

FREEDOM

A JOURNAL OF REALISTIC IDEALISM.

*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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ALL IS GOOD.

The corner-stone of Mental Science is the statement, "All is Good." This month two of the *New Thought* periodicals contain articles which seem to question this basic truth, and coming from such sources they merit a reply.

Dr. Close, in *The New Man*, and Eleanor Kirk in the *Idea*, present views of this subject that sound like a voice from the past.

In Dr. Close's symposium the Rev. George D. Herron, Professor of applied Christianity in Iowa College, says:

"Spiritual and physical suffering are inherently evil and do not bring forth that which is good. * * * The fact that all our struggle is instructive with the effort to abolish struggle is in itself a witness to a Divine faith in the common life that only good is good, and that struggle and strife and suffering belong to the things that must pass away."

If Prof. Herron could point to any race or to any individual from whose life struggle, strife and suffering have passed away or even seem to be on the point of passing away, his argument would have some weight.

The race has indeed been struggling with adverse conditions for countless ages. But as fast as one adverse condition is conquered another arises. It is thus in every individual life. Prof. Herron sees in this struggle a proof that suffering must one day end. I see in the perpetual failure of the struggle evidence that it is endless and, therefore, good. Orthodox people hold up their hands in horror at the Scientist's declaration that "All is Good." But to me nothing is stranger than to hear a professed Christian doubting the good of "spiritual and physical suffering." Paul insists strongly on this in all his epistles.

"Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous; nevertheless afterward it worketh the peaceable fruit of righteousness."

He speaks again of the trials which work out for us "a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." If a thing works out righteousness and eternal glory for me I am not going to be so ungrateful and illogical as to call that thing evil. I leave that to Professors of applied Christianity.

"Suffering and unhappiness harden, blight and disintegrate the soul," says Prof. Herron. This is owing to the soul's attitude and belief. The same experiences that harden, blight and disintegrate one soul will cause another to blossom out in beauty, growth and new strength. The reason why there is so much unhappiness and suffering and such hardness and bitterness of soul in consequence, is that the church has for centuries told man that his sufferings were sent on him by a

personal God or a personal devil, and there was precious little difference between these two individuals as as they were pictured by orthodox preachers. Man was instructed that he was a puppet played upon by these two contending powers of good and evil, and no wonder his sufferings bred in him nothing but blight and disintegration.

But with a knowledge of the truth there comes salvation from much of the suffering that was once inevitable and necessary; man looks with a sane mind on the unfolding events of his life and reaps from each new experience, not bitterness, but wisdom strength, and many more of the fruits of righteousness. He learns that he is the maker of his own life and all its conditions; he sees the workings of the law of cause and effect, and when he sows the wind he does not sit down and curse God because he gets a whirlwind for a crop. He looks on the thorns and thistles of his life-garden and pronounces them good. Why? Because they could not be anything else; because they are the result of law and justice. If a man sows thistles, why should he expect to reap grapes? Knowing that he is the author of most of his own suffering he will regulate his conduct in accordance with the Law, and greatly reduce his suffering; while the suffering that comes on him from the misconduct of others will be met and overcome, not in bitterness of soul and blight of character, but in the tolerance, charity and patience that spring from a realization of the truth that we are all parts of one great whole, and that ignorance on the part of some must always bring suffering to all.

Prof. Herron also says: "There are certain people who bear trouble with the grace of a saint, but this is due to the innate characteristics of the individual and not to the trouble." What singular logic! If a person has the "innate characteristics" of a saint how did he come by them? Saints are supposed to be serene, strong, patient and so on through the list of virtues. Will anybody tell us how a person can acquire patience, for instance, if he never has anything to excite him to impatience? Think of saying, "She has had everything she wanted all her life; her will never was thwarted once; everything always happened exactly to suit her; and oh! she is the most patient creature you ever saw." No virtue in man, woman or saint—if there be such creatures as saints—was ever developed without the trials that might have developed the corresponding vice. Prof. Herron's statement is very much like saying that the sharpness of the axe is due to the "innate characteristics" of that tool, and not to the wholesome contact with the grindstone.

Aaron M. Crane who discusses the same question

concludes that suffering is evil and unnecessary because "if we have the choice of two paths and blunder along one until we strike our heads against a stone wall, we naturally conclude that the other path was the right one. Had we been wise enough, however, we would have chosen the right way in the beginning and been saved the bump." This is all true, but has no bearing on the point in dispute. We are not talking now about how things would be if man were thus and so. We are considering men and things as they are. Man is not wise; he is on the whole very foolish. The only wisdom he has ever gained was gained by being foolish and reaping the just consequences of his folly. A few cautious souls stand back and listen to the advice of the wise ones who have gained wisdom through suffering, but the vast majority must know for themselves by personal experience, and who shall say they are not right? The man who takes the wrong road and gets his head bumped will not be likely to go that way again. He has learned wisdom in Nature's school where the course of instruction is, as Huxley says, "Not a word and then at a blow, but merely the blow without the word."

Universal Truth takes up the same strain and makes this peculiar statement:

"In time of business depression one man has the wisdom to understand the conditions and take advantage of them, and he emerges from the crisis more wealthy than before. It was not the business perplexities and trials that enabled him to succeed; it was his wisdom."

Metaphysical writers of this stamp need a dictionary of their own. What meaning can such people attach to the words "success and succeed?" No man can succeed, in the real and accepted sense of the word, unless he has difficulties as well as wisdom. It would be as reasonable to talk about an expert oarsman having great "success" in floating down the stream as to speak of a merchant succeeding by means of his wisdom when he had no "perplexities and trials" to call forth his wisdom. If he has no "perplexities and trials" he has no need for wisdom, and he can never achieve success. Success does not mean drifting down a placid stream; it means hard and skillful rowing against wind and tide, and the wind and tide are as much responsible for success as the wisdom of the rower. According to *Universal Truth* the wisdom is a good thing, while the perplexities and trials that call wisdom into use and increase its growth are wholly evil. I can fancy such metaphysicians drinking pure water and pronouncing it good, while denouncing all cisterns, wells and reservoirs. If we get rid of trials and difficulties then let us have done with wisdom at once and forever, for it would be as useless under such circumstances as money would be in a world where people have no wants to gratify. Eleanor Kirk's argument runs as follows:

"Blessed is he that overcometh." Overcometh what?

Wrong thinking and wrong doing. "But, then, if all is good," she questions, "why seek to overcome or abolish anything?" The answer to this is plainly suggested by the very text she quotes above: "Blessed is he that overcometh."

Some things are good to be eagerly welcomed, warmly embraced; others are good to be overcome and cast out. We win blessedness in one case by accepting, and in the other case by rejecting. To me the highest blessed-

ness is that which springs from an overcoming of some sort. Shall I call the occasion of this blessedness a curse, an evil? Shall I accept the blessing and revile the thing that brought it to me? Not until I learn a different system of logic from the one that now guides me in my processes of reasoning.

Again Eleanor Kirk says:

"As I look back over my acquaintance with those who have been most eloquent in their declaration of 'All is Good, and there is no evil,' I recall that whenever they were wronged they fired up and resented it in quite as lively a manner as did the folks who believed in the old-fashioned devil with horns and tail."

Well, all that this proves is that Scientists, both Mental and Christian, are frequently as inconsistent in their conduct as Presbyterians, Baptists and Methodists who pretend to follow Christ, who say they believe that every line of the Bible is inspired, and yet do every day of their lives the things positively forbidden by Christ and all his apostles. An angry Scientist does not prove the existence of evil as the word is understood by orthodox people; it only proves the inconsistency of that particular scientist.

She further says: "Ignorance is not good. If it were there would be no need of education." But on the other hand; if there were no ignorance there would be no education, and no need for education. Would this be a desirable state of affairs? Conceive, if you can, of a world where there are no schools, no colleges, no universities, no students, no professors, no art classes, no art, in fact and no science, no literature; for these are all branches of education. Would such a world suit Eleanor Kirk? It would not suit me at all. Life is a vast school. We are all struggling, consciously or unconsciously, with ignorance and it is not only good, but it is the very best thing possible for us. Suppose that by some miraculous and wholly unthinkable process I could part at once with my ignorance, and know all that there is to be known. What motive would there be for continued existence? None at all, unless I could set up as an instructor for the rest of mankind. But then they have to be ignorant in order to give me a chance to exercise my powers as an educator. You cannot by any manner of means have the "good" education without the "evil" ignorance. The highest incentive to live is the desire for more truth, more knowledge; and the wise soul is not he who sits down and mourns over the ignorance of the world; it is he who sees in this very ignorance the sublimest *raison d'être* that Infinity itself could think of. We are here for no other purpose than to overcome our ignorance. "Blessed is he that overcometh," and blessed is the thing that gives him the chance to overcome. This is just as good a beatitude as any in the Sermon on the Mount and I believe Jesus would endorse it if he were here.

Then Eleanor Kirk finds an argument against the All Good in the fact that people suffer for the sins of others. She wants a world where men will suffer to themselves, and not involve others. In this sort of a world, sympathy and brotherhood will be unknown quantities, and we will not be able to enter into the happiness of others. For the same law that enables us to share the sufferings of others, enables us to share their joys. It does seem hard to see apparently innocent people punished for the misdeeds of others, but I am unable to see how things could be otherwise arranged, and my imagination falters

when I try to conceive of a race of men and women, brothers and sisters, husbands and wives, parents and children and how many other tender relations, and each one hedged off from all the others, smiling, solitary and alone over his little morsel of happiness, or weeping, still alone, over his morsel of misery.

Scientists who make such objections to the existing order of things need a little of the wholesome content of Kipling's "Tramp-Royal," the man who had taken life as it happened to come and who wrote at the end, "E liked it all."

"Well," says some one, "Since you believe that all is good, I suppose you do not care how much trouble you have; in fact you must try to draw to yourself all the disagreeable experiences imaginable."

No, I do not. For while I believe that all is good, I know, too, that there is a better and a best. As Edwin Arnold says:

"Ye are not bound. The soul of things is sweet.
The heart of Being is celestial rest.
Stronger than woe is will; that which is good
Doth pass to better—best."

I desire for myself the best. I try by right thought and just deeds to attract to myself only the best. But when the merely good comes, I accept it as "my own." It comes in obedience to the working of some law set in operation by myself, or by some one with whose life mine is intertwined. No matter what it is, I try to look upon it as an opportunity which, if rightly met and vanquished, will result in "better" or "best."

And now one last word in explanation of that perplexing statement, "All is good." I believe that one has to be "born again," regenerated mentally by the "New Thought" before he can comprehend the meaning of this truth. When a Mental Scientist says, "All is Good," he does not mean that all is beautiful, heavenly, desirable, comfortable and altogether lovely; he means that all is as good as could be under existing conditions just as we say of a sick person, "She is as well as could be expected." Get rid of the idea that a personal God and a personal devil are fighting with each other for the supremacy over your life; recognize your own power and your relation to the Law; study evolution, not merely the evolution that has gone on in the past, but that which is now taking place, and in the course of time you may be able to see that "All is Good," in the scientific sense of the word, not the theological sense. And if you are so constituted that theology is more to you than science, read Paul's epistles and count the passages in which Paul glories in the "evil" things that have come into his life to work out for him "a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

L. C. OBENCHAIN.

I never contributed to the pages of FREEDOM, but if I never see this article in print I will not mourn its loss. In FREEDOM of September 13 in an article entitled "Stray Thoughts," it says: "Every thing answers to its own name." Never was a greater truth spoken. If we call for obstacles on our road to health, happiness and wealth by way of fear, failure is inevitable. No successful man or woman ever sees fear; they only see limit of life, the three score years and ten, when they try to be as dead as mummies, and they come very near getting there. Oh! if we only could see that nature is striving with a force that is infinite to give us more life (and not take it from us) we could set our mile post far beyond the age of Mathusala and attain it. L. M. WOLFE.

PLAN OF FRIGHTENING PEOPLE

Into the Brooklyn Churches Approved by Members of Plymouth.

[Brooklyn Eagle.]

The serious problem of the decline of the church in Brooklyn was the theme of earnest discussion at Plymouth Church last night. Various reasons were advanced for the alarming tendency of the people to stay away from church services, and a few remedies for the constantly intensifying situation were suggested. All who spoke agreed that the churches are now facing a condition that is, to say the least, threatening. One speaker referred to the church spirit as being almost dead.

Sunday newspapers were blamed for being more largely responsible for the falling off in church attendance than any other factor that is influencing the people. B. F. Blair pleaded for the banishment of the Sunday papers. He charged that the Sunday sheets are mainly responsible for the empty churches, and that 600,000 persons in Brooklyn are principally influenced by these papers to remain away from church services as they do. His talk was a powerful tribute to the press.

The majority opinion was that the best way to make people go to church is to scare them. Dr. Hillis was one of the advocates of this theory of frightening men to church with the dread of hell. New methods of preaching were criticised and the old style of spreading alarm and fear into the hearts of the congregation was advocated. The new theology based on an appeal to higher motives in man was called a failure because there is so much animal in man that it takes fear to make him religious. Frank Ruth was the first to take up the question of why there are over a half million of people in Brooklyn who never attend church. Among other things Mr. Ruth said:

"One reason why people do not attend church as they once did is because what are known as the common people have been constantly lowering for several years. The average to-day is much lower in the scale of morals than was the case several years ago. One reason for this is the influx of foreigners. The American eagle has developed the biggest gizzard of any fowl in the world. I have been expecting this gizzard to crack for a long time, but it still holds and the eagle keeps swallowing all the worst that is sent here from Europe. Thousands come here and live thirty years without learning our language, ever. Some of them think it an imputation upon a man's character if he attend church. Now, the example of these men affects the church goers. Another reason for the falling off in attendance is that the common people don't get an equivalent for the time they invest in going to church. Sometimes I invest two hours and a half at church and don't get an equivalent. Then many men are worn out by their work and are not in condition to enjoy a sermon. The church is now facing a condition far from a theory. I read in the *Outlook* recently that 3,575 Congregational ministers are now without charges. There is no demand for them. One trouble with the church is that so many incapable men are admitted to the ministry. They come to the church for sustenance and are entirely unfit for preaching. They are inadequate. They can't reach the common people."

B. F. Blair followed Mr. Ruth. Mr. Blair made a long talk on the subject and incidentally said:

"The reason why the churches have more empty benches than full ones is because the people are not interested in the church. There is a large measure of indifference. This is a dangerous disease. With doors wide open, a welcome awaiting, free seats, good preaching and the best of music, why don't they come? This is known as the City of Churches; yet I hear that we have 600,000 who do not even attend church."

One reason is that they are not spurred on by fear. They do not feel any alarm, and they see no reason why they should go to church.

"Sunday newspapers are more largely responsible for the falling off in church going than anything else. I

admit I get one at my house, but it is an evil that keeps thousands away from church. The people buy them and get more interested in them than they do in the church service. It would be a blessing if no newspapers were published on Sunday. There are too many newspapers anyway. It would be a great thing if we could banish the Sunday newspaper."

F. W. Hinrichs followed Mr. Blair. He said he did not entirely agree with either Mr. Blair or Mr. Ruth. He thought the church did not get close enough to the common people. He applauded the Salvation Army and said that the proper way to draw the common people into the church was to mingle with the lowly and touch their hearts. "There are two kinds of churches," said Mr. Hinrichs. "One is the visible and the other the church of the invisible. The visible church is the organized church with houses and preachers. The invisible church is the large masses of common and other people, who do not belong to or attend any church, yet partake of the spirit of Christ. They are believers in Christ and try to serve Him, yet they stay away from church because they don't get what they want there. This church of the invisible is stronger than ever before in the world's history. The church that gets nearest the hearts of the people will be most successful. "We ought to approach the ideal of the Roman Catholic Church. It is essentially the church of the poor man. And the Salvation Army going down and living with the slums and carrying on its good works offers us a lesson. Perhaps we could learn from those people who up to a few years ago were despised. We want to get close to the people. Jesus of Nazareth was a carpenter and belonged to the common people."

Dr. Hillis and others touched on the subject and so much interest was displayed that it was decided to continue the discussion next Friday evening. In the course of Dr. Hillis' remarks he said:

"Mr. Blair is right when he says the people should be aroused to fear. Men can be governed by fear. The animal in man is so strong that fear of future punishment moves him strongly. There are in the world millions of good citizens and Christians who are made so by a fear of hell. It is not to be declaimed against that man are influenced by fear."

[If ever there was an article that spoke for itself, the above does. The people do not want to go to church and they must be whipped in by the fear of hell.

And to think that these preachers do not know the true reason for the people's staying away! To think that they have not yet found out that the people have outgrown the need of preacher's salvation and want something better; something that will save them now and here.

Why, nobody is afraid of hell any longer; at least, no one is afraid of the hell of Christianity. But almost everyone is afraid of the hell that faces him in his conflict with the world as he struggles for the necessities of life. Let the preachers begin to tell the people how to escape from the real, true hell, and their houses will be full all the time.

Practical religion is what we want. We don't care for promises of future salvation; we want to be saved now; saved from hunger; saved from disease and distress.

Between three and four thousand Congregational ministers without charges! Think of it! They must have charges; churches must be provided for them and the people must be frightened into attending them and supporting them—but I have said enough; the article speaks for itself. H. W.]

We now have to pay 10 cents for collection on every check no matter how small. If you send check or draft add this 10 cents, also two cent stamp on check.

WALKING ON GLOWING COALS.

Unique Process of Purification as Witnessed in a Japanese Temple—Apparently a Painless Feat.

[Springfield (Mass.) Republican.]

We found our friends, and on again a half hour more through the crowded streets to the temple. There a crowd was gathered. It was about 5 o'clock, and at dark the priests were to begin to walk over the fire—for that is what we were there to see. Twice a year the gods are prevailed on to take the heat from the fire, so that the devout may walk upon it unharmed. The skeptics in our party outnumbered the believers, but you shall see.

At the steps we must take off our shoes and contribute our one yen to the support of the temple. Arrangements had been carefully made beforehand, and for the Europeans a small veranda was reserved directly opposite the whole length of the fire, and so close that our faces grew hotter and hotter as it burned brighter. Half Tokio was there: Russians and French, Swiss, Germans, English, Scotch, Americans. Some of us slipped away to see the ceremony preceding the fire walking. In the temple a crowd was collected, and in the chancel, as I may call it, for want of another word, two rows of priests sat facing each other. Several were in robes of white silk, one in blue and one in green. The effect was brilliant and made still more picturesque by the close-fitting horsehair caps with long tails of the high priest and his subordinates.

After some muttered invocations, the high priest turned to a cupboard-like shrine in one corner of the chancel, where he burned incense and performed other acts of devotion, apparently. Behind him in two long lines like a flying wedge in a football game knelt the other priests, now joined by two women of the temple with reverend faces. The half-intone service was not unlike a Gregorian chant, and was accompanied by a continuous response from the congregation. Throughout the latter part we stood in the doorway of one of the temple apartments opening out of the chancel. Here refreshments were provided for guests—ornages, tea (?)—and for courtesy, not for payment. Later, in response to thanks, the high priest presented his card to one of the visitors.

As the priests filed out of the temple we took our places on the veranda, a proceeding less easy than it sounds, as we had to find ourselves places on the already crowded floor, and sit or kneel in them as gracefully as might be. The bed of charcoal was already lighted when we arrived, and was now fully on fire. It was, we agreed, some sixteen feet long, four feet wide, and, perhaps, a foot deep. It was in a space fenced off from the courtyard, and on the side opposite of us the crowd of men, women and children pressed against the barrier. The fire was at present covered with ashes, but soon attendants entered the open space and with long-handled fans blew away the gray covering and fanned the charcoal until it was a mass of blazing, blowing embers. Little flames sprang up over it in all directions, and one lady among us put up her umbrella to protect herself from the heat. Another of the party began to feel the headache which the charcoal always caused her. There was no doubt in any one's mind that the fire was hot—blazing, burning hot, and something like sixteen feet of

it, too. "O, les malheureux, les malheureux!" exclaimed an excited French woman, as she fancied walking over those embers.

When all the ashes were fanned away and the fire had been beaten to a fierce glow with long poles, white-robed priests entered, one of whom, taking salt from a supply placed near us, attended the high priest as he went to each of the four corners of the pile. At each he clapped his hands, clasped them and raised them high as if in supplication, bent his head in prayer and ended by strewing a handful of salt about him. It was the motion of a man sowing seed, and but few grains can have fallen in any one spot. At the middle of each side and end this was repeated. It was now growing dark and the blazing embers threw a glow over the white dress of the priests. The high priest was a striking man. His motions were quick, decisive, intelligent, as he rapidly passed from one place to another. We could see his face distinctly, we were so close.

The darkness lent added effectiveness to the next ceremony. Each corner and side was now purified again, for purification it meant this time. The attendants struck a flint as the priest prayed, the sparks flying off in thin, yellow lights against the rich, glowing, red mass of charcoal and the darker crowd of figures beyond.

A drizzling rain was falling, but it affected the fire little. It was now beaten with poles until it glowed again, as the high priest ended his invocations. And before I understood what he was doing a little scream from our French lady startled me into realizing that, making no break or pause, with one of his swift motions, he had stepped out and along the fire path. The glow of colors from below on his white dress and dark skin was worthy of Rembrandt. He trod on the fire firmly, but quickly, and the other priest followed. The high priest walked nine times. He set each foot down firmly, and only once appeared to feel the smallest discomfort, then he stepped somewhat to one side, by mistake, it seemed, and visibly winced, carrying it off by a series of affected steps, high in the air, as if it were all in his part. After the priest came the crowd—women carrying children, a man with a sick person on his back, boys of all ages. Each stepped over a wet mat, through a small pile of salt, on to the fire. The salt was ordinary coarse salt (we had it analyzed). At least six steps were necessary to cross the fire: some walkers took more; nearly all were fairly deliberate. One or two, I fancied felt the heat uncomfortably, if not painfully, for on coming off the fire they wriggled their feet about in the pile of salt at the father end as if it cooled them.

Most of them disregarded it altogether, often stepping across it without touching it. One child was afraid to walk and threw up its arms before its face as it stood by the fire, as if to ward off the heat: it was finally persuaded to venture, and, stepping bravely on to the coals, apparently felt no discomfort. As pain would be a confession of impurity, of course, there is a premium upon concealing it. But there was no concealment in the old woman who tucked up her kimono and trudged along the fire as prosaically as if she were going to market, planting one sturdy foot after another in the red charcoal.

We left them still walking, men, women and children, as they chanced to leave the crowd, the high priest stepping forward now and again and tramping across

with his spirited, quick, audacious tread, as if he defied the fire to harm him. We left them walking and set out to ride miles and miles to Szabu, an hour away, in kurumas. The stars were out after the rain and the city was very still. Behind the shogis we could see the lights of the lamps and the shadows of those within, but the streets were empty and dark. Now and then a *guruma*, gay with paper lanterns, passed, but few walked. It was a long, tedious ride, but the pleasant cosmopolitan high tea which awaited repaid us for all. At one hospitable table, English, American, French, Swiss and Scotch guests sat down together, equally tired, equally hungry and equally grateful to their hostess for her bountiful supplies. We reached Yokohama at midnight; we had set out before 9 that morning, but we had seen the new blossoms and a miracle. One day was not too long.

"THE SET OF THE SOUL."

'Tis the set of a soul that decides its goal,
And not the calm or the strife.

The world to-day needs men and women of large ideas, who will represent that genuine humanity that compasses all flags and all countries. The great are always universal.

The planet is covered with humanitarian organizations, large and small, but identity of ideas does not seem to soften the conflicting feelings existing between them, and the medley of men in the actual world remains to a large extent unaffected by a policy which is suited only to a picked membership. The narrow spirit of dogmatism dies hard. Only a firm faith in the eternal verities will see us through with joy at the centre of our hearts.

The most intelligent men change their methods often, as the great wheel of life turns ceaselessly. The twentieth century will see the beginning of the greatest change that has yet come about. The best of our literature supports this idea. It is about the first time in history when men have been able to draw the horoscope for a coming century, to predict and frame an ideal for it.

What is the ideal? The welfare of each the concern of all, expresses it as well as any other phrase. There are everywhere phases of unchecked control, but this does not last. Organizations are stepping stones to the next development when every man shall worship in his own way in his own heart.

We are breaking our way towards a broader tolerance and more kindly co-operation than the world has seen for many a long day. All obstacles will be gradually overcome by the larger knowledge and sympathy which is dawning. The links of love are real and golden, uniting many still unknown to each other in a silent bond of brotherhood which shall inaugurate a new era in the history of humanity.

We want a stronger hold upon our mighty hopes. We need them touched by the consecrating light of the imagination, and by the eternal splendor of poetry. Then our faith will not need constant stimulus, but we shall

Stand like a tower firm, that never bows
Its head, for all the blowing of the winds.

It seems hard to get the necessary tolerance aroused in the hearts of men. Among the most select, bitter suspicions arise, and the most eloquent plea for better

conditions is too often a tirade against those who do not accept every plan of action suggested. This only goes to show that the earnest, self-sacrificing and sincere, are not always pleasant to live with.

The message of brotherhood has always been plain, and ever the same. It may be formulated in such a way that all men can accept it, but if ever it becomes simply a creed to which all must yield unthinking obedience, new difficulties will arise.

Whether we will or not, circumstances compel us to stand forth for what we are, and nothing more. When we recognize this we shall lessen the tendency to be unjust to others, for only a hair line divides the good and the bad, and "obscurity covers the path of action."

If we must give way to our weaknesses, now and then, and condemn others, it is better not to do it in words, for that is uncharitable slander. And the more we do that, the less time have we at our disposal for the cultivation of the beautiful—the true.

Has anyone ever been made better by being continually reminded of his faults and failings?

"No one ever heard him condemn another" is a good thing to have said of us. Never was there a time when greater tolerance was necessary among lovers of truth. Truth is impersonal; let us be like truth. "There is no religion higher than truth."

We are working forward to a time when mind will become the reigning principle. We cannot, even if we would, evade the full responsibility which this development entails. Mind is like the ether—creative, correlative, immutable. We who love mankind must learn to think, and put into practice among ourselves what we preach.

On the way to that period we are largely controlled by sentiment, mulifarious desires, and the influence of others. But we will save ourselves much heart-burning pain by realizing that discernment and discrimination are necessary to real knowledge and right living.

—*Ian Mor, in The Lamp.*

John Markwith, of Orange, N. J., is cutting his third set of teeth. As he is 83 years old the tooth-cutting exploit is looked upon by his friends as a performance to be proud of.

For twenty years the old gentleman has been without teeth, and has lived upon rice, gruel, sago and that sort of thing. Three weeks ago he felt an irritation in the front of the upper jaw. He looked in a mirror and observed that three new teeth were sprouting, one bicuspid and two incisors.

Now he feels more pain all over the jaw, and he believes that he will raise an entire new crop.

"The only use I have for teeth," said the old chap, "is to eat peanuts with and to hold my pipe in my mouth. I don't believe in store teeth. I've had 'em offered to me for nothing, but you couldn't hire me to wear them. I've always had a suspicion that my teeth would grow again. It isn't like nature to leave a man in the lurch when he's that set against store teeth that he won't use them."

The death struggle of the Old has commenced! Hasten, O, blinded people, to incorporate yourselves with the New; so that you will not be cast away with the outworn shell and corruption of the Old! The New, the True and the Good is coming to take possession!—*L. A. Mallory.*

ONE MIND.

Each individual life carries with it, through each and every incarnation, its own record of experiences, which constitute the sum total of its sub-conscious mind. The experiences of our present incarnation, most of which we can remember, are also recorded and added to the volume of the sub-conscious experiences. Our objective mind at the present becomes a part of our sub-conscious mind of the future.

We carry with us the effect of every lesson thoroughly learned in all of our past. A man who is naturally honest and upright is so because, in his past incarnation, he has conquered so far; he has learned the lesson of honesty, and therefore has no inclination to be dishonest; he cannot remember how or when he learned to be honest, nor does he remember ever having the tendency of being dishonest. In other words, he is involuntarily honest; it has become second nature to him to be so. Honesty has become a habit and is controlled by the Life Principle within us through habit, just as the action of the heart and all other involuntary actions are controlled. All virtues are habits of mind (mental habits) lessons learned; so much of conquest, the effect of which results in involuntary actions and thought.

The so-called objective mind is simply the positive or active pole of the one mind, and the so-called subjective is the negative or passive pole.

"What about that mind above us?" says Rev. W. G. Todd. Yes, what about it? Below the surface of the objective (present) mind is the subjective (past) mind, and why not above the objective a projective (future) mind, a mind projected from the objective by our desires, aspirations and ideals? The projective mind if it could be read or seen would show a certain amount of our future; it would be a vision of our thought creation, and would make us realize the importance of controlling our thoughts; thereby shaping our future. I believe some day we will be so highly organized as to be able to see our thoughts as they are projected into the future. Our present beliefs in "thoughts being substance," are going to develop in our personalities the power of seeing our projected thoughts (or super-positive mind) which emanate from the positive mind.

And I also believe that we will be able to recall, at will, any accomplishment which we have acquired in past incarnation. And if we have once been proficient in anything, music for instance, when we reach the stage in growth necessary to recall it, we will be able to perform it as we once did.

Some of the records and habits of subjective mind can be recalled by turning the attention (through hypnosis) of the objective mind to the past, or making it introspective. If the subject is told that he is a dog, that particular memory will be revived, and he will act like a dog. If he is told that he is an Indian, that memory will be revived, and he will act like an Indian, and no doubt he could repeat any experience—no matter how remote—which he had once learned.

And it is doubtless the same objective mind, which it is said can travel to and be seen in other places, and that can smell and see things without the physical sense. I believe it is the very thing which we call objective mind projected temporarily away from our physical bodies.

LOTTIE HUGHES.

UNAFRAID.

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud;
Under the bludgeoning of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the horror of the shade;
And yet the menace of the years
Finds, and shall find, me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishment the scroll,
I am the master of my fate;
I am the captain of my soul.

— William Ernest Henley.

MENTAL SUGGESTION.

Curious Freaks of the Mind as Witnessed by Doctors.

If an individual has faith in a medicine or in a treatment, he will assuredly derive more benefit from that medicine or treatment than if he were skeptical as to its merits. There can be little doubt that the sympathetic physician is the one best calculated to lead his patient to recovery. Again, in many diseases the good that may be wrought to the sufferer by the agency of mental suggestion is undeniable. Prof. J. M. Baldwin, referring to this fact in connection with insomnia, says: "In experimenting upon the possibility of suggesting sleep to another, I have found certain strong reactive influences upon my own mental condition. Such an effort which involves the picturing of another as asleep is a strong auto-suggestion of sleep, taking effect in my own case in about five minutes if the conditions be kept constant. The more clearly the patient's sleep is pictured the stronger becomes the subjective feeling of drowsiness. An unfailing cure for insomnia, speaking for myself, is the persistent effort to put some one else asleep by hard thinking of the end in view, with a continued gentle movement, such as stroking the other with the hand."

Dr. E. C. Spitzka of New York has recently given some really remarkable instances of the power of mental suggestion. He cites the well known fact that the mortality from wounds and diseases in a defeated army, compared with a victorious army, is as four to three, and even three to two. He also refers to the incontrovertible fact that persons in robust health have been known to die apparently of starvation after being without food for from three to five days. Dr. Spitzka is of the opinion that these individuals did not die of actual starvation, but from the physical effects of hunger. The proof of this contention lies in the fact that persons have been known to fast of their own free will for more than forty days, without injuring their constitutions to any appreciable extent. Many examples establishing the truth of this statement might be given, but it will be sufficient to quote one from Doctor Spitzka's paper. He says: "In the graver forms of hysteria, when loss of sensation occurs in exactly one-half of the body, you can lay a piece of tinted paper on the sensitive

side; then, suggesting it to be a mustard plaster, a red area will appear on the corresponding unsensitive side. Blisters of such a character that scars have permanently remained from them have been produced in similar cases by the same method." The medical profession, it appears more than likely, have not as yet wholly appreciated the advantages to be derived from the employment of mental suggestion.—*Medical Record.*

INTELLIGENCE IN BIRDS.

It is possible for a young bird to display more—even very much more—intelligence than a young baby.

This is proved by a recent remarkable experience made with a baby rain-crow, or American cuckoo. The experiment was conducted by James Weir, Jr., who has told in the Scientific American Supplement how his baby cuckoo, when only a few days old, recognized its human friend, by appearance alone, and could distinguish between human voices. From it Mr. Weir infers that a bird three days old has a mind.

When Mr. Weir adopted the little cuckoo the bird could have been but a day or two old, and was a curiously ugly compound of bill, abdomen and feet.

In two days the cuckoo began to show evidence of mind and character by discriminating between different kinds of food. He would delicately taste a morsel to see whether it pleased him. If it did not he refused to eat it.

In three days he took notice of the little perches arranged for him in an orange tree, and hopped about from one to another. His athletic development was so rapid that on the sixth day he mounted to the topmost branch of the tree.

After five days he showed that he could distinguish sounds. He began to recognize his own name, "Gip," and answer, when he was called, with a low musical cry. When he heard unfamiliar sounds he listened with a curious intentness, evidently trying to determine what they were.

On the sixth day Gip showed that he recognized Mr. Weir, and as soon as he came in sight would set up a shrill clamoring for food. In fact, his hunger was as remarkable, compared with that of a baby of the same age, as were his accomplishments. When the little creature weighed only three ounces he consumed two and a half ounces of beef-steak during the day. His appetite seemed insatiable.

A baby nine days old is not, according to doctors, able to focus its eyes properly, much less to distinguish persons and things. But the nine-day-old bird would turn his head and refuse to take any food offered him by any one but Mr. Weir, who had originally befriended him.

On this day, when Mr. Weir appeared in a black suit, the bird, having previously seen him only in light colors, did not at first recognize him; but in a few moments Gip recalled the personality in spite of the new dress, and called out in his usual friendly fashion.

A remarkable instance of the bird's devotion was that he soon discovered the location of Mr. Weir's room in the house, and would sit in a tree opposite his window for hours at a time.

There are five centenarians in Madison county, Ind., whose ages aggregate 534 years. They are Alexander Fergusson, Mrs. Bettie Carrolton, Thomas Wells, Monroe Hedges and William Blackburn, aged respectively 107, 111, 106, 106 and 104 years.

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FREEDOM six weeks for ten cents.

"If I thought I could make Mental Science useful to me I would take the 'Wilms Home Course' and study it," so says a correspondent; to which I reply:

If you do not distrust your power to learn and eventually to understand and apply the creative principles of Mental Science, then you need not distrust its utility for you. It is like anything you wish to master. It requires study to familiarize yourself with it, and then a daily effort to live and apply its principles. In this daily living you will gradually develop the strong side of your nature—its faith, patience, courage, etc., that go to insure and secure the opulence of mind; and the opulence of the mind will externalize itself in material opulence.

Do not be afraid to step out of the beaten path into an unknown way. You know the old road leads to nothing very desirable; it ends in subjection to sickness, old age and death. You should not fear to be an explorer. What would the world do without its explorers? And you may never know what you yourself may lose in sticking to the old way, until you step out and explore.

Hurrah for the investigators, the discoverers! For my part I will take my chances in climbing out of the long worn ruts. I would rather seek and not find than not seek and not find. But whoever seeks will find.

Yes, Mental Science will open a new door in your life; a door that every one must open sooner or later;

for it is the destiny of men to know all things; and men cannot escape their destiny; they can only elude it for a time. So I say to my correspondent, that now is the time for her to begin the study of this science; she will open a new door in her life by doing it; and Heaven only knows what treasures lie hidden behind it.

H. W.

People used to believe the earth to be flat; they now know it to be round; they once believed it to be stationary; now they know it to be revolving both upon its own axis and around the sun. They once believed in the existence of a personal God and a personal devil; now all intelligent people have eliminated the personal devil from their creed, though some still retain a belief in a personal God, and in an impersonal principle of evil. Soon they will outgrow these errors of belief also, and will see existing only a universe of infinite good, impersonal in character except as it shows forth in the forms of men and things. This is the age of rapid progress in all things, and another generation will have seen the passage of old religious beliefs and the enthronement of an actual practical knowledge of the law.

Why will professed Mental Scientists persist in writing and teaching the existence of a personal Deity? Why can not they be consistent and either abandon the one or the other, and not confuse the minds of their students and readers with a jumble of absolutely incompatible statements? If there is a personal God who created and governs the universe for his own glory, then the whole theory of evolution, which is the basis of all true Mental Science teachings, falls to the ground and Mental Science is at the best only a fad of the hour.

If, on the other hand, evolution is the law and Mental Science has a secure foundation, then this constant ringing in of a personal creator is misleading and should cease if we wish the people to be the gainers by our teachings. To teach evolution and the creative power of mind in one sentence, and the subjection of all things to a personal God in the next, is actually silly.

C. C. P.

So many persons are inquiring about my ability to cure afflictions of the eyes, and weak and failing eyes, that I publish the following letter. I have restored failing eyes in a good many patients:

DEAR MRS. WILMANS:—I wish to state that my eyesight is improving. I have not been troubled as badly as heretofore. Towards evening the eyes seem to get weak, but otherwise they give me no trouble now which is a godsend. My general condition is improving. Bowels are quite regular, occasionally missing a day, but that is better than a week at a time and then medicine. I have every faith that you will pull me through. By-the-way, I ran across a lady friend of your daughter who pronounces you "wonderful." She is a Mrs. Reed of Boston, Mass. We were talking about concentration, Theosophy and kindred subjects which brought about this remark.

MISS M. GILLESPIE,
1513 Jones St., San Francisco, Cal.

Though he has just passed his 95th birth-day, Sidney Cooper, the English artist, is still able to paint with facility, all his faculties except that of hearing being as yet unimpaired. He does not, however, equal the record of Count Waldeck, the French painter, who died in 1875 at the age of 109. The count had two pictures in the French salon when he was over 103.

YES SIR, HERE'S SOMETHING.

When, last week I congratulated myself in these columns on having completed my Bible lessons, I did so without judgment or proper consideration. I forgot that having finished writing about the Bible simply meant that I would have to write about something else, and now it really seems as if I had jumped out of the frying pan, only to light on the coals. I have been writing for years, and I sometimes think I would like to quit. I don't so much mind writing books; one does not usually have to write on a book unless one feels like it, but a weekly paper—it is like a mortgage; you just keep feeding it and feeding it, and it seems never to grow smaller or stop demanding to be fed. I am wondering if I did not make a mistake that morning some decades back in the past, when I climbed down off my load of farm truck, in front of the newspaper office in the little country town, where I traded, and went in and bought the whole outfit off hand. I mean the newspaper, of course, not the town. I may have had an idea that I got the town along with the newspaper; I think perhaps some such idea was floating around in the empty spaces of my cranium at the time—I can't be sure, it was so long ago. Anyway I didn't get the town, and if the afore-said empty spaces have not filled up with good grey matter, it is not for lack of experience. Editors of country papers take a considerable portion of their salaries in that kind of thing. All kinds of literary people do in fact. When I bought that paper I had an idea—or thought I did—thought I had several of them, in fact, and that as soon as they appeared in type, the world of men and women would fall over each other in their eagerness to grasp and consume them. They didn't do it. In fact the ideas did not seem so ready to be expressed when I sat down in my cowhide boots to put them on paper. I remember very well the difficulty I had with that first editorial. I knew of course that I knew a lot, if not more, but I couldn't for the life of me think what it was when I sat down behind that old pine table to prepare it for consumption by a waiting public. The big old hand printing press stared me in the face, and the little jobber, on which nothing larger than a note head could be printed, actually winked at the devil—at least I think it did, at the idea of "that fellow" who had never stuck a type or written a half dozen columns for publication in his life, thinking he could run a newspaper.

I have a good deal that same feeling to-night. It is that feeling which has called up the vision of my entry into the joys and sorrows of journalism. I have now, as then, to furnish copy. Now, as then, I know that I know a good many things. I am not quite so dead certain about some things now as then, but still I know a good deal if I could only think what it is. I am wondering what particular thing it is that I know and that the world does not know, and ought to be told. Men are at once so wise and so foolish; so strong and yet so weak; so god-like and so full of the devil; so ready to relieve the widow and the orphan; so more than eager to gain wealth by making other widows and orphans through war; so generous in their financial support of schools and colleges; so persistent in their enforcement of economic systems that drive children into workshop and mine as soon as they are big enough to earn a shilling, thereby making it impossible for them to take advantage of the provisions made for their education, that one

does not know whether to be most proud or ashamed of his race relationship.

What contradictions to ourselves we are, to be sure. How long is it going to take us to evolve up to the plane where we can perceive the folly of putting grain in the hopper with one hand, and taking it out with the other; of building up with one hand, and tearing down with the other; of erecting charity hospitals, and enforcing conditions that compel beggary; of building prisons for criminals, and manufacturing criminals for the prisons? How long?

If only men could come into an understanding of the law, could recognize the unity of the race as a fact and not simply as a theory, the world of politics and finance and so-called statesmanship would be reformed in a generation, and the era of peace on earth, good will to men, would be ushered in.

Mental Science teaches the unity of the race no more certainly than does physical science. We see in the fact of such unity greater things than the physical scientists have yet seen; that is all. They see the harmonious workings of the law in the physical; we see an equally perfect working of the law in the mental; and as they see how, by an understanding of the laws governing in the physical world, they can control the physical, so we see how by understanding the mental we can control both the mental and the physical.

For the physical has its inception in the mental. The physical is only the mental made visible to the physical. All things have birth first in the mental.

War must be in the mind of the combatants before blood of men is shed in single combat or upon field of battle. Either hatred or greed must be in the hearts of men before they will consent to become the slayer of men. If they sensed the fact of the unity of the race the physical scientists would cease to invent new methods of enabling men to destroy each other, and men would cease to use those they already have.

Disease of the body is the blossom, and death the ripened fruit of dis-ease of the mind. If the world of men and women knew this, if they really and truly sensed this, disease and death would flee the world. That is what I want to tell the world. That is one of the things I am sure of—as sure as I was about other things in that other day so many years ago, when I bought an old Taylor hand press and little Gordan Jobber in order that I might tell the world what it ought to do to be saved politically. True the world never took my advice to any great extent upon economic questions—but then the world is still in a muddle with its finances—it still suffers from periodical "panics" and "business depressions" with all their attendant sufferings. It probably will not be over prompt to accept of my teachings of Mental Science which means, again, I suppose, that I will have to continue still to answer, "Yes sir, here's something" whenever there comes a certain call for copy from the composing room of FREEDOM.

C. C. POST.

DEAR MRS. WILMANS:—I sent a letter to-day for FREEDOM and a "Conquest of Poverty." I have conquered ill health with your kind help, and now I am conquering poverty. I have a home of my own; it was easy enough to get it when I learned to trust my desires and cast out all fear. My children are well too, and both have employment. I do not have any more of the old trouble or pain. I thank you so much for your kindness to me.

Mrs. LIZZIE ELLIS,
Los Banos, Cal.

THE WASTE-PAPER BASKET.

I received a letter from Russia, the other day, containing three bills of Russian money accompanied with a request to treat a person in that country. The bills were queer looking enough, being of dark brown paper, quite a bit wider and not so long as our national bank bills or silver certificates. Of course, I could not read what was printed on them and was going to send them back, as I did not suppose they were worth anything, but Mr. Post took them, to the bank and asked them to collect through New York and London, which they did, and paid me \$15.30 after taking out charge for collection. The letter asking for treatment was in English, so I was able to put the sender upon my list for treatment. This is the first patient I have ever had from Russia, that being, I believe, the only European country from which I had not previously received correspondence and patients. On second thought I think I must except Turkey. I do not remember ever having had a Turk among my patients. And there may be some little nations or states knocking, or being knocked, around in central southern Europe that I have forgotten about—I am not as well up in my geography as in my school days. There are few countries anywhere, however, into which some knowledge of the truths of Mental Science are not penetrating and taking hold upon the minds and hearts of the people. If we are not careful ours will be, in another decade or two, the orthodox belief, and we will be "orthodox folks" ourselves.

It is dangerous to the self-respect of a really thoughtful person to find himself or herself believing as the unthinking mass believes, and it is just this unthinking mass that constitutes the orthodox believers in every age and country. Orthodox folks are those who inherit their beliefs from their ancestors or get submerged in it at "revivals." The unbeliever is always the salt that acts as the preservative of truth, the leaven that prevents the dough from becoming utterly unhealthful. The unbeliever need not be "a crank," though often he is, and as lacking in reason as his orthodox antagonist; but he is even then a "saving clause" to the race that would sink into "innocuous" desuetude if it did not have to keep awake in order to defend its life from the attacks of the unbelieving saracens. When what I now know becomes "orthodox" I hope to still be at the head of a column of sappers and miners prospecting the way for a further advance.

Over seven hundred pounds of bass were caught with hook and line off the Pier one day last week. I do not know what the total for the week was; but that was the "biggest" day. The smallest fish taken was about eight pounds; the heaviest, thirty-four pounds; the average, about eighteen pounds. I did not go fishing once, and Mr. Post fishes very little. We are both very busy and Mr. Post excuses himself with the remark that he does not have to fish until somebody lands a bass weighing more than thirty-eight pounds, that being the weight of one which he landed last season, and the largest bass ever landed at the Pier. It is no "fool of a trick"—to use language freely—this landing of a fish of that size. Every day, almost, there are tears (or something else), over broken lines and tackle that failed to stand the strain. "Bet that fellow weighed a ton!" "My! but he was a whopper!" "Must have been a whale!" are common

expressions to be heard from disappointed candidates for the honor of landing the biggest fish—as the line goes out with a rush, and a fin, and maybe a whole rainbow of fish appears in a curved line above the crest of the wave, and the line drags, limp and without not only fish but "bob and sinker."

Mr. Abercrombie is building a neat little cottage on Halifax avenue, next to Major Britton's. Mr. Abercrombie is one of our old Georgia friends who followed us to Florida, and has been in Mr. Post's employ. Mr. Michael, the engineer who has charge of the electric plant, will also build immediately, a neat little building fronting on the boulevard near the Hotel, with room for bicycles below and living rooms above. This is a necessity to accommodate the guests of the Hotel and the public generally. The building will be neat in appearance and neatly kept, and if you want to buy or rent a wheel you can do it right here; and if you are a guest at the Colonnades your wheel will be given a rack there and "no charge."

The work of grading and shelling Glenview boulevard from river to sea is completed. A double row of palmetto trees on either side, and only ten feet apart, are thriving finely and the grass at the sides is showing green already. Oak Ridge boulevard from Halifax avenue to Pine Wood avenue is nearly graded, and the contract for shelling let. Pine Wood avenue is being shelled from Ocean boulevard to the line of Mr. Post's property south, and will probably be extended a half mile further to intersect the shelled drive way from the north bridge to the sea, and to connect with the new road now being opened on the river front to the government light house, Ponce Park, and the inlet twelve miles below, making one of the finest drives in this or any other state, "down the ocean beach, up a beautiful woods road along the river front." We are surely "getting along." There is a nice new hotel being built on the ocean front opposite the pavilion; and we have so many children of school age that they over run the little school house, and we have given up the large room over the store to the higher grades, while the International Scientific Association moved to a three-room cottage with their three stenographers, book-keeper and minor clerks. Nobody realized how rapid had been the increase of population in the last year, and the way the school children flocked in was a surprise. It was the same in Daytona on the other side of the river. They first offered to permit the sixth, seventh, and eighth-grade scholars from this side to enter over there, then found they had not room though they recently added largely to their school building; it was too late to think of building for use this season on either side, and so it was arranged as above stated with the understanding that a modern school house would be erected here next spring.

This will meet the needs we shall have, or the people will have, for a graded high school from which to pass to our proposed college, which is among the things surely to be in the near future. H. W.

FREEDOM six weeks for ten cents.

RAILROAD NOTICE.

The accommodation coach on freight trains between Palm Beach and Miami has been discontinued for the present. The only passenger service now on the line is the regular passenger trains.

OUR IGNORANCE TESTED WITH A TAPE-LINE.

IT IS MILLIONS OF MILES LONG.

[Robert P. Lovell in *The Overland Monthly*.]

Of all the generations which have peopled this earth, the present one is the wisest, in that it is the only one to know the extent of its own ignorance. The things we know are our pride. We are fond of imagining the surprise of our ancestors if they could come back to earth for a time and see the progress we have made since their day. Our railroads and steamships, our telephone, phonographs, kinetoscopes, cathode rays, wireless telegraphy, and the like, fill the humbleness of us with pride in his generation. But the greatest discovery we have made is the extent of our ignorance. That is the real beginning of knowledge.

That what we don't know would fill a book is a commonplace that has been directed at the wisest of us at some period of our lives; but the size of the volume has been generously ignored. Now modern science has looked us over with that eye which picks out the sex of the microscopic diatom, or with equal facility penetrates the dark caverns of the sky, finding them strewn with worlds, and lo! our ignorance is found to be so colossal that a tape-line millions of miles long is required for its measurement. And this enormous tape-line, be it understood, is no mere figure of speech; it is an appalling truth, capable of as easy demonstration as the simplest problem in Euclid.

All our knowledge comes to us through the senses—barring certain rudimentary conceptions derived from ancestral experiences, and called "inheritance." The things we know are learnt by sight, by hearing, by touch, by taste, by smell; generally speaking, by the first three. These senses have often been called "the windows of the soul;" and the metaphor is passably just if we conceive outside impressions as passing through them to the soul within. For touch, sight, and hearing are the media through which outside bodies transmit a knowledge of their properties to us inside. And they do this by vibrations. Sound, for instance, is an ethereal vibration, ranging from 32 a second to 32,000 a second. Light is a similar vibration, ranging from some 395,000,000 a second to nearly double that inconceivable rate. When we hear the lowest note which we are capable of recognizing as a note, something near is vibrating at the rate of 16 a second, and setting up corresponding vibrations in the air, and through the air they reach our ear. As the vibrations increase the pitch rises, until at 32,000 vibrations a second, we get an ear-piercing whistle which causes pain. If the vibrations are now slightly accelerated the sound ceases. What takes place then we have no means of knowing—at least, not until the increasing rapidity of the vibrations reaches the million millions, and then we get the sensation of color. The first sensation we get is that of red; as the vibrations increase we get orange, then yellow, then green, then blue, indigo and violet, and then—nothing.

If we take our tape-line now and let the first two feet represent the vibrations from 32 to 32,000 we shall have to run it up into the sky nearly four millions of miles before we can figure on it the vibrations which give the next sensation—that of red light. In other words, there is a stretch of four million miles on that tape-line which is an absolute blank to us, except for a couple of feet at the lower end. That statement conveys a vague hint of the extent of our ignorance. Nothing but a vague hint, indeed, is possible. But even in its vagueness, the thought is overwhelming. We thought we knew something and here we see that we know no more, comparatively, than an earthworm knows of astronomy.

Literally awful as is the immensity of our ignorance, and depressing though it be to contemplate it, the lesson to be learnt is full of value. Let us consider what is contained for us in this lowest two feet of the scale that we do know—or think that we know. Everything we have ever heard comes within that two feet; and that implies the most of what we know. Language itself, the medium of all intelligent communication, is included;

so is music. Our lessons in mathematics, astronomy, physics, chemistry, geology, the useful arts, medicine, engineering, commerce, manufactures, fine arts, architecture, reach us through these lower vibrations; and everything we communicate from the mass of this knowledge is similarly transmitted. Even our amusements are dependent on that marvelous twenty-four inches of the scale of vibrations. If life can be made so rich with twenty-four inches, what might it not be if the range were extended?

A suggestion of what the vast stretch of unknown vibrations contains is given us by the experience of a young girl, now being educated in New York, who was deprived in infancy of sight and hearing. By some mysterious law of compensation, this girl has become sensitive to vibrations of which the rest of us are unconscious. For instance, she enjoys music, although she cannot hear it; and she is capable of distinguishing good music from bad. This implies that sound-waves are accompanied by other vibrations, which probably run up into the higher reaches of the imaginary scale. It also implies the development in this young girl, of a sixth sense, which is capable of perceiving these higher vibrations. Again, she has some mysterious faculty which informs her of the presence of other persons. As she is blind and deaf, this knowledge cannot reach her by any undulations known to us; which implies that matter, in a passive state, reflects other vibrations than those of light, and that under special conditions, the human organism becomes sensitive to them.

A second example is furnished by a woman who for thirty years has lived the life of a bed-ridden invalid in Brooklyn. She is blind; yet she can distinguish colors, and will pick out delicate shades of green from a basket of assorted worsteds more readily than the average person in full possession of his sight. Without assistance she makes wax flowers which correspond in the minutest details of color and shape with nature's own blossoms. And when asked how she can thus copy things without sight she replies that they are visible to her through some other sense. She knows nothing of the undulatory theory of light, and probably could not understand it if it were explained to her. She believes that a red flower is really red, and would think she were listening to mere foolishness if she were told that it looked red simply because it reflected only a few of the light vibrations falling upon it, and absorbed the rest; and that if it reflected them all, it would have no color at all. And perhaps we would be equally incredulous if she could give us the true explanation of her wonderful power.

When Newton, with his giant intellect, compared himself to a child gathering shells on the shores of a great sea whose unexplored waters rolled in inconceivable vastness before him, he hardly thought that every fresh extension of human knowledge would but further dwarf the child and make more vast the unexplored sea. Our ignorance is so colossal that no sea or ocean known to us could represent more than a fraction of it. We know something about a space of some twenty-four inches on a tape measure which would reach nine times to the moon and back again! And when, after this appalling interval, we begin to know something more, there is still a mysterious Beyond—still Newton's vast sea, unexplored and perhaps unexplorable, across which the fluttering streamers of a mystic Aurora wave in mute beckonings to humanity.

[This is a grand article, and contains mighty suggestions. Think how little we know, and consequently how little we are; for what we know we are, and not one particle more.]

But think of the infinity beyond us measured by the author's tape line—that we do not know. This may seem discouraging to some, but to me it is the most wonderfully encouraging thing I have heard in a year. And why? Because I have found out that there is no power in the universe that can prevent a man from

traversing this space—great as it is—since every forward movement he makes is by the gaining of greater knowledge. This being so, what is the twenty-four inches of space he has passed over but his first baby steps out in the direction that will cover it all.

Man is correlated to everything outside of himself by the powers of his comprehension. What he learns or comprehends of this wonderful store of possibilities outside of the twenty-four inches will become a part of of him, enlarging his capacity and enabling him to go farther. Man has only just begun this mighty journey. He is just a little unfolding seed; but he is no less wonderful than the vast sea of knowledge lying outside of him, because he is the interpreter of it. It is for him to make all the great truths we are now ignorant of become a part of our every day lives as we continue to grow and advance. The great truth of all truths, and the one that contains most hope for us, is that vast as the possibilities of Nature are, man is equally vast; not as yet in development, but in latent power. The untold wonders that exist might as well not exist but for the fact that man reduces them to flesh and blood in his own body, and expresses them in forms of physical use.

—H. W.]

MODUS OPERANDI.

If there be a frictionless ether for the transfer of light from the sun, there must be a medium for the transfer of thought from one mind to another. But after all, thought may be simply a vibration from the gray matter of the brain, and not an entity travelling as an arrow from a bow.

The ether is an all-pervasive substance, so fine as to find no obstruction in its passage through matter. Its molecules are almost infinitely closer together than those of steel; hence it may be thought of as an infinite mass of jelly, tremulous with the slightest breath of disturbance. So tenuous is it that a lady's sigh might be felt in a ripple on the shores of other worlds.

Now, thought, if wedge-shaped (for it must have form when photographed) could pass right through this ether without friction, and so would lose none of its healing virtue on account of distance. Indeed, we are not apart, but rigidly close together by reason of the ether. Distance is annihilated.

Tindall says that the gray matter of the brain is agitated by thought. But if thought is immaterial it is hard to think how it can touch and cause a rearrangement in the molecules of the brain. Perhaps this arrangement might simulate crystals, and if so we might know what one was thinking of by observing the form of the crystals. But we have no organ, nor even the rudiments of an organ, by which to probe this mystery. It is, and must remain, inscrutable. So Prof. Tindall says. At any rate, this discharge from nerve centres, furnishes a clew to the omnipresence of thought, so that no material barriers need be set up to hinder the carrier doves of loving healing as they take wing across continents and oceans. We are in the ocean of the infinite life whose waves of joy and gladness will pass over us, if we but consent to yield to the law of harmony.

R. E. NEELD,
Pinellas, Fla.

"I CAN."

How many people one meets who seem to live in a chronic condition of "I can't." "I can't" is such a pitiful confession of weakness and incapacity which we

students of the new thought can never afford to make. "I can!" "I can!" what an access of strength just the mere uttering of the words brings. "I can't" gives all the negative conditions of the universe power over us. "I can" puts then beneath our feet. I, myself, can do anything that I will. This is the glorious thing this beautiful truth which we call Mental Science teaches us, and for which it is impossible to sufficiently thank the noble woman who had been brave enough to stand forward in spite of all opposition and show us what powerful beings we are. Because I have come out of the region of the "I can't" with its doubts and limitations into the beautiful realm of the "I can" all is mine. Only now on the border land, watching with eager eyes the light which will ultimately broaden into perfect day—what shall we not attain to? There is no limit to our power.

E. F. GOODMAN.

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SOME EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

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HENRY W. RICHARDSON.

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4 05p	9 20a	Leave	Jacksonville	Arrive	7 30p	10 55a	
3 15p	10 30a	Arrive	St Augustine	Leave	6 20p	9 45a	
5 20p	10 35a	Leave	St Augustine	Arrive	6 15p	9 40a	
5 57p	11 10a	Leave	Hastings	Leave	5 36p	9 04a	
6 37p	11 55a	Arrive	Palatka	Leave	4 50p	8 20a	
5 45p	11 00a	Leave	Palatka	Arrive	5 40p	9 10a	
7 35p		Arrive	San Mateo	Leave		7 30a	
	7 30a	Leave	San Mateo	Arrive	7 35p		
6 15p	11 30a	Leave	East Palatka	Leave	5 20p	8 48a	
7 43p	12 56p	"	Ormond	"	3 47p	7 13a	
7 55p	1 08p	"	Daytona	"	3 36p	7 01a	
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	5 52p	"	St. Lucie	"	10 55a		
	6 15p	"	Fort Pierce	"	10 48a		
	6 41p	"	Eden	"	10 05a		
	6 46p	"	Jensen	"	10 00a		
	6 56p	"	Stuart	"	9 50a		
	7 26p	"	Hobe Sound	"	9 19a		
	7 39p	"	West Jupiter	"	9 07a		
	8 13p	"	West Palm Beach	"	8 33a		
	8 39p	"	Boynton	"	8 06a		
	8 48p	"	Delray	"	7 57a		
	9 37p	"	Fort Lauderdale	"	7 07a		
	10 20p	"	Lemon City	"	6 24a		
	10 30p	Arrive	Miami	"	6 15a		

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Daily Except Sunday.

No 3	No. 1.	Station.	No. 2.	No. 4.
3 05pm	10 10am	Lv. New Smyrna. Ar.	12 55pm	5 50pm
3 50pm	11 21am	Lv. Lake Helen. Lv.	12 10pm	4 40pm
4 02pm	11 39am	Lv. Orange City. Lv.	12 00pm	4 24pm
4 05pm	11 45am	Ar. Orange City Jen L.	11 55am	4 15pm

BETWEEN TITUSVILLE AND SANFORD.

Daily except Sunday.

No. 11.	Stations.	No. 12.
7 00 am	Leave Titusville	Arrive 1 25pm
7 13 am	" Mims	Leave 1 12pm
8 28 am	" Osteen	" 11 57am
8 50 am	" Enterprise	" 11 35am
9 00 am	" Enterprise June.	" 11 25am
9 30 am	Arrive Sanford	" 11 00am

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