

FREEDOM

A JOURNAL OF REALISTIC IDEALISM.

*Who dares assert the I
May calmly wait
While hurrying fate*

Meets his demands with sure supply.—HELEN WILMANS.

*I am owner of the sphere,
Of the seven stars and the solar year,
Of Caesar's hand and Plato's brain,
Of Lord Christ's heart and Shakspeare's strain.*—EMERSON.

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THOUGHTS, ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

Ideas are seeds. It is well to speak out the thought of to-day, even though it be an imperfect one. For a thought, if spoken or written, will fall as seed in some mind ready to receive it. It may not germinate at once, but it will in due time. Nothing is ever lost.

I demand eternal mental and physical youth. Mental youth alone will not satisfy me. I want the youth of rounded form, unwrinkled brow and face, and pure skin. I want youth as we now see it, but glorified; flesh so fresh, firm and pellucid that the light of truth and purity will shine through it and be seen of all men; and seeing, they will themselves be happier, better and more beautiful. For as surely as love begets love, so beauty begets beauty.

There is one great difference between Mental Science and orthodox Christianity. The Christian is not obliged to live his religion. At the eleventh hour, he is told, though his sins be as scarlet, if he repent, they shall be made white as snow. This in a sense is true. As soon as a man recognizes his so-called sins as mistakes, he naturally forsakes them. They simply fall from him as the decayed leaves do from the trees. The Mental Scientist, on the other hand, must live his belief, or none of its promises will be fulfilled. An intellectual understanding of Mental Science, or a mere parrot-like repetition of its principles will not suffice. It must be demonstrated. It must be shown forth in regenerated flesh and blood. Demonstration means constant watchfulness, and is by no means easy. But if we commence with little things it will not be so difficult.

If we are alone, if some loved individual has failed us, need we be sad? Can we not love the whole world, the great brotherhood of humanity of which we are a part? See how sunken our brothers are in the sloughs of poverty, despair and the fear of death. What they need to know is their own power, their own nobility, their own purity, concealed as it now is by their so-called sins. What happiness to aid them to find themselves! Whoever has felt, even dimly, this universal love, can never more be alone. But first of all we must become strong ourselves. Once strong, we can help others to a knowledge of their own strength.

To be a creator! How delightful! To know that as you walk the streets among your fellow men, by strong and loving looks and thoughts you can lift the bowed head, give hope to the despairing, soothe the suffering and uplift the wayward! Just try to thus send out vital thoughts, and your solitary walks will become a living joy.

As rapidly as possible, the world is coming into the new thought. Even the Catholic papers are copying from metaphysical books.

Don't be afraid to demand what you want. If you desire the form and feature of a Greek god, ask for them. They will be yours if doubt does not bar the way.

Don't fight. Don't antagonize anything. Don't oppose. Simply let us turn our eyes away from all discords, and let us see love, peace and harmony. Let us be happy, joyful, glad. Let the light of truth and happiness so shine in our faces that others will be illumined and want to know our beautiful secret.

Be just. The world needs justice more than it needs mercy, charity, pity and sympathy. Justice, intelligence, love! With this trinity in our hearts and acts, all else will follow.

When you look right into it what is it that makes us grow old, or rather think ourselves old? While we are young, we look forward, we hope, life stretches forth like a glorious dream, and everything seems possible. But as we grow older, and we fail, or do not attain the goal we set ourselves, we say, and others say: "It is too late, he or she will never amount to anything; he or she is too old." We believe this, we cease to grow and we become really old. Think of a tree. If it ceased to put forth new leaves and flowers each year, would it not soon die? We are like trees. If we unceasingly unfold our latent faculties and acquire new knowledge, we cannot die; for activity, intelligence and growth are life. When we cease to grow, we are dead, and should remove our physical unreality from the earth.

"Love's heralds should be thoughts, which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams, driving back shadows over lowering hills."—*Shakespeare.*

"To thine own self be true; and it must follow as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man."—*Shakespeare.*

"Evil thoughts are the invisible, airy precursors of all the storms and tempests of the soul."—*Buckminster.*

"It is our will

Which thus enchains us to permitted ill.
We might be otherwise; we might be all
We dream of, happy, high, majestic.
Where is the love, beauty and truth we seek,
But in our minds? And if we were not weak,
Should we be less in deed than in desire?"

—*Shelley.*

"Some happy souls there are that wear their natures lightly; these rejoice
The world by living and receive from all men more than what they give.
One handful of their buoyant chaff exceeds our hoards of careful grain."

—*Owen Meredith.*

"To thee all men be heroes; every race
Noble; all women virgins; and each place
A temple; know thou nothing that is base."

—*Owen Meredith.*

"For I hold with the learned Scotus that thought is

in very truth a thing, even as vapor or fumes, or many other substances to which our gross bodily eyes are blind. For look you, that which creates a thing must itself be a thing. If a man's thoughts may produce a written book, then must thought itself be a material thing even as the book is."

"Whereas I hold," shouted the other, "that all things are but thought; for when thought is gone, I prithee where are the things then?"—*A. Conan Doyle.*

F. E. HAWSON.

DEAD LINE OF ACTIVITY.

The spectacle of Lord Roberts, shriveled and seventy, plunging into the smoke and struggle in South Africa and emerging with the "garter" in one hand and a dukedom in the other, is exhilarating and suggestive in view of the "dead-line-at-fifty" discussion. Roberts as an old man, who has fought his battles and won his medals, who had all to lose and nothing to gain, stayed at home during the early weeks of the war. And younger fighters, Methuen and Buller, set out on the search for easy glory. What they got is painful history for England.

Roberts and Kitchener—the younger man was expected to do the big things—were sent out as an eleventh-hour hope. For a few weeks Kitchener's picture loomed large in the papers; then he dropped out of sight. And in the end it was Lord Roberts, twenty years past the dead line, who fought out the war.

It is futile to lay down general laws; folly to apply them to individuals. Yet the dead-line-at-fifty heresy has been accepted as gospel by so many people that it is worth following up, with "Bobs" as a beacon. Undoubtedly there is a dead line. Some men have already passed it at thirty; others never reach it until they follow a clergyman feet first out of church.

A young business man is naturally in touch with the new methods that revolutionize trade every few years in these rapid times; but the older one who keeps up with them is his equal and his superior by the weight of his added experience. For the professional man whose study lamp still burns, fifty is but a mile-stone on the road to greater power. And for him there is always something to be won, and a new way to win it, if the old one will not do. At seventy he is learning and planning and executing. He is climbing trees, like General Wheeler, to see what the enemy is up to; or drumming up wheat, like Mr. Armour, to freeze out the other youngsters; or planning a great home rule programme like that lively octogenarian, the late Mr. Gladstone. The ability to see new conditions and to meet them is the secret of youth's power in the world to-day. And so long as a man has that ability, the years count as nothing. You can draw a dead line behind him, but you can't catch and push him over it.—*Saturday Evening Post.*

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.*

ALL IS ONE.

[Eugene Del Mar in *Mental Science.*]

One power, one life, one principle, permeates the universe. Always and ever the same effect follows the same cause. This truth we designate as law, and all laws are Universal. Law is harmony. Without law there could be no universe.

There is one creative principle governing all life. If all is God, there is no devil. If all is good, there is no evil. If there is an inherent Law of Attraction, there can be no opposing Law of Repulsion. If God or Good pervades the universe and governs through immutable law, an antagonistic principle is not conceivable. If each thing attracts every other, for any one thing to repel another is impossible. What is seemingly unfriendly to us we may designate as evil, and what is forcibly attracted to one thing may appear rather to be repelled from another; but it is impossible that there should be two warring creative principles.

There are innumerable contrasts, and these may, for convenience sake, be designated by distinctive names. There are sides, colors, shades or ends to all things. There may be a north pole and a south pole, an inside and an outside, a seen and an unseen; but these expressions merely serve to place extremes in contrast. They express two different qualities of but one quantity. The two extremes are relative, and are not separate entities. They are two parts or aspects of the one whole. Good and evil, seen and unseen, mental and physical, heat and cold, light and darkness, knowledge and ignorance, are expressions of two relative degrees, respectively of the same thing. When good is so developed as to possess creative qualities we call it "good," and until it reaches this plane we term it "evil." The relation of good to evil, however, is that of one good to another good. Under varying conditions the unseen becomes cognizable to the vision, the mental is manifested in the physical, heat becomes cold, light is termed darkness, and knowledge is seen to be ignorance.

Throughout the universe reigns unity, and not duality or diversity. There are no warring powers personated in desires which respectively impel us in good and evil directions. All is good; there is no evil. There may be innumerable desires, but the one Law of Attraction determines which of them we shall follow. Our desires conform to our changing being and as we alter in our conscious relation to universal love so will each desire change in its influence on us, by reason of its newly acquired degree of attraction.

There is no truth that is not universal and related to every other; no law but that it is an expression of the one principle; no life but that it is a manifestation of the one life. Life cannot die. No new life is created and none destroyed. Throughout nature there is a never ceasing correspondence and analogy. The same law governs the growth of a mineral or a plant, as that of a human body or a spirit.

"Structure for structure, down to the minutest microscopical detail, the eye, the ear, the olfactory organs, the nerves, the spinal cord, the brain, of an ape or of a dog, correspond with the same organ in the human subject. Cut a nerve, and the evidence of paralysis or of insensibility is the same in the two cases; apply pressure to the brain or administer a narcotic, and the signs

of intelligence disappear in the one as in the other. What reasons we have for believing that the changes which take place in the normal cerebral substance of man give rise to states of consciousness, the same reasons exist for the belief that the modes of motion of the cerebral substance of an ape or a dog produce the same results.

"The feet of lizards and mammals, the wings and feet of birds, no less than the hands and feet of man, all arise from the same fundamental form. In further evidence of this interrelation of living things, their embryos epitomize during development the series of changes through which the ancestral forms passed in their ascent from the simple to the complex. The egg from which man springs, a structure 1-125 of an inch in size, comprises within a few weeks the results of millions of years, and sets before us the history of his development from fish-like and reptilian forms, and of his more immediate descent from a hairy, tailed quadruped.

"The history of the life of every human being, from infancy to adult age, is the epitome of the history of the development of the race from savagery to civilization."

There is an all-inclusive infinite love, and nothing exists to dispute our allegiance. There is no infinite hate upon which we may cast any blame for our manifest imperfections. We are here in order that we may grow. Nothing in the universe is perfected or finished; everything is tending to increased perfection. To the extent that we live in the consciousness of universal love will we express the higher degrees of harmony. When we become the complete expression of love we shall know and see the eternal oneness of what now appears to our distorted vision as divided, disconnected or conflicting.

SELF-CONFIDENCE.

Life is an individual problem that man must solve for himself. Nature accepts no vicarious service. Nature never recognizes a proxy vote. She has nothing to do with the middleman—she deals only with the individual. Nature is constantly seeking to show man that he is his own best friend or his own worst enemy. Nature gives man the option of which he will be to himself.

All the athletic exercises in the world are of no value to the individual unless he compel those bars and dumbbells to yield to him, in strength and muscle, the power for which he himself pays in time and effort. He cannot develop his muscles by sending his valet to a gymnasium.

The medicine-chests of the world are powerless in all their united efforts to help the individual until he reaches out and takes for himself what is needed for his individual weakness.

All the religions of the world are but speculations in morals, mere theories of salvation until the individual realizes that he must save himself by relying on the law of truth, as he sees it, and living his life in harmony with it as fully as he can. But religion is not a Pullman-car, with soft-cushioned seats, where he has but to pay for his ticket, and some one else does all the rest. In religion, as in all other great things, he is ever thrown back on his self-reliance. He should accept all helps, but—he must live his own life. He should not feel that he is a mere passenger; he is the engineer, and the train

is his life. We must rely on ourselves, or we merely drift through existence—losing all that is best, all that is greatest, all that is divine.

The man who is not self-reliant is weak, hesitating and doubting in all he does. He fears to take a decisive step, because he dreads failure, because he is waiting for some one to advise him, or because he dare not act in accordance with his own best judgment. In his cowardice and his conceit he sees all his non-success due to others. He is "not appreciated," "not recognized;" he is "kept down." He feels that "society is conspiring against him." He grows almost vain as he thinks no one has had such poverty, such sorrow, such affliction, such failure as have come to him.

The man who is self-reliant seeks ever to discover and conquer the weakness within him that keeps him from the attainment of what he holds dearest; he seeks within himself the power to battle against all outside influences. He never stupefies his energies by the narcotic of excuses for inactivity. He realizes that all the greatest men in history, in every phase of human effort, have been those who have had to fight against the odds of sickness, suffering, sorrow. To him defeat is no more than passing through a tunnel is to a traveler—he knows he must emerge again into the sunlight.

Man to be great must be self-reliant. Though he may not be self-reliant in all things, he must be self-reliant in the one thing in which he would be great. This self-reliance is not the self-sufficiency of conceit. No it is daring to stand alone. Be an oak, not a vine. Be ready to give support, but do not crave it; do not be dependent upon it. To develop your self-reliance you must see from the very beginning that life is a battle you must fight for yourself—you must be your own soldier. You cannot buy a substitute, you cannot win a reprieve, you can never be placed on the retired list. The retired list of life is—death. The world is busy with its own cares, sorrows and joys, and pays little heed to you. There is but one great password to success—self-reliance.

The man who is self-reliant does not live in the shadow of some one's else greatness; he thinks for himself, depends on himself and acts for himself. In throwing the individual thus back upon himself, it is not shutting his eyes to the stimulus and light and new life that come with the warm pressure of the hand, the kindly word and the sincere expressions of true friendship. True friendship is rare. Its great value is in a crisis—like a life-boat. Many a boasted friend has proved a leaking, worthless "life-boat" when the storm of adversity might make him useful. In these great crises of life man is strong only as he is strong from within, and the more he depends on himself the stronger will he become and the more able will he be to help others in the hour of their need. His very life will be a help and a strength to others, as he becomes to them a living lesson of the dignity of self-reliance.—*Ex.*

According to the last census Florida's population goes up from 391,422, in 1890, to 528,542 in 1900; a gain of nearly 35 per cent. Florida is now entitled to a third representative in congress, and the legislature will have to redistrict the state.

A SERMON.

[Herbert George in an Exchange.]

There is a cowardly strain in every one of us. Few of us dare rise to our highest. We are afraid of our neighbor, afraid of society, afraid of established institutions, and as a result, whenever our mentality takes a shoot it scares us and we begin to hesitate.

The rashness of genius knows no limitations, and this lack of fear by common consent of all is condoned and gleefully dismissed, as simply a mild species of insanity.

The conservatism of this earthy existence keeps many a man from becoming a genius. He fears the atmosphere of genius. The carping fault finder continually fastens upon the utterances of genius to prove the folly of progress.

It is a favorite pastime with the man who cannot accomplish anything himself, to repeat the lines of Bobby Burns:

"O, wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see oursel as ithers see us."

If mankind could rise no higher than the station his neighbor chooses for him, he would never rise very high. It is a strange thing, but nevertheless a fact, that wisdom is seldom recognized while the philosopher lives.

Edmund Burke possessed the power to push people off the sidewalk and make them think they enjoyed the experience, and the way he ripped up the institutions of his time, in his ironical essay, "Vindication of Natural Society," was forgiven, but the man who knew Edmund Burke the least, thought he knew him the best, because he lived next door neighbor to him.

Fortunately for Burke, when he was abroad, people who were not compelled to look at him through the errors of his early years, justly regarded him as a great man, but when he returned to those who had learned to hold him in contempt, simply because they were on familiar terms with him, he found himself to be a clear case of nobody.

Poor Bobby Burns (who came along about thirty years after Burke's philosophy had filtered its way from Dublin to the land of the Scotch thistle) was a natural boy at sixteen with natural habits, natural ideas and natural longings; and when he wrote the lines above quoted, they were written, no doubt, in a spirit of utter disgust, as a result of trying to cater to the advice of those about him; and they mark the turning point in the man.

If all of us could see ourselves as others see us, we would go off and jump into the river and leave the world without the means of repopulation.

It is a fortunate thing for society that we do not see ourselves as others see us.

If we did, the only man in the country that would really enjoy himself, would be the undertaker.

The bravest and the brainiest man is the man who is so deeply absorbed in daring to do right that he doesn't care a flip what people think of him. Such a man, if he possesses convictions and is honest in them, will find only a few people agree with him, and a very large majority of the people disagree with him.

If his opinions are right, in the course of a hundred years, (if he could live that time) he would find a large majority of people with him.

Life is too short to spend it devising ways and means to pry open the skulls of numbskulls in a vain endeavor to lodge ideas in them.

The thing for a man to do is to live on good terms with himself.

The man who can learn to enjoy his own company is a philosopher, and we have noticed that those who enjoy their own company, as a general thing, sooner or later have no other company than themselves.

Man is entitled to enjoy himself in this old world as he sees fit, providing he does not trespass upon the rights of others, or deny them the same rights, to enjoy themselves as they see fit.

True greatness in this world comes from the contemplation of the ego.

The realm of self culture is the hardest road man ever traveled.

It is a great deal easier to cultivate others than to cultivate one's self, and no man in this world ever amounted to anything who held himself in low esteem.

The philosopher who understands himself thoroughly, and is broad and tolerant enough to accord to others the privilege of self culture, is not a conceited ass.

Whenever some idiot wants to decry or break down the work of some man who thinks along lines so far beyond his own mental plane that he cannot grasp it, he quotes Bobby Burns, settles back into his chair, puts his thumbs in the armholes of his vest, assumes the expression of an owl and imagines himself wise; when the fact of the matter is he is nothing but an envious, fault-finding nobody, wholly unable to think the way out himself, and chagrined because someone else dares to do a little independent thinking without consulting him, and securing permission to exercise his mentality.

Poor Bobby Burns! Did you ever read his early history? Do you know anything of his struggles? Do you realize in what contempt he was held by the people of his time—how he went through life struggling with poverty, how he was considered "great" among the very best people of his time when he was a boy of eighteen or twenty years of age, and how they referred to him in insulting language as a Jacobian because he dared to sympathize with the French people during the revolution, and how he died unhonored and unsung at an age when most people consider themselves in the atmosphere of youth and on the threshold of middle age—before he was forty years old?

We are just beginning to hear of Bobby Burns now, and, if the neighbors of Edmund Burke were alive today, and had not advanced, they would demand an expurgated edition of his philosophy, or they would not accept it, simply because Edmund dared to think a trifle higher than the plane upon which they dwelt.

No, be just to your neighbor. Don't impose upon him, don't try to reform him, don't ask him to throw bouquets at you, nor allow him to throw brick bats at you.

Do your own thinking, and dare to think as high as you are capable.

Very few of us think correctly. Very few of us are able to think all there is to think, and some of us do not think at all; but the man who doesn't make an attempt at higher thinking when he possesses the tools to think with, is a man that is not doing himself or the world justice.

Society is all right as an average, and will come out all right in the end.

The man who has really enjoyed himself in the realm of thought, knows that invisible forces of Nature are carrying out a certain plan, and that plan is Evolution; and Evolution knows no political party, no religious sect; no social conditions—all it knows is progress.

Commend us to the egotist every time rather than the cowardly, sneaking possessor of a mentality that tries to conform to false social ethics, in order to tip the scale set for him by society or his neighbor.

It is the duty of every man to be an egoist if not an egotist. An egoist is an optimist, and sees nothing wrong with the world, and believes with Pope, that "whatever is—is right." Incidentally he walks upon the corns of small people, and unwittingly knocks askew the wooden head of conservatism, but in the end he stands on a pedestal in the white light of intelligence, aware of one thing alone, and that, that he has dared to think.

The designing priest or pastor, who lives and prospers upon the superstitions of the people despises knowledge. The cowardly politicians, who live, eat and have their being in the pocketbooks of the taxpayers, may always be depended upon to decry the efforts of those who seek to clear away the mists of sophistry and to raise the clouds of ignorance.

From time immemorial the thinker has been persecuted by the powers that be, whether those powers be the church or be the king.

We are living in an age of progress, and despite the signs of retrogression shall continue to progress.

There is nothing like the public school to arouse the dormant thinking faculties of the rising generation. Let them think, let them fight, let them squabble, let them do all sorts of things, let them do anything except submit to the *ipse dixit* of "conservatism" that says man shall not be free to think, beyond certain proscribed limits.

If every man would encourage himself to think out his own life and try to reach the highest plane within his power to reach, there would be no need for churches or politics, and there would be no need for governments; and the only way to reach that condition is to quit dancing to the music of one's neighbors, who can see nothing in us, and who would see nothing in us if they could.

There is no failure so great as that failure that comes to every man who is continually seeking the plaudits of mankind at the expense of his own honest convictions. We doff our hat to the man of convictions, even though his convictions be wrong, but we have no patience with the man who does the parrot act and quotes the lines of Bobby Burns whenever some man dares express his highest conception of truth.

"Fools rush in where angels fear to tread." Just so—but better be a fool than a coward. Wisdom is the sum total of experience, added to so much of other people's experiences as we are able to comprehend. Conceit is a good thing to cultivate.

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.

SEA BREEZE EVENTS.

A northeast wind blowing for several days last week lowered the temperature to 60 degrees.

Mr. Wesley Herrick is having a lot graded and is making preparations to build a cottage.

Mr. L. S. Morrison visited De Land during the week undertaking the journey across country on a bicycle.

Mr. Chas. F. Burgman has been placed in charge of the business management of the International Scientific Association.

Mrs. Olivia F. Green and maid, of Gallesburg, Ill., have arrived. They occupy the Hill cottage on Ocean boulevard for the winter.

Sunshine, fleecy clouds, a beautiful bright blue sky and an average temperature of 70 degrees makes life a pleasure here these December days.

The teachers of Sea Breeze dismissed school at noon Wednesday in order to attend the meeting of the County Teachers' Association at New Smyrna Thursday and Friday.

Mr. Trombower of Geneva, Fla., has let the contract to E. E. Starkey for the building of a handsome cottage on the river front north of Ocean boulevard. Work begins in a few days.

Mrs. F. C. Lowry of Pittsburg, Penn., a Scientist and reader of FREEDOM, visited Sea Breeze. Mrs. Lowry will remain through the winter season and is located with friends across the river in Daytona.

Miss Schaeffer of Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa., has leased the residence formerly occupied by Capt. C. Eldridge and family and, will occupy the same during the season. She is accompanied by her maid.

Mr. J. F. Lenger of Washington, who visited here during October with his wife and sister-in-law presented the School of Research with a fine electro plate map of the College grounds. The plate was ordered made by Mr. Lenger in Chicago.

Mrs. A. E. Heller of Geneva, Florida, purchased two ocean front lots, north of Glenview Boulevard from where a magnificent and far-reaching view of the ocean can be enjoyed. Contractor E. E. Starkey is erecting thereon for Mrs. Heller a very pretty sea side residence.

Mr. H. S. Gane, who is an expert ornithologist, took a respite for several days from fishing at the Ocean Pier, and wandered through the woods near the college grounds and City Beautiful, and, according to statement in *The Peninsula Breeze*, discovered thus far, thirty-seven different varieties of birds.

Mr. Geo. Miles of the East Coast Canal Company, visited Sea Breeze recently. The plan of the company of which Mr. Miles is a member, is to connect the Halifax River with the Atlantic Ocean twelve miles above City Beautiful, by digging a canal across the peninsula at that point. This will make the Halifax a valuable and famous stream for the cultivation of a superior and high grade class of oysters. It will not only improve the stream as a fine resort for fishing, but will make it possible for ocean crafts to bring freight and merchandise to Ormond, Holly Hill, City Beautiful, Sea Breeze, Daytona and Port Orange.

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

FREEDOM on trial six weeks ten cents.

THE MYSTERY OF THE SPHINX.

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

BY CAPTAIN C. ELDRIDGE.

[Concluded from last week.]

To the north of this huge form in Egypt, lay the temple of the goddess Isis; another, dedicated to the god Osiris, had its place on the southern side; a third temple was dedicated to the Sphinx. The inscription on the stones speaks as follows of these temples: "He, the living Hor, king of the upper and lower country, Khufu, he, the dispenser of life, founded a temple to the goddess Isis, Queen of the pyramids; besides the god's house of the Sphinx, north-west from the god's house and the town of Osiris, the lord of the place of the dead."

Hor, or Horus, was the real son of the real Prince Coh and Queen Moo, corresponding with the mythical son of the mythological god Osiris and goddess Isis.

These Sphinxes being thus placed between temples dedicated to Isis and to Osiris, by their son Hor, would seem to indicate that the personage represented by it was closely allied to both of these deities.

Another inscription shows that it was especially consecrated to the god Ra-Atum, or the Sun in the West; thus connecting said personage with the land toward the setting sun, with the place of the dead, with the country whence came the ancestors of the Egyptians, where they believed they returned after the death of the physical body, to appear in the presence of Osiris, seated on his throne in the midst of the waters, to be judged by him for their actions while on earth.

Mr. Samuel Birch, in a note in the work of Sir Gardner Wilkinson, "Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians," says that the Sphinx were called Ha, or Akar. These words mean respectively, in the Maya language, water, and pond or swamp. In these names we see a hint that the king represented by the huge statue dwelt in countries surrounded by water. Its position, again, with the head turned towards the east, its back to the west, is not without significance. It indicates that the people who sculptured it traveled from the west toward the east; from the western continent where Isis was Queen Moo when she abandoned the land of her birth, and sallied forth with her followers in search of a new home.

It is certainly logical, from the premises, to believe that the lion, or leopard, with the human head was the totem of some famous personage in the mother country, closely related to Queen Moo, highly venerated by her and her people, whose memory she wished to perpetuate in the land of her adoption and among coming generations.

It is also reasonable to believe that it was the totem of Prince Coh.

In Mayach, (Yucatan, the country of the Mayas) on the entablature of the Memorial Hall, and in the sculptures that adorned his mausoleum at Chichen, he was represented as a leopard. But in Egypt, Osiris, as king of the Amenti, king of the West, was likewise portrayed as a leopard. His priests always wore a leopard skin over their ceremonial dress, and a leopard skin always hung near his images or statues. In seeking to explain the meaning of the names inscribed on the base of the Sphinx I will again make use of the Maya language.

Henry Brugsch tells us: "The Sphinx is called in the

text Hu, a word which designates the man-headed lion, while the real name of the god represented by the Sphinx was Hormakhu; that is to say, Horus on the horizon, or, Horus of the West. It was also called Khepra, Horus in his resting place on the horizon where the sun goes to rest."

Herodotus says that Horus was the last of the gods who governed the Egyptians before the reign of Menes, the first of their terrestrial kings. He came into the world soon after the death of his father, being the youngest son of Isis and Osiris; and he stood forth as his avenger, combating Set, the murderer of his father, and defending his mother against him. Set in Egypt, who murdered his brother Osiris, corresponds to Ace in Mayach, who murdered his brother, Prince Coh.

According to the Maya language, Hormakhu is a word composed of three Maya primitives, which mean the god chief in Mayach.

Here we have the real name of the god in the Maya language, and the plain statement that the great Sphinx was dedicated to the god chief in Mayach. We also find the sign in the text of the peninsula of Yucatan, which forms part of the hieroglyph representing the name of the Sphinx. Besides the sign used, which would read, "The sun resting on the western horizon," makes it evident that the hieroglyph figure (the peninsula of Yucatan) was intended to represent a country, having similar geographical contour, situated in the regions where the sun sets. The Mayas made use of the same sign to designate regions situated towards the sun.

As to the name Hu, used in the text to designate the Sphinx, it appears to be a contraction of the Maya word, meaning an arrow or a spear.

The Greeks placed offensive weapons in the hands of some of their gods, as symbols of their attributes. So also the Egyptians. They represented their gods as holding a bow and arrow. To Horus they gave a spear with which he is said to have slain his father's murderer. They represented him sometimes standing in a boat, piercing the head of the assassin swimming in the water. This indicates that the tragedy took place in a country surrounded by water, reached only by means of boats. They also figured Horus on the land, transfixing with a spear the head of a serpent.

From the portraits of the children of Prince Coh, carved on the jambs of the door of the funeral chamber at Chichen, we learn that his youngest son, a comely lad of about sixteen, was named Hul; his totem, a spear head, is sculptured above his head. So we find here, Hul, Hu, Hor, Hol, as cognate words. We also find from the identity of their history, from that of their names, and from their totems, that Seb and Nut and their children, Osiris, Isis and others, worshiped as gods by the Egyptians, were the same personages known as King Canchi, his wife Zoo and their five children, among whom were Prince Coh and Queen Moo, who lived and reigned in Mayach.

In my lecture on "The Lost Continent," I stated that the gods and goddesses of the ancient Greeks, the Egyptians and Phoenicians, the Hindoos and the Scandinavians were simply the kings and queens and heroes of Atlantis; and the acts attributed to them in mythology are confused recollections of real historical events.

The evidences here presented prove from the best authority the real Prince Coh, of Mayach, whose heart has been found, together with the spears with which he was murdered, became the mythological god Osiris in Egypt.

Queen Moo, fleeing from her native land, not finding a vestige of the land of Mu, went to Egypt, where we meet with traditions of her family troubles. There she became the goddess Isis, was worshiped throughout the land, her cult being superior to that of Osiris. She knew that, centuries before, Maya colonists had established themselves in the valley of the Nile. She naturally sought refuge among them. They received her

with open arms, accepted her as their queen, and called her Itgin, the little sister, and endearing words that in time became changed into Isis.

Here, again, we find the real Queen Moo, of Mayach, sister and wife of Prince Coh, worshiped in Egypt as the goddess Isis, and called the mother of Horus, the last of the gods who ruled Egypt.

She, to perpetuate the memory of her husband among the coming generations in the land of her adoption, as she had done in the country of her birth, caused the Sphinx to be made in the likeness of that with which she had embellished the mausoleum of her husband and brother in Chichen. There she had represented him as a dying leopard with a human head, his back pierced with three spear wounds. In Egypt she figured him also as a leopard with a human head; but erect and proud, a glorified soul watching over the country that insured her safety, giving her a new home over the people she loved, and who obeyed with reverence her smallest mandate, and after her death deified and worshiped her, calling her the good mother of gods and men, as Maia was called by the Greeks; as Maya was by the Hindoos, and Mayaol by the Mexican. She intrusted to her son Hul the supervision of the execution of the huge statue, and for this reason was named Hu in the text.

When we take into consideration the evidences here produced, and reflect on the influence of Maya customs and Maya civilization on the populations of Asia and Africa; on the similarity of the names and the striking analogy of the events in the lives of Isis and Osiris, and those of Queen Moo and prince Coh; particularly when, among other things, we consider the identity of the ancient hieratic Maya and Egyptian alphabets; that of the rites of the initiation into the mysteries celebrated in Mayach and Egypt; and many other customs and traditions—it is impossible to regard them as mere coincidences.

Furthermore, we may take into consideration the latest discovery made by Col. G. E. Raum, of San Francisco, in excavating the temple between the fore-paws of the Sphinx, of the cap that once covered the head of the statue. This cap is painted red and adorned with three lotus stems and a serpent. These indicate that the personage represented by the Sphinx came from a country situated in the midst of the waters, and belonged to the family of the Cans, serpents.

The royal seal of the Can (serpent) dynasty stamped upon this enigma of history unlocks the mystery of the Egyptian Sphinx. Renewed and deeper interest will be manifested in the great wonder of the world, on account of its intensely human and pathetic history, which teaches that human nature has been, is and will ever be the same, varying only by environment and climatic influences.

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The stones are happy. Concord River is happy, and I am happy too. When I took up a fragment of a walnut shell this morning, I saw by its grain and composition, its form and color, etc., that it was made for happiness. The most brutish and inanimate objects that are made, suggest an everlasting and thorough satisfaction. They are the homes of content. Wood, earth, mould, etc., exist for joy. Do you think that Concord River would have continued to flow around Clamshell Hill and around Hunt's Island, if it had not been happy, if it had been miserable in its channel, tired of existence, and cursing its maker and the hour when it sprang?—*Thoreau.*

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TO OUR FOREIGN SUBSCRIBERS.

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

I was writing a letter to a lovely patient the other day, in which I said some things worth printing. So I stopped and copied them into an editorial which I hope may do some one good to read.

Do you know, I wrote, why we progress so slowly? It is from a lack of positiveness in living the best we know. We know that the old world's beliefs are false, and yet we permit them to sweep in on us and brush our noble truths aside, and take possession of us for the time. We know that it is in us to be stronger than old age and disease and poverty and death, and yet these negations or denials of our power are still conquering us. This is from a lack of intellectual positiveness.

Every once in a while I relapse in thought from the powerful position I have been holding, simply, I suppose, because the intellect—unaccustomed to the new field of thought in which it has been working—gets tired and takes a rest; and these relapses teach me great lessons; to find myself back in the world's old beliefs that once seemed all right, is like visiting the home of one's youth after many years of absence and many experiences that have developed the brain. We had so often recalled the old home and so longed to see it again;

but when we go back to it we find it shrunken and dejected, with the ashes of death lying thick over it.

It is just like this that a relapse into the old thought effects me. To live in it again I simply could not; it would kill me much quicker than if I had never left it for the greater altitudes which have now become a necessity to me. And oh! how clearly I see the conditions of those who are still in the old beliefs. The doom of death is written in their faces; and the only mitigation to their condition is their ignorance of their situation.

And these are the people who are reviling the new thought now coming into the world for its salvation from every ill. Yes, and these are the people whose shallow opinions actually intimidate many of the Mental Science students and weaken them in a knowledge of their own power. These are the people whose beliefs are standing in the way of our further advancement; at least so it seems to us; but we have only to measure their weakness to know that it is not they who stand in our way, but our own foolish admission of their ignorant claims which we make through a spirit of concession. For we know that they are traveling deathward just as their fathers did; and we know that we have made a sharp detour and are pulling upward in an opposite direction.

In the study of Mental Science we have come to the forks of the road, where we are going to separate ourselves from all our former companions, except those who like ourselves have proved the nothingness of past beliefs, and have resolved to investigate the entire unprospected realm of mind—if necessary—in order to find a position of more substantial positiveness in nobler truth. It is better to be cut off from our former friends and companions than to lose even a momentary glimpse of the mighty possibilities that are already opening before us now, even in this early stage of our new departure.

The true attitude of growth is one of expectancy; this attitude should be, not only of the brain, but of the whole body; and it can be achieved, first, by cultivating the habit of expecting what we desire; and second, by recognizing that the body is all mind; that the body is a mental statement of the brain, and one with the brain.

H. W.

There are in music such strains as far surpass any faith which man ever had in the loftiness of his destiny. Music hath caught a higher pace than any virtue I know. I know there is somewhere a people where this heroism has place. Things are to be learned which it will be sweet to learn. This cannot be all rumor. When I hear this, I think of that everlasting something which is not mere sound, but is to be a thrilling reality, and I can consent to go about the meanest work for as many years of time as it pleases the Hindoo penance, for a year of the gods were as nothing to that which shall come after. What, then, can I do to hasten that other time, or that space where there shall be no more time, and where these things shall be a more living part of my life, where there will be no more discords in my life?—*Thoreau.*

MIND IS MASTER.

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

THE WASTE-PAPER BASKET.

Symbols are strange things. They seem to be thoughts shaped and colored like living, moving creations.

Mercy on us, there are so many things we are ignorant of! Even this matter of symbols opens up a new world to us.

"Look for symbols," Jassamine will say, and I close my eyes and look. Sometimes she will ask a silent question that she expects me to answer by the pictures presenting themselves before my closed eyes. At other times there will be no questions to answer, and the symbols will not be forced into any line of thought, but will take their own way.

Sometimes one jumps into the plane of vision voluntarily and entirely unexpectedly. Occasionally one will wake me up just as I surrender and feel the first touch of sleep. Last night I had only dropped off when I became wide awake instantly, and beheld—with my eyes still closed—a large black cross. It reached as far in every direction as the plane of vision reached. Its suggestions were dismal enough. But almost instantly there began to be something sparkling at the intersection of the two pieces of timber forming the cross, and it became more and more brilliant until I saw that it was an immense diamond, or collection of diamonds, with rays reaching out in every direction, and so bright that my eyes could not endure its light. I had to open them to dispel the picture.

What do such experiences mean? I shall try to answer this farther along.

I have had a great many experiences of this character, some of which seemed to be shaped by the thoughts of other people. For instance, some one will ask me a mental question; in order to answer it I must refrain from every possible suggestion of effort and leave my mind an absolute blank. This is difficult to do, and is apt to leave an unpleasant effect in bodily weakness. But when I have gotten rid of my own ideas, and freed my mind from every shred of my own thought, there begins to come before my closed eyes a series of pictures that can be translated into an answer to the mental question. For instance, the question is: "Shall I have the money to buy the handsome clothes I need for this winter?" Perhaps the first thing I see will be rich stuffs in a store; then a change, and a ball room will appear; sometimes various articles of clothes will be spread out one by one or all together. This kind of an answer is favorable, and almost invariably follows the question. It is produced by the hope of the questioner, *projected in thought*, upon my brain. These pictures are actually *thought creations*.

Here is food, in this fact, for the reasoning powers. I have the ability (and thousands of others, no doubt) to give thought an actual shape so that I can see it. This shape is so frail that I can only hold it for a few moments; but I really expect that it is a substantial entity as long as it lasts.

I notice that it is only when I make my mind negative that other people have the power to shape these pictures within it. At other times I can shape them myself by my thoughts, and keep reshaping them every moment until I produce a perfect panorama of beautiful objects; or perhaps strange objects that I have never seen before, but have had suggested at the moment.

I can make every one of my thoughts take shape and

appear before me, not so much like pictures as like frail, dissolving realities. As my eyes are shut it would appear strange that I should see colors; but I do see them, and I have seen nothing in ordinary life to begin to compare with them; nor with the richness of the fabrics lying around or hanging from the ceilings of gorgeous rooms.

And now for the meaning of all this. I believe the meaning to be corroborative of the great Mental Science truth that "thoughts are things;" also of that further truth regarding man's creativeness. I believe these symbols give us a hint of one of the greatest possibilities ever discovered—namely, how to create by the power of thought alone.

There is no nothing. These mental creations are therefore something; they are extremely frail somethings; but if thought can create them, even in their frailty, why may it not, by practice, add to the strength of the creations and render them permanent?

There is no doubt but in the process of our growth we are getting away from the realm of hammer-and-tongs results, where even the slightest creation requires exhaustion of muscle, to a place higher up in the realm of mentality, where thought added to thought can establish our ideas of use and beauty in actuality, as substantially as they are now established by tools and machinery.

Of one thing I am sure; that the true method of our onward growth is by the cultivation of the intellect; the expansion of brain power; and where this will lead we are only beginning to surmise. I look upon the circumstance of the symbols as having a deep meaning; a meaning as yet not at all understood.

Again, taking them as the creations of thought, and bearing in mind how closely they seem to be related to much of the spiritualistic phenomena, how do we know that they may not be a solution to that whole unsolved subject?

And the Oriental magic as well. It is known now that it is not what is understood as a reality, but little farther than this is known about it. The idea that the exhibitions produced are nothing, and that the audience is hypnotized into believing them realities is an exploded thing. The audiences who observe the magic growth of a tree thirty feet high; and other things even more strange, are not hypnotized in the least. They actually see what they think they see; the objects are before their eyes; they are thought creations.

Here is the first, faint beginning of the new power which is to recreate all things on a higher plane. Think of it for a time; let your thoughts run along in the line of its future possibilities and see for yourselves what wonders will open up.

Oh! this wonderful race; and oh! the earth it lives on; the ready material the mind of man has to work with; the prospects so long locked in the future with the key hidden in the dim recesses of man's ignorance, but which he now possesses and begins to know how to use!

Is it any wonder that children read fairy tales? Is it any wonder that of all my reading, nothing ever remained in my mind and took root there, and grew and grew like the tales of "The Arabian Nights?"

I knew always, and I know it better now than ever before, that there is not a single delusion in the whole book, if it is properly interpreted.

Put your Sunday school books away and read "The

Arabian Nights," translating the amazing stories as you go from the basis of materiality to that of thought, and so expand your minds by the suggestions of man's power contained within them, until a sense of your own capacity opens up a source of wonderful happiness within you.

How easy to see from the above narrations that thought transmission is a possibility, and that a belief in the power of health over disease can be established in the mind of any one who asks to have it so established, and who holds his mind negative to, or receptive of, the thoughts the healer gives him.

H. W.

THE EFFECT OF SELF APPROVAL.

MY DEAR HELEN WILMANS:—I have just been reading FREEDOM of October 3rd, and in the "Waste-paper Basket" near the bottom of the second column where you speak of returning to your subject, which was "Personal Beauty," and say that people's faces are only pictures, or masks, expressing no individuality, etc.; that they do not represent the mental condition of their owner, etc. This is very true, and I seem to feel so sure that I know at least one great reason for this, and feel so moved to tell you of it, that I am obeying the impulse. Lately, the thought that we should cultivate a very different attitude of mind toward ourselves, our own personality, is borne in upon me so strongly, that I am sure there is something in it. It is this: That we should try the power and effect of turning our warm, strong, steady, loving thought in upon our self. I mean our bodily self, or that inner mental self which is absolutely at one with the body. It seems to me it cannot have free course to make the body beautiful, or give to us largely of its wisdom—that wisdom and intelligence which it has by virtue of its connection with the "infinite"—until we can turn to it with feelings of approval, holding toward it the tender, loving attitude of mind we feel for babies and small children; in other words, withholding from our bodily selves all criticism, judgment and fault-finding.

The most of us have the habit of jumping on to our poor, helpless selves in the most savage manner, blaming ourselves for every little mistake or supposed inattention to the little things that fill our daily life, or some oversight. Even as young people we begin by being dissatisfied with our bodies in some particular. We wish to be taller or shorter, and are cross or discontented with ourselves because of this defect; or we want different colored hair or eyes, and pick flaws in our bodily selves in this way from our early youth, thereby engendering a feeling of discontent toward ourselves. And this is calculated to discourage this inner mental person. By and by some one comes along who thinks we are very nice and about right just as we are, tall or short, hair, eyes and all, and how happy we are for a while; we actually seem to like ourselves better, and it makes our eyes beam with gladness and paints our cheeks with such a dainty, fresh color, we really are more beautiful; and what does this if it is not this inner bodily self, meeting with the approval (love) of someone from without, which has been withheld by ourselves, from ourselves. The story of the "Transfiguration of Philura" portrays or suggests this idea. She was transfigured by her own warming, life-giving thought of approval toward herself. After she found her kingdom of

(Good) and his right-ness, all other things were added. It was her own approval (or love, if you like, such love as the best of mothers and fathers feel for their darlings) of herself and by herself, that did this for her. Now, Mrs. Wilmans, let us try this. You try it; you say your body responds so quickly to your thought; just keep mum till you try the experiment upon your own dear self, and then tell us about it. I think you will find that every little fleshly atom will respond, and here is where you can, and ought to, place to great advantage, the pent up love in your heart, which hurts when it gets too full.

You say you can only reach the external you through the internal—the mental you. Then do you not think that you have only to turn the warm, vital sunshine of your hearty approval (love) along all lines, in upon this little prisoner who, so long as it is with your body really gets either approval or disapproval through your likes and dislikes only? I believe you will be astonished at the wisdom and beauty it will unfold to you, but it will not "cast its pearls before swine," and so withhold its greater beauties and treasures till we get tender and loving toward it. When we can see and feel its beauty, it can then clothe us with that beauty. Do not think from this, that I have outgrown the habit of self disapproval; far from it; but I am where I feel that I must strive and try to hold the opposite mental attitude. I have the feeling that it will do wonders if I can hold to it. I will not apologize for writing you this letter. I felt so strongly moved to do so, it must be all right. With best love and wishes, I am

GERTRUDE J. DENNY.

CHEMISTRY OF LOVE.

The deepest, the most delicate of all subjects is before me.

I feel that in a right solution of the problems of sex relation, is regeneration and final salvation of the race to be found. The often repeated statement, "God is Love," contains, if reversed to "Love is God," a truth too great for us yet to realize.

I write not so much to express what I know on the subject, as to stimulate thought along the line, and, perhaps, cause other thinkers with new and deep-going experience to express themselves, thus adding to a much needed general store of knowledge; for we have here a vital issue that must be dealt with by every earnest student of the new thought.

Patience, judgment and steadfastness of the highest purpose are qualities that must first be attained, before the pioneers of these unexplored fields can find the right trails for the relation between man and woman on the plane of conscious growth; a relation that we logically expect to be fraught with astoundingly far reaching results necessitates not only a full control within the mental domain of each, but a most delicate conception of the rights and needs of the other.

It seems almost superfluous for me to remark that I refer, in this article, to the mental relation of the sexes, all other phases of the union having their origin therein.

To love is to exchange; it is nature's primal process of co-operation, having a happy equilibrium for its aim. The man gives the overplus of his masculinity, by which I mean a mental or magnetic substance, the chemical qualities of which are as opposite to that of woman as

an alkali is to an acid, while the female element from her mind reacts and neutralizes. In spite of the protests of many writers we must conceive of a male mind and a female mind. How else, with the knowledge we have of intimate relations of mind and body, account for the distinct types of male and female organisms?

In analogy with the ozone of the electric spark, and the salt of the chemical union, we must look for a new substance as a result from the blending of male and female mind. This resultant is life-force, which, depending on the plane of consciousness on which it is acting, may be appropriated for the creation of a new individual, or for the perfecting of the two acting, or for both. In the last two cases arises the problem of just distribution, and it is in the failure rightly to solve this problem that the "skeleton" of most unhappy families begins to form. Equalization of labor and its products is the social difficulty of the day, and even the marriage question may be reduced to the same point, beginning with the distribution of mind substance and vital force. There are, comparatively, but few married people who stumble into a relation of equilibrium, and the greater the outward pressure becomes, as we are nearing the change to a new dispensation, the smaller will be the number of harmonious marriages on the old plane. There will either be fighting and discontent on both sides, or else, the advantages of the relation being wholly one-sided, a falling away of one in health and spirits, while the mate (mismatch, rather,) at the other's expense, grows selfish and fat.

These conditions, manifesting themselves more and more frequently, will force upon people as a necessity the study of Mental Science. For, unless, through an understanding of the unseen but powerful forces at work in the union of two minds of opposite sexes, the weaker ego can grow self-centered and the strong become considerate, the relation must end in indifference, or total separation; either of which the great majority of married people would seek to avoid, if they only knew how to accomplish it.—*Gusten Jungren.*

THE FLORIDA ORANGE.

A piece of news in a small way that will be deeply appreciated is the announcement that Florida will have an orange crop of 1,000,000 boxes this year, the largest yield since the great freeze. One million boxes is not much in comparison with the 1894 crop of between 5,000,000 and 6,000,000, the last big yield, but it is about four times as large as the 1899 production. The 1901 yield, it is estimated, will reach 1,500,000 boxes. From this it may be seen that the Florida groves are being rapidly restored. In a few years the output will be larger than it ever was before, and the delicious fruit will once more abound in the markets. The Florida orange is the queen of fruits. Ponce de Leon searched the peninsula over for the fabled fountain of youth without success, but a wiser man would have been content with the first orange grove. The tropics produce nothing else so delicate, so refreshing, so pleasing to the eye, so seductive to the nostrils, and so ravishing to the taste. It provokes the appetite, but, while it satisfies, it never cloy. If Titania had ever tasted of a perfect Florida orange, she would have added it to the ethereal bill of fare she exhorted her fairies to provide for Bottom.—*Ed.*

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.

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SIDONA V. JOHNSON, Secretary,
303 Chamber of Commerce Bldg.

Chicago Temple, Chicago, Illinois. Meets weekly.
J. WESLEY BROOKS, Secretary, 392 E. 63d St

NEW TEMPLES ORGANIZED.

Two new Temples of The Mental Science Association have been organized during the month of November, one in the city of St. Paul by Gusten Jungren, the other in St. Louis by Mrs. G. E. G. de Borges and friends. There is in process of formation in the city of Cleveland, Ohio, of which Mr. Pomerine is the leading spirit in co-operation with Mrs. Louisa Southworth who is chairman of the executive committee.

Want of time and pressure of business prevented thus far a detailed report, which will appear in the next issue of FREEDOM. A good deal of interest is being manifested in the movement everywhere, and much inquiry comes to hand in regard to the formation of Temples and application for membership. Let the good work continue.

ON THE ROAD.

THE GOLD REGION OF CALIFORNIA.

Leaving Auburn the train gradually ascends the Sierra Nevada for twenty-two miles until it reaches the little town of Colfax, where we leave the Southern Pacific Railway and step aboard the train, which passes over the track of the Grass Valley and Nevada City Railroad, and over many curvatures, across bridges and canyons, to land us at the depot of the thriving, busy and far famed mining town of Grass Valley, with a population of eight thousand busy people. I had been unable to secure a meeting here, but spent a day in visiting friends, and looking up old time acquaintances. Near Grass Valley, and only

three miles distant, is located the equally famous old mining town—Nevada City. We are here in this region in the very heart and center of California's mining industry. About this region are located dozens and dozens of mining camps; some thrifty and prosperous, with the vigor of youth and industry everywhere about them apparent. Others, ancient, deserted and fallen into decay.

When Marshall picked up that famous nugget in the tail-race of the Coloma Mill, to which I referred last week, he was not aware that he held in the palm of his hand the golden magnet that would draw to the vast empire of the Pacific the countless thousands of hardy, venturesome spirits who would unlock the priceless treasures of mountain, field and forest stored up there. He did not know that in his hand there rested the wand of the conjurer that would make the arid desert bloom like a garden of roses and make cities rise as if by magic, that would penetrate into the depths of the mountain sides, and bring forth its shining treasures, to be poured out as a vivifying stream into the channels of trade, commerce and industry.

When Columbus discovered America he opened a channel through which poured the pent up forces which had gathered, a dark and threatening storm cloud, over Europe during the latter part of the middle ages, on the horizon of which appeared the Reformation as the first vivid and purifying flash of mental lightning, indicating the advance of the newer forces against old-time and established institutions.

The discovery of a new continent, the romantic tales of untold treasures found there, gave the impulse to a movement that acted as a safety valve for the escape of discontented and revolutionary forces. The elements which would have worked the destruction of church and state in Europe, and who knows but European civilization itself, were now directed to conquer this new territory; and, driving back the aboriginal inhabitants from their fertile valleys and plateaus, builded up a civilization which, while patterned after the institutions of the older country, was yet more in harmony with the newly developed spirit of liberty, and the expansive thought-current of a larger life.

The discovery of gold in California worked similar in results. It drew from the congested centers of Europe at that time the elements which had laid the axe of destruction to its thrones, put its kings to flight, and made its nobility tremble. But the cry of gold stayed the uplifted axe, and the would-be destroyers turned to the gold fields of California and their energies to the development of a new and magnificent territory.

The early pioneers and gold hunters of California formed the nucleus which later on furnished the population for the Pacific States. The gold extracted from the mines of California, forming in the aggregate the enormous sum of over \$1,500,000,000, of which Nevada County furnished by far the greater bulk, has infused an incalculable amount of energy into all branches of human activity and human life.

The gold district of California extends for a distance of four hundred miles from north to south through Shasta, Tehama, Butte, Nevada, Placer, Eldorado, Yuba, Amador, Calaveras, Tuolumne and Mariposa counties. While placer mining was the immediate great cause of the early great rush of people into that vast district,

placer gold is only the product of the great quartz veins which constitute the lateral branches of the great mother-load whose main croppings are discernible in the foot-hills of Mariposa, Calaveras, Eldorado, Placer and Nevada counties. The placer gold has been deposited in the various districts, where it has been and is still found, through the decomposition of these great gold bearing quartz veins whose debris has been washed down the hills and mountain sides into the adjoining fields and valleys, where it has been deposited in the course of time and the lapse of ages. The richest deposits were found in several of the ancient river beds, which were lifted by volcanic action in many places thousands of feet above the surrounding country and high up into the mountains. Forming those immense gravel deposits which have been washed away through the processes of hydraulic mining; the debris of which was carried into the fertile valleys below; submerging the rich meadow and farm lands adjoining the Yuba and Feather rivers, adjacent and tributary streams, and brought ruin to farmers and orchardists, and precipitated that bitter war between the cultivators of the farms in the valleys and the hydraulic miners up in the mountains, which formed the basis of that extensive litigation resulting in the passage of the anti-debris legislation, and with the beginning of the early eighties put a stop to that process of gold mining.

I took a drive through some of the once famous places and hydraulic mining districts situated along the base of the foothills of Nevada, Placer and Yuba counties, for a distance of nearly thirty miles. Over a mountainous country, traversed by a well cared for wagon road, there lie scattered the remnants of what were once busy settlements, crowded by thousands of nery, venturesome gold hunters, who constituted the pioneers and path-finders of this modern Eldorado. And though the daring reckless men were gone, and the settlements reduced to a dwelling or two and a few old ramshackle testimonials of pioneer existence and pioneer habits—yet they left indelible traces of their labors in the enormous accumulation of debris and gravel, interjected here and there with boulders of gigantic proportions. And the millions of dollars worth of yellow, glittering grains of gold, in the search of which all this commotion and chaos was created—well, they have filtered through the horny hands that found it, and have become a reminiscence in the minds of those who still linger here and fondly delight in speaking of the millions taking from the ground, and the reckless manner in which the gold finders squandered these treasures, which have now gone into the various channels of trade, of commerce, and finance, and constitute a part of that which is termed the wealth of nations.

Col. C. C. Post in his famous novel, "Driven from Sea to Sea," gives a pathetic description of the suffering caused to the farmers by the process of hydraulic mining. During my travels I have seen canyons, through which once ran the pure crystal streams emanating from the snow-capped mountains in the distance, filled hundreds of feet deep with the silt and debris which constituted but an insignificant portion of that which was precipitated into the valleys by this method of mining.

The ordinary process of placer mining appears like pigmy work in comparison with the hydraulic methods

which sweep away mountains under the irresistible pressure of concentrated water force, pressed through iron pipes and giant nozzles; what it has taken nature millions of years to accumulate is here removed, in a day, so to speak. Standing near Smartsville on the brink of one of these gravel walls, which rise perpendicularly hundreds of feet above the bed-rock below, and watching the rippling mountain stream which flowed for miles to this point with musical laughter down gentle slopes, under overhanging vines and bowers of wild roses, plunge with a wild and deafening roar down into the abyss below, and with great splurge and bluster gather up its scattered fragments to continue its journey to the sea; and then calculate upon the millions upon millions of cubic yards of gravel that have been removed from this vortex, one becomes impressed with the mighty power man is capable of exerting upon his surroundings. At Marysville the Yuba River, before the inauguration of the hydraulic process of mining, followed its bed twenty feet below the surrounding country to join the Feather River at this point which flowed from the north in a bed similar in depth. The city of Marysville for a long distance, from north to south, is protected by a dam twenty feet above the street level to protect the city and adjacent lands from the annual overflow of precipitated waters from the snow-clad Sierras.

The entire level of the country for many miles, as well as the river beds, has been raised to a corresponding height, and in many places the tips of fruit trees of debris-submerged farms, so graphically pictured in Mr. Post's novel, reach out toward the deep blue sky of California, a sad reminder of ruined homes and the inconsiderate avarice of men.

Entirely distinct from gravel and placer mining is the process of quartz mining. I visited most of the famous mines located about Grass Valley and Nevada City, as well as some of the mines located in Tuolumne and Calaveras counties, the process of quartz mining is identical throughout, the description of one will serve as an example for all. The North Star Mine, the best developed mining property near the vicinity of Grass Valley, which has been run since 1849 and paid handsome dividends during these many years, has a milling capacity of forty stamps. Nowhere has quartz reduction been brought to such perfection as in these California gold mines. The North Star Mill is a wonderful piece of mechanism built on a gigantic scale. The gold bearing quartz is brought by means of machinery from the bowels of the earth, at a depth of two thousand feet, up to a trestle built a hundred feet or higher above the hillside against which the mill is located, and from thence is thrown into shoots from which the ore gradually works downwards until it reaches the stamps, when it is crushed to powder and by a running stream of water is washed, sifted, cradled, and separated, the gold from the baser material, by means of concentrators. The waste, after undergoing considerable search, by means of batteries, is finally carried off in sluices; it constitutes an insignificant and almost microscopical amount when compared with the hydraulic process, and considered rather a benefit than a menace to the adjoining lands. Conversation in the mill is carried on with your guide by a sort of sign manual, or the shouting into your ear at exceedingly close range; for the inces-

sant noise of the forty quartz crushers is overpowering. You can "hear yourself think," but you cannot hear a word that is spoken a foot distant. The utmost precision, order and cleanliness prevails here, and the ingenuity of man, in the creation of labor-saving devices, was never more aptly demonstrated than here. This vast piece of mechanism seems to operate itself, without interruption, night and day, with only one or two attendants; it is kept in motion by water power, without which it would be too expensive to operate these very lucrative properties.

Here again we have a farther illustration of scientific appliance and industrial economy; the water which operates the mill also supplies the power to an electric battery which lights the mill, the mine, the adjoining offices, and dwellings. The water which supplies the North Star with power has already operated the thirty-five or forty stamps of the Empire mine three miles distant, and after leaving here operates the mill of the Omaha mine some miles away, and from there it supplies the irrigating ditches of the farmers.

It was my pleasure to meet with quite a number of people in Grass Valley who are interested in Mental Science and the new thought generally. In Nevada City my friends of The Improved Order of Red Men, who form Wyoming Tribe No. 49 of that order, and Ponemah Council No. 6 of the Degree of Pocahontas, placed their wigwam at my disposal for a lecture and stereopticon illustration; and through extensive advertising drew to the wigwam a good sized and interested audience, among which were several people well known and prominent in the affairs of the state. I take pleasure in acknowledging kindly considerations on the part of the following of my friends living in Nevada City: Rev. J. Sims, pastor of the Congregational church; Mr. G. M. Hughes, Director of the Citizen's Bank; J. J. Jackson, city and county treasurer; Mr. A. D. Mason, District Attorney; Mr. B. F. Snell, Mr. S. Clutter, Mr. J. C. Dean, H. Odgers, W. W. Wagner, I. L. Bowman, W. L. Wadsworth, editor and proprietor of the *Transcript*, Mrs. H. Stansfield, Mrs. M. Waggoner, Mrs. E. Luebeck, Mrs. A. E. Odgers, Miss A. Odgers, Mrs. J. Sims, W. E. Rice and many others. CHAS. F. BURGMAN.

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