

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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SYNOPSIS OF C. C. POST'S LECTURES BEFORE THE HOME TEMPLE ON ANCIENT AND MODERN RELIGIONS.

[FIFTH LECTURE—THE RELIGION OF THE CHINESE.]

The condition of affairs in China at the present time naturally adds to the interest which we would otherwise take in knowing something of the religious beliefs of her people.

As I have previously remarked, the social customs, character and general life of every people are strongly affected by the religious beliefs to which they hold, and China is an especially clear illustration of this fact. With a written history extending two thousand four hundred years back of the birth of Jesus, she has made but small advancement in any direction, and is to-day virtually the same China that she was three thousand years ago.

And yet we, perhaps, give the Chinese too little credit for what they have done and are.

If the western nations have advanced more rapidly in the arts and sciences which pertain to civilization, they were later in starting, and owe much of what they are to hints received from the man with the queue. Printing and the manufacture of gun powder, the mariner's compass, the manufacture of silk—these were all known and made use of in China, centuries before their rediscovery in Europe, if, indeed, Europe did not obtain her first knowledge of them from China.

So, too, the Chinese system of government has much which is worthy of admiration, and which modern nations might copy to advantage. While in name an unlimited monarchy, it is in practice very much of a republic, since there is no office so high, so that it be below the throne, to which the poorest among the people may not aspire, as in this country they may do to the presidency. Indeed, Arthur Wilson, who is among those who a few years since were regarded as authority on Chinese affairs, says that the Chinese stand unsurpassed and, probably unequaled, in regard to possession of free government.

The government is really one of an aristocracy of learning—just as that of England is of birth and wealth.

Every office in China is under what we call the Civil Service rules; that is, it can go only to one who has passed an examination, and these examinations are very strict and are conducted in a way that assures at least a reasonable probability that the best man will win. Each large city has an examination board and holds an examination of all applicants for certain degrees every third year; any man may apply to be examined for any degree he wishes,

but there are several degrees, and the higher officers can only be appointed from those who have passed to the highest degrees. We would consider their manner of examining applicants rather unique—if that is the proper word.

Each student is given a separate cell in which he remains for two days and a night while he prepares his written answers to the questions asked. These questions are not subject to a direct or short answer, but are of a character to compel the student to write in a way to show what general, as well as specific, knowledge he has upon the subject. He will be given, perhaps, three subjects and he must put in his time telling in writing what he knows about them; and he must not leave his cell during the two days and night. If found cheating in any way he is ruined for life.

As showing the severity of these examinations it is said that one per-cent. passes as a rule.

The highest civil officers are governors of the provinces, members of boards of appointment, boards of finance, ceremonies, war, criminal jurisprudence and public improvements, the latter having most to do with canals. The highest of these constitute a board of censors to the Emperor, and it is their duty to inform him, if, in their judgment, he is not doing his duty by the people. The fact that he may order their heads cut off may, doubtless, make them a little cautious about saying anything; but on the other hand their unpopularity with the people if they did not warn the Emperor of grave public dissatisfaction would be a strong motive to compel them to do so, and his fear of an uprising if he punished a censor for performing the duty assigned him would naturally prevent him from doing so—especially as rebellion is taught by their religion as both a right and a duty, where the Emperor fails to do his duty.

But—and this is what to us appears the strange part of it—rebellion would mean only the desposition of the Emperor, and not a change in the form of the government. At least, such is the teaching of their religion, and such the history of the empire for three thousand years.

For three thousand years her oral language has remained the same. For three thousand years the efforts of their teachers and the effects of the Chinese religion have been to hold things as they were; and the duty of rebellion arises only when the ruling dynasty seeks to change from the ways of their ancestors.

This fact goes far towards explaining the position evidently taken by the present Emperor and dowager Empress. They are, to use a quotation, "between the devil and the deep sea." They have permitted innova-

tions upon old ways. They have permitted foreigners to enter the country, to teach a new religion, to build railroads, to do many things which their forefathers did not do; and the duty of the people is to rebel, and either force the Emperor to restore the ancient customs and policy, or remove him and his family from power.

This the whole outside world is in arms to prevent, and apparently all of China to compel the Emperor to do and the end is not yet, but evidently the Emperor and his advisers are compelled to a course of double dealing, assuring the foreign nations of their desire to suppress the Boxers, while encouraging them to believe that they would gladly return to the old ways, if only the foreigners were run out of the country.

If the Boxers succeed against the efforts of the Emperor he will undoubtedly be desposed. If the rebellion is suppressed, the foreign nations will impose terms with which the Emperor may find it difficult, if not impossible, to comply, and may be desposed by them. Those holding the positions of greatest power in China are not in a position just now to be envied.

There are two principal religious schools in China that may be called native. That is, their founders were Chinamen, and the religion originated in, and is confined to China. These are called respectively Taoism and Confucianism, or the teachings of Confucius. There are also many followers of Buddha and of Mohamed in portions of the empire, but they have not had any appreciable effect upon the character of the people as a whole. Of the two native religions, that of Confucius is most widely spread, and is, in fact, the religion of the state. All applicants for office must be examined regarding knowledge of the writings of Confucius, and it is said that the highest offices can only be filled by those who can repeat word for word all that he ever wrote.

Yet they do not consider his works inspired in the sense that the word is used by Christians with relation to the Bible. Confucius's teachings say nothing whatever of a God or gods. He does not deny, neither does he assert the existence of a God. Apparently he did not believe in a personal deity. He taught a system of morality and the worship of the spirits of their dead ancestors. The saying, "Do not unto others that you would not that they do unto you" is from Confucius, who lived and taught more than five hundred years before Jesus of Nazareth, and its appearance in the Bible suggests the acquaintance of its authors with the religion of China. The Emperor quoted the text in an appeal to the queen of England some years ago, not to force China to open her ports to the entrance of opium and said, "We understand that your own sacred book contains the same high command."

But England sought for trade and the command was ignored; had it not been so the Chinese might have been more willing to listen to the teachings of missionaries.

The best room in every Chinaman's house is dedicated to his ancestors, and is called the hall of ancestors. Here he worships and prays to them, much, I imagine, as Catholics pray to the saints.

It is this worship of their ancestors that has made China the most conservative and least progressive of the nations. To do differently from their fathers would offend their fathers to whom they prayed. It would be an insult to their fathers' spirits. It would be equivalent to

telling one's father that he did not know as much as his son did; and a Chinese son who would talk in that way to a father, even when alive, would be considered worthy of the severest punishment—how much more to so insult his father's spirit after his death.

The result of such teachings enforced upon the minds of continuous generations, forbidding any to hope for power or distinction, save in proportion as he held to and practiced such, could not produce other results than we see—a nation of naturally peaceful people, knowing little of war and with little military genius; yet at war with the balance of the world.

Unquestionably, the Chinese have grievances. The Christian nations have *not* dealt with them in the spirit or the letter of the command referred to. It is a fact for which we Anglo-Saxons—while we lift our heads in conscious pride at having ever led the march of progress in the world—may yet blush to remember that we have often done it with the sword, in direct opposition to what we have proclaimed to be, and which are, the most sacred rights of others.

Had the western nations been as enlightened as they profess to be; had they, indeed, been capable of applying the golden rule to all the affairs of life, they could have started China and all other "heathen" nations on the upward way, without the shedding of blood. Since they were not, and are not, blood must continue to flow in the future as it has done in the past.

We may regret—every true humanitarian does regret—the situation in China, and every honest man, who knows the facts, must condemn the unjust manner with which other nations have often dealt with China; yet it is not in accord with the eternal law of growth that China should forever remain stagnant. That stagnation must be broken up even if by the tornado of war and the rain of lead, rather than that it be not broken at all.

Beyond any manner of doubt it will be broken. How great the apparent evil effect upon the world will be, I do not care to prophesy. It will be great, but it will not last forever. In the end good will come of it, even as good came of the crusades of the eleventh and twelfth centuries.

Of Taoism, the smaller of the native religions of China, it has been said to be not unlike modern spiritualism, but I think this an error. Doubtless there is enough likeness to suggest the idea, especially to one who knew little of spiritualism beyond what its enemies say of it; but that is about all.

James Legge in his preface to one of his translations of the "Sacred Books of the East," says of Taoism, "It inculcates a morality of a high order in some respects, and has developed a system of grotesque beliefs and practices, ministering to superstition and intended to refine and preserve the breath of life."

It deals somewhat with magic and incantations, and like Confucianism believes in a future existence, but knows nothing apparently of a supreme personal deity, conceiving creation to have resulted from chaos; as the result of natural law.

The founder of this school was born 604 years B. C. He is called "The old boy," as tradition asserts that he was seventy-two years old and gray-headed when his mother gave him birth, but that he had been conversing with and instructing her in wisdom's way for

many years before. It is but another version, of course, of the stories of miraculous conception and birth which surrounded the founders of nearly every religious faith.

The digestive system feeds our desires provided we believe in our desires; not otherwise. It more frequently happens that we believe in the opposite of what we desire, and then the digestive system feeds the opposite, and disappointment and ruin are the result.

H. W.

The man that would live must be born again. He must be born out of the physical into the mental. I can feel myself going through this process. It is just as if my digestive system was shifting its location from the stomach to the brain; just as if the brain was becoming a new and more condensed digestive system; a digestive system whose product is thought instead of blood.

As I look back I can see how, for years and years, I have been slowly approaching this condition, and I can also see that even now, I have only reached the outside edge of it, where I just begin to understand what it means.

H. W.

"Life accompanies the will as the shadow the body." Then the body, which is the life manifested, goes or remains where the will wills. Man, the highest manifestation! Alas! how few of us know this great and beautiful truth, and how few will accept it when pointed out. Verily they have eyes and see not, and ears and hear not. All persons are possessed of the life principle equally. Nothing more and nothing less, and that degree of perfection each reaches shows to what degree it has been applied, either consciously or unconsciously. When consciously applied there is no height that can not be attained, no desire that cannot be gratified, no hope, no matter how lofty, that cannot be realized. The at-one-ment (atonement) with this life omnipotence is attained only through faith. Faith is an ever shining star that even the sun cannot outshine, and finally leads to understanding or the goal, which are one and the same. I say finally leads; for faith in the wrong direction—sickness, sin, poverty, old age and death are just as surely realized as faith in the opposite direction, and it is through these wrong results that we learn or understand the right; and then, and not until then, is the goal reached. No one who suffers the above named calamities can deny an implicit faith in them. Then why not raise our mental vision to a higher ideal, and stick to it with steadfast faith, and the higher will be realized just as surely as the lower.

ANNIE HOWARTH.

Mental Science transcends all other sciences, inasmuch as all other sciences and conditions of life are dependent upon it for their successful externalization. It teaches mankind the almost unlimited control of mind over matter, and enables the individual to subordinate his appetite, passions and emotions, and so regulate his conduct in his intercourse with his fellows, that his mental capacity shall furnish the best results compatible with his natural endowments. It teaches him the power of the will and its relation to the other faculties of the mind and renders him cognizant of latent forces in his nature which can be utilized for the benefit of society, and

contribute to his own personal welfare and happiness. However man may have come into this world, whether he had his origin in a monad, or was introduced in the mysterious manner described in the first chapters of Genesis, we must recognize the incontrovertible fact that he is noble in every phase of his character, although in a state of active evolution. He is changing, mentally, physically, morally and spiritually, and these changes, if carefully analyzed, would show that his character in some respects has deteriorated, but taken collectively, he is superior to his ancestry.—*Suggester and Thinker.*

Men who wear shirt waists are barred from some of the more fashionable restaurants because the female portion of the guests "raise their eyebrows and also their noses" when the shirt-waist man enters. But they are not to be allowed to be comfortable themselves, not if the Rev. E. Lascelles, of one of the fashionable churches in New Jersey knows himself. Several ladies, strangers, stopping a few doors from the church recently dropped in to an evening service one hot night without hats, and were told by the Rev. Pastor that not being properly clad they could not remain, or words to that effect. In an interview later he is reported to have said:

"I am simply following out an unwritten, but well recognized, rule of the church. The Christian church, from the time of St. Paul, has adhered to the universal custom that women and girls have their heads covered. Whether that covering be veiling or a lesser covering does not affect the question.

"If all reverent customs are to be given up we shall have women uncovered, men with their coats and waist-coats off, and worship will not be conducted decently and in order."

Evidently the Reverend Lascelles recognizes the fact that the church is dependent upon "form" for its existence. The spirit has departed long ago.

MR. C. C. POST:—Please find enclosed money order for two dollars for which I wish you to plant me a tree on the College campus. Yours,

ESTHER F. SEXSMITH,
West Liberty, Iowa.

P. S.—I laugh when I think of the number of initials that will be the same on those trees and how we will get mixed up (when we are at the convention next year) trying to find our trees.

But "howsomever," it is not the initials I am particular about; it is the College. I want to help an institution being built in answer to the pitying cries or prayers of growing humanity for more light. With faces bowed in the dust we have deluged an exalted being, who, we thought, dwelt far above us—with our "desires"—and now with the passing of the century, one of Adam's stray ribs and her daily companion have dared to raise their heads and answer their own prayers; and having succeeded beyond even their own anticipations are now trying to raise those who are ready to listen, and inspire them with the knowledge and courage to answer their own prayers or desires: and so as I said it is not the initials or name on the tree I am so particular about, but I want to add my mite to help this institution that is being built in answer to the greatest desires of my life, and I wish it was two thousand dollars instead of two dollars.

I enjoyed very much your lectures on Evolution, but you stopped entirely too soon. I wanted to hear you say more.

IMMORTAL LIFE UPON EARTH.

[From *Light*, one of the finest of all the spiritual papers. Send to 110 St. Martin's Lane, London, W. E., Eng'land, for sample copy.]

Helen Wilmans is nothing if not startling. When she ceases to startle—if ever she does—she will rock a cradle or subside into an arm-chair, and whisper, "Othello's occupation's gone!" Her latest startle is the buoyant suggestion that it is about time we broke ourselves of the absurd habit of dying. Our ancestors could not help it. They knew no better. We do: or we ought to. Her general theory of a "dead" person is that it is a person which did not understand itself. Very plainly is this put:

"The spirit of a dead person consists of the thoughts he had in this life; it is his thought life. It was created by his body and fed by his body, and its true mission was to have remained with the body always, thus banishing death. But it did not know this, and so there was a separation; the thought life left the body to perish. The body would not perish if the thought life remained in it; but the thought life must be more intelligent than the world has heretofore produced before this disintegration can be prevented."

This is emphasized further on, and then we read: "As I write this sentence, the raps come thick and fast all over the room." Moreover, it is backed up by a rather ingenious argument; something like this: The ultimate destiny of the human being is to live permanently upon this earth, and the effort and longing to persist in living is the moving power of evolution. From the first two atoms that were drawn together in organization there has been a constantly increasing effort to gain more life. Every person who understands evolution knows that development has been from low to high, from weakness to strength, from ignorance to intelligence; and no one will deny that the love of life here in the external form has grown stronger as we grew in wisdom. The constant effort of evolution has been to bring forth some creature that would conquer death, and thus preserve the wholeness of the plan.

We admire the ingenuity and endorse the science thus far; but we still fail to see how this suggests persistence of life in the body. It very much more suggests an evolution out of the body, and the passing on to a sphere of mind-life or thought-life, as a distinct promotion. Before evidence, we should have thought that Helen Wilmans, ever on the wing and always ready, would have been one of the first to see this and go for it. We suspect she is over-fascinated with her lovely Florida home, "Sea Breeze," and does not want to go. But there is something better beyond.

Following up her quaint notion that "the new body, the spirit body, at death is cut off from its source of supply," she ingeniously connects this with the probably anxiety of the unseen people to come into communication with the people of the earth. "Everywhere," she says, "they are trying to press back into earth conditions. Do they need these conditions? My answer would be that it surely looks like it." Then comes the clever use of this fact, if fact it is. We are asked to see that it is "the spirit world which is not in a stable condition, that that world was peopled in error, and that, as intelligence increases, tenants will not go, and, we suppose, even heaven will be 'a house to let.'" Very plainly, as usual, this is pushed home:

It is because this condition is not the ultimate of the

desires of the spirits that there is such a tendency among them to hover near the earth and to imbibe as much as they can of the earth's atmosphere. This atmosphere sustains them in greater strength than the more devitalized atmosphere farther from the earth; and possibly, as this atmosphere is constantly strengthening by the increasing intelligence of the earth people, and as the spirit people share it, the time may not be very far away when the space between us and the spirit world will be bridged. Our friends over there will then be joined to the earth life, and will take up the pursuits of this life again.

We think the verdict will go against our ingenious friend. Progress is everywhere the law of life, and the tremendous change involved in "death" must surely mean a stage on, and a stage very profoundly based on first principles. The crowding back, with a desire to "imbibe the earth's atmosphere" suggests a return to grave-clothes, not a return to sources of life. We can understand the return to earth-conditions, impelled by affection or the desire to be of service, or from motives connected with science, but we are afraid that, taking it as Helen Wilmans puts it, Mrs. Besant, who deprecates the return as lowering or retarding, seems more nearly right.

Returning for a moment to the initial argument based on the Law of Evolution, we are told that "the sole meaning of growth from the lowest creature to man is to establish individuals that shall conquer every obstruction in the road to perfect freedom. These individuals have been ripening in intelligence for ages; all the time they have been growing in a sense of their own mastery, until now they begin to see that the greatest desire of all their desires—the conquest of old age and death—is within their grasp."

Here again, is it not perfectly evident that this instinct for perfect freedom, and this strong growth of the human race towards it, may be a prophecy of perfect emancipation from the old rudimentary physical ties altogether? That is certainly a larger idea than the scheme which wants to begin and end on this tiny orb.

But the ingenious speculations of this nimble-minded lady are by no means exhausted. Quite cleverly she prusses reincarnation into her service, thus: "Reincarnation was the result of anxiety to get back to the source of supply. The poor unintelligent spirits were, in fact, sucked back (or sucked themselves back) into reincarnation: and this was bound to go on until the spirits became sufficiently individualized to claim their own rights as persons, to feel the will-power stirring in them so that they were able to say 'I,' and stand by it. Reincarnation is virtually personal annihilation, since the selfhood of the spirit does not go back with the spirit. As, then, the personality is strengthened, the person will decline to be sucked back and to become somebody else: and, in time, it will cease to go hence at all. Reincarnation will stop because, with the full ripening of the individual, individuality will stand its ground; and death will go out of fashion because the individual will become perfectly free, and perfectly master of thought and will."

Such is our friend's argument, the conclusion of which is that, in the end, the unseen and the seen will together attain to perfect freedom, and be able to work

together for the highest good. As we have said, it is ingenious, but we are afraid it is moonshine, and, under anybody's care but hers, it might prove somewhat dangerous moonshine, too. If any responsible person got it into his head that he could dodge death, and acted up to his delusion, we can readily imagine the trouble he might give to those who had to follow him. But there is not much danger here. The old, old story will go on: this little stream will continue to be crossed; but life upon the earth will always be only—The end of Chapter I.

WILL BE AN AGE OF FRUIT.

We are just on the threshold of developing the world's crop of fruits. In the temperate zones the grains, cereals and cattle have reached a higher stage of evolution than any other products; but the day for the fruits of the tropics is dawning. From South and Central America, from equatorial Africa, and from the lands of the Orient streams of tropical fruits will in the near future pour into Europe and America in return for the cereals, meats, and products of the colder climes. Under modern agricultural methods, an abundance of fruits for the whole world can be raised in these warm regions at a cost so low that none need be so poor as to go without them.

The importance of this change of food supply upon our national diet will be of interest to those engaged in the physiological study of the civilized man. With rich, nourishing tropical fruits so cheap, our meat diet, among the poor at least, must decline. The effect upon the physical and mental characteristics of the race will be interesting. One of the chief drawbacks to the more rapid spread of vegetarianism is said to be due to the insufficient variety of our common fruits and vegetables. The cultivation and development of the fruit crops of the tropics by white settlers must inevitably tend to remove this restriction.

Fruit culture in the tropics is at present in the most primitive stage; except in a few notable instances these tropical products are grown just as nature first produced them. Little or no attempt has been made to double the yield or to improve the quality. The policy of the native farmers has been to do no more than was actually necessary. In view of the changes in tropical geography of the world wrought by recent wars, the question of the future of the agriculture and horticulture of these lands is rapidly assuming great importance. If the possibilities of the soil and climate under improved culture and the application of farming implements and machinery, are all that leading scientists claim, the world's food supply ought to be doubled and tripled in the next decade or two.

According to scientific horticulturists, these improvements will be along two lines. The first will be the improvement and development of the soil, so that its utmost capacity can be measured. As in the north, the earth will be fed, and not simply robbed of its fertility. An acre of pineapples, bananas, or cocoanuts under a good system of culture should produce twice as many fruits as it does to-day. Modern machinery and farm implements will help the crops in thus utilizing the fertility that has been buried in the subsoil for thousands of years. The loosening of the top soil, and the consequent freeing of the imprisoned nitrogen should stimu-

late the growth of the trees and plants, so that they will assume a greater size and productivity.

But while intensive methods of agriculture and horticulture in the direct line of cultivating the soil will have marvellous effects, the greatest improvements are looked for in the improvement of the plants and products by careful selection, hybridization and grafting. Our horticulture owes much to these simple processes. The white men have brought from the tropics plants which have been adapted to cold climates. If the same methods are employed to improve the tropical plants in their own homes the results must be even greater. This has already been demonstrated in the banana, cocoanut, pineapple and orange groves of South and Central America. The new plantations of cocoanut trees in Central America are not only producing larger crops than the old ones, but the nuts are far superior in size and quality.

An American syndicate operating fruit farms in Central America has already shipped an improved variety of pineapple north, that almost equals the famous London hothouse pineapples. The bananas are so susceptible to improvement that horticulturists do not hesitate to predict that they will soon be produced twice the size of those now imported. But the quality as well as the size is considered. The development of the "lady finger" bananas is now in course of rapid progress, and this delicate fruit will have a flavor in the future that will be beyond compare.—*Scientific American*.

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INTERNATIONAL SCIENTIFIC ASSOCIATION,
Sea Breeze, Fla.

HOW SHALL WE CONQUER DEATH?

From the view point of Spirit there is no death, but its appearance exists in the material world. How shall we dispel that appearance which is casting its black pall over humanity? That is the question before us.

The spirit of man cannot die, and yet that association of atoms which we call the body is subject to disorganization and decay. Why? Because as a material product it is subject to the material law of disintegration. It appears and disappears on the sense plane, because it belongs to and is a part of the great illusion or phantasmagoria of material life. With dreamlike unreality forms appear and vanish, and man, seeing his loved ones disappear behind the inscrutable veil in that change called death, is filled with despair because of the unreality of mortal life.

line there ceases to be a proper adjustment, and disease is the result.

But when the mind has found God and is one with Him at the centre of consciousness, then it sees, knows, and lives the truth. It then radiates straight lines from its centre, which is the God-life, to its circumference, which is the human life, and becomes in consequence a true and beautiful expression of God, who is perfect, diseaseless, immortal Being.

The body is being continually made over anew, but made over to the old pattern of material thought, and so long as this process continues it must be subject to disintegration and decay. Not so when it begins a reformation to the pattern of Divine thought, for then it takes on the characteristics of the Divine. So it was with our elder brother, the Christ, and so it shall be with us. As we have borne in our bodies the image of

MUSCLE AND BRAINS SHOULD CO-OPERATE.

BY EDWARD ATKINSON.

What man does by his own labor or physical energy is to convert the products of land and sea, of mine and forest, into new forms from which he derives shelter, food and clothing.

In a material sense, all that any one can get in or out of life, be he rich or poor, is what we call our board and clothing.

We make nothing. All that we can do is to move something. We move the soil and we move the seed; nature gives the harvest. We direct the currents of falling water, of heat and of steam; nature imparts the force to which man has only given a new direction. We are now imparting new directions to the force that we call electricity and to what we call cold.

What is the force from which we derive this power of transforming physical energy?

May we not call it mental energy—the faculty by

me in the last year of the civil war in answer to a question. When I asked him why he had quit, his reply was: "I have found out just what we have been fighting for." "What was it?" "Fighting for rich men's niggers,—'em; I've had enough of it."

I am led more and more to the conviction that war and warfare, whatever influence they may have had in developing progress in the past, are now due to ignorance and greed; that the war of tariffs is due to selfishness and stupidity, and that the contest of labor and capital is due to the errors of the ignorant workmen and the ignorant capitalists alike.

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FEARLESSNESS A PROTECTION TO LIFE.

Talking of overcoming death, do you suppose man will ever be invulnerable to accident?

Yes I do. I suppose he is largely so at present. All live creatures generate an atmosphere about them which is protective. In accidents, men escape when it seems impossible for them to do so. In my own limited experience, I have noted a number of such cases. It is almost as if there was a special providence to care for individual lives, and the people really believe this to be the case. But it is not so; the protection each person receives proceeds from himself; it is his life essence, his will power flowing forth that segregates him from the influences that would otherwise destroy him.

There is no one reading these lines who cannot recall instances, either in his own experience or that of his neighbors, wherein the preservation of life seemed a miraculous thing. But there is nothing that can be imputed to miracle; it all comes under the head of law. In the cases I have alluded to—escapes from accidental death—the greatest power of protection is always accord-

ded to the strongest person or creature; that is to say, that the strongest creatures, by which I mean the *most intelligent* creature, is always the safest. The most intelligent creature is the one who generates an atmosphere of the most powerful resistance to all negative conditions. Every form of disease and death is negative to life; and in those cases where life is individualized and knows its own power, none of the negative conditions can touch it; accidents will actually appear to shun such persons; and eventually they will become so superior to all hurtful influences that they will be perfectly safe, no matter where they are, nor what their surroundings may be.

I have met with a few persons who were never afraid; a few sailors whom no storm could intimidate. I will venture to assert, from my knowledge of the law, that these men will never be killed in a storm; their fearlessness is their protection. And how does it protect them? Every condition of thought sends forth the mental atmosphere that corresponds to it; this mental atmosphere is not a *nothing*; it is a substance more powerful than the strongest electrical current; so strong that no power generated by negative substances or the negative plane can stand against it. In a crowd where there is one person who can generate this atmosphere, the spirit of absolute safety will prevail.

This same thing can be extended to every act in life. It lies at the bottom of business success.

Some days I seem to be lifted more than other days. I am conscious that I am generating an atmosphere of greater power than usual. The first application I make of such power is in favor of my patients. I usually have several patients who are not getting well as fast as I want them to. These patients are my babies; my heart goes out to them, and the strongest thought I can generate goes out to them. After them come the other patients. Then if things are not going just right with me, I speak the word that makes them right.

Have I ever told my readers about the *uplift* of thought? Perhaps you have the blues; something may not be going to suit you; all of a sudden you remember the "thought uplift." Your thought goes upward and you can actually feel the unpleasant influence—whatever it was—sink down and down, lower and lower, in your body until it is gone. This falling away of the unpleasant condition is not the thought uplift; it is a step preliminary to it; it comes with the suggestion that you can lift your thought above every trouble and discomfort on earth. It is the falling away of the old condition to make room for the new. The new comes in the shape of an uplift. There is no weight about you—no fear; not a particle of anxiety and you are as happy as it is possible to be.

This frame of mind is almost indescribable. It is not that I seem so very happy, but I seem so wonderfully free, and as if I were just on the verge of such happiness as I never imagined before. I cannot at all guess what it is like, and do not seem specially anxious to know. I am sure that the happiness is at hand; that it awaits me, and I am contented. I will know absolutely that everything is all right. When I say I know that everything is all right, I mean that it is coming the way I ordered it, and not the way some overruling providence has decreed will be a better way. My will

must be executed in whatever befalls; otherwise the sense of freedom would not prevail so strongly when under the influence of this *lifting* thought.

I call it the lifting thought because all the old and heavy thought drops from me, and another kind of thought that *knows its own power*, and whose power is great enough to float me, takes possession of me.

This thought is of itself an approach to the conquest of old age and death; an approach so close that it seems to obliterate every other form of weakness. Are you in pain? Your pain passes immediately. Is your business giving you anxiety? The lifting thought will banish the anxiety and your finances will respond to your effort.

Oh! there is power in this lifting thought. I have no doubt it is the beginning of the heaven on earth which the new thought is bringing.

Every day I am feeling some new form of growth, all leading in the direction of that individual positiveness that can conquer old age and death.

I don't believe there ever was a person whose body responded to her thought, or showed forth bodily what she was thinking about, more quickly than mine. This fact is indisputable evidence that mind and body are one; and this fact—that mind and body are one—is absolute guarantee that man has the power to save himself to the utmost in every respect corresponding to his desires.

But to illustrate—if I entertain ideas of death for a time my body will become numb and the action of my heart will weaken.

I am aware that my readers think I have grown beyond the point where the world's belief in death affects me; and I have grown away from it to a certain extent; but it is often too powerful as a belief for me to reject the influence of it entirely. The belief is in the air we breathe, and it will take united and constant effort to clear even a small breathing space that will be free from it.

It was with the idea of finding a breathing place, free from the belief in death that we came to Florida; and each year confirms us in the wisdom of our coming.

H. W.

POLARIZATION.

The red letter men of the world's biography are those who earn the right to say, "This one thing I do." A man without a masterful conviction is morally invertebrate. Much of the practical value of the first commandment consists in its power of polarization. And the seventh is like unto it. The two have the same ethical basis, and natural obedience to both is merely a matter of development—for individuals first—and nations by degrees. As a matter of fact comparatively few of us have really found our center of gravity—have reached the point of individual polarity—of definite, concentrated, purposeful living. Wide and varied interests are well—all are the richer for every thought—every sensation. But however great our sensual and intellectual range, we are not spiritually maturing until we focus—choose—identify ourselves, so to speak, with one great central interest or aim, and make all others subservient thereto. In the abstract, from a spiritual point of view, it is no more individually deleterious to have two wives than two gods—two vital interests of equal value to

which we render the allegiance of a double life and pay the divided tribute of our minted thought. We are all polytheistic and polygamic at the beginning—that is, in the earlier stages of our growth—both as individuals and peoples. And the majority of us still have a number of nebulous affections and beliefs that would inevitably conflict if carried to logical conviction, a number of interests of equal attraction, goals, toward which we face in turn. In fact, we are still pathetically like those old tribes to whom the outward commandment came; we need some thundering, mountain-top happening to arrest our attention, some fiery demonstration to compel our roving interests. And even after this, we, like those same foolish, fickle people over and again turn aside to worship the strange gods of any invading circumstance. The particular concept of Deity we hold is indicative, of course, but not nearly so vital a matter as that we own allegiance to but the one. Human marriage is the most beautiful and meaningful of all Nature's sacraments, in the partaking of which man may draw nearest to his Holy of Holies, his Ideal—the more freely realize his concept of God—but so far as the development of an individual's own character is concerned, the type of person he marries is of infinitesimal importance compared with the moral gain of purposeful fidelity to his choice.

The name of the constellation in which one's lode-star shines is immaterial, but it is all important that one abide unswervingly by the index of the answering magnet in one's soul. Both polytheism and polygamy are perfectly natural on a certain plane of thought. We are, potentially, syntheses on other planes as each of us is, physically, and epitome on this, of all lower orders, and must run the whole gamut of emotion or intellection. Therefore, from one point of view, it is as unscientific to adversely criticize another's development as evidenced by his attitude toward the first and seventh commandments, as it would be absurd for a ripe apple to deny apple-ship to a green one, or outlaw the blossoms of its own tree as beyond the pole of respectability. Each successive stage of development is in order—as a stage—not as a stopping place. However sincere and earnest the present day devotee of polygamy may be, the simple fact that he still sees no farther than so primitive an ideal proves his personal immaturity. And many a block that serves well enough as a stepping-stone would be ruinous as the foundation of a home. Polarization—the "eye single"—is a matter of slow development with the majority of us. But it is a thing to be desired, light-giving, soul-freeing thing, and, on whatever plane, whether in relation to God or man, Love is the herald of its coming, and Love the law of its growth.

ESTHER HARLAN.

Dynamös are powerful, but they wear out. Thoughts are creative; they renew.

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THE-WASTE-PAPER BASKET.

Did you ever see a ghost? I am not sure that I have not seen many. I have the power, or rather I had it, for I don't seem to have time to exercise it any now, to build up forms apparently out of the atmosphere. I would look at one place in a rather dark room and seem to make a head appear, and gradually the shoulders and arms and all the body. These people would be tall and stately and dressed in flowing garments of a shadowy or grayish color. I was not afraid of them, for I knew they were not real; they had no life in them, and I could dissolve them in an instant.

Off the same piece with this power was the ability to answer questions that were not spoken to me, but only formed in the thought of the person who was asking them. If I had cultivated this power I could have brought it to great perfection, but it weakened me. In order to answer the silent question, I had to come into a condition of complete relaxation. I would lose my individuality and just wait for something to speak through me. The answer would come in pictures that formed out of nothing apparently. No matter how silly or meaningless the pictures were, I had to describe them as fast as they appeared, and in the end the meaning would be apparent. This way.

I see an old worn out basket.

There is something in the basket.

There is a string tied to the handle and it is being let down into the room.

The cover is removed and there is newly laundered clothes in it.

The question was, am I going to get back my white dress in time for the dance?

The answer was undoubtedly, "Yes".

But why did I not get the answer in a word? I do not know. In all the answers I ever received there seemed to be a gradual approach to it and never a direct answer.

Perhaps in the simple question, "What are we going to have for dinner," I would—after becoming negative, see some pots and kitchen utensils; and then, perhaps, a joint of meat, and then my thoughts would go off and hunt up the servant, who, it seemed, was essential to the answering of the question, but who was absent. Then the next thing I would see would be the stair case. After that I would find myself going up stairs. I would describe everything I saw and every movement I made. Presently I would see the servant and immediately I would find myself in the kitchen again among pots and pans and dishes. I would feel the heat of the stove; I would see steam pouring out of a tea kettle; I would see a pan of pease sitting on one corner of the table. The tea kettle had changed into a soup kettle and I could smell chicken broth. Perhaps I would take another trip off at the suggestion of "chicken," and find myself in a hen-house and see baskets of eggs, but I would soon be back in the kitchen again, where I would see the bread board with a pie standing ready for the oven. When I got through with all the articles the pictures stopped. I could not see another thing.

To the question so often asked by Ada, "Are we going to have a successful year financially?" I have seen the most wonderful objects imaginable. Usually they would begin with the most gorgeous drapery hanging from the ceiling; such articles as I have never seen in

my life; real tapestries, I suppose, with the most gorgeous blending of colors; then there would come sets of furniture of indescribable richness; presently I would find myself in a room filled with wearing apparel; all of it very beautiful; perhaps I would see Ada herself, dressed like a queen and glittering with diamonds. All of these I would describe as they showed themselves. It seemed strange that I should see such wonderful colors with my eyes shut; colors that do not exist at all.

In every instance where the question has related to coming success I have got such pictures as I have described; of course, the meaning was that there was great success ahead of us; as there always has been since I came into the knowledge of the law that underlies success.

The knowledge of this law is a great thing. There is nothing that makes a person so free as it does. I have so longed for all persons to possess this knowledge that I have written volumes about it, which I have virtually given away by publishing in FREEDOM. But FREEDOM only costs a dollar a year, and nobody wants a secret worth millions of dollars that costs nothing, or nearly nothing. People do not value anything unless they are made to pay something near its worth. Therefore, I have concluded that if people want my secret they can pay for it, and after paying for it they can work for it; which means that they can purchase my books, all of which run in the line of thought that I have made successful in building up a fortune, and in continuing to add to it every day of the year; after which they can put their whole souls into the study of my books. Less than this will accomplish nothing.

And I am not selfish. I am just the reverse; I am constantly pouring out the most generous thought imaginable into the brains of the people whose interests seem as dear to me as my own, and whom I long to see out of financial trouble. My inclinations run toward giving away every dollar I take in; and nothing restrains me in this particular but my experience, which has taught me that there is nothing so ruinous to the moral and intellectual attitude of a man as to give to him.

But enough on this subject.

A lady came to me a few days ago and told me of a falsehood that was in circulation about her. She was fearfully distressed, and I felt her distress keenly. They say a woman's tears are too shallow to amount to anything. But they amount to a great deal with me; they make me very unhappy for a time; hers did. The poor darling felt perfectly helpless under the weight of a lie. Now was it not awful that some one out of pure malice should have stabbed an innocent person almost to death?

And look at the lie itself. It did not make the least consequence that it was a lie; it might as well have been true since almost every one would accept it as truth. The conclusion to this matter was that it really makes no difference what any one says about us. Start a lie and it goes for the truth. What, then, is the part dictated by wisdom? Why this—school yourself to perfect indifference on the subject of scandal; if a lie will be believed as readily as the truth, it might as well have been true. The whole lesson contained in a piece of experience like this is—learn to be perfectly indifferent

about what others say of you and what they think of you.

But I do wish I had a place to put my love. I did not love so much when I was younger, and I made up my mind that I would get over loving entirely when I got older. But I don't do it. I generate more love all the time. I have got so that I cannot hurt a fly. I have resolved again and again that my sensitiveness about fishing shall not overcome that sport. But it is doing so in spite of everything. It makes me weak to see the hook in the fish's mouth. And in other things as well.

There was a time when we mental healers were quite united in the belief that we must keep our sympathy from the patients in order for our thought to heal them; and I did it quite successfully for a time. But there came a time when I could not do it. The fact is, I have been growing more tender-hearted. This is why I say I wish I had a place to put my love. It hurts when one keeps it locked up in the heart. It makes the heart ache. I wonder if it does not unfit one for a healer? If so I am surely becoming more and more unfit. A few evenings ago, one of the clerks gave me a letter marked or special treatment. It was from a woman with cancer; and she actually begged me for her life, just as if I had been an executioner. I turned cold as I read the letter; it seemed as if I wanted to give part of my own life. To be begged, plead with, to save the dear life was more than I could stand. I treated her until bedtime, and then slept an hour or two, and waked again, lying wide awake for six hours treating her all the time. In the morning I wrote to her; her letter had already been answered by one of the clerks; but I wrote to her again myself; I wrote ten pages of pure love and sympathy before my mind was relieved.

This would not have been the case at one time, and it prompts me to ask if Mental Science makes us more loving and sympathetic than we were before we came into it. It does not seem logically consistent with the teachings of the science that it should do so. It surely ought to make us more just and honorable and courageous, but to soften us as love and sympathy softens does not seem to be the proper thing.

When I speak of love I do not mean the love of the novel writer. It is nothing of the kind. It has nothing to do with sex love. It is more like that of a mother for her child. My readers can easily imagine how painful this may become in cases where the patient is extremely sick, as in the instance of the lady who pleaded with me for her life. I have not heard yet of the result of my all-night's work in her behalf, but am very anxious to hear about it. I shall inform my readers about her in my next paper.

This is not my usual Waste-Paper Basket. It is a kind of "Hark from the Tombs," and I don't like it.

We have passed our September gale, and, as usual, it did not hurt us. Something strange in the fact that it goes around us every time.

But what cowards the people are! The least little wind storm creates an alarm that is contemptible. I can't call it anything else but contemptible.

Year after year I notice a growing spirit of cowardice in the race. And I am not going to say a word against it. It has come as the result of a new and great thought.

It is a forerunner of a belief in the conquest of death. As the hope of everlasting life begins to take rise in the human mind, the fear of death increases. So at this stage of the world's progress people, who at one time were entirely fearless, are now easily alarmed by what brings them face to face with danger. A little farther on, and they will have outgrown the fear by having outgrown the belief in the power of death. When this time comes we will stand head and shoulders higher in intelligence and every manner of strength than we do now.

H. W.

DEAR MRS. WILMANS:—One year ago I sent for your lessons in Mental Science; then I was very much out of health and had been for over a year.

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And my life has brightened accordingly. Accept my warmest thanks for the great benefit I have derived from your teachings. Very respectfully,

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"The Pines," Saranac Lake, N. Y.

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HAPPINESS.

Not long since I noticed, in a periodical devoted to advanced thought, a paper entitled *Happiness as a Duty*. This treatment of the subject infused much new wine into the old conventional bottles, but I believe far more adequate provision is demanded for to-day's inflow of newer, fuller thought. This paper described an old woman, ugly, sickly and poor, who was, nevertheless unfailingly happy. Her attitude was mentioned as commendable, and we were enjoined to go and do likewise.

That this heroic representative of a past generation and thread-bare phase of thought, could preserve a happy demeanor under a long lifetime of such circumstances, was undoubtedly most commendable—in her. The same thing, however, would be quite the reverse in any one of us—children of the later, broader day, whose heritage is the great, liberating knowledge that thought is a creative force—the great and simple truth that makes us free indeed.

It is a very beautiful and wonderful thing that one can hold unerringly to one's ideal with never the satisfaction of seeing any smallest phase of it realized. Blessed indeed are they who have not seen, and yet have believed. But for us who know there is nothing in this world but thoughts and things—cause and effect—the holding of an unmanifested ideal becomes a grave responsibility. There is something wrong. Strong, wholesome thought cannot fail of effect. Happiness, like every other link in the endless chain, is effect as well as cause. Let us first, however, define happiness. We have too long agreed to regard it largely as havingness. We have waited for it to come, whereas it is a thing of our own making, only. We are not mere vacuities in the scheme of nature—waiting to be filled. We are creators, forming our own worlds. And this we are doing whether we realize it or not. The only difference is that, ignoring the fact, we make for ourselves an ugly, ill-fitting environment, while, recognizing it, we may make a perfect one. Happiness is adjustment. Every man, as every atom, is a center of force. The man, as we know him, is simply the sum total of his aspirations and his experience. Happiness is the result of the force within that makes of these two, plus his given environment, the triune, perfect whole. There is no misery equal to that of aspirations thwarted—to that, in short, of a round man in angular circumstances. But we are not simply pegs of various shapes, shuffled over an uncertain surface and falling into round or square holes haphazard. There is such a thing, and it is by no means uncommon, as a round man in a square hole. But it is for a purpose—and that purpose is ultimate fitness. Either a round hole is needed just there in the economy of nature, and she could find no fitter tool for making it than the round man who finds himself there, or the man himself needs squaring—bracing—and no surer, safer, kinder way could be devised than that of surrounding him with this constantly suggestive environment. Purposeless pain is impossible, unthinkable. Therefore, sorrow and disease are danger signals only. Friction of any sort, rightly interpreted, reads "onward." Because, no normal action is possible except under normal conditions. It is just as unreasonable to insist that we can be at our best

in the midst of pain and limitations, as to contend that a plant can develop normally and symmetrically when every out reaching twig is clipped and each swelling bud destroyed. Apt corroboration of this comes from many of our quondam vivisectionists. Even those who have most strenuously upheld that method are at last admitting that the data thereby obtained are practically useless, because while during pain (abnormally heightened sensation) a certain pathological action is, of course, observable; this is not normal, and therefore not vitally useful—serves, in fact, small purpose other than the satisfaction of a certain curiosity. The point I want to make is this: Under pain the action of no organism can be wholly normal or effective; and were there no designer discernible in the universe other than wise, economical mother nature as we know her to-day, we need not fail of the absolute assurance that what is wanted of us, who find ourselves here, is the most and best of which we are capable, which necessarily, therefore, presupposes the most favorable conditions. After the manner of Mahomet and the mountain, however, we will find it wise to work always in the way of least resistance, thus taking the hint, so to speak, in shaping our lives from circumstances. We are to work nevertheless, and with the absolute confidence that all is (not will be) but is well; and ultimate happiness—adjustment—of our own making, through our own achievement, is the inevitable result in unerring proportion to the thought force we expend. We are not here to submit, but to create. Were submission, passive reception of circumstances, all that is required, ninepins would have served the purpose much more economically and satisfactorily than thinking men. And nature is at all times economical. She makes no unnecessary expenditures. What is not needed—muscle or mind—she speedily withdraws. Arguing even in this shortsighted way we may be very sure that whatever is, is for a purpose. It is the next inevitable step in the plan of progressive creation—of our own in particular, and therefore that of the universe at large. The very fact that we round people oftenest find ourselves in square holes is the best proof possible that we are definitely needed—that we are not to assume the jelly fish role, but have a real and immediate work to do, and that the world would be forever unsatisfactory and incomplete without us. If we were merely a handful of rounded pegs dropped into already rounded holes, of what use could we be? The world would then, so far as we are concerned, present a less interesting aspect than an ordinary cribbage board. We are not here only to accept, to submit to, our circumstances, but to create them also. Pain is suggestion of progress; hunger is simple prophecy, and desire is incipient satisfaction; we are not at our best in mental or physical pain, nor are we capable of our best endeavor in an ill fitting environment, and we are here to intelligently co-operate with the cosmic plan—learning the lesson of the circumstances given us—shaping them and ourselves to express our ideal. That is the central point on which adjustment pivots—from which the happiness—creating forces work. A man can never be truly adjusted, poised, happy, with his ideal unexpressed. It is not enough in this world to view that ideal from a distance, to sit parching in the desert content with a mere mirage, however beautiful; this plane of existence is essentially that of expression. Whatever we have we

must manifest. No talent is ours to bury, but to double—to realize upon; we have a duty to environment fully as great as the reflex influence of circumstances upon us. We may be as blind, unsightly and apparently insignificant in the scale of creation as any angle-worm, but we have a mission to environment at least not second to theirs, which, as Darwin—that loyal and conscientious transcriber—pointed out, is one of no small importance in our world.

There is no organism without its ideal—some pattern by which to shape itself and purpose to express from the mineral and below—up to the moral hero and beyond. The only difference in this respect between ourselves and the commonest cobble stone lies in the fact that we can be conscious of the crystallization, so to speak, can admire the beauty of the process and intelligently cooperate with it. But this is no small difference and entails no small responsibility. We who realize all it means to know—without shadow of doubt—that, so far as this world is concerned—thought is the sole creative force; that every material thing is merely thought manifested—we who know this have no right to have unsatisfactory surroundings—unhappy lives. To hold an unexpressed ideal is miserly, is criminal. We owe it to other people, to creation at large, that we give out generously all that has been given us, that we demonstrate our right to be centers of helpful force, that we radiate and realize the happiness—the harmony—that is potential in each one of us. We are not lonely, homeless atoms fighting a weary, purposeless way through adverse forces, possibly cosmic chaos; we are—including every smallest detail of unfilled desire—of vital importance to the whole universe. We are absolutely needful or we would not be, and every force and every law in existence is eternally pledged and purposed to the perfection of our growth, our adjustment, our happiness. We are of use—we are realizing and fulfilling our place in the scheme—just in so far as we make of ourselves and our circumstances the true expression of our ideal, just in so far as we are really happy. This is what we are here for, and therefore what each one of us can do. Despair, hopelessness, pessimism, simply indicate poverty of resource, while optimism is knowledge of "power in reserve." Happiness is no distant, doubtful luxury; it is the most practical and economical of all things. It is necessary—one may indeed say inevitable; and it is our duty not only to realize it for ourselves, but to express it, thus making it a creative factor that transforms our world.

ESTHER HARLAN.

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