

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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THE MYTH OF THE DELUGE.

Lecture at the Home Temple by Captain Eldridge.

Much valuable history is hidden in myths, in which, in the light of present knowledge, the truth may be revealed.

Myths and legends have their birth in the infancy of nations, and their origin in some historical event. To the untutored mind, just awakening to the realization of external changes, every observation of nature, every event in human history, every attempt to understand language, tended to the multiplication of myths. They have been divided into philosophical and historical myths, myths of observation, nature myths, etc. A philosophical myth is the evolving of an imaginary fact from an idea, and is to be distinguished from legend, which is evolving the idea from the fact. Consequently the story of the flood is more of a legend than a myth, for the ideas or ideas of the deluge are evolved from a fact. However, the definition of myth is "A statement partly or wholly fabulous." Another definition is "A fabulous or imaginary statement conveying an important truth," but the same definitions apply equally as well to legend. There is no doubt but the inhabitants of the earth in some remote age had a prolonged spell of damp weather, and more or less rain fell, but I am not prepared to accept the Mosaic account of the deluge, which is a distinct off-shoot of a common Semitic tradition. The Mosaic record is "that it rained forty days and forty nights. The fountains of the great deep were broken up, and the waters covered the whole earth, and every living thing perished with the exception of those in the ark, even the fish." The New Zealanders will tell you that their forefathers fished up their islands with a hook, conveying the idea that their land was at one time under water; but as every nation and tribe on the earth, with the exception of Egypt and Persia, have a story of a deluge, something of like nature must have happened. While no two accounts are alike, they agree fairly well on the principal points, viz., that a deluge destroyed all of the inhabitants of the earth with the exception of a few who were miraculously saved to start the race anew—some in ships or arks, others by fleeing to the top of the highest mountain; but the fact that the people of the Nile and the dwellers in the land of Zoroaster have no deluge myth, would seem to prove that the flood was not universal; but as there is no legend or myth but has its foundation in fact, something actually happened, was witnessed and recorded upon the memory tablets of undeveloped, primitive man, when the race was young.

The records of these early events, which we term myths, are history in disguise, and have been transmitted from one generation to another for thousands of years, until the fact originating the myth has been lost; buried beneath the accumulating exaggerations of centuries; but the student searching for gems of truth does not cast aside the myths and legends of antiquity, but, delving into the mountain of rubbish, finds the pearl of great price, and the race makes a stride of a hundred years. In the Mosaic account we find two distinct statements: first, it rained for forty days and forty nights; second, the fountains of the great deep were broken up. In the first statement it would appear that the water came from above, but in the second the language implies that the water came from below, like an inundation, water overflowing and seeking a new level. Theology sees nothing inconsistent in these two statements, for could it not rain and the seas overflow at the same time? We reply, yes, but are not satisfied with the answer. It is more reasonable to suppose that some early editor has tried to harmonize in one account two different versions of the same event, which is not an uncommon proceeding in many Biblical statements with which we are told to be satisfied, and for thousands of years the race obeyed, each nation accepting the teaching of its priests who were in advance of the masses; but the mind of man developed and doubts arose, which are the first symptoms of freedom from religious dogmas. Man began to think for himself, and the priesthood was left behind, investigations proving the fallacy of inspiration; and these knotty problems are to be solved by scientific facts and more reasonable theories.

There is good reason to believe that a great calamity visited the earth, and a larger part of the inhabitants perished by water, but it was not a miracle performed by an angry God to punish a sinful race who did not know right from wrong, but the effect of a natural cause; and a similar disaster is liable to happen again.

Without reciting the scientific theory of world building, based on the nebular hypothesis with which you are all familiar, I will take the earth after it had evolved from a molten mass and became the habitation of man, and present to you what I believe a reasonable explanation of the flood; but in order to make myself better understood it will be necessary to mention a few scientific facts to refresh your memories on the universal law of world building. First, it is a scientific fact that any mass of plastic matter given a rapid rotary motion will form itself into a globe, with its equatorial circumference slightly in excess of its polar measurement;

or in other words, a globe slightly flattened at the poles, in fact a miniature earth or any other planet. Second, that the nebulous rings cast off by the sun, which gave birth to her family of planets, solidified, and forming orbits of their own, took up their ceaseless march around their parent sun, maintaining the same plane and polar position as the great source from which they sprang. Third, the earth, offspring of the sun, in her nebulous condition gave birth to the moon. This child of the earth, and granddaughter of the sun, necessarily must occupy the same plane and polar position as the earth which produced it. Therefore it is certainly reasonable to suppose that sun, earth and moon must have occupied the same position. I assume, and in accordance with the law of analogy, that up to the time of the catastrophe, which gave birth to the deluge myths, the poles of the earth, in harmony with sun and moon, were at right angles with the plane of its ecliptic, or in other words, the world stood upright. The sun rising on the equator—exactly overhead on the equator at noon, and at night setting in the same relative position to the earth, the days and the nights in the region of the equator being equal, and no change of climate throughout the earth. With the earth in this position the sun shone from pole to pole, the days lengthening in proportion to the distance either north or south of the equator, until at the poles there was perpetual day, thus making the whole earth a habitation for man.

To strengthen this theory I will refer to another myth, "Adam and Eve." This first pair made their home in the "Garden of Eden" where the climate was so mild that clothing was unnecessary. At the present day it would be exceedingly uncomfortable if the inhabitants of that locality, where tradition places the cradle of the human race, were obliged to dress in the primitive fashion. This appears to indicate a change of climate. The world in this position would everywhere present a tropical or semi-tropical condition, for as the rays of the sun shone more obliquely on either side of the equator they would transmit warmth for a longer time; the nights being shorter, the earth would not lose so much heat by radiation, as on the equator, where the inhabitants would experience excessive heat for twelve hours; but the radiation of the twelve hours' night would be much greater than in that portion of the earth which had received heat in a more temperate form, and given less time to cool off. To state it in a few words, the sun's rays shining continuously on the poles without any radiation would produce a semi-tropical climate; at least there could not be a freeze, and oranges could be grown on the north and south poles. To further strengthen this theory I will leave the field of mythology, and enter the realm of established fact. The great glaciers in their slow progress towards a warmer zone are producing something more than icebergs which endanger navigation. They are furnishing the evidence which proves that at one time tropical animals and vegetation on which they subsisted flourished in that section of the earth, which to us is locked in mystery behind barriers of snow and ice that all the energy and genius of the civilized world are unable to penetrate. The discovery of the mastodon found partially embedded in the great natural cold storage of the world, which had kept its secret for hundreds of centuries, is known to every school boy. From

this fact alone it would appear reasonable that at one time in the world's history there was no such divisions as torrid, temperate or frigid zones, and the whole earth afforded a home for man, and a grazing ground for animals, and that man and beast could roam from pole to pole; oceans, seas, lakes and rivers had formed their beds in harmony with the law of gravitation, and from all appearances their locations were established forever. How long this cheerful condition continued it is impossible to state, but a change did take place as is evidenced by the change of seasons. The ice-capped poles, the glaciers and the deluge myths, which in common with other myths, as already stated, are history in disguise.

A catastrophe of such proportions as to destroy most of the race and change the topography of the world, dividing continents, forcing rivers form their beds, and compelling old Neptune to forsake his ancient habitation and search for a new location, could not be lost, and has been handed down from generation to generation until it has been classed as a myth. The inclining of the poles of the earth towards the plane of its ecliptic changed the center of gravitation, causing the waters to flow to the new center of gravity. Let the imagination run wild, and picture if you can the destruction of the earth, and the death struggle of the human race, but that will be impossible, for the human mind cannot grasp the magnitude of such a disaster; neither can language describe the throes of a drowning world. The earth became a charnel house, and from that time subject to the rage of the elements that a change of seasons produced. This mad rush of waters over mountain and plain remoulded the world; the face of nature was changed; the fountains of the great deep were broken up. What was once land became the ocean's bed, and lakes and rivers found new locations. What appears to have been a vast continent was rent asunder and an ocean rolled between. In evidence of this I will call your attention to the map of the world on the Macador projection. Examine carefully the eastern outlines of the western continent, and the western outlines of the eastern, and see if it will be difficult to imagine, after taking into account the natural changes caused by the ocean when in angry moods, that the break in the once vast body of land, in which the Atlantic ocean now rolls, if pressed together will not fit as closely as any two parts broken from a whole. We must not forget that the topography of the ocean bed is the same as the land, with plains, valleys and mountains. The Atlantic cable, flashing messages for three thousand miles under water, uniting two continents, rests on an oozy bed as level as a western prairie. The islands of the sea are so many mountain tops or ranges, while the deep places in the oceans are the valleys. The fossilized remains of marine animals and shells of salt water mollusks found at the very summits of our mountain ranges would indicate that the land now inhabited was at one time the bed of the ocean. During the long period in which the earth enjoyed a tropical climate vegetation flourished in great profusion, and through the decaying process of centuries the peat bogs were formed. The waters on their wild rush to a new level buried the victim of their rage with the debris of mountains and hills, and ages later coal is found in the original peat bogs, and the stored up sunshine of past ages serves the purposes of

man. When the earth changed positions the Arctic circle was thrown into the shadow, and the first long night of darkness changed this section of the world into the frigid zone. The change was sudden, as proven by the good state of preservation in which the tropical animals embedded in the ice were found, for the flesh cut from the mastodon already referred to was so well preserved that it was greedily devoured by the dogs accompanying the party who made the discovery, which would indicate that the body was well nourished, and that the huge animal did not die of starvation, which must have been the case had the change been gradual.

At the beginning of the first long night it was comfortable, like the evening of a summer's day, but the absence of the heat rays from the sun and with continuous radiation, it gradually grew colder until rain fell. Later the first snow storm of the world set in, and the animals huddled together for warmth and protection as they do now in a storm. The snow filled the valleys, and covered the mountains with an eternal mantle, congealed and produced the glacier, with every living thing in the Arctic circle clasped in its icy embrace. Then a blank, ages long; but in harmony with the law of gravitation this mighty river of ice started on its journey, slowly forcing its way to a warmer clime, where nature had spread her green mantle again; and under the influence of the warm rays of the sun, gradually the ice melted and revealed to the astonished world an evidence of the prosperous conditions before the freeze, and presented to the mind of the student a glimpse of the truth hidden in the deluge myth.

The land of the Pharaohs and the home of the fire worshipers escaped the fate of the rest of the world.

The Mediterranean valley, with its original outlet into the Indian ocean through the Red Sea, caught and held the water which would have destroyed them. It has been gravely stated that in 1901 the stars and planets will occupy the same position they did in the year of the flood; but there is no cause for alarm, for no one knows the date of the deluge, and the starry host of heaven come into positions occupied before every day, although their cycles may be thousands of years; but let the cause be removed that inclined the poles, and the earth will spring into its first position; then the oceans, lakes, and rivers will return to their former locations, and a deluge with all of its attending results will again destroy the earth, and ages later the scientifically inclined will be wrestling with another batch of deluge myths.

A LARGE AUDIENCE GREET'S CAPT. ELDRIDGE

The lecture by Captain Eldridge on the "Myths and Legends of the Flood" Sunday evening was a splendid production. The ease and grace with which the captain delivered his lecture, at once won for him the admiration and close attention of the large and cultured audience present, who gave him a hearty round of applause when he had finished. The lecture Sunday was one of the most successful and largely attended since the organization of the Temple. Miss Call, daughter of Ex-Senator Call, Miss Voorhis and Mrs. Lockwood entertained the audience with choice vocal solos. Mrs. Michael, Mrs. Spangler and Mr. Merriam furnished instrumental music, all of which was highly enjoyed.—*Peninsula Breeze.*

THE TRANSFIGURATION OF MISS PHILURA.

BY FLORENCE MORSE KINGSLEY.

[From The Saturday Evening Post.]

[This story was sent me by Lucy B. Satten of Talmadge, Ohio. It is the first real hit I have seen, as a story founded on the new ideas. H. W.]

Miss Philura Rice tied her faded bonnet strings under her faded chin with hands that trembled a little; then she leaned forward and gazed anxiously at the reflection which confronted her. A somewhat pinched and wistful face it was, with large, light-lashed blue eyes, arched over with a mere pretense at eyebrows. More than once in her twenties Miss Philura had ventured to eke out this scanty provision of Nature with a modicum of burnt match, stealthily applied in the privacy of her virgin chamber. But the twenties, with their attendant dreams and follies, were definitely past; just how long past no one knew exactly—Miss Philura never informed the curious on this point.

As for the insufficient eyebrows, they symbolized, as it were, a meager and restricted life, vaguely acknowledged as the dispensation of an obscurely hostile but consistent Providence; a Providence far too awful and exalted—as well as hostile—to interest itself benignantly in so small and neutral a personality as stared back at her from the large, dim mirror of Cousin Maria Van Deuser's third-story back bedroom. Not that Miss Philura ever admitted such dubious thoughts to the select circle of her conscious reflections; more years ago than she cared to count she had grappled with her discontent, had thrust it resolutely out of sight, and on the top of it she had planted a big stone marked Resignation. Nevertheless, at times the stone heaved and trembled ominously.

At the sound of a brisk tap at her chamber door the lady turned with a guilty start to find the fresh-colored, impertinent face of the French maid obtruding itself into the room.

"Ze madame waits," announced this individual, and with a coldly comprehensive eye swept the small figure from head to foot.

"Yes, yes, my dear, I am quite ready—I am coming at once!" faltered Miss Philura, with a propitiatory smile, and more than ever painfully aware that the skirt of her best black gown was irremediably short and scant; that her waist was too flat, her shoulders too sloping, her complexion faded, her forehead wrinkled, and her bonnet unbecoming.

As she stepped uncertainly down the dark, narrow stairway, she rebuked herself severely for these vain and worldly thoughts. "To be a church member, in good and regular standing, and a useful member of society," she assured herself strenuously, "should be and is sufficient for me."

Ten minutes later, Miss Philura, looking smaller and more insignificant than usual, was seated in the carriage opposite Mrs. J. Mortimer Van Deuser—a large, heavily upholstered lady of majestic deportment, paying diligent heed to the words of wisdom which fell from the lips of her hostess and kinswoman.

"During your short stay in Boston," that lady was remarking impressively, "you will, of course, wish to avail yourself of those means of culture and advancement so sadly lacking in your own environment. This, my dear Philura, is preeminently the era of progressive thought. We can have at best, I fear, but a faint conception of the degree to which mankind will be able, in the years of the coming century, to shake off the gross and material limitations of sense."

Mrs. Van Deuser paused to settle her sables preliminary to recognizing with an expansive smile an acquaintance who flashed by them in a victoria; after which she adjusted the diamonds in her large pink ears, and proceeded with unctuous tranquility. "On this occasion, my dear Philura, you will have the pleasure of listening to an address by Mrs. B. Isabelle Smart, one of our

most advanced thinkers along this line. You will, I trust, be able to derive from her words aliment which will influence the entire trend of your individual experience."

"Where—in what place will the lady speak—I mean; will it be in the church?" ventured Miss Philura in a depressed whisper. She sighed apprehensively as she glanced down at the tips of her shabby gloves.

"The lecture will take place in the drawing-room of the Woman's Ontological Club," responded Mrs. Van Deuser, adding with austere sweetness of tone: "The club deals exclusively with those conceptions or principles which lie at the base of all phenomena; including being, reality, substance, time, space, motion, change, identity, difference, and cause—in a word, my dear Philura, with ultimate metaphysical philosophy." A majestic and inclusive sweep of a perfectly gloved hand suggested infinity and reduced Miss Philura into shrinking silence.

When Mrs. B. Isabelle Smart began to speak she became almost directly aware of a small, wistful face, with faded blue eyes and a shabby, unbecoming bonnet, which, surrounded, as it was on all sides by tossing plumes, rich velvets and sparkling gems, with their accompaniments of full-fledged, patrician countenances, took to itself a look of positive distinction. Mrs. Smart's theme, as announced by the President of the Ontological Club, was Thought Forces and the Infinite, a somewhat formidable-sounding subject, but one which the pale, slight, plainly dressed but singularly bright-eyed lady, put forward as the speaker of the afternoon, showed no hesitancy in attacking.

Before three minutes had passed Miss Philura Rice had forgotten that such things as shabby gloves, ill-fitting gowns, unbecoming bonnets and superfluous birth-days existed. In ten minutes more she was leaning forward in breathless attention, the faded eyes aglow, the unbecoming bonnet pushed back from a face more wistful than ever, but flushed with a joyful excitement.

"This unseen Good hems us about on every side," the speaker was saying, with a comprehensive sweep of her capable-looking hands. "It presses upon us, more limitless, more inexhaustible, more free than the air that we breathe! Out of it every need, every want, every yearning of humanity can be, must be, supplied. To you, who have hitherto led starved lives, hungering, longing for the good things which you believe a distant and indifferent God has denied you—to you I declare that in this encircling, ever-present, invisible, exhaustless Beneficence is already provided a lavish abundance of everything which you can possibly want or think! Nay, desire itself is but God—Good—Love, knocking at the door of your consciousness. It is impossible for you to desire anything that is not already your own! It only remains for you to bring the invisible into visibility—to take of the everlasting substance what you will!"

"And how must you do this? Ask, and believe that you have. You have asked many times, perhaps, and have failed to receive. Why? You have failed to believe. Ask, then, for what you will. Ask, and at once return thanks for what you have asked. In the asking and believing is the thing itself made manifest. Declare that it is yours. Expect it! Believe it! Hold to it without wavering—no matter how empty your hands may seem. *It is yours*, and God's infinite creation shall lapse into nothingness; His stars shall fall from high Heaven like withered leaves, sooner than that you shall fail to obtain all that you have asked."

When, at the close of the lecture, Mrs. B. Isabelle Smart became the centre of a polite yet insistent crush of satins, velvets and broadcloths, permeated by an aroma of violets and a gentle hum of delicate flattery, she was aware of a timid hand upon her arm, and turned to look into the small, eager face under the unfashionable bonnet.

"You—you meant religious gifts, did you not?" fal-

tered the faint, discouraged voice; "faith, hope and—and—the being resigned to God's will, and endeavoring to bear the cross with patience."

"I meant *everything* that you want," answered the bright-eyed one with deliberate emphasis, the bright eyes softening as they took in more completely the pinched outlines and the eager child's look shining from out the worn and faded woman's face.

"But—but there is so much. I—I never had anything that I really wanted—things, you know, that one could hardly mention in one's prayers."

"Have them now. Have them all. God is all. All is God. You are God's. God is yours!"

Then the billowing surges of silk and velvet swept the small, inquiring face into the background with the accustomed ease and relentlessness of billowing surges.

Having partaken copiously of certain "material beliefs" consisting of salads and sandwiches, accompanied by divers cups of strong coffee, Mrs. J. Mortimer Van Deuser had become pleasantly flushed and expansive.

"A most unique, comprehensive and uplifting view of our spiritual environment," she remarked to Miss Philura, when the two ladies found themselves on their homeward way. Her best society smile still lingered blandly about the curves and creases of her stolid, high-colored visage; the dying violets on her massive satin bosom gave forth their sweetest parting breath.

The little lady on the front seat of the carriage sat very erect; red spots glowed upon her faded cheeks. "I think," she said tremulously, "that it was just—wonderful! I—I am so very happy to have heard it. Thank you a thousand times, dear Cousin Maria, for taking me."

Mrs. Van Deuser raised her gold-rimmed glasses and settled them under arching brows, while the society smile faded quite away. "Of course," she said coldly, "one should make due and proper allowance for facts—as they exist. And also—er—consider above all what interpretation is best suited to one's individual station in life. Truth, my dear Philura, adapts itself freely to the needs of the poor and lowly, as well as to the demands of those upon whom devolve the higher responsibilities of wealth and position; our dear Master Himself spoke of the poor as always with us, you will remember. A lowly but pious life, passed in humble recognition of God's chastening providence, is doubtless good and proper for many worthy persons."

Miss Philura's blue eyes flashed rebelliously for perhaps the first time in uncounted years. She made no answer. As for the long and presumably instructive homily on the duties and prerogatives of the lowly, lasting quite up to the moment when the carriage stopped before the door of Mrs. Van Deuser's residence, it fell upon ears which heard not. Indeed, her next remark was so entirely irrelevant that her august kinswoman stared in displeased amazement. "I am going to purchase some—some necessities to-morrow, Cousin Maria; I should like *Fine* to go with me."

Miss Philura acknowledged to herself, with a truthfulness which she felt to be almost brazen, that her uppermost yearnings were of a wholly mundane character.

During a busy and joyous evening she endeavored to formulate these thronging desires; by bedtime she had even ventured—with the aid of a stubbed lead-pencil—to indite the most immediate and urgent of these wants as they knocked at the door of her consciousness. The list, hidden guiltily away in the depths of her shabby purse, read something as follows:

"I wish to be beautiful and admired. I want two new dresses; a hat with plumes, and a silk petticoat that rustles. I want some new kid gloves and a feather boa (a long one made of ostrich feathers). I wish —" The small, blunt pencil had been lifted in air for the space of three minutes before it again descended; then, with cheeks that burned, Miss Philura had written the fateful words: "I wish to have a lover and to be married."

"There, I have done it!" she said to herself, her little fingers trembling with agitation. "He must already exist in the encircling Good. He is mine. I am engaged to be married at this very moment!"

To lay this singular memorandum before her Maker appeared to Miss Philura little short of sacrilegious; but the thought of the mysterious Abundance of which the seeress had spoken, urging itself, as it were, upon her acceptance, encouraged her. She arose from her evening orisons with a glowing face. "I have asked," she said aloud, "and I believe I shall have."

Mademoiselle Fifine passed a very enjoyable morning with Miss Philura. To choose, to purchase, and above all to transform the ugly into the beautiful, filled the French woman's breast with enthusiasm. Her glance, as it rested upon her companion's face and figure, was no longer coldly critical, but cordially appreciative. "Ze madame," she declared, showing her white teeth in a pleasant smile, "has very many advantage. *Voilà, ze hair—c'est admirable*, as any one may perceive. Pardon, while for one little minute I arrange. Ah—*mon dieu!* Regard ze difference."

The two were at this moment in a certain millinery shop conducted by a discreet and agreeable compatriot of Fifine's. This individual now produced a modest hat of black, garnished with plumes, which, set lightly on the loosened bands of golden-brown hair, completed the effect; "*delicieusement!*" declared the French women in chorus.

With a beating heart Miss Philura stared into the mirror at her changed reflection. "It is quite—quite true!" she said aloud. "It is all true!"

Fifine and the milliner exchanged delighted shrugs and grimaces. In truth, the small erect figure, in its perfectly fitting gown, bore no resemblance to the plain, elderly Miss Philura of yesterday. As for the face beneath the nodding plumes, it was actually radiant—transfigured—with joy and hope.

Mrs. J. Mortimer Van Deuser regarded the apparition which greeted her at luncheon with open disapproval. This new Miss Philura, with the prettily flushed cheeks, the bright eyes, the fluff of waving hair, and—yes, actually a knot of fragrant violets at her breast, had given her an unpleasant shock of surprise. "I am sure I hope you can afford all this," was her comment, with a deliberate adjustment of the eyebrows and glasses calculated to add mordant point and emphasis to her words.

"Oh, yes," replied Miss Philura, tranquilly, but with heightened color; "I can afford whatever I like now."

Mrs. Van Deuser stared hard at her guest. She found herself actually hesitating before Philura Rice. Then she drew her massive figure to its full height, and again bent the compelling light of her gold-rimmed glasses full upon the small person of her kins-woman.

"What—er—I do not understand," she began lamely. "Where did you obtain the money for all this?"

Miss Philura raised her eyebrows ever so little—somehow they seemed to suit the clear, blue eyes admirably to-day.

"The money?" she repeated, in a tone of surprise. "Why, out of the bank of course."

Upon the fact that she had drawn out and expended in a single morning nearly the whole of the modest sum commonly made to supply her meagre living for six months, Miss Philura bestowed but a single thought. "In the all-encircling Good," she said to herself serenely, "there is plenty of money for me; why, then, should I not spend this?"

CHAPTER II.

The village of Innisfield was treated to a singular surprise on the Sunday morning following, when Miss Philura Rice, newly returned from her annual visit to Boston, walked down the aisle to her accustomed place in the singers' seat. Whispered comment and surmise flew from pew to pew, sandwiched irreverently between hymn, prayer and sermon. Indeed, the last mentioned portion of the service, being of unusual length and dull-

ness, was utilized by the female members of the congregation in making a minute inventory of the amazing changes which had taken place in the familiar figure of their townswoman.

"Philura's had money left her, I shouldn't wonder," "Her Cousin Van Deuser's been fixin' her up." "She's agoin' to be married!" were some of the opinions, wholly at variance with the text of the discourse, which found their way from mouth to mouth.

Miss Electa Pratt attached herself with decision to her friend, Miss Rice, directly the service was at an end. "I'm just dying to hear all about it!" she exclaimed, with a fond pressure of the arm linked within her own—this after the two ladies had extricated themselves from the circle of curious and critical faces at the church door.

Miss Philura surveyed the speaker with meditative eyes; it seemed to her that Miss Pratt was curiously altered since she had seen her last.

"Have you had a fortune left you?" went on her inquisitor, blinking enviously at the nodding plumes which shaded Miss Philura's blue eyes. "Everybody says you have; and that you are going to get married soon. I'm sure you'll tell me everything!"

Miss Philura hesitated for a moment. "I haven't exactly had money left me," she began; then her eyes brightened. "I have all that I need," she said, and straightened her small figure confidently.

"And are you going to be married, dear?"

"Yes," said Miss Philura distinctly.

"Well; I never—Philura Rice!" almost screamed her companion. "Do tell me *when*; and *who* is it?"

"I cannot tell you that—now," said Miss Philura simply. "He is in —" She was about to add "the encircling Good," but she reflected that Miss Pratt might fail to comprehend her. "I will introduce you to him—later," she concluded with dignity.

To follow the fortune of Miss Philura during the ensuing weeks was a pleasant though monotonous task; the encircling Good proved itself wholly adequate to the demands made upon it. Though there was little money in the worn purse, there were numerous and pressing invitations to tea, to dinner, and to spend the day, from hosts of friends who had suddenly become warm, affectionate, and cordially appreciative; and not even the new Methodist minister's wife could boast of such numerous donations, in the shape of new-laid eggs, frosted cakes, delicate biscuits, toothsome crullers and choice fruits as found their way to Miss Philura's door.

The recipient of these manifold favors walked, as it were, upon air. "For unto every one that hath shall be given," she read in the privacy of her own shabby little parlor, "and he shall have abundance."

"Everything that I want is mine!" cried the little lady, bedewing the pages of Holy Writ with happy tears. The thought of the lover and husband who, it is true, yet lingered in the invisible, brought a becoming blush to her cheek. "I shall see him soon," she reflected tranquilly. "He is mine—mine!"

At that very moment Miss Electa Pratt was seated in the awe-inspiring reception-room of Mrs. J. Mortimer Van Deuser's residence in Beacon Street. The two ladies were engaged in earnest conversation.

"What you tell me with regard to Philura fills me with surprise and alarm," Mrs. Van Deuser was remarking with something more than her accustomed majesty of tone and mien. "Philura Rice certainly did not become engaged to be married during her stay in Boston. Neither has she been the recipient of funds from myself, nor, to the best of my knowledge, from any other member of the family. Personally, I have always been averse to the encouragement of extravagance and vanity in those destined by a wise Providence to pass their lives in a humble station. I fear exceedingly that Philura's visits to Boston have failed to benefit her as I wished and intended."

"But she said that she had money, and that she was

going to get married," persisted Miss Pratt. "You don't suppose"—lowering her strident tones to a whisper—"that the poor thing is going crazy?"

Mrs Van Deuser had concentrated her intellectual and penetrating orbs upon a certain triangular knob that garnished the handle of her visitor's umbrella; she vouchsafed no reply. When she did speak, after the lapse of some moments, it was to dismiss that worthy person with a practiced ease and adroitness which permitted of nothing further, either in the way of information or conjecture.

"Philura is, after all, a distant relative of my own," soliloquized Mrs. Van Deuser, "and *as such* is entitled to consideration."

Her subsequent cogitations presently took shape to themselves and became a letter, dispatched in the evening mail and bearing the address of the Rev. Silas Pettibone, Innisfield. Mrs. Van Deuser recalled in this missive Miss Philura's "unfortunate visit" to the Ontological Club, and the patent indications of its equally unfortunate consequences. "I should be inclined to take myself severely to task in the matter," wrote the excellent and conscientious lady, "if I had not improved the opportunity to explain at length, in the hearing of my misguided relative, the nature and scope of God's controlling providence, as signally displayed in His dealings with the humbler classes of society. As an under-shepherd of the lowly flock to which Miss Rice belongs, my dear Mr. Pettibone, I lay her spiritual state before you, and beg that you will at once endeavor to set right her erroneous views of the overruling guidance of the Supreme Being. I shall myself intercede for Philura before the Throne of Grace."

The Rev. Silas Pettibone read this remarkable communication with interest; indeed after returning it to its envelope and bestowing it in his most inaccessible coat pocket, the under-shepherd of the lowly flock of Innisfield gave himself the task of resurrecting and reperusing the succinct yet weighty words of Mrs. Van Deuser.

If the Rev. Silas had been blessed with a wife, to whose nimbler wits he might have submitted the case, it is probable that he would not have sat for so long a time in his great chair brooding over the contents of the violet-tinted envelope from Boston. But unfortunately the good minister had been forced to lay his helmet beneath the rough sods of the village churchyard some three years previous. Since this sad event, it is scarcely necessary to state, he had found it essential to his peace of mind to employ great discretion in his dealings with the female members in his flock. He viewed the matter in hand with vague misgivings. Strangely enough, he had not heard of Miss Philura's good fortune, and to his masculine and impartial vision there had appeared no especial change in the aspect or conduct of the little woman.

"Let me think," he mused, passing his white hand through the thick, dark locks, just touched with gray, which shaded his perplexed forehead. He was a personable man, was the Rev. Silas Pettibone. "Let me think: Miss Philura has been very regular in her attendance at church and prayer-meeting of late. No, I have observed nothing wrong—nothing blameworthy in her walk and conversation. But I cannot approve of these—ah—clubs." He again cast his eye upon the letter. "Ontology, now, is certainly not a fit subject for the consideration of the female mind."

Having delivered himself of this sapient opinion, the reverend gentleman made ready for a round of parochial visits. Foremost on his list appeared the name of Miss Philura Rice. As he stood upon the modest doorstep, shaded on either side by fragrant lilac plumes, he resolved to be particularly brief, though impressive, in his pastoral ministrations. If this especial member of his flock had wandered from the straight and narrow way into forbidden by-paths, it was his manifest duty to restore her in the spirit of meekness; but he would waste no unnecessary time or words in the process.

The sunshine, pleasantly interrupted by snowy muslin curtains, streamed in through the open windows of Miss Philura's modest parlor, kindling into scarlet flame the blossoms of a thrifty geranium which stood upon the sill, and flickered gently on the brown head of the little mistress of the house, seated with her sewing in a favorite rocking-chair. Miss Philura was unaffectedly glad to see her pastor. She told at once that last Sunday's sermon was inspiring; that she felt sure that after hearing it the unconverted could hardly fail to be convinced of the error of their ways.

The Rev. Silas Pettibone seated himself opposite Miss Philura and regarded her attentively. The second-best new dress was undeniably becoming; the blue eyes under the childish brows beamed upon him cordially. "I am pleased to learn—ah—that you can approve the discourse of Sabbath morning," he began in somewhat labored fashion. "I have had occasion to—that is—er, my attention has been called of late to the fact that certain members of the church have—well, to put it briefly, some have fallen grievously away from the faith."

Miss Philura's sympathy and concern were at once apparent. "I do not see," she said simply, "how one can fall away from the faith. It is so beautiful to believe!"

The small upturned face shone with so sweet and serene a light that the under-shepherd of the Innisfield flock leaned forward and fixed his earnest brown eyes on the clear blue eyes of the lady. In treatises relating to the affections this stage of the proceedings is generally conceded to mark a crisis. It marked a crisis on this occasion; during that moment the Rev. Silas Pettibone forgot at once and for all time the violet-tinted envelope in his coat-tail pocket. It was discovered six months later and consigned to oblivion by—but let us not anticipate.

"God is so kind, so generous!" pursued Miss Philura softly. "If we once know Him as our Father we can never again be afraid, or lonely, or poor, or lacking for any good thing. How is it possible to fall away? I do not understand. Is it not because they do not know him?"

It is altogether likely that the pastor of the Innisfield Presbyterian Church found conditions in the spiritual taste of Miss Philura which necessitated earnest and prolonged admonition; at all events, the sun was sinking behind the western horizon when the reverend gentleman slowly and thoughtfully made his way toward the parsonage. Curiously enough, this highly respectable domicile had taken on during his absence an aspect of gloom and loneliness unpleasantly apparent. "A scarlet geranium in the window might improve it, thought the vaguely dissatisfied proprietor, as he put on his dressing-gown and thrust his feet into his newest pair of slippers. (Presented by Miss Electa Pratt "to my pastor with grateful affection.")

"I believe I failed to draw Miss Philura's attention to the obvious relation between faith and works," cogitated the reverend Silas, as he sat before his lonely heart placidly scorching the soles of his new slippers before the cheerful blaze. "It will be altogether advisable, think, to set her right on that point without delay. Will—ah—just look in again for a moment to-morrow afternoon."

"God's purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour.
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower!"

sang the choir of the Innisfield Presbyterian Church one Sunday morning a month later. And Miss Philura Rice—as was afterward remarked—sang the words with such enthusiasm and earnestness that her high soprano soared quite above all the other voices in the choir, and this despite the fact that Miss Electa Pratt was putting forth her nasal contralto with more than wonted insistence.

The last-mentioned lady found the sermon—on the

ing intelligence of the race, and I may say with increasing growth of justice in the minds and consciences of men.

And religion has grown—not with the consent of its leaders—but, with here and there an honorable exception, it has grown in spite of them and their opposition.

It has not grown through that which came from the pulpit to the pews, but from that which went from the pews to the pulpit. Religion had to broaden to keep pace with the broadening people, or preach to empty seats, which meant empty pockets for itself.

It has followed the people; the people have not followed it; and it has now reached a place where it does precious little good to follow the people any longer, because the people are refusing to make it any farther inducement to follow them.

They are beginning to button up their pockets against the inroads of an autoeratic and a useless class that has a right either to go to work or starve.

A minister of Georgia told me—with lamentations innumerable—that the times were so changed; that whereas in the early part of his ministry one sermon would convert a hundred souls, that at the present time one hundred sermons would not convert one soul.

The ministers in the cities, the fashionable ministers, do not expect to make conversions; all they expect to do is to keep up pleasant relations with their churches, make pleasing addresses on Sunday, and draw their salaries. They rather look with a kind of contempt, or at least a half-laughing, half quizzical tolerance, upon their greener brethren of the country, who work and fret and fume and fidget and agonize to get up a quarterly revival where ten or twenty young people, mostly children, listening to their lurid descriptions of the after world, catch the epidemic of religious fear, and join the church—to backslide the next time they hear the squeak of the old fiddle, and feel the motions of the puncheon floor on which their other—as yet unconverted—young friends are dancing.

The religion of to-day is the standing joke of those who have the brains to see it as it is; in all its hollow pretense, with the tinsel crown of vanished authority covering the brows of a galvanized corpse; a poor old decrepit thing that is hastening to the grave with such rapidity as the law of gravity operates on dead matter in its removal from the eyes of men.

And the part the state Legislatures are taking in aiding it is a *governmental warfare against progress*. Think of this, will you! The government that above all things should protect the growing thought of the people, to enter into combination with ignorance for its suppression.

Do you not think it time that some one should stand upon the mountain top, and beckoning to all the people, shout with a mighty voice the ineffable word, *Freedom*?

And what does the word mean? It does *not* mean the persecution of ideas; no matter how silly they are, it does not persecute them. It would not be freedom to do so. If they are weak, Freedom knows they will die and make way for stronger ones. The weak—as is always the case in evolution (natural growth) will form the soil out of which something better will come. Just as all the weeds that ever grew helped to enrich the ground out of which nobler growths arise, and without

which they never would have arisen, so all the ideas that ever seemed to curse the race were the indispensable basis of every grand truth that now finds a foothold among us.

This must be; it is growth. It is growth outgrowing its first childish efforts until it reaches the place in development where there are no more weeds; no more idle and vapid and poisonous ideas, but where all have become useful and good through man's power to judge in *freedom* between the good and the bad.

To crush freedom in any direction is to crush man's right to judge, and thus to balk his experience and end his growth.

If these foolish sticklers for the perpetuation of dead ideas would but stand aside and be content to see the eternal principle of Good develop through the race, it would be all I could ask of them.

It will do so in spite of them, and they will be crushed in their effort to prevent it, unless they stand from under.

As they do not intend to stand from under, we must frustrate their effort ourselves, since—as standard bearers of the New, it comes within our province to do so. It is now as ever the survival of the fittest, and the supporters of the barbarous old methods are elected to go.

Opinion refuses to be persecuted any longer. It is entitled to a hearing, and will have it. The hour of freedom has arrived.

H. W.

COL. C. C. POST:—Enclosed please find two dollars for a tree to help beautify the college grounds. I send it with the wish that it were two thousand or two million, as I am heartily in sympathy with the work that you and your beloved wife are doing for the uplift of humanity. I think this college to be built great indeed, and if I ever have the power, as I mean to learn to have, I will be of more assistance. I am a happy and enthusiastic reader of *FREEDOM*; have read the "Home Course" and several more of your publications. Mental Science satisfies me as nothing else has ever done. I feel sure it is true, and I am so eager and anxious to learn, and the great beauty of it is there is enough to satisfy the needs of every one; it is onward and upward forever and ever.

The name that I wish engraved on the tree is Lillian M. Buck, the name of my little fourteen-year-old daughter, who I am sure is one of the sun-kissed idealists that Mrs. Wilmans speaks of, and whom I intend shall be a pupil in the new college. Yours with very best wishes,

MRS. KATHERINE BUCK,
Elkton, So. Dak.

Have you noticed how the money is coming in for trees for the campus? The grounds begin to look quite spotted with them. The work of grading Pine Wood Avenue will begin at once. This is the one that runs by the campus on the west.

The meetings of the Home Temple still continue with a full attendance, not only of members but of the public generally. Every seat in the hall is usually occupied.

What are *you* going to do to help on with the *College*?

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THE WASTE-PAPER BASKET.

I was gossiping with a lady as usual—I am an awful gossip—when she said, “I failed to get my new lawn dress last week, though the dressmaker promised it to me on Friday.”

“But you had the fun of blowing her up,” I said.

“Well,” replied my friend, “I looked at her and concluded it would be a greater manifestation of strength to hold my temper than to expend it on such a poor, pale, overworked little creature as she was.”

Self-control is a great thing, but the indifference with which most persons regard an engagement surely does need rebuking. For my part I won't stand it. I am the soul of punctuality, and I expect the same from others. I expect it, but I don't often get it. The men with whom I deal keep their engagements better than the women do. I suppose the women think that time was made for slaves. This is putting an extremely generous construction on the matter; it is being almost as Christian-like as my friend was in her gentleness to her dressmaker.

Now I say that my friend did not treat her dressmaker justly. She should have told her that such lax conduct would break up her business, and ought to break it up. Her dressmaker needed a lesson in her own interest, and my friend should have given it to her, whereas she left the door open for more lax conduct with other customers, until the silent thought of dropping her went the rounds among them. In this case she would have looked more pale and delicate than ever.

Give me promptitude in business. Promptitude is one form of positiveness. Everybody on the peninsula knows my business habits, and steps up to the desk briskly and firmly and on time.

Everybody with the exception of a few people. I am sorry to say that the proof readers on this paper are among the exceptions. It will be just like them to cut this paragraph out when they read it in the proof. They take all sorts of liberties with me. It is needless to say that these people are my own kids, Ada and Florrie. They laugh when I scold them.

A letter came from Mr. Burgman last evening. He is doing splendidly. The interest manifested in his lectures and the pictures of this place went far beyond all our expectations. The next Convention will be held at Sea Breeze in a little over a year from now. I never was more interested in anything than I am in this Convention, and I am doing all I can in the way of preparation. Wherever I see a place that will be improved by the planting of a tree, there the tree is placed; I have one man employed who does nothing but water and take care of these new trees.

I am wondering what we are going to do for a hall large enough to hold the delegates to this coming Convention. I think we will have to build one. There will be at least a thousand visitors here from a distance, and our home folks will greatly increase the crowd. A hall large enough to comfortably seat so many persons will be our only difficulty. We have hotels enough to accommodate them. Don't imagine that I am borrowing trouble about this matter. We would find some way of getting along if there should be five thousand persons here; and we don't care how many come; the more the better.

Here is a messenger from Major Britton saying, “Send

me copy for the Waste-Paper Basket and five columns besides.” The Major is so big he can insult little folks with impunity, and I do not know any way of killing him on the installment plan. And again, I do not know what I would do without him if I should kill him. I am in a bad fix; I can neither get along with nor without him.

I wish I could steal something good from some of the papers and pass it off as my own in the Waste-Paper Basket; the reason I don't do it is because I can't find anything smart enough, and not because I am too honest.

I have been out on the pier this morning and it was lovely to be there. There were schools of small fish called menhaden, that seemed packed as closely in the water as sardines in a box, and among them were larger fish that were feeding off of them. I baited my hook for the large ones and caught a number of beauties; all we could use or give to the neighbors. A little distance away there were twenty or thirty porpoises playing. These fish are as large as a cow, or nearly so. In color they are gray, and their fins are black; a beautiful combination.

At one time we saw a large flat fish that would have weighed several hundred pounds. Beneath and on either side of the pier were the bathers; only a few were there this morning. The afternoon is the time for them to pour out of the cottages and hotels, and take to the water in the most reckless manner. For my part I can't get fond of it. I am not going to say that I am afraid, but I will say, as Crawford did, “Fo' God, I speeks I better keep out o' dat.”

Crawford was a colored man we brought with us from Georgia. He was big enough to shoulder an ox, but he was a coward. He was religious too, but his religion was not consistent. He was so afraid of the ocean he could not sleep at night, and finally got sick. He said the ocean was ridged up in the middle, and nothing but the grace of God prevented it from rolling down on us and washing the peninsula away. He said it was not safe for a colored gent to steal a chicken or a “watermillion;” “God had got mighty perticular since de wah, and he carried out his spite against de sinner a heap mo' particular than he used to do.”

Well, we felt very sorry for the poor, troubled soul that we could not comfort, and so Ada, who was going north, took him with her as far as Atlanta, and there put him on the train that took him to his native place. But he was not happy even then; he longed to see “de Kunnel and de missus,” and he was “mighty fear'd nobody would fry de chickens” to suit us or make “de buttermilk biscuit” to our liking. He kept sending us messages whenever he had a chance; at last a long time passed without our hearing from him, when a friend visited us from his place, who told us that Crawford was dead.

Don't say that FREEDOM is lacking in enterprise. Read the issue of July 18; it is splendid. Read the article of Paul Tyner. I really think from what little I know of Mr. Tyner that he is one of the loveliest men in the world; he is strongly individualized, but not antagonistic; to me he appears to be the soul of justice. I shall be glad when we will know him and his noble wife personally. I wish they lived here.

Now, it is a fact that too many of our people seem

ceded us through all the lengthened aeons of time, since the first living cell, the first drop of protoplasmic jelly, filled with the energy of the universal life force, took form in the waters of the sea. We evidence the existence of the law of the survival of the fittest. We are what we are because those from which we sprung were what they were. Under the law of differentiation and heredity we are the embodiment of the thought, the experience and the emotions of lives that had their beginning millions of years ago; we have inherited the characteristics of our parents, as they inherited the characteristics of theirs, modified in each case by the differing experiences, thoughts and emotions of those who begot us. We are more like our parents, as a rule, than like our grandparents; and, as a rule again, very little like our progenitors of a dozen generations back, except in bodily form; and even here again we show the force of the law of differentiation, for we are changed in our appetites, our form of amusements, our manner of life, and to some extent, at least our bodily form. We are less rough of limb, fairer of skin, more intelligent; we are evolving, unfolding, growing. And we shall continue to grow and evolve until the things that now seem mysterious to us shall be made plain, and we shall have conquered disease, and old age shall no longer be a burden or have power over us; for being expressions of the infinite life in which there is only life, and not death, it is ours to become at one with it, to put ourselves in harmony with it, and to command it.

Such and such only can be the meaning of the law of evolution—the unfolding, as a flower unfolds its petals, of *life*.

Of what use were infinite life if it could not unfold; or if there were a limit to its power to continue to unfold, would it be infinite?

There is no limit to the infinite life and none to its unfolding; therefore none to man's growth. And if no limit to man's growth, then none to his power over the law of life except his ignorance of the law. Have we worked our way up from cave men, and lower, to stop here? Shall we deny our relationship to the infinite life, and our rights by virtue of such relationship? Have we learned the law of the lightnings, which our progenitors worshiped as a god, and care to know nothing of any other or more subtle force, the forces generated by the human brains? Shall we seek to know no more than we now know of the power of thought, when each one of us possesses a thought dynamo whose power is limited only by his own ignorance.

I tell you, friends, the race is on the eve of great discoveries; great events are in the air. We near the end of an epoch, and are at the door of a new era. That which was hidden is to be disclosed, and the unknown is to become known. The race is unfolding more rapidly than ever before since time began. The old is passing. New thoughts, new aspirations, new powers, are coming to the race; and in even so short a space of time as a single decade, another ten years, we shall all look back upon our past and wonder that we ever doubted the existence of the law of evolution, or fancied that there was a limit to man's capability of unfoldment under it.

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RELIGIOUS PROGRESSION IS RELIGIOUS DESTRUCTION.

The policy of the church is to bind forever to one opinion. Having—as it assumes—discovered the ultimate of truth, it then brings the opinions of all the world to this touchstone to be either accepted or rejected. Everything that differs in the slightest degree from these opinions is heresy. No change is permitted. Growth is most effectually blocked so long as the church has its way. Listen to Tertulian:

"In the church the rule of faith is unalterable and never to be reformed." It is so because the church, which professes to speak and teach nothing but what it has received from God, must not vary. God knew His own mind as well two thousand years ago as now; and the rule of life He gave the people then must hold good now. Therefore the church has no business to change. It cannot change in the slightest idea without breaking its faith with God, who is the unchangeable One—the same to-day, yesterday and forever.

Therefore it must be that the slightest variation of opinion from the first revelation of God is heresy.

St. Chrysostom, speaking of Tertulian's precept, says:

"Shun profane babblings, which will increase into more ungodliness. Avoid novelties in your discourses, for things do not stop there; one novelty begets another; and there is no end to error when you have begun to err." Which means that there is no end to change

when you have begun to change; or, there is no end to growth when you have begun to grow.

Another one of these old saints says: "In heresies there are two causes of this *disorder of instability*; one drawn from the nature of the human mind, which having once tasted the bait of novelty ceases not to seek with disordered appetite this deceitful allurements. The other is drawn from the difference that exists between the works of God and those of man. *The Catholic truth, proceeding from God, has its perfection at once.* Heresy—the feeble offspring of the human mind—is formed by ill fitting patches." (That is, by the little a man learns to-day, and the little more that he learns to-morrow.)

It is the gradual growth of intelligence in the race that this old fossil calls, "*the disorder of instability.*"

Now this man—from his own standpoint—is perfectly correct. If the church embodies the word of God, it has no business to grow. It has no business ever to project an idea of its own. It must positively remain in the same old tracks forever. It has nothing to do with progress. It must, as this author says, break off all attachment to private judgment, and remain devoutly and ignorantly Catholic, world without end.

I say "ignorantly" Catholic, because it has absolutely no use of its intelligence; indeed its intelligence is the great temptation from the path marked out by God, and its first and highest duty is to turn away from every suggestion of reason and dwarf the intellect as much as possible.

It should go farther; in face of the fact that there is every temptation for the exercise of thought, it should be made obligatory on parents to do all in their power to cramp the brains of their children and stultify their mental capacity. Not to do this is to subject them to the danger of an endless hell.

The Catholic church is the only church that is in any degree true to the commands of God to-day. Even it is not entirely true; but it is the only church that makes even the slightest approach toward keeping the faith that was delivered in *absolute perfectness* to the saints.

Every other church has wandered from the perfectness of God's one pronouncement, and every one of them are heretics. Moreover each new church is heretical to that from which it sprung; until there is no true church left; nothing but heresy.

Of course it seems to one of the unregenerated like me, that the various churches as they have arisen have all been improvements on the mother church, and upon each other, but as this would place religion in the line of progress, it cannot be. If God is perfect in wisdom, and if He gave of His perfected wisdom that which was to be the saving belief for all ages, then it must be that the various churches in their descent from the mother churches have been degenerating more and more. They are all heretics; and they will have their place among heretics in the lake that burneth forever and ever.

But suppose Tertulian, St. Chrysostom and the rest of those old troglodytes knew as little about God as they knew of human progress; what then?

This supposition puts a different face on the matter altogether. And, indeed, it puts the true face on it.

For religion—like everything else—is a growth. The creeds have gradually broadened with the increas-

text, "Little children, love one another, for love is of God"—so extremely convincing, and her own subsequence a spiritual state in such an agitated condition, that she took occasion to seek a private conversation with her pastor in his study on that same Sunday afternoon.

"I don't know *when* I've been so wrought up!" declared Miss Pratt, with a preliminary display of immaculate handkerchief. "I cried *and* cried after I got home from church this morning. Ma, she sez to me, sez she, 'What ails you, Lecty?' And I sez to ma, sez I, 'Ma, it was that blessed sermon. I don't know when I ever heard anything like it! That dear pastor of ours is just ripening for a better world!'" Miss Electa paused a moment to shed copious tears over this statement. "It does seem to me, dear Mr. Pettibone," she resumed, with a tender glance and a comprehensive sniff, "that you ain't looking as well as usual. I said so to Philura Rice as we was coming out of church, and I really hate to tell you how she answered me; only I feel as though it was my duty. 'Mr. Pettibone is perfectly well!' she says, and tossed those feathers of hers higher'n ever. Philura's awful worldly, I *do* grieve to say—if *not* worse. I've been a thinking for some time that it was my Christian duty (however painful) to tell you what Miss Van Deusser, of Boston, said about—"

The Rev. Silas Pettibone frowned with awful dignity. He brought down his closed fist upon his open Bible with forensic force and suddenness. "Miss Philura Rice," he said emphatically, "is one of the most spiritual—the most lovely and consistent—Christian characters it has ever been my privilege to know. Her faith and unworldliness are absolutely beyond the comprehension of—of—many of my flock. I must further tell you that I hope to have the great happiness of leading Miss Rice to the matrimonial altar in the near future."

Miss Electa Pratt sank back in her chair petrified with astonishment. "Well, I *must* say!" she gasped. "And she was engaged to you *all this time* and I never knew it!"

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RELIGIOUS PROGRESSION IS RELIGIOUS DESTRUCTION.

The policy of the church is to bind forever to one opinion. Having—as it assumes—discovered the ultimate of truth, it then brings the opinions of all the world to this touchstone to be either accepted or rejected. Everything that differs in the slightest degree from these opinions is heresy. No change is permitted. Growth is most effectually blocked so long as the church has its way. Listen to Tertulian:

"In the church the rule of faith is unalterable and never to be reformed." It is so because the church, which professes to speak and teach nothing but what it has received from God, must not vary. God knew His own mind as well two thousand years ago as now; and the rule of life He gave the people then must hold good now. Therefore the church has no business to change. It cannot change in the slightest idea without breaking its faith with God, who is the unchangeable One—the same to-day, yesterday and forever.

Therefore it must be that the slightest variation of opinion from the first revelation of God is heresy.

St. Chrysostom, speaking of Tertulian's precept, says: "Shun profane babblings, which will increase into more ungodliness. Avoid novelties in your discourses, for things do not stop there; one novelty begets another; and there is no end to error when you have begun to err." Which means that there is no end to change

when you have begun to change; or, there is no end to growth when you have begun to grow.

Another one of these old saints says: "In heresies there are two causes of this *disorder of instability*; one drawn from the nature of the human mind, which having once tasted the bait of novelty ceases not to seek with disordered appetite this deceitful allurements. The other is drawn from the difference that exists between the works of God and those of man. *The Catholic truth, proceeding from God, has its perfection at once.* Heresy—the feeble offspring of the human mind—is formed by ill fitting patches." (That is, by the little a man learns to-day, and the little more that he learns to-morrow.)

It is the gradual growth of intelligence in the race that this old fossil calls, "*the disorder of instability.*"

Now this man—from his own standpoint—is perfectly correct. If the church embodies the word of God, it has no business to grow. It has no business ever to project an idea of its own. It must positively remain in the same old tracks forever. It has nothing to do with progress. It must, as this author says, break off all attachment to private judgment, and remain devoutly and ignorantly Catholic, world without end.

I say "ignorantly" Catholic, because it has absolutely no use of its intelligence; indeed its intelligence is the great temptation from the path marked out by God, and its first and highest duty is to turn away from every suggestion of reason and dwarf the intellect as much as possible.

It should go farther; in face of the fact that there is every temptation for the exercise of thought, it should be made obligatory on parents to do all in their power to cramp the brains of their children and stultify their mental capacity. Not to do this is to subject them to the danger of an endless hell.

The Catholic church is the only church that is in any degree true to the commands of God to-day. Even it is not entirely true; but it is the only church that makes even the slightest approach toward keeping the faith that was delivered in *absolute perfectness* to the saints.

Every other church has wandered from the perfectness of God's one pronouncement, and every one of them are heretics. Moreover each new church is heretical to that from which it sprung; until there is no true church left; nothing but heresy.

Of course it seems to one of the unregenerated like me, that the various churches as they have arisen have all been improvements on the mother church, and upon each other, but as this would place religion in the line of progress, it cannot be. If God is perfect in wisdom, and if He gave of His perfected wisdom that which was to be the saving belief for all ages, then it must be that the various churches in their descent from the mother churches have been degenerating more and more. They are all heretics; and they will have their place among heretics in the lake that burneth forever and ever.

But suppose Tertulian, St. Chrysostom and the rest of those old troglodytes knew as little about God as they knew of human progress; what then?

This supposition puts a different face on the matter altogether. And, indeed, it puts the true face on it.

For religion—like everything else—is a growth. The creeds have gradually broadened with the increas-

text, "Little children, love one another, for love is of God"—so extremely convincing, and her own subsequent spiritual state in such an agitated condition, that she took occasion to seek a private conversation with her pastor in his study on that same Sunday afternoon.

"I don't know *when* I've been so wrought up!" declared Miss Pratt, with a preliminary display of immaculate handkerchief. "I cried and cried after I got home from church this morning. Ma, she sez to me, sez she, 'What ails you, Lecty?' And I sez to ma, sez I, 'Ma, it was that blessed sermon. I don't know when I ever heard anything like it! That dear pastor of ours is just ripening for a better world!'" Miss Electa paused a moment to shed copious tears over this statement. "It does seem to me, dear Mr. Pettibone," she resumed, with a tender glance and a comprehensive sniff, "that you ain't looking as well as usual. I said so to Philura Rice as we was coming out of church, and I really hate to tell you how she answered me; only I feel as though it was my duty. 'Mr. Pettibone is perfectly well!' she says, and tossed those feathers of hers higher'n ever. Philura's awful worldly, I *do* grieve to say—if *not* worse. I've been a thinking for some time that it was my Christian duty (however painful) to tell you what Mis' Van Deuser, of Boston, said about—"

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SELF TREATMENT.

PART FIRST.

It seems to me that I am getting more and more sure of myself every day.

And what does this mean?

It means that I am growing in a feeling of confidence that I shall become what I wish to be. The more this feeling of certainty establishes itself the stronger I feel, and the farther is every kind of fear and anxiety removed from me.

Ruskin writing on Art says the highest expression of beauty, is repose; a look of repose. I do not wonder that he says so, for repose is the expression of the conqueror. It is the expression of one who has completed the journey and rests in the full sense of victory. There is no rest short of victory; and this feeling grows on the mental student steadily—even though slowly. It is a feeling of perfect safety; a calm confidence that one is becoming what he most desires to be. Personally I am no longer reaching ahead by those tremendous efforts of will, to which there was always a natural recoil—those efforts I spoke of in my earlier lessons; I am avoiding them because of their reaction, and I am now reasoning calmly on the great power of the will and claiming it as the real me. And I note a slow improvement day by day; I am firmer and stronger; faith burns with a slightly subdued but inextinguishable light. I feel that its light

is inextinguishable and do not wish to turn it on too powerfully all in a moment; I am rather holding it as a reserved force while my confidence in myself slowly gathers power. It is a condition of thought in which I desire to be alone. I feel that it is bringing with it a fresh accession of vitality; it is prompting me to action, which is something unusual.

I am surely feeling the transposition from human to divine, from dependence to freedom in two ways, internally and externally.

Internally the change expresses itself in this way; whereas I am now moved to action, or stimulated to it by my will—which is my love—I used to act only from a compulsion that I put upon myself by my intelligence. “The thing has to be done,” the intellect said to me. “and you have simply got to do it.” I was under the reign of force; do you not see it so? This was because the intellect took precedence of the will. Now this matter is reversed; the will, which is the love says, “I want to do so or so,” and the intelligent then seeks ways and means of executing the will. This reversal is like taking a pyramid that has been propped up so that it stood on its apex, and putting it firmly on its base, where it will not need props. And this annihilates the word “duty” and gives us natural inclination or love in its place.

This much for the internal side of the change. Externally the change seems greater still. The idea of matter with its deadness and immovability has disappeared, and the malleable and ever flowing mind has taken its place. This seems a tremendous transposition, and it is; not that it is more so than the other, but it seems so because it is external, and comes more within the range of our observation.

We are transposed then from matter—which to our comprehension seems a dead thing—to mind; a thing that changes with each new impression. Mind comes in contact with all things, and is modified by everything it touches. By dwelling on the fact that what we have heretofore called matter is mind or intelligence, the idea of immovability gradually slips away from it, and we begin to see ourselves as ever changing beings, yet always retaining the same individuality through all changes. Nothing does more to locate the “I” on the basis of the will, than this one thought; and to think from the basis of the will soon leads us to act from this basis, and thus to manifest a complete conquest over every form of disease, deformity, old age and death.

I will now give some rules for establishing personal conquest over disease and death.

Remember that all diseases, deformity and death are of the mind; they are therefore mere beliefs. Now it is the mind that holds these beliefs; the beliefs do not hold the mind; they are mistakes and cannot hold anything; they have no real life or vital force. They are so much dead lumber upheld and carried by the mind.

And the mind must let go of them; but how? This has been the great question of Mental Science and has never been satisfactorily answered yet; but I believe I can answer it.

If you knew in your understanding that there is no disease, you can untangle your mind from a belief in it by lifting your mind above it. As long as your mind stays down with the disease, it is enslaved by it. Begin to fix the truth that there is no disease in your

thought, and then lift your thought as if in prayer; only you do not pray; you stand squarely upon your own conviction of truth where you see no need of putting yourself in a supplicant's position. But keep your thought—filled with a conviction of the fact that there is no disease—lifted, seemingly, above the ordinary into the topmost brain. Let your thought see the certainty of its convictions and hold them easily, jubilantly, above the old beliefs. Presently this will cease to be an effort, and your thoughts will repose in the knowledge that the old beliefs are nothing.

This is the most potent form of denial known; but no one can rest long on denial alone; you will soon be troubled again, and will gradually subside and come down into the old beliefs unless you go still farther. And now comes the necessity of affirmation. Holding yourself in that condition of repose where you feel that your old beliefs are beneath your feet, begin to affirm of yourself such conditions as you desire; health, strength, symmetry, beauty, etc. At this point a seemingly strange thing happens. You will find that as you make affirmations of your desires there comes a mental response saying, "You have all these things now." This is the materializing power of the word when spoken in the clear understanding of truth. It is the power that gradually begins to make you over after the pattern of your desires; it is the externalizing power.

The foregoing statement seems inadequate to the tremendous result it can accomplish; and indeed it will not be understood by the student unless he has thoroughly mastered the principles of Mental Science. It seems simple enough to the casual reader, but its meaning is only for the initiated.

In making the affirmations you will feel strength come to you; and you will perceive that it seems to be of the will. Now every accession of will is precious; hold fast to it; do not let your sight of it grow dim. The intelligence and the will (which have always been one, though not recognized as such) are coming into closer relations with each other; they are rapidly approaching the point when they cannot be distinguished from each other by the consciousness. In other words, the consciousness—which has heretofore held to a distinction between intelligence and will—begins to lose sight of the distinction and to perceive their oneness. This is the atonement, the at-one-ment between soul and body or will and personality; it is the union of the interior and exterior, and the establishment of that perfect reciprocal interchange which means perpetual motion, or life everlasting in the flesh.

To claim the power of your will even without an intellectual knowledge of what it is, as is the case in unconscious growth, is better than to have an intellectual knowledge of it and not claim it. The first position is that of animal force; the last is the lapsing of all force which results in personal bankruptcy. Animal force is better than no force; "a living dog is better than a dead lion."

But to have an intellectual knowledge of the will, and then to claim its power, this is conscious growth. It is in this way that the One Universal Will which men call "God" becomes the individual will of the man. The man in this way becomes a living will. Before this, the will which is the true man has been a negation of itself; it had been a no-will rather than a will.

The Law of Attraction in nature is nothing more than the steam in the engine. It is the unrelenting, untiring motor. It has built its own engine in the individual will of man; but this engineer has not as yet clothed itself with sufficient intelligence to perceive the true situation, and therefore it is not able to form even a slight estimate of the overwhelming power it possesses.

"God is unorganized force; this is why He is ubiquitous; man is the organizer, and as he can only organize God, there being nothing else, he is therefore God in organization; I state this to show the student the power vested in man; I want him to see there is no limit to what he may become, and to what he can do if he will only seek for a better understanding of his will.

Vitality is what we want; to acquire more vitality is to live longer and healthier lives; to get still more vitality is to banish disease and death. Vitality expresses itself in will; and a recognition of will places the needed vitality at our disposal.

As the human sphere is a province wrested from nature—wrested from God, as it were, it is not God-given nor nature-given, but man-taken. This being the case, that man is a living will, he has the privilege of making his own statement of himself. As the bee flies by will power, not knowing that by the law of mechanics he cannot fly, so man's power is not to be limited by any of the so-called laws of causation. Truth in its truest analysis is not fact, but imagination; it is the vital projection of the ideal; that sublime and inexplicable aura radiating from the faculty of ideality. Ideality is no doubt the basis of the new-born will power. It is that most high voice which as yet we hear so indistinctly; and in it is every possibility of beauty and harmony and use. At this time it leads where our knowledge is too timid to follow. But our knowledge must grow bolder and follow eagerly, or else these personalities of ours will surely perish.

H. W.

WATCH YOUR THOUGHTS.

The force or vitality that is daily spent in useless thinking is beyond computation. We should endeavor to prevent this "mental leakage" by watching and training our thoughts and keeping them from running wild and useless. Whenever we find our thoughts wandering in a desultory and purposeless manner, let us immediately recall them and set each to its proper service. When we are wasting thought-force on matters of really no importance, we should quickly change to something that will be profitable. Think in a way that will tend to make our lives broader and sweeter and strengthen our power for doing good. Thoughts of worry let us not harbor, for they are thieves that steal our precious vitality and leave us as wrecks on the shores of time. Nor should we allow them to wander along the corridors of the past, for it is a waste of energy to think over and over the things that have gone "down the ringing grooves of change." We must learn to "let go" the things that belong to the dead past, and accustom ourselves to keep our thoughts in the present where they properly belong.

Whatever duty or purpose is worth performing at all, is worth the concentrated attention and effort of the time given to its discharge, and the truly satisfying accomplishment of an object cannot be secured in any other way.

Let us not fritter away our mental power in idle, aimless, erratic thinking.

The question arises, what might we not accomplish if we utilized all the moments and thoughts spent in a useless manner? Then let us not be indolent nor careless in watching our thoughts and directing them to do effective work.

Mrs. J. R. MACKINTOSH,
Clarksville, Ark.

THE WASTE-PAPER BASKET.

I wish I had somebody with gumption enough to clean off my desk. It would not be so difficult to write editorials and "sich" if I could only get down to bottom principles, so far as the accumulated stuff on my desk is concerned. On top of everything else that ought not to be on it at this time is a box of shoes addressed to Montgomery Ward, Chicago, Ill. They are starting on their return trip, because they do not fit any one on the ranch, from Charley down to the baby. And my best hat, the one with two hundred and seventy-six violets and about a half bushel of other flowers on it, has been lying on top of everything else on the desk for three days. I borrowed a hat from Florrie to go to town in because I could not find this hat, while all the time it was lying right in front of me defying my perplexity by its impudent presence. The fact is, there are so many things heaped up on my desk that I do not know one thing from another when I see it. The confusion of the external has produced a confusion of the internal; I wonder how it will end.

Mr. Burgman is making an impression wherever he makes a speech. He started out with his manuscript in hand, but he has thrown it away and speaks to his audience with his eyes upon their faces. This is by far the most effective way to speak. I am going to speak this way when I start out. I do not care if I talk unadulterated Florida cracker language; it is going to be from the heart out, and not a line of manuscript about it. Let us imagine the speech. How is this?

"DEAR FRIENDS:—I reckon some on ye thinks it is tole'ble strange to hear a woman expressin' of her opinion, since there is so few of them that have an opinion to express.

"Anyhow, I am powerful glad to see such a large and respectable audience; and here's luck to ye, and wishin' for many happy returns of the day.

"Now, friends, I am aware that there are only a few of ye who have given much consideration to the subject of my discourse, which I know sounds very strange.

The idea of men bein' able to conquer old age and cheat death of its prey is so new and queer, as of itself to be a passport into the best asylum in the land. But I am not on my way to any asylum; rather I am on my way from the great and uncountable mass of crazy people who are filling the world with woe. The world may think that we—the bearers of the new thought—are insane, but we know that the world is insane; and this is the way the matter stands now. As we have not got an asylum big enough to shut up the whole race in we must do something else; we must try and put some common sense in its head."

From this point I shall proceed with my common sense remarks; I will give them Mental Science "straight from the shoulder," telling them all about the "all embracing good" and how to unlock the doors of it and take what they please, as Philura did.

Read the story of Philura in this week's paper. It is the most perfect thing in its line I ever got hold of. I am printing it on purpose to illustrate the great truths I have been teaching so long. It shows how easy it is to make these truths come into our every-day lives, and do for us just the things we want done.

All power surely is in Mental Science; and all power

can be extracted from it and incorporated in our bodies and our environments. It is the one study worth studying; there is nothing else to compare with it. It circumferences all other effort, either of mind or body. Life without the knowledge of Mental Science is nothing, and not worth living. I often wonder what I should have been if these splendid truths had never come to me. I should have been an old woman, full of the ailments of age by this time, with nothing to look forward to but death.

Think of having gone through all the brightness of life during the first thirty years, and then growing older and feebler from that time on. What degeneracy there is in the past history of all the people.

Unless men will think for themselves and learn their own power, and proceed to use their power in performing great works, they might as well be dead. And unless men come to the front through a knowledge of their power, and how to use it, the universe itself will die. For man has got to regulate things all through nature and in all the planets, or they will fall into disuse.

More and more clearly I perceive that men and women have got to run the universe themselves, or it will not run at all. The other night I was walking with Charley under the stars, and we were talking of something we had been reading. It was about man's nothingness, and how small and trifling he was as compared with the immensity of the vast planetary system. It was an article to take the conceit out of a human being completely, and I had read it with displeasure. I rejected every word of it. I felt within myself a greatness that could outmaster all that mass of stars. I felt that I—man I mean—contained the intelligence of the whole in a condensed form; in a working form which, when applied to use, would stand at the head of all things, possessing the brain power to speak another universe into existence if the present one should become obliterated.

No harm can befall us now that man is here.

But to change the subject. A few days ago some person sent me the following clipping from some "smart Alec" paper published somewhere, I suppose.

"Here is a true story from San Francisco, which in observance of a solemn obligation I suppress: A well-known and wealthy society woman in that city has long been treated for some ailment by a female healer in Florida. The treatment was telapathic—healer and patient holding a kind of spiritual seance every day at precisely 12 o'clock, and thinking very diligently of the matter in hand—that is to say, the lady's disorder. For some weeks the patient's improvement was manifest, and several considerable fees went in gratitude to the gifted healer. Then some brute of a man was inconsiderate enough to point out to the fair patient the three hours difference in time. That is all—except that her professions of faith in the method have been heard to cease."

This is all true enough except that the lady did not discontinue treatment until she was perfectly healed. I wonder if the numb-skull, who has tried to frighten her, thought that I had been doing this healing business all these years without a time-table that is absolutely perfect.

And then another thing; there are more things than the average numb-skulls dream of. There is another lady in San Francisco who has three babies that I have

as good as brought up myself. Their father is a practising physician of that city and a very popular one; and yet his pills are mostly bread pills, and he himself is a Mental Scientist. He believes that the power of thought is far ahead of medicinal poisons in overcoming disease; but he has to make a show of giving medicine, or else his business would cease.

But as soon as anything gets the matter with one of his own kids he telegraphs me, "Treat Mabel; treat Harry or Clarence," as the case may be.

At one time his confidence was shaken; he wrote me that no sooner than he dispatched a telegram, and long before I could receive it, the child showed symptoms of being better; the fever cooled down in fifteen minutes; or the earache disappeared as by magic. What could this mean? Was the whole thing a swindle; the work of imagination?

He wrote me for an explanation. Such circumstances were not new to me. In sending the telegram he called on me for help *mentally* and my response was immediate. In other words, he joined the child's waning vitality to the vital truth that I had been appropriating through a knowledge of the Law of Being for so many years, and the child got better in a few minutes. By long habit of treating his children there was a connection established between us, so that the truth I had been making my own for so many years flowed into them; it enveloped them almost instantly.

The next great discovery to be made manifest to the race is the wonderful power of thought. No one—not even we who have been studying it so long—know anything at all adequate to its might about it as yet.

This evening's mail brought the engraving that is to go on the back of the new book—"The Conquest of Death." It is a beautiful thing. A woman stands on the globe at a place where the clouds are rolling away; she is pointing to a star whose light seems to be scattering all the darkness from about her. Above her head is the name of the book, "The Conquest of Death."

Low down on the page are the words, "And a Star Gleam Rent the Black Cloak of the Night." The picture is in silver on a black background.

Now, the Lord only knows when this book will be out of press. A printer is a nitrogenous biped that promises his very soul (or would if it was worth anything) to get a job which he swears to finish in a week or a day or an hour, and then hangs on to it until his employer will want to hang him; and with justice, I think.

How do I happen to know so much about printers? Well, I am a printer myself. H. W.

MIND IS MASTER.

"Thoughts are things." Thought transference is an established fact. The state of the body and the conditions that environ it are the result of the state of the mind, and the state of the mind can be changed by mental treatment.

Have you ordered your palm tree set in the college grounds yet? They are at work setting now.

FREEDOM on trial six weeks for ten cents.

What are you going to do to help on with the College?

HAPPINESS.

The condition of mind known as happiness differs widely in different individuals, and also in the same individual at different times. It is a relative condition. It depends on the degree of wisdom which has been evolved from past experiences.

If we are young from the standpoint of our mental horizon, we will be satisfied with small toys, we will derive the greatest pleasure from artificial and superficial methods.

Our capacity for joy or sorrow, keeps pace with our gain in knowledge.

But when we attain a certain point, we can consciously hold to the vibration of harmony. We will then feel a capacity for accomplishment that will leave us fearless. We will be secure in the knowledge that we are master of every situation.

This mental freedom is a result of evolutionary unfoldment. Mental freedom insures physical freedom. We think it is bondage to conditions that causes unhappiness. We think that our suffering comes from location or environment.

This is because we have not yet learned by observation that it is the inner that rules the outer.

The transforming power of new ideals will overcome conditions, but we only acquire an understanding of this fact through enduring the misery of inharmony.

When we are weak and live constantly in fear of calamity, we cannot be happy.

Therefore, the primary object of effort is to gain the strength and understanding that will cast out fear.

Some have reasoned that to possess happiness we must kill out desire and be content with whatever happens to be our lot at any given time.

They think that because the failure to gratify desire produces unhappiness, we should pay no attention to desire, but simply be happy by having no hope and consequently no disappointment.

There is a higher happiness than mere apathy; it is a realization of strength. This kind of happiness is not created by circumstances and is not affected by them.

The achievement of strength in gratifying desire may not produce the expected degree of pleasure, but the consciousness of ultimate power over conditions, gives a feeling of independent cheerfulness that is worth working for.

The emotions of despair and grief do not improve any condition. Regret and anxiety are on the same plane of superficial feeling that produces the ecstasy and joy of hysterics. Such conditions are far removed from a steadfast peace based on the knowing.

I do not advocate resignation and fortitude; I do not believe in patiently enduring misery. I do not want the happiness that has to wait until another world for its fruition.

My ideal of happiness is a feeling of security, and a realization of advancement. I want to be entirely untrammelled. I want to know that the usual artificial conventionalities cannot make a slave of me. I do not want to feel that my happiness depends on any object or external circumstance.

Some contend that this is a hard-hearted coldness or indifference.

I know that I am better satisfied with this attitude than the other. I have more ability to help myself and

others than I had before I attained my present standpoint.

In comparing the so-called happiness of a weak, negative person, with that of one whose power to enjoy the highest pleasure does not depend on any contingency, my judgment points to the latter as the most desirable, even though it may appear unsympathetic and indifferent to sorrow.

When a person is suffering he derives much more benefit from the wholesome, cheerful, optimist, than from one who commiserates him. In fact the doleful pessimists who delight in being miserable and in seeing others so, are the very ones a sufferer tries to avoid.

There is no happiness in anxiety, fear or any form of weakness. Happiness cannot abide where freedom is not.

We hold it as a truism that the desire for happiness is at the basis of all action.

Then why is it that we do so many things that do not result in happiness?

Why do parents keep propping their children until all parties are weakened by the process?

Why do people make such a strain to keep up a certain standard of appearance in society?

Why do we continue to groan under the burdens and cares that have been proven unfruitful of happiness?

Because conservatism often holds us against our better judgment, even when we know we are making mistakes.

Under any circumstances one can cultivate a habit of serenity and repose that will be conducive to peace and harmony.

"Sunnyside is a great bright world,
And every one's happy within it.
By train of thought one can be hurled
There safely in less than a minute.
When sorrow takes you by the hand,
By sombre impulse binds you,
Misfortune's cyclone steals your sand,
In desperation blinds you;
But let you board that happy train,
Of thought that's e'er in waiting,
The view from Sunnyside will fain
Repay you for migrating."

A steadfast determination to do one's best, and then abide quietly by the consequences, will make for the highest happiness.

To do one's best is to follow the best wisdom of each day: to regret nothing; to worry about nothing; to stand fully by an analysis of past mistakes, and thus make each new day an improvement on all past effort.

Many have failed to derive general pleasure from life because they have made up their minds that something that seemed unattainable was essential to happiness.

For instance, one will think happiness depends on whether love is, or is not, reciprocated in a particular case, and "pine away" or "go into a decline" from this uncertainty.

Another will think he can never be happy in an environment which he considers a finality. He thinks he wants to go somewhere or do something which is prevented by obstacles.

When one is still working exclusively from the external, expectation frequently pictures more than fruition fulfills.

The changed environment or the reciprocated love leaves the person unsatisfied.

But when he rests in a realization of his own completeness, and knows that his happiness consists in his own love, and not in that of another, he will have grown to a plane of strength which is absolute peace and harmony.

The unrest of to-day comes from a sense of defeat, or from a lack of knowledge to triumph over what stands between us and the things we long for.

Then if we can train the thought forces to a comprehension of their own use, we will be able to keep ourselves immune from any non-pleasurable emotions.

The delights of the past will seem morbid when we have evolved to this high plane of consciousness. No longer will there be satisfaction or comfort in the thought of a future heaven when we are done with this "vale of tears." There will be no ecstatic bliss in the contemplation of the promises of the preachers to those who are "faithful until death." There will be no consolation in hoping for a time when we can "lay aside mortality and put on immortality."

Can anyone be perfectly happy as long as he is afraid of anything?

Can anyone be fearless as long as he thinks there are numerous harmful conditions threatening him, and that his utmost caution may not avoid them all?

Therefore, the way to happiness is simply to outgrow the crudities of ignorance, and climb to a realization of security.

If one feels that something can happen to prevent plans from being accomplished that he is interested in, he cannot experience the same peace that another does who knows and trusts his power to rule destiny.

I do not think that we will grow out of the enjoyment of what is known as the "feelings," but we will not allow ourselves to be dominated by them.

We all wish the highest degree of happiness, and if we cannot yet admit to ourselves that we can triumph over things that have always seemed inevitable, it is because we are still on a low plane of development.

While there is a possibility of disease and death, there will be an unrest that will kill happiness. We can only be sure of absolute happiness by establishing a habit of thinking that excludes every element of fear or anxiety.

Let us keep growing into greater freedom. Let us banish despondency from our vocabulary. Let us put all theories to the practical test of experiment and thus learn to manifest the highest promises of possibility. Let us study the conditions and facts of our environment, until we learn the truth that liberates us from all bondage.

Reasoning from experience and observation, we believe that our philosophy will bring perpetual happiness. How can there be any other prospect, when we understand the laws of mental causation? Our ideals of unlimited vitality will embody such a personality that we will find the requisite strength for any undertaking. Our creative energy will express outwardly the inner model of perfection.

The active happiness of creative intelligence is much beyond the frenzy of the religious fanatic who thinks suffering is a result of God's will. It is a long step from passivity to the conscious mastery through co-operation with immutable law.

We cannot exhaust infinity. We can appropriate all of its power that is necessary for demonstration. We

are thus responsible for our individual growth. We constantly transcend past conditions and as constantly embody new ideals. We attain happiness through these affirmations of truth.

We must depend on this development to bring an identification of the consciousness with the principle of happiness.

A. Z. MAHONEY.

C. F. BURGMAN'S LECTURE TOUR.

The following cities will be visited by Mr. C. F. Burgman en route to and from Seattle:

Stockton, Cal. - - Aug 1	Pasadena, Cal. - - Aug. 12
San Francisco, } Aug. 3 to 10	Los Angeles, Cal. - Aug. 14
Oakland, }	San Diego, Cal. - - Aug. 16
San Jose, Cal. }	

Other return dates and places will be announced later.

The friends living in the cities named are requested to arrange for the delivery of at least one lecture. Description of places and people visited by Mr. C. F. Burgman will be recorded from week to week in FREEDOM.

After June 1st. all letters relating to route of travel and invitation to lecture should be addressed to C. F. Burgman, care Prof. F. M. Knox, 773 Washington St., Seattle, Washington. After July 1st. address all such letters to C. F. Burgman, care Porter L. Bliss, 320 Post Street, San Francisco, California.

STETSON WEDDING.

The newspapers of San Francisco have at last found a subject upon which they can agree. From each and all of them comes a cackle of unholy glee to mark their satisfaction in the fact of Charlotte Perkins Stetson's marriage.

Charlotte Perkins Stetson has become Charlotte Perkins Stetson Gilman, and the newspaper commentators are as maliciously jubilant over the fact, as though this clever woman were the only talented creature that has fallen from the grace of consistency.

I am not an authorized champion of the biggest brained women since George Eliot—whose marriage, by the way, late in life, to a young nonentity named Cross, was as inexplicable to her friends as Mrs. Stetson's is to her (official) enemies. Mrs. Stetson herself, would be first to disown my championship. She and I fell out over my admiration of her book, "Women and Economics," or, rather, over my manner of expressing that admiration.

Nothing, it appears, can shake the invincible poise of this remarkable woman, who writes very bad poetry and such humorous, well balanced prose. It isn't enough that you praise; you must praise intelligently—which means, with Mrs. Stetson, a thorough, staidly-worded realization of the scientific value of her book, with no intrusion of flippant humor; no sensational quoting of forceful, one-sided passages, no italicizing of extraordinary statements that might destroy a symmetrical view of a book, which she regards—and justly—as a big part of her life work.

Still, though lacking credentials in this particular case, I plead for the new woman, for that last liberty of the other sex—the privilege of making a fool of herself, like the rest of the world. No one in the West knows what sort of a man the railer at cook stoves and other insignia of married life has wedded. The jeers of the journalistic critics are at the marriage; not at the husband.

"Mrs. Stetson reviled matrimony; Mrs. Stetson married. Oh, the inconsistency of the cleverest of new women!" This is an epitome of San Francisco's press comment upon the marriage of this well known woman.

"Mrs. Stetson is inconsistent; Mrs. Stetson is human"—they might better have said. And this would have been no great discovery. For, despite that old grudge

which weaker women and most men cherish against a woman-philosopher, who could give her husband his freedom and his wish, as Ruskin did with the woman who became Mrs. Millais; despite the reproof without words to jealous, dog-in-the-manger wives and the hurt to marital vanity in the unflattering implication that one woman considers the prize of man's favor not worth battling over with another woman, not worth hazarding dignity and honor, and not necessarily a matter of life and death; despite this, I say, the new woman is very human.

And therefore, fallible.

And therefore, inconsistent.

And apt to express general condemnation of things which she discovers later may be favorably particularized.

"Read Montaigne," advised Emerson. "Read Montaigne. All wisdom lies in Montaigne."

Yet Montaigne was as inconsistent (and manfully admitted his inconsistency) as any latter-day woman philosopher.

"'Tis dangerous to trust women," says the one whom the seer of Concord judged the wisest man who has ever lived, "because of their irregular appetites and depraved tastes. They have not sufficient force to choose and embrace that which is most worthy."

And yet Montaigne left that which he himself says is dearer to man than his own son—his book, "of which I am father and mother both," to a woman to edit and to publish. And that woman's judgment is binding in France to this day. During her life she would not permit a correction or an alteration, and the Frenchman of 1900 docilely reads his Montaigne in the absolute tongue of four centuries ago.

So much for the distinction between what the wisest man wrote and what he did; between the wholesale verdict of guilt his words render and the retail acquittal his acts confess.

Congratulations to you, Mr. and Mrs. Gilman.—*San Francisco Paper*

HOME HEALING.

Send and get my pamphlet on this subject. Ask for *The Mind Cure Pamphlet*. It is now called "*The Highest Power Of All*." It will cost you nothing; ask for several copies if you have friends to whom you could give them. There is wisdom in this pamphlet; and many powerful proofs of the ability of the mind to control every form of disease and weakness. It will do you good simply to read it. It will give you strength and encouragement.

MENTAL SCIENCE SCHOOL

Dr. M. E. Lasswell, Mental Science Teacher and Healer, has opened rooms at 14 McAllister St., San Francisco, Cal., where pure and unadulterated Mental Science will be taught in all its fullness. Classes formed monthly; also an open meeting every day, except Sunday, from 12 to 1 o'clock. Patients received daily. All of Helen Wilman's and C. C. Post's writings on sale. Office hours 10 to 12 m., 2 to 4 p. m. Information free. Eleven years experience. July 18-3m*

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Learn to know the Law and live it and "all things are yours."

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Pamphlet on Esoteric Vibrations sent postpaid for 50 cents.

Instruction, both personal, and by correspondence. Send names of interested friends.

Address, enclosing stamp, Mrs. HORTENSE JORDAN, June 13 6m* Information free. 32 Summit Av., Lynn, Mass.

FOR SALE

In Sea Breeze (City Beautiful), Fla., three-story cottage of seven rooms, bath room and closet; three kinds of water, artesian, surface and cistern, force pump in kitchen; range and oil stoves; out house, wind mill; young orange trees, roses. The house is furnished complete, including a fine Everett upright piano, and everything in same condition as a city residence. The ground consists of two lots, 153 front, 125 deep. Will sell for cash completely furnished. Address

E. F. BRITTON, Sea Breeze, Fla.

THE CONQUEST OF POVERTY.

Have you read "The Conquest of Poverty?" If not, why not? If you are waiting for a more substantially bound book we can furnish "The Conquest of Poverty," revised, enlarged and illustrated, handsomely bound in cloth. Here is an opportunity for every one interested in Mental Science to engage in missionary work, and at the same time receive compensation that will justify the agent in taking up the work of soliciting as a regular business. Those who have earnestly devoted their time to selling "The Conquest of Poverty" in the paper cover at fifty cents can readily see to what better advantage they can handle a dollar book. The experience gained with the small book can be utilized in the sale of the cloth-bound edition. Nearly forty thousand copies of this little book have already been sold which proves the popularity of the work. These have mostly been sold by solicitors, and as far as we know it is the only paper-covered book that has ever been successfully handled through agents. If such a large sale can be reached with a work not considered as a regular subscription book, what can be done—when the same book, greatly improved and made into a popular subscription book, remains to be seen. We shall always have the paper edition. This will aid the solicitor, for if he cannot take an order for the one-dollar book he can furnish the fifty-cent edition. To the agent who will devote his whole time canvassing for a book that has become so well known and appreciated, it will be a veritable harvest. A gentleman writes: "Send me 'The Conquest of Poverty.' I have hunted in every book store in this city and cannot find it. Why don't you place your books on sale in the book stores?" Hundreds of people want the book and they want it cloth-bound, but cannot find it. A famous physician writes: "Are your works bound in cloth? 'The Conquest of Poverty' is a classic and ought to be preserved in a suitable binding." What better opportunity does an agent want than to carry the book to those who spend days in hunting for it? We are receiving in every mail applications for territory. Knowing the demand for "The Conquest of Poverty," we shall jealously guard our territory, and request those who desire to avail themselves of the rare chance now presented—for not one book in a hundred becomes popular enough to be profitable to the agent—to send in at once and secure the territory desired, stating definitely what county they would like to have set apart for their special benefit. Canvassing is a science and must be conducted on lines which experience has proved successful. For the regular canvasser, the county plan produces the greatest results. We have had many years' experience in canvassing, and have sold all kinds of books, and are prepared to give instructions covering the best plans for successful work.

We recommend the county plan. Send in your choice of county, and we will send you terms and full instructions how to make a success of selling a dollar book. While our mission is philanthropic, experience has taught us that unless some plan can be devised to

support the canvasser in the field—and "the laborer is worthy of his hire"—we shall fail in reaching the masses. Experience has also taught us that the best method of giving every individual an opportunity of purchasing a book is with a thorough organization, and a systematic canvass by well trained agents.

Fill out or copy the following coupon, drawing your pen through the binding you *do not want*, and mail it to us. The books will go forward at once.

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The titles of the above books indicate their character, except the one called "A Blossom of the Century," this is a Mental Science book and really should be called "Immortality in the Flesh." It is a powerful appeal to reason and in substantiation of the belief that man can conquer death here on earth.

The price of every book on the list is very low in comparison with its value. Address all orders to

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DO YOU OWN THE WILMANS HOME COURSE IN MENTAL SCIENCE?

If Not, You Surely Want It, and if You Want It You Can Surely Get It Now.

THERE ARE TWENTY OF THEM.

The Total Price is Only \$5.00, Making the Price Only 25c. Each.

Desiring to give every one an opportunity to obtain the Lessons without inflicting hardships upon any, we offered to sell them for sixty days for \$1.00 down and \$1.00 per month. This offer has met with such general satisfaction, and as our desire is for the greatest good to the greatest number, we have decided to continue the offer until further notice.

UPON RECEIPT OF ONE DOLLAR WE WILL SEND TO YOUR ADDRESS CHARGES PREPAID

The Entire Set of Twenty Lessons. The Balance to be paid at the rate of One Dollar Per Month.

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. Careful study will enable any one to master Mental Science through these lessons. They should be in every home in the world.

[Cut this out or copy it and mail to-day.]

THE INTERNATIONAL SCIENTIFIC ASSOCIATION.

Sea Breeze Fla.

Please send to my address below, one complete set of the "Wilman's Home Course in Mental Science" (20 lessons) price \$5.00. Inclosed find one dollar on account. I hereby agree to pay the balance of \$4.00 at the rate of one dollar per month, beginning one month from date of receipt of the lessons. The title to the lessons to remain in your until entirely paid for.

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In response to a demand we have gotten out an edition of a pamphlet Mrs. Wilman's wrote some years ago. It is called "A Healing Formula." Some of our friends assert that it is the most helpful thing she ever wrote. The price is 15 cents.

Also a pamphlet by Mrs. Ada Wilman's Powers, called "The Universal Undertone." It is one of the most beautiful things ever written. Price 15 cents. The two 25 cents. Address International Scientific Association, Sea Breeze, Fla.

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Every agent realizes the importance of a handsomely bound book at a popular price. One dollar is within the reach of all, and any person will invest a dollar in a book that can be preserved, and find its place in the library, when he will not pay fifty cents for a paper-bound pamphlet. We shall guard our territory with jealous care, and we shall organize each state on the county plan. Full instructions as to how to work counties successfully will be furnished to agents upon assignment of territory.

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What more does an agent want than a book that has reached the sale of nearly forty thousand in paper covers, with people hunting the book stores in search of it, brought out as a regular subscription book, illustrated and sold at a popular price? It is an opportunity that the agent will not fail to grasp. Select your county and send in for terms and full instructions, "How to work a county successfully."

If you are so situated that you cannot engage in this work, please pass this over to some friend who may be looking for pleasant and profitable employment.

THE INTERNATIONAL SCIENTIFIC ASSOCIATION.

Sea Breeze, Fla.

GENTLEMEN:

Please reserve for me the county of _____

State of _____ I hereby agree to thoroughly work the above mentioned territory for THE CONQUEST OF POVERTY within a reasonable time, at the regular commission of 40 per cent. Please find enclosed 60 cents for sample copy of THE CONQUEST OF POVERTY cloth-bound, and "How to work a county successfully."

Name _____

Town _____

County _____

State _____

Fill out this blank and mail to us. We will co-operate with you and success is assured.

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.

CAN POVERTY BE SUCCESSFULLY TREATED?

Why not? Poverty is one form of weakness, not far removed from disease although so different.

Poverty is caused by the absence of self-confidence and will power; back of these is the lack of vitality; not the lack of animal force, but of intelligent force.

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I began to think along the lines that develop the qualities I have enumerated until I became like a giant in that one particular form of power. I spent years in earnest study before I felt myself so fully developed that I could impart it with certainty; but now my treatments in this line are successful; and not in a single instance have I had a complaint from a patient.

Persons writing for treatment must be explicit, and give their addresses carefully. Terms reasonable.

Helen Wilmans,
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