

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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ATLANTIS, THE LOST CONTINENT.

Lecture Delivered Before the Home Temple of Mental Science at Sea Breeze, Fla.

BY CAPTAIN C. ELDRIDGE.

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamed of in your philosophy.—*Shakespeare.*

If the melancholy Dane had included the ocean his statement would have been more complete.

From the dawn of human intelligence man has studied to unravel the mystery of his origin, and has diligently searched to discover the location of his nativity. The ancient heathen had nearly solved the problem, when the story of the Ark, resting on Mount Arrat, turned the tide of investigation from its true source, and located the cradle of the human race in Mesopotamia, a fertile land lying between the rivers Euphrates and the Tigris; for did not Noah and his family come down the mountains of Armenia and start the race anew at their base? From this premise many plausible theories have been advanced, and we might accept the story that Shem started a race in Asia, Ham peopled Africa, while Japhet looked after the isles of the sea; we might even accept the claims of the Chinese that Noah was their progenitor, if it were possible to conceive of four distinct races of men from one family. However absurd this theory of peopling the world might appear, it would have passed for some time longer as the true distribution of the races, were it possible to give a satisfactory explanation for the presence of the first inhabitants of the Western continent. We might have trained our intellectual faculties to believe that the ancestors of the North American Indian immigrated from somewhere in some way, if there was not back of the Indians the Mound Builders, of such antiquity that the Indians know nothing of them. Not even a mythical allusion is extant among the red men. The student after groping in the darkness for centuries must drop his torches of inspiration, and the sayings of the fathers, and go back to mythology and the ancient records, and with the search light of modern discovery locate the garden of Eden, the cradle of the human race.

It has been, and still is, a favorite hypothesis with certain students of ethnology that the Western continent, now known as America, received its human population, therefore, its civilization, from Asia. True, there is a split in their ranks. They are not quite certain if the immigration into America came from Tartary across the Strait of Behring, or from Hindostan, over the wastes of the Pacific Ocean. However, this is of little consequence. The learned wranglers on this shadowy and dim

point forget that all leading geologists now agree in the opinion that America is the oldest continent on the face of the planet; that the fossil remains of human beings found in different parts of it, far distant from each other, prove that man lived there in times immemorial, and that we have not the slightest ray of light to illumine the darkness that surrounds the origin of those primeval men. Furthermore, it is now admitted by the generality of scientists, that man, far from descending from a single pair, located in a particular portion of the earth's surface, has appeared on every part of it where the biological conditions have been propitious to his development and maintenance; and that the production of the various species, with their distinct, well-marked anatomical and intellectual characteristics, was due to the different biological conditions, and to the general forces calling forth animal life prevalent in the places where each particular species has appeared, and whose distinctive marks were adapted to its peculiar environments.

The famous Atlantis exists no longer, but we cannot doubt that it did once, for Marcellus, who wrote a history of Ethiopian affairs, says: "Such and so great an island once existed, and that it is evidenced by those who compose histories relative to the external sea; for they relate that in this time there were seven islands in the Atlantic sea sacred to Phosphorine; and, besides these, three of immense magnitude, sacred to Pluto, Jupiter and Neptune; and, besides this, the inhabitants of the last island (Poseidonis) preserve the memory of the prodigious magnitude of the Atlantis, as related by their ancestors, and for its governing for many periods all the islands in the Atlantic Sea. From this isle one may pass to other large isles beyond, which are not far from the firm land near which is the true sea."

The fact that the story of Atlantis was for thousands of years regarded as a fable proves nothing; facts exist whether we know them or not. There is an unbelief which grows out of ignorance, as well as a scepticism which is born of intelligence. The people nearest the past are not always those who are best informed concerning the past.

For a thousand years it was believed that the legends of the buried cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum were myths; they were spoken of as "the fabulous cities."

The story of Atlantis, as told by Plato, who lived four hundred years before the birth of Christ, which was related to Solon, his ancestor, who lived six hundred years before the Christian era, is no fable, but was related to Solon as a true story by an Egyptian Priest from the records in the archives of the temple.

The Priest begins by complimenting Solon on the greatness and valor of his race, by defeating a mighty power which was aggressing wantonly against the whole of Europe and Asia, and to which his city put an end. "This power" says the priest of Sais "came forth out of the Atlantic ocean, for in those days the Atlantic was navigable; and there was an island situated in front of the straits, which you call the Columns of Heracles; the island was larger than Libya and Asia put together, and was the way to other islands; and from the islands you might pass through the whole of the opposite continent, America, which surrounded the true ocean; for this sea which is within the Straits of Heracles is only a harbor, having a narrow entrance, but that other is a real sea, and the surrounding land may be most truly called a continent. Now, in the island of Atlantis there was a great and wonderful empire, which had rule over the whole island and several others, as well as over part of the continent; and, besides these, they subjected the parts of Libya within the Columns of Heracles as far as Egypt, and of Europe as far as Tyrphenia. The vast power thus gathered into one, endeavored to subdue at one blow our country and yours, and the whole of the land which was within the straits; and then, your country shone forth, in the excellence of her virtue and strength, among all mankind; for she was the first in courage and military skill, and was the leader of the Hellenes. And when the rest fell off from her, being compelled to stand alone, after having undergone the very extremity of danger, she defeated and triumphed over the invaders, and preserved from slavery those who were not yet subjected, and freely liberated all the others who dwelt within the limits of Heracles. But afterward there occurred violent earthquakes and floods, and in a single night of rain all your warlike men in a body sunk into the earth, and the island of Atlantis in like manner disappeared, and was sunk beneath the sea. And that is the reason why the sea in those parts is impassable and impenetrable, because there is such a quantity of shallow mud in the way; and this was caused by the subsidence of the island.

"Let me begin by observing, first of all, that nine thousand was the number of years which had elapsed since the war, which was said to have taken place between all those who dwelt outside the Pillars of Heracles, the Atlantians, and those who dwelt within them; this war I am now to describe. Of the combatants on the one side the city of Athens was reported to have been the ruler, and to have directed the contest; the combatants on the other side were led by the kings of the islands of Atlantis, which, as I was saying, once had an extent greater than that of Libya and Asia; and when afterward sunk by an earthquake, became an impassable barrier of mud to voyagers sailing from hence to the ocean."

Here we have an account from the records on file in the archives of an Egyptian temple of the Atlantians, powerful enough, but for the Greeks, to have conquered Europe and Asia.

Plato further states that the Atlantians built their magnificent structures with white, red and black stone. Upon the Azores black lava rock, and rocks red and white in color are now found. He also tells us that Atlantis abounded in both hot and cold springs. It is a singular confirmation of his story that hot springs

abound in the Azores, which are the surviving fragments of Atlantis.

Deep-sea soundings have been made by ships of different nations; the United States ship, *Dolphin*; the German frigate, *Gazelle*, and the British ships, *Hydra*, *Porcupine* and *Challenger* have mapped out the bottom of the Atlantic, and the result is the revelation of a great elevation, reaching from a point on the coast of the British Islands southwardly to the coast of South America, at Cape Orange; thence south-eastwardly to the coast of Africa, and thence southwardly to Tristan d'Acunha. It rises about nine thousand feet above the great Atlantic depths around it, and in the Azores, St. Paul's Rocks, Ascension and Tristan d'Acunha it reaches the surface of the ocean.

Evidence that this elevation was once dry land is found in the fact that "the inequalities in the mountains and valleys of its surface, could have never been produced in accordance with any law for the deposition of sediment, nor by submarine elevation; but, on the contrary, must have been carved by agencies acting above the water level." Here, then, we have the backbone of the ancient continent which once occupied the whole of the Atlantic ocean. The Azores, St. Paul's, Ascension, Tristan d'Acunha—are still above the ocean's level; while the great body of Atlantis lies a few fathoms below the sea. In these "connecting ridges" we see the pathway which once extended between the New World and the old, and by means of which the plants and animals of one continent traveled to the other.

The officers of the *Challenger* found the entire ridge of Atlantis covered with volcanic deposits; these are the subsided mud which, as Plato tells us, rendered the sea impassable after the destruction of the island.

This vast continent or numerous islands were originally divided into ten parts, each part governed by one of the ten sons of Poseidon (Neptune)—the eldest, named Atlas, ranking his brothers. Upon this vast plain referred to in my last lecture, far removed from the volcanic disturbances of the rest of the world, the human race was born, rose from a state of barbarism to civilization, to a populous and mighty nation, from whose overflows the world was populated by civilized nations.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

AGENTS WANTED.

We want agents in every county in the United States and in all foreign English-speaking countries to sell Mrs. Wilmans' forthcoming book, "The Conquest of Death," now about ready to issue from the press. This is Mrs. Wilmans' latest and largest work, containing over 400 pages, with nearly forty half-tone illustrations, and will be handsomely bound in cloth and half morocco at \$2.75 and \$5.00 per copy. Agents will be assigned exclusive territory. Those without experience or capital should start with a single county, but we would like a few thoroughly competent parties with business experience and a little capital to establish state agencies and themselves secure and direct county agents. To the right parties liberal terms will be made. The amount of capital required is not large, but a few hundred dollars is a necessity in starting an agency which is to have charge of a state, and this the agent must of course furnish, but such a business once established can be made permanent and paying. Address

THE INTERNATIONAL SCIENTIFIC ASSOCIATION,
Sea Breeze, Fla.

THE TRAINING OF CHILDREN.

While everything in FREEDOM is of the deepest interest to me, I may say I have taken an especial interest, of late, in the articles upon the training of children.

No subject comes nearer to my heart. I have always sympathized with the children, and generally have pitied these poor little subjects of tyrannical or ignorant parents. I have queried with them over their little fears; and I can find no words that can quite express my sentiment toward those who willfully frighten a child. We know often unintentionally fears have been planted in the tiny hearts, even in their nursery rhymes. In my own childhood I remember a great fear of the beautiful month of May was planted, by hearing the following verse:

"March will search,
April will try,
And May will see whether you live or die."

For many years that fear clung to me, even against my reason.

This last summer I heard a mother repeatedly tell her baby boy "the bogie man" would get him if he went far from her side. Again, one beautiful day, as I sat, with my own little boy playing near me, and watched the wonderful, mystical sea, stretched out before me into such indefinable space that my heart took hold of eternal things from my sympathy with such vastness, a woman's voice broke my higher musings, as she related with much sharp laughter—how she has evaded the car fare of her child by saying he was younger than he really was. The child listened and laughed too, and the one to whom she told her amusing trick, laughed with her. Just think of it!

One of our great writers said we could always judge a person by what he found to laugh at, and truly—can we not?

Some day when this mother's son tells her a falsehood she will, without doubt, scold him, possibly whip him, and she will never realize who gave him his first lessons in lies.

Some day, perhaps, this mother's son may defraud his employer, and be cast into prison, and she will never realize that she opened the prison door for her boy.

If one believes in a personal God, one would lose faith in Him, I should say, for the mistakes He makes in distributing children.

Take the childish fears alone, how carefully and kindly they should be dealt with, how gently explained away by the wise mother and father.

One day I heard a wee tot crying frantically—all because a boy with a mask considered it fun to tease the trembling baby. I do not wonder any child should conceive a fear for the ugly false face—I remember fearing the uncanny things myself. Later, when my little boy was playing in the garden, I saw a larger boy, wearing a mask, approaching, and to save my little son a fright, I said slowly and with an amused laugh: "Look around, dear, and see the funny thing Harold has on his face—isn't it funny? Don't you wish you had one, too?" Of course my little son looked, and being reassured by my laugh and evident amusement, he laughed and declared he must have one himself. He never got the mask, however, but he was saved a sudden shock of fear. I think of all the fears put into baby hearts, the one which is dealt out under the head

of discipline is the most contemptible. To think of making a child fear its father or mother; and then to think that the poor little thing has to go on living under those it had grown to fear, until it gets old enough to resent the dominion and throw off the yoke. Just imagine yourself completely at the mercy of one you feared, how your heart would shrink; and then think how the baby heart must shrink in very agony.

I have known people who were proud of the fact that their children obeyed them the moment they spoke. If they could realize the shame of such a boast, they would never make it. But they have to pay the penalty later. The good, dutiful child grows into manhood, and he tries first this thing and then that thing, and he fails at everything, all because he has not the will power to push over the obstacles in his path—his mental backbone was broken when he became the slave to his dominating parents. It was a fine thing to break the baby will, was it?

What about the man's will?

Wills are not made the instant one wants to use them—they are developed by the process of strengthening, and that process has to be begun in childhood. The wise parent, while he wants obedience, wants it through love; he is willing to reason with his child, and the obedience that follows reasoning, even though it does not come at the first word, is the only true obedience. The other is subjection.

A friend, who believes in the "word of command" theory, once said to me, "And so you coax your child, do you?" Yes, yes, a hundred times yes, coax, persuade—anything rather than frighten a child into obeying.

Believing as I do, in the importance of the will development, I welcome rather than condemn, bursts of individual assertion in a child. Wise direction is better than all the conquering. I find one little method very helpful to me, when the baby will is asserted against mine. It may help some other mother; with this hope I have mentioned it. I say, "Let me see those little eyes; I want to see the love-light there for mama," and if I once get the sweet rebellious eyes to look into mine, where I meet them with a smile, the work is done; my tot will always respond to my call for the love-light, and will say, "I mind you, mama," and do my bidding with a bright face and happy heart. How much better than a sullen obedience wrought through fear. The bond of love cannot be made too strong between child and parent. I would rather wait an hour for the loving response, than to be obeyed merely because I was "bigger" than my child, and cowed him.

It may take a bit more time out of to-day, but it will put enough of sunshine into your own and your child's to-morrows to repay a thousand fold.

Never be afraid of loving too much. No one was ever hurt (no matter how the world may judge) by loving or being loved too much. It is the repression of love that has hurt us all.

Walt Whitman has said: "Nothing, not God, is greater to one than one's self." Whether we own to this or not, we know in our hearts just how important self is, even when we are most unselfish. Place your self then for a moment in your child's position—a budding all-important little self, snubbed and vanquished without a hearing.

O, the pity of it! And how those baby minds do think! Such wonderful little brains, full of wonderful little thoughts!

We hardly realize how much thought is generated in baby brains; if we did I think we would answer their questions more patiently and more intelligently.

I remember reading some years ago of a small boy whose mother took him to visit his grand-parents "once upon a time." The grandfather drove them all to church on the Sunday morning, and returning home, had his bright grandson sit beside him on the front seat.

He did not know he was so bright then, or he never would have had him there. The sermon had related to the fall of Adam; and the consequent fall of all mankind, even unto the present generation.

"Say, Grandpa, what made Adam fall?"

"I don't know—he was tempted, I suppose."

"Did God make Adam?"

"Yes."

"Did God make him fall?"

"No."

"Well, couldn't God have kept him from falling?"

"Why—yes—I—of course."

"If God could have kept Adam from falling, why didn't He?"

"O, I don't know; don't ask so many questions."

"But, Grandpa, wouldn't it have paid God to have held Adam up if He could?"

"I guess so, sonny, but now you shut that little mouth, please."

"O, I can shut my mouth I s'pose, but I can't shut my thinker."

The boy was put on the back seat.

Now, we want all of us, to bear in mind that while we may silence the questioners, we cannot stop the "thinkers," and—as thoughts build for themselves huts or temples—we should be wise in supplying the material for temples.

There is no charge so sacred as that of a little child; and no heart needs more the divine influx of wisdom and love, than a mother's. ANNIE J. C. NORRIS.

DEAR MRS. WILMANS:—The business meeting of the International Metaphysical League took place yesterday morning, the First Mental Science Temple of New York being represented by its four delegates, Messrs. Paul Tyner, Hugh O. Pentecost, J. J. Plunkett and myself.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Rev. D. R. Heber Newton; Vice-President, Mrs. Annie Rix-Militz; Secretary, Warren A. Rodman; Assistant Secretary, Mrs. F. M. Harley; Treasurer, Charles B. Patterson. The vice-presidents from states were practically re-elected as they were last year, and you remain the Florida representative. On the Executive Board there are a few new names, notably, C. C. Post, Wm. E. Uptegrove and Henry S. Taffs for three years; Mrs. Ursula Gestefeld for two years, and Mrs. Mary E. Chapin for one year. The convention will be held next year in Chicago.

I presented a resolution in reference to the action of U. S. post office's ruling regarding absent mental treatment, which, after slight alteration and much discussion was finally adopted. The resolution reads as follows:

"Whereas this Convention is credibly informed that

the post office authorities have, in several instances confiscated or prevented the delivery of letters addressed to mental healers, acting thus under an arbitrary ruling of the department condemning all healing at a distance or absent healing as 'fraudulent:'

And whereas it is reported that the post office department, presumably at the instance of prejudiced and interested persons, moved thereto by professional jealousy, is continuing and intends to continue this course of action against healers in various parts of the country, who have for years been healing the sick by silent powers; now be it

Resolved, that we most respectfully and earnestly protest against the said ruling of the post office department, and all action under it as unwarranted and as tending to discredit and degrade not only the individual healers immediately concerned, but all mental healing and the entire metaphysical movement.

Resolved, that we regard the said action of the postal authorities as an indefensible and dangerous violation of the rights of the individual citizen to choose the means and methods of therapeutic treatment he requires, as contrary to facts and laws now accepted by a vast and constantly increasing number of people of enlightenment the world over, and which are demonstrated by modern scientific investigation and knowledge, and as opposed to the principles of freedom and progress. It is therefore further

Resolved, that this convention appoint a committee to frame—at its discretion—a memorial to the post office department clearly and concisely pointing out the grounds on which absent healing rests as a legitimate and beneficent practice; and that such memorial be transmitted with a copy of these resolutions to the Postmaster General at Washington, with a request for a revision of the obnoxious and ill-advised ruling referred to, or for the appointment of a hearing at which the whole matter may be properly presented for adjudication."

The committee appointed consists of Messrs. Bolton Hall, Richard Ingalese, J. J. Plunkett, George Ricker and Paul Tyner.

I will write you when I have an opportunity, in reference to the interesting sessions of the convention now in progress.

EUGENE DEL MAR,
27 Williams St., New York.

There is something proudly thrilling in the thought that this obedience to conscience and trust in God, which is so solemnly preached in extremities, is only a retreat to oneself, and reliance on one's own strength. In trivial circumstances I find myself sufficient to myself, and in the most momentous, I have no ally but myself and must silently put by their harm by my own strength as I did by the former. My own hand bent aside the willow in my path, so was my single arm put to fight the devil and his angels.—*Thoreau*.

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.

FREEDOM is a weekly paper devoted to the attainment of self-mastery. Six weeks on trial 10 cents.

SEA BREEZE EVENTS.

Thos. A. Davis and family moved into Rose Castle.

Major E. F. Britton is enlarging his residence and beautifying the grounds surrounding it.

The ocean is strewing the beach with seaweed, which, when gathered, makes an excellent fertilizer.

R. P. Oxley and family arrived and rented a cottage on ocean beach. Mr. Oxley is a travelling salesman.

Myron L. Howard and wife are visitors here. Mr. Howard is proprietor of the Windsor Hotel at Jacksonville, Florida.

Mr. Henry S. Gane, who spent last winter at Sea Breeze for his health, has returned and will remain through the season.

Mr. H. M. Johnston, secretary of the Home Temple of Mental Science, left for his home, San Antonia, Texas, on a two months' vacation.

Miss Sarah Lund returned home from Iowa, where she visited during the summer. While enjoying her sojourn among her northern friends and relatives thoroughly, Miss Lund is delighted to be at home again.

Mrs. Anna M. Trafford and daughter, Miss Maude Trafford, who spent two months at Sea Breeze, have returned to their home in Sanford, Orange county, Florida. Both were much delighted over scenery and climate and will return next season.

Last Tuesday evening the home folks resumed their regular weekly progressive euchre party; in the hall above the Department store. There were a sufficient number present to occupy six tables, and all enjoyed the game and the gathering very much. The following were in attendance; Helen Wilmans, C. C. Post, C. P. Lund, Sarah Lund, W. A. Baggett, Hester A. Bernard, G. W. Michael, Daisy Ballough, G. W. Barlow and wife, E. F. Britton and wife, Charles A. Ballough, Mrs. S. S. Johnson, Dr. W. A. Glover and wife, Chas. F. Burgman and wife.

The recent "south-wester" stranded two life-boats upon the beach; one a mile above and the other two miles below City Beautiful. They showed evidence of having been in the water a considerable time, every vestige of paint having been eaten away by the salty elements. The boats were covered in several places with sea-moss and barnacles; otherwise they were in a good state of preservation. Once a part of the equipment of some larger vessel which was wrecked in the turmoil of the elements, these boats drifted away, aimless and rudderless, at the mercy of the winds and tides and ocean currents, until this steadily blowing south-west wind drove them in shore from the near by gulf stream.

ANDREW CARNEGIE.

"A man who dies rich, dies disgraced. That is the gospel I preach; that is the gospel I practice." This from Andrew Carnegie, the canny Scotsman, Pittsburg steel king, multo-millionaire! This has the right ring. All honor to the man, who worked up from the poor bobbin boy, to his present position, where his income—every few seconds—is more than his week's wages were, when he first started as a working lad.

Naturally, the man "disgraced" in "dying rich," in Mr. Carnegie's estimation, is one who holds on to his millions to the last hour of earthly life.

Of public free libraries he utters these sensible words; "I choose free libraries as the best agency for improving

the masses of the people." * * * "They never pauperize" * * * "A taste for reading drives out lower tastes." * * * "I believe good fiction one of the most beneficial reliefs to the monotonous lives of the poor."

Let us note what this solidly benevolent man has done towards making public libraries a helpful means of good. It is stated on good authority, that he has given over ten million dollars for public libraries, organs, pianos, paintings, etc, to churches and municipalities, nearly all of it in America, his adopted country.

Few millionaires can show such a record of a happy, stainless life, as he, whose only recreations are yachting, golf, a friendly game of whist, and as he expressed it, love for a "real lively game of checkers." Coming out from the people, he "is of, and for the people." This is expressed in his words and in his deeds.

To help others to help themselves is cardinal a principle with him. It is note-worthy, that while the religion of the "Scottish Kirk," is the hardest, and without exaggeration, we may say the cruelest in its belief, of any so-called Christian sect, yet, from Scotland we have not only some of the grandest intellects arrayed on the liberal side of religious thought, that the world has known, but also some of the boldest free thinkers. Scotch tenacity, when once wrenched from the old superstitions with a swing of the pendulum, has reached the opposite extreme, we believe—that of the splendid thinkers of that sturdy, intellectual people, who have gravitated to the uttermost limit of skepticism. "The auld Scottish Kirk," is responsible for it all.

Andrew Carnegie is called an atheist. But look at the life of the man—his words, his humane spirit, and his deeds of generous kindness. Judging by the Master's standard, we can truly call him a Christian man, "for a' that, and a' that."

It is Scotch Mackay, who sang, "We are wiser than we know." With equal relevancy he might have added, we are more Christian than we know; this of such, as are of the Carnegie sort. Mr. Carnegie's strong love for Burns, as shown in his gathering such an extensive collection of the various editions of his books and pictures, is naturally a national trait, yet deeper still the manly independence of "Scotia's Bard;" and his hatred of shams, probably has touched a more thrilling, and tender cord in Mr. Carnegie's affection for his countryman, whose songs still echo over continents and down the sweep of more than a century of years.

Truly, humanity would be benefited; and the world would be made sweeter and sounder, if such men as Andrew Carnegie were multiplied among the millionaires of the present time.

As a Scottish Laird in his Castle at Skibo, from whose walls float the "Star-Spangled Banner" and the British flag in his palatial home in New York; or his country house in Connecticut, whether at his business in Pittsburg, or recreating at the sea side, Mr. Carnegie is the same unassuming man of solid, practical sense and kindly nature. "May his tribe increase." M. C. B.

Freedom is not a matter of legislative enactment, but one of mental comprehension and appropriation. FREEDOM weekly will make you a free man. Six weeks on trial 10 cents.

TAKING NO THOUGHT.

One of the boldest and most remarkable books of recent years is Minot J. Savage's "Beliefs about the Bible." Not even from the so-called "infidel" writers has the Bible had such a thorough sifting as from this clear-headed Christian minister.

In the chapter on "The Morality of the Bible" he says of the Sermon on the Mount: "I do not believe there is a single orthodox person or church in the world which even tries strictly and literally, to obey the Sermon on the Mount. If any body of people, any city or town, any tribe, any nation, should attempt to carry out these teachings literally, it would bring the world, as far as they were concerned, to a stand-still. In other words, many of those principles are simply impracticable. They never have been carried out, and never can be in this kind of a world. Those who laud them the most never think of trying to obey them. Jesus teaches us, as plain as language can express it, improvidence, lack of forethought, lack of careful provision for the future. I am perfectly well aware that men attempt to reinterpret all these sayings and make them mean what they think they ought to mean; but it seems to me that the true and just and common-sense canon of criticism would lead us to judge these sayings of Jesus in the light of the thought of his time, not in the light of the thought of ours. So judging them, we are to take them literally. He says, "Take no thought for the morrow." I know that they translate that, "Be not anxious about the morrow;" but, even if I grant so much, still the world could not get on by literally obeying it. The world must be anxious about the morrow. The world must take thought. The world *must* provide for the future. We cannot live in this world like lilies and birds, unless we are transformed into lilies and birds. We are men, factors in a complex civilization; and the principles which apply to these things do not apply to us."

All that Mr. Savage says about the inconsistency of those who profess to be guided by the Sermon on the Mount, is undeniable. But when he asserts that the mode of life commanded by Christ is wholly impracticable, the Mental Scientist hesitates to give assent. Christ was an idealist; his words have an esoteric meaning that only an idealist can fully comprehend, and those who have entered into the New Thought are more fitted to interpret the sayings of Christ than the orthodox church member.

To a Mental Scientist these words: "Take no thought for the morrow," suggest a vision of a perfect life, the kingdom of heaven on earth. We know that everything external is a result of some interior condition. Our lives are the external expressions of our thoughts. Now, may it not be that all the poverty, the inharmony, the weariness of life come from our wrong mental attitudes? Is there anything preposterous in the idea that, if we regulate ourselves inwardly we may safely dispense with thought about our outward affairs? In his "Cure for Worry," Paul Tyner makes the startling statement that if we only cease worrying over our troubles they will vanish; not *some* troubles are amenable to this treatment, but all of them—the "incurable" diseases, the "hopeless" sorrows, the "irremediable" misfortune—all

will vanish into thin air if we only stop giving thought to them.

I do not know how it affects other Scientists, but to me this statement is a door opening on a new world; or, I seem to stand at the foot of a mountain, and, looking up at its suilit peak, I know that there is the "diviner air" my soul is hungering to breathe, there might be lived the life that I know I ought to live, for it is the life I live in my dreams. But to climb to that far height one must lay down the burden of cares and fears and anxieties that we all carry, and have carried so long that they have grown to us, and laying them down is like tearing away a part of our own selves. To be utterly care free, to have no haunting dread for the morrow—who knows what it is to be thus, and who knows what infinite supplies would drift to us, if we could only thus open our beings and "let the celestial tides flow through us?"

We know theoretically that there is a power that has brought us here and that is pledged to see us through, as Dresser says. We know that there is a law which brings to every man his own; but who knows the luxury of perfectly trusting this power and perfectly co-operating with this law? We know what it is to work and strive and we try to trust and exert ourselves to the utmost to co-operate, but this is not what Christ said we should do. He said, "Take no thought for the morrow," and I believe he meant what he said.

Does this mean that we are to stop work and sit down and let clothes and food drop down on us out of the skies? No. And this brings us to the relation between work, which everybody must and ought to do, and this condition of perfect carelessness about the results of work which Christ presents as an ideal mental condition. There is a little poem by Kenyon Cox that begins:

"Work thou for pleasure!
Paint or sing or carve
The thing thou lovest
Though the body starve."

Then he says that the worker who works for money or fame, is working as the slave does; that he only is free who works for pleasure.

The last lines are:

"Work for the work's sake, then; and it may be,
That these things shall be added unto thee."

A scientist would alter the tense of the verbs and make the lines read:

"Work for the work's sake then; and it *shall* be
That these things *will* be added unto thee."

Here is the true gospel of work. Work for pure love of work without any anxious thought as to the money or the fame that we are to get for it. Imagine, if you can, a world of such workers, everyone intent on his work, every one enraptured by the mere act of working, every one living in the present moment and its present joy, and food, clothes and all other good gifts flowing to each according to the divine law which says, "Take no thought, and all is yours." What a paradise this would be. But when we look at the real world, we see just the opposite. Everybody is thinking about the morrow and the food and raiment that will be needed when the morrow comes. The painter paints a sunset, thinking meanwhile of the rent and the grocer's bill; the poet indites a sonnet in the hope that it will pay for his winter suit; the space-writer on the daily paper counts words and pages in the anxious hope that the day's work

may pay for the day's needs. All work seems to be for the money's sake, and few indeed know the pleasure of working for the work's sake, and leaving the morrow to "take thought for the things of itself."

Is it wrong to work for money? Is it wrong to think about the morrow? Not at all. There is no word of condemnation for the people who do these things. There are many planes on which to live and work and get, and each plane is good in its place. But when Christ said, "Take no thought," he pointed out only the first step in the way to the highest plane of life, a life of joyful work for work's sake, and absolute repose in the law that will bring its own to every one who puts his trust in it.

"Take no thought" is not addressed to the man who has a comfortable income from his stocks and bonds, nor to the man who has a good job and a big salary. They are addressed to the patient workers who are doing the very best they can do, and yet are floundering around in the slough of poverty, harassed to the verge of distraction. It is not the character of the work that is keeping them there, or even lack of work; but it is primarily, their harassed thought about the morrow. The first thing for one to do who is in this sort of trouble is, not to redouble his physical efforts, but to straighten himself out mentally by taking no thought. He is then in harmony with the "heart of being," and "the very stars in their courses" will be found fighting for such a man.

Is it easy to attain to such a mental state? No; it means a thorough understanding of yourself and of your relation to the world you live in; but any man or woman can attain to it, if the will be set in that direction.

L. C. OBENCHAIN.

VENUS AN INHABITED PLANET.

Astronomers have just heard good news about Venus. The skillful Russian spectroscopist, Belopolski has disproved a very abhorrent theory that had lately gained ground concerning our sister world. According to this theory Venus was a twofold desert, a world half frost and half fire, having no alternation of day and night, but for ever keeping the same side toward the sun. Belopolski shows, however, that Venus is in no such lamentable straits, but that, on the contrary, she rotates on her axis just as the earth does, and enjoys days and nights resembling ours in length. He has proved this by noting the shifting of the spectral lines in the light of Venus, due to the fact that as she revolves one edge of her globe moves toward the observer, while the opposite edge moves away.

There has not in a long time been a more gratifying discovery than this. It establishes the habitability of the planet Venus by creatures resembling the inhabitants of the earth. Venus is exceedingly splendid in the Western sky after sundown just now, and, looking at her blazing like an electric lamp in the twilight, one may well in view of Belopolski's announcement, send a silent greeting to our brothers in that golden world.

It is not over-presumptuous to speak with confidence of their existence. It is not even altogether nonsensical to suggest that at some time, in some manner, we may communicate with them. To say that we may be hardly a greater violation of probability than would have been ten years ago the declaration that one day we should telegraph without wires, or should see the inside of our bodies by a hitherto unknown form of light.

Venus has water and air; the spectroscope has also proved that fact. She is of nearly the same size as the earth; simple observation establishes this much. She is nearer the sun than the earth is and, therefore, has more brilliant days. To live on Venus is probably to live in a world of marvellous luminosity and unimaginable play of colors. Her dense atmosphere would lend itself to extraordinary opalescent effects. Certain observations indicate that auroral lights flickering and glowing in the atmosphere of Venus are occasionally visible from the earth. The sun stimulates her with electricity as he does our planet, but she is nearer to him and the vivifying solar influences may be proportionately more energetic.

The latest science intimates that what are known as telepathic manifestations, the apparent intercommunication of mind with mind regardless of dividing space, may have an electric origin. If so, Venus, being more intimately associated than the earth is with the great solar dynamo, should be a world remarkable for apparently spiritual phenomena. Such things as the X rays, which astonish us, may well be the mere A, B, C of practical knowledge there. In a planet situated as Venus is, science may have a different and a higher basis than it has on the earth. Where our learning leaves off, that of the inhabitants of Venus perhaps begins. If we were suddenly endowed with senses suited to the Becquerel rays and other half mysterious forms of radiant and vibratory energy, recently discovered, we would seem to ourselves to have become gods, or at least angels, compared with what we were before. On Venus, it is not unreasonable to suppose intellectual creatures are furnished with senses suited to their surroundings, and since those surroundings are manifestly such as must result from a greater intensity of etheric forces than we are accustomed to, the senses corresponding to them may well provide more exquisite enjoyments and more penetrating views of nature than are vouchsafed to us.

In a world where light is more abundant and brighter than on the earth one might well imagine the sense of harmony to be developed on a higher plane than that of sound. Even we can recognize an affinity between the musical scale and the gamut of colors in the solar spectrum. Why may not Venus, since she is par excellence a world of sunshine, be a place where the rhythm of light waves enacts the part played for us by the melody of sound waves, and where a concert of prismatic hues, with swift and varied interplay of harmonious tints, produces even a nobler pleasure than that which we derive from the most excellent orchestral music?

Admitting that this is pure speculation, yet it is not thereby necessarily condemned. The imagination has always been a torch for the stumbling feet of advancing science, and frequently its flickerings have given the first revelation of hidden truth.—*Prof. Serviss in New York World.*

SELF TREATMENT.

In the 1st and 8th of the August numbers of FREEDOM I published a long article in two parts with the above heading. Everybody seemed to like it, and the papers containing it were soon exhausted. As the demand continued and constantly increased, I concluded to reprint it in pamphlet form. It makes a neat pamphlet of 22 pages, and the price is 10 cents. Address FREEDOM, Sea Breeze, Florida.

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Will our foreign subscribers do us the favor of sending us the addresses of such of their friends as might become interested in Mental Science? Our foreign mail is large, and there is no reason why it should not be larger. It will be larger if we can get the names we need.

AN ANSWER TO A CORRESPONDENT.

DEAR FRIEND:—It is evident that you are depending more upon your will than your intelligence. Your will—it is the animal will—says, "I am determined to have a certain thing." Then the animal force of your body wakes up and pours itself into your resolution, and you feel stronger in consequence. But the animal will is a thing that exhausts itself in every effort it makes, if unassisted by a clear understanding of the whole subject of *Mental Science*.

The animal will says, "I am going to have certain things;" it doesn't reason on the subject, but simply arouses a force that soon dies for the lack of understanding. Nothing continues to live until a clear understanding of the truth concerning it comes to the person. It is this understanding that materializes ideas or thoughts, and adds them to the body in the shape of muscular power or vital force.

If the animal will—which is a good thing—is clothed with the understanding, it then enters the body as vital force which expresses itself in blood and muscle and tissue. What is this understanding?

It embraces a thorough knowledge of *Mental Science*,

It begins at the beginning by casting out the old, obsolete idea that God made man, and the acceptance of the doctrine of evolution in its place. This is the first step. This step establishes the fact that man is a growth; the natural product of the earth, the same as the trees, only more advanced. A little farther thought brings forth the fact that the soul or spirit or vitalizing principle of all things is desire. Farther on we know that desire is an expression of the Law of Attraction—the law of life, without which nothing could exist.

Having established the fact in our minds that desire is the spirit of growth in all creatures, we see that man and every other object that exist have created themselves through their constantly increasing desire for something better than they have yet known.

Then comes the determination to have that something, whatever it may be, and thus the brute will begins to show forth its power; a power that constantly increases until man's estate is reached, and that continues to increase after this estate has been reached until his brain begins to be infused by a sense of justice. The animal man has begun to weigh things in his own mind, and the first effect of this effort to establish justice shows in what seems to be a weakening of the will.

All reasons bear me out in the fact that men are more non-resistant to-day than they were in past ages, when they went through fire and faced all forms of death in the gratification of their wishes. Men were tougher then; they resisted disease where we now succumb to it. At this time there are hundreds of diseases that did not exist in the old time. Why?

Because the animal will in man was greater than it is now. Man himself is less animal than he was. He is passing through the greatest change he has ever made yet. He is passing from the animal plane to the mental plane. This is why the brute will has weakened. This is why our efforts to use it tire us out so easily, and why it proves so ineffective. It is in a transitional state from animal to human (or shall I say divine)? Human and divine are the same. Both are conditions of a high understanding of truth.

Then can it be that the animal will that has served so grand a purpose in the past is on the road to extinction? Not at all; far from it; it is on the road to a vastly improved condition; a condition in which it examines itself to see wherein its power resides and to find out the true and high way of exerting this power.

Through a knowledge of several great truths the animal will evolves into the intellectual will. The greatest of these truths is that all is mind, and that man is a mental consciousness of the good, or life, which he sees about him. He is just what he recognizes. Through much thinking he comes in time to recognize his will as the moving power of his life. This high form of recognition does not take on the character of force; it is the very essence of *reposeful strength*. It is a perfectly calm rest in the knowledge that all power is vested in the man, and that he has nothing in the world to be uneasy about.

Observe the distinction. The animal will is full of anxiety, and it manifests itself in force; in constant effort. The intelligent will does not use force in the least; although the intelligent will and the animal will are one and the same, yet the intelligent will has come to the position of *knowing its own power*; and knowing

it, it can rest and take all things easy. It is master, and on this fact it reposes in absolute confidence and happiness.

Mark this transition from the animal to the divine. We are passing through it now. H. W.

REV. M. C. BILLINGS SENDS THE FOLLOWING.

In a "Ralston" treatise on the various parts of the human system, Shaftsbury says: "The human skin might last nine hundred years; (i. e.) its construction (chemically analyzed) is sufficient to endure that length of time."

Quite patriarchal?

If (with suitable care, we are to suppose) this result could be attained, what should prevent a like longevity for the entire human system? "bacteria" and "bacilli," the Ralston would probably answer; as that society's experts have made minute and searching investigations of every part of the human system (but always working on material lines) in their really perfect chemical laboratory. But, when we take mind and its forces into the case, as Kipling says, "that's another story."

In the few short sentences from the Rev. Mr. Billings I am reminded to say what I ought to have said long ago—namely, that it makes no difference what the human body is composed of, nor of its bacteria and bacilli, nor of anything else in connection with it so long as the intellect is generating saving thought. The body will go to pieces in spite of Ralston's food, and whether vegetarianism is an idiotic fad or a mighty necessity, unless the brain takes hold of the question of man's mastery and analyzes it from top to bottom, until he is thoroughly saturated with a knowledge of the truth concerning himself and his own power, and discovers the fact that he has no limitations as an intellectual being.

As an animal man, which he is on his present plane of ignorant thought, he has nothing but limitations, and never will have anything else until he ascends into the region of the brain. In doing this he must simply *drop* all ideas connected with his present bodily beliefs, and formulate a new set of ideas from his *knowledge of Mental Science*, and keep this new set always in view until they make a new expression of life for him; a new body in which there is no life but his own life, and in which he is absolutely free in his thoroughly understood individualism. There is no place on earth or in the heavens, where man can escape the "small personalities" which do actually compose his body on the animal plane—and which eventually destroy him, but by ascending in his mind above everything and condition he does not like, knowing that he is not related to such thing or condition under the principle of attraction, and therefore he is free from it. Such reasoning as this will save him; but he must know a good many things before he can reason this way. He must discard the religious beliefs of the day and learn that God did not make him, but that—under the universal principle of growth, he made himself; a principle which when understood will enable him to go on creating himself, until his body shall be the realization of all his dreams of beauty, strength and power.

There is nothing in this world surer than that I have learned the true principle of new growth, and have succeeded in conquering every impediment in the road of progress ahead of me.

So far as I am concerned, personally, it makes no difference whether I ever have another student or subscriber.

I have reached a position of wonderful power; it is a position of creativeness. *I have learned how to generate the thought that creates any condition I want.* I am absolutely independent. My desires are fulfilled, because my brain has learned how to clothe them. I am no longer crying out to the people to come and be taught. They will come when they are ready, or perhaps they will not come at all. In any case the *best* will be the result. H. W.

I quote from an exchange. The article is headed "God's Judgment."

It sounds like a cry from the superstitious past when, in the closing year of the nineteenth century, a clergyman in this land of enlightenment declares that the destruction of Galveston is God's judgment. This is what this minister of the God of Love had to say, according to newspaper report: "God deals with nations as moral beings, responsible to Him for their character and conduct, and this is an expression of his indignation and wrath against us as a people, because we have disregarded his authority and trampled under foot His law." Such a statement as this is a belittlement of the Almighty. It not only pictures the Creator as a vengeful being, but it paints him as inconsistent and unreasonable. If the American people is the offender, why should the punishment fall upon the comparatively few persons living in only one of its many cities? Why should all the people of this city suffer for the sins of only a part of them? To look upon this disaster as the merciless act of an angry God is monstrous. Its only possible effect must be to turn thoughtful persons away from the church that fosters such horrible nonsense.

A correspondent sent me the clipping. I supposed she knew I would get a laugh out of it, if nothing more.

It is a specimen of the blind leading the blind; one saphead criticising another saphead. The last fellow who says, "Such a statement as this is a belittlement of the Almighty" betrays quite as much ignorance as the first one, who thinks that God destroyed Galveston as an indication of His wrath against the wicked.

I wonder how long it will be before the people know that the God they talk about as a personal creator and ruler is but an impersonal principle; all the greater for being impersonal; because in its impersonal character it pervades every atom in the universe, which it could not do if it were a person. God means Life. It means Love, which is truly the principle of attraction that holds all things in proper relation to each other. Man is the translator of this principle into intelligent expression, in which shape it becomes possible for him to work out the principle into visible effects.

Why don't these people, who pretend to be the leaders of thought, study Mental Science, and learn the true philosophy of life? H. W.

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.

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THE WASTE-PAPER BASKET.

In winding up the last Waste-paper Basket I said I would give some items of Aunt Sally, the old maid who ruled fifteen counties; at least, the neighbors thought so; but some how Aunt Sally and her capers do not appeal to me to-night, and so I shall let my pen go ahead and do its own writing. This pen is by far the handsomest pen I ever owned, or I believe I may say "ever saw." It is gold all over, handle and all, and has my name carved on it. Jessie gave it to me two years ago. I think she must have been a long time saving money to purchase it with. It is a perfect treasure; it seems to do its own thinking, it moves so softly and with such strength over the paper, leaving such a clear, emphatic trail.

The other day Major Britton thought he had made a discovery; he brought me a big bottle of ink that he had made out of a paper of aniline dye. He did not know that I had been using the same stuff for fifteen years. It makes the softest, most gliding ink I ever used; it will run if the writing gets wet, but it has no other fault. I use the violet shade, and it is so pretty that one feels a comfort in writing with it.

How everything grows easier to do if one has nice things to do with. Yesterday I wanted to wash a lot of bricabrac and got a dish pan full of soft, lovely hot water, and was beginning to call for a dish rag when Jessie produced a small mop as white as snow, and another thing which by passing rapidly through the water left it a fine soap suds. We almost quarreled about who should wash the things; Jess had her way, as usual, and I wiped them, and decorated the sideboard with them.

Our sideboard is built into the dining room. I can't say that I like it much, I have seen such beautiful sideboards in the furniture stores that I prefer.

We are only now beginning to be furnished in the new house. The carpets were put down this week. The main color on the ground floor is a peculiar shade of green, very soft and tender; there is a beautiful blending of colors in it. The flowers consist of a large bunch of lilacs; the first lilacs I ever saw in a carpet; then there are roses, of course; roses are common in nearly all carpet patterns. But the crowning beauty of this carpet is a yellow poppy, life size. I have never been especially fond of yellow; but as I look at it in this carpet I appreciate it greatly. I see that it is a color that represents life, vitality, more perhaps than any other color. There is a translucent spirituality about it that no other color seems to show.

I don't consider myself a success as a furnisher and decorator, but I have my own ideas. I can furnish a room in my mind and make it lovely, but when the thing is worked out and completed externally it is never what I expected. Mr. Post (last winter) was determined I should have a suite of rooms in the hotel. Previous to this I had always lived in my own house and taken my meals in the hotel. But I let him have his way, and he built the loveliest rooms for me that I ever lived in.

It gave me a great deal of thought about furnishing them. The carpets were to be a certain shade that would not antagonize anything else in the rooms. I went to Jacksonville several times on purpose to get

everything right. I did this more to show my appreciation of Charley's kindness than because I felt the importance of the matter.

Almost every one who came into my rooms exclaimed about their beauty; but they were not truly beautiful; they were glittering; they dazzled; but before I had been a week in them I disliked them.

It was this dislike, and the many mistakes I had made in building, that caused me to build the house we are now living in. It did seem as if this was absolutely perfect. It has every modern convenience; nothing has been omitted, but I am not sure that it satisfies.

I am an artist, but I lack development. I am really so much of an artist that inartistic things actually hurt me.

But to go back to the furnishing of this house. I don't believe I shall get tired of the carpet. I have not bought any new furniture except a very little. But I have taken all the old furniture and had it fairly made over, and beautifully upholstered with material that corresponds with the carpets. This old furniture is a great deal handsomer than any we can buy at this time. It looks so quaint; but we have not saved money by the arrangement. We could have bought the new furniture cheaper than we could renew the old.

I have long wished to write an article about the domestic woman; the home maker; but the subject is extensive and the ideas relating to it ought not to be hurried over.

It must be that happiness is found in following one's leading inclination. Home-making, up to the present time, has been slavish work, and woman has rebelled against it. The soul struggling for freedom always rebels against force work. This is why so many women are getting away from household duties and seeking employment in fields that promise a wider scope to personal ambition. Women are struggling to make a success of literary work; everything one can think of is now being worked over by women, who are not following their leading inclinations, but who are yielding to a desire to become known to the world, and admired by the public. They believe that happiness is only to be found in publicity. I say women are doing this, but men are doing it too, and have been doing it long before women took it up. Indeed, women are simply following the lead set by men. In doing this the home life is ruined. Don't imagine that I am blaming the woman in this matter more than the man. Her rights are as great as his, and among these rights is the right to make mistakes.

Woman is making a fearful mistake in abandoning the beautiful field of home making for the various employments she now tries to learn. These employments are leading her out and away from that which is prompted by her natural capacity, and are killing her power to develop it. Her own genius must go for nothing so that she can earn fifteen dollars a week in work that she considers a release from house work. She calls herself free because she can jingle a little money in her pocket, and all the time she is killing the vital principles within her brain, whose one impulse is to develop new ideas and to expand all the time to greater creativeness.

What would you have woman do?

Just as far as possible I would have her engage in

improving her surroundings. I would have her express her ideas of beauty by dwelling on these ideas until everything in her house represents her artistic soul.

Unfortunate is the woman who must surrender her beautiful creativeness to the gaining of money.

Fortunate is she whose financial wants are generously and appreciatively supplied by the husband who believes in her genius and who glories in its expression. He enters into the artistic world, the realm of absolute beauty, through the door she holds open for him. Their hopes being centered on one thing, their love pointing in the same direction, namely, the evolution of beauty, they become constantly drawn closer together in a union that grows into the sweetest and truest marriage imaginable.

And now about the idea that woman's position is beneath that of man's. It is this idea that is pushing woman out from the household and bringing her forth into a field where she becomes the competitor of man, instead of his partner, which she naturally is. She says over and over to herself, "Man can choose his walk in life, but woman has to stay where he places her." This thought actually fills her with antagonism toward him, and the result is inharmony. In this condition everything goes wrong. There is perpetual worry founded upon jealousy. The best traits of the female character are obscured. She really knows—if she stops to think—that it is far pleasanter to her to decorate her house or do light work among her flowers or remodel her last season's dresses, or design new ones, than to sit at a desk over a typewriter ten hours a day, or to study the foolish pages of some theatrical performance, or to practice almost anything for the sake of money or notoriety. She knows that she is happier without the care of the money making on her mind, and yet in order to emulate man she pushes forth into the money making departments of life, and thereby escapes from that form of creativeness which is strictly her own, the form which brings into existence every refinement of artistic beauty.

Woman is the natural beautifier of the world. Her sphere is that of adorning every walk of life, and her highest happiness will be found here.

I speak from experience. I have been through the entire range of thought on this subject—yes, of thought carried into action, and I know what I am writing about. I have found more pleasure in ornamenting my home and working in my garden than in anything I ever did.

It is the simple pleasure that brings me happiness; the doing of things well, entering into the artistic department of thought in working out the commonest kind of work. My readers must have observed how children are interested in the things their elders love to do—not in the thing their elders feel forced to do, but in the things they love to do.

To be happy is the great end and object of life; and to be happy we must have our inherent artistic ability drawn forth by doing the things we love to do.

H. W.

In speaking of The Law of Attraction, Eugene Del Mar says: "There is no law of repulsion." At last, thank the universal good there is at least one person, besides myself, that understands this great truth. I kept writing about this for years, trying to explain it so that the people would understand and accept it, but they fairly fought me about it, and not wishing to antagonize them I dropped the subject.

But it is a mighty subject. To it belongs the fact that there is no evil.

To admit that there is a law of repulsion is to admit the vitality of every claim of disease and poverty and weakness.

It is because so many healers stand in this position that their work is ineffective. They have simply got to come into an understanding of truth on this point before they can do perfect work.

To believe in a law of repulsion is to believe in a

division of power between good and bad, and this is a confession that the universe is not a universe, but a diverse, and a destruction of the idea of completeness of oneness. It is the destruction of the whole truth in the consciousness of him who accepts it.

Those who believe in the law of repulsion secretly believe in the power of disease; they fight the diseases and weaknesses of their patients as if they were things that had to be destroyed, instead of *beliefs* which simply had to be discarded from the mind; dropped; left behind; forgotten. All healing consists in going ahead in the gathering of knowledge, and leaving the former ignorance behind. Fight nothing; simply advance.

H. W.

THAT COMMERCIAL COLLEGE.

Two or three weeks ago I inserted a very short notice in FREEDOM asking correspondence with any one who would like to establish a Commercial school at this place. I have been flooded with letters regarding it. Some of my correspondents have a clear and practical idea of what is wanted; some have not. I suppose I should have gone more into detail in my notice asking correspondence. I am going to do so now.

To begin with, I honestly believe this place offers as good, if not better, opportunities for establishing an institution, such as is suggested, than any place that can be found elsewhere. It is healthy, delightfully pleasant both summer and winter, is becoming well known throughout the length and breadth of the land, and will naturally attract young people who want a business education, because of its beauty, its ocean beach, its river, its climate, the celebrity which the place is obtaining. Four years ago there were so few scholars that the school board threatened to discontinue the public school; now we have a new graded school building with 135 scholars. Next year we expect to erect the first of the College buildings to assist in founding which we have donated lands. Both summer and winter hundreds of people visit this place for two or three months, who complain at our lack of educational facilities. They are taking their vacation, and they want their children with them, or under their eye, and would like also to give them a change. To come here and attend a business college for a few months would be a partial vacation, a change of climate, the pleasure of having seen the place, of having dipped in old ocean and bicycled along the beach. There are sources from which students would be drawn without cost of advertising. I believe a Commercial school would be a good financial investment. It will take some capital to start it. We have now no building suitable. The party founding the school must be prepared to at least invest something in a building; I am ready to furnish the lot, perhaps to help on the building, but I do not wish to bear all the expense or responsibility.

I must know that whoever engages in the enterprise is a man of integrity, sufficient experience to promise success and with enough capital to invest to make his interest a permanent one.

The building need not necessarily be a very expensive one. It can be added to. Neither would I advise starting expensively with a blare of trumpets. I never "boomed" a town or enterprise in my life. Start on such a basis as probable legitimate business resulting from persistent energy seems to justify, has always been my policy. That is honest. Then rustle. It is honest to rustle, and it brings business. A fine business, of a character to be of benefit to the youths that patronize it, can be built up here. Not big at the commencement, but paying, and later paying handsomely.

C. C. Post.

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The purpose of this association is to spread, through organized effort, the doctrines and teachings of Mental Science. All who are interested in this work, of whatever sex, creed or color, are invited to co-operate by association, either as a member at large or by affiliation through local Temples wherever they may be organized. For further particulars address the national secretary, box 17, Sea Breeze, Florida.

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ON THE ROAD.

Leaving Tacoma we travel southward toward the state of Oregon. Before long the train winds about the margin of a stately river, on either side of which rise the slopes of the tall, timber-covered mountains. In gazing upon this broad and beautiful river, winding in long, graceful curves through this timber-covered mountain region, moving with slow measure to the all absorbing sea; with its surface slightly rippled by the gentle breeze of a beautiful summer day, studded here and there with prettily overgrown islands, I was irresistibly reminded of Bryant's verse.

"Here from dim woods, the aged past
Speaks solemnly; and I behold
The boundless future in the vast
And lonely river, seaward rolled.
Who feeds its founts with rain and dew?
Who moves, I ask, its glistening mass,
And trains the bordering vines, whose blue
Bright clusters tempt me as I pass?"

Ignoring the poet's allusion to a personal deity, there was something solemnly impressive about this splendid river and the magnificent scenery through which it wound its way. The afternoon sun had gone gradually down the western slope, and while it kissed the upper range of the mountains with glowing fervor, a purple haze had gradually enveloped the lower stratas and the surrounding landscape through which the river, reflecting the glow of the sky, ran like a huge, shining ribbon of blue and gold. At one of the turns the nearer foothills receded, and we could see a broad expanse of country

to our left. We had entered the great valley where later on the Willamette meets the Columbia to merge its lesser waters with those of the greater, and looking across the landscape—behold! there stood Mount Hood; grand, massive, inspiring, in the glories of the setting sun which dyed its snow-covered sides golden rose, and gradually melting into the deeper shades, as the eyes swept from the lofty golden peak down to the sombre timber line.

It was twilight when the train reached the depot at Portland. Mrs. Ellen R. Poulterer had requested that I partake of the hospitality of her home during my sojourn in Portland, and she extended to me a very hearty welcome. Mrs. Poulterer, bright and energetic, applying practical methods to theoretical study, appeared to be the leading spirit among the few who had exerted themselves to give the public of Portland an opportunity to listen to a public discourse on Mental Science. The Auditorium had been engaged for that purpose, and the meeting advertised through the daily papers and otherwise. Mrs. Poulterer, Mrs. Susan W. Smith, Mrs. S. V. Johnson and several other friends of the cause expectantly awaited results, and they were not surprised when they arrived at the very handsome hall to see every available seat occupied. The people continued to come, and by the time I was introduced to the fashionable audience, standing room was at a premium and many failed to gain an entrance and had to turn homeward. There was no doubt about the interest the Portland people felt in the exposition of the newer line of thought. For two hours and a half, throughout the lecture and the display of the handsome views, the entire audience manifested an unflagging interest, and at the close of the meeting many gathered about me to express their satisfaction derived from being present.

The success of this meeting gave encouragement to our friends to arrange for a second lecture, which too was well attended; and as a strong desire for organization had manifested itself during the interim, I called upon all who desired to establish a Mental Science temple in Portland to register their names at the close of the meeting. To this call thirty-one responded.

During my twenty years residence in California I met many people who had lived in Portland. "How do you like Portland?" I have inquired frequently during that period.

"Not at all," would be the invariable answer."

"Why?"

"Well—it's the dampest place imaginable; you can't see the sun for rain or fog six months out of the year, and you have to wear rubber clothing as often as any other kind."

Imagine my surprise and delight to find the city bathed in the brightest of sunshine, with the loveliest blue sky over head, situated amidst the most inspiring scenery. Sunday morning I received an invitation from Mrs. Susan Smith and Mrs. G. J. Denny to accompany them on a journey to the top of Portland Heights, situated back of the city, and rising from 800 to 1,000 feet above the city. We made the ascent gradually, following a macadamized driveway for several miles past pretty residences and fresh flower-clad meadows, the road in its gentle ascent leading us gradually upward until we took a trail through a large group of pipes, gathering flowers on the way, listening to the song of birds, drinking in

the pure air and bathing in the glistening sunlight, which was reflected from every leaf and blade of grass. We were free here from the scorching heat of the deserts further south, and from the sultry and oppressive condition of the atmosphere of the eastern and Atlantic states. This walk refreshed both body and mind, because of the invigorating atmospheric condition and the beauty of the surrounding scenery.

Mrs. G. J. Denny who was of the party was the wife of the late Hon. N. Denny, Minister Plenipotentiary to China under President Grant's administration, and later the king's confidential adviser at the court of Corea. Judge Denny, who was a profound student and scholar, admired the beauties in nature, and was a special admirer of the feathered tribes of the forest. It was through the joint efforts of Mr. and Mrs. Denny, and at their private expense, that the beautiful and far-famed Chinese pheasant was introduced into the United States. This species of bird seems to have found its most favorable home conditions in the forests of Oregon and Washington, where it has multiplied with great rapidity during the past twenty years.

Mrs. Susan Smith, who keeps herself busily employed in the administration of her late husband's extensive real estate interests, owns fifty-five acres of the most magnificently situated land in the world, which was the objective point of our journey. This land is situated on the very top and highest point of Portland Heights; and as we emerged from the woods and stepped out upon the clear meadow, which constitutes the table land of the heights, we beheld a panorama before and beneath us which is seldom given to human eye to look upon.

Beneath us is the city of Portland, covering a large area on both banks of the Willamette River, which, with its fine streets, schools, churches, mills, shipping, parks and gardens, makes a telling picture of busy, aspiring civilization in the midst of the great stretches of the evergreen wilderness and patches of cultivated land. The river is displayed to fine advantage in the foreground of our main view, sweeping in beautiful curves around rich, leafy islands, its banks fringed with graceful willows. A few miles beyond the Willamette flows the renowned Columbia, and the confluence of these two great rivers is at a point about ten miles below the city. Back of the Columbia extends the immense breadth of dense forest, where the busy mind and hand of man is extracting building material for the inhabitants of the globe. To the southeast of us and fifty miles distant in a direct line from where we are standing, rises the massive, broad-based pyramid of Mount Hood, covered with perpetual snow, encircled with vapory cloud-wreaths. Back of Mount Hood is Mount Rainer, and out of the mighty forest-covered ranges rise successively the snow-covered summits of Mount Jefferson, St. Helen, and Mount Adams with the Three Sisters to our right.

In beholding this vast and magnificent panorama the eye never wearies, and there is health and inspiration for all who visit the spot upon which we are standing; nature could have devised no finer site for the artist and pleasure seeker and as a health restorer. And it is the plan of Mrs. Smith to carry out the design of her late husband, and erect here upon this site a magnificent hotel as a pleasure and health resort.

I remained a week in Portland to recruit my some-

what spent energies, induced by my journey and crowded engagements to this point. Mrs. Ellen R. Poulterer, who conducts a private and select rooming and boarding house, at 167 11th St., saw to it that my every want was attended to, and I hold her kindness in grateful remembrance.

Among those it was my pleasure to meet I mention the following:

Dr. W. Rose, Mrs. W. Rose, Mrs. Sarah E. Peake, Mrs. Clara Parsons, W. S. Hufford, C. Williams, Mrs. C. Johnson, Mrs. E. C. Campbell, Pauline Campbell, J. C. Woodruff, L. M. Reed, L. M. Lauck, Mrs. C. McClinton, E. S. Ullrey, Mrs. S. D. Harris, Mr. Wm. Deveny, of Montavilla, Oregon; Mrs. L. J. Parker and Judge H. Parker of Walla Walla, Washington; Mrs. H. E. Jones, Mrs. T. M. Minard, Wm. Clandlin, Mrs. M. E. Tilden, H. W. Behnke, Mrs. J. M. Young, B. F. Jones, Lucie A. Clark, Miss C. S. Carlyle, Mrs. J. C. Barton, Wm. Clandlin, Mrs. L. Clandlin, Mrs. M. A. Nessly, C. N. Gill, Mrs. M. E. Shafford, C. C. Shafford, Miss M. E. Gove, Mrs. Bronson Salmon, Mrs. E. L. Poulterer, Mrs. G. J. Denny, Mrs. J. T. Rogers, W. E. Jones, Miss S. V. Johnson, Mrs. M. L. Moore, Mrs. J. Bussey, B. Campbell, E. S. Benson, Mrs. H. G. Sahlstrom, U. S. G. Marquam, Mrs. S. W. Smith, Mrs. A. M. Smith, F. E. Chaney, T. H. Emerson, F. H. Kiser, Mrs. J. H. Page and R. S. Davis.

I visited Lucie A. Mallory, the well known writer and champion of the new thought philosophy, the founder and publisher of *The World's Advance Thought* and *Universal Republic*. I found her a very amiable, pleasant woman of ripened years and knowledge. Lucie A. Mallory has done, and is doing, a noble work; she stands among the foremost of the world's inspirational workers and writers, and has the advantage of many years of useful work before her. She resembles Helen Wilmans very much in facial and physical appearance; in fact, you would take them to be sisters.

It gave me pleasure to meet with Mrs. M. L. Renners in Portland. Mrs. Renners lived in San Francisco for many years, and while there became acquainted with Helen Wilmans, her daughters Ada and Florence and the writer. That was during the earlier eighties. Mrs. Renners has since then become an adherent of Mental Science, and is now a member of the Portland Temple.

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Friends, you can find healers all over the country now; there are many of them, and the number is increasing; and as they increase the wretchedness of the world decreases. I am one of them; I am proud of the ability I possess, and I spend hours in the day and night seeking through the power of constantly accumulating truth to learn more of this great science so that I may be more, and become able to do more.

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