

FREEDOM

A JOURNAL OF REALISTIC IDEALISM.

Who dares assert the?

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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SUPERSTITIONS OF MENTAL SCIENCE.

What inclines me toward Mental Science as a school of thought is that, as I understand it, it is an attempt to discover and follow the truth, pure and simple. It is mental. That implies thought, reason, and the elimination of doctrines not strengthened by thinking. It is science. That implies the school for facts, and nothing but facts. But, unless I am mistaken, many publications purporting to teach Mental Science, and many persons claiming to be Mental Scientists, are more or less thoroughly soaked with superstitions of one sort or another.

For example: astrology. Now, I know little of astrology, and, therefore, I am not competent to judge as to whether it is a science or not. My impression is that prior to the invention of the telescope, spectro-scope, camera and other machines and devices used in astronomy, there were students of the heavens known as astrologers who did some good work that was as the seed of astronomy; and among those mediæval students of the stars were some clever fakirs who practiced fortune telling, for a consideration, and who used their actual or supposed learning to deceive silly folk, who could be made to believe that their love affairs, marriages, business careers and deaths were determined and recorded in the stars. Some of these old-time magicians may have believed in themselves, in a way; for even as a fakir one cannot succeed unless he at least partly believes in himself; but my impression is that, on the whole, they were clever frauds.

A very learned gentleman acquaintance tells me that the Mental Science folk who go in for astrology know only a smattering of what the mediæval fortune tellers used in their business; that they are wholly ignorant of what constituted the science of astrology, in so far as it was a science; and I am inclined to think that he is right.

Little Mental Science papers come to me from the "wild and woolly west," specked all over with the catch words of astrology, strung together in poor English by the editor or editress, if you please, who gives no sign that he or she knows anything more of astrology or any other science than may be gleaned from a single thin volume on the signs of the zodiac, emanating from the borough of Brooklyn, city of New York.

I repeat, that I am not up on astrology, and for that reason I am subject to being called down for these remarks; but I protest against being called down by any one who does not at least know what the zodiac is, and who cannot explain in fairly good English, the difference between a comet and a skyrocket.

I may be wrong, but I think the astrology that is being taught by many so-called Mental Scientists in these United States is the rankest sort of superstition; ranker, perhaps, than many of the superstitions of the church that these Mental Scientists pride themselves on having sloughed off.

I mention this prevalent bastard, astrology, only as an example of many superstitions now abroad in the Mental Science ranks, and by way of preface to calling the attention of FREEDOM's readers to the washed-out, thin, left-over Christianity that characterizes much Mental Science teaching. Not that a Christian may not receive much Mental Science without leaving his church or abandoning his distinctive faith. But the sooner it is understood the better, I think, that the fundamental principles of Mental Science are irreconcilable with any form of Christianity.

Christianity stands or falls with the idea that God is a being who can be offended, pleased, persuaded, induced to act this way or that by something that we can say or do; that he is "Our Father;" that he takes note of us in details of our life in ways other than the orderly operations of nature; that we are his children in the same sense that we are the children of our parents in the flesh; that he is more than, and separated from, the totality of things; that over against God there is the devil, or evil, fighting against him, or against the good; that Jesus Christ came into the world for the purpose of, somehow or other, fixing things up between us and God, who would otherwise be against us; that Jesus Christ was a special kind of man, different from other men, by whom or through whom we receive, or have or are able to get something not otherwise attainable; that whatever we teach is more surely true if we can back it up by a passage or passages in the Bible, which is a special kind of book.

There are very few Mental Science books or publications that I know of free from the characteristic teachings of Christianity, in some form, and many Mental Scientists persistently announce that they are the only Simon-pure Christians; that the church does not represent true Christianity.

If any one doubts this he should have been in New York at the recent meetings of the International Metaphysical League, and listened to the speakers, most of whom thrust into the foreground the idea that they—Mental Scientists—were "heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ," using always old fashioned, churchy forms of expression that gave to the sessions the general tone of a back-woods Presbyterian meeting. And the churchy cast of the whole movement was confirmed by electing

the Rev. Dr. Heber Newton, a prominent Episcopal clergyman, president; a fine fellow, very broad-minded, a delightful Christian gentleman, but not a Mental Scientist, as I understand Mental Science—by a long shot.

Even our rare Paul Tyner, lecturer for the New York Mental Science Temple, whom we all love, who is doing good and faithful work, and who is most radical in many ways, tells us of "vitalization—the life more abundant, which Christ came that we might have here and now," as if we couldn't achieve immortality "here and now" if Christ hadn't come—Christ who himself died young.

It isn't that I am finding fault. I know how hard it is to rid the mind of ingrained superstition; and in a Christian land, coming, perhaps, out of the Christian church, having imbibed Christianity with mother milk, I know how hard it is to give up "Our Father who art in heaven," and understand that Jesus of Nazareth differed nothing in mind from any of us, and that the Bible differs nothing in kind from any book; but until we do give up these superstitions we shall never come into the full power of Mental Science.

If Mental Science means anything it means: All is One; All is Mind; All is Good, and those propositions are absolutely irreconcilable with Christianity in any form. If one becomes a Mental Scientist he must cease to be a Christian. There is no middle ground.

But, of course, only strong swimmers go far out to sea.

HUGH O. PENTECOST,
836 West End Ave., N. Y. City.

CHRISTIAN CHARITY.

The term Christian charity is used so frequently by those whose scholarship should preclude its use, that it is not surprising to see high officials make the same mistake. Washington declared that this was not a Jewish, Christian or Mohammedan nation, and as our population is composed of nearly every known faith, the terms Christian charity or Christian civilization are ungenerous and inapplicable; every theological scholar is aware that the so-called orthodox faith has no superiority over Buddhism or Mohammedanism. The late Max Muller, the eminent scholar who made a life study of the religion of the world, declared that he knew no religion but that taught "do good and eschew evil." In the words of Sir Walter Scott, the great author, in his last moments, his advice to his son-in-law was: "Be a good man." The two latter religions forbid the use of intoxicating beverages, and when we consider that this nation of 76,000,000 people consumes intoxicants to the value of \$1,000,000,000, and that this nation is only a small portion of the so-called Christian world, the prodigious waste is apparent. In regard to charity, the Jewish people are first and foremost, including others of theistic faith. We should remember that "charity is the best of gifts—the greatest of spiritual endowments."

QUAKER.

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OUR CREED.

The fact that any church or individual should write a creed or attempt to define and circumscribe its or his beliefs is conclusive evidence that such church or individual is not sure and positive of the attitude of mind assumed.

This is as true of Catholics or Protestants as it is of Buddhists or Mohammedans. It is as true of agnostics or deists, as it is of Christian Scientists or Mental Scientists. It is as true of allopaths or homeopaths as it is of osteopaths or Weltmerism. It is as true of Agassiz and Humboldt as of Darwin and Herbert Spencer. Knowledge is relative, not absolute, and truth is all pervading, but not mathematical.

Religion is a belief in some form of good. The Christian religion is a belief in the divinity of Christ as the personification and embodiment of all good.

Actual and effective prayer is the attainment of a psychic or subjective condition of mind through supplication of supposed deity. Christ was perhaps the most powerful psychic, probably because he believed in his own divinity. Religious conversion is the attainment of a psychic condition through religious or evangelical psychics.

The religion of the negroes as well as much of their plantation music is psychic, however great its crudeness may be manifested when mingled with the objective things of daily life.

The genius of Shakespeare and the phenomena of Blind Tom are psychic manifestations as truly as are spiritualistic manifestations, or as Christian Science healings are made under psychic conditions.

The "inner light" of the Quakers is a psychic condition attained without a belief in the divinity of Christ, but with a profound belief in justice, equity and fraternal love without sensuality, greed, war and carnage.

Dowieism is an aggressive example of imitation of the psychic power of Christ with a presumptuous or hypocritical attempt at explanation of the phenomena by means of his early Scotch religious training. Its author employs virulence to assist his hypnotic and semi-religious psychic powers. His very intolerance of secret societies, Protestant and Catholic churches, stimulants, oysters and swine flesh is probably an attempt to maintain a successful psychic condition, through fighting his own inherent weakness for the flesh pots of Egypt and America.

The sickly psychic condition acquired by chronic spiritualists, forever dwelling with departed consumptives and failing to cultivate a good digestion and a clear conscience, is another misapplication of psychic powers.

The sexual powers are a great source of degeneracy of higher psychic powers. It seems to be but a short flight from the divine passion of conjugal love to the detestable practices of free love devotees.

Science is systematized knowledge. It would follow that Christian Science is systematized knowledge of Christ. It really is an application of the same healing power that was employed by Christ—a psychic power evolved by a belief in his own divinity.

This power or condition has been attained in lesser degree by the occultism of India and the Orient; by the weird dances and the medicine men of the American Indians; by the spiritualist, clairvoyant and the mind

reader; by the hypnotist and mesmerists; by Dowieits and divine healers.

It is not a divine power, unless divinity be the attribute of inherent life power, but its effectiveness is often intensified by a psychic condition produced by a belief in omnipotent divinity.

Mental Science is an application of this psychic power, based upon a belief in an evolutionary origin of our present mundane condition. It is an application of the natural science of Darwin, Huxley and Spencer, evolved through matter and mind to the ideal. It is an evolutionary belief in our own innate divinity. Disease is an acquired inherited or cultivated morbid belief in sin, sickness and death. The Christian idea of sin is one of the baneful forms of disease. The materialistic practice of medicine is another morbid form of disease. Secret remedies of charlatans cultivate morbidity of disease as their stock in trade.

Ubiquity of life is the natural condition of man.

The ideal is the true state of happiness. It is attained by cultivation of the nobler desires and of the individual inherent life power, and employs some form of psychic or subjective condition in this cultivation or development.

Youth often rebels against the ideal, because it desires to indulge its material inclinations of inheritance. Instead of dwelling upon the ideal of goodness and greatness, it often prefers to indulge in excitements, stimulants or sexual excesses; when youth has expended much of its vital energies in excesses it begins to philosophize upon the possibility of the ideal as a true source of happiness.

Politics is a game of society or social organizations or individuals, played for stakes of power and pelf. It is always debasing, and seldom develops greatness in statesmanship or philanthropy.

Socialism is an attempt at the obliteration of strife in commerce, of the aggrandisement of great individual wealth and of the usurpation of power. It seeks the common brotherhood of man and the common ownership of all things, and the annihilation of crime, insanity and all the fungoid growths of individual power, ownership and its base exercises. Anarchy is an attempt at blood-thirsty revenge for real and fafcied wrongs.

Civilization is the degree of evolutionary development in social, mental, moral and physical conditions.

Anglo-Saxon civilization would seem to be more of an exterminator than a civilizer. Note the American Indian, the Hindoos and the Mexican half-breed. What Anglo-Saxon civilization has done for these people it may in like manner do for the Porto Rican, the Hawaiian and the Filipino—viz. make them serfs to our capital, our commerce and our inventions—or annihilate them.

The greatest safe guard against usurpation of power and wealth is our common school system of education. With all its faults of cramming of precedents of feudal and common law practices, it develops enough intelligence to cause rebellion against serfdom.

The way to free Cuba is to educate its teachers, then educate its children just as the United States has educated the children of European emigrants and made them patriotic lovers of the Declaration of Independence.

The way to cure trusts is to let them evolve and demonstrate the economy of concentration. Let this

extend to municipal ownership of all utilities, and finally to common ownership of all things, except, perhaps, personal wearing apparel.

The true source of development is that of the individual development—but this development need not be confined to acquisition of brutal wealth and coarse power.

Anglo-Saxon and Catholic missionary work is the forerunner of licentiousness, blood-shed and usurpation of imperial power. It begets the serfdom and prostitution of the so-called uncivilized. It multiplies their diseases and their woes.

While we have advanced our material and sanitary conditions of cleanliness, beyond that of the Celestial, we have developed a baseness of brutality and greed that is put to shame by Oriental industry and civilization. The fanaticism of our religions has developed warriors, and the greed of our civilization has developed conquerors.

But the basest of all is the avocation of that class which lives, as money scavengers, off the downfall of innocence, virtue and honor, and which are the wreckers of commercial and business integrity; and yet they have a religion of their own and it is neither Protestant, Catholic nor Mohammedan.

We are compelled to administer the Philippines to preserve them from destruction of each other, and to protect them from being overcome by some less civilized Anglo-Saxon people, and to keep abreast of the present aggrandizing spirit of leading nations, and to keep ourselves from being swept up by the power of one or more of these nations.

So far as nations are concerned, it is still a question of the survival of the fittest; and so far as individuals are concerned in the United States, it is still a question of the survival of the fittest in mental and physical power. Therefore, for the time being we remain allied to the party that freed the negro and established our present material prosperity. We shall watch closely the commercialism of the Hebrew, the schemes of the Yankee and the wiles of the Hibernian, and endeavor to follow the thrift of the English, Scotch and German-American.

The Catholic religion of the Latin races holds some of the masses in check and avoids some crime, while it incites other crimes. It is developing a secret power of property ownership and political voting that have a deadly menace for our republican institutions. While the different Protestant faiths are absorbed in protesting the truth of their own beliefs, their power as Protestants is being usurped by insidious increase of Catholic influence.

Probably the most conspicuous example of psychic manifestations in the daily affairs of men is that employed by the "inner light" of the Quakers or Friends, and the only true civilization of the aborigines was that inaugurated by the good people of William Penn's power of thought and deed. Yet the influence of these people has been curtailed by the greed of English and Scotch Protestants, by the cunning of Irish and Latin Catholics and by the licentiousness of all imperial civilization finding an asylum on the soil of the North American Indian.

The Quaker youth has been dazzled by the power

and greed of his neighbor and has fallen to the latter's level in most instances.

The fanaticism of Christian Science often leads not only to the idea that one can live without marriage, but that he can live without dining. The inevitable result of this phase of psychic insanity is death, and whatever follows its premature occurrence.

The Mental Scientist proposes as yet to keep, at least, one foot on the earth, and to be tethered to it by the laboratory of the stomach and by the affections of offspring. It proposes to be guided by the reason of understanding, by the demonstrations of science and by the healings and teachings of its most powerful advocates.

Perhaps the most pitiable specimen of our boasted civilization is the one who brazenly or fearfully adheres to the catechism of his fathers, or to the wail of illness of his mothers, and refuses to be taught and healed by Mental Science. He doubts not the power of physic, but he doubts his own senses when he sees healing without physic. He doubts not the operation of laws to govern fakes, swindles and impositions; and yet he blindly swallows the greatest fake of them all—modern medical advice.

However, it is a matter of evolution and evolutionary development even with these dependent, timid or arrogant minds.

We halted for years between Quakerism and Presbyterianism—between Mental Science and religion—between medical advice and Eddyism, but we landed on the rock of Mental Science healings and teachings, or we believe we have so landed; and this answers all practical purposes in the pursuit of health and happiness; and we expect others now hopeless, despondent, ill and full of doubt and fear to do the same so soon as the heaven shall have worked in their minds and prejudices.

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THE INTERNATIONAL SCIENTIFIC ASSOCIATION,
Sea Breeze, Florida.

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.

WOMEN AND DRINK.

Mrs. Lake of St. Louis, reports to the convention of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union at Philadelphia that "drunkenness is increasing among women, especially society women, who have no time to eat and sleep and must turn to what will give them strength to get through their social duties." She says that the drink habit has so seized upon the smart set of New York society that "treatment for it is almost as common as treatment for coughs and colds." The women, she finds, drink not only wine, brandy, whiskey and the like, but also cologne, which contains 96 per cent. of alcohol; tincture of lavender, which contains 50 per cent., and peppermint, which has the same effect as absinthe.

Mrs. Lake's statements, like all generalizations, must be taken with caution and reserve. But after due allowance for her enthusiasm in the cause of abstinence has been made, it must be admitted that there is only too much reason for sounding the alarm.

By nature, by delicateness of organization, woman was intended for a quiet life, for occupations free from strenuous and feverish excitement. They have been and are being swept away by this craze for vain show, for vapid gadding about, for the giving of and the participating in ridiculous and ostentatious entertainments that wear and tear the nerves, for indulgence in social rivalries, bitter and exhausting, and at the same time purposeless and contemptible from the standpoint of sanity and self-respect. This mania for gluttonous indulgence in frippery and folly throughout each day and all seasons leads straight to nervous prostration and so to alcoholism.

Perhaps the worst feature of this tendency of women at once to stave off and to aggravate nervous exhaustion by stimulants is the drinking among young girls. The mothers let their young daughters trail about in their trains, or in a similar round of wearing folly before they have reached maturity, with the result that they too take to champagne, whiskey and the rest even before they are out of short frocks.

Stimulants are, or ought to be, a superfluity for people of all ages.

They are poisonous to the immature. And it is a great pity that so many mothers are too busy with their so-called social "duties" to find time to think about their daughters, and what it means for them to be tippling.

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Sea Breeze, Fla.

CREATION.

BY CHARLES WILLING BEALE.

I recently saw an account of a lecturer who was giving a popular talk in a western city, and among the experiments was the following: A bottle was produced which was said to contain some new chemical, possessing a very powerful and unusual odor. In reality there was nothing in the bottle but a little distilled water, the lecturer being anxious to test the power of the imagination upon his audience. Opening the bottle he sprinkled the contents over some raw cotton and requested those before him to raise their hands as soon as they perceived the odor, remarking casually that he wanted to ascertain the penetrating power of the fumes, and how long it would take them to fill the building. In about twenty seconds a number of hands in the front rows were lifted; at the end of forty seconds the smell had reached the back of the hall, and a large part of the audience had signified their perception of it. By the end of a minute the lecturer was obliged to stop the experiment because ladies in the front seat were fainting. Of course the whole thing was pure imagination, and the bulk of mankind would probably see nothing in it but a forcible illustration of this power; and yet a little reflection can hardly fail to reveal the fact that herein lay one of the profoundest mysteries of nature—the mystery of creation—that bugbear which has puzzled the thinking world through ages of philosophic inquiry—the power to make something out of nothing; for I claim without fear of contradiction, that the so-called imaginary odor, was an actual reality to those who perceived it. I claim that the odor called into existence by the lecturer was as real as any that ever existed in laboratory or elsewhere, and I will give my reasons for this conclusion a little farther on.

Let us take another example: A personal friend of the writer, a profound student and philosopher, having passed many years of his life in the wilds of India, had enjoyed rare opportunities for witnessing those feats of magic for which the East is famous. The more remarkable of these performances are of world-wide reputation, as the rope trick, where a man climbs a rope directly up into the sky in the presence of hundreds of witnesses; or the mango trick, where a large tree is grown from the seed in a few minutes; or feats of levitation, all performed in the open air where mechanical contrivance or legerdemain is entirely out of the question. All these things, and many others, my friend had witnessed again and again; but I wish to refer to one in particular, the so-called mango trick, which he saw under peculiar conditions, and in a way not often described by travelers.

In the instance referred to, the fruit was planted as usual in the presence of a large crowd, and in a place where no tree or shrub of any kind existed; but it did not, as usual, spring up from the ground. Instead, while my friend was watching the spot where the seed had been buried, there appeared in the air a full grown tree forty or fifty feet high, which he perceived upon lifting his eyes. So real was this tree that he actually went forward and touched it, unable to believe the evidence of his eyes. Still feeling that he must be dreaming, he laid hold of one of the branches and suspended the full weight of his body therefrom, and then retired thoroughly bewildered, though convinced that the tree was as real

as any he had ever beheld. Upon being asked if hypnotism could not account for the mystery, my friend answered, "Possibly; but can you tell me what hypnotism is?" The tree in question was elaborately photographed, and in this connection it might be pertinent to ask if it is possible to hypnotize the camera?

Another example: A student of hypnotic suggestion was recently branded with a cold iron having been impressed with the belief that it was hot. As a result, the scar left upon the body was as clearly marked and as perfect as it could have been had the branding been done in the usual way. The operation was quite as painful and as real in every particular. Was the iron hot to the subject or not? If cold, why did it leave a mark? If hot, how did it become so, and how was it that the evidence of all present testified to the contrary? Can the same object be hot to one person and cold to another? My answer is that it undoubtedly can. Are not many of our most serious railway accidents due to the fact that the same light is white to one man, while it is red to another? But I have reached the point, which is this, that the imagination, backed by expectation, whether it be as a result of hypnotic influence or otherwise, is capable of producing that which is real in every meaning of the word, and that such reality is neither more nor less than creation.

But how do I reach this conclusion? By the following line of argument, which I claim to be unassailable.

The tree, the smell, the burn, were each absolutely and unequivocally real conditions—perhaps I should say as real as any other condition; for looking at nature from the idealist's view point, nothing is real; rather, nothing is what it appears to be. But the reality of the tree, the smell and the burn are attested by precisely the same class of evidence as any objective condition in the universe. How do I know that the chair upon which I am sitting is real? Because I can feel it; because it resists the pressure of my body; because it supports me. But it is precisely what the tree did for my friend, and if I should search the whole realm of human experience for better evidence I could not find it; for it is through the senses alone that we are brought into the knowledge of any external condition, and any external condition must be registered upon our consciousness through their medium, and when it is so registered we declare that the condition exists. The tree supported my friend as thoroughly as the chair supports me. The odor of the distilled water produced fainting among the more sensitive subjects. The iron, which was cold to others, was hot to the one whom it burned, leaving a mark which was visible to all present. The five senses, then, are the only evidence we have of the existence of anything, and if we trust them in the one case it is only logical to do so in the other.

But you may object upon the grounds that the man in his normal condition sees and feels only those things which others see and feel, and that he has the united testimony of the world regarding the truth of his perception. Now while this is, to a great extent, true, it does not affect the position in as much as an admission of the principle just given, whose existence I claim that no sane man could deny, would involve its legitimate extension under proper conditions. These conditions, it is fair to assume, would be a more powerful hypnotizer; a more thorough master of those finer and more

subtle-laws of mind, which control the so-called laws of nature. The rope climber or the magic tree are witnessed by hundreds of by-standers whose testimony is unanimous, and whose evidence upon any other subject would be final. Now, if certain hundreds could be so impressed, why could not a stronger mind, a greater master, impress other hundreds. Why could not the perceptive organs of thousands, of millions, be brought into alignment if subjected to the same influence? And if the hypnotizer himself be convinced of the reality of his performance through the power of auto-suggestion, would not the verity of the act be proven beyond any possibility of contradiction? But you will ask if it is the real body of the real man who climbs into the sky, or is it that we are deceived and made to think we see that which does not exist. I answer without hesitation that it is the real body of the real man, only that body is not what we have supposed it to be; for this body is simply a manifestation of mind which his higher education has taught him to control. We could all walk on the water; we could all climb into the air if our education were sufficiently advanced, but when we do, it will not be a miracle.

I maintain, then, that hypnotism, or any suggestive method that affects the imagination to the point of expectation, is a creative method, and that the perceptions resulting therefrom are as real as those reached through the more ordinary exercise of the channels of sense.

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INTERNATIONAL SCIENTIFIC ASSOCIATION,
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DESIRE IS WILL.

Sixteen years ago, near the head waters of the San Saba river, I met a doctor who, like myself, was there for his health. He was an educated man and one who had traveled extensively, a fine conversationalist, a fair rider, a good rifle shot and an all-round companionable fellow. As we had many tastes in common and our rooms adjoined each other, he and I were much together.

One morning he came early into my room, long before sun rise, and asked me if I had any morphine. I got up from bed and examined my small medicine chest, but found none of the drug there. He asked if I had any form of opium; and I gave him a two-ounce phial of laudanum. He emptied about half of the contents into a glass, poured in as much water, and drank it. I became alarmed and hastened to dress to go in search of a doctor. He laughed and told me he was in no danger; that he would consume the balance in within an hour, which he did. Under the influence of the narcotic he gave me his history for fifteen years. This history was one of gradual addiction to the habit of morphine. He was accustomed to a daily dose of thirty grains of sulphate morphine. When deprived twenty-four hours of the drug his sufferings were very intense. He deplored his condition of slavery, but saw no way out of it. He said: "Some people may have will power enough to overcome such a habit, but my will power is all destroyed."

The next morning long before daylight he knocked at my door to know if he might borrow one of my revolvers. I lighted the lamp and he came in. He was shivering from nervousness, and cold perspiration running down his face and he looked like a crazy man. His horse was at the door, saddled and ready for a trip. The wind was blowing a "norther," and clouds made the night black. I asked him where he was going; he said to M——, thirty miles away, to get morphine. I gave him my revolver and a small flask of brandy (which he begged for) and he mounted his horse and started off on a dead run. He was caught in a storm of sleet and came back late that night enclosed in ice, but he seemed none the worse for the ride; he was full of his drug.

It occurred to me, and I told him so, that he was not lacking in will power; that it required a tremendous will power to make that trip; that if he would exercise the same will power in the direction of giving up the drug, he would make a man of himself. But the desire for the drug was the power of his will. Look where we will, and we see that ruin of men is not lack of will power, but lack of desire for such things as will produce and promote true happiness. A strong desire and a strong will are the same thing. The exertion of will is an equivalent for the strength of the desire.

All that men need is to grow out of ignorance, that they may perceive what are the things to be desired for real happiness; the will power is ready at hand. It is not rational to seek to subdue the will, but put it to work on self-elevation. An engineer, perceiving that his train is approaching danger, dares not put out his fire and deaden his steam. He uses the same steam power and turns it on in full force to back away from danger. What a man desires, he wills; and what he wills, he is. Educate him out of ignorance into truth;

train him to see the force in him, and that it is a great and good force, the only force that can aid him; then let him turn it on "full speed ahead," and he will achieve what he desires. Will power and desire power are one.

JEYPIEL.

MY SENTIMENTS.

If I am to gain the truth only by striving, struggling, bearing and enduring, I don't want it.

I am tired of this "doing from sense of duty" and "God willing," and had rather die right now than live that kind of a life any longer.

But, thank goodness, I know better even now, and that to gain the truth requires repose of mind and spirit, and repose is gained only by a realization of our oneness with the law of being, or the I am within.

But I find that in order to practice any good thing I must have a starting or focusing point; everything condensed to one great and simple doing, and it is this: Express Love, or "press out yourself, your thought" to all about you, remembering only the Divine in each. Don't compel yourself, but be quiet and let it come out. This is my starting point and I find it is very nearly all there is; for Love expressed attracts desires.

I like to believe this way; in fact it is my life. It not only makes every-day living easy and pleasant, but makes the ideal real.

The next step is to express love through the right channels, joyousness, peacefulness and sweetness, instead of shipping it off by fretfulness and impatience and unkindness.

We generate vitality or life-energy to such an extent that it must be expressed in some way.

It will work off in spite of us and we must learn to guide it into the right and helpful ways.

I always wanted to dance and be gay and lively, but my dear, old orthodox mother forbade it in youth, and settled it when I grew older by making me think the devil would get me, now and hereafter if I did; but I didn't and he didn't, and now I am so sorry to see what I have missed that I shall learn to dance as soon as I can; I will go to see the finest plays and hear the most exquisite music; I will live forever, and in luxury too, and no power on earth can stop me, for "I am all and all is I," and I am free, free to think, to do, to be! Oh, the bigness and the glory of it all!

Mrs. Wm. A.

BEGIN THE DAY ARIGHT.

Start your morning with a pleasant word, if only given to yourself. Begin your breakfast with a song. If you feel "blue" so much more the reason why the song should not be omitted. Exert yourself to look pleasant and feel light-hearted, and it will greatly tend to raise your spirits and shed sunbeams of peace in your pathway. Others will get the benefit of your jovial feelings, as well as yourself. There is no virtue in hugging misery to your heart. Drive it away as you would so many reptiles. Misery is a poison which creeps all through the inner senses and deadens and benumbs the finer self. Beware of entertaining despondent thoughts. Think of others, and so surely as you feel kindly and generous to your fellow man, so surely will you gain the benefit of your own acts. Be selfish in being unselfish.

—Faith and Hope Messenger.

MORE PERSONAL EXPERIENCES.

Some time since I made a plea for simplicity through the columns of FREEDOM, and stated as my belief that relating personal experiences was, in most cases, the most helpful of all writing.

If one is successful and desires others to be, he should be most anxious to make known his method; which, while it cannot perhaps be used without modification in the varied experiences of his readers or hearers, may, at least, encourage them to demonstrate for themselves the truth of the statements.

This society of "higher thought" ought to spare no pains in trying to interest and encourage fellow-men. Surely the reward is great enough; if we must needs work for that; since the sooner people know and follow the higher law, the sooner we may have our millennium.

Since the article mentioned was published many things of interest, viewed from the stand-point of enlightened thought, have occurred to me.

I am a teacher and my school has been no weight upon me this year, while before it took all my mind, strength and time, and kept me in a state of nervous excitement continually, which of course had its effect on my health. By affirming many times a day that "My yoke is easy, and my burden light," I have been enabled to do my work as well as formerly, without devoting nearly as much time out of working hours as formerly. Whenever an unpleasant person or event loomed up before me, or a physical ill, I have said very firmly, "That is nothing at all; it cannot possibly affect me," and thus I have almost entirely avoided friction.

I have been reading something of auto-suggestion, and tried some simple experiments with interesting results. One day about the middle of the week, I commenced suggesting to myself that a great opportunity, which I should accept, was coming to me the next week, Friday night at six o'clock. Every time I thought of it I repeated it. When the afternoon came it had entirely slipped my mind for a time. Late that day a messenger came saying that my husband, who travels, had telephoned me to go to a certain town to spend Sunday with some young friends of ours. Now I had long desired to visit them, but something always prevented. I decided immediately to go and sent a message to that effect. Chancing to glance at the clock I found it just ten minutes before six. Needless to add that I went and enjoyed a very pleasant visit.

Another event which I had affirmed for, came at the precise time I suggested, and a third, which was a suggestion that a certain sum of money should reach me on a certain day, came all right as to date, but brought two dollars more than I had demanded.

Now all these point to a law which, well understood, and practiced, must revolutionize the old order of things. It may prove as valuable as the quern of which most of us have read, without the troublesome qualities of that fabled machine.

Of late I have been especially fortunate in not being obliged to meet unpleasant people, or if I did, in finding in them lovable traits heretofore invisible. The key to all these improved conditions is the harmony beginning to exist in my own mind; for harmony within works outward and adjusts conditions and circumstances, as a writer has said. I trust this little bit of real application of the wonderful law of life may have its influence in strengthening the belief of any who may need it.

A. L. C.

POLITICS.

The election is over, the people have expressed their wishes as to the policy to be pursued by the government, and so far as they are concerned the thing is settled. Business is to be done on the basis of the gold that can be mined and the credit which the government loans to the banks, and our foreign possessions are to be made tributaries to the capital and enterprise of this country. FREEDOM is not an exponent of any political party or policy. While its editors have their opinions they have not thought it well to give them expression through the paper. There is a work to do that is of even more importance than that of education in economics, and which must precede any economic reform that can really reach and benefit the people. Men must first learn their true relation to the source of all things before they can properly understand their relation to each other and to society. Yet a word at this time relative to politics generally may not be out of place here.

The most regrettable thing in politics to-day is the unwillingness of men to earnestly seek to know the effect of legislation upon the prosperity of the country at large. Every day during the campaign we have heard expressions of opinions from men, men engaged in business quite as frequently as others—more frequently, in fact—that could only result from a total ignorance of facts as they exist, and such as an hour's thoughtful consideration of past events, occurring in their own lifetime, would make plain to their understanding. Even more, I have seen men, business men, to whom a proposition was made antagonistic to their expressed opinions that was so clear and forcible, so appealed to their reason, that they were forced to recognize it as a truth, and a correct statement of economic principles, and have seen these same men restate their own false proposition to another knot of listeners fifteen minutes later, having evidently deliberately refused to consider the effect upon themselves or others of either the true or the false economy, simply clinging to the opinions and arguments furnished them by their party leaders and party organs. This is as true of Democrats as of Republicans, and of Republicans as of Democrats; and in this fact lies the danger to the liberties of the people.

It is useless to bandy acrimonious words. The people, and not the politicians are primarily responsible. If we have corrupt politicians, if we have improper combinations of capital, if there are trusts and combines that are injurious to the public welfare, they exist only by permission of the public. They are a product, the fruit of public sentiment as it exists to-day, and the public has no reason or right to complain. It could change conditions if it really cared to, and was willing to sit down for an hour and do a responsible amount of independent thinking. Sometime it will do this; until it does things will continue, and ought to continue, as they are.

But let us consider a moment. When the older members of the present generation started in life every young man expected, and with reason, to become independent financially. The farmer boy, even though he worked for wages to-day expected later to own a farm, and the farmer's girl expected to marry and become the wife of a man owning and working his own farm. The town or city maiden expected, at least, that the man she

married would own their own home in time; and none thought of a life absolutely dependent upon the will of another. To-day with facilities for production of wealth a hundred-fold increased young men fear to marry lest they find themselves unable to support a family; and the number of homeless and indigent persons increases in a ratio equal, at least, to the increased facilities for the production of wealth.

This ought not to be, and with all proper allowance for the incapacity of individuals can only result from the violation of natural economic laws. The duty of government, its excuse for existence, the purpose for which it is organized and the claim which it rightfully has upon its citizens is the assistance which it can render them in unitedly applying the natural economic law—the law under which labor and capital can most economically produce and distribute wealth according to the value which each adds to the product.

The natural elements from which wealth can be produced are inexhaustible. There is absolutely no limit to them. Coal may give out, but there is in nature something else that will take its place. What is needed for the most rapid progress of the race is freedom from the fear of financial ruin, of shortage of food and clothing—better economic conditions which will allow freedom of thought to the masses—to everybody.

It is useless to talk about excluding foreign competition or of opening up new fields for our products. The race is a unit and the interest of every man is that of every other man. You may not think the Chinaman or the Tagal a brother, but he is; and time will prove it, although he is himself as ignorant of the fact to-day as are you, and he will of necessity compete with you in every department of production until you and he mutually recognize the fact of the unity of the race, and act upon it. Keep the Chinaman out of the country? You may if you will, and possibly as an act of self defence it is justifiable, but it can be but a temporary relief from his competition.

Levy an import duty on the Porto Rican if you like, yet where is your permanent benefit? The world is to-day too closely united by railroads and steamers and telegraphs to make it longer possible to prevent the competition of any one country with any other one. We have to face the fact that Chinese cheap labor in China is the same, or must speedily become the same, as Chinese cheap labor in America. A tariff on importation from Porto Rico means less wages to the Porto Rican; that means eventually less wages to the American laborer, who comes in indirect competition with him. The race is a unit. A wrong done another inevitably rebounds upon the wrong doers. The violation of a natural economic law inevitably produces inharmony in the relations of the individual members of society to society itself.

It is these things I would wish our readers to consider, to think over—not lightly but with all the gravity and earnestness that great problems demand. Of party politics I have no word to say. Parties are the engines for carrying out the will of the people. If they are not such they should be made such, and can be.

But the people must first learn to do their own thinking, and really have a will of their own that can be clearly expressed, and that party leaders can be made to understand—then they will obey. C. C. Post.

FLOWERS AS MENTAL HEALERS.

The article on the subject from *Vick's Magazine* is both interesting and instructive. There is an old saying that "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." There may be some among our readers who are nervous, irritable and on the point of breaking down with nervous prostration. In such a case the care of a few flowers might do much to help bring about a better condition of body and mind. A little bed of plants, in the open ground, cultivated and cared for early in the morning or towards evening would be the best plan. But if there is not strength enough for that, a few house plants in a window, or preferably on an open porch, will be found helpful.

The statement, credited to the head of the House of Correction in Chicago, that he is convinced that women misdemeanants may be reformed by being taught to cultivate roses, is based upon sound psychological principles, and is likely to lead to something practical and valuable.

One who has observed the effect on his own mind of the cultivation of plants and flowers cannot have failed to perceive its quieting, healing, restorative nature. Excitement, agitation, anxiety, diminish when attention is drawn away from one's self to any beautiful object, especially if it be a living, growing beauty. Count de Charney's plant "Picciola," in Saintine's beautiful tale, growing up between the stones of the prison yard, kept from insanity and despair a mind that would otherwise have been wrecked and lost. The story is not without its suggestion of what close contact with life in its lower and simpler forms may do for a soul that is shattered and unstrung through contact with the rough world of sin and care and sorrow.

"It is far from unreasonable to suppose that if patients of a certain class in hospitals for the insane, were gently, wisely, patiently taught to observe and cultivate flowers, out-of-doors in the summer and in the window or conservatory in winter, the effect would help much toward the restoration of sanity and happiness. At all events it would certainly be a quieting, restorative influence to a great many victims of nervous disorders to water and watch a bulb or plant as it slowly and silently develops in grace and beauty and strength, continually reminding the invalid of the wonderful potency of the forces of Nature, upon which all restoration as well as growth depends.

Plants have a most kindly and generous way of taking one into partnership with them in their achievements, in return for a little water and a little care, so that when the blossoms appear one feels as if he had a share in the triumph of life and beauty. A new sense of strength is felt, a new confidence in life, in himself, in the universe, as if he had been taken into a firm whose stock was rising in the market.

If plants can grow and bloom, why may not he get well and work? If life is so much stronger than death, why may it not have its way with him, mind and body? I do not say that the nervous prostrate, watching a plant in his window, or better still in his garden, will go through this process of reasoning, but if he has that affinity for nature which sensitive temperaments are most apt to possess, he will feel a certain indefinable sense of courage, healing, joy, stealing over him as he observes the old, but new, miracle of life and growth in nature.

Yes; set the misdemeanants cultivating roses; give

the insane a taste of the joy and sanity of contact with Nature; put a plant in the window of the sick-room; let all who are broken down in body, mind or soul feel the touch of the healing, restorative forces that clothe the world with health and beauty.—*John Wright Buckham.*

THE PRESENT REMARKABLE REVIVAL OF MEDIAEVAL SUPERSTITION.

In *The Century*, Daniel G. Brinton has an article on "Popular Superstitions of Europe." Dr. Brinton closes his article by saying:

From some strange reason there has been a wonderful revival within the last decade of nearly every mediæval superstition, under various guises, in the most enlightened centers of the world. The practitioners of this modern sorcery, instead of concealing, advertise their claims and urge them on the community under pseudo scientific names and jargons. Palmistry, astrology, sympathetic magic, the doctrine of signatures, hiero-therapeutics and all the farrago of fifteenth-century thaumaturgy flourish to-day in Boston and New York, in Paris and Chicago, to a degree surpassing anything known three centuries ago.

There is a reason for this. Sorcery is science seen upside down. There is a confused groundwork of truth, a fallacious method of viewing facts, at the basis of these pseudo sciences. Yet the truth and the facts exist and these explain the success of the deceptions. They dazzle and daze minds not trained in sound reasoning. And how few are! The societies for "psychical research" and theosophic speculation begin with an acknowledgment of the possible truth of ghost seeing and of communion with the divine. This possible ground is seized by the charlatan as proved basis for his illusory edifice.

Superstitions are at core the same everywhere and at all times, because they are based on those desires and that ignorance which are, and will ever be, a part of man's nature. He is dimly aware of mighty, unmeasured forces in ceaseless activity around him, controlling his own destiny; the ominous and omnipresent portent of death meets him at every turn; dissatisfaction with his present condition, intense longing for a life and joy which it can never offer, goad him to seek a knowledge which weights and measures are impotent to accord him.

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 ONE GIGANTIC EFFORT.

There is only one subject worthy of discussion at this time, only one thought worth thinking about—it is the conquest of old age and death.

All our efforts on the old plane are futile and useless so long as death is just ahead of us, waiting to cut us off and make as nothing the powers we have already manifested. The earth itself is nothing in its present state of unfoldment with man, its master, in ignorance of how to unfold it. The earth is but a seed of life dependent upon our intelligence to make it the most wonderful creation imaginable.

It seems strange how by slow stages it has advanced to where it is. Advancement and retrogression, and then greater advancement and again retrogression that was less than previous retrograde movement has brought us up to where we now are. The earth herself has been putting fourth her best efforts constantly. Man has felt them and responded according to the measure of his intelligence.

It is said now that there was a race of people long previous to the Adamic race who were all giants; enormous men and women, and of almost inconceivable strength.

But they died, all of them, and a new type was born. What did this mean. It meant that the earth in its process of growth kept bringing fourth productions suited to the intelligence of its efforts. Its efforts always pointed to greater strength and power. At first this strength and power were expressed purely on the animal plane, and the result was these enormous animal men.

But the earth kept on ripening; "spiritualizing," some would say; *intellectualizing* would be my method of expressing it, and the race dwindled in its animal proportions and increased in its brain capacity.

Now this has been the whole tendency of growth, it has all been toward brain making; toward the development of the reasoning faculties and the production of higher and greater thought, and all the faculties that depend upon thought, such as imagination and every form of creativeness the imagination can suggest.

Reader, cannot you perceive the line of growth? Are you not able to look back to the beginning of the earth and trace every step of her development up to this day? I ask this because I am going to tell you how it is with me. I have had this subject in my mind so much and so long that the whole train of thought connected with it, and which was once like smoked glass with only a few tracings of light breaking through at odd places, has become as clear as the most translucent water; and I can read the entire past; and out of the past I have got the general tendency of things, and the law of their development, until I perceive to quite a considerable extent what the future is going to be. I can see above all things the mighty power that runs through the earth and infuses every atom of it with the ability to keep on growing.

Oh! this is wonderful; to come as it were, through an understanding of the principle of growth, into the vital element itself. I am coming into this vital principle. I can feel it infusing me, so that disease and old age and death seem like the merest phantoms of ignorance. They are the merest phantoms of ignorance; and the earth has gone on in development until she has brought forth the power of her children to comprehend this fact.

Once she brought forth her power on the animal plane, and her children were giants. But they died; they died because they had not enough intelligence to take up the line of growth understandingly, and lift their lives from the animal plane to the intellectual or reasoning plane.

The aim of all growth is brain making; the lifting of all power into the realm of thought where thought shall do the work. Thought has done the work in the past, such as has been done, but it was thought destitute of a knowledge of the power it was capable of using, if it had only understood itself and the principle of growth.

To educate and develop the power of thought—this is growth. In the history of the race, the very instant development stopped in the human being, there retrogression began, and life seemed to slip backward into the darkness of a past time. Then there was a rest. The sleep of a long night came on, during which the earth was gathering new force for a fresh movement when its vital power should awaken.

Again and again has this occurred; every fresh awakening carrying us higher into the intellectual realm, until we have reached a place where our reasoning powers teach us that death is only the consequence of the ignorance of our own ability to conquer it.

Death being the absence of vitality it is apparent that

the presence of vitality, the increase of vitality, will overcome it.

Vitality can be augmented in many ways. Hope can start a fresh spring of vitality in the human organism that will lift the patient off of what would have been his death bed, had not the hope been planted in his brain.

The necessity of effort is oftener a blessing than a curse, because it starts the vital principle into fresh action and so engenders a greater amount of life for the individual.

At this time the entire race is more dominated by desire than ever before. We seem to want everything; and every one of our wants is a spur to action, and thus fresh vitality is constantly being generated.

And so much vitality exists at the present time as to show forth the need of more in the farther extension of our hopes and plans. Our abhorrence of disease and old age, and the cutting short of our desires, is becoming awfully tiresome to us, besides causing us to recognize a tyranny that has no right over us. Nothing has a right to establish itself as master of our conditions, saying virtually, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther."

It has been a good while since I made up my mind that I would go where I pleased, whether others came with me or not. I have stood by this resolution and seen my environments yield, and keep yielding, until the environments no longer seemed to be environments, but only whetstones for the sharpening of my resolution and the engendering of more vitality.

I am conquering old age and death to-day. I am doing it through the power of the mind; a power that constantly develops, and brings me more vitality all the time.

And again I say that the conquest of death is the only thing before the public that is worthy of much attention at this time. It is a piece of work that needs to be attended to now. Evolution waits upon it. Should it fail of realization there will come upon us another night of rest and sleep; a night that may pass into the earth's death. Planets die; they die because the races they give birth to never attain sufficient knowledge to unite themselves with the incessant principle of growth that is vital power; life.

But this race will not die. If I stand alone and hold faithfully to the promulgation of this idea I shall live, and I shall be able to show others how to live.

Why, I have shown them how. My lessons on Mental Science contain the most vital teachings on this subject ever put into print. The new book called "The Conquest of Death" is about ready for the public. I do not know what kind of an impression it will make on the public at first; the idea is too new, but it is spreading. I can tell this by the rapid growth of FREEDOM, and by other signs. But whether the new book goes off rapidly at first or not, I am sure that it will not be long until it has a great sale. It is going to be the standard work on this subject. It is wonderfully instructive.

I have a word to say to the many new editors just starting papers on this line of thought. Point your efforts to the topmost truth of all; that truth is man's ability to conquer death. Never mind hypnotism and magnetism and vibrations and all those little things, but come up to the topmost limb of the tree of race growth, and let us go hand in hand in the one gigantic effort.

H. W.

FREEDOM on trial six weeks for ten cents.

[I print this without permission, but I think Mrs. Moore would permit it. It is right that both sides should be heard from.—H. W.]

DEAR MRS. WILMANS:—I have read Eugene Del Mar's call to duty, and reprimand to delinquent (seemingly) Mental Science believers. We also feel that there is a side to our credit. Last summer I was in Washington City for two months, and after finding many investigators and students among the "Reform Christian Science party" we decided to hunt up some clue to Mental Science teachings in that city. So, concluded to ask you to give us a name or two to whom we might apply. In reply you said, "To give you the names of our subscribers would be a breach of confidence, but through FREEDOM we might publish the request," which, time seemed too limited to do satisfactorily. Then I gave them the best I knew and lent them Home Lessons, FREEDOM, etc., but I think having to leave them as inquirers only, was unsatisfactory indeed. They attended Col. Sabin's lectures, but while he is deeply and earnestly seeking the truth, many of these aspirants are far out and beyond his ken.

So, dear lady, perhaps, there are a few of those condemned, who are wandering and calling in the wilderness, and elsewhere, for better than they know, but "etiquette" holds aloof the desired response, and wraps the mighty truth in a veil of "don't-bother-me-ness," which the Mental Science individuality rather shrinks from penetrating.

I should have simply gloried in entering and sustaining an organization. Two sides, Mr. Del Mar, always two sides. Yours most cordially and lovingly,

MRS. S. W. MOORE.

Charles Willing Beale's article on "Creation" is a fine thing. I have no doubt but he has struck the secret of the power manifested by the Eastern Magicians. It is man's creative power, and all men possess it, but do not know it.

For my part I have known for years that I created health by the spoken word, and prosperity and every desirable condition.

Under conditions of faith induced by a knowledge of the law of attraction man can create what he pleases.

But people do not understand the law, and it is only the understanding of truth that creates.

Do you want power? Do you want happiness? You can only have these things permanently through a knowledge of Mental Science. You have got to study long and earnestly to acquire the wisdom that enables you to create. If you believe you are going to be lifted over the rough places in the road to creativeness you are mistaken; nothing but thought of the most concentrated character will serve your desires.

To know for a fact that we have the power to create is all I ask for the present. It is happiness enough. The development of this power, and its application in the working out of all our desires—this is heaven.

The idea is too big to try to unfold it. Let it lie like some splendid message from a higher sphere, the language of which we are only beginning to learn, and must wait for farther knowledge.

H. W.

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

THE WASTE-PAPER BASKET.

Charley has gone over to Daytona to vote for Bryan. He said in leaving that he felt sorry for me, because I was a member of the feeble-minded fraternity to whom the dear and sacred ballot could not be trusted. I begged him to spare my feelings, and not twit me with my mental weakness, and that of my sex in general.

Looking at him to see the effect of my sarcasm, I noticed a three-days' growth on his chin, and felt that I had something to compensate me for not being a man. Even men—great and glorious beings that they are—are dependent on the barber for the proper manifestation of their beauty and cleanliness, and when the barber has gone on a toot their weakness shines forth unequivocally.

I have the reputation of being a very generous woman; I don't believe that it is true, and I don't believe in generosity either. That I violate my own belief is only a piece of the regular inconsistency, which is I, all the way through. The fact is, my sympathies are too strong for my common sense. I know that giving is the most thorough way of begging the people that was ever invented—and yet—but "nuf sed." I am going to reform.

But there is one thing that I am fearfully stingy about; that is, in giving away my bait when out fishing. Oh! how it hurts; it is like pulling teeth.

But I must record a wonderful act of generosity in this line. The fish were biting madly, recklessly, and I not there. A gentleman was on the pier fishing. A number were there, but I am speaking of one only; this is why I use the word gentleman. It seems that they all expressed regret at my absence, but only one acted. He dropped his tackle and rushed to the pavilion where he borrowed a wheel without asking for it, and came tearing across the peninsula like a streak of lightning to bring me word.

Think of how—out of the generosity of his soul—he missed catching—by his absence—no one knows how many of the beauties. I don't believe it is in me to have done this. I could have sincerely wished for the presence of another who was fond of fishing, but to leave the work when the circumstances were so favorable and the excitement so high—well, I am just too selfish, that's all. And when I got there, which was in a hurry, everybody offered to divide bait with me.

In answer to a common question, "What do you do with all the fish you catch?" I answer by citing an old, worn out witticism that was born in Florida, and that still lives and flourishes. When asked what we live on down here, the native cracker answers, "Tourists in the winter and fish the rest of the year."

We give the fish away. I said to our coachman the other day, "Why, Phil, those awful 'big bass are not very good; why do you take them?" He had several twenty-pounders wrapped up and laid on the floor in front of his seat. His answer was: "I tell you the troof, Miss Post; any kind of fish is better to eat than nuffin. Dem coons ober dar in Waycross, deys mighty glad to get all I can give 'em."

It is not only the colored people who take the fish we get, but others. The fish are excellent for the table, unless, as hinted above, they are too large; then the flesh is rather coarse. But, even so, if it is cut in thin slices across the grain and rolled in meal and fried, it

better than tough beef and several other popular dishes. There now, I have established a fact that ought to justify me in my fondness for fishing. I would not fish if the fish had to be thrown away; but when, toward evening, the little boys are there waiting, and sometimes a little girl I know, I am justified. The little darlings must be fed. Moreover, I get a chance to talk to them. I love them and they know it, and they love me. I tell them occasionally how to make money honorably, and that it is a necessity. I try to impart practical truths and to eradicate the nonsense they have imbibed with their mothers' milk; and I do this without frightening or antagonizing them. They don't know that the foundation of their religion is being shaken, and thought is being awakened in their minds that will individualize, and make men and women of them.

I believe I would make a good Sunday school teacher. I was one once, but that was before I had any sense; while as yet I knew nothing but "Jesus Christ and Him crucified, and hell fire and hit bilen' hot." Oh! the fun of the thing; to look back and see that I ever believed such stuff.

I did not believe it; it was only photographed on me, and a little exposure to the light of common sense took it all out.

But I could teach a Sunday school now that would count on the side of Mental Science, and the establishment of the individualism that alone saves; and that too without alarming the people. I believe I could convince them before the alarm came.

Business is way up here with us; subscribers to *FREE-DOM* are pouring in; everything is promising, more than promising; everything is fulfillment now. The new book is nearly ready to send out. The back of the book alone ought to sell it; it is very beautiful. Florrie—Mrs. Burgman—is more responsible for it than any of us, though we all had a hand in it. In the left hand lower corner there is a section of our globe rolled in clouds, except in one place on top. In this place stands a beautiful woman, pointing to a star in the upper right hand corner; it is the rays from this star that have dispersed the clouds, and you know that in time, they will banish them all. Low down on the right side in an unused space are the words, "And a star gleam rent the black cloak of the night." Higher up on the left hand side is the name of the book, "The Conquest of Death." By Helen Wilmans. This design is wrought beautifully in silver on either a black ground, or a ground of very dark color. The book is very large and contains nearly 400 pages, on the handsomest of paper. In one part of the book there is quite a space devoted to explaining our purpose in coming here; how we believed that the race had reached a plane in development where it was possible to save and rejuvenate these bodies of ours; the greater part of the book is devoted to an explanation of the principles underlying this hope, and to practical directions for attaining it. But the part I speak of, relating to our coming here, together with the ideas we are working out, rendered it admissible to insert illustrations of the place. There are nearly forty of these illustrations, all full page. My picture graces (defaces, I should say,) the first page. It is not a good picture. There is one of Charley that is good, however. As to mine—just wait until the next edition comes out. I shall have something better looking if I have to get

some one else to sit for me; and then I am going to be better looking in the future than I am now.

Major Britton came in—he is the torment of my life; he was scared when he looked in my countenance, but he stood close to the stair case where he could make a quick rush if necessary, and said in a trembling voice, and the most humble manner imaginable “Please, ma’m, copy.” I knew it was the Waste-Paper Basket he was sighing for, so I told him to go home and shut up, and I would write it, and here it is. H. W.

P. S.—Well, just think! I have left a very important thing unsaid. The reason I wrote so much about the book is because I have fulfilled a promise to my subscribers in getting it out. Every winter, just before Christmas, they begin to inquire what I have that will make a sensible Christmas gift to a friend. This book is just the thing. My friends want it, and I want to sell it; a beautiful conjunction of ideas. But it will be two weeks before the book is out. The price in cloth binding (and this is the binding that has the fine picture on the back) is \$3.00. The half morocco binding is \$5.00. This binding, of course, is more expensive and more durable, but it is not nearly so handsome. In all other respects the two books are precisely alike; alike as to the quality of the paper and in every other particular. Now send for it, because I want to sell it to you, and I know that it contains the most race-saving thought ever put in print. Eternal life is in it, and the world will ring with its praises before two years more. H. W.

THE COLLEGE.

We have not said very much about the College lately, but do not wish it forgotten that contributions are desired, and that there are lots for sale for the benefit of the Institution. Work of grading from Ocean Boulevard up to, and past the campus is progressing—not very rapidly, but progressing.

The cost is estimated at one thousand dollars, of which Mr. Post agreed to pay, and has actually paid, seven hundred and fifty, leaving but two hundred and fifty to be paid out of the College fund. This virtually amounts to a farther donation from Mr. Post of two hundred and fifty, as the work is about half on the College property.

The portion of the campus that has been cleared has been sowed in rye, by Mr. Haigh, the owner of the livery barn, and the gentleman who set out the palmettoes on the campus. This will help to subdue the land and get it in better fix for grass; and Haigh will get a lot of rye for his stock when green feed will be desirable.

Everything is moving along, but don't forget to contribute as you feel able to the College fund. No one is taking a cent for any thing done in connection with it, except those who do actual physical labor. None of those connected with the management would think of asking pay for any service rendered. Every dollar received will be expended in the improvement of the property and in preparation for the building which must go up next year.

By the way, I think every one of the palmettoes set on the campus is growing. There are still a few trees not taken. If you want one, now is the time to speak up with your two dollars. For that sum you know we brand your initials on a palm tree in the campus.

FREEDOM on trial six weeks ten cents.

CHRISTMAS GIFT.

You cannot find anything handsomer for a Christmas present to a friend than a copy of the great new work—“The Conquest of Death.” It is Helen Wilmans' latest and best; an immense book on the finest paper, splendidly illustrated; containing all the latest knowledge concerning the powers of mind to control matter. It is a life-saving book; nothing to equal it has ever yet been offered to the public. This is saying a great deal, but even this does not do it justice. It is bound to fill the world with wonder; the salvation of the race is in it. Cloth bound, \$3.00. Half morocco, \$5.00. Address

THE INTERNATIONAL SCIENTIFIC ASSOCIATION,
Sea Breeze, Florida.

A LIBERAL EDUCATION.

Prof. Huxley's definition of a liberal education is worth committing to memory: “That man has a liberal education who has been so trained in youth that his body is the ready servant of his will, and does with ease and pleasure all the work that, as a mechanism, it is capable of; whose intellect is a clear, cold logic engine, with all its parts of equal strength and in smooth working order, ready, like a steam engine to be turned to any kind of work, and spin the gossamers as well as forge the anchors of the mind; whose mind is stored with knowledge of the great and fundamental truths of future and of the laws of her operations; one who, no stunted ascetic, is full of life and fire, but whose passions are trained to come to halt by a vigorous will, the servant of a tender conscience, who has learned to love all beauty, whether of nature or of art, to hate all vileness, and to respect others as himself. Such a one, and no other has had liberal education.”—*Ex.*

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.

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.

MENTAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION.

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.

HELEN WILMANS, National President.

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ON THE ROAD.

The hands on the dial of the depot clock at Portland, Oregon, pointed to half past seven when the train conductor gave the signal to the engineer to start the train; I looked at my watch to compare the time; it recorded half past nine to the second—Florida time—I had not set my watch to the western meridian since leaving home.

During the day as the train rolled through the Willamette country, through rich and extensive farming and grazing districts, stopping at a number of lively towns and busy cities, I occupied myself with reading and making acquaintance with my fellow passengers. "All the world grows akin" while traveling; especially is this true out in the further west, the borderland of the United States. You seldom meet one there who has not traveled, and traveled extensively too. There is nothing effeminate about these people. They have gathered experience, knowledge and strength from the rich harvest of an active life; time, distance and exertion count for little with them in the accomplishment of a purpose. Those of the eastern states who come here, speedily adapt themselves to the free masonry of Western intercourse and habits, and join with the same energy and enthusiasm in the development and building up of these magnificent border states, that they find displayed among the western pioneers.

After passing through the very extensive valley of the Willamette, with its thriving cities and towns, we speed along and through the foot hills of the wooded ranges of

the Calapooia mountains, and toward evening after passing Roseburg, take up our journey along the Umpqua River, into the mountains of the same name, and darkness is upon us as we enter the Rogue River country. The tribal nomenclature of the red men native to these regions has been largely preserved in their rivers and giant mountains. The summit of the Siskiyou range of mountains constitutes the dividing line between the states of Oregon and

CALIFORNIA

Which we enter about two o'clock in the morning. It was my desire to be fully awake the next morning by the time our train would reach Montague, a little station about forty miles south of the Oregon border, because from here on southward into California I am familiar with much of the country and the people.

It was daylight when we passed Montague, which is located in a plain of about forty miles in length and twenty miles wide, dotted with strange looking sombre and barren volcanic mounds, whose blackened scoria appears as if it had been deposited there but yesterday. This plain reaches to the base of the Sierra Nevadas. Eastward and to the west it is bounded by the succession of mountain ranges which finally terminate by sloping down to the waters of the Pacific ocean. At Edgewood we enter the timber belt again, and, gradually rising, the train winds laboriously about the base of Mount Shasta, which rises here in massive grandeur above all this magnificent and impressive scenery, the first to greet the dawn of day, and the last to receive a final lingering embrace from the rays of the setting sun, standing against the vaulted arch of heaven, in bold, gigantic form, a very monarch of the mountains, crowned with perpetual snow to the height of 14,444 feet. You fancy that you may tread his barren fields, laid open by the persistent rays of the summer's sun, in the course of a few hours walk; in reality the distance is between twenty and thirty miles, and the task of climbing one of the most difficult in mountain countries. Six thousand feet below the summit and just above the timber line, silvery clouds, suspended in mid air, like groups of fairies, recline on the bosom of this mighty ruler of these massive ranges.

Great dark forests stretch in every direction below the timber line, fed by innumerable streams from glaciers and moraines. Here forest and stream furnish abundance to the hunter and fisherman. About these regions were clustered the many Indian tribes, who were the terror of the early white settlers, the Shastas, Cahrocs, Eurocks, Chinooks, Modocs, Muckalucs, Meewocs, Hoopahs, Patawats, Eel River and Pitt River Indians. They lived in their separate hunting grounds, which in many instances, crossed the line far into Oregon, following the bend of their crude and untutored ways, influenced by and subject only to, their environments throughout this great stretch of magnificent mountains. They satisfied the simple wants of their savage nature by following the chase; trapping the bear in cleverly covered pits; hunting the deer and other game with bow and arrow and slingshot; fishing for the speckled trout in the crystalline mountain streams and spearing the royal salmon in the turbulent Clamath; gathering the wild grain and luscious berries which are found in those wild regions just as the mother spirit of nature produces them, in great profusion. These primitive children of nature warred amongst

themselves but seldom, and then, only when other methods of settling disputes failed. Personal ambition of tribal chiefs seldom rose to height and dignity of territorial conquest. Love, courtship and marriage were not so much a matter of emotions as of comparative wealth and position in tribal affairs; their religion, a superstition which sought in surrounding forms and phenomena, animate and inanimate, an explanation of the mystery of existence and the hereafter. Yet, they believed in an all-overshadowing spirit and a future life. Withall they jealously guarded their territorial possessions; and encroachment upon their tribal hunting grounds was equivalent to a declaration of war and would precipitate the fiercest and most unrelenting conflicts. Being hunters and fishermen, extensive territory meant everything—in fact, the means of subsistence to them.

During the early fifties, the gold hunters gradually drifted northward and, following the Sacramento river to its source in these regions, crossed the great mountain range surmounted by Shasta, and established those series of mining settlements which laid the foundation for the many thriving towns throughout northern California and the borders of Oregon. Rich placer mines were discovered in many places, and thriving settlements sprang into existence. Early perceiving the possibilities of this region, many of these pioneers sent for their families, and the foundations for many of the present cities along the line traversed by the Southern Pacific Railroad were then laid.

The Indians who had watched the advent of the "pale face" first with curiosity, then with apprehension, later became thoroughly alarmed. Their game was hunted by the invaders; their land encroached upon and appropriated; themselves treated with but scant consideration. They manifested their displeasure on several occasions, and their warriors bore witness to the deadly aim of the gold hunters and the destructiveness of the white man's weapons. Castle Crag and Upper Shasta were the strongholds of the most powerful and warlike of these tribes, who pitted themselves against the advancing hosts of the early pioneers and made life in these regions dangerous and uncertain; and furnished the themes for the many descriptive word-paintings, which Bret Hart and Joaquin Miller have given to the world.

We crossed the range at Sissons, near which town the Sacramento river has its source in a small stream which gushes from the side of a sloping hill land about 300 feet from the railroad track; we descended the canyon of the Sacramento in sharp curvatures, which present a magnificent spectacle of bold engineering. At one place not far from the famous Shasta Springs the train passes 800 feet below the adjoining road bed, which it has just left above; and yet the distance in air line between them would hardly measure thirty feet.

We change engines, and take breakfast at Dunsmuir, and then follow the windings of the canyon and the rapidly rushing waters of the young Sacramento. As we leave the upper regions, the temperature of the atmosphere begins to increase in warmth. At Redding we are reminded that we are entering the rainless region of the Sacramento Valley in summer time. Two hours later we reach Anderson, a small town where the train is slightly delayed. We take a glimpse at the thermometer—it registers 104 degrees in the shade. We

take dinner at Corning, a new town whose surrounding lands are extensively advertised. Here the thermometer had risen to 110 degrees in the shade. The whole extensive valley was glittering in that peculiar atmospheric condition, which only dry and oppressive heat is capable of producing. Everything you touched was hot, and of course everybody discarded conventional rules for comfort, of which very little comes to us in this atmosphere, surcharged with heat and dust, and cinders which poured in volumns from the smoke-stack of the rapidly moving engine.

During the journey, I became acquainted with Mrs. H. E. Finnican of Cottage Grove, Oregon, who is a subscriber to FREEDOM and a reader of Helen Wilmans' publications. I also had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Alton Packard, a popular lecturer who had been engaged to give a series of illustrated lectures by the Chautauqua societies of California.

When every one on the train discarded conventionality for comfort, Mr. Packard and myself determined to try the power of mind over environments and keep cool, by ignoring heat and discomfort. We succeeded fairly well, and thus toward evening, we reached Sacramento, the State Capital of California.

CHARLES F. BURGMAN.

CHINA'S LETTERED MEN.

There is no Senior Wrangler in China unless the Dowager Empress possesses that qualification in another sense, but there are tens of thousands of Chinese students who try every year for the bachelor degree awarded by the seats of learning in the Celestial Empire.

There are only a certain number of degrees awarded. Many men do not get the coveted letters until they are eighty or ninety years of age, and their final success is hailed with greater delight than if they obtained the honor in their youth.

Only a short time ago an official report stated that at an autumnal examination in Foo-Choo there were nine candidates over eighty years of age, and two over ninety, and these aged students sent in essays, the composition of which was good and the hand-writing firm and distinct. Quite recently the Governor of Ho-Nan also published a report concerning an examination in which thirteen candidates over eighty years of age and one over ninety went through the whole nine days' ordeal, writing essays which were perfectly accurate in diction, and showed no sign of failing years. The province of Anhui, however, beat both these records by providing thirty-five competitors who were octogenarians, and eighteen who were over ninety years of age.—*Ec.*

MENTAL SCIENCE SCHOOL

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

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oct 10-tf

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THE CONQUEST OF POVERTY.

TO PROSPECTIVE AGENTS.

When "The Conquest of Poverty" came out we did not suspect that agents would handle it, because it was a cheap edition, paper bound, and consequently only a small per cent to be made on it. But it sold so rapidly and the demand for a cloth cover was so imperative that we had to get one out. In doing so we revised, enlarged and illustrated the book with pictures taken from our home surroundings here. This change and the difference in retail price from 50 cts. to \$1.00 makes the book valuable for agents to handle. The book sells on sight. All the world is poverty stricken; all the people are consumed with anxiety about the mere matter of living; men and women are being constantly driven into untimely graves by the horror of present poverty, and the terror of more strenuous poverty in prospect. A remedy for this is the great demand of the times and a remedy is offered in the book now being so eagerly sought by the public. When forty thousand copies of a book sells almost immediately after coming off the press, and with scarcely any advertising, there is no use for the agent to ask "if he had better handle it?" He knows that he can make money out of it.

Canvassing is a science that must be conducted on lines which experience has proved successful. For the regular canvasser, the county plan produces the greatest results. We have had many years' experience in canvassing, and have sold all kinds of books, and are prepared to give instructions covering the best plans for successful work.

We recommend the county plan. Send in your choice of county, and we will send you terms and full instructions how to make a success of selling a dollar book. Experience has taught us that the best method of giving every individual an opportunity of purchasing a book is with a thorough organization, and a systematic canvass by well trained agents.

AGENTS WANTED.

A famous physician writes, "I have hunted every book store in this city for 'The Conquest of Poverty.' Why don't you put your books on sale?" There is a first class opportunity to the agent in this book. No sensible agent will fail to grasp it. Select your county and send for terms and full instructions, "How to Work A County Successfully."

If you are so situated that you cannot engage in this work, please pass this to some friends who may be looking for profitable employment. Address as follows:

THE INTERNATIONAL SCIENTIFIC ASSOCIATION.

Sea Breeze, Fla.

GENTLEMEN:

Please reserve for me the county of _____

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

Name.....

Town.....

County.....

State.....

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

Sierra Nevada mountains, which the train, with its double engines, climbs with a steady pull, after leaving Rocklin, until it reaches the depot at Auburn, at an elevation of 1360 feet. Auburn is the county seat of Placer county and dates its history from the eventful year 1848 when gold was discovered at Coloma in the neighboring county of El Dorado. In May of that year a party of prospectors camped for the night at Auburn ravine, a couple of miles below the present city. For pastime or practice they decided to look for gold, and were rewarded by finding "color" in the first pan of gravel washed out. From that day on Placer county and Auburn have been prominent in the annals of California mining history. But it is not the gold alone which has been gathered from its sloping hillsides and ravines which has given fame to this fertile foot hill country, and wealth to its persevering miners and merchants. Lumbering has been carried on successfully for many years. Bricks and pottery of fine quality are made, and the best of granite for building and monumental work is quarried, cut and polished. Varying in altitude from 100 feet in the southwest to 8,000 feet in the northeast, this county of Placer, greater in extent than the state of Rhode Island, presents a wonderful variety of scene and climate. After its surface had been searched over and over again for yellow grains of gold, deep furrows were plowed where cultivation permitted, and the lower hills and levels sown to hay and grain; and thus hundreds of thousands of fertile acres brought under cultivation. Within the last two decades much of the hill country has been set apart for fruit growing.

It is probable that no other county in California contributes a greater variety of fruits than does Placer, where oranges, lemons, olives, almonds, walnuts, figs, persimmons, pomegranates, nectarines, apples, pears, plums, peaches, cherries, quinces, apricots, prunes, grapes, currants and berries of almost every description grow to perfection, and where oranges ripen from three to six weeks earlier than they do in southern California.

I am acquainted with many of the leading and progressive citizens of Auburn, who contributed much to the active prosperity of the charming little city in this foot-hill country—among whom are Hon. John M. Fullweiler, W. A. Freeman, Geo. F. Huber, Hon. O. F. Seavey, Hon. L. L. Chamberlain, W. A. Shepard, editor and proprietor of the *Placer County Herald*, A. K. Robinson, J. C. Safford, Geo. W. Armstrong, Hon. J. H. Wills, J. B. Meredith.

Among those interested in the study of Mental Science are Mrs. U. G. Hurley, Alden Radcliff, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Hughes, Mr. and Mrs. E. Ritchie.

It gave me much pleasure to visit again the home of aunt Emma and cousin Ridgeway B. Hogue, related to the Ridgeway-Wilmans part of the family, they have been residents of Auburn many, many years, and who extended to me a generous and cordial welcome.

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Oh! thou Infinite Life, from out the bosom of which all things have come, and in which all things move and have their being; we would not in our ignorance presume to say what thou art like, to give thee shape or endow thee with personality, and locate thee upon a throne like some petty earthly potentate; but we know thou art the one supreme and universal energy that doeth all things; and art all things; we recognize in thee that sentient force that vibrates in every atom and pulsates in every animate form in this vast universe of ours. Thou art the lightning's stroke that rends the giant oak, as well as the lamp that lights the student in his search for truth. Thou art in the cyclone that uproots the monarch of the forest and levels the habitations of men, as well as in the balmy zephyr that wafts the perfume of the rose. Thou art manifest in the mighty cataclysms of nature, the earthquake shock and volcanic eruption, the great tidal waves which scar and seam this planet of ours. Thou art in them as well as in the growth of the flora that clothes the bosom of mother earth with beauty; and thou art also in the blow by which man slays his brother man, as well as in the embrace when lovers meet, or the kiss in which a mother greets her first born. Thou art there, as well as in the peaceful assemblages of men and women who meet to sing anthems of praise to thee; and knowing these things we would not in a self righteous spirit, like the Pharisee of old, thank thee that we are not as other men; nor in a selfish spirit, like the modern Pharisee, thank thee that thou hast vouchsafed more of the good things of this life to us, than to some of thy less fortunate children; such as the heathen in lands of savagery and the equally benighted and dangerous heathen in this land of ours; the one ignorantly prostrating himself before his idol, a creation of the hand of man, and the other as ignorantly bowing before his personal God, a creation of the mind of man; but we thank thee for that which comes to each one of our individual lives; for we know that thou dost all things well, and giveth to each according to his understanding and desires; realizing that the burden which sometimes seems too grievous to be borne may be the one thing needful to discipline our lives and unfold from within us that broader, deeper and purer life through which, and by which, the soul of man, in a series of endless progression, climes to divinity; and in the final summing up of all things of this life when we can, with clear vision, look back over the onward march of centuries and view the inception, the birth, the growth, trials and triumphs of the human race, then we will recognize that all things are good and have worked together for our unfoldment, and will thank thee for all things that we are and have. A. T. NEWBURY.

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