true self-poise is not, for self-conceit is the claim of ignorance, while the true self-poise is the result of self-knowledge.

There is a vast difference between self-conceit and legitimate self-esteem resulting from a thorough knowledge of the powers inherent in the Spirit of Man.

The human Spirit is, to its personal expression, the center of the universe, and to be truly self-poised one must be in an harmonious relation to his own self-center, which is the human I AM of the Universe, who exists potentially in each and every member of the human race, and manifests just so much of its ideal power as is intelligently recognized and appropriated by the individual.

In other words the individual human is in process of developing from his own potentiality a perfect human expression, and by recognizing this fact and acting in harmony with this ideal reality he is enabled to hasten the moment when he may give his potentially perfect humanity a perfect personal expression.

The human is a magnet for the attraction and individualization of the power of the ideal human for expression in the physical body, and to enable him to do this, nature has supplied him with a brain that is first magnetic then electric in its action.

The magnetic action of the cerebellum and *medulla oblongata* enables the individual to attract from the universal Life those vital forces necessary to the growth and development of all the powers and functions of mind and body, while the cerebrum or fore brain

supplies the instrument for the electric forces of the individual to manifest his developed powers.

Now so long as there is a good degree of harmony between the outward personality and the inward ideal we are, without perhaps being actively conscious of the fact, self-poised; but when the electric fore brain allows itself to be moved by any outward condition there is a loss of poise and the emotional nature usurps the functions of the intellectual, and then "trouble begins."

To avoid this one must cultivate an undoubting reliance upon the invincible power of the human Spirit, constantly recognizing its supremacy even amidst the greatest outward disturbance, and in proportion as he does this, does the intellectual fore brain which gives expression to the conscious man, assume its rightful control over the stored vitality of the back brain, and direct this force to the execution of its mandates in the subconsciousness of the personality.

Perfect self-poise comes with the conscious and intelligent recognition of the inner Light of the Spirit which is the true life of the human; and which gives the one who has attained to this height of Spirit the calm assurance that all is well and that he is MASTER of all conditions, and can and will attain to perfect human expression.

It is not essential to the gaining of this perfect poise that one should embrace any particular religious creed or adopt celibacy or other fads; but he has simply to know at all times and under all conditions that the potential human Spirit of which he is an expression, must and will find ultimately, perfect physical and mental expression, and that he can by this conscious recognition attract from the Universal and use by his own electric will those elements of power necessary to his perfect expression.

CHAS. W. CLOSE, Ph., D.

*In The Suggester and Thinker.*

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## "TO THINE OWN SELF."

BY JULIA BROWN-STRODE.

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### SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

[Janet Taylor, the heroine of the story, is the daughter of a country clergyman, living at Marborough. She had been engaged to Maxwell Marborough,

but ten years previous to the opening of the story, her mother had died, leaving a family of small children, and Janet had resigned her artistic ambitions to take up the cares of her father's household, and her lover going East his ambitious mother had intercepted their letters so that they had drifted apart. For ten long years Janet performed her thankless task and saw her youth's ideals drifting from her, until one day it was borne in upon her, as a startling revelation, that she was the moulder and maker of her fate, and that it was not her duty to herself, her father or her brothers and sisters, to thus destroy her own individuality. It was about the same time that Maxwell Marborough returned from the East that Janet announced her determination to take up her art studies again, causing no little commotion in the household where all had become accustomed to having her shoulder all their burdens while they were selfishly at ease.]

## CHAPTER VIII.

REVOLUTION in affairs at the parsonage was not to be brought about with perfect ease and pleasantness.

Maud declared her sister selfish and tyrannical. How could she be expected "to make anything of herself" and keep house, too? Janet was the older; it was *her* place to attend to matters. Indeed, *she* would not. This, with a decided toss of her wilful head. But with poise and determination which knew no wavering, Janet had decided otherwise. When she so expressed herself, Maud, with a lofty air, walked out of the room. But, that evening, when she brought two of her classmates home with her from school, and found Janet absent and no tea awaiting them, though she had distinctly announced their coming, she felt baffled and indignant. The Reverend Mr. Taylor and the boys were absent, and the trio supped on dried beef and weak tea, and afterwards, in the silence of her own chamber, Maud shed great quantities of angry tears. She could not have believed that Janet would be uncivil to her guests. When a particular dress proved too hopelessly out of repair to wear to the sociable, she wept again, though she had been previously admonished regarding it. When her ribbons remained unfreshened, her laces uncared for, her starched garments unironed in the basket, she felt neglected and miserable. When she came in after school and found the very room in which she expected to receive a friend, in the most appalling state of disorder, and Janet sitting serenely at her easel, she was desperate, and the manner in which she, for a short time wielded the broom and threw things into place, revealed an energy and executiveness which was a surprise even to her sister. Some-

times she was obstinate and would do nothing. Sometimes she worked in proud and sullen silence. Janet feared she was losing the child's love, but she did not relent. "It is common right," she said with firm lip.

"This is not my work," Maud once proudly retorted. "I am not a household drudge; I am a student, and when I have finished school I shall teach. I shall never slave in any one's kitchen."

"Is the sacrifice of my life to be the stepping stone to your ambition?" Janet asked, quietly.

"I don't understand you," Maud flashed, scornfully.

Janet allowed the garment she was patching for little Paul to fall in her lap. Her hands folded themselves above it calmly and her eyes turned on the flushed, indignant face of her sister. There was neither reproach nor anger in her glance and her voice, when she spoke, was tender and magnetic. "Do you wish me to explain?"

"It is a matter of no importance, as to whether you explain or whether you do not. I am perfectly aware you are determined to make it uncomfortable for all of us."

Janet's expression did not change except that her eyes widened just a little as they rested for a moment longer on her sister's face. Then she resumed her work.

Maud stood for a moment with pouting lips, awaiting her sister's reply. As she said nothing she turned haughtily toward the mirror and began pulling the hairpins from her hair with vindictive little jerks. "If it will be a relief I have no objection to your expressing yourself."

Janet threaded her needle deliberately, and Maud, still expecting her to speak, shook out her yellow mane like some proud, untamed animal. As the silence continued, she turned about, saying, with dictatorial sharpness, "Will you go on?"

Janet lifted her eyes. The work again fell in her lap. "Remember, dear," she said in low tones, "if I do go on I am not speaking to this strange creature which flashes out at me and from the lightning of whose glance I would turn away, were I less in the right, but to the beautiful soul of my true, sweet sister, and it is from this soul, which touches my own in sympathy, that I expect reply."

Maud's eyelids drooped. She turned, examined her teeth in the glass with apparent abstraction, made a little face at her own reflection, then said in changed, subdued tones, "Well, Janet, I don't see how we can get on like this."

"Nor do I," said Janet, "but sister must do her part."

Maud tossed back her hair and pouted, but her anger had subsided and she was open to reason. "You have spoiled me so dreadfully, Janet," she said, plaintively, giving her sister a side-wise, pleading glance, "and then to right about face in this manner is enough to drive one frantic. Really, I doubt if I shall live through it."

Janet smiled. "That I have spoiled you makes it so much the worse for both of us, but we must reform."

Maud sighed. "It will be worse than taking 'the cure.' Oh, Janet, why can't we have a housekeeper?" She came over and threw herself on the couch beside her sister, burying her face with its sheen of yellow curls in her lap.

"I don't see how we can afford it, dear, and even that would not solve the problem."

"Well, then," sitting bolt upright, and looking straight before her as if prepared to face the conflict. "Well, then, those worthless boys must help. I never did believe in women sweeping, anyhow."

"I have no objection to their helping."

"But you don't know how to get work out of them, sissie, you are too good. Now just watch me," and she rolled up her sleeves with a comical little gesture.

Janet smiled and nipped her thread thoughtfully.

"Don't you wish Jupiter would shower some of the blessings on us that he does on that airy little Mame?" and Maud settled her skirts, waved her hands, and perched her head on one side in exact imitation of her sister-in-law.

"I propose to shape my own life."

"So I perceive," with another sigh and a sidewise glance, "Well, Brutus, the fault lies not in our stars but in ourselves, if we are underlings and out of pocket. Ah, me, Jordan is a hard road to travel."

"I thought we were to be serious," said Janet, repressing a laugh.

"Serious? I was never more serious in my life. I am solemn as the grave." She reached up and put her arms about her sister. "I am listening. Tell me all your plans and all your hopes, dear sister, the very method of your seeming madness."

\* \* \*

In these first days of revolution the boys, to use their own expression, "roughed it." They thought Janet changed and exacting, but prided themselves on their patience and forbearance. It was quite funny.

But there were more worlds than one to conquer. When Janet resolutely refused to care for her brother's children, she was termed old-maidish and selfish by her sister-in-law, a bright, vivacious, little woman, who reasoned that since Janet was much indoor and not submerged in public work like herself, with her clubs, and her social duties, and her church work, there was positively no reason why she should not occasionally look after the babies. Gretchen, an excellent cook and housekeeper, who ruled her subjects with an iron rod, insisted on having her two afternoons and her evenings off, and it was not safe to leave the two children alone with the young nurse girl. Mame prided herself on her motherly prudence and thought if Janet had possessed the proper spirit, she would have felt it a family duty, if not a pleasure, to care for these interesting infants. Janet felt otherwise. "I have reared one family," she said within herself, "I shall not place myself in position where it will ultimately be thought my duty to constantly care for another. I will make a sacrifice, but I will not endure an imposition."

She made the sacrifice, for she loved these babies with keen and joyous affection, and after a third refusal to care for them through one afternoon, and once returning them, bag and baggage, to the parental roof, her sister-in-law refused to allow them to enter the parsonage at all. "They will disturb their aunt Janet," was her caustic reply, to the parson's repeated inquiry regarding the little ones' non-appearance.

The minister shook his head. There were changes going on in his domestic environment which pained and perplexed him, but which he could not attempt to understand or to rectify.

Mame (by the way, she spelled her name M-a-y-m-e, and I must henceforth do her that honor, or perhaps I should speak of

her as Mrs. Taylor) was a bewitching creature of most exquisite mold and coloring. Her features were not regular, but her skin was creamy and her lips as red as unfermented cherry wine. There was a wine-like light on her cheeks, too, revealing itself in moments of sprightliness and animation, and making her exceedingly beautiful and interesting to look upon. Her brown eyes were long-lashed and limpid, and her light brown hair silken. Her manner was characterized by coquettish little turns, and trills and graces, quite indescribable. She was a society woman, born and bred. She had come to Marborough several years before on a summer's visit and had captivated the gracious, care-free Tom Taylor. She was an orphan, possessing a small inheritance—no one in Marborough knew just what amount, though many would have preferred to. But this they did know, that, among other good things with which the gods had provided her, was a bachelor uncle, a railroad magnate, who constantly supplied her with passes and spending money, no doubt in fulfilment of her horoscope which, being written, thus read: "One who will be pecuniarily embursed by Jupiter at regular intervals." After their marriage the young couple had built a modern cottage and with Tom's salary lived quite elegantly. Indeed, Mrs. Taylor set the pace for all the young married ladies of Marborough and many of the older ones, too. She was an interested and progressive housewife. Her gowns possessed an air which only an artist whose hand is crossed by gold, seven times seven, can produce, although Mrs. Taylor insisted the secret lay not so much in the making of a gown as in the wearing of it, knowing full well that she possessed the art. She drove a spanking pair of gray ponies and the natty turnout was enough to make you blink your eyes. When Mrs. Marborough returned from Europe, or the east, Mrs. Taylor was among the first to call. She lifted her silken skirts and ascended the granite steps with a sprightly self-possession which springs alone from a feeling of perfect equality. And that Mrs. Marborough found a social affinity in Mrs. Taylor was sufficient proof, to any doubting mind, of that young matron's prestige.

Tom Taylor was not at all a society man, though he approved of Mayme—of course he approved of Mayme. He wrote her club papers for her while she sat with her lace-work in hand, one dainty foot on the rocker. It made a charming family group, the hand-

some husband, the spirituelle young wife, the two rolly polly babies. When Tom in a spirit of playfulness would allow anything off bias to slip into these papers, Mayme would reach over, pull his crinkly, blonde hair and admonish him to stick to conventional grooves. For while Mame was an ardent church member, Tom was decidedly agnostic. Pain, sorrow, nor unfulfilled longing had awakened in him a perception of spiritual truths. He simply said, "I do not know." But he was sterling, fearless and loving. He and Mayme never argued matters, which was right. And so long as he loved her, and was good to her, as she was sure he would always be, she could not bring herself to worry about his spiritual welfare. In fact, in her secret heart she believed if there was any being on earth saved by election, Tom Taylor was the one.

It had been the Reverend Mr. Taylor's purpose to educate this eldest son for the ministry. With this thought in mind he was for years unconscious of the boy's natural bent. His plans for his future were all laid, his prayers offered up and he was as confident of their ultimate fulfilment as a trusting child. He felt in this son the same particular hope and pride that Mrs Taylor had felt in her eldest daughter. As he watched his developing manhood, listened to his deepening voice, felt the glow of his genial presence, a thousand times he had whispered, "A bright star, for Christ's sake."

For years, there were times when Janet was all a-quiver lest her father should discover her brother's perverse mental tendencies. She was even more careful than Tom, himself, to hide away the books which found their way from the city library during his vacation times, to his own room, Darwin, Huxley, Herbert Spencer and even Ingersoll and Paine. She did it with a feeling of guilt for she believed in the intellectual freedom of every individual, and she felt that her brother was old enough to choose, but she could not endure the thought of giving her father pain. Then in the privacy of her own chamber she read the books herself. If they were erroneous she told herself with youthful egoism, she could refute by the brightness of her own reasoning powers their every argument and win her brother to a sublimer faith. She diluted these readings with large quantities of Carlyle, Emerson and the poets. And at night, when the children were in

bed, she sat a companion to her father listening to readings from Shakespeare, Milton and the Bible. These were days when her youthful spirit panted for a wider horizon, but they were days of education and discipline.

From his boyhood Tom had placed the most literal interpretation upon the scriptures. His irreverence for the characters of the old testament was to Janet, with whom he conversed, simply appalling. At "family worship" he would persist in saying things of a serious or mirth provoking character which made one long to box his ears. At the story of Sarah and her handmaiden he had whispered, "I knew the old girl would make it too hot for Hagar before she got through." Once when his father was reading the IX Chapter of Genesis; Shem was a hundred years old, and begat Arphaxad two years after the flood:

And Shem lived after he begat Arphaxad five hundred years and begat sons and daughters.

And Arphaxad lived five and thirty years, and begat Salah.

And Arphaxad lived after he begat Salah four hundred and three years, and begat sons and daughters.

And Salah lived thirty and begat Eber.

And Salah lived after he begat Eber four hundred and three years, and begat sons and daughters.

And Eber lived four hundred and thirty years and begat Peleg.

And Peleg lived thirty years and begat Rue.

And Peleg lived after he begat Rue two hundred and nine years, and begat—" Looking up from the mechanical reading he said, somewhat irrelevently, referring to some former teaching, "Now, what was the purpose of these people?"

And Tom had piped, much to Janet's consternation and alarm, "to live long and beget."

The minister had really repressed a smile, when Janet privately reproved him for the pert reply he had said. "Well, sis, if according to holy writ, the world is but two thousand years old, there had to be some plausible explanation for the rapid population of the earth after the flood, so these old patriarchs were remarkable for longevity and power for reproduction."

"The idea of God's chosen winning by lying, intrigue, treachery," he would say after one of these formal readings. The idea of God *having* a *chosen* people."

"Perhaps these stories have some mystic meaning which you and I and even the majority of christian folk do not understand," Janet had said.

"I have a right to place my interpretation upon them," Tom would answer stolidly. But in the presence of his father he was respectful and dumb.

"I will go away before a great while," he would often say to Janet, "where my opinions will not be a reproach to father and the church. My only fear is of hurting father. I will go away where I can breathe and speak freely."

But the whole truth came out one morning when the Reverend Mr. Taylor suggested sending his son to a ministerial college instead of returning him to the university.

Tom laid down his knife, his healthful face growing first red then pale. "It is no use, father," he burst forth, no longer able to restrain himself, "I can't do it. I can never do it. Religion is all right. I respect and reverence yours, but I cannot subscribe to your theology. I know I must begin my career early. I want to. It is right for me and for you. I am willing to begin by working in the streets, by digging coal, by driving a cart, but I cannot live an intellectual lie. I cannot be false to myself and those I would be expected to teach."

The Reverend Mr. Taylor sat looking at his son, his refined face visibly paling. The light had pierced his wilfully blinded eyes with stunning effulgence. "I should have known it before," he said in a pathetic undertone, as if speaking to his inner consciousness, "I might have known it, only I wanted it to be otherwise."

"It can never be, father," in tones which seemed unnecessarily hard to Janet. There was tragedy on the three faces. Janet trembled in every limb. Her whole heart shone in her eyes. She longed to reach out and press father and son together in loving embrace and to enfold them both in her yearning arms. But her father turned to her, saying in tones she remembered to her dying day, "You, too, Janet; you, too!"

Without another word, in utter forgetfulness of his untasted meal, he rose and left the room. Disappointment made his step unsteady and his eyes were dim from the departure of sublime but unwarranted hope. Tom, with a stern face, took his hat and left the house.

Janet followed her father into the study and laid her head beside his own upon the table. "Dear, dear father," was all she could say.

He put away her caressing hand gently. "That my children should renounce the Christian faith."

"Not the faith, dear father, but the doctrine."

He shook his head. "It was ever so. Even your mother, angel that she was, was a sceptic."

The end was that Tom begun teaching. He tamed a district school of notoriously fractious pupils; won their admiration and respect. He was in love with his work. He taught a second term and his fame grew. There was a demand for him elsewhere. After three years he was hired as principal of the Marborough high schools, and two years later he was nominated county superintendent of schools. The fact that he was agnostic was used as a campaign argument against him, and it was vigorously denied by his supporters. Tom was silent. It lost him many votes from those who did not so much as know the meaning of the term, but he went in with flying colors.

The Reverend Mr. Taylor's disappointment in his son abated. His loving pride rekindled. But there were times when he felt with a little sinking of heart, that his own personal success might have been more pronounced, if his children had been different.

## CHAPTER IX.

"Father was inquiring about the babies, yesterday," Tom said to his wife one morning at breakfast. "He misses them dreadfully. I wish you would let Alice stop with them a few minutes this morning, sweetheart, when she takes them for their airing."

Mayme tossed her head. "Father may call and see them as often as he likes."

"But it isn't the same, you know, dear, and father ought not to suffer because of your and Janet's differences."

Another toss of the proud head and a quiver of the thin nostrils. "Our differences. I suppose you have no criticism to make of your sister's conduct."

Tom pushed back his chair. He had never parried words with his wife before, in just this manner, and he dreaded the issue, but he said, with decided firmness, "I am willing to employ any num-

ber of nurses for the children, darling,—I know you dread leaving them entirely with servants—but it really seems to me that Janet ought to be permitted to do her work. She possesses more than ordinary ability.”

“She ought to possess genius, to be content to wear the clothing she does.”

She had not intended the remark to be pointedly derisive or unkind. It was but one of her bright sallies which her husband usually met with a smile. But he did not smile now, and when she followed it up with light and gay remarks, on the eccentricities of genius, for the purpose of restoring his good humor, he ignored them, saying soberly: “I have been a selfish cub all my life, dear; Janet, on the contrary, has done more for me than I can ever appreciate or understand, but I hoped, at least, my wife could understand, even though she were different.”

“Different,” said Mayme, sarcastically, as though the balance had undoubtedly fallen in her sister-in-law's favor.

Her husband made no explanation but rose to depart. She could not believe he would go without kissing her, though she would certainly make no advance.

Of course he kissed her. But there was no smile on his lips or in his eyes.

When he was gone she went to her room, angry and impatient because of her own tears. She always knew if she and her husband had trouble it would be because of his people, though they had been exceptionally kind to her so far. But then she had asked few favors of them. She would certainly never ask another. She went about her work with her thin, bright lips compressed and the expression of her limpid eyes quite hard and changed. She arrayed herself for lunch, however, with unusual care, donning a house dress which her husband particularly admired, a cream colored crepe de chene with an accordeon plaited front and picturesque undersleeves of crimson silk. The babies were freshly dressed and sent their ride (in the opposite direction from the parsonage) and she was standing by the window looking out on the lawn when her husband returned. She did not turn when he entered, but the airy agrette of crimson ribbon, in the stylish coiffure, trembled. The very atmosphere surrounding her seemed to vibrate with hauteur and defiance. He approached her quite

undaunted, however—a meeting of the north wind and the sun—and taking her by the two shoulders turned her about gently until she stood quite within his embrace. “How charming you look,” he said tenderly.

“Am I not always charming? she asked with a pout, her eyes drooping beneath his sunny gaze.

“Always,” he answered, and kissed her. “By the way, sweetheart, I made a visit to Hickory Grove school, this forenoon, and coming back by the sycamore path I met Janet out sketching. She told me she was wild to paint you, now that she has “gotten back”—as she calls it—to her art. She says she would like to do you by your lone, and then one of the babies sleeping in your lap. She would be willing to come over every day at the kid’s nap-time, if you would only let her know. Of course she doesn’t expect to do you justice. The divine Raphael could not do that, but she asked me if I thought you would pose for her.”

“Why I think I could,” Mayme said, slowly, then added in a lower tone, that bewitching color breathing on her cheeks. “I hope you didn’t think I wanted to be selfish or unloving this morning, Tom; nothing would make me happier than to see Janet succeed. I don’t want to be an impediment to her. Of course she may paint me if she likes. Do look there comes papa with Alice and the babies.”

(To be continued.)

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## THE NEW LIFE.

BY ROSABEL REED.

THE New Life is an awakening from the old lethargic existence in which we moved apathetically, sought pleasure listlessly, endured suffering weakly, resignedly, thought according to rule, and watched the transpiring of events—performing our part in the panorama of the world of sense,—feeling dimly that we were mere helpless puppets in the hands of some grim or capricious Fate or God, who laid out our path and planned our experiences without apparent justice or discrimination; if Law existed, it was of a nature quite inscrutable to mortals,—not intended for our comprehension, and therefore something we should not seek to investigate. But all this is behind us now; it is a dream that is past. There

came to us one blessed day, when—perchance in answer to some daring, impulsive, but desperate longing for better things,—a ray of celestial sunshine penetrating the clouds of our material environment and enveloping us in its soft radiance ; our whole being thrilled responsive to the potent summons, and we awoke to the glory of a higher life ;—to the *real life* ; awoke to the consciousness of brightness and beauty and harmony and love and wisdom and truth. Ah, what a blissful world was revealed to our newly-opened spiritual vision ! What a wondrous cause for gratitude in the knowledge that we were a living part and factor—however humble—in this beautiful, new condition, into which we had been born out of the gloom, the misgivings, the discord, the ignorance of that dreary past, which had fallen from us like a cast off chrysalis. That day of the awakening to a new and glorified life must ever stand forth as a golden day in the calendar of this earthly pilgrimage ;—more momentous and significant than any other date, whether of physical birth, important contract, or any material occurrence or undertaking whatsoever ;—more to be remembered with joy and thanksgiving than the advent of a new century in the cycle of time ; for on *this* day we were born out of the darkness of time, into the brightness of eternity ;—into the consciousness of spiritual being ; on *this* day the fetters of tradition and environment and enfeebling inheritance fell from us, and we arose with an exultant sense of freedom and power into a realm wherein was no blind chance, no incomprehensible, unreasoning and unloving deity, no cruel, inexorable Fate, no death !—but everywhere LIFE, and the reign of universal, divine, harmonious LAW, whose working and manifestations were always just and benign,—whose principles we were not only permitted but encouraged to study,—which continually disclosed new beauties to earnest investigation, filling us with a glowing desire to increasingly adapt our life to its requirements. And through the light of this Law, through its beneficent teaching, what wondrous loveliness was continually disclosed on every hand, in every relation of existence ! The commonest and meanest objects and conditions viewed spiritually, were transformed into gracious appearances and ministering agencies ;—each disclosing new and more exquisite design and adaptation to its use and mission, as it was more closely and patiently studied ; and how humbled and awed we have felt upon discovering the marvellous delicacy and

loveliness in something in nature ordinarily ignored or despised,—while still conscious of the truth that if further and more minute investigation were possible to us, still more wondrous beauties would be revealed. If this comparatively insignificant creation be counted worthy by the Omnipotent One of such infinite pains in adapting it to the requirements of its condition, of such surpassing skill in its construction, what are we, who, with all our vaunted superiority, fall far short of being able to even *measure* its fineness to the limit,—that we should presume to judge any created thing as unworthy of our interest, our respect, our love. The finest cambric needle, magnified five hundred times, presents a point as rough and unfinished as a crowbar; while the sting of a bee, magnified to the same degree, is so perfectly formed, so finely tapering, that the actual point still cannot be discerned, it is so exquisitely delicate. What art of man can duplicate the texture of the rose leaf, or reproduce the downy feather which flutters from the breast of a bird?

It is thus in all departments of nature; the faculties of man are quite inadequate to cope with the stupendous marvels of creation. Those things which man fails to apprehend, to fathom by the means at his command—by his short plummet lines—he sometimes declares to be profound mysteries. There are no mysteries. Everything in the universe is subservient to, and in accordance with, Divine Law. There is only lack of comprehension, of perception, on the part of man; as his intellect expands, he will successfully demonstrate his ability to probe many of the so-called mysteries of Nature; scientific discoveries are continually attesting this truth; but spiritual conditions and spiritual laws require for their understanding, spiritual discernment; one cannot explain a scientific fact to a lower animal, however fine his instincts;—nor can the transcendent realities of *spirit* be demonstrated to the *reasoning* powers of man. But with advanced intellectual attainments, with scientific training, there will come a refinement of all man's potencies;—broader views, loftier ideals, increased leisure for thought and the cultivation of the spiritual nature afforded by mechanical inventions for the performance of what is at present manual labor;—all these will contribute toward a more liberal scheme of living which will affect all classes. For the trend of humanity is ever upward; we observe some apparently contradictory conditions, but they are in the na-

ture of experiences, whose lessons, though painful, are necessary to the individuals, or aggregations, concerned; their errors may be so obvious and so abhorrent to multitudes who are cognizant of them, as to cause to be swept away by the revulsion of feeling, as by a torrent, many similar tendencies which were gaining a foothold in those minds; and the reaction will work for greater purity of morals, moderation in word and deed, and toleration for the opinions of others.

And each one who is "lifted up" will draw all men unto himself; that is the Christ principle, eternally vibrant with living truth. That is a great beauty and beneficence of rising to a higher plane of life; there is always the certainty that in so far as we present an example of right living, of purity in motive and act, of unselfishness—nay, of *service* to others,—just to that extent do we draw all men unto us. If we are filled with high resolve and lofty purpose, though we speak never a word, our very thoughts will irradiate an uplifting influence upon all we meet; indeed, we know their power is far-reaching and may affect for good even those who are remote from us, judged by the estimates of the external world, but whose inner nature can come into vibratory harmony with our own, and who can receive, and respond to, a mental or spiritual impulse which we send forth;—since spiritual law does not recognize the limitations of time and space. We can think as easily of a friend at the antipodes, as of one by our side; and if sufficient harmony exist between the two, communication may be established. Solid walls or other obstruction are no hindrance to spiritual vision. The development of these higher faculties is merely a matter of growth; when their possession is of such paramount importance to all, shall we not have boundless patience in their cultivation?

No one who has awakened to the New Life, who has come into the consciousness of spiritual being, and realized the potencies thrilling within him, would exchange this condition of inner exaltation for all that the world could offer of rank or fame or luxury. No temporal joy of possession or pride of power, could even faintly compare with the experience of all-pervading peace, of continual upliftment, and the knowledge that we have entered into the abundance of a divine, an eternal, inheritance, whereby new, beautiful and abiding relationship is established—or better, put in operation—between us and all the infinite forces and resources of the spirit-

nal world. The One Life vibrating through us—an unimpeachable witness to the reality of our precious attainment—tells us that there is no limit to soul growth; that it will go on, and on ever upward, through all the eons of immortal life; that comprehending and working *with* Universal Law, its potencies will continually unfold; and that, having claimed our celestial birthright, we have become a power for good in the Divine Plan, and may work according to our will for the establishment of Universal Harmony. The privilege of that mission is a crown such as no earthly kingdom could bestow; to prove worthy of the responsibility, is to glorify an immortal life—without beginning, without end;—to fulfil the purpose of *being*. Viewed in the light of this comprehension of the soul's sublime possibilities, does not every relation assume a new aspect? The most trivial affair, the humblest duty, is invested with an importance and dignity which commands our best endeavor in its behalf. We enter upon a new consciousness of kinship with every created thing. We realize that *all* life, whether manifesting on the human or a lower plane of being, is a part of the One Omnipresent Life; hence everything is entitled to our love, our charity, our kind offices, according to its requirements. Oh, our upward journey brings us to ever increasing breadth of view, and love grows correspondingly more comprehensive. Our capacity for happiness, too, is multiplied a thousand fold; for we rejoice in the goodness and prosperity which brings comfort, content or progression to every living thing; while their pains and afflictions we may labor to lighten, not always in a material sense alone, but, in the case of humanity, by assistance to rise above the clouds, beyond which we know the sun is still shining.

With our awakening to the New Life,—with the birth of the Christ principle within us,—comes the reign of peace on earth, good will toward men which enables us to rule more wisely, more lovingly, in the kingdom of our environments; we entertain a new understanding of those with whom we are brought in contact; we are more desirous, and therefore more keen, to perceive the good in deed and motive; and beyond all personal follies, weaknesses, mistakes,—we see shining the *real ego*, the immortal soul, whose earthly expression is struggling with laborious and, mayhap, sometimes erring steps, back to its celestial home. We know that unchangeable, eternal Law metes out perfect justice to the children

of men; that every fault and wrong doing brings in its train, with unswerving equity, its exact measure and quality of retribution to the offender. Produce the *cause* for good or ill, the *effect* is sure to follow. Recognizing the infallibility of this Law, we have only compassion for those who deliberately sow the seeds which will bear for them a future harvest of painful experience.

Some who seek to guide their fellow-men into the New Life, advise more or less rigid asceticism; others protest against this course. It appears to us, from observation and experience, that it is wisest for each one to follow his own inner monitor in such matters. It is conformity to the spirit, not the letter, of any law, which demonstrates fully its value and beneficence. *Enforced* abstinence from anything for which, from habitual use or innate appetite, there is a constant physical demand, will not produce in any great degree the desired results of spiritual attainment;—but, when the lower nature assumes its rightful position of obedience to the higher the *craving* for such indulgences as are not conducive to spiritual growth will disappear. If we offer to the material body a change in climatic conditions, it immediately demands a corresponding change in clothing, diet, habits of exercise; and we may also observe a resultant alteration in our mental and spiritual states; an exaltation and illumination, if the material change has been an agreeable one. Conversely, we shall find that the rising to higher spiritual planes, will exert a pronounced influence over the lower appetites; and there will cease to be a demand for anything save that which in quality and quantity will support the physical body in a condition corresponding to the spiritual body which interpenetrates it. In this, as in all other concerns of life, it is useless to feel anxious, or to bestow undue attention upon material details; our one great need and duty is to live the higher life of the spirit; and all else will harmoniously adjust itself to our ever-improving spiritual conditions.

The more closely we relate ourselves to the Infinite, the stronger do we become as a magnet to attract all the good we can use from the universe. Moreover, we shall continually be discovering new beauties in old environments,—hitherto unnoted graces in old friends,—unsuspected resources for advancement in circumstances formerly regarded as undesirable; even some cross, under whose heavy burden we had been wont to bow and painfully stumble, becomes suddenly transformed; its weight no longer crushes us to

earth, but vanishes as we stand erect—upward gazing; and lo! it, too, catches a radiance from above and we behold it shining, beautiful. We raise it lightly, joyfully, thankfully; nothing would tempt us to relinquish it now—though once we had prayed, oh, so earnestly,—to be rid of it,—for it has become precious in our sight, since we now recognize that it has ever been a strengthening and purifying element;—a potent factor toward the attainment of this new spiritual height; and we guard it as lovingly as though it were a crown;—into which it may sometime, perchance by the alchemy of spirit, be transmuted.

So, daily, we progress; our life grown bright, beautiful, sanctified, by the illumination from above,—by the breath of the divine Being which has become, indeed, the breath of our life. Each day, each night, is consecrated to the Source of all that is;—every thought and word, motive and deed, becoming purer from consciousness of our relation to the Infinite. The design of our individual existence assumes a new beauty of form, exquisitely ordered and proportioned in all its parts, and accurately adjusted to the outward conditions and associations which environ it. Entering only into the *general* Harmony of the universe, yet finding special harmonies evolved, whereby new and congenial friends and relations are attracted to our atmosphere,—striving not for material gains, yet receiving abundantly for all our needs,—resigning ambition, yet glowing with the fire of divine energy and aspiration,—happier opportunities arise, broadened fields of usefulness are revealed, nobler responsibilities are bestowed. Such, feebly portrayed by inadequate and faltering language, are some of the joyful realizations of the New Life. Those who have entered therein will respond to the spirit of the interpretation, rounding it out with a multitude of personal experiences. Those who are seeking the Way, may catch a gleam of the heavenly light, which will serve as a beacon to encourage them onward.

As some worn pilgrim scans the twilight sky,  
 Seeking to pierce with eager gaze the gray,  
 And catch the first pale gleam of evening's star  
 To light with steady beam his homeward way,—

So thou, Oh wanderer o'er earth's darksome path,  
 Lift up with prayerful heart the spirit's view,  
 And count that hour most blest when, starlike, clear,  
 Shines forth God's messenger of light to you.

For once the radiant beam has winged its way  
 From realms of bliss to nestle in the soul,  
 Its glory all-pervading grows; until  
 It blends the finite spirit with the Whole.

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## EDITORIAL.

Agree with thine adversary.—*Jesus.*

Work with the law and be free.

Work against the law and it becomes your adversary and enslaves you.

If you agree with your adversary you are free from the law, because you work with it and become its master.

The only adversaries a man has are of his own making and he has but to turn about and recognize the reality of things in order to make the adversary his friend and helper.

Much is said about overcoming sin, error, disease, death, etc., but the only practical way is to cease resisting evil and to turn your attention to the recognition of good.

The trouble with most of us is that we live too much in the past or in the future and not enough in the eternal NOW.

We dwell on some mistake in the past, wishing we had done differently, or worrying because we think we see how much better for us and others it would have been if we had acted in an opposite direction to what we did; and thus in brooding over past errors we make of them an adversary that destroys the pleasures of to-day and keeps us in chains when we might be free; whereas wisdom would teach us to agree with the adversary quickly and let it go. When that past act rises before your mind say to it you are of the past, I agree with you, you were a mistake, but you are dead and have nothing to do with to-day. I AM LIVING TO-DAY.

Again we trouble ourselves about the future, and plan this and that way of doing to-morrow, next week, or next year, as the case may be, and use up our present energies in a useless endeavor to shape the future, and thus the future becomes an adversary of to-day, and robs us of the happiness which might be ours to-day if we would but live NOW.

Agree with this adversary quickly! Say you are of the future, and what you are has nothing to do with what I am to-day. When you get here you will no longer be of the future but will be of

to-day, and to-day is mine. I will live to-day so as to get the most good out of every moment. To-day is mine for to-day's work, to-day's happiness; I will not waste one moment in anxious thought about what is past or what is to come, for the past is dead and the future has yet to be born into to-day.

When we thus agree with the adversaries of the past and the future it is often surprising to note how all our troublesome adversaries melt away, the sky becomes clear, the Sun of Life shines within us, and we feel ourselves in the spring tide of happiness and health.

Yes, *health*, for when we relax the mind and recognize the beauty and harmony of the present moment our bodies respond to the influx of Life, Light and harmony that flow in through the open doors of the soul, and we realize suddenly that there is absolutely nothing to overcome.

All those ghosts of despair against whom we were blindly fighting have melted away and we realize that we are free humans, enjoying ourselves, free from the law of past and future and in perfect harmony with the law of the everlasting and omnipotent NOW.

Those adversaries are only ghosts of past and future, and when we turn on them the light of a happy present born of a determination to get the best out of every moment as it passes, these unsubstantial ghosts melt into nothingness.

In agreeing with our adversary we find that we do not have to overcome him for he is naught.

It is so simple, and yet we make such hard work of it. When we have only to recognize our invincible self as our only reality and *let* ourselves live and be happy, is it not strange that we will continue to invent ghosts and lions to struggle with and make ourselves miserable?

Taking anxious thought about anything is a clear waste of time, energy and present happiness.

If you would be happy take no anxious thought, but agree with the adversary and let him go.

If you would be successful in life, cultivate a happy, care-free mode of thought that nothing can disturb.

Have an unbounded optimistic faith in your own free spirit, and success, health and happiness are yours every moment of your life.

Some of our readers have fallen into the error of sending mail intended for the editor, to THE MIONION BOOK Co., and *vice versa*. Please send mail intended for the editor to C. W. Close, 124 Birch St., Bangor, Maine, but when you order books of THE MIONION BOOK Co., be sure to address your orders to them and not the editor, thus avoiding confusion.

On all matters relating to the magazine and his own publications and to healing, address the editor.

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## WHAT OUR FRIENDS ARE SAYING.

March 1, 1901.

CHAS. W. CLOSE.

Dear Sir:—I must tell you I enjoy reading your magazine very much. I am greatly interested in the novel, the end in Feb. is what I would call the awakening of the soul; how glorious, where Janet is commencing to realize she is more than flesh and bones. I think everything in THE FREE MAN is very good indeed; it is just food for my hungry soul. I find more and more every day that gives me life, and helps me, outside of food and drink.

I am respectfully,

CLARA HOUSE.

Feb. 4, 1901.


MR. CLOSE.

Dear Sir:—THE FREE MAN and Phrenopathy have done me a world of good. This world is so beautiful and such a good place to live in, I don't want to give it up for another heaven. I did not feel like this two years ago. C. S.

March 5, 1901.

DEAR PROFESSOR CLOSE:—

I cannot refrain from writing you before the expiration of three weeks to express my exuberant joy at the new light your treatment throws upon the science of mental healing. It is my belief that you have wrested the great secret from Nature in unfolding the reason why the subconscious mind has absolute control over all the functions of the body. You have struck the keynote as no other healer has done. Not even the eminent Dr. Hudson explains why this is so, as you have, in the idea that I am a ray from the imminent Deity partaking of the same Power. This is a grand and uplifting thought which renders the application of the treatment more easy and efficacious, and brings your patients in touch with the Infinite. Mrs. —.

 See adv. on 2nd page of cover.

I want to thank you for what your success treatments have done for my husband. A new position has opened for him this week with much better prospects. He has accepted it. I feel a new life is opening to him.

Yours most sincerely,

\* \*

☞ See adv. on 3d page of cover.

Feb. 19, 1901.

PROF. CLOSE, Bangor, Me.

My Dear Sir:—My wife is so much improved, in fact well, that I think it unnecessary to treat her longer.      \* \* \*

☞ See 2nd page of cover.

No money could buy your book "Phrenopathy" from me. If I knew how I could I would call down the greatest blessing upon you for writing it.

☞ See adv. on page 122.

March 8, 1901.

C. W. CLOSE, Bangor, Maine.

Dear Friend:—I must say I feel greatly benefitted by the one month's treatment you have given me for success. Things appear brighter in every way. Business is improving      \* \* \*

☞ See third page of cover.

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## BOOKS RECEIVED.

REALIZATION, by Loraine Follett. Paper, 62 pages; price 50 cents. Miss Loraine Follett, Atkinson, Ill.

HERMAPHRO-DEITY: *The Mystery of Divine Genius*, by Eliza Barton Lyman. Paper, 176 pages. No price quoted. Saginaw Printing and Publishing Co., Saginaw, Michigan.

WAHRHEIT IN WORT UND LIED," (Truth in word and song.) A collection of New Thought songs in German with music, compiled by H. H. Schroeder and Ernst Krohn. See adv. on another page. Published by H. H. Schroeder, 2622 South 12th St. Louis, Mo.

THE LIFE, HOLIDAY EXTRA, Vol. I, No. 2, edited by C. Josephine Wigginton Barton, 3332 Troost Ave., Kansas City, Mo. Per year, \$1.00. Single copy, 10 cents.

HEART CULTURE, THE SOUL OF YOUR SURROUNDINGS, by Ernest Loomis. Price 15 cts. E. Loomis & Co., Inwood-on-the-Hudson, New York City, N. Y.

ALL ABOUT THE HOLY BIBLE, explained to Max McGreggor. Paper, 32 pages. F. S. Weaver, Evansville, Ind. No price quoted.

STUDY IN CONCENTRATION, by Ione. Paper, 16 pages. Price 25 cents. Grace M. Brown, Box 445, Denver, Colorado.

THE PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION. A handsomely illustrated little booklet descriptive of the forthcoming Pan-American Exposition, at Buffalo, N. Y. Anyone desiring a copy may obtain it free by addressing the Pan-American Bureau of Publicity, Buffalo, N. Y.

We also acknowledge the receipt of several pamphlets relating to the Exposition.

REALIZATION, a bi-monthly, published by Joseph Stewart, LL. M., 1540 Howard Ave, N. W., Washington, D. C. Per year, \$1.50.

HOW TO LIVE FOREVER, by Harry Gaze, Oakland, California. Price, \$1.00. Recognizing the operation of death as inevitable, the author claims that we may so co-operate with death, that it presents itself to us simply as the negative aspect of continual renewal; and that by such co-operation we may retain youthfulness forever by the consciousness of continuous birth and death. A unique presentation of the subject.

THE LIFE BOOKLETS, by Ralph Waldo Trine. There are three of them, each neatly bound in cloth. They are Character Building Thought Power, Every Living Creature, and the Greatest Thing ever Known. The price is 35 cts. per copy, or the set of three books for \$1.00. Mr. Trine is a forceful writer on New Thought topics and his Life Books will repay careful study. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., N. Y.

EVOLUTION OF THE INDIVIDUAL, by F. N. Doud, M. D., handsomely bound in cloth. Price, \$1.00. The Reynolds Publishing Co., 53 State St., Chicago, Ill.

HARMONY is the title of a peculiar philosophical periodical published at Ponca City, Oklahoma, by P. Pearson. Perhaps a copy would please you. See adv.

YOU ARE INVITED to join the Psychic Club, a private order investigating the Unknown Powers of Mind. Membership fees are \$1.00 a year, but if you send *ten cents* only, with the names and addresses of ten people who might like to join such a club, to Sidney Flower, Sec'y the Pyshic Club, Times-Herald Bldg, Chicago, you will receive by return mail your certificate of paid-up membership for the year 1901 and also a list of special privileges which you enjoy as a member of the Club. You should make entry at once.

We clip the following review of Mrs. Young's new book from *Boston Ideas* of Feb. 16, 1901:

ONE OF THE BLUE HEN'S CHICKENS is a surprisingly interesting little story, by Virginia Durant Young. It is little, however, only in the size of its pages, for the meaning of its matter is large with the fruitfulness of the sincerest living along the highest and most practical lines. The story illustrates how a few earnest women led by one of them as pioneer, made real the promises of the New Thought movement in their own individual lives. And the details represent so truly a spiritual resurrection that every smallest factor in the case interests the reader because in it he is given an actual glimpse of the inner life-force at work.

The truths of mental science are taken at their word and applied with simplicity and steadfastness, and with what will be called wonderful results. The truth is, the world has so lost the use of its perceptive senses through mental stagnation that man forgets the godlike qualities to which he is heir and is surprised when some enterprising discoverer proves to him their presence. But it seems to us that "One of the Blue Hen's Chickens" is one of the books that

need not provoke undue antagonism from unbelievers. It is written earnestly but wisely, and it ingeniously offsets its declarations of the workings of the law of "All-Good" with incidents that occur everywhere and which seem to be the result of some malevolent influence.

It is a thoroughly charming story, tinged with much of the romance of the old South and showing many of the prejudices of the new regime, and it is often amusing in its character-touches as well as touching in its special developments of sincerity.

It gives us an interesting picture of certain regions of South Carolina, their present scenic and social peculiarities, and in no way aggressively throws mental science athwart any reader's predilections. It simply aims to live the truth out practically in everyday life, and to show how rich a harvest may be reaped from the simplest materials at hand. Here is an amusing instance of the instinctive prejudice of the old to the new, as found everywhere the world over:

"Nothing would help you like a dally dose of mental science."

"I ain't going to take none. I'd rather depend on castor oil."

The book is neatly printed and bound.—*Boston Ideas*.

Paper 176 pages. Price, 50 cents. Order of Chas. W. Close, Publisher, 124 Birch St., Bangor, Me.

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## LIFE'S MIRROR.

There are loyal hearts; there are spirits brave,  
 There are souls that are pure and true;  
 Then give to the world the best you have,  
 And the best will come back to you.

Give love, and love to your heart will flow,  
 A strength in your utmost need;  
 Have faith, and a score of hearts will show  
 Their faith in your word and deed.

Give truth, and your gift will be paid in kind,  
 And honor will honor meet;  
 And a smile that is sweet will surely find  
 A smile that is just as sweet.

Give pity and sorrow to those that mourn;  
 You will gather, in flowers again,  
 The scattered seed from your thoughts outborne,  
 Though the sowing seemed in vain.

For life is the mirror of king and slave  
 'Tis just what we are and do;  
 Then give to the world the best you have,  
 And the best will come back to you.

—Anonymous.

# JUST OUT!

THIRD EDITION OF

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BY

CHARLES W. CLOSE, Ph. D.

REVISED, REWRITTEN, ENLARGED AND IMPROVED.

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VOL. V.

MAY, 1901.

No. 5

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## “TO BE OR NOT TO BE.”

We prate o'er much of sacrifice,  
Of discipline and duties done,  
Of burden bearing, and otherwise  
Our sad fates we bemoan—  
Of weary nights and days,  
Of reaching wisdom  
Through error's ways,  
And through long years  
Of sorrow and of tears.  
The time is ripe  
When we should shame to own  
That now while we may have  
The Bread of Life,  
We sit and feebly take a stone.

MARIE A. WATSON.

---

## TO THE LORD OF LOVE.

Sing a song of faith and hope,  
A heart brimful of joy;  
Four and twenty hours  
Of peace without alloy.  
When the day is opened  
Let the soul begin to sing  
Songs of glad rejoicings  
To the Lord of love, our king.

H. MAUD MERRILL PHELPS.

---

## TO THINE OWN SELF.

BY JULIA BROWN-STRODE.

---

### CHAPTER X.

---

#### JANET'S JOURNAL.



THE epochs of our life are not in the visible facts of a calling, our marriage, our acquisition of office and the like, but in silent thought by the wayside as we walk; in a thought which revises our entire manner of life and says, Thus hast thou done, but it were better thus.—Emerson.

Oct 30. I have been spending a portion of my leisure time, for the past two afternoons, inscribing and coloring a motto for the wall of my room: "I believe in the omniscience, the omnipotence, the omni-presence of God." It contains the whole of my creed. There is naught besides. Papa who saw me doing the lettering suggested that I do one for the study. It will adorn a small blank space between the mantle and the fireplace. "Duty, well done, is the soul's fireside." I am at work on that now. I enjoy doing it. As I knelt on the hearth, chiseling the letters into the granite block, I have asked myself, over and over again, "What is duty?" But, surely, after much wavering, I have answered that to my own soul's satisfaction.

---

It is hardest to be misunderstood; to be looked upon as acting selfishly when one wishes only to act justly.

---

I know the meaning of self-sacrifice and to what extent it is good.

Nov. 1. I took my outdoor exercise to-day in helping little Paul rake up the fallen leaves, a delightful task. Paul who has always possessed his own little garden is now quite ambitious about keeping the whole yard in order. He has many plans for the spring, as to the seeds he will plant and the shrubs to be reset. His knowledge of plant life is surprising; there is scarcely a tree or flower but he calls by name. Tom has taught him a great deal but he seems to learn almost by intuition. He is a true child of

the wood. He tells me when he grows up he means to be a landscape gardener. To me there is nothing more refreshing than to meet some one—even a child—who knows what he most wishes to do. What is it Eliot says? "It is want of purpose, that makes the dreariness of life." And surely, to know what one desires to do, and to work toward that end, is to give zest and meaning to the commonest day. I have always known what I most wished to do. I cannot remember when the thought first came to me. Little Paul's true artistic sensibility is shown in the remark he made to me, to-day, when he said, "I hate fixed designs and patterns, I should pattern after nature and bring the spirit of the hills and the forest into my very dooryard." He is a dear companion, my little brother.

Nov. 2. Caroline Matterham came this morning to sweep and scrub for me. I have decorated an earthen jug for Mrs. Sharp and with the money obtained I am, to-day, relieved of this drudgery. Caroline does her work beautifully. When I remarked upon it she asked, "Why should I not do it well? It is my work." I saw in her then, the elements of true greatness and understood the meaning of her joy. She sang as she worked.

Nov. 6. Maud came home from school a trifle earlier this afternoon and we went forth with excruciating formality to call on Mrs. Marborough. A new suit nerved Maud to the ordeal, a tailor made of hunter's green; just the color to intensify the creamy whiteness of her skin, the pink of her cheeks, and the luster of her hair. She wore a jaunty green hat and carried a muff. She looked, indeed, charming. I wore both gloves and Maud conceded I looked "fairly respectable."

Coming up the broad front entrance, Marborough house appears more sombre and lonely than from the side view which we receive of it daily through the trees. The air was nipping and eager and no sign of life was visible, anywhere, save Bruno, the St. Bernard, who came lazily down the granite steps to greet us, stretching his legs and wagging a friendly tail, quite as though we were some of the folks. His visits to our back door are so frequent and our reception of him so warm he ought surely to extend a similar welcome to us when we appear on his grounds. After prolonged waiting, in response to our ring, the massive front doors parted, just a trifle, and the housekeeper stuck out her nose to say that

Mrs. Marborough was just recovering from a very serious attack of heart trouble and could see no one. We then crossed over to Euclid avenue and left our cards at Mayme's, who was out for a drive, and at little Mrs. Van Tyne's, Maud's Sunday school teacher, who was also absent, and returned home feeling relieved and gay.

This evening Maud went to prayer meeting in my stead. (The new dress.) Either the one or the other of us must attend for papa's—not for Jesus'—sake. Indeed I know if that matchless one were personally consulted he would not require this sacrifice of me. And it would be a sacrifice, for my soul yearns for solitude.

Nov. 10. My little family are not taking kindly to the new regime. Each individual member wears a martyr's crown of prodigious proportions. Poor Papa seems dazed. The twins, after a week's tolerance and submission are in open rebellion. At times we are all fairly miserable. When alone I sometimes laugh, sometimes—well, I might cry were tears not a sign of weakness or relenting, and I do not propose to relent. I have never known a weeping woman to possess any real strength of character. "Sweet Alice with hair so brown," is not at all my style; she is quite too emotional. Had I been Ben Bolt I should have preferred a sweetheart with greater mental poise. I am speaking of tears over little things, over small, perhaps great, personal trials. In times of real grief, tear's are one's only relief, and then—perhaps they come not. But what was I talking about. Oh, yes, as I was saying, the twins are in open rebellion. A week ago I purchased a shoe box, secured the lid with hinges, padded the top and covered both top and sides with soft, pretty cretonne, and put it in the corner of the dining room. It serves the purpose of a seat but was constructed principally as a receptacle for misplaced articles. I have presented it to the twins. Anything belonging to these cherubs found out of its proper place is put in this box until called for. In this way, instead of rushing up and down stairs, for the space of several hours each morning, putting things to rights, one can easily, and in a very short time, bring a room to a semblance of order. And then when a cap, a pair of slippers, or a book is missing, one has only to say, "Have you looked in the box?" A pair of bicycle shoes, a foot ball, a glove is lost, instead of dropping everything

to execute a mad search, a simple wave of the hand suggests "The box." To the two youths the expression is becoming odious. I have a similar receptacle in the corner of the kitchen for little Paul. He finds it quite a convenience. But the twins! This morning when Rob extracted his sadly wrinkled dress coat from among the mass of miscellaneous articles, he held it aloft and with a look of disgust on his face such as I hope never again to behold, he exclaimed, "Well, by thunder!"

I was even base enough to long to say, "If you had but put it in its proper place," but I dared not. Intuition told me to what extent my persecutions could extend without causing a terrible revolt, and I continued at my work with an expression meek and downcast.

Ah, me, if I had but brought my children up to habits of order! If I had but taught them to do for themselves instead of doing all for them! I do not mind coddling papa's weakness, there is something so unseeing, so childlike in it all and then—he is my father. But when one keeps order for a family of four lusty young people, one has little time besides. And there is my Art. Oh, my soul, when I think of that, I am firm, I am undaunted, I am determined.

Nov. 11. Silently I am speaking words of harmony to my ruffled household. It will come.

All day I have worked. I have felt myself growing as I held the brush. To work, to grow, to create, therein lies life's chiefest joy.

Nov. 12. Such crisp, inviting weather, such blue and starlit nights. Confined to the house all day, after tea I took a long walk down a quiet, country road. I threw back my shoulders and breathed in the fresh, invigorating air. I saw the stars come out. I felt the earth beneath my feet. Each star gleam was the glance of love, the touch of earth a caress. The cedars reached forth their heavy branches with encompassing tenderness. I felt my kinship with the world's inanimate life, I felt my oneness with Divine Life, Universal.

As I passed the Marborough gate a carriage swept up the driveway and paused in front of the entrance steps. In the broad gleam of light which shone forth, as the heavy house doors swung apart, I saw two gentlemen and a lady alight and pass within. As I moved on, two physicians passed me. They also entered. This

brought to me the thought of death. But life or death, it is the same, and all the world is beautiful.

(Sunday.) To-day was one of papa's inspired days. The divine glory revealed itself in his face; his whole personality was as a transparent vase through which the inner spirit shown in all its benignity and sweetness. He spoke simply, like a father counseling beloved children. His words were as eloquent and magnetic as they were tender and persuasive. No one could have heard him without being made better.

Maud and I sang a duet. Papa has always reprovably maintained that if I had taken as much pride in my voice as I have in my art it would now be a joy to many. He misses my voice when I am not at church and speaks of it quite pathetically. He fancies it is like my mother's. My mother had one of the most melodious contralto voices, so full, so rich, so free. It seemed to flow from the inexhaustible source of all music. She sang so easily, so joyously.

Mayme and Tom were out. Mayme was looking very beautiful and very haughty. She refused me her glance though she smiled at Maud. My, how I long to paint her; such eyes, such nostrils, such exquisite line of lip, such lashes. No wonder men go mad over women, whom the elements have combined to give such fair externals though they may possess but the glimmering of a soul. Mayme is a very clever little woman, she gives Tom just enough of herself to keep him continually at her chariot wheels.

Another was there. Why does my pen falter? Why should I hesitate to write the name?—Max Marborough. In the vestibule below, as we descended the stairs, he was shaking hands with old friends. We bowed and passed on.

Nov. 14. Tom is still a dear home boy. (It hurts my heart to offend him.) Scarcely a day passes but, either going or coming from the office, he drops in. If I am alone we are sure to engage in some spirited discussion. To-day we were talking on love, and I remarked, with unpardonable triteness, that love, though unrequited, enlarged the soul.

Tom jocosely returned that he had also heard that eruptive diseases purified the blood, but that he had never been desirous of having smallpox. We were quite merry.

Dear boy, his own love nature is so strong and radiating. He

is so earnest in his work, so full of plans for the advancement of humanity. He has a word and a caress for the dirtiest little urchin in the street. "That is my boy," he will often say to me, pointing out some uncouth youngster. He knows the hopes and plans of all the older boys in town. He is known and loved by all the school children in the most remote country districts. He is a light in the world, my dear, unorthodox brother.

Nov. 17. Papa has been away the greater part of the week and each afternoon I have closed my doors and am deaf to knock and ring. I think I must have undergone some functional change of brain, as well as change of heart, for I no longer carry disturbing mental pictures of disordered sanctums and chaotic kitchens if the last book is not returned to its proper niche, and the last glass polished and replaced upon the sideboard. I am as oblivious of these things as I might be had I never lived in a house and felt the pressure of modern civilization. But such pictures as do come to me, maddening and elusive; yet, sometimes, my hand is able to execute with surprising skill, to bring out swift and strange effects, as though a master spirit sat behind the brush and guided my inspired fingers. It was this which filled my mother's heart with rapture. I remember once, when but seven years old, of sketching the cat as she sat on the garden fence, watching a bird which was shortly to become her prey. With a line, a stroke, a pressure of the pencil, I had caught the intense watching attitude, the suppressed action which was, in an instant, to leap into play. I remember how my mother glanced at it, caught me in her arms and kissed me; how she carried me into the house as though I were her best and only one, and seating me on her knee stroked my hair with fond and tender pride; how she lifted my chin with loving finger tips and gazed into my eyes as though she would get the true meaning of the spirit which dwelt within, and then again kissed me. I remember how she pinned the bit of paper to the wall, that she might see it as she worked, and how she went about her work singing.

Oh, mother! mother! was your hope unfounded and your dream in vain?

Sometimes the inspired moments come to me now, then hours of drawing, drawing, drawing and everything commonplace and dull. But it is enough to be able to work and one lives whole lifetimes

of joy in these precious moments when they do attend one. They are worth days and years of continuous toil. And they will come, I can trust, they will come.

Maud has entered into the spirit of my work. She believes in me. Every evening for the past week we have been going to the Marborough pasture where a narrow beaten path runs along the foot of the hill bordered by a pebbly creek. I have a picture in mind, a wild and graceful thing; Maud leaping along this wintry twilight path, erie as the shadows, with Gyp, like some pursuing elfin spirit, chasing at her heels. Her hair is down and her shawl flutters backward in the breeze. I have named it "Hastening Home." She has lingered too long. She is afraid of the very shadows, of the spaniel scurrying behind her through the crackling leaves. A dozen times we have enacted the scene; I sitting on the fence to see her go by. Gyp does his part as though he entirely understood the situation. We get a good deal of fun out of it at least. The picture must be born of spirit and imagination. I see it now, a mass of trembling grays with but subtle contrasts of tree and sky, and the girl—a touch of sprightly brightness here alone. If it will but come true.

Then we all take a run, Maud, Paul, Gyp and I and go home, oh, so hungry to a regular bacchanalian feast of brown bread and milk, apples and cheese. Sometimes the boys boil the kettle and make some tea, but we need no stimulant for we have drank of the pure wine of life.

Nov. 18. I feel as empty as an egg shell. All definite thought is scattered to the four winds. "Society" always affects me in this manner. I would be quite inane if I "went out" a great deal. The E. W.—which being interpreted means the "Every Wednesday Club"—held an open meeting at Mayme's this afternoon. Maud and I helped to decorate the pretty house and to serve the dainty refreshments. Ladies in pretty toilets came and went chattering like birds. Mayme was in her element. She was looking lovely. Something occurred which disturbed me exceedingly, which reveals my want of equanimity. A group of ladies whom I paused to serve were talking very animatedly on the subject of Mrs. Marborough's "purple room." As I turned away one of them remarked in a loud whisper, "I wonder if she still cares for him."

"Him!" It was not necessary for her to give the name, all knew to whom she referred. For an instant I longed to turn fiercely about and to say, "Not in the sense you believe, does she care for him. Nor would she accept him if tendered her on a silver platter. She longs for nothing so much as to be free."

This is true.

Nov. 20. Mayme was commissioned by her club to deliver some little patterns to a Mrs. Trench who lives in the coal mine district. As she knows I enjoy the walk among the sycamores, which leads in that direction, she asked me to perform the service for her. It is a delightful walk and one feels more accountable to one's fellow beings if one goes forth with a definite aim in view. The fact that I enjoy roaming the fields and woods alone is looked upon as rather uncanny and peculiar and has been given by Mrs. Sharp as a reason for my spinsterhood. "Men don't like queer women."

Mrs. Sharp belongs to that large class of human beings who never feels the necessity for solitude and who cannot understand such a need in others.

Mrs. Trench is a coarse, rebellious woman. Her record, previous to her marriage was one of crime and shame. She was then noted for her coarse wit, her cunning, her debauchery. She keeps a boarding house for a dozen miners. Her husband is sometimes jealous of her and sometimes strikes and beats her. He is better when drunk than sober, but he is not always drunk. According to the old plan of reasoning I can understand how God could give his only begotten Son as a Saviour for the world, but I cannot understand how he continues to give little helpless babes into the hands of such people. I cannot understand it. It worries me.

The patterns were an enigma to this woman so I promised to come again and to help to cut and shape the little garments. "It is such beautiful work," I said persuasively, for her face was hard and defiant, "you should be so happy."

"I don't know as it's anything to be happy about," she replied sullenly, "but he likes children."

"Oh, well, then," I returned smiling, "it is sure to have some one to love it."

A new light seemed to come into her face. "Oh, I'll take care

of the brat when it comes," she said, "though it wa'nt invited."

How harshly I have written, for in that fleeting gleam did I not see the latent beauty in that woman's soul. It is there, I *know*. "A little child shall lead them." But a moment ago I was thinking only of the babe. A babe is so tender.

All the way up the hollow I was speaking to the divine motherhood in this woman.

I must see her again.

Nov. 22. The weather still remains so I can do some sketching out of doors. As I was sketching in the wood this morning Tom ran across me on his return from a visit to some country school. As he looked over my shoulder he said with boyish hesitancy, "If I have wronged you, Janet, it has been through unconscious selfishness and I want you to forgive me. I believe in you, and love you. What you have done and borne for me, I feel I can never repay, but I want you to feel that I wish to act fairly. Only command me; tell me how I may be of help to you."

"By begging your pretty wife to sit for me," I said lightly, smiling at him out of the corner of my eye.

He looked pleased. Gathering up my traps we walked home together.

All afternoon and all evening, my heart has whispered. "My own has come to me."

(To be continued.)

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## RELAXATION.

ROSABEL REED.

PART I.



IF you do not rule your body, it will rule you. Following the natural and harmonious order manifested throughout the universe, the higher should rule the lower; and this is unquestionably designed as regards our physical, mental and spiritual forces. There is undeniably action and reaction; the higher is conditioned by the lower element through which it must express itself; but it is our privilege and duty to train the lower into an approximately perfect co-operation with the dominant higher principle, so as to insure the least amount of friction and waste of energy in the putting forth of power, and

the consequent best results in the rounding out of the individual life, each one of which has its own place to fill, its own special work to do in the great plan of the universe.

This is, indeed, an ideal condition; but we must entertain high ideals, and then do our very utmost to live up to them, knowing we shall never quite reach our goal, since that must be ever advancing, yet happy in this knowledge, as only thus could we find the incentive for the continued progress which is necessary to our well-being, as a response to that resistless, inner force which is ever pushing us onward.

Since, then, it is desirable to reduce the friction of all action as much as possible, let us first consider how this may be accomplished in some of the simple, practical affairs of everyday existence. We shall at once be strongly impressed with the fact that a great many people keep themselves in a permanent state of "rush" and nervous tension, which prematurely wears out the physical machine, materially shortening earthly existence, and furnishing the poorest conditions for spiritual progress. It is as though one should keep a stringed musical instrument at an abnormally high pitch; there would be an enormous strain on the delicate mechanism, liable to occasion general and serious injury, while the music given forth would be unpleasantly shrill and decidedly unsatisfactory in quality.

In the cases cited, of the human being and the musical instrument, there is obviously an abuse of good material. Then lower the pitch of those tense musical chords; reduce the strain on those overwrought nerves. For a season at least,—relax!

It is one of the first instructions of a teacher of physical culture, that the pupil should acquire the ability to "devitalize" the muscles. It is the same with the piano teacher regarding the muscles used in performing upon that instrument. The expert teacher of voice culture insists that not only the muscles of the throat and the tongue should be perfectly free and relaxed, but that, save the tone-supporting diaphragm, not even a finger should be moved so much as to beat time. The instructor in the art of performing upon stringed instruments played with the bow, requires the pupil to keep the arm, wrist and fingers handling the bow, flexible, free; as the slightest unnecessary tension injures the tone produced, making it harsh and rasping, instead of mellow, rich and flowing.

Yet it is an acknowledged fact that this apparently simple attainment is one of the most difficult to acquire in perfection. Many a student could tell of long hours of patient, unremitting practice,—nay, even of tears, vexation and discouragement, ere freedom was gained. One friend used to say she felt as though strings were tied about her fingers, whenever she sat down to the piano to play, though she strove valiantly to drive away the impression.

Why is it that intelligent mortals—supposedly self-controlled—find it so difficult to loosen any or all muscles of the body if desirable? There can be no ease, grace, freedom of *movement*, so long as the muscles used in its production are tensely drawn. Mark the graceful motions of the lower animals; they have no self-consciousness, no hampering clothing, no necessity for hustling, either for possession or position, to develop restraint of action, or the custom of holding the muscles tense as though on the alert—ever ready to spring into immediate engagement. Note the spontaneous outpouring of melody from the throats of our feathered songsters; they have no need for instructors to teach the art of controlling or relaxing of nerves or muscles; they sing as naturally as they breathe, and with as little effort. Why cannot we of the human kingdom be as natural?

Observe and admire the really “reposeful” individual, should you be so favored as to encounter this *rara avis*; there is restfulness and serenity in the very atmosphere of such an one, as well as an eloquent example of unconscious grace and freedom, both in manner and general expression. Then seek to train yourself to imitate:—Sit down in the easiest chair you can find, or, better, recline upon a comfortable couch, lying flat upon the back, head level with the body, arms resting at either side, hands open,—commanding every muscle in your body to loosen, every nerve to become absolutely quiet for the time. Resist all temptation to make any mechanical movement with fingers or feet. You will presently flatter yourself that you have succeeded in your self-imposed task; but do not feel too certain; make assurance doubly sure by putting your order in another form; bid your body in its entirety to become as heavy as possible; to press every ounce it can muster upon its resting place; and you will doubtless find a response in the relaxing of some muscle of neck, or limb, or trunk, which had hitherto, unnoticed, refused compliance to your man-

date; and if you persevere for any length of time, with occasional review of your forces, you will be very likely to detect various instances of insubordination to your decrees; an occasional self-assertive muscle will be discovered striving to uplift some portion of your weight from that restful and luxurious couch. Eternal vigilance is the price of many things beside peace; and well-disciplined nerves and obedient muscles are not an exception; though we should not err in declaring that a harmonious condition of these most important constituents in our physical structure, goes very far toward insuring a *peaceful* state of affairs both within and without.

It is well known that many of the greatest workers the world has ever produced, those who have accomplished marvellous results and have left illustrious names to commemorate their attainments in different lines of action, have been able to take advantage of every leisure moment to relax,—to enjoy complete rest—to recuperate all the forces of mind and body.

Everywhere in nature we may observe the rhythmic sweep:—light and darkness, action and reaction, ebb and flow, throb and rest; and he is wisest who puts himself in line with these principles and works *with the Law*. So watch yourself; and when you find that nerves and muscles are unnaturally strained, seek some quiet nook, assume a reposeful attitude and Let Go? RELAX! If you sleep for a few moments, so much the better; at all events, you will arise refreshed, vivified, at peace with the world and in full possession and control of all your faculties, wherewith to do your full share in its work; as you never can, with the physical machinery running wild, or at an abnormal rate of speed.

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### MAKING MAN.



“GOD said let us make man.” If we look in Gen. 2nd Chapter we find this sentence, but there is no need to take the bible as the only authority, our reason will tell us that the whole work is to make man. Man stands the highest of all created and all below him tremble at his strength. Making man is the work of this earth, just as, making a rose is the work of the rose bush; the roots struggle up through the clods above them and the leaves came forth, then the branches are formed; the bush is a beautiful thing, yet the work

is not finished, a bud begins to form, after a little a rose blooms forth and the struggle is quieted, for a time there is a rest. So with the earth, the world would be beautiful with only the hills, valleys, rocks, trees, flowers, birds and animals, with the lovely sunsets, and all the grand forces in action, but the work does not stop here, man, perfect man is to be the blossom of earth's work.

All things which have been, both great and small, have been that man might be; nothing but what has worked together with all else, to make a perfect man and give him dominion over all things. When mankind is perfected, as far as this earth is concerned we will be in heaven, the rest period for all will be here, not stagnation, but a ripening as the kernel of wheat ripens after it is a perfect kernel in shape; when it is ripened the possibility of a new growth is there. When man becomes perfect, and is ripened, new possibilities will show forth, we don't know just what they will be, perhaps the ability to create worlds with his conscious thought.

Man is in the process of making now, the process of ripening will be in heaven; this thought of heaven which has come up with the race and been such a factor in the building of the world is a truth, and has been held in the soul's consciousness as all great truths are held, until we are evolved far enough to unravel the thought and make it perfect; then we come into a full understanding of what has been told in myths and as half understood facts.

We as a race look backward and say, this thing was evil, or that thing was of no use, when we know so little of the need of things. To say that one thing which has been builded was of no use shows that we have not come to the place where we can look backward with wisdom; then our wisdom for today must be faulty too. One will say that the Christian religion has brought hate and envy into the world, another may think some other things were not needed. How can we for a moment think that the great wise force, law or God, who has created this earth and all planets, and who surrounds and holds them in place, could fail in the making of man and in giving him things which are good for his growth? Some periods have held so much pain and distress that mankind could not exist in these conditions for a very long time, but was forced to think a way out, and thus the things which we

call bad were the very things which pushed upward into higher or more determined thought. Because a thing or condition is not good for us now or we do need it, is no proof that it is not the very thing which another may need most; because we have outgrown the creeds of the church is no evidence that others do not need them nor a reason that we should bind ourselves to the old by stopping to tear down what we can no longer use and thereby deprive another of what they need.

We must know that "All is good." This is one of the first steps in conscious work; the man mortal is already made, and being made on the unconscious plane, man came to where he is with no thought of his own, without the least idea that every thing he came in touch with was a factor in the making of a man of him.

There is more than one interpretation of the word man. We look at a body with no thought of the Soul which is the occupant within, and call it man; but man is a far greater thing than this mass of flesh, bone and muscle, although this is something wonderful, so great a piece of work that we stand in wonder and amazement when we stop to think of the perfectness of it and its workings. This is the mortal man, the one which has sprung up, lived for a short time and died, gone out of sight. The man to be builded now is the immortal man. A man is going to be made who will not die so easily, one who will know his divine origin and feel his ability to not only create circumstances, environments and conditions but to create his own body anew that it may live until he has no more use for it. He will grow out from it as he grew from childhood into manhood and from manhood into old age, slowly and with no jar like death; the only difference will be that he has not known how he has grown, now he will know exactly what will make him grow from the man mortal into the man immortal.

It is necessary to recognize that this desire to have a physical body, which has been implanted in the hearts and minds of all men, is the voice of God—Truth—telling us that the body is the very highest thing attainable upon this earth. There is no soul dwelling within a body but what is trying—some in a very feeble way—to keep the body alive, none who have lost the body who did not go into the unseen side of life with a strong sense of loss;

only a perfect faith that death sooner or later must come made them willing to go. The body that loses its soul must decay; the soul which loses its body cannot express; expression is life and the highest life is expression in matter. Instead of this being the lowest plane it is the ultimate of all action, forever. All time has been expended to make a body and we call it low! It is high, valuable and the most sacred of all things. Because some indulgence of the senses of the body has brought trouble and discontent is no evidence that they are bad, only evidence that we have not learned to operate perfectly this grand and delicate instrument which we possess. We must make the inner man the full Director that the outer may be kept in such perfect order that it will not break down and give out just as we have learned to value it most. Now, by knowing each center and its use, no stone can be left out in the building and the building stand perfect; every part must be equally pure, equally valued, none can be hidden from the thought and not become weak. We find that in making man that the head, the arms, the chest, the stomach with all other parts, excepting the one which designate our sex—the very corner stone, have been studied and called good; this has been tabooed, called bad, even vile, too low to be talked about, so we find all kinds of weaknesses and indulgences at this center caused by lack of knowledge, not from desire to be harmed nor from desire to die easily, only from ignorance, nothing else.

As we go through nature and look at her work we find that male and female is the only thing which will create growth; no life without the combined effort of both these qualities. The perfect man who will live and not die at the beck and nod of negative thought must be builded through the action of male and female thought.

In man's growth we find that he has never left one plane of growth for another until he had become master of all its parts or become disgusted with life on the plane of action. While we see this to be so we still fight those who experiment in sex life or study to know more of the building qualities of sex impulse. If the experiments should give more wisdom in sex-union then we would know better how to build man; if they should give disease, pain and death then those plans will be left behind and a new plan found and tried. Why should we seek to stop those who study to

know more of sex power in making man than we should try to stop those who study to know more of electricity; there is no reason for it only ignorance. We as a race need to know why marriage is so often a failure; we may learn something by watching the young people who start so fresh and bright, full of fancied (real when the right road is found, the straight and narrow way) possibilities and see how long it will be before the cheek grows pale, the skin begins to wrinkle and the home begins to contain discontent and inharmony. At first, perhaps, only little things come in. John is not so careful to give good-bye with a kiss or forgets it altogether. Mary cries because it is so and often scolds a little before the old expression of love is given. These times of unrest come oftener and oftener until Mary is known as a jealous wife and John as a neglected husband; if a little thought would be given to trying to find out what went out from the cheek, and what made the kiss less sweet than formerly soon there would be more mutual life to build a man and less essence of life wasted when there was no thought of creating.

None of the vital fluids of life should be drawn through this one great center of our body unless there is work to be done; it is needed to cruise through the body; it gives vim to the movements, lustre to the eye, softness to the tone, it is our life and we need it at every center, each having their allotted portion.

Is there more happiness in a blasted home without self-control than when all factors are put to the highest use, that of building a man? Tearing down may be good but it belongs to an undeveloped condition and building is better; there have been years of tearing down and yet the truth is only hinted at. No one could go into the grave if all vital fluid was used for making the man and not for sense pleasure. I know there are many questions which might come in here about the supposed celibate and those who seem to live the single life; but who knows the secret longings and disappointments which have been built in and kept there by this edict:—"Thou shalt not talk of secret things."

Honest investigation, of ourselves and others I am sure would prove that we hold the elixir of life in our bodies, and when we realize its value in making the perfect man, the study of the whole man and his possibilities will in no manner be thought indelicate or low, but will be considered the greatest of all studies.

Not a *few* men but *all* mankind *must* know of this fountain within which will give eternal life here and now in the flesh. Eternal life will be easy to find when the idea of impurity is taken from the study of the sex nature. This vital fluid is like steam. Steam let free, left to flow without pressure will do little work, but confine it, then control the outflow and it will run engines, draw immense loads, dredge rivers, bring up the gold and silver from the bowels of the earth, there is scarcely any limit to its power; so with this sex nature of ours. With a knowledge of confining this life force then using it for growth, a higher mentality, bodily health, beauty, success in business and in all things pertaining to our happiness and doom, man in all his grandeur will step forth master of himself and all things below him. Then Heaven will be here.

LUCETTA J. CURTIS.

## OLD SONGS MADE NEW.



IN this article I hope to enable the readers of THE FREE MAN to get a clearer meaning from the "Old Songs" of which we have grown so tired. When the religious world gets upon the higher plane, a revolution will inevitably take place with reference to the so-called sacred music.

But until then what are we to do — we who are "out of sorts" with the present songs and no new ones have been written for us? This is a serious question and a practical solution is a desideratum and he who presents an adequate solution confers a lasting benefit upon a large number of his fellow man.

In a Methodist revival recently as the invitation was being given to come to the "Mourners' Bench," some one started up, "Come Sinners to The Living One, He's just the same Jesus; As when He raised the widow's son, The very same." After ringing in the "Rock of Ages" and a dozen other old stand-bys, they closed with, "You're going away unsaved to-night."

Now I have been in Methodist revivals before, having been "converted" at the "mourners' bench;" have been baptized, and have "spoken in class" upon numerous occasions—all of which was more or less edifying at the time but is no longer so, for I

have out-grown it. Going home, I asked myself the question, "Why have I lost interest in the "Old Songs" that used to feed me?" Because they appeal to a Power without and not the Power within. "Is there no way in which I can use them to an advantage?" Quick as a flash of lightning came the answer *from within*. Yes.

"Sin" is simply a mistake, therefore he who makes mistakes is a "sinner." The "Living One, who is just the same Jesus" is the *inner man*. "Salvation" is right character or right relation to God, the inner man. Therefore when the "sinner" comes to the Living One—his inner self—he is no longer "going away unsaved" but is saved to the extent of his recognition of the supremacy of the inner Christ.

So you see that I have really "Made New the Old Songs." Go thou, and do likewise."

A. E. MARPLE.

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## EDITORIAL.

"My Dear Sir:—

It has been my privilege to make quite a study of mental healing, etc., and I am personally acquainted with some of the best in this line. I am not quite clear myself, neither have I been able to obtain a satisfactory answer from others to this question.

'Have we the right to promiscuously relieve patients of the results of their past experiences? By so doing do we not rob them of the opportunity of their own awakening?'

Astrology has taught me the greatest charity for every human being and when the law of their own being is placed before them and they are given the opportunity to travel the path that leads to health, wealth and happiness we have done all that is well and judicious on their behalf. We can only come into the possession of the Spirit by the development of the will, and it is not human or a general rule for man to correct the errors that lead to sickness, poverty and misery if some one else will do it for them.

If agreeable to you your opinion on this subject would be very gratifying."

The question raised by our correspondent is one that is frequently raised by those who are confused by the theosophical doctrine of Karma.

Karma means consequence and the doctrine as held by some theosophists amounts to this; that the individual *must* reap the consequence of previous living and thus live out his Karma; and basing their judgment on this indubitable fact, they feel that it is wrong to interfere with another's Karma for fear it may retard his growth, and this seems to be substantially the position taken by our correspondent.

His inquiry resolves itself into this "Is it right to relieve suffering?" and our reply is, it is most certainly right and only a perverted understanding could possibly see anything wrong in it.

Let us look at the subject carefully a moment.

Our correspondent says: "Astrology has taught me the greatest charity," etc.

It has probably also taught him, what is true, that every body has a certain influence on every other body, differing in degree and kind, and consequently every atom of Being is exerting an influence of some kind or degree on every other atom in the universe. This is the law of Being and cannot be annulled.

Mankind, being the summit of existing earthly creatures, exerts a correspondingly greater influence upon all nature and upon the individuals of the race.

He does this both consciously and subconsciously. His subconsciousness sends out its influence through the personality and it affects all who are on a plane of life rendering them receptive to that degree and kind of influence.

But man's subconsciousness is constantly changing so long as he lives and thinks.

The conscious thought and life impresses the subconsciousness with new influences, of more or less value to the growth of the individual's personality, and these new influences go out through the subconsciousness to all who are in a condition of growth to receive them; so we may see that we must have an influence with others because it is the law of Being, and of our expression of Being.

But note this: Our influence, whatever its nature may be, can influence only those who are in condition to be so influenced; and if they are in such a condition, *then their Karma has made it necessary for them to be so influenced, and in sending them our influence we are helping them to work out their Karma in the only way they*

*possibly can, and consequently it is right as well as necessary to do so.*

This is from the subconscious side, but now let us look at the question from the conscious side, and as we cannot go into the details of all relations of life we will view it from the mental healer's position, as that we think was what our correspondent had reference to.

That "thoughts are things" and that every thought has its own peculiar influence is something that we believe no student of mental phenomena who has given the subject careful attention will venture to deny. Indeed the very form of our correspondent's question indicates that he accepts these facts, for otherwise there would be no question of right or wrong about mental influence.

Granting then that "thoughts are things" and that every thought exerts its own peculiar degree and quality of influence, it follows that we are consciously exerting an influence upon the general mind every time we think, and the kind and degree of our influence depends on the quality and force of our thoughts; while their influence, like the influence of our subconsciousness, affects all who come within the sphere of our individuality according to their receptivity.

This is so because it is the law of Being and we can no more escape the law by shutting up our thoughts within ourselves and becoming mental hermits, than can the ostrich escape danger by its silly habit of hiding its head in the sand.

If, then, we must exert some kind of a mental influence it only remains for us to elect what the nature of that influence shall be.

We think our correspondent (or even those misled theosophists and other converts to East Indian superstition who are so troubled lest their Karma be interfered with) will admit that, considering the fact that our conscious thought is bound to have an influence one way or the other, it is best that it should be an influence for the best and highest we can conceive; best not only for our personal selves but best for all who are influenced by it.

And if by holding a certain quality of thought we can relieve ourselves or others from sickness, why should we not do so?

If our high thought is best for the general mind how can it be held to be other than good for the personal mind?

If you can send out a good influence in a haphazard way by merely thinking a good thought, by what process of reasoning do

you make it wrong to concentrate your mentality for the benefit of some one person? We fail to see how such an effort could interfere with that person's "Karma" for if the "law of Karma" is anything more than a vain imagination, it is in that person's Karma to receive that healing influence, otherwise it could have no effect on him; consequently, it was no invasion of his individual right but a help that was necessary to him in order that he might work out his Karma and be free.

If he makes more mistakes resulting in more "bad Karma," as our theosophical friends call it, what is that to you? That is his affair and need not concern you.

If a person has the gift of healing it is that person's business to use it, and to use it for the benefit of those who may be in a condition to receive such benefit; and it must be a very super-sensitive and diseased mentality that can find anything wrong in this.

It is no more an invasion of individual liberty to send a person health-giving thought than it would be to throw a rope to a drowning man. To say that such a course prevents a person from using his opportunity to overcome his mistakes is as ridiculous as it would be to refuse help to the drowning man because it might deprive him of an opportunity to learn how to swim!

Every one who has a thorough understanding of the scientific mental healing of the new thought, knows not only that it does not invade the individuality in a way that is calculated to weaken it, but, on the contrary, that it positively aids in strengthening the person receiving treatment, aiding him, if he so wills, to become a more positive individual capable of rising to higher and yet higher attainments.

To those of our readers who profess to be followers of Jesus Christ we need only refer to the record of his life in which healing all manner of disease was a principal feature; and one, too, that he said should be found among his followers as an evidence of their Christianity.

Ho, there, ye preachers of "the gospel of Christ," show us the sign of your Christianity or admit that you preach that of which ye know naught.

To those who have cast aside Christianity only to become mystified by the silly superstitions of the East we would say get back to

the heights of the Christianity from which you have fallen and then proceed to grow!

To the free Humans everywhere, those who have grown out of Christianity, and upward into a true humanity we would say, press forward! Follow your own Spirit and fear nothing, neither in the body nor out of it, neither superstition within nor without the church; neither the fanaticism of theology nor that of agnosticism; knowing that the free Spirit finds expression in free personality.

\* \* \* \* \*

We are pleased to announce to our friends that our long dispute with the Postoffice Department concerning the right of THE FREE MAN to second class rates is ended, and that right restored to us, the department being at last convinced that we have as many paid up subscribers as we claimed to have.

We wish to thank our subscribers for their hearty support at this time and for the many kind and appreciative messages we have received from them.

We shall continue, as in the past, to do our best to make THE FREE MAN the best magazine of its class; and would remind you that the larger the subscription list is the better we can make the magazine. Can you not each one send in at least one new subscriber and thus double the subscription list next month? Try it. See our premium offer of a handsome, hand-painted portrait in gold-plated frame, in form of a small pin. It is a beautiful little souvenir, and our offer makes its cost but trifling.

☞ See page 154.

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY PHYSICIAN is the title of a new 16 page pamphlet (pages size of THE FREE MAN) which is just issued. It gives a brief statement of what the mental treatment is, together with evidence of its value; also explains the nature and scope of the success treatment with evidence proving its practical utility. It is a pamphlet that should be placed in the hands of every invalid in the country, and those interested in the healing value of the NEW THOUGHT should see that it reaches the hands of every invalid of their acquaintance, as it gives the most convincing evidence of the practical utility of the mental method of healing. Sent to any address, postpaid, for a two cent stamp. Address C. W. Close, 124 Birch St., Bangor, Me.

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## WHAT OUR FRIENDS ARE SAYING.

I appreciate very much that article of yours, Self-Poise. It is grand and your little pamphlet is altogether charming and very helpful.

I have so many periodicals that I thought I must give up most of them for it was getting too expensive but I have concluded that at least THE FREE MAN must continue to come. I like that serial story by Julia Brown-Strode. It is so unusually up-to-date and extremely well written. MRS. M. BECKWITH.

March 21, 1901.

DEAR DR. CLOSE:—

I feel that I must tell you how pleased I am with the editorial in the March number of THE FREE MAN. It is the A. B. C. & X. Y. Z. of the philosophy of absent treatment. What before seemed too mysterious for belief you have made clear as noonday. Allow me to say that whatever thought your pen translates at once becomes clarified. The power with which the "New Thought" teachings have taken hold of me is a surprise to myself, brought up as I was under the old orthodoxy. The readings absorb me almost to the exclusion of everything else. I feel like one just released from prison, and having but now begun to live. This, together with the "treatment" I am receiving, seems to have sent new life through my veins imparting a youthful vigor before unknown to my seventy-three years. C. A. B. C.

March 22, '01.

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☞ See the Special Offer to the sick on last page of cover of this issue.

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## A Youthful Philosopher.

The *Interstate Medical Journal* for July quotes the following from *Current Literature*: "Dr. McTavish, of Edinburgh, was something of a ventriloquist, and it befell that he wanted a lad to assist in surgery who must necessarily be of strong nerves. He received several applications, and when telling a lad what the duties were, in order to test his nerves he would say, while pointing to a grinning skeleton standing upright in a corner: 'Part of your work will be to feed the skeleton there, and while you are here you may as well have a try to do so.' A few lads would consent to a trial, and received a basin of hot gruel and a spoon. While they were pouring the hot mass into the skull the doctor would throw his voice so as to make it appear to proceed from the jaws of the bony customer, and gurgle out: 'Gr-r-r-gr-h-gh! That's hot.' This was too much, and without exception, the lads dropped the basin and bolted. The doctor began to despair of ever getting a suitable helpmate until a small boy came and was given a basin and spoon. After the first spoonful the skeleton appeared to say: 'Gr-r-r-uh-r-hr! That's hot!' Shoveling in the scalding gruel as fast as ever, the boy rapped the skull and impatiently retorted: 'Well, jist blow on't, ye auld bony!' The doctor sat down on his chair and fairly roared, but when the laugh was over he engaged the lad on the spot."—*Exchange*.

## Laughter as a Cure.

At the recent banquet of the National Wholesale Druggists' Association in Chicago the Rev. Frank Crane compared the respective remedial qualities of laughter. Some of his epigrams were these:

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"It promotes the circulation of the spleen."

"I once knew a man who laughed so much that when he died they had to cut his liver out and kill it with a club."

"Beware of theologians who have no sense of mirth; they are not altogether human."

"Keep your chin up."

"Don't take your troubles to bed with you; hang them on a chair with your trousers or drop them into a glass of water with your teeth."—*The Telephone*.



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## THE SAME YESTERDAY AND TO DAY AND FOREVER.

Heb 13:8.

When on the mount of exaltation  
Bathing in glory, soul and heart,  
Strengthened by Love's Transfiguration

We stand apart.

Down in the valley the throngs are yearning,  
Helpless and weak in clamoring strife;  
In spirit hunger to the Master turning

For Bread of Life.

Not long alone in heavenly contemplation,—  
His chosen ones must to the vale descend,  
And there dispense the holy inspiration

As did their Friend.

HELEN MAUD MERRILL PHELPS.

---

### GET READY.

Get ready to leave the old house,  
And move into the new.  
Get ready to leave the false things,  
Get ready to take the true,  
Get ready for the morning,  
The eastern sky grows bright,  
Get ready to leave the shadows,  
Get ready for the light.  
Yes, get ready for the sunlight  
And open every door,  
For of life in great abundance  
It will give you more and more.  
Arise, and face the glory  
That comes for one and all.  
Arise, step forth, no longer hide  
Behind a crumbling wall,  
For the glory of the new time  
Beams o'er the mountains old,  
And it comes in greater splendor  
Than bards have sung, or prophets told.  
Arise my soul, shake off thy sloth,  
Begin new life this morn.

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*Sex is the Basis of Creation.*

By CHAS. W. CLOSE, Ph.D., S.S.D.

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Arise my soul, shake off thy sloth,  
Begin new life this morn.

Lay by thy thread-worn mantle,  
 Get ready to be re-born.  
 Get ready to leave the old track  
 From dim valleys of the past.  
 Get ready to climb the mountain,  
 Get ready for something vast,  
 Get ready to be a giant  
 In spirit, mind, or soul.  
 Get ready to be the master  
 Of thy world, from pole to pole.

B. A. B.

## TO THINE OWN SELF.

BY JULIA BROWN-STRODE.

### CONTINUATION OF CHAPTER X.



NOV. 24. A very singular thing occurred last evening, the meaning of which I have all day questioned and questioned. For surely there must be some especial meaning to those strange incidents which come as revelations from a deep and hidden world. On returning from my walk at evening and entering the study, I found a strange figure seated by the fire. As I approached quite near I saw that it was Maxwell Marborough. As I advanced, he rose and we bowed without shaking hands. The firelight shone on his face which was stern and pale. I was glad the room was in semi-darkness for I felt quite ill for the moment and I had no voice. His mother was worse. He had come for papa, who was even then putting on his coat, and they went away together. I was glad that papa called to me about some trivial matter, when they reached the hall, for it was then I realized I had not spoken. To have left it so would have made me very wretched, and I put out my hand to the coated figure standing there in the dark saying in a whisper—I could but whisper—"I trust no sorrow will come to you." He took my hand, took it warmly, but said nothing and they went out.

I confess it. I went back to the fireside with the dreams and fancies of a romantic girl. I felt warmed and awakened. Little Paul, who came to heap the fire with wood and to bid me good-

night, said, his lips upon my tingling cheek, "How pretty you look, to-night, sister."

I was not thinking of Max's impending sorrow. I could not. I was happy. We had met. But when one has erred; when one has acted rashly, when one wishes to act justly and the opportunity for explanation, for reconciliation is at hand, it is a time of lightness and joy. I should not have returned the letters so. I should not have refused him audience. He should not have spoken slightly of my father. Why had my second letter remained unanswered? I thought of these things and I said, "On the morrow I will see him again," and was satisfied.

The night foreboded storm and the children, even to Hal and Rob retired early. When the house was quiet I rose and lay down on the sofa. I was tired from having worked the afternoon about the house, but I had no thought of sleeping, I wished only to rest and think. No lamp had been lighted and only the firelight filled the room. I was happy in my solitude and happy in my own thoughts. Just as the clock was striking nine a bit of half-burned stick fell from the grate to the hearth and I rose and replaced it. As I returned to the couch and was adjusting the pillow upon which I was to lay my head my attention was attracted more by the feeling of a presence near me than by the indescribably soft sound which accompanied it, and lifting my head I saw Mrs. Marborough advancing to the fireplace. The firelight leaped up and revealed her whole figure distinctly as she stood for a moment with her arm resting on the low mantle. She looked like one arisen from the dead, and in whose physical body the spirit had been intensely revived. She wore a shroud-like garment of some soft, white material, fastened loosely about the waist with a satin cord and tassel. Her dark hair was unbound and her clear-cut features shown luminously. She held a letter in one hand and as I looked up she said in tones, clear as the notes of a flute. "I wish to speak of a matter which has long oppressed me."

"Certainly, Mrs. Marborough," I said rising up to wheel forward the great chair, for the thought flashed over me that in an unattended moment, she, in a state of delirium, had wandered across the lawn to our fireside. As I crossed the room to reach the chair I heard behind me that peculiar movement, soft as the

flight of an owl, and turning I saw Mrs. Marborough disappear through the portierre into the hall. I followed, swiftly, never once dreaming the door was closed and came against it with the force of one running against a post in the dark. I was staggered for a moment but speedily recovering myself, I opened the door and glanced into the darkened hall. There was no one visible. I opened the outer door. The night had settled in utter blackness, on tree and shrub one heard the dreary drip of the winter rain. Closing the door I returned to the couch and the fireside feeling dazed and foolish as though I had followed the phantom of a dream. Yet I had not dreamed; I had not slept. I was never more wide awake than at that particular moment. I was awed but not frightened. My one explanation of the phenomenon was that Mrs. Marborough had died and that her spirit had appeared to me. Then the question occurred had she really something to impart which had brought her to me through the pathless night? So thinking I fell asleep.

I was awakened by a sound and opening my eyes saw papa sitting near me before the fire.

"Is it really you, papa?" I asked.

"It is really I," he answered, with a soft laugh. "Did you think I might be a spirit?"

"I thought you might. Yes. Mrs. Marborough is dead."

"No, when I came away she was sleeping naturally and the physicians say her pulse is stronger than for days."

I sat up. Had I really dreamed? No, I had not dreamed.

Papa poked the fire and continued, "At nine o'clock she had a sinking spell which alarmed us all exceedingly, but she recovered in a short time and appeared bright and cheerful. She is better, much better. You know her brother and his wife arrived some days ago?"

"I knew there were guests in the house."

"This evening their adopted daughter came. She was a niece of Mrs. Marks and being left an orphan at an early age she was adopted by the family. They say she and Maxwell Marborough are betrothed."

I know not why it should have so affected me but for a time I could not speak.

"You met her, papa? Is she—beautiful—is she—superior?"

"She possesses a very magnetic personality."

I wanted to question further, but I could not. As I slowly climbed the stairs I was surprised to find that I was weeping. Tears suffused my cheeks, and when I seated myself on the steps and wiped them away, they flowed afresh. When I endeavored to stifle them I sobbed aloud. I had no thought; it was as though my body wept, while my soul sat by in mute passivity unable to utter a solacing word. It was as though the bandage had slipped from a wound which should have healed, and the blood flowed and flowed. I wept, I knew not why. It may have been the giving way of the pent-up feelings of years. No remembrance of my work came to comfort me, no thought of the path I would carve for myself, no realization of my own completeness. I only knew that God had made me a woman and my life stretched before me, lonely and loveless. When I heard papa moving below I crept into my room and closed the door. I drew a coverlet from a chair and lay down upon the floor for I was afraid of awakening my sister and I had no word of explanation for my tears. I was not conscious of the passing night, the beating storm, the cold. I only knew that I was wretched.

It was dawn when my sister awoke and saw me sitting beside her on my bed. "You have been to Marboroughs," she said. "You have not undressed the long night through. Is she dead?"

"No, she is not dead. Papa tells me she is better. I have not been there. My head is aching terribly; won't you look after the breakfast for papa and the boys?"

She rose without a protest. "Why did you get up at all," she said with keen commiseration. "You are looking *so* ill. Try to sleep again."

I slept. When I went downstairs the clock was striking ten, the children had gone to school and the house was silent and deserted. I went about my work.

Nov. 26. I have scarcely spoken all day. I was glad to be alone, but when Maud came home at evening she found me singing thoughtlessly a sacred song, "Ye must be born again."

"You look as though you were already born again, sister," she said as she kissed me.

I smiled.

I had wept my heart free.

All in all, in times of disappointment and loss, we are as children

crying over a broken toy. Comfort will come to us, as to the grieved child. God meant it so.

Nov. 27. Mrs. Marborough is much better. She sits up and even moves about. It is a surprise and happiness to all her friends. Even papa seems doubly cheerful since the immediate danger is passed. This evening he insisted on a bit of bird being taken her, a portion of which had particularly delighted his own palate. Some very expressive pantomimes, but as a result of drawing straws behind the kitchen door, it fell to my lot to convey the viand. Since the martyrdom was mine, as soon as papa had left the room, Maud was ready with many sportive suggestions as to just how the thing should be done, and I left her waving a mocking adieu from the back steps as I hurried across the kitchen garden, to the little gate set in the hedge at the end of the lot. As I closed the gate and paused to adjust the dish and to better secure my shawl, for the breeze was eager and chill, I observed through the soft gray twilight a woman and man ascending the hill path. It was Maxwell Marborough and his betrothed. They were evidently returning from a brisk walk. She wore a skirt which cleared the ground by several inches and they moved together with rhythmic strides, as though in keen enjoyment of the exercise. Why should I not have looked at her with interest, she the chosen of him whose heart once claimed me? How did she appear to me in that first, fleeting moment of observation? Was she like me as I once was? Was she like me as I appeared today? No, she was different—wholly different. Her hair was dark to blackness, her eyes dark and her cheeks glowing. As an uncouth country lass she would have tended to corpulency, but groomed, trained, cultured as she was, embonpoint had given place to muscular symmetry and superb grace. She carried herself proudly. Her whole appearance was athletic and fine, suggestive of glowing physical life. They came near, so near I could almost have touched them with my hand. Bruno came sniffing at my garments and as I stepped aside his master called to him giving him a reprimanding slap. My shawl half concealed my face. He lifted his cap and the two passed on without breaking step around the pebbly drive to the front of the house. They conversed pleasantly and once he leaned toward her saying some teasing, humorous thing, for she lifted her hand with a protesting gesture then laughed and laughed again. I watched them until they dis-

appeared, then ascending the back steps I delivered my errand to Mrs. Sharp.

Maud was beginning the supper work when I returned. "Did you see her? Did you see her?" she asked, as I opened the kitchen door.

"See whom?"

"The late but illustrious Georgette Frierson Marks. That was she coming up the hill path with Max Marborough as you opened the garden gate. Isn't she stunning?"

"She is very striking."

"They say she has studied for the stage and done all sorts of gay and frivolous things."

"I see nothing gay or frivolous in studying for the stage if one does it for Art's sake and not from vanity."

"I have no doubt she is vain. I suppose the committee on music will arrange to have her sing a solo at church if Mrs. Marborough continues to improve. I'll wager her voice with all its training will not compare in natural sweetness to my Janet's," and without taking her hands from the dish water she leaned over and rubbed her nose against my cheek.

"It must be wonderful."

"What makes you think so?" with that little defiant movement of the head which lifted her pretty chin and revealed the white throat beneath. "You have never heard her."

"I have heard her laugh."

"Pooh! Really, sister," she continued irrelevantly, as she removed her hands from the water and studied her ten nails, glowing like so many pink-tinted pearls. "I believe my hands look better than when you did all the dishwashing yourself."

I was glad to change the subject. Dear child, she cannot but feel a twinge of jealousy for her maiden sister. It is this which humiliates me. Other girls have had lovers and it is not remembered against them forever. But other girls have had lovers, *and* lovers. My heart has remained untouched through the years. And he——

Why do I feel this unutterable longing to speak with him once again? Why am I in subtle ways withheld from so doing? I have but to utter the word "come," and he is at my side. But I cannot. I cannot. Having done so, what could I say? On

this: "Speak to me; speak to me! Tell me there is no thought or love for me in your heart and I am content. But it must be so. It must be so.

If I had but heard of his attachment, his approaching marriage, and he were far away, it would all be different. But he is so near, so near. It seems right that I should walk with him once again; that we should look smiling into each other's eyes and say, each to the other, "once we loved. It is of the past." Then we could go our separate ways, he to the being he can unreservedly love, I to the work which should wholly claim me.

Nov. 29. Why did Mrs. Marborough's astral spirit appear to me? What did she wish to tell me, that had long oppressed her? Over and over I have asked myself these questions. But she lives, she can tell me if she will. I called to-day but she would not see me. What was it she would have said to me that night? Was it— It is this which binds my heart to the past when I would fain be free.

Dec. 1. Last night I dreamed that Maxwell Marborough and I met at the spring. As we dipped our cups to drink, I said "Forgive my rashness and pride."

He looked at me in some surprise, his cup half raised, as though he scarcely guessed the meaning of my words, then answered carelessly. "It mattered not."

In my dream I saw, and knew, that all that had rested so heavily on my heart had touched but lightly on his own.


This may be true.

(To be continued.)

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## RELAXATION—Part Two.

ROSABEL REED.

F course, there is a mental correspondence to these conditions; and this tense, strained attitude of mind, as though one were figuratively grasping everything with all one's might, fearful of some impending evil, or that something might escape and must be guarded with all alertness, finds its outward expression in various bodily inharmonies. There is constant repression, which has its effect in prevention of the free expulsion of bodily impurities through the proper

avenues; and undoubtedly many malignant growths arise from a similar source.

Observe the hand of an over-cautious or greedy person; you will not find it free, flexible, open, with fingers tending to bend easily backward; but rather unelastic, with close fingers, naturally curving inward, which sometimes *cannot* be held out perfectly straight.

These illustrations of correspondence between the mental and physical planes of our existence might be multiplied indefinitely; but each may find numerous examples within the circle of his own observation, and we leave to personal inclination the pursuance of this lesson, which may be both interesting and profitable if aptly applied.

Of course, one cannot hope to overcome in a brief space of time or with slight effort, the results of years of mistaken practice; but a recognition of the real, underlying cause of undesirable conditions is the first, and a most important, step in the right direction; then, patient and determined encouragement and entertainment of directly opposite states will insure continual improvement. Happy indeed are they who are free from, or have not fostered, this tendency to undue tension of body and mind.

Now it is quite evident that this condition of rigidity and "holding on" which prevents our free expression or "giving out," is an equal hindrance to our receiving, or "taking in." This is an absolute verity on each plane of our being. Unless we *give* freely, we cannot *receive* freely; unless we *aspire*, we cannot *inspire*. If we are niggardly with material possessions, too cautious to venture a reasonable outlay for our own or another's benefit, lest there be not an adequate return, or the supply fail to flow in, we shall inevitably attract and surround ourselves with precisely these barren conditions.

No one can hope to retire into a corner of the world, drawing about himself his small accumulations and building a wall around them, and make any great increase in his store; there must be unrestricted, friendly interchange of possessions, whether these be of a material, mental or spiritual nature, if there is to be growth or progression.

There is another phase of this state of tension; that is, where people mentally restrain or "hold on" to others;—friends, or more particularly members of their family. They often express instant

disapproval if one upon whom they feel they have a claim adopts a system of living which does not appeal to them, and which, consequently, they have never tried,—or espouses a cause or a line of thought with which they are not in sympathy. Now these departures from the rules and customs of the self-appointed dictator may be entirely commendable to an unprejudiced mind, or even in advance of the prescribed system; none the less, on the plea of friendly interest or affection, does the well-meaning, but mistaken, mentor seek to restrict the liberty of thought or action of the other. A mother recently remarked :

“If I had comprehended and embraced the “New Thought” earlier in life, I should not have restrained my two daughters as I did; after starting them aright,—giving them a good moral education in early life, I should have allowed them more freedom to act according to the dictates of their own conscience.”

Ah well, the world is growing wiser every day; and this enlightened mother may help some other mothers to choose the better way. If people could understand that vested authority imposes such great obligations; that it should be used so very cautiously and sagaciously; that it should never be exerted unless one is quite sure that its object is purely unselfish!

Again, how many instances we have all observed, where one person sought to secure a certain position, or even a monopoly, in a friend's regard or affection;—to fill a special and prominent place in his life; to *hold* that vantage-ground against all comers. Such an one utterly fails to comprehend the fact that the demand is absolutely vain, unless he can offer the exact qualifications of temperament and character, of mind and heart, which are necessities to the other. He will receive *spontaneously* from his friend just whatever is rightfully his due; he cannot hope for more. If he can fill one part of his friend's life, but is unable to comprehend his nature in another respect, let him know that it is no fault of either and be happy in what belongs to him alone. No one can respond to a tone, if there is no chord in his being in unison with it. A cube cannot exactly fit within and fill a sphere; nor can any nature pervade another whose limits do not correspond to its own. An understanding and application of this law would do away with the petty jealousy often existing among friends. Let each one claim perfect freedom for himself, and grant it to all others.

Furthermore, we are all inclined to cling to our own material conditions;—to the ties and customs and interests which environ us; we think we are *sure of them*, and dread to loosen our grasp on them, even though we feel that they fetter us and weigh us down and prevent our spiritual progression—our ascension to loftier heights of being. Doubtless this state is unavoidable, presenting merely a stage of growth; and when we have sufficiently developed, the undesirable conditions will inevitably and of necessity fall from us. The butterfly folds itself tight within its imprisoning, but protecting, sheath, until it can emerge fully matured and spread its beautiful wings in a whole world of sunshine and flowers. So that fear which prompts us to “hold on” to our encircling environments, to resist the gracious power which would bear us onward, indicates that we are not yet sufficiently advanced in our spiritual evolution to enter into a higher plane of existence; but one day the hour will strike, and we shall relax our clasp on the material conditions which have been our prison-house; we shall yield to that all-embracing life-current, and at last uniting with it, working with it, shall enter into the consciousness and full expression of our own power, through the realization of our newly attained freedom,—of which our inner self ever whispers, and toward which it is continually pushing us.

Indeed, we believe that there are many successive births to higher life; many sheaths cast aside,—many fetters, in the shape of out-grown ideas, selfishness, various forms of fear and negative conditions, which are relinquished; and each awakening to better things, to deeper harmony, to riper wisdom, to richer love, is but one more advance in our eternal march of progression.

### THOUGHTS ARE THINGS.



THE above caption has become one of the basic propositions of the new thought, so much so that few of us stop to ask upon what foundation it rests. To the esoteric thinker the truth seems so evident as to require no further proof, but to the exoteric investigator on the first view it appears to be the very opposite of this. To this latter class it may be said that as the proof of the pudding is the eating so the proof of a metaphysical proposition is its

practical application. In this way many people of no spiritual insight have yet been bred to accept the statement as the result of practical demonstration. But while those who are spiritual minded recognize this truth intuitively and many practical minded persons accept it through a realization of its practical results, rational philosophy will ask the question does it conform to the law of reason? And when an affirmative answer has been returned to this question inductive science will ask the further question—has it ever been verified by strictly defined experimental evidence?

With reference to the former question we cite the theorem of Spinoza. Thought is invisible extension and extension is visible thought. If this is true it follows inevitably that thoughts are things. But one unacquainted with the authority might object to the conclusion on the ground that the premises standing alone is quite as dogmatic as the inference when left unsupported. But Spinoza does not lay it down in this dogmatic fashion but makes it a link in a chain of reasoning as certain and incontrovertible as geometry. His critics could never find a flaw in his reasoning. They were only able to controvert him by denying his fundamental axioms.

Logical demonstration is not inductive proof and practical demonstration may possibly be due to some other cause than the one ascribed to it. A real inductive and truly scientific demonstration that thoughts are things is given by Dr. Paul Carus of The Open Court.

“Dr. Fere suggested to a hypnotic subject that upon awakening she would see a portrait on the table. She awoke and the operator’s suggested thought was a visible reality to her. Dr. Fere now placed a prism of spar between her eye and the place where the portrait was supposed to be and she was greatly astonished to see that the image was double. And to show that this double refraction was not suggested by previous instruction he states positively that the subject was a person of no education and totally ignorant of the effect of a prism. Other instruments were attended by like results thus a mirror reflected the image at whatever angle it was placed in relation to it and an opera glass caused its approach when held in the proper position and to recede when reversed.

This image was nothing but a thought of the operator’s yet to the subject it was a visible reality. But the prism, the mirror,

the opera glass were real tangible things and each of these had its proper optical effect on the suggested images. To the operator the thing was only a thought but to the subject the thought was actually a thing. And the entire experiment was a striking inductive demonstration of Spinoza's theorem that thought is invisible extension, and extension is a visible thought, both being attributes of one and the same substance, consequently that thoughts are things.

FLORIAN HUSBAND.

## HEALTH AND CHARACTER.



HERE are two principal ways of regarding the New Thought as a molder of character and as a healing agent for bodily disease. And yet the two are one, for the bodily healing comes only through the change of the mentality or character.

There are many diseases and many individual cases of disease which require the assistance of a professional healer, but thousands of New Thought students can testify to the wonderful improvements in physical health that comes from reading the literature of the New Thought and putting its precepts into daily practice in the affairs of an ordinary life.

Let us suppose that the student is using a course of home study, what will be the mental effect of the daily affirmations: First, "There is no evil; all is good?" Whether the student believes this or not, he repeats it over and over again until it sinks into his subconscious mentality and so becomes the guiding star of his life. Whenever adverse conditions arise, he says: "All is good," and the words are a barrier against every form of anger, worry and fear. These hateful guests cannot enter the mind over whose portal is written the golden gospel of Universal Good. If a neighbor does you an injury, you pronounce it "good," just as good as it could be under the circumstances, or according to all that has gone before. She knew no better than to do the unjust act, to say the unkind word. You, yourself have said and done the same many a time. And the shades of resentment and revenge vanish, your mind is undisturbed by unhealthful thoughts and

practical application. In this way many people of no spiritual insight have yet been bred to accept the statement as the result of practical demonstration. But while those who are spiritual minded recognize this truth intuitively and many practical minded persons accept it through a realization of its practical results, rational philosophy will ask the question does it conform to the law of reason? And when an affirmative answer has been returned to this question inductive science will ask the further question—has it ever been verified by strictly defined experimental evidence?

With reference to the former question we cite the theorem of Spinoza. Thought is invisible extension and extension is visible thought. If this is true it follows inevitably that thoughts are things. But one unacquainted with the authority might object to the conclusion on the ground that the premises standing alone is quite as dogmatic as the inference when left unsupported. But Spinoza does not lay it down in this dogmatic fashion but makes it a link in a chain of reasoning as certain and incontrovertible as geometry. His critics could never find a flaw in his reasoning. They were only able to controvert him by denying his fundamental axioms.

Logical demonstration is not inductive proof and practical demonstration may possibly be due to some other cause than the one ascribed to it. A real inductive and truly scientific demonstration that thoughts are things is given by Dr. Paul Carus of The Open Court.

“Dr. Fere suggested to a hypnotic subject that upon awakening she would see a portrait on the table. She awoke and the operator’s suggested thought was a visible reality to her. Dr. Fere now placed a prism of spar between her eye and the place where the portrait was supposed to be and she was greatly astonished to see that the image was double. And to show that this double refraction was not suggested by previous instruction he states positively that the subject was a person of no education and totally ignorant of the effect of a prism. Other instruments were attended by like results thus a mirror reflected the image at whatever angle it was placed in relation to it and an opera glass caused its approach when held in the proper position and to recede when reversed.

This image was nothing but a thought of the operator’s yet to the subject it was a visible reality. But the prism, the mirror,

the opera glass were real tangible things and each of these had its proper optical effect on the suggested images. To the operator the thing was only a thought but to the subject the thought was actually a thing. And the entire experiment was a striking inductive demonstration of Spinoza's theorem that thought is invisible extension, and extension is a visible thought, both being attributes of one and the same substance, consequently that thoughts are things.

FLORIAN HUSBAND.

## HEALTH AND CHARACTER.

**T**HERE are two principal ways of regarding the New Thought as a molder of character and as a healing agent for bodily disease. And yet the two are one, for the bodily healing comes only through the change of the mentality or character.

There are many diseases and many individual cases of disease which require the assistance of a professional healer, but thousands of New Thought students can testify to the wonderful improvements in physical health that comes from reading the literature of the New Thought and putting its precepts into daily practice in the affairs of an ordinary life.

Let us suppose that the student is using a course of home study, what will be the mental effect of the daily affirmations: First, "There is no evil; all is good?" Whether the student believes this or not, he repeats it over and over again until it sinks into his subconscious mentality and so becomes the guiding star of his life. Whenever adverse conditions arise, he says: "All is good," and the words are a barrier against every form of anger, worry and fear. These hateful guests cannot enter the mind over whose portal is written the golden gospel of Universal Good. If a neighbor does you an injury, you pronounce it "good," just as good as it could be under the circumstances, or according to all that has gone before. She knew no better than to do the unjust act, to say the unkind word. You, yourself have said and done the same many a time. And the shades of resentment and revenge vanish, your mind is undisturbed by unhealthful thoughts and

your body shares in the mental calm. Some dreadful calamity seems to threaten you or some one you love. Still "all is good" and if anything can avert the calamity your belief in good is that thing. Therefore continue the affirmation, continue it even though the calamity falls on you. It could not have except as the effect of a cause, and as a result of the workings of Law. The Law is good, therefore all is good. When thoughts of the past come bringing remorse, shame and humiliation, disperse them with the same magic spell. If all is good, your past is good too, just as good as it could have been, considering your ignorance, weakness and lack of development. Justice to one's self is one of the first lessons that the New Thought teaches its students. As Richard L. Gallienne says:

"There are excuses that we owe to ourselves, and we have a right to expect justice even from our own consciences. A sentimental conscience is the most tiresome of all altruists, and wilfully to indulge in remorse that we have not justly incurred, is to blunt our consciences for real offenses. The best repentance for our sins is a clear-eyed recognition of their nature; and the temptation, in some flurry of feeling to take on our shoulders the mistakes of destiny with which we chance to have been involuntarily associated is one to be resisted in the interests of that self-knowledge which is the beginning of self-development."

How different is this from the mental state encouraged and cultivated under orthodox methods. There remorse for sin is sedulously stirred up and kept alive and under the belief in a personal devil or a principle of Evil, man's past, present and future life become hot-beds for the seeds of fear and worry, while anger, resentment, and malice become fixed states of mind. As soon as one has fairly passed from the old to the New Thought he is conscious of a bodily change, perhaps many changes all at once. His nervous dyspepsia disappears, he eats with relish and assimilates his food, nervous prostration vanishes, he works with vigor of youth and sleeps like a child; the irritable temper that spoiled the happiness of an entire family is cured and every one remarks on his unusual amiability; the liver complaint that "runs in the family" becomes *non est* and the patient begins to see that his pessimism and depression were not caused by the state of his liver, but *vice versa*. Friends begin to say "How well you are looking; why I believe

you grow younger instead of older." Occasionally he has a "back-set," but he notices the back-sets come less and less frequently; the headaches are not as severe, the colds do not last weeks and months as they once did, but are thrown off in a few days or hours. So the good work progresses until there is a perfect renewal of the body wrought by the renewal of mind. The conscious mind has been sending the currents of new and healthful thoughts into the subconscious mind, and this subjective mind which controls the involuntary acts of the body and all its vital organs, has sent new life into the physical man, thus accomplishing the "new birth" of science. And if changes like these can be wrought by the student alone, is it any wonder that marvelous healing can be done when to the thought of the patient is added the trained thought of a skillful healer?

L. C. OBENCHAIN.

## TRIP TO THE MOON.

BY LUCRETIA RUSSELL.



HAD been reading a treatise on dreaming, which contended that a person could learn through a dream much that was important and true, which it was impossible to obtain in any other way.

This is the *modus operandi*.

"On retiring at night, think of something you want explained or elucidated, concentrate the mind upon it, driving out all foreign thoughts and your dreams will reveal the facts upon the subject you are contemplating." This was tried one night most satisfactorily.

Having heard from childhood that the moon was made of green cheese, and never quite sure of its truth, here was an opportunity to solve the vexed problem.

In my dream that night I went directly to the moon. The inhabitants greeted me with the united exclamation, "here is a man from that dull star called the Earth!"

They were not so much surprised as they otherwise would have been, because I was not the first person who had visited them from a far away planet.

Very soon after my arrival I ascertained that the moon was

verily composed of green cheese! The dwellers upon the moon, all seemed to be aware of this, and simultaneously cried, "how could we be sustained if it were not so?" They showed me how they cut slices from it whenever they were hungry.

They had gold knives, silver knives, iron knives and wooden knives with which to cut the cheese. Singularly enough, cheese cut with each knife produced a different article of diet. So that whatever their appetite craved, they had only to take the knife which that kind of food represented. This arrangement would relieve them of all anxiety as to what they should eat, what they should drink, or wherewithal be clothed. Their head and bodies, except the face and hands, were covered with a short, handsome fur.

They called themselves twins, instead of brothers as we do, and they looked exactly alike. I could not tell one from another. All one in the Moon? All seemed to be of one mind. What one knew they all knew. I would talk with one and then direct my speech to another, and he would go right on with the argument as if he had been the one I was at first conversing with! A more contented, self-satisfied people could never be found.

There was no night on the moon, or rather it should be said it was all night. The same cloudless, mellow moonlight all the time. No cold winters, no hot summers. Just deliciously warm and deliciously cool.

They related to me their experience with a man from the planet Jupiter, who once upon a time paid them a visit. He told them such wondrous stories of the inhabitants of that planet, they knew he was a deceiver, and pitched him over the rim of the moon, and that was the last of him! "He said that the people on the planet Jupiter had brains, which they carried in their heads, and we did not believe it." Then they asked me outright if I ever heard of any such people upon the earth where I came from? Now I perceived that I must answer them cautiously, or I might share the fate of my Jupiterian brother. I told them there were a few persons in our world who thought they had brains, but if so they did not know how to use them!

They never, as we do, make any provision for the morrow. Sufficient for the day is the supply thereof. No one ever sliced a bit of cheese which was not then and there devoured. Whether

this was because, like the manna in the wilderness, the cheese would spoil if thus kept, or because it was so accessible where it rested in the bosom of mother moon, I do not know !

Be this as it may, I told them that our earth was very much like their moon, inasmuch as all our supplies came from the earth, with this difference. While theirs was alike all around, giving each person an equal chance with all others, some portions of our Earth offered more favorable inducements to industry than others. There are in some places soft spots, requiring less labor to produce food. Besides, our people are different. We are only brothers, not twins, like you. We have also cunning men, learned in all the arts of accumulating. These are alert, always striving for the "soft places," ready to take slices from the different products of the earth sufficient for many years. Often getting more than they could use in a lifetime.

Every laboring man works with the hope of some day becoming like the favored ones. But many delve on till comes the change that comes to all on this planet earth, which change is wrongly called *death*.

After this change the people find themselves enough alive to learn the truth and justice of the sentence, "with what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again."

One would naturally think that cutting slices from the moon for their daily sustenance, would diminish the size of their world. But not so. They tried to explain to me, that by some invisible process the substance they took from the moon was restored, and the supply always at hand. All was restored to the place from whence it came. Is our earth diminished by the food produced from the ground and consumed by the inhabitants? I never so fully realized this till observing the simple process upon the moon. Think of the millions of tons of hay, grain and vegetables taken from the earth in one year ! If piled together in one bulk, what a huge mountain it would make, to say nothing of the live stock and forests added thereto ! One can hardly imagine the space such an accumulation would occupy. The globe is not made smaller by the removal of this huge mass. So of the moon, nothing is lost or removed from the orb. Change is the order the same as in our world. The diminution is only local and temporary like an excavation made in our earth for any purpose. What astrono-

mers call the "mountains in the moon" may have been produced by some localities having been left untouched for a given length of time. This might account for the craters seen also. Asaph Hall the discoverer of the moons on the planet Mars says, "nobody knows how the strange craters scattered over the moon's surface were formed." Astronomers are divided in their opinions about the moon. They have never been there. Not one of them has ever talked with "the man in the moon." A diversity of opinions also as to the *man*. It has recently been discovered that it is the "new woman" who looks smilingly down upon earth. Persons have actually seen a picture of Luna with a clear outline of the maiden's face! It could not be mistaken for a man. A Chicago daily is authority for the statement that "a medallion likeness of W. E. Gladstone and Della Fox has been discovered in the moon." Yet in the face of all these facts astronomers assert that "All moons are dead and cold orbs. Our moon near to us as she is, and observable in detail by the telescope, is a great mystery."

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## LAUGHTER.



EXT to enjoying a good hearty laugh myself is the privilege of hearing somebody else laugh. Even if the cause of hilarity is not understood, one catches the vibration and is made happier by it.

Some time ago there was rather a scathing criticism, by the editor of a Western metaphysical paper, of the laughing classes which were last winter started in several cities. The *raison d'etre* of the whole article was that because Jesus Christ never laughed, it was foolish and wicked for others to laugh. Such a statement might be expected from a blue Presbyterian journal, but from a progressive, up-to-date sheet as this one professes to be, this declaration was a stunner.

The conditions which Jesus Christ met when he commenced his ministry were of the very hardest kind. I have always believed that a different attitude toward them would have produced different results. This is not orthodox in the generally accepted meaning of that word. But if by orthodox we strive to express the

thought of soundness, then it is orthodox in the widest sense; and if it is the proper thing to overcome pain and sorrow now, it was the right thing to do in the time of Jesus Christ. He raised the dead, cast out devils, cured the sick, turned water into wine, materialized the bread that fed the hungry multitude, and yet he did literally nothing for himself. From the time he began his work, and perhaps for years previous, he lived under the shadow of the cross. He and his Father were one to the extent of helping and saving others, but he did not save himself; and, in my opinion, simply because he believed he could not. His own resurrection from the dead was no more remarkable than the raising of Lazarus. Jesus Christ made his own limitations and planned and consummated his own crucifixion, though he was no more aware of this fact than are we when we train our bodies into expressions of disease and inharmony. He *was* the great Exemplar, but he could have accomplished a great deal more by remaining in evidence upon this planet than he did by leaving us. He could have taught us how to overcome the conditions which have held the race in bondage. Ever since I could think, I have been personally aggrieved that he didn't stay, and I never doubted that he could have done so had he wholly realized his own affirmation of oneness with the Father. All through these centuries he could have lived in utter defiance of weakness, illness, and decay; and with such an example constantly before us we should have done the same.

With all the seeming evil about him, and the awful picture photographed on his mind of the crucifixion, it is no wonder to me that Jesus never laughed. He might at that time have been as shocked at the idea of laughing classes as our Western friend seemed to be. People do not usually laugh at funerals, or when their friends are ill or dying; and this sick and dying environment was all that Jesus knew during the three years of his ministry. He couldn't go anywhere that he was not besieged by cripples, and when he came down from the mount where he had flown for rest and inspiration, he was met by the lepers—the most heart-broken and heart-breaking creatures on the planet. Jesus Christ was so loving and so sympathetic that he was always in a negative state, and when he did his healing he could feel "the virtue" going out of him. These folks that he cured were afterward all sick and all died, just as he knew they would be and do, and this must have been another awful thing to contemplate.

Jesus Christ knew that he had not fully succeeded in his mission, although perfectly aware that he should take up his body again after three days. He knew that he could make himself manifest to Mary and the disciples, and that after this little comforting spell, which would be some solace to the subsequent death-fearing races, he would "ascend to his Father," which probably meant to the full realization of peace and happiness.

"Greater things than these shall ye do."

Aye, verily! and one greater thing is to laugh. Laughter presupposes happiness, and happiness is really the end and aim of existence; never mind how people may draw down their faces and discourse about their duty. I believe that Jesus Christ laughs now, and perhaps when he recalls the capers and stupidity of some of his followers in those ancient days, he smiles audibly and wonders why some of these episodes were not funny then.

Now, as you may discover, Jesus Christ is not a far-away, unapproachable and saturnine person to me; He is just my own true, elder brother, who has helped me over many a rough way, and whom I dearly love. He is my bright and morning star, my comfort and my joy. But my affection for him and appreciation of his power and nobility does not cause me to lose sight of the truth that he could have accomplished a far greater work if he had realized his own dominion over all things. This consciousness was not his, although he bade us make it ours.

And this is just what we must do, and the doing of it means a steady skipping away from that race-ridden, happiness-destroying negative pole, around which uncounted millions are moving. If they occasionally turn their heads toward the dominant quarter of the universe, they as quickly turn it again toward the "I can't," weak-kneed, no-account dying point, where all their possessions seem to lie.

And another thing. No person will be able to hold this dominant note who does not reach it through joy—"joy unspeakable and full of glory."

Just as fast as my feet will carry me do I run from the long-faced, sour, sorry Christian. Could I do him any good I would stop and labor with him; but my vibrations of happiness would make his darkness blacker, and I have really learned better than to tarry one moment on my upward way to try and convince a

man against his will. Joy is a pearl, and that pearl I am holding fast. The swine cannot recognize it. Jesus knew that lesson well.

Laughter proceeds from joy as naturally as flowers from the sunshine. And *I* laugh, and shall continue to laugh in spite of physics or metaphysics, or the criticisms of those who call themselves metaphysicians. By-and-by—after a few cycles perhaps—these sorrowful strugglers will say to me, “Well, you were wise to laugh.” And I shall say to them, “Just so. And now laugh and be merry, and make it all up. There is time enough.”

I'm laughing now. Come laugh with your

*Margaret Messenger, in Eleanor Kirk's Idea.*

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### EDITORIAL.

A correspondent asks us to give the key to the attainment of power to control the subconsciousness and develop the individuality.

It is contained in the four words, FOLLOW YOUR OWN SPIRIT!

Be free and be yourself!

Do not be controlled by the opinions or creeds of others, but free yourself from all dwarfing influences by placing before your mental vision your own ideal of humanity, and follow out that ideal at whatever cost, swerving neither to the right nor the left, moving steadily forward, taking your experiences as they come and using them as best you may for the upbuilding and perfecting of your own individuality, knowing that human destiny is human perfection.

This is the only way to attain power over the subconsciousness, and to develop the conscious human individuality, to the height of perfection.

There are no set rules for the attainment of power other than this one of being yourself; trusting yourself; knowing that the human spirit is at once the highest, purest and best expressson of life in the known universe.

The Spirit of Man is divine, the only God there is, and is all good; it is only our mistaken idea of ourselves that produces what we term evil. Evil is the misunderstanding of truth, neither more nor less.

You can't grow in power by "preparing to die" as you have been taught by the church, for in preparing for death you are preparing to lose a large part of your powers, the power to give yourself visible expression.

Prepare for life by *living your own life now!*

Be an individual here and now, and not a mere copy of another's personality.

Therein lies the whole secret of power.

Believe evil of yourself and your heritage will be evil.

Believe good of yourself and you inherit goodness or Godliness.

You can't find eternal life in putrid matter for eternal life is of the Spirit.

You can't lengthen your existence by attempting to restrain the Spirit.

You certainly can live happier, more cheerful lives, bring greater satisfaction to yourself and to all who are within the sphere of your influence, by living a free independent existence in accord with your inmost ideal self.

#### FOLLOW YOUR OWN SPIRIT.

Do not fear to be yourself.

Your ideas, opinions and beliefs are just as good as any one's and so long as you do not interfere with the rights of others you have as much right to follow them as has another.

The royal road to health, happiness, success and perfect development is through following the human Spirit in freedom; and optimistic faith that nothing can daunt.

\* \* \* \* \*

We had supposed that Maine was the banner state for fool laws, and that when it came to conceiving and enacting ridiculous and idiotic legislation, the legislatures of Maine could not be beaten, but we were wrong. Our Maine Solons will have to take lessons in fool legislation from Missouri and those other states who expect to stay the march of progress by laws to suppress mental healers.

When our Maine legislature passed the medical registration bill they were so far behind the Missouri article that they even recognized mental healing as legitimate and legal. Wonder how it happened!

Now the Florida medicos are trying to get their legislature to

enact restrictive legislation with the especial purpose of overthrowing Helen Wilman's practice.

It is enough to make an Egyptian mummy roar with laughter to see the futile efforts of these pigmies in thought to retard the wheels of progress.

And yet there seems to be an effort all along the line to suppress the mental healers of all schools.

Do these little fellows really flatter themselves that they can turn back the hands of time and keep the world in the ruts they have made?

It would seem so, but even if they succeeded in suppressing every mental healer now in the field thousands would take their places, and the New Thought would make greater strides than before.

The hundreds and thousands of those who have been healed and benefited by the power of this new thought are not to be stayed by the combined efforts of these pigmy reactionaries.

The truly great men of the medical profession are not opposing the new thought because even when they cannot accept and apply it, they recognize its good work. It is only the little, narrow-minded, small-souled, undeveloped, brain-cramped drug dispensers who call for these restrictive laws, and the New Thought and its advocates will go right along; the human race will continue to grow, notwithstanding all their loud talk and underhand methods.

\* \* \* \* \*

We want the address of every person interested in the New Thought, and of every invalid whom you believe would be benefited by and appreciate a copy of our new pamphlet THE TWENTIETH CENTURY PHYSICIAN which gives positive evidence of the healing value of New Thought; sent postpaid for 2-cent stamp. Address C. W. Close, 124 Birch St., Bangor, Maine.

\* \* \* \* \*

We have just issued the fifth edition of SEXUAL LAW AND THE PHILOSOPHY OF PERFECT HEALTH, by Chas. W. Close, Ph. D., S. S. D., of which *The Arena* says:—It "is a pamphlet on the creative principle in the universe, based on the theory that everything is ultimately masculine and feminine; that

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\* \* \* \* \*

In order to dispose of the balance of the present edition of OCCULT STORIES, by Chas. W. Close, Ph. D., we have concluded to reduce the price to 25 cents per copy, just half the price heretofore charged. Of this book *Universal Truth* says:

"This dainty little volume is a collection of brief narratives told in the most entertaining manner. As the author does not vouchsafe for their truth, we are to take our choice in believing them to be fact or fiction. They do, however, seem more or less in line with the experiences all of us meet in the different stages of life, marvelous though they would appear to the casual reader."

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## WHAT OUR FRIENDS ARE SAYING.

April 29, 1901.

DEAR MR. C. W. CLOSE:—

Enclosed find two-cent stamp for one copy of "The Twentieth Century Physician" and oblige a seeker.

I am, at the age of 73 years and 5 months, just recovering from bodily infirmities and spiritual blindness, the healing agent acting through my mental or spiritual consciousness, and your writings and teachings have been the greatest medium of Truth, especially "Phrenopathy and Sexual Law." The two are one, and include success as well as health. There is but one power for good and none for evil. I am with you.

N. P. S.

I thank you very much for your help. I attribute all our success to your thought. \*.\*

Under date of May 7, 1901, a lady writes:—

CHARLES W. CLOSE, Bangor Maine.

Dear Sir:—Several years since I sought your aid in securing a position when my need of the same was dire. Response came so directly and promptly that it has ever since seemed to me but little short of miraculous. \*.\*

☞ See adv. on 3rd page of cover.

WHITEHALL, MONTANA, April 12.

My Dear Prof. Close:—I shall have to report progress for myself. I was never so well, so free from all annoying nervousness, nor so successful in my work as now. To use a vulgarism "everything has been coming my way."

And to be free from pain, I have forgotten what a headache is like, and Prof. Close, I feel that I cannot thank you enough.

Gratefully yours,

RUTH ELISE KELLOGG.

☞ See Special Offer to the sick on 2nd page of cover.

April 30, 1901.

C. W. CLOSE, Bangor, Maine.

Dear Sir:—Enclosed you will find 10 cents for a copy of the April number 1901, of your journal THE FREE MAN.

A friend loaned me his copy, and I was so well pleased with several of the articles, especially the one by Rosabel Reed, and the editorial, that I wish to possess one of my own for my library on this line of thought. It does one much good to see and read how this new thought is growing and advancing, and your Journal will certainly increase the enlightenment.

With kindest interest, I am, sincerely,

NETTIE FRY, 218 E. Mound Street,  
Bloomington, Ill.

☞ Subscribe for THE FREE MAN, \$1 per year in the United States, Canada, and Mexico. Foreign \$1.25 per year. Sample copy 10 cents.

MONESSEN, PA., Dec. 29, 1900.

This is to certify that receiving a hurt when at play when a boy which seriously affected me later in life. when past 40 years of age, so much so, indeed, that the doctor told my wife I was dead but I came to. Reading one day in a small work called THE FREE MAN of a new method of healing, I wrote for treatment to Dr. Chas. W. Close, and to his treatment I am indebted for the cure effected.

D. A. JACKSON.

☞ See Special Offer to the sick on 2nd page of cover.

MANISTEE, MICH., 368 2nd Street, April 10, 1901.

C. W. CLOSE.

Dear Brother:—I enclose one dollar for which you may renew my subscription to THE FREE MAN. The grand beautiful truths you and others are promulgating will eventually free the world of her false, ignorant beliefs. Your magazine is of the highest ideals and will feed a multitude of famishing souls. The All Good will bless you abundantly. Yours for the truth.

OLIVE C. HAWLEY.

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VOL. V.

JULY, 1901.

No. 7

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## MY HOME.

My cottage stands in "the green pastures,"  
The "still waters" flow very near;  
My home has a "secret chamber"  
That is filled with a presence dear.

There's a world of wonderful beauty  
That blossoms at my feet;  
There's a realm of fairest enchantment  
Where the trees and blue skies meet.

For earth and heaven are together,  
Next door is Paradise;  
And to greet the dear resurrected  
I have only to close my eyes

H. MAUD MERRILL PHELPS.

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"The most folks need is encouraging."  
Saintly words from a saint;  
For courage is God's elixir  
Of life, when we are faint.

And having heard from the prophets  
Such a wonderful truth as this—  
'Tis the golden cord that binds them,  
Revelation and Genesis—

"Be strong and of a good courage,"  
"I am with thee, the Power to save,  
I have triumphed o'er earth and its conflicts,  
I have opened the door of the grave."

How is it the royal mandate  
So often is disobeyed?  
The spirit indeed, may be willing,  
But the flesh is sore afraid.

Afraid of the "Roman rabble  
Of custom's crafty high priest;  
Forgetting: "Unto me ye have done it  
When ye comfort one of the least."

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---

**COULD WE BUT SEE!**

---

Could we but see  
A little deeper, oh !  
We would not judge  
Our brother so  
Harsh, unkind, unjust  
As oft we do,  
And then assume  
With shake of head ;  
We knew.

Had we instead  
Given our love and trust  
Our helpful thought,  
How different the  
Result might be  
Could we but see !

Could we but see  
The inner working of  
Our brother's heart,  
We would not judge  
The cold fact  
From its cause apart.  
The mainspring of his act  
We may not know.  
We are so prone  
To measure others low  
In moral height  
Because our own  
Has not quite  
Reached the statue  
Of a soul full grown.

Could we but see !  
And learn to pause,  
And think how often we  
Mayhap have been the cause  
That gave the impulse  
To some wicked deed,  
That but for us  
Might have as a seed  
Lain still and died  
Within another's breast.  
Oh ! let us no more hide  
The truth ; but guard  
Our *thought* as well as word,  
And ne'er again repeat  
The evil we have heard.

MARIE A. WATSON.

## REST.



THROUGH repose of body and mind we enter the realm of harmony. Harmony is the key to health, happiness, and all things desirable. Worry, anxiety and fretting are opposed to harmony. The best cure for worry is relaxation and rest. LET GO of the thought which produces the worry, and allow the mind to enter a state of repose. Remember your real self, the soul or I am, is constantly in repose. It is only your surface self, your physical brain, that strains and tries and frets and fumes and worries and judges others and condemns and seeks revenge and does all the things that create inharmony. When the surface self is creating discord in this manner the real vibrations of harmony which spring from the centre of being are DRAWN IN and do not manifest. When your mind is composed and calm and all physical tension relaxed, the I am has an opportunity to manifest. You can then come into vibration with that almighty centre of stillness where the soul resides. This centre is represented in the physical body by the Solar Plexus. All forms of discord and striving, anger or worry, contract this Solar Centre, and prevents it from fulfilling its normal function, which is the generation of life and power. In a condition of repose life is radiated from the centre and drawn to all parts of the body as occasion demands.

The one great cause of disease in America is too much, or too long sustained nervous tension. We need more than all else to learn *how to use* life force, and to *cultivate* physical relaxation and repose. The habit of *repose in action*, which is only perfect self control, is one which should be cultivated by all. An affirmation which I have found to be invaluable in cultivating repose is this "I absolutely refuse to worry about *anything* under the light of the shining heavens." Repeat this over and over, or better still *feel* it through and through you, let go all that would tend to worry or mental strain. Then calmly and steadily proceed to do the thing nearest at hand; *cultivate* this habit of feeling calm until it is established. It is well worth an endless amount of time and effort to acquire.

Nervousness is caused by too long sustained tension. Where

perfect self-control exists and the habit of calmness is fixed, nervous troubles cannot exist. By too severe a tension the life forces are shut off from free circulation through the body. By relaxation, calmness, steadiness of action, a normal condition is restored. You might, with as much reason, twist a cord tightly about a limb and expect to be comfortable and happy, as to allow yourself to fret and worry and thus constrict the Solar Center and prevent the normal radiation of life from there.

To sum up the truths I have endeavored to make plain in this article, I would say: Do not allow the mind to set intensely on what you are doing or thinking about. Work steadily, calmly, avoiding all undue friction. LET the life forces from your Solar Center radiate freely. FEEL in harmony with everything and everybody. Resist nothing. Forgive yourself everything and hold no enmity toward others. Know that everything in the universe is friendly to you, and that whatever you come into contact with will help your growth and not retard it. Thus shall you enter into happiness and health through inward harmony.

WILLIAM E. TOWNE.

## LONELINESS.

ROSABEL REED.



“I AM so lonely!” sighs a friend gloomily. “Oh yes, I am surrounded by kind neighbors, have many associates, am blest with health so I can enjoy companionship,—and yet—I am lonely.”

Our friend is only one of many who send forth this pitiful cry of *loneliness*. Oftentimes those who are suffering from some bodily ailment ardently desire to visit some other locality, feeling sure that pain and disease will disappear in another atmosphere or different surroundings. True, there are cases in which the change proves really beneficial; but oftener improvement is only temporary, and after the mental stimulus occasioned by new and pleasant scenes and environments has passed away, the patient experiences a return of his physical inharmonies, and longs to again move elsewhere, or even to return home;—ever searching for Health, which continually eludes him, for, alas! *he cannot get away from himself.*

So it is, apparently, with many who are 'lonely.' There is a heart hunger—a great spiritual longing—which it would be impossible to express in words; and people vainly strive to satisfy this demand by human companionship. To a limited extent, or superficially, in some cases this may avail; but no cry for sympathy from the very depths of being, was ever answered satisfactorily solely by association with the outside world. It has been said:—

"No one is so accursed by Fate,  
No one so utterly desolate,  
But some heart, though unknown,  
Responds unto his own."

But to find that "*one*," is a happiness which does not enter into the lot of the average individual. And how many times, alas, does one not go to his dearest friend, impelled by that sense of utter loneliness, to seek congenial fellowship, only to find that friend so entirely absorbed in some material affairs, or so immersed in personal troubles, as to forbid anything more than the exchange of ordinary social civilities; or, more deplorable, should there be favorable opportunity for an attempt at the outward expression of the feeling of inner desolation, the friend quite fails to comprehend the situation and declares the *liver* of the sorrowful one must be out of order, which always makes one morbid; wherefore it would be better to consult a physician forthwith. Temporarily crushed, the lonely Soul departs, more solitary and miserable than before.

All can doubtless recall occasions, where, surrounded by a busy or merry throng, there was a sense of entire isolation, even as though an actual wall had shut out the multitude. Whenever personal temperament, conditions, pursuits or attainments radically differ from those of the society in which one's lot is cast, there must ever be the consciousness of separation, however much all concerned may strive to ignore and overcome it.

As one *ascends*, in whatever sense we may employ that word, the multitude is left behind,—below. The number of those who press onward,—upward, grows ever less; until, perchance, there come at times moments of weakness and regret, when we gaze wistfully backward over the track up which we have toiled, to the lower levels, where linger in full-fed content the throngs of idlers, of thoughtless, well-meaning pleasure-seekers, who find ample

satisfaction in passing life in well-beaten paths along with humanity in general. Then comes a query as to whether, after all, it might not have been better to remain in the valley with the merry, careless company; but the inner Spirit which has urged us on, answers with a positive denial; and, reassured and strengthened, we again turn our gaze upward, certain that we could never forfeit our heights of attainment, comparatively deserted though they be, for the monotonous life below with all its companionship.

In truth, it seems that everyone who progresses spiritually to any extent, passes through this stage of loneliness, and necessarily meets such experiences as the foregoing; but after a sufficient number of repetitions,—more or less, according to the pupil's ability to profit by such lessons,—the truth is impressed and acknowledged, that each one must learn to depend upon his own resources, rather than seek to lean on any human support. (Certainly, considered from a social standpoint, if one is really so dreary or uninteresting that he cannot endure his own company, he ought not to inflict it upon anyone else.) Everyone has latent resources within himself which may be developed so that he may be growing daily in grace and serenity and a glorious independence of any external prop; for there abides within each one the immanent Spirit, and, all-surrounding, the never-failing source and supply of all Power—God. No matter how lonely one may feel, he may still say:—

“And yet I am not alone, because the Father is with me.”

Emerson has beautifully spoken of “God, peopling the lonely place,” and the consciousness of this blessed truth may be proven and realized by each individual Soul.

And, as all seeming afflictions may be transmuted into benedictions, all obstacles converted into stepping-stones to a higher life, so at length we awake to the consciousness that our erstwhile unwelcome hours of solitude are indeed precious;—the most blest of all seasons. Then come to us moments of pure aspiration, of holy inspiration, of blissful exaltation. Through them we are fortified for trials, our spiritual nature is expanded and we grow to recognize our oneness with the Infinite as we could never do save alone in the blessed Silence.

However, independence of human support, an ability to stand free, erect, alone, does not by any means imply a withdrawal from

the society of mankind; on the contrary, that one who has attained can appreciate with a broader sympathy, a deeper compassion, the struggles and necessities of humanity; he may dwell among them, a very pillar of strength, to whom shall turn the weak, the lonely, the sorrowing, to receive such help, comfort and upliftment as their present needs may demand,—and also that best and truest assistance, instruction now to help one's self:—by seeking with the whole soul that ever-present, all-sustaining, Infinite Power which is all in all.

“ Let nothing disturb thee,  
 Nothing affright thee;  
 All things are passing,  
 God never changeth.  
 Who God possesseth  
 In nothing is wanting;  
 Alone God sufficeth.”

---

## TO THINE OWN SELF.

BY JULIA BROWN-STRODE.

### CHAPTER XI.

JANET did not find it necessary to remind her father of his special ministerial duty the morning after the opening of our story. By 10.30 he was dressed and ready to call at the Marboroughs.

Absent as the Rev. Mr. Taylor was from the world of small external affairs, in matters of dress he was always scrupulously, mechanically exact. Not a fleck of dust marred the dull luster of his broadcloth suit, or the shining surface of his shoes. His linen was always immaculate, his inevitable black silk tie knotted by his own fingers with artistic skill. From the polishing of his nails to the drop of violet perfume on his hemstitched handkerchief, nothing was lacking or neglected. He was a man who possessed an innate repugnance to all manual labor; even a second copying of his sermons was distasteful to him. This, linked with his scholarly manner, and idiosyncratic courtesy, often led Maud when discussing family foibles with Janet, to remark with a satisfied air, that whatever might be said of *papa* he was certainly *ultra-refined*, as though



this alone were sufficient to cover a multitude of short-comings as well as to place him, without doubt, in the category of superior mortals.

"Papa's ways" were thoroughly understood and respected in the Taylor family. That he should live in the abstract and in the world of large affairs and not be bothered by superfluous matters was considered not only right but—expedient. Indeed, it would have been extremely difficult for the Reverend Mr. Taylor to have done otherwise. For, often after severe self-analysis, when he had acknowledged to his own mind that his persistent abstraction was but a subtle form of selfishness, and had resolved to thoroughly interest himself in the practical side of his family life, it was at the outset, to do some absurdly absent-minded thing which to one of his sensitive nature, placed him in a most unenviable position and made him feel that the hand of the Lord surely pointed in an opposite direction. However, these efforts at complete domestication were spasmodic and far between. Except in moments of seeming inspiration he was always gravely quiet. Even his daughters seldom broke through that characteristic reserve which surrounded him like a delicate mantle. As to whether any other woman, in all the years of his widowerhood had ever done so was not definitely known. He was, apparently, much admired by women, and much sought after as counselor and sympathizer by them. Certain women said—it may have been out of malice or envy—that certain other women were guilty of throwing themselves at the reverend's head. But, if this were true, no one was less conscious of their intentions than the Reverend Mr. Taylor himself. His gentle dignity, however, instead of repelling, often drew women out and if they chose to weep out their particular sorrows on their pastor's shoulder in the privacy of his sanctum it was with the utmost confidence in his own power of self control and exquisite discretion. For there are some women—many women—who never reach above the child level in their yearning for sympathy and appreciation; for the kinship of some soul who can interpret their peculiar emotions and understand their particular sorrows. If they do not find it in their husband, they seek it of their priest, their pastor, or their family physician, and if the law of affinity holds not good in these directions, of men in less hallowed professions, then comes covert criticism, if not scandal. As to whether the Reverend Mr.

Taylor comprehended, in fullest sympathy, the heartburnings of these emotional women, I am in doubt, but if they believed he did, it is much the same. Certainly his sincerest desire was to solace and uplift, to bring to them that perfect peace which is not found in communion with any individual soul, but in the conscious kinship of Soul Universal.

But, whether or not circumstances revealed the fact, there existed in the mind of Mr. Taylor, with regard to one woman, a sentiment as dreamy and tender, as poetic and fervid as the first awakening of love.

This woman was Mrs. Marborough.

It was an unspoken sentiment, born some four years before during a season of travail and depression; during a time when he had felt the affections of the people of his church wavering and saw his best efforts fail of their appreciation; during a time when he saw the beginning of the end of his pastorate at Marborough. He had felt it—the subtle withdrawal of his people from him—and a mortal coldness of the heart like death itself came down, making it impossible for him to stem the tide which was to result in his apparent undoing. He felt it as the grieved wife feels the faithlessness of her husband; as the mother feels the chill from the growing coldness of the child she has nurtured. He felt it thus, yet with secret pride and resentment. He deserved something better. Had he not, in the days of his early ministry, twice given up what was considered much higher and better calls for these people? and now— But she had come in one evening when these thoughts filled his mind with a depressing sense of failure and sadness, and a new courage had breathed through him. She had come in, and, as if by magic, the fog had passed from his brain, the chill from his heart, the gray of his sky changed to a more roseate hue and the sun of his hope had not since gone down. He could never tell just how, or why, it was, but the next forenoon, after Mrs. Marborough's visit, a petition had been presented him, duly signed by the most influential members of his church, requesting that his resignation be withdrawn and announcing a raise in salary with the promise that the parsonage should be repaired and fitted with modern conveniences. That evening there was a social and a renewing of old ties and of the faith. Mrs. Marborough was not there, she and her son having left on the afternoon train for the south.

The Reverend Mr. Taylor never understood this renewed warmth and zeal on the part of his people. He had sometimes thought that perhaps he was mistaken, in that bitter and unhappy time, in his feelings regarding them. But he had not been mistaken. It had occurred in this wise :

Maxwell Marborough had come in one morning during their visit that spring to Marborough, saying nonchalantly :

"I suppose you've heard, mamma, that the Reverend Mr. Taylor is about to be turned down."

Mrs. Marborough had not heard it, but she put on her hat and went forth, and what she did hear filled her soul with indignation, righteous or otherwise it is not for us to say. There were no charges of incompetency on the part of the pastor, no dereliction of duty on his part, the parish simply desired a change ; Mr. Taylor was slow, he was old-fashioned ; the church, if not the cause of religion required a more modern man.

When the session met that evening, with the private purpose of discussing the matter, Mrs. Marborough appeared before it an avenging ghost. She was clad all in black, her face was pale, and she appeared taller than she really was. She seemed to have mysteriously come into a knowledge of all that had been said on the matter publicly and privately, and to divine the most secret and solemn intentions of the board. When asked to speak she rose, throwing forth an indignant hand, this way and that, as if waving her audience from her as a stern and displeased mother dismisses from her presence an erring child who has long been taught a better doctrine than that which he seems inclined to follow. Then with a gesture as if again drawing it to herself for final reprimand and chastisement, she poured forth such a tirade of ridicule, sarcasm and indignant protest, intermingled with ethics and religion, as to make that august body of elders long to sink into itself. Her voice was silvery clear, but her words were piercing as sword thrusts, and her body seemed to sway slightly to the right and to the left as by the breath of her own eloquence.

"The Reverend Mr. Taylor would indeed be considered 'slow,' in the estimation of a *fast* world," she continued with a scornful curl of her chiseled lip. "It is true he has never demanded a six weeks annual vacation for himself and family at the mountains or seaside, at your expense. It is true, he has been content to occupy

a tumble down cottage which is a disgrace to the church and to the town. It is true, he has many times waited in silence for his salary, long overdue, and accepted it doled out to him in pitiful portions as though he were a menial hireling. It is true, he has given his services freely, freely, to the people of the church and to the town and asked nothing in return. If the church is poor, who has felt it more than he? It is not poor. It is rotten with selfishness, with pride, with worldly ambition. But if the church *were* poor, I ask: Who has felt the weight of his poverty more than he, whose pure and simple life, whose earnestness and devotion should be a daily lesson to each and all of you? He has given and demanded nothing. He has labored all these years, not for self, but for you, and yours, in the cause of the Master. And the beauty of it, and the benignity of it, the worth of it, is beyond your comprehension and appreciation."

She paused, casting her clear gray eyes over her audience with a look of scorn.

"You want something modern," she continued, her voice sinking to sarcastic undertones, "A young man, perhaps, who has entered the ministry, not as one called of God, but because it is genteel and fairly remunerative; because it brings him before the public and gives him a following. A youth who would buy his sermons of a syndicate, practice them before a mirror and spend the remainder of his time making fashionable *professional* calls. A man who demands every dollar as soon as it is due and expects a living afforded him outside of his salary. One who acknowledges no debts, who demands passes, donations, free dinners, unremunerated labor at the hands of tired women; a sponge, a leach, a parasite on the face of society which he pretends to elevate. A man who would remain not one hour in the ministry, were its personal benefit withdrawn, because he labors for self, not for love of the work, not for the spread of religion, not for the cause of Christ. But this you would prefer to this grave and earnest, this consecrated man who has served you through the years."

Again she paused, allowing her long darkly-clad arms to drop by her side, passive and relaxed, as though she had quite finished what she wished to say, then continuing in softer, more persuasive tones with a slight contrite drooping of her imperious head, "I may be wrong! I trust I am wrong; that my judgment is harsh and

unjust, but however this may be, before you I humbly confess to my own sins of omission and neglect, to my own seeming lack of loyalty to my own chosen church. But I wish to say that whatever deficit there may be in our minister's salary, at present time, that I will supply, and as long as the present minister is retained I will consider it a privilege to contribute \$500 annually to his salary."

She turned to depart. There were various audible movements as the elders, freed from spell-bound captivity, adjusted themselves in their seats.

As she neared the door she paused, and with a show of her old imperiousness added, "Pray consider my proposal entirely private, a matter to be known and discussed only by those managing the financial affairs of the church. If it should reach the ears of the Reverend Mr. Taylor or his family, or should in any way become a matter of common gossip, my proposition is immediately withdrawn." So saying, with a low bow and a mysterious swish of silken draperies, Mrs. Marborough swept loftily from the council chamber.

It might here be stated that while the matter of Mrs. Marborough's munificent gift was kept, as far as possible, a strict secret, being, as it was, of great financial import, a report of her infatuation with the Reverend Mr. Taylor speedily gained currency. But as the lady immediately left town and the postmistress had no announcement to make of any sort of voluminous correspondence between them, it died of inanition.

It was in passing through the parish garden, on her return home, that Mrs. Marborough saw the minister. He sat with his forehead resting on the bare baize table, beside the open window, his long arms stretched out before him limply. His whole attitude was one of utter dejection. The door was ajar and she went in. The perfume of her garments greeted him but he did not lift his head. She sat down beside him, her arm thrown compassionately across his bowed shoulders. She called him brother. She felt and expressed more of sympathy than she had ever felt or expressed in all her life before. He turned toward her a glance sad and wretched. To her he opened his heart. He upbraided himself for his attitude of mind and spirit. He had not labored for reward or appreciation and yet— Yes, he himself was convinced that a change was for the best.

She assured him that his place was among the people he had so long and faithfully served; that time would prove their loyalty and affection, that he should not weary of well doing, and when she went away she carried the first copy of his written resignation crushed in her delicate hand.

The minister scarcely slept that night. A perfume of mignonne was in his nostrils, and on his brow the benediction of a woman's passing touch. He scarcely slept; his heart kept converse with a new-born hope of which he could give no account.

As for Mrs. Marborough, she rested well. No sentimental fancies visited her pillow. She had done a practical work and she rejoiced in the opportunity that had made it possible. In promoting the father's welfare she believed she had counter-balanced any possible wrong she might have done the daughter. Was not this restitution. She slept well.

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"How smart you are, papa," said Janet, entering the hall with her broom, just as her father descended the stairs on his way to the Marboroughs, "and how smart you look."

He smiled, just touching her hair with his lips in a caress as light and ethereal as he might have bestowed upon the petals of a flower.

It was true, the minister was looking unusually well. As he walked along the leaf-strewn path toward Marborough house, his shoulders were straightened, there was a pulsing color on his usually colorless cheek and in his thoughtful eye the light of conscious life.

Mrs. Sharp admitted him and he waited below while she presented his card to the mistress of the house.

Mrs. Sharp was a member of the church of which the Reverend Mr. Taylor was pastor; a spare, officious, little body with plenty of temper and plenty of tongue. She had been for fifteen years a widow and for almost that length of time—with her son Ezra a man-of-all-work—keeper of Marborough house. She had, however, since her husband's death—a meek, long-suffering little man, whom it was covertly said she had "worn out"—given her superabundant energies to the church. She was president of the Ladies' Aid Society, treasurer of the Board of Foreign Missions, and on all festal occasions, chief manager of the scullery depart-

ment. She considered herself a born public worker, and while her position as mistress of Marborough house, during the prolonged absence of its owner, gave her undoubted prestige among a certain class of individuals, it scarcely made her eligible to membership with the Every Wednesday Club, though there was no telling when she might not break into that aristocratic circle to ruffle the current of its elite life. However, she felt that her work lay more along religious, than social, lines, and she looked upon herself as the Mark Hanna of her own particular religious organization. She was fond of speaking of *her* church, and *her* minister, and she felt that her name should have appeared emblazoned in shining letters on the first page of the church register.

Mrs. Sharp was one of the few women in whose presence the Reverend Mr. Taylor's reserve took on the form of positive shyness, which but increased her volubility and sense of ownership, and she ushered him up the padded stairs, this particular morning, much as she might a precocious child whom she wished to display.

In contrast with the dimmer rooms below, with their drawn curtains and linen-swaddled furniture, the spacious chamber into which the minister entered, shone resplendent. The room and its hangings were of purple and gold, giving it quite a royal appearance; the heavy furniture of mahogany. Mrs. Marborough reclined in a throne-like chair of gorgeous purple velvet. She wore a dressing-gown of creamy albatross, and a heavy ermine mantle tossed across the back of her chair floated downward like a king's robe. A diamond star scintillated mysteriously, suspended above her brow, and her fingers were all agleam with diamonds and sapphires. A leaping wood fire in the open grate added to the brilliancy of the scene.

The minister entered diffidently, but relieved to hear the door close behind him and Mrs. Sharp retreat adown the hall.

At the sound of his hesitating footsteps Mrs. Marborough turned her head with a wan sad smile, putting forth a frail welcoming hand.

He advanced to take it, saying softly, "Pardon me, that I come at so early an hour, but I felt that I must seek you at once else you might depart before I had seen you."

"Yes, I have no time to linger here," she murmured with a plaintive drooping of the eyes, "but my journey has tired me greatly, I must rest before we move on."

She withdrew her hand and did not look up when she had finished speaking, and he stood looking down upon her with tender, compassionate eyes.

The purple background against which she leaned threw her worn beauty into striking relief. Her face, thin and spirituelle, shown colorless as a cameo against the velvet pile. The blighting touch of age was not so evident as the subtle and wasting power of disease, for her hair was still softly brown and her deep eyes, with their shadow-making lashes, still held the dewyness of youth. She looked like a flower fading before its time.

It was a moment before either spoke. She may have forgotten his presence, standing deferentially by her side, until he said in faltering tones, much as Rob might have done under similar circumstances, "I am so sorry to see you ill. I have remembered you in my prayers. I wish I might do something for you."

She shook her head, glancing up at him, with a faint smile putting forth her hand for the second time before motioning him to a seat.

"No one can do anything. I now realize it is only a question of time."

He leaned a trifle nearer in his seat, by her side, saying in a voice so soft it was scarcely more than a whisper, "You believe that Christ loved you, and that he died to save you?"

"Yes," she answered, a little wearily, "I believe all that, but I want to live."

"By such belief, by such faith, we inherit life everlasting." Again she shook her head. "I am not resigned. I have sometimes wished my malady were consumption. It is a hopeful disease. Heart trouble is so depressing." She laid her hand over her heart as she spoke, turning away her face while two large tears trickled childishly from beneath her half closed lids.

The minister's face was full of pain. "Dear, dear, sister."

She turned her head, smiled a little sadly then moving her hands with an impetuous gesture, as if putting grief aside, she lifted her handkerchief and pressed it softly to her eyes.

Let us talk of other things. She leaned forward, smiling faintly, and as if under more hopeful circumstances, they again shook hands. "Tell me of my friends, of your boys and girls, of your self. You bring me good news of every one."

He smiled and they talked on quite happily.

There was about her still that charm and piquant fascination which had characterized her in her girlhood time.

"You don't approve of me, I know," she said looking at him archly from beneath her dark lashes as she held up one snowy arm, the hand relaxed and pendant, upon which the diamonds gleamed like great drops of water that held in miniature the manifold glories of the sun. "You think me vain and worldly. But I have earned them myself; I have given to others that I might possess. I have a right. I have worked."

She dropped her hand as if suddenly forgetful of its precious freight and went on speaking with girlish enthusiasm.

"Oh the joy of it!, To have all one's artistic sensibilities brought into play; to feel the demand. Know you I am an artist?"

He smiled.

"Yes, I have found my work. I have done for the wealthy-poor—poor in talent and in grace of mind—that which they could not do for themselves. I have surrounded and put beauty into their lives. I have laid the touch of magic upon material things; I have breathed upon them the inspiring breath that was to make them a joy forever. You see I know something of house decoration, and bric-a-brac, and symmetrical proportions, and coloring, and so many people who must live in houses do not. I have helped my son, we have worked together. Oh, the joy of it! To see arise out of meaningless brick and stone the dreamer's dream! To see blossom into full fruition the flower of one's fairest imagining. From the very foundation up we have planned them,—those wonderful buildings—monuments of strength and beauty. I know the joy of the creator; I have learned to live, and yet—and yet—" her voice weighted by sudden remembrance sinking to an awed and plaintive whisper, "and yet—I must die."

"Oh, no, no,"

He was on his knees beside her, her hands clasped in his. It was too late to reclaim himself when he would have done so.

"Forget that I have said it. I ask nothing. It is my dream, my joy of living. I love."

He could never tell just what was said, after that; just how he found his way out of the house. Only one thought came to him in the tumult of his feeling, a remembrance that he had forgotten to pray.

When he had gone Mrs. Marborough leaned back against her velvet cushions, smiling an amused and quiet smile. Not one heart-throb was quickened. He was the least objectionable in his method of love-making to the many men who had sought her, but that did not make it less ridiculous. She smiled; the smile of a loveless woman.

(To be continued.)

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## EDITORIAL.

We greet our readers this month from our new offices at 126 Birch Street. Exchanges will please change our address to 126 Birch Street, Bangor, Maine.

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"Consider the lilies, how they grow"—*Jesus*.

All growth is from within outward, not only in the lily but in all things, as well as in human growth.

The potentiality of the most perfect expression of its kind is in all seeds and the development of that perfection must ever be from within the seed itself.

The potentiality of the perfect human is in his seed and its development is likewise from within, and as we contemplate the growth of the lily we may observe the lesson of all growth. Consider how they grow. They attract from the earth and atmosphere all the elements needful to the development of a beautiful flower. The seed is a magnet for these elements, and from its unconscious soul develops root and stem, bud and blossom, all of which were already in the seed along with the life they express.

The human seed is also a magnet for the attraction of those elements which develop the human expression in soul and body, and all that the human is or ever can be is hid in the protoplasmic atom which is the beginning of human existence.

But while there is an analogy between the growth of the lily and that of the human there is a difference, for whereas the lily's growth from within is from beginning to end that of the subconscious life, that of the human is both conscious and subconscious.

Up to a certain point the development of the human seed is subconscious, then the conscious soul begins its work through its organizing force, the Mind. Its thoughts go out and create the conditions of its growth, and the human becomes a creator of life-

expressions in accord with its thought and will, and these creations condition in turn the degree of the soul-growth.

Every thought of the human mind finds a corresponding expression in the atomic substance which has become incorporated in the human personality and its aura or atmosphere, *and every atom of the universe is potentially human.*

Why?

Because the human as the summit of all known development dominates all below it by the power of the human mind to condition through its thought and will all unorganized atomic substance.

Every thought awakens to activity an atomic soul which will in the course of ages develop into a human soul.

And every atomic soul so awakened by our thought becomes related to the individual thinker, to work for him in the development of his personality, in accord with the inherent nature of the thought and desire which awakened it to existence. That atom must grow and expand from within as the lily does, and express its potentiality which was conditioned by the awakening thought.

And in the economy of the individual's personal development that atomic soul plays the part of apparent good or evil according as the thought producing it is or is not in harmony with the dominant human ideal; for the dominant ideal must rule, and if that thought was not in harmony with the dominant ideal the presence of its atomic expression will create a discordant vibration which will continue until that atomic soul is called upon to pass to a higher state of expression by becoming impregnated from the mind of its creator with a new thought force directing it into harmonious accord with the human ideal.

Again let us "consider the lilies, how they grow."

Although each germ has within itself the potentiality of the perfectly developed lily, unless its environments are such as to make the best growth possible we do not get its full value in the ultimate expression, the uncongenial soil giving it insufficient nourishment to develop the perfect lily.

This, also, is analogous to human growth.

An untrained mind whose will has run riot with its thought has produced an atomic sub-consciousness so at variance with the ideal human that the individual finds but imperfect human expression.

How is this to be altered?

As we have said the individual himself must make the change, and it is for this reason that the New thought emphasizes the necessity of the recognition of the invincible I, as the real human.

But many find it difficult to grasp this principle of recognition; how are these to grow?

The gardner, by cultivation produces a much more perfect flower than could be grown from the same seed in an uncongenial soil and without cultivation, and thus, though the flower still developes from within, and can develop only what was potentially its own, yet the extraneous aid of the gardner enabled it to show forth a rarer beauty and perfection than it had hitherto known.

We are all gardners of the soul, and our thoughts are the implements we use in perfecting the growths in our garden.

We are all of one Life and substance, hence our thoughts in finding their atomic affinities not only affect us, but also have an effect on all others who are in sympathy with them either consciously or unconsciously.

When we send forth from our consciousness thoughts of love and good will toward another that other's atmosphere becomes the recipient of the thought force in accord with his degree of receptivity together with the intensity of power expressed in the thought sent forth.

The more perfect our recognition of the invincible character of the inner self, or Spirit of Man who says "I Am, and beyond me there is naught," the more powerful will be the thought sent forth.

Thus each member of the human race is constantly sending forth thought forces that modify the conditions attending all who are receptive to the thought; and as the natural desire of the human magnet is perfect personal expression, every good and true thought that comes to any soul's atmosphere is subconsciously incorporated into the personality of him who needs it, to aid in readjusting atomic harmony that he may grow to a more perfect expression.

Thus by cultivating a recognition of our own invincible ego and holding the perfect thought we not only aid in our own growth toward perfect expression but also give aid and comfort to those in need of it.

In this sense all may become healers and helpers, while some

who devote their life to the work of healing the sick in mind and body have so developed their power of thought direction that in many instances they help those to whose aid they come to an expression of perfect health, replacing the inharmony of disease with the harmony of the perfect ideal human.

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### WHY REMAIN SICK WHEN HEALTH IS AT HAND?

Recognizing the silent *I Am* as the center and source of personal life, and as the invincible individual which every personality shadows forth according to the plane of its growth, and using this recognition as the basis of my treatment. I have been able to bring health and success to many who were sick bodily and financially.

My terms of treatment are as follows :

*Health Treatments*, \$5.00 per month, invariably in advance.

*Success Treatments*, \$1.00 per month, invariably in advance.

Both *Health and Success* treatments, \$6.00 per month, invariably in advance.

### SPECIAL OFFER TO THE SICK!

In order that all who wish to do so may make a trial of the phrenopathic method of cure at a nominal cost, I will give one month's trial treatment for health, to any person who has not been a patient of mine, for one dollar. If you are sick and want to give my method a trial as above offered, send one dollar in Postal or Express Money order, or by registered mail (stamps will not be accepted in payment of this offer) and state your name and address, sex, whether married or single, and leading symptom. *Do not send personal checks, I will not accept them.* An express money order, or a postal money order is best. Address Chas. W Close, F. M., 126 Birch Street, Bangor, Maine. U. S. A.

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The Florida Medical bill is dead. Mrs. Wilmans writes us that, "It died hard, but it is mighty dead. And it won't be resurrected. "Those who wish to enjoy the 'wake' should secure a copy of Freedom for June 12; in which Mrs. Wilmans promises in her issue of today (June 5,) to 'hold the wake.' "

By the way, do you propose to attend the Mental Science convention at Sea Breeze next fall? We understand that arrangements will be made for half rates to delegates. Mr. C. F. Burg-

man, Sec'y of the International Scientific Association, Sea Breeze, Fla., invites all who propose to attend the convention to send their names to him. He will give all necessary information concerning the convention.

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Congratulations to T. J. Shelton and Lady Blanche on the birth of Baby Blanche.

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## OUR BOOK TABLE.

In our new quarters we propose to establish a BOOK TABLE for the reception of the books publishers persist in sending us, and from time to time shall have a few words to say about such of them as appear to merit mention, and about their authors. We do not agree to give long reviews, but shall give such mention as we believe will be of interest to our readers. Publishers who wish to have their books on our table should send copies to Editor, Our Book Table, 126 Birch St., Bangor, Maine.

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The first book to which our attention is called is an artistic little booklet bound in red and gold cover, entitled *The Transformation of Evil*; a scientific mastery of intemperance by Caroline Wheeler. It is the most sensible handling of the liquor problem we have seen for many a day; sensible because it places the problem on the basis of natural law, instead of fulminating against the saloons and calling for prohibitory laws that do not, because in the nature of the case they cannot prohibit. Mrs. Wheeler would lift the victim of drink to a higher plane of life through the freedom of all conquering love, and this is the only practical solution of the liquor problem. The little booklet is a most wholesome antidote to the wild fanaticism of Mrs. Carrie Nation, which we are sorry to observe seems to have found some sort of an endorsement from some of our new thought contemporaries. Just how an exponent of the New Thought can support such an illogical proceeding as Mrs. Nation's is one of the things that we believe they would find it difficult to reconcile with the principles they elsewhere inculcate. But it was doubtless part of their growth.

To all such and to every one interested in the temperance movement as well as to those who are not so interested we would say secure, read and ponder the words of this little book, which costs

you but twenty-five cents, and may be ordered of the Authoress at 311 St. Joseph St., West, Lansing, Mich., or of The Mionion Book Co., Bangor, Maine.

In a letter from the authoress she states that she desires to form centres in each state for the purpose of realizing a co-operation of thought and action to create *new vibrations* concerning the liquor problem, till the centres become a living, vibrating torch of LOVE whose radiant light shall permeate all society in a circle of Power to raise humanity to the perfect ideal. Those who desire to know more of this should correspond with Caroline Wheeler, 311 St. Joseph St., West, Lansing, Mich.

We find on Our Book Table two new books by Henry Wood, *The Political Economy of Humanism and The Symphony of Life*. The former is a new edition of what was formerly called *The Political Economy of Natural Law*, rewritten with additional chapters, and is perhaps, the best presentation of the subject from the view point of the New Thought that can be had. The author makes no attempt to force upon us contentment with present imperfect conditions but would "turn the search for improvement in a promising direction," by "outlining a political economy which is natural and practical, rather than artificial and theoretical," and he succeeds in doing this to a remarkable degree.

The second of the books, *The Symphony of Life* is a new work consisting of a series of constructive sketches and interpretations, representing the results of ripe study and investigation. Like all of Henry Wood's works this book, based on a practical idealism, interests the reader at once, and one will not wish to lay the book down until he has read every word of it. These books are handsomely bound in cloth and retail for \$1.25 each. Lee & Shepard, Publishers, Boston. They may be ordered of The Mionion Book Co., Bangor, Maine.

Elizabeth Towne, the bright and lively editor of *The Nautilus*, has just issued a new edition of her pamphlets, *Just How to Wake the Solar Plexus*, price 25 cents; and *The Constitution of Man*, price 50 cents. Both books have been enlarged and appear in new dress. From *The Constitution of Man* we are greeted with the smiling countenance of our "Betsy," and she looks just as we would expect the editor of *The Nautilus* to look, full of the fire of life that forges a successful life out of any conditions that present

themselves. The books may be ordered of Wm. E. Towne, Holyoke, Mass. By the way William has an interesting and useful article in this issue of *The Free Man* and likewise an interesting adv. on page 222.

*Poems of The New Time* by Miles Menander Dawson, is a tastefully bound volume of Lyric Verse, "including Kickapoo River ballads in character and kismet, a Lyric drama after a Greek model," from The Alliance Pub. Co., New York, price \$1.25.

*Twelve Essays* in two volumes by Frederic W. Burry, 2nd edition. Price 50 cents for the two. On opening the first volume we were greeted by the handsome and intellectual face of the author, a well executed photogravure. The contents are fully up to the portrait, and that is saying a good deal. See adv. of The Mionion Book Co., on page III of cover for table of contents.

Other books received, but which we have not space to more than mention this month are, a bound volume of *Mental Science*, by Eugene Del Mar, New York. *Idiosyncrasies*, by Esther A. McCallum, Lansing, Mich. Price, 15 cents. *Longley's Beautiful Songs*, Vol. 3 & 4, price 25 cents, 3 cents extra by mail, from C. Payson Longley, 600 Penn Ave. S. E. Washington, D. C., and a *Study in Mind*, by Ione.

We have received two pieces of sheet music from the composer, John K. Reynolds, San Diego, Cal., entitled *Some Day You'll Remember* and *Just You*. Our musical critic pronounces the first excellent and the second good. Price 15 cents each. Order of Pacific Publishing Co., San Diego, California.

\* \* \* \* \*

[From Boston Woman's Journal of April 20, 1901.]

## HEROIC FIGURE IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

GREENVILLE, MISS., March 20, 1901.

*Editors Woman's Journal*:— Virginia D. Young is the most heroic figure in South Carolina, and the most pathetic. It takes a tremendous amount of bravery to stand for a great cause that is not in consonance with the desires of the people. There is always a decided element of pathos in loneliness. South Carolina is unquestionably the most conservative State in the South—a stronger declaration could hardly be made. It is a State that holds tenaciously to its traditions, and these date many centuries

prior to the exodus of the Huguenots from France to this country.

It holds to its prejudices of caste and of custom, especially along the line of woman's position.

\* \* \* \* \*

South Carolina is crystallized along old lines. It does not love new things, new movements, or new women. To be in this atmosphere, to live in it, to grow in it, and to be potential in it for progression, is to be great; and this is what Virginia D. Young has done and is.

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\* \* \* \* \*

As is usual with suffragists among men or women, especially in the South, Mrs. Young belongs to a noble old family. She was a Miss Durant, of Marion, near which place General Marion had his headquarters in the days of the American revolution and from which so lately Lieutenant Blue of Cuban fame, went forth.

\* \* \* \* \*

When you read those charming articles headed by the name of some flower that is rooted in Southern soil, such as the highly poetic and exquisite title, "*Closed Gentians*," remember lovingly that they come from the pen-point of a woman who stands *upon the mountain tops alone—steadfast in her mighty purpose, serene in her divine inspiration*, confident in the hope of ultimate victory. Honor her for what she hath wrought so strenuously, and for what under God she will accomplish in the future years! Journalist, writer of books, housekeeper, devoted wife and tender friend, leader in a regal movement that has stirred the heart of the world—Virginia D. Young.

I am glad to give this testimony of my comrade. Those of us

in the South who have stepped out from the old, dead life into the glorious, vital new, are bound to each other by bonds, unbreakable by fire. For we are lonely, don't you see?

BELLE KEARNEY.

\* \* \* \* \*

"ONE OF THE BLUE HEN'S CHICKENS," by Virginia Durant Young, is an interesting story which illustrates how a few earnest women made real the promises of the New Thought movement in their own individual lives. And the details represent so truly a spiritual resurrection that every smallest factor in the case interests the reader because in it he is given an actual glimpse of the inner life force at work. The truths of mental science are taken at their word and applied with simplicity and steadfastness, and with what will be called wonderful results. It is a thoroughly charming story, tinged with much of the romance of the old South and showing many of the prejudices of the new regime, and it is often amusing in its character touches as well as touching in its special developments of sincerity.—*From The Club Woman.*

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VACCINATION, A CURSE, by J. M. Peebles, A. M., M. D., Ph. D., of Battle Creek, Mich., is the title of a book received too late for extended notice in this issue. It arrives at an opportune moment, for the small pox scare has just struck Maine. We understand that in one town in Maine they isolated as a bad case

of small pox what was finally shown to be only a light case of measles. In another town a well defined case of cerebro spinal meningitis was mistakenly isolated as small pox, while a third instance was that of a man suffering from an *ulcerated tooth*! But of course the attendant physicians pocketed double fees for attending cases of small pox! And what a harvest they will reap from the infliction of the putrid vaccination humbug on the public! How much longer will the public endure this imposition of educated ignorance?

---

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See 2nd page of cover of this issue.

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AUGUST, 1901.

No. 8

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## A SWEET ANGEL.

Something beautiful is coming!  
I feel the rush of glad wings,  
Borne from a fountain of loving  
With a voice that melodiously sings.

It is coming to me this angel  
I can see the crystal sea beat,  
And I know that over its waters  
It is bounding with tireless feet.

The time for its hour is striking  
And strength of a purpose kept  
For the day of its ripening harvest  
That for centuries may have slept.

O hail to the heavenly visitant!  
Hail to the "Spirit of Light,"  
To the era of Love's awakening  
Away from the dreams of night.

List O ye souls to the mingling,  
And jubilant songs of the earth,  
Each one of us has a sweet angel  
O give your divinest one birth.

MARY E. BUTTERS.

---

## TO THINE OWN SELF.

BY JULIA BROWN-STRODE.

---

### CHAPTER XII.

AXWELL, Marborough sought his mother immediately upon his return from his walk that gray November evening. He entered briskly, joyously attuned to all the healthful vibrations of exhilarating winter weather. He embraced the invalid cheerily, pressing his lips and cheeks to hers; they were cold, yet warm, with pulsing inner life, and she held his face to hers for a moment as though she would absorb somewhat of his abundant



vigor.

"Have you been lonesome, little mother?" he asked, when she had released him, and he had sought a cushion for his head, and drawn a great chair, to her right, near the fire.

"I missed you, of course. I always miss you. Where is Georgette, darling?"

"We parted in the corridor. She is doubtless dressing for dinner."

"You had a pleasant walk?"

"Delightful. We did five miles in one hour. There isn't a girl in the state who could do better."

"Isn't she fine? Isn't she splendid?" Mrs. Marborough exclaimed with enthusiasm, then pensively, "If she would only give up her ambition for the stage."

"That will pass, mother."

She looked at him questioningly as though she would get the exact shade of meaning which his words implied. Did he consider Georgette superficial?

A nurse entered bearing a dinner tray. She was a plump English woman with round blue eyes and red cheeks. She could easily have borne Mrs. Marborough in her strong arms. She wore a lace cap, about the size of a man's thumb, perched on her smooth brown hair, and an ample white apron over a blue print gown. She reminded one of a sound and rosy winter apple. She brought forth an adjustable stand, laid the snowy cloth, and arrayed the viands temptingly before the invalid. When the feast was all arranged and she was deftly removing the covers from the inviting dishes, she said,

"The housekeeper requests me to say, to madam, that the bird was sent by Miss Taylor of the parsonage."

Mrs. Marborough paused in the slow process of unfolding her napkin, "You may go, Orwig," she said, in tones which might have implied some indiscretion on the part of the servant. As the woman turned to depart her mistress added, in still cooler accents, "Bid the housekeeper thank Miss Taylor for her kindness."

Orwig immediately sought consolation of Mrs. Sharp and Susan, the second girl, in the kitchen below. The atmosphere into which she entered was, figuratively speaking, almost as peppery as that which greeted Alice upon entering the princess' kitchen and the

housekeeper in almost such a temper as the irascible cook of Wonderland. Susan had spilled the salad-dressing, Mrs. Sharp, who set an example of painstaking and dexterity, for all the rest of the servants, had met with the unusual misfortune of breaking a favorite dish, and Ezra—the divine Ezra—had failed in the discharge of some duty which had marred the smooth rotation of the whole domestic machinery. Dinner was late, and this, of all times, when Mrs. Sharp felt her presence needed early at the church; it being the beginning of the "Week of Prayer." Altogether this had been a trying and a busy season, with fashionable guests, and illness, and doctors and the like. Of course there was money in waiting to supply extra servants, but Mrs. Sharp preferred the extra funds to extra employees, tartly remarking, "the more help, the more labor."

Though Orwig had learned a bit of gossip was never out of place in Marborough kitchen, she stood about for some time, a timid light in her mild eyes, edging first out of Susan's then out of Mrs. Sharp's way, as they scrambled to effect a dozen impending issues, at one and the same moment, scolding the while, before she ventured to enquire.

"Why does Madam turn to ice at the mention of Miss Taylor of the parsonage?"

"Miss Taylor was once in love with Mr. Max and dangled after him a whole summer time," said the volatile Susan, pausing to sprinkle a pinch of salt, from an overturned saltbox, into the fire, in order to mitigate the effects of an impending "fuss," of which this accident was ominous.

"Turn to ice at the mention of Miss Taylor," interposed Mrs. Sharp, pausing with her dripping gravy ladel above the steaming roaster, "she had better turn to hell-fire at the thought of that vixen up stairs who's danglin' after him now."

Orwig opened her round blue eyes and clasped her hands above her ample bust.

"Oh, you speak so strongly," she gasped.

"I mean just what I say," said the housekeeper, manipulating the spoon with vigor, "Susan, fetch the tureen. I ain't partial to Jane Taylor, she's not my style, but her name is not to be spoken in the same breath with that creature's up stairs. I wonder Mrs. Marborough is no better judge of character."

"Oh, Miss Mark's all sugar molasses before Mrs. Marborough and Mr. Max," interposed Susan.

"Susan, *will* you bring that tureen? They ought to hear her order that maid of hern aroun' when she thinks no one's about. She don't deceive me none."

"I have often wondered why my master never married," said Orwig, glancing from Susan to Mrs. Sharp in keen enjoyment of their conversation which was as spice to her quiet life. "He is so complete a man, so amiable, so worthy."

"Well, Susan may say what she will about Jane a danglin' after Mr. Max but it's my opinion, he'd a married her at one time, an' he'd better a done it. It'll be the ole story of through the woods an' through the woods, to pick up a crooked stick at last."

"Miss Taylor is the tall girl I saw raking leaves and romping with the lad on the parish lawn. She looks like some of our beautiful English women, only a trifle more slender. She carries herself so proudly and the poise of her head is so free and noble. My mistress says you are to thank her in her behalf. Did you say that she and Mr. Max were once in love and that madam objected to the union?" she questioned, her head on one side like a meditative duckling's and her soul aglow at the thought of a romance.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Marborough drew the edible, which had been the cause of all this controversy before her. Lifting a fork in one frail bejeweled hand, she leaned forward, and placed a morsel to her lips. She moved her lips critically, wiped them daintily on the corner of her napkin, then pushed the salver aside.

"She is a good cook, Max, and I appreciate her quaint, old-fashioned courtesy, but I want nothing of the kind to-night. Won't you pour my tea?"

This last was spoken plaintively. Marborough was leaning back with his eyes closed; he rose quickly as if eager to make amends for a moment's forgetfulness, and ministered to his mother with gentle consideration. When he had supplied her slightest want he again seated himself, closing his eyes dreamily.

"Janet Taylor, Janet Taylor, that was she I saw going through the back garden, in nun-like garb a moment ago."

"It may have been, mother."

"She has settled down into quite the commonplace housekeeper and cook I predicted."

"That may be true, mother. In the past five years I have scarcely exchanged with her a dozen words."

She moved a little, as if to see his face, turned slightly from her his large head resting against the leathern cushion.

"Have you not seen her in so long a time?" she asked, the plaintive ring in her voice giving place to a half-concealed note of hope and satisfaction.

"Yes, on the lawn, at work, and once at church."

"Has her peachbloom disappeared and her baby plumpness vanished? Her's was a beauty which fades as girlhood wanes."

"You are mistaken, mother," Marborough answered, opening his eyes and turning to adjust his pillow at a more comfortable angle. "Her's is a beauty which in losing youth loses little of its essential charm, expressed as it is in soul, which is unacquainted with time. Besides, Miss Taylor is not old. She can't be more than twenty-seven, the most charming of all ages, unless it be the age of my mother, which is always enchanting."

She accepted his kindly compliments, pleasurably, but though she smiled, she looked at him now with just a little anxious widening of the eyes. The subject of Janet Taylor had not been mentioned between them for several years, but deep down in the mother's heart lurked a haunting fear. She felt that her son had far out-grown this girl, that time and absence had changed the vibratory forces which had made them one in thought and feeling, yet she feared. Her prejudice against Janet was as deep-rooted and permanent as it was inexplicable. But were this otherwise, to acknowledge her now, was to acknowledge herself guilty of a past wrong. She believed she had been right in her conclusions, if not in the act to which these conclusions led, and she wanted, for her own soul's satisfaction—at any cost to herself and others—to prove that this was true. She believed that the end had justified the means and if the means in itself had appeared unworthy had she not offered all possible counter-balancing compensation, even to the extent of making it possible for Janet to remain in Marborough, when she might have been removed from association with her son. However, she, herself, had never intended remaining in Marborough at any length, but this illness—Ah, why was she ill? But this girl could have no part in her present life. It should be as she wished—could not be otherwise—yet she feared.

Her son's first words on the long buried subject, his sleepy indifferent tones, had reassured her, but the fact that he still admired Janet grated on her distressingly. She longed to elicit the soothing acknowledgement to a departed and boyish fancy and she said, in half persuasive, half teasing tones,

"You remember your youthful passion for her, darling?"

He was leaning his big head back among the cushions. He turned his face slightly, glancing at her roguishly out of the corner of his eye.

"She is my *immortal* sweetheart, mother."

She remembered her own words and the smile in his eyes was momentarily reflected in her own, but she answered querulously, with a petulant drooping of her chiseled lips,

"The ideal Janet, not the Janet of to-day. She was never the soaring seraph you believed her to be, Max, else the clipping of her wings would not have held her permanently to the earth. But it is doubtless better as it is, otherwise, she might but have added one more to the thousands of starving, struggling artists of to-day."

The son sat up, the cushion behind his back falling unheeded to the floor.

"Please don't speak like that, mother," in strong, protesting tones. "We do not believe that. You and I have lived too broadly, drank too deeply, to adhere to any such sickly, world-worn sentiments as those sentiments which are the outgrowth of ignorance on the one hand and selfishness on the other. 'Better as it is.' If a woman toils her life out in conventional respectability, ministering to her own wants and the wants of those about her, she is commended. If she toils, endures, suffers, *fails*—as the world pronounces failure—for Art's sake, she is derided and pitied. She has made a mistake. Do you and I believe it? No, no. Let us follow the promptings of spirit. Let us be wise and not impede the Soul."

He paused to smile at her.

"It can't be, mother, that you have been indulging in some of those articles in our delightfully safe and conventional magazines on the subject, 'Should Woman Receive a College Education?' with the inevitable conclusion that 'a woman's sphere is the home.' A broader outlook might bar the article from the maga-

zine or the magazine from the family circle. Probably you remember when similar arguments were made regarding the freeing of the slave. By the by, mother, I have a title for a Journal article, "Should Women be Permitted to Grow, or, Does the Progress of Women Imply the Undoing of the Home?" How is that for adapting one's material to the demand? Isn't it a good one! I know you can help me out. Here is another, 'Should Women be permitted to Eat Meat, or, Does the Eating of Meat tend to Animalism?'"

She ignored his pleasantry and waved his argument aside.

"You cannot deny," she returned, her voice taking on a warmer tone, "that in caring for that little babe, in rearing that bonny girl, Janet Taylor did a nobler work than had she painted the sublimest picture the world had ever known."

"If the matter were entirely a choice between the saving of the children and the painting of the picture, yes. But if it were the renunciation of a divinely appointed, creative work, and accepting from the standpoint of duty, a work which might have been done equally as well by another, no."

"But could it have been done equally as well by another?"

"I am not prepared to say. I am no more capable of arguing such matters than I am of explaining the Trinity, but of this, I am positive, Janet Taylor had another duty, equally as sacred, as the one she owed her father's family. *The duty she owed herself.* Say what you will, her righteous obligation to her relatives ought not to have forced her entirely away from the work of her calling. There is something horribly wrong in the lives of women who must live, what they themselves feel to be, but a onesided existence. However, I am afraid Janet's mistake has been the result of too much Sunday school book philosophy."

"What do you mean, Maxwell?"

"Oh that sort of thing where the good little girl surrenders her individuality, if not her life, for the selfish and undeserving. So doth selfishness thrive and the wicked flourish. Is that a quotation, mother?"

"You naughty boy!"

"Well here is one, anyhow, 'my idea of heaven is a place where each will do his own work, in his own way, even as God meant it from the first,' whether that work be the painting of pictures or the brewing of tea. Wil't have another cup, sweetheart?"

He rose, casting his long arms abroad, as if throwing off the weight of argument, then leant above his mother gallantly. When he had again served her, he stood with his broad back to the fire, his hands clasped behind him, looking down upon her with an indulgent smile.

She smiled up at him archly.

"But, how often I have heard you say, that if the *divine afflatus* were in the seed, a few unpropitious seasons would not effect the peculiar quality of the flower."

"Janet Taylor may yet prove the truth of my doctrine."

"That may be, but I am afraid her talent reveals itself in this bit of delicious bird," and she tapped the dish with her fork.

Marborough threw himself into his chair. "By the way, mother, he said, steering clear of further personalities, "I hear the Presbyterian Synod is about to admit unbaptised infants to heaven. I wonder what they will do about the myriads their doctrine has already consigned to the pit."

"Maxwell, Maxwell, my dear boy, you are positively sacrilegious."

"It appears so, mama, but I ask for information; You are always on the inside in matters theological. What is to be done about the multitude already damned for scoffing at this former doctrine?"

She smiled in spite of herself.

"You deserve to be chastised." Then seriously. "I am sure you could be brought to a clearer understanding of these subjects,—which are not absurd, as you would make them appear—if you would only appeal to the Reverend Mr. Taylor, for information."

"Heaven forbid!"

There was a light rap at the door.

"Do you wish to see anyone, mother? would you prefer to be alone?"

"No, it is Georgette. Bid her come in."

He called out in gay challenging tones and Miss Marks entered, superb and radiant. As she passed behind the two chairs, to the opposite side of the grate, she gave Marborough a denunciatory tap with her fan.

"I will settle with you, later," doubtless referring to some inci-

dent of their walk. Then, gracefully bending, she lightly touched her lips to Mrs. Marborough's hair, enquiring in tones melodious with love and solicitude, "How are you, to-night, aunt Gertrude?"

"Very comfortable, my dear," with an upward glance of returning tenderness. "Have this chair on my left, dear child."

"Or this on my right, cousin," said Marborough, gallantly rising to indicate a chair very near his own.

"I will have nothing whatever to do with you. If you only knew what an abominable joke he played on me this evening, aunt Gertrude."

Mrs. Marborough smiled as she glanced from one to the other standing at either end of the low mantle, "His impertinence is unparalleled, my dear."

"Yes, mother was just admonishing me to confess my sins to the Right Reverend Mr. Taylor."

Miss Mark's was an imposing figure both from the standpoint of fashion and the physical. Her hips were well set, her shoulders straight, her full bust shapely. She had an abundance of soft, dark hair which framed her face in a voluptuous roll. Her nose was slightly retrousse, her white and rounded chin, tip-tilted, her lips, full at the centre, hiding themselves in bewitching lovenests at the corners of her mouth, her lashes curling, altogether, giving her an infantile and merry cast of countenance, though her marked maturity of body made her appear older than she really was.

She was twenty-two."

Her "composition," as Janet might have expressed it, was altogether rich and generous.

She wore a dinner gown of simple but stylish construction, which seemed in its snowy softness to intensify the liquid fire of her eyes, the damask of her cheeks.

The two continued standing, throwing, back and forth words of merry banter which ended a racy argument.

When the dinner bell sounded Miss Marks was a trifle flushed and indignant, and because of this—though she had enjoyed the debate, exceedingly—Mrs. Marborough was chiding her forward son.

But certainly Miss Marks wounded feelings could not have been the result of a lost cause for she had sustained her side of the

argument with admirable brilliancy. The truth was, she was piqued at Marborough's constant cousinly attitude. She could not endure—when no ties of blood bound them—that she should be treated with that airy lightness which relationship warrants. She would have preferred more of sentiment and less brotherly indifference to her charms and graces. However, when Marborough, observing her hurt, passed swiftly to her side, saying with a most beseeching glance.

“Wil't come with me, sweet cousin, and wilt forgive my perversity and unseeming raillery?” her eyes cleared and she said smiling as she took his extended arm.

“I was only joking, Maxwell.”

“Bless you my children,” said Mrs. Marborough, laughing.

As she neared the door Marborough turned to say,

“I will not see you again till bedtime, mother, I have some plans for the Brockton library which must be gotten off at once if those ambitious citizens secure the Carnegie gift. But if you need me, call at any moment.

The door remained open and she watched them, arm in arm, pass round the curved corridor and descend the broad stairs.

Immediately after dinner, Marborough excused himself and retired to his workroom above.

Miss Marks, also, retired to her room, leaving her foster mother to keep Mrs. Marborough company.

When she had closed the door she opened her silken vesture with a snap, gave the bell-rope an impetuous jerk and threw herself across the bed a spoiled and pouting child.

“Fetch me one of Ouida's novels,” to the maid, who could not have appeared more promptly had she been a “Jack in a box” and the bell rope a spring which sent her forth with a jump.

In truth, Miss Marks was bored at being left alone; offended that Marborough could separate himself from her for a single evening. Her chief happiness lay in the company of admiring men; she found little pleasure in the society of women or in her own soul, and to be isolated in this horrible manner, with but a single accessible gentleman and he willing to take himself off for an entire evening, when she was at her brightest and best, was beyond endurance.

The maid entered with the book. She snatched it from her,

glanced at the title, and hurled it, with the force of a bullet, across the room.

"Ouida! I said Moliere, stupid! Moliere! Fetch me shakespeare, Moliere, Victor Hugo's 'Hernani'."

The maid picked up the discarded volume and trotted meekly away. She was paid for enduring her mistress' temper, in all its manifold manifestations, and accepted it much as she might the caprice of an invalid.

She returned shortly bearing three ponderous volumes.

"Lay them on the stand beside my bed." In tones which might have been used in addressing a rebellious canine.

"Will my lady now be undressed?"

Miss Marks sat up. Reaching out a strong beautiful hand she lifted one of the heavy volumes and held it aloft as though it were of feather weight.

"Get you gone, this instant, or I will hurl this book at your head!"

The maid's tinkling feet had scarcely disappeared before the bell again rang.

"You may remove my boots and arrange my hair for the night, but mind, one false move, and I will discharge you on the spot."

She sat up, one elbow resting on the open book, her chin in her hand, an angry frowning goddess, while the maid attended her with deft but timid fingers.

She was not reading, she was thinking— thinking of Max Marborough, so kindly, so generous, yet so chary of his words of endearment and admiration. She would not have required that he be quite serious if he would only express himself as she liked.

To-night she felt she hated him.

But she did not hate him.

And Marborough—in his workroom above, drew his plans across the table in front of him and sat, for a long time, his hands clasped upon them, looking straight before him with grave, unseeing, eyes.

[Note. We regret that we could not furnish our readers with the final chapters of this story in this issue, but it was impossible as Mrs. Brown-Strode had not supplied us with them. Doubtless our readers can supply a fitting end to the story, each of you, developing the characters as it seems to you they should be devel-

oped. We have frequently thought, as doubtless have our readers, that we could have given a more satisfactory finish to some of the stories we have read; and in the instance of Chas. Dickens' *Edwin Drood* we have often tried to imagine how that master of fiction would have finished his story had he lived.

However we will not attempt a further finish to this story as we believe the author will finish it in due time, when it may appear in book form.—Editor.]

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## LOVE—THE IDEAL.



WOMAN'S attraction for man is as strong as his possibly can be for her, but while on the physical plane he is controlled mostly by attraction and desire, she is controlled by attraction and love always. Attraction in women is unconscious love, *not* unconscious desire as in man. If physical desire had played the part in the life of the woman that it has in that of the man there would have been little hope of elevating the race. Love (not desire) is the elevating power, and love is the controlling force in woman. Love, it is often said, is a woman's whole life, and it is. Woman is always seeking love, seeking an object on which to bestow her love. That is what she seeks in marriage. She seeks love, but usually finds its destroyer; finds herself the victim of an over-mastering physical passion. This great passion has been necessary as a means of perpetuating the race, hence physical desire has had its mission. But I am sure there is not the growth in it that is sometimes claimed, it cannot elevate the race, it can only perpetuate it. Men and women naturally know that physical passion is not above the feeling that animates the lower animals, and that is why sex desire *in man* is looked upon as degrading. It isn't degrading in the lower animals to be sure and was never so considered, but man being many degrees above the animal kingdom naturally *feels* that he should give expression to something higher. Woman *knows it* and it is this knowing on her part, that is and always has been the uplifting factor, the power that has ever drawn the race upward. Woman is truly the savior of man. Woman (Love) is the appointed savior, man (desire) is the object to be redeemed.

Not until man ascends from the plane of desire—the plane where slaves are made and takes his place alongside of woman in the kingdom of Love will he realize the true meaning of liberty. For in love is the only freedom. Desire enslaves, love frees. Woman's native home is Love; and Love must be the final home of man.

It is this fact, the fact that woman's natural element is love that accounts for her universal slavery in the marriage relation. If she were a creature of physical desire the same as man is, marriage wouldn't enslave her any more than it does him. To be sure, some men claim that they are enslaved, but if they are, all I have to say is, that they are the owner of an abnormally developed woman; a woman who is the victim of hereditary perversion, and not nature's own product. Sex union to the natural true woman means love's expression; and falling short of that it is slavery, either conscious or half-conscious slavery. The simple thought of a woman controlled by physical passion is revolting in the extreme. Such a woman would be an impediment in the way of progress, and not the uplifting power nature intended she should be.

This fact, too, that woman's thought naturally transcends the physical expression of sex, and lives and broods in the love element, accounts for the natural purity that attaches to womanhood. What object so inspires one with a sense of all that is pure and good, as does the face of an innocent young girl. This same purity attaches to womanhood in general, and for the reason I named. Love is the woman's purifying agent.

As before suggested, I do not mean to say that physical desire is impure on its own plane. Among the animals it is pure. But among men and women the element of impurity attaches to it, because as I have said they instinctively know that the expression is beneath their dignity as children of the highest. Old thought people feel this in a vague way. New thought people see it in a clear light. Hence the latter must actualize the higher expression, else as St. Peter put it, they will be as the sow that was washed, returned to her wallowing in mire. The mire was all right in its place of course but St. Peter had caught sight of higher ground.

It seems to have been the plan of Wisdom that the masculine principle should evolve up through the plane of desire. In that

way the perpetuation of the race was assured from the beginning. Nothing could prevent this necessary consummation, until man had reached a place where the perpetuation of the race was no longer necessary.

The feminine principle was not called to traverse the route laid out for man, but found itself already a native of Love, the abode toward which man has struggled so long, the garden spot of the race redeemed.

The morning of regenerate life is now dawning. Man has finally reached the place where physical passion is called to halt, therefore he is learning his lesson of love. He will meet woman on her own plane, and harmony and eternal life will be his reward—their reward.

Regeneration can come only through reciprocal love vibrations. Generation's demand was not so high. Generation, or the birth of new organisms, the scattering of seed that may so result, belongs wholly to the physical plane of life, and that generation must cease is symbolized by the change so appropriately called the change of life. That is what it is, it signifies the changing of life from a physical to a spiritual basis. This cessation is nature's way of saying, "Come up higher! tarry not on the plane of birth, for this also is the plane of death!"

Do you know that woman is a walking encyclopædia of information regarding the higher life? Well she is; and the searcher after the highest wisdom will find in her a perpetual revelation.

Woman's peculiar field of operation has not been on the plane of generation, the physical plane. On that plane she has been a nonentity since time began. This field has belonged exclusively to man, generation and all; but with the dawning of the higher life woman is coming into her kingdom. Her spirit responds to this higher call, for in it she senses the vibrations of Love.

Oh starved, but patient and submissive woman; how long she has waited for Love's appearing, how long she has waited for the coming of man!

But man delayed no longer than was necessary. I have said that the perpetuating of the race rested with man. And it has. Had woman been left to choose as between motherhood or no motherhood, most often she would have said "no motherhood." I make this statement not from the standpoint of a woman who has

never known mother-love, but as one who fully realizes the wondrous depths of such a love. No mother ever loved more than I have loved. Why, just the sight of a little garment filled my heart to overflowing. Such capacity as I've had in this direction. You never saw the like of it. And yet in the face of it all, in the face of all that I have felt, and seen, and heard of mother-love, I do not believe instinct would have peopled the earth. There is every reason for believing it would not have done so, and no reason for thinking it would. There is no doubt but this instinct would have brought some children into the world, but it would have been a sparse population. In the first place, mother instinct is only a vague feeling; a vague feeling in the breast of a woman, not usually calling imperatively—at any cost for expression. In primitive woman this instinct must have been very feeble, making her almost indifferent to maternity and as for conscious mother-love being an incentive to motherhood, that only comes with the birth of a child, consequently could not be an incentive to birth. But even were a woman strongly endowed with all the inducements to maternity, even then she would limit her offspring to one or two. And who could blame her when they consider the cost. Motherhood is bought at an awful price, and the woman who would voluntarily enter and re-enter this garden of Gethsemane, must be inspired with a love as great as the Christ's. Either that, or she must be so coarse or so primitively organized as to be insensible to pain.

If we are to have "motherhood in freedom" we must have motherhood without the tortures of the Inquisition, or the agonies of the cross of Calvary.

But the two reasons I have named are only the secondary ones in leading me to feel as I do. There is another reason a primary and deep underlying one. That primary reason is this: Woman stands for the ideal. She is the perfect ideal circumferencing the highest expression. Maternity is only an incident on the way of man's upward climb toward this ideal. Woman, on whom the actualizing of the ultimate ideal rested, she was to woo man to the pinnacle of Love, must not become too absorbed in the lesser expression, hence the perpetuating of the race which to man has seemed an all-absorbing end, never seemed that to her. Through her finer intuitions she senses a higher end and to that higher

ideal she has ever been true. She must ever have been true, else heaven were lost both to her and to man.

So in the nature of the case in view of the higher mission entrusted to woman, race perpetuation must have been left to another. Woman has accepted motherhood, and has been a most loving mother, and a submissive wife, but in her heart there was ever an aching void, a restless longing. In motherhood, called always the crowning glory of woman, she found not the ultimate of joy.

When will she reach that ultimate? When she finds man. When in her native home of Love she meets and welcomes man. Then will her joy be full. Then will her ideal be realized!

The true union of the masculine and feminine makes a complete whole. The addition of children could not make the completeness more complete. Children have been thought necessary to a completeness of home life, but in spite of this belief there is no denying the fact that motherhood is going more and more out of fashion. The deep underlying cause is not understood of course, but it certainly means that the reproductive instinct is to find a new field of action. It bespeaks an oncoming time when generation will be swallowed up in regeneration. Higher evolution means the perpetuating and creating of God's image in man, and not man's perpetuating and creating images of himself. The latter has been the work of man physical. The former will be the work of man Ideal. And as man has taken precedence on the plane of generation, I wonder if woman won't take precedence on the plane of regeneration. I don't know. I guess there will be no precedence, but if there is it will be Love's precedence, (woman.)

C. A.

## NON-RESISTANCE.



THE consciousness which is strongly self centered in the true sense will not resist that which opposes it. All opposition is but a reflection of a condition of mind in the person opposed. No person or thing in all the universe is opposed to you unless you arouse opposition by your own attitude of mind. Every person and every thing in the universe is friendly to you if you only recognize it as being so. So long as you resist "evil" or anything else which

you think you do not want to come in contact with, so long it will pursue you, and the more intensely you resist the more relentlessly will the "evil" stick to you. Where resistance exists on the part of another, it will vanish as soon as it meets no response in your soul. Action and reaction must be equal in the economy of nature, and the action of resistance cannot be sustained by one alone for any great length of time unless it is strengthened and added to by similar action on the part of others.

All resistance springs from a belief in and fear of "evil." And "evil" is just what you believe it to be—nothing more or less. It is created by yourself and exists upon your belief in its power. It is simply an inverted view of good. You meet with some influence which you think has power to harm you. This belief in its evil nature causes your sub-conscious mind to set up a resistance. As this resistance increases you will experience all the evil effects which you attribute to the influence you are fighting against. Cease resisting, and rest serene in the knowledge that "All good" and the influence you have heretofore considered as evil will either turn out to be of no account or else will become a positive factor for good in your life.

I have pondered much as to the origin of the belief in "evil," and it seems to me it is due to just two things, viz, fear and ignorance. When man developed self-conscious he began to fear that which he did not understand, and his fear kept him from gaining the wisdom which would have proved the non existence of "evil"—through fear the seed of *faith* was not given a chance to develop normally and lead mankind into all wisdom, the beneficent influence of natural forces which were considered "evil" in the primitive stages has been demonstrated. Primitive man, for instance, saw the devastation caused by a flash of lightening, and decided it must be an "evil" thing. But later on, with fuller knowledge, he finds it to be a great blessing and one of his best friends.

Harmony is the key to health and happiness, and it can thrive only in an atmosphere of non-resistance, and peace. You are sending out vibrations constantly either of love or hate, according as you have faith in the Good and confidence in the laws of the universe or a belief in evil and the enmity of everybody and everything. The vibrations of love set in motion at your own centre will transmute all seeming evils into good. Seek for wisdom, and have *faith* that in the light of knowledge all seeming evil will be

dispelled. Faith is the antidote of fear, and fear is the creator of all the evils and devils man has believed in. When you have gotten rid of the belief in "evil" you will have opened the door to a complete realization of your ideals. Non-resistance will free you from "evil."

WILLIAM E TOWNE.

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## EDITORIAL.

We greet our readers to-day for the last time as Editor of THE FREE MAN, for with this issue the magazine passes out of our hands.

By an arrangement with The Alliance Publishing Co. of New York, THE FREE MAN becomes merged in MIND, and our subscribers will receive MIND for a term equal to one-half the term of their unexpired subscriptions to THE FREE MAN. That is, if you were entitled to THE FREE MAN for six months you will receive MIND for three months. This is an equitable arrangement as MIND is a \$2.00 per year magazine, with more than twice the amount of reading matter contained in THE FREE MAN.

While we regret the parting with the many freinds we have made in the four years during which we have met you in the monthly issues of THE FREE MAN, we feel that in doing so we are serving the best interest of all concerned.

MIND, now in its fourth year, is, without question, the leading exponent of what is termed *the New Thought* and its contributors are among the most advanced students of occult and metaphysical truth. The editorial department of MIND, under the able management of John Emery McLean, and Charles Brodie Patterson, discusses intelligently all phases of advanced thought. Among the prominent contributors to MIND in July were B. O. Flower, editor and founder of *The Arena*, W. J. Colville, the well known inspirational lecturer and author, Stanton Kirkham Davis, Charles Brodie Patterson, Anna J. Granniss, C. Dean, Harriet B. Bradbury and Isabel Ingalese.

MIND also has a department for *The Family Circle*, conducted by Florence Peltier Perry and Rev. Helen Van Anderson, which will interest the younger members of the family as well as the elders.

We trust all our readers will enjoy MIND and become its regular subscribers, as we believe all will find in its pages that food for

thought which will enable them to realize more fully the reality and power of the ideal or divine human whom in truth you all are.

Subscribers who are already subscribers to MIND will not receive duplicate copies, but will have their subscription to MIND extended equitably. MIND will be sent to subscribers, beginning with the September issue. If you fail to receive it by Sept. 10th notify the publishers and a duplicate copy will be mailed to you.

The subscription price of MIND is \$2.00 per year and we invite you all to send us your subscription to MIND. Send subscriptions to Chas. W. Close, 126 Birch St., Bangor, Maine.

\* \* \* \* \*

My own shall come to me.—*John Burroughs.*

Some of our friends seem to think this line has been quoted too much and that it does not express the whole truth; for says one, "I went into business with a man who proved to be dishonest and robbed me of thousands of dollars which I cannot recover, yet that money is *mine*. How then can it be said with truth that "my own shall come to me?"

We must admit that from a superficial point of view our friend is right, yet in truth he has received his own, although he has not the money that was formerly in his possession.

The mistake made is in not clearly recognizing what is his own.

Man is a magnet attracting his own from the UNIVERSAL LIFE. His material possessions are merely the visible expression of part of what he has attracted, and when these possessions decrease, whether it be apparently from the dishonesty of others or from other outward causes, that is an evidence that he has been attracting a different quality of life and power which those former possessions do not truly represent, and hence they have been dispersed. They are no longer his. His own has come to him in a different, and to him it may seem in a very disagreeable form. Now instead of looking back to what was once his with a longing eye, the wise man accepts his own as it comes, whatever its nature may be. If he knows the real cause, *i. e.* the conditions of the sub-conscious self that attracted the unwelcome experience he may at once set it right; but if, as more frequently happens to be the case, he is unable to trace the error which caused the experience, he can always recognize that *he alone is responsible to himself for his own life and its expression*, and by thus realizing that he is the

architect of his own fate he is enabled to meet any conditions with a brave front and press on to assured if deferred success.

Trust your own Spirit and fear not the loss of outward possessions.

A millionaire who believes his riches lie in his money bags is a thousand times poorer than is the man without a penny, who yet knows that he possesses within himself the power to bring to expression in his life whatsoever he will, while recognizing that whatsoever of good or evil that comes to him is his own.

The former may lose his money and become a pauper, but the latter is rich in himself and *cannot* be poor, because his own Spirit supplies him with unlimited wealth.

Not until you can face the direst poverty and go down into the deepest hell, undismayed and triumphant in the knowledge that you are an invincible Spirit with all power at your command, can you be truly *the Master*, but in the day that you can do this, all things are yours, and not all the powers of adversity can prevail against you.

And one of the steps on the road to the attainment of this power of the Spirit is the recognition of the fact that whatever comes your way is *yours* by the law of attraction, and that all your own, and only your own can come to you. You cannot escape this fate, and to long for past possessions and to grumble because you have them not is weak and contemptible, resulting only in your further loss of power.

But you can shape your fate, by boldly facing all conditions, recognizing your own, and using it to develop your real self in power.

No one who thus relies upon himself is ever a failure, let his circumstances be what they may.

Any one who places his whole dependence on outward possessions and whines when they pass from him is bound to be a failure, for his attitude toward life is such as to invite failure.

We cannot escape our fate, but consciously or unconsciously, we make our own fate good or bad by the attitude we take toward life and its experiences.

Accept your own and press on bravely to the ultimate perfect success that awaits the invincible Spirit of Man whenever and wherever it is recognized and relied upon.

In the words of Longfellow :

“Trust no future, howe'er pleasant,  
Let the dead past bury its dead;  
Act, act in the living present,”

and know yourself master of your own destiny.

Do this and success will attend you.

In bidding adieu to my family of readers I wish to say that I feel that the work for which THE FREE MAN was established has been accomplished, and in the leisure I shall gain by merging it in MIND, I shall be able to devote more time to my patients and students, and also to the preparation of a series of books containing my interpretation of the NEW THOUGHT, in which books I shall hope to renew my connection with you all.

Wishing you all a full measure of health, prosperity and happiness, and thanking you for the cordial support you have given THE FREE MAN, and which I hope you will continue to MIND, I continue your sincere friend,

C. W. CLOSE.

\* \* \* \* \*

237 West 34th St., New York City, July 9, '01.

CHARLES W. CLOSE.

Dear Sir:—Many thanks for your little booklet on Twentieth Century Healing. You have gotten the very best system of Mentaculture that has come to my knowledge. The Divine Image in Man, and the Duality of Being, appears to be so very difficult to comprehend by the general public, yet it is the One True Divine Principle, Eternal Life.

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\* \* \* \* \*

June 15, 1901.

C. W. CLOSE, ESQ.

Dear Sir:—I am thoroughly pleased with your presentation of “The Philosophy of Perfect Health” etc., and should like some specimen paragraphs of your Lessons.

I wish to thank you very much for the pamphlet referred to and

to say it has thrown great light upon some points heretofore obscure to me.

There is a vast amount of "Rubbish" printed just now along metaphysical lines and it is good to find the few which have the right ring to them.

Sincerely,

MRS. C. G. A. BAKER.

Quincy, Ill., July 7th, 1901.

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## OUR BOOK TABLE.

VACCINATION A CURSE AND A MENACE TO PERSONAL LIBERTY WITH STATISTICS SHOWING ITS DANGERS AND CRIMINALITY, by J. M. Peebles, A. M., M. D., Ph. D., is the full title of a large illustrated and cloth bound book of 326 pages, in which Dr. Peebles gives a history of vaccination, sets forth plainly what it is and shows conclusively that it not only is not a protection against small pox but is a source of many diseases of a much worse nature than small pox.

We were forcibly reminded of the truth of the doctor's position during the recent small pox scare, for while we have not heard of a single case of death by small pox we have learned of the death of a bright lad of a dozen years old directly occasioned by vaccination resulting in blood poisoning and we cannot but agree with Dr. Peebles when he says in the preface to this work :

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#### BOOKS RECEIVED.

BIBLIOTS, No. 1. THE BOOK OF RUTH: AN IDYL OF FRIENDSHIP BETWEEN THE HEAVENS AND THE EARTH, BY the Rev. George Chainey. Illustrated, 112 pages, paper. No price quoted. The School of Interpretation, Masonic Temple, Chicago, Ill.

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## SELF ESTEEM.



TRUE self esteem, so far from being a fault, is the greatest of virtues. Each man and woman cannot express more than the sum total of his or her self estimate. The one who explores the depths of self by the light of intelligent self esteem, and finds there great capacity for accomplishing certain things is the one who builds up a grand success in life. Except a person *sees* and *believes* in his own power to do things successfully, he will fail. The person who doubts his own powers will not be positive enough to live up to his ideals. As soon as an ideal finds birth in such a person's mind, it is choked off by doubt. Therefore I say to you who wish to succeed (and we all desire success) *cultivate* true self esteem, and be not ashamed to assert your own worth. A conceited person does not possess true self esteem. Doubt always goes hand in hand with conceit, but the doubt is

clothed with what passes for conceit in order that a bold front may be presented to the world. But it is not the impression we make upon others that counts. *It is the life we live within the realm of our own consciousness* that tells. It is the decisions we make in the secret recesses of our souls which rule the world.

Self esteem grows by each successful accomplishment. But the person who has heretofore met with failure need not feel that he has no cause for self esteem. Very likely the chief cause of his failure was *lack* of self esteem, and every one has latent power which will enable them to make a success in some field of effort.

The one who truly esteems himself must also esteem the race as a whole. He cannot have a clear understanding of his own capabilities and powers without seeing how they are interwoven with the universe as a whole. Man is a medium for the expression of the life of the universe. The more truly he respects himself and his powers the more of this life he will express. To doubt oneself is to doubt the universal life. For the individual life is only a proof of that which already exists.

Will power and self esteem are closely allied. No one with a strong will is apt to be lacking in self esteem. Therefore to cultivate will power and positiveness will develop self esteem at the same time. Cultivate the habit of making positive decisions, both to yourself and when dealing with others. Avoid those eternal negative statements which the majority of us use so naturally because we inherited the tendency to do so from our progenitors and the habit has become "fixed" in our sub-conscious minds. Every negative statement has a weakening effect, and lessens our will power and self esteem.

Whatever you may discover in the depths of self which is grand and glorious, do not hesitate to declare for the race as a whole. This prevents conceit and lays the foundation for a true self esteem. For what you can accomplish others can accomplish, and what others can do you can do. Understand this truth thoroughly and you will not only be in a position to recognize your own real nature and power, but will also have a clear conception of the divinity in all other souls.

WILLIAM E. TOWNE.

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We, the expression of this omnipotent Love, are here to manifest completeness, wholeness. Health and strength being our inheritance as God is health, we the children, the expression should not know disease at all for there is no enduring reality in it. Disease is only the reflection of the past, mistaken way of thinking and believing, it is ignorance of this beautiful TRUTH that all is good, even the seeming evil is a reminder that we can do better, that we are here to be happy in doing good, in helping and blessing others, which we can only do when we recognize our invincible Reality as the Supreme power in the body which is ours to control, to perfect, to renew, to use for good only.

But we have to let go the past and live in the now, learning that all is possible to us.

When we listen to the spirit within and trust it and expect the good, we get the answer as I did when after suffering for years intense pains, I was expected to pass out of the body which they had pronounced a complete wreck, the result of a fall from a very high, unprotected stairway on the second floor against a stone wall on the floor below.

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Two hours after a friend who had just recovered came to bring the good news that I should live and manifest the TRUTH. Her explanation about God being our Life which is in all and working through all, producing all action, filled me with confidence and trust and my exclamation was, if this is so, my limbs shall walk and my whole body shall manifest the TRUTH.

I promised to bury the past and only to think of all the good I would be able to accomplish. At times it seemed impossible, when tormented, but I was determined to do all that was necessary to bring out the desired results and with the help of my friend, I walked four months after, to the astonishment of all who had seen me in my helpless condition.

But I desired more knowledge and went through several classes and studied some of the best books on the subject, but did not see clearer than I had been doing from the beginning, although I could help those I came in contact with. I wanted a perfect temple as it was my right to have, and I studied Dr. Close's lessons on Phrenopathy, and his clear and beautiful explanations, through correspondence, opened up the fountain within me and I see and understand now that this one GOD or GOOD, this one SUBSTANCE, the one LIFE, the one Power, omnipotent, omniscient, everywhere present is LOVE, supreme, changeless, eternal, which is expressing itself in and through all creation, and blesses in giving of itself, which knows no evils, no contamination, and casteth out all fear.

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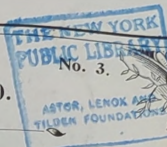
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## PHRENOPATHY; or RATIONAL MIND CURE,

BY

CHARLES W. CLOSE, Ph. D.

REVISED, REWRITTEN, ENLARGED AND IMPROVED.

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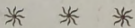
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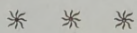
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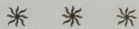
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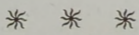
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CHARLES W. CLOSE, Ph. D.

REVISED, REWRITTEN, ENLARGED AND IMPROVED.

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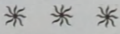
Vol. V.

No. 6.

JUNE, 1901.



# The Free Man.



A Monthly Magazine devoted to the Study of New Thought,  
the Philosophy of Health and Science of Life.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY

C. W. CLOSE, 124 Birch St., Bangor, Maine.

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