

# FREEDOM

A JOURNAL OF REALISTIC IDEALISM.

*He who dares assert the I  
May calmly wait  
While hurrying fate  
Meets his demands with sure supply.*—HELEN WILMANS.

*I am owner of the sphere,  
Of the seven stars and the solar year,  
Of Caesar's hand and Plato's brain,  
Of Lord Christ's heart and Shakspeare's strain.*—EMERSON.

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BRINGING LOGS TO THE OVENS.

## THE FIERY ORDEAL OF FIJI.

Illustrations from Photographs Taken on the Spot.

The account of this most remarkable affair is taken principally from an extended article by Maurice Delcasse which appeared in the May number of the *Wide World Magazine* published in London, England. The article did not, however, come to any notice until two months later when I at once wrote to London to obtain, if possible, some further proof of the authenticity of the statements made, and also to procure illustrations from the photographs if satisfied of their genuineness.

From the editor of the *Wide World Magazine* I received the following:

LONDON, 5, 10, '98.

"In answer to your letter I beg to say that the Right Honorable Lord Stanmore, Ex-Governor of Fiji has seen the ceremony time after time and the photos were taken on the spot by Mr. Lindt of Melbourne."

The photos referred to are those from which the illustrations accompanying this article are made, and were procured through Knops Electrottype Agency, 19 Ludgate Hill, London, Eng.

And this is the legend lying back of the performance as told by the Fiji natives;

"There was once a story-teller in the village of Nara-kaisese, and when his story was done on one occasion

the spokesman among his hearers asked, according to custom, what each of the listeners would give on the morrow by way of recompense for his entertainment. Each then proceeded to name the offering he would present, and one, Tui Qualita, said that *his* gift should be a fine eel. Now, Tui Qualita was a man of renown in the tribe, and he went out on the morrow among the hills until he came to a pool at Namoliwai, which seemed a likely place to catch the fish. There was a narrow-mouthed hole by this pool into which Tui Qualita promptly thrust his arm, and began feeling about for eels. After a time he grasped something, which on being pulled out, proved to be a piece of *wasi*—a waist-girdle. Tui Qualita thrust his hand in again presently and enlarged the hole. By groping about he found it widened into a cavern, and at last he succeeded in catching a living form. What was his amazement on drawing it forth to find that, instead of an eel he had secured the story-teller himself, Tui Na Moliwai! Moliwai, finding himself a prisoner, proceeded to beg for mercy.

"I will watch over you," he pleaded to his captor, "and be your war god."

"That won't do," replied Tui Qualita, doggedly. "Don't you know that my tribe is always victorious, and that I am its foremost warrior?"

"Then let me be your guiding spirit in dancing and song."

"Not enough," was the reply. "Every time we dance and besport ourselves it is always the Saguwis (Tui



REMOVING THE EMBERS.

Qualita's tribe) who lead the van. It shall be your fate, Moliwai, to be baked in the *loro* with the *masawe* for four days and four nights."

Then Moliwai recommenced his entreaties and promises.

"I will be your guardian spirit at sea," he said.

"No good," was the reply. "I am no sailor, and I hate the sea."

Next the fairy promised to be his captor's god of riches and bring him wealth, or his god of beauty and make him beloved of fair women. It was all in vain, however. At last the Moliwai said impressively, and desperately, "Tui Qualita, I will do all these things and more. If you will let me off and not insist upon baking me with the *masawe* for four days and four nights, but merely allow me to walk through the oven, I will ordain that, in future, when the *masawe* is baked, you, too, may be baked in the *loro* with it and yet shall emerge unscathed."

This tempting offer was at once accepted, and Moliwai was immediately liberated. He then gathered the stones and brushwood necessary, and made an oven in the ground. Next, when the stones were red hot, he led Tui Qualita into the furnace, and they sat down together on the red-hot stones, which, far from hurting them, were merely cool and pleasant to the body—"grateful and comforting," in the words of the advertisement! They did not, however, stay the full four days in the oven, but on coming out the fairy said to the Fijian brave: "This power shall be yours and your descendants' for ever. Both you and they shall at all times walk unharmed in the *masawe* oven." And having said this, the fairy, Tui Na Moliwai, vanished forever."

It appears that the ceremony was formally performed only in secret and most probably as some sort of religious rite, but of late years has been frequently witnessed by white people, including officials, missionaries and others. The statement is made that some of these have attempted to pass through the oven with most disastrous and horrible results.

Of the photos from which the illustrations were made Mr. Delcasse says:

"It is questionable whether more picturesque compositions were ever produced by a camera. There was no posing or anything of that kind, mark you, the natives simply going about their curious business in their own way, quite unconscious of the fact that they were being photographed. I desire to acknowledge here my indebtedness for the loan of the photos, to Lord Stanmore, some time Governor of Fiji.

The Island of Benga, where these photos were taken, is not far from Suva, the capital of Fiji. This mysterious fire-walking ceremony has puzzled experienced scientists who have witnessed it, and no satisfactory solution of the feat has yet been discovered.

The Island of Benga, where the fiery ordeal takes place, was the supposed residence of some of the old gods of Fiji, and was therefore considered a sacred land. Naturally, also, its chiefs took high rank. First of all, it is necessary to explain the native *loro*, or oven, in which the *masawe* root is baked. This oven is merely a more or less circular hole, or hollow, dug and prepared in the ground, with a diameter of from 18ft. to 24ft. The oven is next filled with rough logs of firewood, piled up 9 or 10ft. The photo. shows the natives preparing the oven at this stage. On the logs are placed a great number of water-worn stones, varying in weight from 8lb. to 1cwt.

The fire for the ordeal is lighted in the *masawe* oven before daybreak, and burns for several hours—that is to say, until all the stones on the top, big and little, have fallen through into the hole and become almost white with heat.

Then, of course, nothing remains but a quantity of charred embers and a few half-burnt logs.

The heat given off by the red-hot, stone-lined pit was so great on the occasion we are describing that Lord Stanmore's aide-de-camp declares it to have been intolerable.



NATIVES LEVELING THE HOT STONES WITH GREEN POLES.

erable even when he was standing 10 feet from the edge of the oven.

In due time the embers are dragged or fished out by means of vines attached to long sticks, the end of the vine having a running loop which is placed over the log. The partially-burnt logs and embers having been removed, long green sticks, 18 or 20 feet in length, are then inserted into the oven among the heaps of hot stones, and using these as levers, in the manner shown in the second photo, the stones are distributed evenly over the surface of the whole floor of the earth-oven.

Sometimes the heat is so terrific that the operators are unable directly to manipulate the levers themselves, so they are compelled to rest the poles on the side of the oven, and then pull on them by means of vine ropes. The Fijians who take part in this ceremony make for themselves out of the broad banana leaf a special kind of garment to shelter their bodies from the heat given off by the white-hot stones.

When the big embers have been removed, the wood ashes are swept away by means of whisks fastened to the ends of long sticks, as shown in the picture and then nothing remains in the oven save the clean layer of glowing stones. These preliminaries, after the fire has burned itself out, occupy about half an hour, and then all is ready for the ceremony itself. At a given signal the performers, bare-legged and bare-footed, excepting for the anklets of dried fern leaves, crowd into the pit and commence walking leisurely about as if on a fashionable promenade. The illustrations show this in the most vivid manner possible. Here is the narrative of a person who witnessed the ceremony:

"Jonathan, a native magistrate, led the way into the pit, closely followed by fourteen others. They marched round about the oven, moving slowly and leisurely, and treading firmly on the red-hot stones. The spectacle held me spell-bound. Every moment I expected my nostrils to be assailed with the smell of burning human flesh, but it was not so; and as I looked in the faces of the men strolling about in the *lovo*, I could see no emo-

tion whatever depicted, but merely the inscrutable impassivity of feature common to many savage races. Some of the bystanders threw bundles of green leaves and branches into the oven, and immediately the men inside were half hidden in the clouds of steam that arose from the hissing, boiling sap. Handkerchiefs were also thrown in, and afforded an unmistakable proof that there was 'no deception.' Before these lace trifles reached the floor of the oven they were alight and almost consumed by the great heat. Presently Jonathan and his followers marched out of the inferno, and were promptly examined by the Governor's commissioner. Not only was there not the least trace of burning, but even their anklets, which were of dried fern leaves, and therefore extremely inflammable were not so much as singed."

Jonathan himself was closely cross-examined by the Government official present—of whom he stood in great awe—and he declared with perfect candor, "There is no trick, why should there be? I and my forefathers have done this thing for generations, long before the white man came into the Island. Some of us may not believe the legend of the fairy chief Moliwai, but I do believe that it has been given to my tribe to pass at all times through the *Masave* oven."

Another official witness states that "the men had not anointed themselves with anything whatever."

To a statement made by some one that the soles of the feet of the natives became so hardened that they could walk comfortably over stones heated by the sun until they would blister a white person, Lord Stanmore replied to Mr. Delcasse in a letter that this was no explanation even if true, which it was not, as he had himself seen the natives repeatedly run to escape the heat of stones when passing bare-footed over beds of "shingle" along the banks of water courses. Besides which is the fact that the dried fern leaves of which the anklets of the performers were made were not burned while handkerchiefs and other articles thrown into the oven were.

C. C. POST.

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FIJIANs ENTERING THE OVEN OF HOT STONES.

### OUR TEN-CENT OFFER.

Our offer, to send *FREEDOM* for six weeks including the illustrated editions of November 9th and November 23d, has borne fruit and we have added many names to our list of people who will be at least temporary readers of our paper. One gentleman sent in sixty subscribers, having secured them, he says, with little trouble by simply passing around among the people in town and showing them a copy of *FREEDOM* with the offer made. We know that everybody has not time for such missionary work, but those who have can do as well in almost any town, and there are few among our readers who cannot, without loss of time, secure two or three up to a dozen or twenty, and we sincerely hope that the friends of the paper will make the effort.

The world needs light. We are nearing the end of the old, and rapidly approaching the beginning of a new era. Old men are seeing visions, and young men dreaming dreams—dreams of the possession by man of powers never before conceived of. The dreams of the Physical Scientists are no whit less marvelous than the visions of those who seek for truth along the plane of the mental, and the two are largely in harmony, the discoveries of the former going far to establish and support the position taken by the latter. Wondrous things are in store for the race and are coming as rapidly as the race can be brought to accept of them.

The mission of *FREEDOM* is to establish the truth of man's supremacy over the unseen forces of nature, and to thereby make him free, that being free he may be happy. We feel that we have done much towards this in the past, we expect to do more in future, and that we may do it we seek to widen the circulation and influence of *FREEDOM*.

All 10-cent subscribers will receive this copy, as also the former illustrated edition of November 9th showing bits of our local scenery. This latter only until the edition of 1,000 extra is exhausted. After that the subscriptions will be filled with copies of later issues, or of the illustrated edition of June 1st, a few copies of which we still have left, as far as they will go. All will re-

ceive the edition containing the illustration of the Fiji Islanders, as when this edition is exhausted we shall withdraw the offer.

No papers will be sent to 10-cent subscribers after the six weeks have expired except by request accompanied by money for renewal.

Stamps will be accepted for the fractional part of a dollar where most convenient to the sender.

Address C. C. Post, Sea Breeze, Florida.

### WORK.

"Work while the day lasts."

We may learn to prolong our days and so complete our work in good season.

To enjoy leisure a just amount of labor is necessary; we must earn our own "cakes and ale" to give them the richest flavor.

The working bees in the great hive of the world are entitled to their share of the honey; they should claim it.

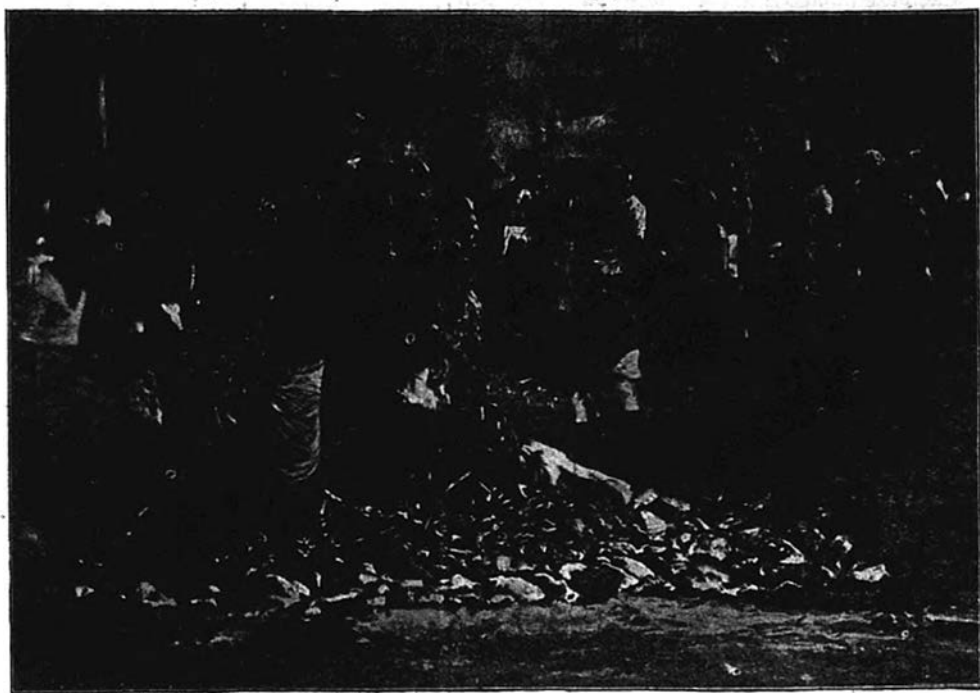
An indolent self-indulgent slave of fashion is far more miserable than the greatest slave of toil.

The time is coming that shall emancipate all from the unjust bearing of burdens, a time when all shall joyfully take up their portion of the world's work and share in its pleasures, luxuries and privileges, for all are the children of light, and all good is theirs by birthright.

E. S. HILL.

### SPECIAL OFFER.

One dollar and fifty cents will get *FREEDOM* for one year and both volumes of the "Express Condensed," now called, "O World! Such as I Have Give I Unto Thee." Those friends who have already paid \$1.00 for *FREEDOM* can have the books also by sending 50 cents more. Now, these two volumes contain over three hundred pages of the most glorious ideas ever put in print. They are lifting, ennobling, inspiring and grandly instructive. No books have ever made more friends for the New Great Truth than they have. They have always sold for 50 cents each, but are now reduced one-half if taken with a year's subscription to *FREEDOM*. Address C. C. Post, Sea Breeze, Florida.



IN THE OVEN.

## METAPHYSICS IN DOSES FOR CHILDREN.

## CHAPTER XII.

N. B.—No objection to their being taken by adults is made by the author. C. C. Post.

DEAR CHILDREN:—After being at my desk all day looking up points relating to ancient people and the different religions of men I thought I would spend a part of the evening in having a quiet game of whist in the hotel office with Commodore Brown and others of the guests when here comes Major Britton, Superintendent of the printing department, with "Want your article for the children first thing in the morning."

That settled it, I must go back to my desk again.

It reminds me of my boyhood when, just as I thought I was through with my "chores" and ready to go at some thing I especially wanted to do, I heard a voice saying, "bring in some chips for the kitchen fire."

You see I was a country boy, a farmer's son and there is always something for the children to do on a farm. There was always a big pile of dry wood ready at hand, for father never believed in a "hand and mouth" way of living, but on the other hand there was no waste allowed and mother saw to it that the chips were burned along with the wood and "picking up chips" was one of my especial aversions, and to be asked to bring a basket of chips when I wanted to go and play was an especial outrage upon my feelings. However I am none the worse now for those little experiences of my youth. Even the wound in my scalp made by a chip thrown by my older brother, and which, sticking straight up on the top of my head, making me look like an Indian on the war path, but causing me to think I was dead or just going to die—even this healed in a week and left me ready to engage in another game of the same character. Even the scars made by a dipper of scalding hot water which I managed to turn over my head and down my body when a toddler disappeared years ago, just as all other troubles and sorrows and pains disappear—"gone where the pins go to"—after a little time. It is really worth our while to remember when in any trouble that it will

not last, that evil is not a permanent thing, that nothing that we call evil lasts forever, but that instead it more commonly passes away very quickly and often is soon seen to have been a real good instead of the evil we thought it.

We learn by experience until we learn to learn by observation.

Yes, I said that same thing last week but it will bear repeating. If we do not observe, and draw conclusions, and act upon the knowledge gained by seeing what comes to others, of what they do, then we will have to learn by making mistakes in our search for happiness and from the suffering which follows.

For if we make mistakes we must correct them, and it is never pleasant to do our work over again, and often is very painful. Sometimes we cannot undo what we have done even though we try ever so hard. In that case we Mental Scientists would say, since that which is done cannot be undone it is not wise to worry because in our ignorance we made this mistake; but rather let us accept it as a lesson which we needed to learn, and which having learned we will profit by, not making any more such mistakes, and seeking to be wiser in every way.

We do not expect children to be very deep thinkers; that is we do not expect them to try to solve great problems connected with the laws of nature or of life, any more than we expect the class in mental arithmetic to solve problems in algebra or trigonometry. Childhood is the age of physical sports first, if not principally, or should be. But in their sports not less than in their studies and their work the habit of observation, of noticing and judging, or forming an opinion as to the cause of things should be cultivated. It is in fact the most important part of a child's education and the most neglected, yet it increases the pleasure which a child takes in everything whether work or play.

If I had all you children who read FREEDOM on my hands to educate I would go with you if I could, and if not I would turn you loose for some hours each day in



the fields and the woods, if in the country, and ask each of you to see what he or she could see that was beautiful, or that was new or strange, or in any way interesting. Or if in the city I would have you notice and recollect the changes in the shop widows, and the strange or peculiar looking people you met on the streets, so that you could describe them if asked to do so, and so that at least you would have a clear picture of each in your mind at the end of your walk.

By such means you would be cultivating the habit of observation and also of concentration, the two really important things in life.

I do not mean that I would not have you play your games just as you do or wished to do, but only that I would try and help you to see how much greater pleasure you would get out of your walk and games now, and how much advantage it would be in later life to acquire the habit of observation and concentration. By "concentration" we mean the holding the mind or thought steadily to one subject as to a point. Since thought is a fluid, like, say a very fine electricity, to be able to concentrate it for a great length of time upon one object is to be very powerful, and to be able to come to an understanding of many things, to perceive the truth about things both in business affairs and in other matters.

I am sure you children will be interested, along with the older people, in the pictures of the Fiji Islanders in this number of FREEDOM. It is a very remarkable exhibition of the power of men over the forces in nature, but I think not more so than many other things which have occurred in the past which the physical scientists could not explain and which they have therefore refused to consider worthy of investigation or discussion.

We mortals, when we set up to know a great deal are apt to dodge discussing anything wherein we do not think we will show off to advantage. C. C. P.

#### THAT BIBLE CLASS.

About as many grown people as children have asked to join the Bible class and the more I think of it the more I am glad that they have and I hope to interest the parents quite as much as the children. In fact I do not see how I can do justice to the subject in a way to be of great service to the children without the help of the parents. It is impossible to rightly judge the Bible except on comparison to a very great extent with the religious teachings of other than Christian nations, and to attempt this means to open up a wide field for investigation, in which, while I shall hope to entertain and instruct the children, it will be much more easy to do if the older ones are also interested and can assist the children in such ways as may suggest themselves from week to week.

I do not propose to discuss the scriptures verse by verse. Whatever may have been thought of it by our fathers, or what any now living may think, the matter contained in the Bible is not worthy of such laborious effort, a fact that I shall clearly demonstrate in my coming weekly articles to the class. But there is much therein that is worthy of the most thoughtful consideration and ready acceptance, and as a historical work, however biased its authors may have been, it is worthy of a careful reading; while the fact that the so-called Christian world still professes to believe in its infallibility as an inspired Testament of an Almighty God, makes it im-

perative upon every person who wishes to be able to form an independent and intelligent opinion as to its merits, to become acquainted with its contents and the basis of the claims to being inspired made for its authors.

There has now been received a large number of names for which we have not seemed to find space in the paper, but not nearly enough to make up the thousand. But I think they will come. I have talked to many more than a thousand from a platform many times. I do not like to address a smaller audience through my pen.

C. C. POST.

#### HUMAN VISION HAS REACHED THE LIMITS OF THE UNIVERSE.

Prof. Simon Newcomb Makes This Remarkable Announcement, and Declares That Science Can at Last Estimate Its Size and Shape.

The announcement that the limits of the universe have surely been reached at last by human vision is in truth sufficiently startling; but when it is understood that the authority for this statement is Professor Simon Newcomb, recognized as one of the greatest of living astronomers, intense interest is excited. For if this be correct the intelligence of man has succeeded in grasping what has been supposed hitherto to transcend his finite understanding. The declaration is made actually that science is now in a position to estimate with reasonable accuracy the size of the universe, its shape, and even the number of stars which it contains.

"Evidence is accumulating," said Professor Newcomb, "which points to a probability that the small stars which our powerful modern telescopes have brought into view do not look small because they are farther away, but by reason of their inferior size. There are no more beyond. In other words, we are actually able to see the boundaries of the universe. Of this universe we know the general form. It has the shape of an enormous disk, the solar system being not far from the center.

"But it is not easy to state dimensions. We may say that this disk, so inconceivable has a diameter four or five times its thickness. As to the length of the diameter we cannot speak with great accuracy, because we are not acquainted with the precise distances of many of the stars. Fifty years hence we shall know a great deal more on that subject than we do at present. We may say that the distance across the disk, from one side of the universe to the other, is 20,000, or maybe 30,000, light years. You observe that there is a wide margin of guess in the estimate. The distance may, in fact, be considerably less than 20,000 light years.

"A light year," continued the professor, "is the distance which a ray of light will travel in one year. You can figure that out for yourself, the rate being 186,000 miles a second. It takes a little over eight minutes for light to come to us from the sun, which is 93,000,000 miles away. The light by which we are able to see a very distant star through a telescope may have started from that star 25,000 years ago. Assuming that to be the case it is 25,000 light years away from us. So you will see that we are not trying to depreciate the universe as to spaciousness when we claim to have seen its boundaries.

"We can see about 5,000 stars with the naked eye. With the most powerful telescope we see perhaps 50,000,000. There is no telling how many more millions there are unobserved. Presumably there are millions

of stars which are dark, and, therefore, invisible, being dead, cold, and no longer luminous. We must remember that all of the stars are suns, the tiniest speck of light that we see in the heavens at night being comparable in size with our own stupendous luminary. Some of the stars are vastly bigger than our sun, while others are smaller. It is not possible to state the average size of them, but we can say that our solar orb is rather a small star than a big one. The star called Alpha Lyrae is one of the giant suns. Another, more familiarly known, is Sirius. The latter has about twenty times the mass of our sun, and shines with one hundred times the brilliancy.

Any clear night you can see for yourself how the great disk of the universe lies in space. When you gaze upon the Milky Way, you are looking through the disk edgewise from the center. Of course, the Milky Way is observable as a stream of stars continuous all around the earth. Our sun is a star in the Milky Way. The Milky Way is the disk of which I speak. Look out into the heavens on either side, and you will observe that the stars are comparatively few and scattered. You may get a notion of measurement from the fact that the radius of the earth's orbit, a line 90,000,000 miles in length, not only vanishes from sight before we reach the distance of the great mass of stars, but from that distance becomes such a mere point that, when magnified by the powerful instruments of modern times, the most delicate appliances fail to make it measurable.

"The sun is in motion together with its dependent planets. The fact that the earth is being carried unceasingly onward through space is made evident by a motion of most of the stars in an opposite direction, just as, passing through a country on a railroad train, we see houses on the right and on the left being left behind. It has happened more than once that, when crossing the ocean in the summer, I have sought a place where I could lie alone on the deck, looking up at the constellations, with Lyrae near the zenith, and, while listening to the clack of the engine, I would try to calculate the hundreds of millions of years which would be required by our ship to reach the star Alpha Lyrae if she could continue her course in that direction without ever stopping. Yet, as a matter of fact, we on the earth are all of us actually making that journey at a speed compared with which the motion of a steamship is very slow indeed. Through every year, every hour, every minute of human history, from the first appearance of man on this planet, not merely our earth, but the whole solar system with it, has been speeding on its way toward Alpha Lyrae at the rate of about seven miles per second. At this moment you and I are many thousands of miles nearer to Alpha Lyrae than we were when we began our conversation. When shall we get there? Probably in less than a million years; perhaps in half a million. It is impossible to tell exactly, but get there we must some time.

We do not know which of the stars moves at the highest rate of speed. The star that has the swiftest apparent motion from our point of view is known as '1830 Groom-bridge.' It has sometimes been called the 'runaway star.' We might suppose that this star's appearance of rapid flight was due to its nearness to us. But, in fact, it cannot be less than two million times as far away from us as the sun is. Its velocity must be at least 200 miles a second, so that it would make the journey from the sun to the earth in five days. Its speed is so great that the attraction of all the bodies of the universe can never conceivably stop it. So far as our knowledge goes there is no force in nature that could ever have set it in motion at such a rate, and no force can ever bring it to a pause."

"Where did it come from, then?"

"That, presumably, is destined to remain forever a mystery. It would seem that this wonderful star must have come into our universe from without. We may imagine that many millions of years ago this swiftly moving orb, surrounded very likely by a group of planets, was approaching our universe from the outer void of space. The inhabitants of those planets saw a small patch of light appear in the far distance ahead. The patch was our universe. As time went by, age after age elapsing, the patch grew larger and larger, brighter and brighter. At length it split up, from the point of view of the people of the 1830 Groombridge system, into the constellations as we know them, and later on the 'runaway star' found itself traveling through the great starry stream of our Milky Way. Many millions of years from now it will pass out of our universe, perhaps, leaving it behind, and the inhabitants of its attendant planets will see the constellations gather together in the opposite quarter of the heavens and gradually diminish to a patch of light as the star pursues its irresistible course of 200 miles per second through the wilderness of space, until the view of our universe is lost to their most powerful telescope."

"But where will it go to?"

"Who can say? Assuming that we must admit that space is infinite, the room in it occupied by our universe is trifling. There is unlimited room for other universes, separated from ours by such inconceivable distances that the light from their stars or suns never reaches us. For all that we can tell, 1830 Groombridge may have come from some other universe beyond the dark void, and may be bound on a visit to yet another. It has been surmised that some of the more distant nebulae discernible by powerful telescopes are actually other universes. In this theory, however, I do not coincide."

"But astronomers are making a map of the stars, are they not?"

"Yes; the work is already well under way. A photographic chart of the whole heavens is being constructed by an association of observatories in some of the leading countries of the world. I cannot say all the leading countries, because the United States, unhappily, has taken no part in this important work. The skies are being mapped in sections, one section being assigned to each observatory. Three thousand photographs will be taken at each observatory, at a total of 54,000. For each hemisphere there will be 11,000 little maps, or 22,000 for the entire universe. The great map composed of these little maps will show 30,000,000 stars, of which 2,000,000 will be catalogued and numbered, so that any star down to the eleventh magnitude may be located at a glance. One object of this enterprise is to show just what aspect is presented by the heavens now, so that any changes in the future may be detected and measured. It is easily understood what valuable data will be obtained in this way."

#### "A SEARCH FOR FREEDOM" READY FOR DELIVERY.

"A Search For Freedom," the volume of Mrs. Wilmans' personal experiences, is now ready for delivery. It contains Mrs. Wilmans' latest picture taken in May, 1898. The book contains 367 pages, and the price is \$1.50 unless taken in connection with some of our other publications. With FREEDOM \$2.00. With "A Blossom of the Century" \$2.00. With "The Home Course in Mental Science" \$6.00. With any of our publications amounting to \$1.00 it will also be put down to \$1.00.

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## FREEDOM

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The date at which subscriptions expire is printed on the wrappers of all papers sent out and this is a receipt for the money received. We cannot send a receipt for single subscriptions any other way, since to do so is wholly unnecessary and would be a very considerable expense in time and postage.

### EXTRA COPIES

Of the June 1 illustrated edition of FREEDOM can be had at the rate of 10 cents for single copy, three for 25 cents, six for 50 cents, thirteen for \$1. Address C. C. Post, Sea Breeze, Fla.

The addresses given below are of persons interested in Mental Science who wish to form the acquaintance of others in their vicinity who are similarly interested:

Jos. C. Cramer, P. O. Box 849, Los Angeles, Cal.

G. L. Storer, 532 9th st., Brooklyn, N. Y.

J. Morgan, 39 Bradford st., Providence, R. I.

### TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Next week there will be no issue of FREEDOM, it being the fifth week in the month, and—as the readers will recall—we publish only four papers each month, or forty-eight during the year. So you must not think your FREEDOM has been lost in the mail. It will appear promptly the following week.

### THE TRIAL BY FIRE.

If the account of the Fiji Islanders in the fiery furnace is true, and surely it does carry conviction, what a proof of Mental Science it is.

In the first place it establishes the fact that a man is all mind, which is the only possible way by which this wonderful feat could be accomplished. Mind is indestructible. All admit this, but very few admit that every thing in nature is mind; very few comprehend the fact—for it is a fact—that a man is all mind; that his body is as much mind as his thought, only differing in degree as to refinement or positiveness.

That the power to walk through fire uninjured may have belonged to man from his earliest inception, while all the time he was ignorant of it, is also consistent with the teaching of Mental Science.

All power—so declares this mighty science—is vested in man, though he only discovers it a little at a time, and that almost always, accidentally.

"What!" You exclaim "do you believe you could walk in fire and not be burned as those Islanders are represented to be doing?"

No I do not believe it; I should most assuredly be burned up. And why? Because I am in the world's belief that fire has the power to overmaster me.

Mind my words. I do not say that the fire has the power to overmaster me, but the world believes that it has the power, and I am not yet sufficiently out of the world's beliefs to be able to enter the fire without fear. It is the fear that would master me and not the fire.

Fear is born of ignorance of one's power, and so long as one fears, the thing that he fears masters him.

Thus it is that almost every force in nature masters the man, until man—by realizing a sense of his own power—conquers it.

A man being all mind is just what he believes himself to be. If he believes that fire will consume him, the fire will surely do it. If for any reason whatever, whether from a blind faith in some foolish legend, or in a dim, half conscious understanding of his true relations to the fire, by which he recognizes that he is positive to it, he does not *fear* the effects of the fire, he can go into it unharmed just as these Islanders did.

Of course I know that it will be denied by almost every one that they entered the fire according to the published account; and while I do not know that they did it, I see nothing impossible in it. Indeed I believe they did it, simply because by the light of Mental Science I know that it is not impossible.

Nothing is impossible to man.

It may be hundreds of years yet before the race comes up to a knowledge of its power over all things outside of itself; but it is bound to do so in time. It is now on the direct line of thought which will lead to the conquest of death: and the conquest of death includes the conquest of all those elements we have heretofore looked upon as destructive to us.

As I am always teaching the possibility of overcoming death right here in this world, and right now, and as this paper has no other excuse for its publication but this one thought, I am asked in many letters if I believe that I myself am now overcoming death.

Yes I do believe I am. I shall hesitate no longer to disclose what I know to be the truth about my condition. I see the old beliefs in man's limitations all fading from my mind, while a vista of mighty and constantly enlarging possibilities stretch out before me. Death no longer looms up in my horizon; the anxieties of the world are falling from me; I am resting on an undercurrent of unfailing strength; strength generated by the constant evolution of my own widening and enlarging thought. This condition is surely indicative of a growing consciousness of immortality; and what is a growing consciousness of immortality but the conquest of death?

H. W.

### THE WILL MAN.

Your will, which is the real you, cannot possibly be sick; and if your body truly represents or expresses your will, it will never be sick. But it does not represent your will to any great extent; it is not under obedience to your will, simply because your will has been

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ignorant of its power to mold and control the body. Your body is real substance, and is meant to be the outer or visible expression of your will, and is healthy or unhealthy in proportion as it expresses or fails to express your will. Men do not know the relation between their will, the living principle within them, and that body which is meant to be the outer representation or visible expression of the will. And so the body is a haphazard thing which too often expresses only barely enough of the will to keep it alive, and never expresses enough to give it the full force of the will's tremendous vitality.

Now, it is commonly supposed that the human will is capable of desiring evil as well as good, and cannot, therefore, be a part of that pure fountain which fills every life. But if you should study Mental Science you would learn that this is not really so. You would learn that every one desires nothing but happiness, and it is not evil to desire happiness; and it is only the ignorant mistakes men make in pursuing happiness that makes it appear evil.

Therefore, if you will reflect upon your own will—which in truth does not desire evil things but good things always—namely, happiness and health and beauty and wealth, you will come into an understanding of how great a thing your will is, and you will eventually see that it is your real and true self; being the imperishable part of you, the eternal, undying part; and you will see that health and happiness and beauty and wealth will consist in making your will apparent in your body. And this you can do by insisting constantly within your mind that your will is your real self, and that the body which is so full of complaints is not your true body, but only an accidental body that accrued to you in the absence of your knowledge of the fact that the will is the real man, and has a right to express its own body, or to make visible the kind of body it prefers.

Suppose some person or persons thrust a lot of beggar's rags on you; would you say, "These things are mine and it is God's will that I should wear them?" No, indeed, you would not. You would spurn them; you would ask, "How did I come by these wretched rags that misrepresent my dignity and my will? I am not going to wear them a single hour."

Now, the case is the same with regard to your diseased body. You do not have to wear it; it misrepresents your dignity and your will.

From this, if you understand it, you will see the reason why you can truthfully deny your disease. And if you do not understand it from this brief effort to show it to you, you ought, by all means, to study the science by which mind can control matter and establish the will power supreme in the human body.

By dwelling on the strength of your will and reflecting that your will power is part of the universal will, whose innate force is all in the direction of life and happiness, and whose potency is absolutely irresistible, and by declaring that you are a part of this almighty will which seeks expression in man—one with it—that it is your real true self, and that your present body is only your accidental self, evolved in ignorance of the great truth that it ought to represent your will, you will soon come to compel it to represent your will which is eternally well and happy. And with your thoughts educated to this point you can begin to affirm the fact that you are well.

In making either the denial or the affirmation, every particle of the "old man," the accidental you, which you have previously supposed to be the real you, rebels; and you will feel worse in some respects than before. But stick to your denial and affirmation with an intelligent understanding of the truth they represent, and you will succeed in forcing conviction upon your body and making it come in harmonious relations with your will.

And all the time you must ignore, as far as possible, the aches and pains that would call you from your position.

These aches and pains will seem very real to you, and, indeed, they are real so long as you live in your accidental body and acknowledge it as your real body; but in getting out of it into your real body, your will body, you can do as the children do, "play that you are not sick at all," or pretend that you are not sick, and thus cheat the old body out of its claim long enough to inaugurate the new order of things. Go on "pretending" to be well; and presently you will find that it is no pretense, but a real truth.

And what will the healer do? She will hold you right firmly in the position she has asked you to hold yourself in. Her will power is trained, and is, therefore, more potent than the will whose power is untried. She will make it easier for you to pass through that transitional period from negative to positive—from that negative condition where you are the sport of every adverse influence, to that condition of intense positiveness where you can feel your mastery over disease, and many another environment not to be mentioned here.

H. W.

#### THE COMING LIGHT.

This handsome magazine is edited by an old time friend of mine, and I must say I am proud of her. She always had a way of succeeding in everything she undertook, and she surely has succeeded in this enterprise. "Success" and "Cora Morse" seems to be synonymous terms. To prove that she is a fine writer and to show something of the elegance of her style I will quote from her editorial in the November number. She is writing of the evolutionary struggle of the race for freedom.

"Magic word! The burden of creation's song and story since time began. Freedom! The struggle to obtain it has been a continuous one from amoeba to man, a constant pushing toward a larger life, greater liberty and more perfect expression. A single cell became the parent cell to a family which in turn has generated until millions of families are the result. A single ganglion of nerves has ramified through one creation after another until the complex nervous structure of the human is reached, and so on through the osseous, muscular and circulatory systems to the complete human form. This conflict for freedom has been at the expense of everything in its way. It has been a sort of death contest and leaves in its wake a vast battle plain, with nothing to mark the spot where the dust of its dead reposes; and were it not for the scars we carry the story of its agony might be one of conjecture.

But these fittest that survive, continue the habit of ages and go on struggling, and still their cry is the same old "battle cry of Freedom." The earth is troubled with it as are the waters of the sea. The great Atlantic sends the cry across the land with moistened breath,

and meets the wide Pacific in the answer, "Give us liberty or death."

Inherent in all things is this desire for freedom. Hence man comes upon the stage of action with the longing intensified, borrowing as he does from every stratum of life through which he has passed and whose memories linger in bone cell and brain cell. Therefore it is not strange that he should carry out for a time the destructive tendencies and suggestions of his ancestral tribe, and make his contest for freedom at the expense of his fellows, and the sacrifice of his own higher energies. It is not strange that his progress from savage to civilian has been along the highways which have led close to the valley of death. Nor is it in any way incomprehensible that he has builded, in the name of Freedom, charnel-houses which befoul the air he breathes with their deadly poison, until he is so nearly asphyxiated. And again, it is no wonder that his senses are thus benumbed, and his mental consciousness obscured, to the degree that he is deceived by a phantom which is as a mirage, and as elusive as the happiness he hopes for.

Freedom thus far, like the plan of salvation which is adequate to the few at the expense of the many, is construed to mean—*my* liberty and *your* bondage. So thoroughly is this ingrained in human nature that we have been until now incapable of giving it other rendition. The mind of man has been busy making laws applying to those whom in his opinion must be restrained. He has built up solid walls of opposition to the natural liberty of others, until he finds himself at last hemmed in, held prisoner with those whom he has imprisoned. On the plane of persistence toward an ultimate physical perfection, and toward a developed mental perception, this course was excusable. Having reached these ideals it is to be expected that we pursue a different plan. But up to the present time we have applied the same law in the supreme struggle for freedom to think and act, and have met with disappointment and defeat.

Freedom comes to him only who will set all others free. The first step to take is to declare the absolute freedom of all with whom we associate to think and act for themselves. Break down the barriers for others, and walk through the open ourselves. Freedom means the individual's right to live his own life, coupled with a care to aid one's neighbor to live *his* own life, without infringement upon the other's right. The whole law and gospel of Freedom is taught in the command "Let my people go." Let us harden our hearts no longer. Rather let us remember that when we turn joyfully to the work of unfettering every one within the bounds of our influence, we are earning our own freedom as well, and that we are fulfilling the promise that "my people shall be a free people and shall sorrow no more."

That Cora falls short of the intense hopefulness that characterizes the full fledged Mental Scientist is something of a regret to me. Her pessimism—though thin as a gauze veil—is there all the time, and casts a shade over the fair pages of the most ably edited magazine in its special line of reform.

But she is bringing many people out of a hide bound condition and placing them where they begin to use their brains for themselves.

I am told that she is getting a big subscription list. I am glad of it. We were chums in Chicago, and went to San Francisco together about fifteen years ago. I

was on a visit; she remained there permanently. How she brightened that long trip for me by her genial wit and humor and the goodness and sweetness that radiated from her! If you would see a sample of her magazine—which is not a Mental Science magazine, but is working in another field of reform—send 10 cents to *The Coming Light*, 621 O'Farrell st. San Francisco, California.

H. W.

### SELF TRUST.

There must be no leaning in the new life. One lady writes me that her sole effort is to be "carried in the arms of God."

The very thought of being carried will weaken any one in himself; weaken him in a consciousness of his own powers.

Weaken the individual in himself and you knock the underpinning clear out and let him down into the slough of Despond.

For a little time it will seem nice and restful to feel that you are "carried in the arms of God;" but presently great mental prostration will follow as the result of non use of your own faculties, even as weakness and paralysis often follow the tying up of an arm or a leg for a month or two.

I tell you now—because nature demands men and not things—that there is no strength but self strength, and no salvation but self salvation. You have got to declare your personal power and stand alone in the majesty of your own intelligence. You have got to declare your ability to do without help. It is in this attitude that the divinest strength imaginable pours in on you like a river and you begin to realize what a godlike creature a human being is. To stand alone and to glory in so doing is to be strong. And when this strength is attained then love will awaken in you and your warm, life giving, healthful and tender thoughts will begin to flow out in healing and blessing to everybody, and the very atmosphere of the world will become changed by it and pour fresh impulses of life into the lungs of the dying multitudes.

But, note this; strength comes before love. Love is the overplus of strength. That love which leans and begs to be carried in arms is not love but the most consummate cowardice and the most selfish weakness. True love is strong because it is strength's outpouring; and strength can only be obtained through self trust.

These two words "self trust" are the greatest words that were ever spoken.

God is not some person outside of you whose slavish mission it is to lift you off your own feet and carry you. What you call God is the power of perpetual unfolding within you; this power manifests through you in self trust; and it can serve you in no other way. When you trust yourself you trust your God, and there is no other way in which you can trust him. All attempts to lose yourself in "God" are wild, visionary attempts to shirk self trust, and if persisted in will lead to imbecility.

H. W.

"Freedom" is the only paper published whose leading and constantly avowed object is to overcome death right here in this world and right now. If you want to learn something of the newly discovered power vested in man which fits him for this stupendous conquest read this paper, and keep on reading it.



## THE WASTE-PAPER BASKET.

I am under contract with my especial public to tell more about Mr. Philbrook; but before I begin I want to thank my readers for the kind way in which they are helping us edit FREEDOM. They are sending us so many clippings suitable for our paper that it really saves us hours of brain work each day.

Of course we do not print all that is sent in, but we read it all and make selections from it. And we are grateful for what our friends are doing for us in this particular. They cannot conceive what a rest it is to a poor over-worked fisherman as he (she) sits on the rail that fences in the pier and bates her hook and waits for a bite to know that the evening's mail will bring in something suitable for publication; something that will stop the insatiable maw of a weekly paper. Why, there is happiness in this state of things if it will only continue.

And by the way we are the champion fisherman at this present writing. Our family are at the head. We caught a fish that weighed 38 pounds. I don't see why the editorial "we" is not as applicable in this connection as any other; still I have no doubt but Charley will remind me that he baited the hook and threw it over and waited industriously for a bite, and then hauled the beauty in by himself without my being present at all. It is just like a man to act in this way. If I had caught that fish I don't doubt but he would have crawled into partnership with me under cover of that little word "we."

And now look here, I want to praise myself a little. I am steadily growing in the knowledge of truth and the power to control disease and poverty and all forms of weakness, and old age among the other negatives; and I begin to show this fact in my personality. Consider for a moment what a wonderful thing this is! That one person by persistent research in the undiscovered realms of mind has really found the secret of endless life here on this earth. I know that I have done this; and at last my body is beginning to show forth the fact. All my friends speak of it to me and to one another. Those whom I have not seen for some time notice my improved appearance more than those who are constantly with me. This evening's mail brings me a letter from a friend I met in Washington some six weeks ago she says:

"You have no idea what an impression of growth and vitality you left with me concerning yourself. I can see that you are really growing younger and younger all the time. Unless this was a reality I should not get so powerful an impression of growth from you. My sister says the same. We are both agreed that your picture in FREEDOM does not do you justice. I tell you this for I think you ought to know that you have achieved something that is undeniably perceptible. One is often conscious of internal power which does not become manifest in the body, but this is not so in your case."

These are great words, and the lady who wrote them is no flatterer. She believes what she says, and I believe it too; for here lately in particular, I seem to have arisen into an atmosphere where the ills of life are far beneath my feet. One cannot live long in this atmosphere without dropping the wrinkles and gray hair.

The whole world is going to come to Mental Science for a knowledge of this wonderful, wonderful power.

The time is not far distant when kings and princes and great ones everywhere will kneel for it if they cannot get it otherwise. What is money worth in comparison with the understanding that enables a man to overcome every form of disease, old age and death? Just think of it!

But I'll "hie me back" to the subject under discussion; how long I can keep myself there I don't know. Thinking about Mr. Philbrook after my waste paper-basket article went to press last week I was convinced that I had made a mistake in it. I stated that he did not believe in reincarnation in any form. I think he did believe in it; from a remembrance of a very strange conversation I had with him in a crowd of visitors one day I can't help thinking that he had some kind of belief in the transmigration of souls. I recall now how much interest he awakened by telling each of us what we had been in our previous incarnations. He said my blond daughter Ada (Mrs. Powers) had been a beautiful white cow. Mr. Post had either been a greyhound or a deer, I can't remember which. He told Mrs. Emma Hopkins that she had been a hen; I doubt whether he pleased any of us very much, though indeed there was a strong resemblance in most of the instances he named. One person had been a hawk, and instantly we caught sight of the likeness; another person had been a bulldog; another person had been a horse; the origin of most of us had been low, so that none of us had any chance to taunt the others. He said I had been one of the most ferocious beasts of the African jungle. Perhaps he was thinking of our little unpleasantness through our respective papers; it may be that he had felt my claws as much as I had felt his teeth. At all events to be a lion was more satisfactory than to be a poodle dog, which he announced as the previous incarnation of a gentleman present.

But here I am fritting away my time when I want to come to the theory of this thinker.

He insisted that creation was spontaneous. I could easily believe that certain conditions of standing water may—when it has ripened to a point of vitality—bring forth the germ of the mosquito or other small insect; but he insisted that it was as easy for conditions to take on form and character for the spontaneous generation of a whale as of a mosquito. He spoke of the drifting of sea weed and other stuff with dead fish, and the whole incongruous mass of rot that often gets belated in some calm spot in the sea; of its sitting up motion within itself, which gradually takes shape, and behold a soft gelatinous animal slowly hardening into a whale.

If spontaneous generation is a proven fact among the smaller creations, I don't see that human reason can bar out the same thing among the greater animals. This is not saying that I believe it; for if there is anything in the world I don't know a solitary "midge" about, it is the subject I am writing on. I wrote on it because it is so strange, and because Mr. Philbrook's works are among the curiosities of literature. I had all of his books at one time but have lost them. I wish I had them again.

I recall that he told us of the spontaneous generation of the elephant. In countries where this animal has his home there are small tribes of quarrelsome people who are very low in the scale of civilization. They fight and plunder and murder; they often bury all the men, killed in a fray in one grave. This takes place in a hot

climate and under conditions that produce the essential motion of the atoms, and the generation of electricity. This continues until there comes to the mass a consciousness of being which gradually grows into the elephant.

Mr. Philbrook then goes on to show the resemblance between the elephant and the human mass from which he springs, and I assure the reader he makes a remarkable chapter out of it. He claims that every creature must have originated *first* in spontaneous generation; and that the fact of the creature's existence being established, with the reproductive system in full operation, does not prevent spontaneous generation of the same creatures *now* where circumstances are favorable to it. In other words that spontaneous generation is going on at this time as much as ever, and will continue to do so until the earth becomes too cool, or other conditions unfavorable.

This is only a slight hint of the curious things Mr. Philbrook wrote. There was a strange fascination in his ideas as there always is in things that seem queer and abnormal. He was a lawyer and a man of fine education, yet his style of writing was peculiar and unpleasant. I think if it had not been for this that he would have got his ideas before the world; as it was he failed. If any of my readers know anything about him I wish they would inform me.—H. W.

P. S.—I wonder if I shall get to be a Post Script fiend? What I rise to say on this occasion comes from reading over the first few pages of this article. They enthuse me; they have set me up in business for all day. Just think of the power to conquer old age and death and the result such a thing will have on the now unthinking world when the world shall have accepted it as a proven fact.

There is nothing in the way of the world's acceptance of it to-day except that the idea is too big for it; the race cannot take it in.

Subscribe for FREEDOM and get your mental capacity stretched.—H. W.

DEAR MADAM:—The words "That all is life, and that there is not a particle of death in the universe," set in motion such a vital activity in me, that I feel impelled to write you a few words of appreciation. You are a constant inspiration to me, because in all your writings there is not a sign of wavering, not a scrap of acknowledged weakness. You constantly encourage us to make the most of what we possess, to develop our hidden, but powerful sources of wealth. You do not ask us to accept your say-so, but our own, so long as we steadfastly and faithfully follow it up.

Nearly a year ago, I asked your help in my financial matters. At the time I felt doubtful of the wisdom of so doing, simply because I believed I ought to help myself.

I believe what I started out to accomplish is completed. You in your work are opening up wonderful avenues, I in mine am helping on what I believe will have a wonderful effect in the commercial world. I am sure the new time is ushered in. We are now living in it. There is no death, all is life, and it is in our power to use to the utmost that life which springs fresh, clear, eternal in our own selves. I just want to thank you again for your weekly message, through FREEDOM. Our thought goes to you in loving gratitude. I also want to say, I am glad you are not only logical, but a human

sympathetic, live woman. Don't drop the Waste-paper Basket, it brings us in close touch with your vitality.

Yours truly,

A. E. C.,  
Albany, N. Y.

#### TO MY FRIENDS.

It will be a great help to me if my friends will send me the addresses of sick people; especially of those who have chronic diseases. *I can cure those whom the doctors have failed to cure*, and I want their addresses so that I can let them know it; for Mental Science does surely cure when all else fails; and my charges are moderate. Write the addresses plainly and send them to me here, and accept my warmest thanks in advance. Address Helen Wilmans, Sea Breeze, Florida.

In buying railroad tickets at any point in the North or West for any point on the East Coast of Florida, be sure that you get it over the East Coast Railroad via St. Augustine. There are two lines of road, running parallel and only a few miles apart, for a hundred miles, when one branches off at Palatka and crosses to interior towns. If your ticket compels you to come by this road you must make a change and are liable to a detention of hours. Be certain therefore to come via St. Augustine.

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BY KATE ATKINSON BOEHME.

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Our object is to extend a knowledge of Mental Science through increased circulation of the paper, and at the rates offered we think almost any one can get a few subscribers and thus help on the work. There are thousands ready for the truth who as yet know nothing of Mental Science. Help them to a way into the light.

In size and general appearance Freedom is a paper no one need be ashamed to ask another to subscribe for, while in the matter contained it is clearly the strongest Mental Science paper published, its editors being the acknowledged founders of the Mental Science school of thought. Send names and money in all cases to C. C. Post, Sea Breeze, Fla.



## TO THE SICK AND DISCOURAGED.

The mind trained to a knowledge of its own power can cure every form of disease. The potency of right thinking has never been measured. *There are divine attributes from higher realms entering into it that are of themselves so elevating and ennobling, and so positive to the lower conditions wherein disease and misfortune and inharmony lurk, that there is nothing too great to expect from a contact with it.* This is true to such an extent that the very elite of the world's thinkers are putting their strongest faith in it, and advocating its efficacy above all other systems of healing. I give a list of a few out of the thousands cured by the mental method:

Mrs. R. P. W. P., Omro, Wis., of nearly every disease in the catalogue. She says she is "so well and happy." In this same place a boy was cured of secret vices after nearly ruining himself. Many cases like this have been perfectly cured when every other effort had failed. Also sex weakness in many forms; loss of vital power, impotency, etc.

C. A. A., Jessup, Md., writes: "My catarrh is well under control; my knees have ceased to pain me, and I feel so cheerful and contented."

C. A. R., Rutledge, Mo., says: "I will discontinue treatment now. My health is better than for years." He had consumption.

M. T. B., Kearney, Neb., says: "Grandpa and grandma both used to wear glasses, but they neither wear them now. Grandma's hair used to be white, but it is gradually turning into its natural color."

H. W., Menlo Park, Cal., was cured of hemorrhages of the lungs.

O. S. A., Malden, Mass., was cured of chronic constipation, throat trouble, and other things.

J. S., Eureka Springs, Ark., was cured of the use of tobacco by the mental method. He is only one of many so cured; not only of the tobacco habit, but also of drunkenness.

W. S. R., Cheyenne, Wyo., writes: "I wrote for treatment for a near and dear friend who was in an alarming condition from nervous prostration. Now, I am delighted to say, in one month's time the nervousness is almost entirely gone. And, the grandest feature of all, the old beliefs (insanity) are fading from his mind. The work of healing is going on rapidly."

Mrs. F. C., Earlville, Iowa, was cured of heart disease; also of liver and kidney trouble and a tumor in her side.

M. L., Pioneer Press Building, St. Paul, Minn., was cured of dyspepsia, sleeplessness, and sensitiveness.

Many persons are being cured of mental and moral defects; such as lack of self-esteem, lack of business courage, and other weaknesses that stand in the way of a successful career.

H. S., Sedalia, Mo., writes: "Under your kind treatment I am entirely recovered from nervous dyspepsia. And this is not all. I have undergone a marvelous mental change. My memory is better and my will power stronger. Mental Science has breathed new life into me. Such strength and courage as I now have are beyond price."

J. K., 19th St., West Chicago, Ill.: "There is nothing to compare with this mental treatment in its ability to heal; it draws on the fountain of vital power within the patient and supplies every part of the body with new vigor."

Mrs. M. K., Hays, Kan., writes: "My life was worthless. I was so wretched all over, both mentally and physically, I wanted to die. But now what a change! I will not take up your time in description. I will say this, however: Five years ago I was an old woman. To-day I am young, not only in feeling but also in looks, and my health is splendid. For all this I am indebted to you and Mental Science."

D. B. P., Arlington, Vt., writes: "For four years I made every effort to get relief from a trouble that finally reduced me to a deplorable condition, but without the slightest success. Immediately after beginning the mental treatment I was benefited in a way that drugs do not have the power to approach. Now, after a study of Mental Science, it is very clear to me why my cure was not effected by the old methods. Understanding the law by which cures are worked through the power of mind over matter, it is easy for me to believe that the most deeply-seated diseases can be cured as easily as the slightest disorders. Too much cannot be said for this method of healing; and an earnest study of Mental Science is finding heaven on earth."

Miss I. B. Edmonds, Wash., was cured of ovarian tumor; and dozens of cases of cancer cures have been reported, as well as others of every form of disease recognized by the medical books.

These testimonials—the full addresses of which will be given on application—have been taken at random from hundreds of letters, all testifying to the wonderful power of mind healing. A good many other letters, wherein the addresses of the writers are given in full, have been published in a pamphlet called THE MIND CURE TREATMENT, which is sent free to all who want it.

Persons interested can write to me for my terms for treatment, which are moderate as compared with those of the medical practitioners. Each one so doing may give me a brief statement of his or her case, age, and sex. The address should be written clearly, so there may be no trouble in answering.

MRS. HELEN WILMANS,  
Sea Breeze, Florida.

## FLORIDA EAST COAST RAILWAY.

Time Table No. 16—In Effect July 18, 1898.

South, Daily. No 35—Lv. Jacksonville 9.20 a m, St Augustine 10.35 a m, Hastings 11.10 a m, Palatka 10.45 a m, Ar. San Mateo 12.45 p m, Lv. San Mateo 7.20 a m, East Palatka 11.30 a m, Ormond 1.00 p m, Daytona 1.11 p m, Port Orange 1.22 p m, New Smyrna 1.55 p m, Oak Hill 2.24 p m, Titusville 3.02 p m, Cocoa 3.43 p m, Rockledge 3.47 p m, Eau Gallie 4.18 p m, Melbourne 4.28 p m, Sebastian 5.12 p m, Ft Pierce 6.20 p m, Eden 6.49 p m, Jensen 6.54 p m, Stuart 7.05 p m, West Jupiter 7.52 p m, West Palm Beach 8.30 p m, Linton 9.00 p m, Ft Lauderdale 9.44 p m, Ar. Miami 10.30 p m.

South. No 39 daily, except Sunday—Lv. Jacksonville 3.20 p m, St Augustine 4.35 p m, Hastings 5.13 p m, Palatka 5.05 p m, Ar. San Mateo 6.55 p m, Lv. San Mateo 3.20 p m, East Palatka 5.30 p m, Ormond 6.59 p m, Daytona 7.11 p m, Port Orange 7.22 p m, Ar. New Smyrna 7.45 p m.

North. No. 78, daily—Lv. Miami 5.30 a m, Ft Lauderdale 6.14 a m, Linton 6.58 a m, West Palm Beach 7.30 a m, West Jupiter 8.07 a m, Stuart 8.55 a m, Jensen 9.06 a m, Eden 9.11 a m, Ft Pierce 9.50 a m, Sebastian 10.50 a m, Melbourne 11.35 a m, Eau Gallie 11.45 a m, Rockledge 12.18 p m, Cocoa 12.22 p m, Titusville 1.04 p m, Oak Hill 1.44 p m, New Smyrna 2.20 p m, Port Orange 2.41 p m, Daytona 2.52 p m, Ormond 3.03 p m, Ar. San Mateo 6.35 p m, Lv. San Mateo 3.20 p m, Palatka 4.10 p m, East Palatka 4.38 p m, Hastings 4.53 p m, St Augustine 5.35 p m, Ar. Jacksonville 6.45 p m.

North. No. 32 daily, except Sunday—Lv. New Smyrna 6.30 a m, Port Orange 6.52 a m, Daytona 7.02 a m, Ormond 7.14 a m, Ar. San Mateo 12.45 p m, Lv. San Mateo 7.20 a m, Palatka 8.20 a m, East Palatka 8.48 a m, Hastings 9.05 a m, St Augustine 9.45 a m, Ar. Jacksonville 10.55 a m.

NEW SMYRNA BRANCH—Trains Daily, except Sunday.

10 10 a	2 25 p	Lv. New Smyrna. Ar.	1 25 p	5 35 p
12 10 p	3 25 p	Ar. Orange City Jc. Lv.	12 25 p	3 35 p

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—AND—

Congressman Swanson.

These two works, written by Mr. Post some years ago, have had a wide sale, the former one being now in its 55th thousand. They are classed as fiction, yet are founded upon facts, and are valuable as imparting information regarding many public and semi-public questions, while at the same time being intensely interesting. As we were not the publishers we have not before placed them upon our regular list of books kept for sale, but have now decided to do so. They are each books of upwards of 350 pages, and will be sent post-paid at \$1.00 for the two or 50 cents for either one. Address C. C. Post, Sea Breeze, Fla.

## Descriptive of Our Publications.

### A BLOSSOM OF THE CENTURY.

BY HELEN WILMANS.

This book has been inordinately praised. It has been called the greatest book of the age in its power to bring out the latent faculties of man and render him the all-conquering creature he has the right to be. I quote as follows:

"The idea that the race has reached its ultimate development is the most absurd of all its ideas. It may be that the human form has become a crude expression of the shape best adapted to the highest use, and in that case there will be no higher race of animal creatures than man. But if this is so, and I believe it is, then the improvement to be made in him by a constantly growing belief in his own unlimited power will show forth not in any marked change of bodily structure, but in an ever-strengthening, refining, and beautifying process of his present structure."

"A man can be just what he believes he can be, after he understands the Law of Growth or Being."

"Therefore, personal power is simply a matter of knowledge, simply a course of mental training in the right direction; the direction leading towards freedom from his old hampering beliefs in his limitations, and a consequent emancipation from every form of fear."

"The whole tendency of evolution is from inertia to activity, from deadness to life, from obedience to the no-law of inert or unawakened substance to the intelligent attraction which is the law of living or conscious substance."

"Man becomes more free from the no-law of dead matter with every acquisition of intelligence he makes. And he is now approaching a plane of knowledge where he will realize that by the Law of Attraction he can break his allegiance to the earth and float in the air. And this will simply be the beginning of his exploits in this direction."

"The intellect is the shaping power of the body. Every higher thought a man has records itself in some added power in the body; and if this could go on day by day, the body would become more and more a revised edition of a revised mode of thinking."

"The idea that the race has achieved even a minimum of the power that is in store for it is absurd. The idea that the race must continue to wear its fetters because they are 'God-imposed' is still more absurd. Man has no fetters but those of his own ignorance, and nothing but more intelligence will liberate him. You may take from him every visible environment, you may heap him with wealth, you may place him in high position, but unless he has come into the saving knowledge which an intellectual perception of his own boundless resources yields him he is not free. Ignorance still holds him and will pull him down to feebleness, old age, and the grave."

"And what but these—feebleness, old age, and the grave—are our real fetters? What have we gained though we conquer everything else and these remain? Even if the spirit survives the body, who can prove that it has not sustained an almost irreparable loss in the body's decay? Is it reasonable to suppose that true, healthy growth can proceed through the tortuous weakness of old age, decrepitude, and death? No; but instead it is in the conquest of these negations or denials of life that life itself in greater strength and potency is to be found."

"A Blossom of the Century." Handsomely bound in cloth, \$1.00. Address C. C. Post, Sea Breeze, Florida.

### O WORLD! SUCH AS I HAVE GIVE I UNTO THEE.

Formerly called "Wilmans' Express Condensed."

BY HELEN WILMANS AND ADA WILMANS POWERS.

We have two volumes with the above heading. They are made up from editorials printed in the first paper published on this line of thought. They have had a very large sale, and still sell more rapidly than anything we have. These books can speak for themselves in the following selections:

"We worship souls in proportion to their ability to stand alone, even though we lean upon each other in abject helplessness while doing it."

"Each man is not only an embryonic world, but an embryonic universe, co-related in his faculties to all there is in the infinite. He is a creature of perpetual unfolding. It is in his mental organization to expand forever. But his expansion waits on his recognition of his own nature and power, and he does not recognize them. Lost in the struggle for small accumulations, with eyes bound, he makes his own limitations and becomes the football of fate and circumstance, praying for deliverance to some far away, imaginary God, when all the time the power that would deliver him lies within himself, unrecognized and undreamed of."

"Man is an outlet for the universal force. He is God's necessity for expression."

"We are world builders, but we must build the builders before we build the world. When once we have learned—through the mastery of mind—how to govern, we shall find ourselves the delegated power of creation; we shall be creators."

"Love is no weak, dependent thing. It is strength's overplus; and strength is not generated by self-denial and self-abasement, but only by affirmation of the glory of self."

"How can I respect any man's opinion unless his opinion is his own? If he is simply an atom in the great integral pot of mush called humanity, and thinks and believes and feels and acts with it, of what use is his opinion to me? Do I not already know it, and know that it is nothing? Have I not already measured its ignorance, its stupidity, its cowardice, from my own personal contact with it?"

"All power is in individualization. The greatest word in the language is the word 'I.' The word 'I' is the sign manual of the conqueror. Put the 'I' in the lead and every force in life follows. I vindicate myself against all the man-crushing, humiliating creeds ever formulated by the simple pronunciation of the word 'I.' You who are looking for God, turn your eyes inward and find Him in the 'I.' And when He is found what will be the result? A revolution the like of which the world has never seen. We shall arise like giants who had been bound in sleep by some fairy spell for thousands of years, to find ourselves no longer dumb slaves to time and circumstance, but masters of time and makers of circumstance."

"No law makes sickness and death compulsory; man is neither doomed nor damned except by his own ignorance."

"Trust Myself. No gentle string is touched upon life's cords when these words are spoken."

"I am here. I cannot shirk my own responsibility. Nay, there is a word just fitted to the place and worth a thousand 'cannots,' I will not do it. Though the life I feel stirring within me may be the feeblest bantling of a life ever born out of the deep abyss whence all life issues, yet it is mine; my one life is looking abroad upon the illimitable panorama of universal life; pushed and jostled by a thousand stronger lives, yet—such as it is—it calls for a response which I speak in those old, old words, 'Lord, here am I.'"

"By these words am I pledged to stand fast by myself: to trust myself. I will give loose rein to my imagination and thereby magnify myself. I will hold myself up in my own thought as a creature of supreme worth, of unflinching integrity, of constantly unfolding gifts of the rarest merit, of benevolence, charity, health, strength, and beauty. All the gifts of a human being develop under the life-inspiring influence of self-trust, and it is in this way I will train myself in this the most useful of all possessions."

These two volumes contain 360 pages. They are gems of literature "O World! Such as I Have Give I Unto Thee." Paper bound, 50 cents. Address C. C. Post, Sea Breeze, Florida.

### THE BEGINNING OF DAY—A DREAM OF PARADISE.

BY HELEN WILMANS.

This booklet is descriptive of the attempts now being made by "The Idealists of Sea Breeze" to actualize higher and happier conditions than the race has yet achieved. I quote from it as follows:

"I am doing what lies in my power to bring thoughtful people here in order that we may solve the purpose of our being, in the development of many high and advanced truths upon the understanding of which the growth and prosperity of the race depend. The object of such a movement is nothing less than divine. That the race will derive fresh impulse for good from it I firmly believe."

"But what is the character of such a movement?"

"This question is hard to answer because the answer involves a knowledge of unknown things. I can state positively that its aims are the highest ever yet projected upward. Where it will lead I can no more tell than the seed of a flower can tell what the flower will be. The only condition agreed upon by those who come will be one that liberates each brain to the greatest freedom of thought. There will be no creed and no effort to press thought into ready-made grooves. It is for the purpose of liberating thought, leaving it free to search untrodden domains of mind that we come. We come as students to a school; the subject of our study is the latent powers of man. Knowledge of man alone is freedom and happiness and power."

"I believe that heaven is self-evolved, and regard its postponement to a future world as a grave mistake. I accept the old adage, 'A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush,' and so prefer to make the best of what we have here, rather than trust the unproven future—that 'better world.'"

"Though even if there are better worlds, thousands of them, the fact would furnish us no excuse for postponement of our individual development as the present citizens of a world nearly all of whose forces are unknown to us as yet."

"Intellectual power in the individual comes from the concentration of the mind upon an idea until the truth or falsity of the idea becomes apparent. Likewise the power of the race in the unfolding of a race problem must come from a concentrated effort to discover a hitherto unfolded racial capacity; and this is the meaning of the movement I am inaugurating here."

Send for the pamphlet. It is cheap. It will interest you.

"The Beginning of Day." 92 pages, 25 cents. Address C. C. Post, Sea Breeze, Florida.

### METAPHYSICAL ESSAYS.

BY C. C. POST.

This book consists of twelve lectures on the following subjects: The First Cause; Life; Individual Life—The Universal Energy; Of Matter, Mind, and Spirit; Thought; The Will; Matter; Understanding; Faith—Desire; God and the Devil, or Good and Evil; Influence of Fear upon Individuals; Love—Selfishness; The Value of the New Faith.

"The title to this book, 'Metaphysical Essays,' sounds like dull reading," so writes a correspondent, "when in reality it is one of the clearest, most vivid, and life-giving volumes I ever got hold of. Its power to hold the reader grows from the first to the last chapter. Long before I had finished it I found myself turning over the leaves with a feeling that I must hoard them, as they were giving out too quick. The student who fails to purchase this book will make a great mistake. The chapter on Fear alone is worth ten times the price of the book."

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## THE HOME COURSE IN MENTAL SCIENCE.

BY HELEN WILMANS.

All the books heretofore enumerated in these columns are but trickling streams flowing from the philosophical and scientific statement of the Law of Being, which this Home Course of study surely is. We talk of Oriental Occultism and the individual power evolved from an understanding of it, but these lessons in Mental Science embrace all that has ever been known in these fields of thought, and much more. They show the slow unfolding of man's powers in the past, a showing that leads up to the present varied expression of these powers, and that points with unerring knowledge to the way these powers can be still further unfolded, until man can be master of all things; master of disease, old age, and death, and, what is better still, master of life—life eternal in this world here and now.

I will not mince the truth with regard to these lessons. They do literally overshadow every form of philosophy and every scientific explanation of the cosmos yet offered the reading public. They explain all; they make the great problem of "how we came here" as clear as spring water; they show who our creator is and by what means creation came and is still proceeding.

The knowledge of the life principle which is unfolded in these lessons is nothing less than the law of all organization, of all growth, to understand which puts a man in a position of unrivaled power with regard to his own body and his surroundings. With the understanding of this law there will be no more weakness of any kind; no more fear or anxiety or despondency; no more failures in any department of life; no more poverty, no more of the sorrows of existence, but only its joys, its triumphs, its happiness.

It seems too much to say even what I have said, and yet the half has not been told. The race has lived in the negative pole of its existence and been submerged by mistaken conceptions of its own weakness; but now it is passing to the positive pole, where all its ideas are beginning to undergo the most radical change imaginable; where, instead of seeing its smallness and incompetency, it is seeing its embryonic greatness and potency, and also how to develop these latent powers and bring them into such active and practical use that the whole world will take on new force and character. We have been infants in intelligence, but we are ready to spring into manhood and womanhood through the simple understanding of the Law of Growth, and how to apply it to our individual needs. All this is taught in this Home Course in the most clear, concise, and forcible manner. No extracts will be offered from them, but the names of the different lessons will be substituted instead. The names of the lessons are as follows:

- |                                       |   |
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| 2. Thought, the Body-Builder.         | 13. Mental Science a Race Movement.               |
| 3. Our Beliefs.                       | 14. Mental Science Incarnate in Flesh and Blood.  |
| 4. Denials.                           | 15. Personality and Individuality.                |
| 5. Affirmations.                      | 16. The Stone the Builders rejected.              |
| 6. The Soul of Things.                | 17. A Noble Egoism the Foundation of Just Action. |
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## OUR PLACES IN THE UNIVERSAL ZODIAC.

BY W. J. COLVILLE.

This is a work on astrology, containing thirteen chapters, giving character tendencies common to the twelve different houses of the zodiac. Many persons are interested in the delineations which apply to their case. It is really an extremely interesting work. Such books are among the curios of literature, and at this time they are being much sought.

Mr. Colville differs from other authors on this subject, inasmuch as he is entirely free from the spirit of fatalism that runs through every other publication of this kind. While he admits the power of planetary influence, he does not admit that such power is final in its effects upon character. He believes that, no matter what the influences are that make or mar a man at his birth, he can change them to suit himself when he shall know how; and his book abounds in instructions regarding the way to do it. Mr. Colville says:

"The wise man rules his stars; the foolish man obeys them. This is a grand and truthful saying indorsed by all really enlightened astrologers. What is astrology, after all, but the psychic side of stellar science, astronomy as such, dealing only with its physical effects. We teach that every world is alive, that intelligence is universal, that—so called—dead matter has no demonstrable existence, for life is everywhere and every form in nature is in some degree an expression of omnipresent intelligence.

"The error of astrology as commonly taught consists in the constantly reiterated statement that there are good and bad, benefic and malefic influences continually at work upon us, and that we are so subject to these by turn that we are at best but little more than automatic pieces of mechanism operated by agencies entirely beyond our control. Whatever may be thought of the teaching conveyed through our lessons, of one thing we are certain, and that is, we are teaching a view of astrology at variance with all such fatalism; and our entire aim is to induce people to arise in their might and declare their individuality."

"Our Places in the Universal Zodiac." Price in paper cover, 50 cents. Address C. C. Post, Sea Breeze, Florida.

## POVERTY AND ITS CURE.

BY HELEN WILMANS AND LIDA HOOD TALBOT.

The fact that this pamphlet has sold so rapidly is evidence of the wide-spread curse of poverty and of the desire of the people for relief. I quote as follows:

"Can a person by holding certain thoughts create wealth? Yes he can. A man by holding certain thoughts—if he knows the law that relates cause and effect—can actually create wealth by the character of the thoughts he entertains. And this law is easy to understand if one will only take pains to investigate it."

"A mental poor-house projects from itself the spirit of a visible poor-house; and this spirit expresses itself in visible externals correlated to its character."

"A mental palace sends forth the spirit of a visible palace with results that correlate it."

"Mental wealth, which is the recognition of innate ability or native genius, is the only true root of external wealth. External wealth that has not this root is but a floating air plant, and there is no dependence to be placed in it."

"The kingdom is within. What kingdom? Why, the kingdom that represents our highest ideas of opulence, of course. Many people think that to seek religion as it is taught by the creeds is to seek this hidden kingdom. But this is not so. Do the creeds teach the opulence of man's innate capacity? Do they teach that the infinite spirit of strength and health and intelligence and beauty and power is in man? No; they teach just the opposite. They teach man that he is nothing; and this one assertion is his condemnation to perpetual poverty. They teach him that he is the most poverty-stricken wretch in life; that he is destitute of all merit, and deserves nothing. Of all the poor-houses ever erected there is none so utterly given over to destitution as that which the creeds have erected."

"As man is purely a mental creature, so are his surroundings all mental states; and as tone resounds to tone so do your surroundings repeat your mental condition far and near. It is deep calling unto deep all through the shoreless ocean of mind. The sound you send forth comes back to you; no other sound can possibly reach your ears but the one you send out. Your poverty is the protracted echo of your own belief. Learn the science of mind that will change your belief, and by changing it change the whole world for you."

"Poverty and Its Cure." Price 25 cents. Address C. C. Post, Sea Breeze, Florida.

## A HISTORY OF THEOSOPHY.

BY W. J. COLVILLE.

This is Mr. Colville's latest book. Mental training, or soul growth, is the noblest type of culture of the age. All people who are truly alive (alas, the world is full of dead ones) are now beginning to find their highest interest in books which throw light upon this mighty subject. This book may truly be classed among such. I quote from it as follows:

"First, satisfy yourself definitely as to what it is you want to learn, then determine to put yourself in relation with it, and thereby draw yourself to it and it to you."

"Second, if you can find in the ranks of your acquaintance one mind more fully developed than the rest, more fearless and original in its thought and action, you may profitably place yourself *en rapport* with such a mind and vibrate with it; as through the law of consociative action two are better than one, when the two agree as to the object of their search; and, further, it is but reasonable to decide that one who has already advanced in a given direction can help another to advance along the same road."

"Third, keep your own counsel regarding your determination. Do not invite all sorts of prying, curious thoughts to invade the sanctuary or laboratory where you are working; but if you come across two, three, or indeed any number of congenial spirits who are seeking for what you are seeking, admit them to your fellowship, and, whether you can or cannot meet together bodily at stated intervals, agree to unite psychically, regardless of where your flesh may be."

"Fourth, take note of all your successes, but make no note of non-success, mislabeled failure; for in reality there are no failures. You either have or have not yet succeeded. If you press steadily forward, regardless of seeming lack of results, you will surely awake some day to the glad consciousness of genuine triumph. 'Heaven is not reached by a single bound.'"

"Fifth, steadfastly refuse to accept anything as true because someone says it is so. The gnostic and the believer are always two. No believer is a gnostic, and no gnostic is a believer; for the gnostic attitude concerns what we have inwardly discerned or outwardly perceived, as truth has been confirmed to us by our own experience. What lies as yet outside the range of our experience is unknown, but not unknowable to us."

"The true mystic is the calmest, strongest, sweetest, most patient, hopeful, and industrious type of man or woman conceivable, living in a haven of rest, where the tempestuous billows of conflicting authorities and opinions disturb him not. Insulated though not isolated, he is surrounding himself ever more and more completely with an envelope which is a protecting cloak of genial atmosphere, shutting him securely in from all the storms about him."

"Though the true mystic becomes such through silent, patient interior development, no sooner does he receive a truth and see through a proposition than he leaves for a while his mental hermitage to give out this blessing to mankind in whatever way seems to him most appropriate. The sure results of such a life must show themselves in ever-increasing wisdom, strength, and beauty. Thus the true mystic is a wellspring of peace and health, a benediction to all humanity."

"The History of Theosophy." 248 pages, paper cover, 50 cents. Cloth bound, \$1.00. Address C. C. Post, Sea Breeze, Florida.

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