

# 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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## REINCARNATION.

BY C. C. POST.

(Concluded from last week.)

Whence comes what we call the soul? Is it supposable that it is a creation of the infinite, so separate and distinct from the body as to be uninfluenced by the experiences through which the fleshly man passes? Is it unsusceptible to the growth which comes from the knowledge gained in the body? Is a new soul created every time a tree, an animal or a man is born into the world? Do the lower orders of life perish wholly at what we call death? Does the effort of the tree to gain sustenance—does the experience gained by the animal in his relations with those of his kind, or with man, pass for nothing?

Do all orders below man pass into nothingness at death?

What is the meaning of the law of heredity—and of the law of attraction?

These are all questions worthy of thoughtful consideration, and have a distinct and definite relation to the theory of reincarnation.

The law of attraction, the law under which the needle is attracted to the magnet, under which all so-called chemical action takes place, by virtue of which the plant searches for and secures food in earth and air, by which all unconscious life maintains existence, is the same though upon a lower plane as that through which the brute creation seeks each a mate, and in obedience to which mankind seeks happiness in different ways. It is the law of harmonious vibrations, the law universal, and holds the planets in their spheres as certainly as it holds the needle to the pole.

Conceding the existence of the law, as all must do, what are we to conceive to be its effects upon an Ego whose desires are for earthly conditions?

Conceded that there are higher spheres than that of our earth and certainly no one can bring evidence to the contrary conceded that there are spheres inhabited by higher and loftier intelligencies, by what law will the lower intelligences be drawn into their sphere?

Does the willingly ignorant, the savage, seek the companionship of the educated, the refined?

I have never observed it.

The intelligent and refined may temporarily seek the company of the savage with hope to elevate him, but the savage is attracted to those of his kind and has no desire for the things that attract the other. Each naturally seeks the conditions and surroundings in which he takes pleasure, and the savage would no more find happiness in the things which bring happiness to enlightened human beings than such would find it in the surroundings and conditions of a savage.

Are we to suppose that at the death of the body the two will be so changed in their nature that their desires will be the same, and that they will seek, and through the law of attraction find, or make, similar conditions?

Again, what is the soul?

If it is a creation separate and distinct from the body, then the desires of the body and the experiences through which the body passes, cannot, in any degree, affect the soul; for if the soul is distinct and separate entirely from the body, it is no part of it, and cannot be affected by the life in the body, whether that life be good or evil, pure or impure.

If, as seems more reasonable, the soul is an individualized expression of the infinite life, seeking for a more perfect expression of its own powers, then it is in part a creation of each and every form of life which it has assumed in obedience to the universal law by which all things seek that which they desire, are drawn to that, which, by reason of their attraction to it and its attraction to them, is theirs.

If this be true then the soul grows, expands, gains knowledge, finds new attractions, or is held by old ones, by virtue of the experience through which the fleshly man passes. In other words, the soul is the man, and has assumed fleshly form in obedience to the law of attraction—the universal law, the law of the universe; and so long as the law exists and the attraction for a fleshly form and the conditions of fleshly life continues, it will seek to remain in it, or if deprived of, will seek to return to it, and under the same law will be drawn to do so.

If the law exists at all it is perfect; it is immutable. Its action is not only universal, it is compulsory—compulsory by permission, as we may say; that is, it acts through, and by virtue of, the desire of the individual, but, the desire existing, the attraction for a fleshly body being present, the law compels compliance with the desire. The needle turns towards the pole; the Ego, the soul assumes the form to which it is attracted.

When the bodily functions of the man no longer operate in accordance with his will, we say the man is dead; yet we have learned to believe that the man himself still lives. Is he superior in his new conditions to the law of attraction, the universal law which governs and must govern the universe from the minutiae to the magnitudes?

If his desires, his attractions, are earthly, will not the law compel or comply with his attraction for such form and return him to it, or it to him?

When an acorn divides that the first tiny leaf of the oak may shoot upward, it is the result of a current in

the universal life energy; the result of a union which took place in the blossom, from which came the acorn; a current of the compelling force which we call "nature," the male and female elements—the result, action of the life forces in obedience to the law of attraction.

The beginning of the embryo of an animal or a man discloses no other law, no differing action of the law.

Does this current of magnetism give birth to a new soul, a new entity, a new Ego, whether of tree or man; or is some Ego already existing and, by its desires, attracted to the body just assuming form, drawn into such form to renew its experiences and grow to greater heights and loftier inspirations and a higher life is the question in which is involved the whole theory of reincarnation.

The writer has no thought or desire to assert with positiveness the truth of either the one or the other proposition. Either the one or the other is true. There are but two possibilities to be considered. Either there is a new soul, a new Ego, a new individuality, called into existence out of the infinite at the birth of each bodily form, or one already existing assumes the form by virtue of his attraction for such form, his desire to assume it. I simply, in compliance with the request to do so, present some of the arguments which appear to be logical in their character in support of the theory of reincarnation, the re-embodiment of previously embodied Egoes, individualities.

Whether the theory of reincarnation be true or false, I do not care the turn of a penny, but I would like to know if it be true or false. Truth is ever the pearl of greatest value. The law of life is perfect and will work good to all. If reincarnation be the law, that is good; if it be not the law, that is good also, and equally so. There can be nothing in the law that is not good, and the sooner we learn the law the sooner will we come into harmonious relations to it, and, therefore, the sooner will we be at peace with ourselves.

Why should any one wish to prove this or that or the other to be the law? Whatever it be it is perfect, and its perfect workings must bring perfect contentment and happiness to all who accept of it, who do not put themselves in opposition to it.

Inside the law is harmony; outside, inharmony. Harmony means peace, health, contentment—all things desirable or desired. Inharmony means war with conditions, strife incessant, unhealth, unhappiness—all things undesired.

Finite understanding may not grasp in perfection the law of the infinite; but it can at least bring itself into a condition of mind where it removes all bars that prejudice would erect, and opens both heart and brain to the glad reception of truth, whatever form it may assume. And it is in this spirit that the theory of reincarnation should be considered and accepted or rejected, as to each it appears to accord or conflict with the natural law.

#### 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.

#### SECOND LETTER SIGNED "MENTAL FORCES."

"If Mr. George excludes the return which naturally flows to superior intelligence, I have misunderstood his writings." I do not claim that Mr. George takes this position. That is, not absolutely. He does, however, by inference.

I remember that somewhere in speaking of the inequalities which exist in our social relations, he refers to one man as having acquired a million dollars in a life time, while another acquired nothing, and asks "Has the one man a million times more ability than the other? Is the difference not caused more by a difference in opportunity? Was not the one shut out from natural opportunity?"

Now I have no desire to dispute Mr. George's arguments. I believe in them. But as I stated before, I do not believe he has read both sides of the sign.

There are other things besides opportunity which enter into success, and there are also other things besides ability. It is not entirely a question of opportunity, nor of ability; neither is it a question of opportunity and ability. There is something more involved. Let me illustrate:

One man can play a piano a great deal better than another. Paderewski can play at least a million times better than I can—yes, a hundred million times better, for he can play beautifully and I can't play at all. Yet I do not admit he has a million times more musical talent than I have, and he probably at first did not have any better opportunities than I had. I am very fond of music, and when a boy took lessons on the piano, and I wanted to learn, or, rather, there were times when I wanted to learn. I am sure I have the ability. This was proven by the progress I made; and I know I had the opportunity. What then was lacking? If I had really and truly desired to learn, if I had desired it all of the time, if this thought had taken hold of me, I would have become a musician. Away down somewhere in the bottom of my heart (or sub-conscious mind, perhaps) I thought it would not pay. I believed it was not worth the effort. Others with possibly no more ability and no better opportunity have believed it was worth the effort. "Paddy" believed it and succeeded. I did not believe it and did not succeed. The thought governed the action.

As Shakespeare puts it, "Our doubts are traitors and make us lose the good we oft might win by fearing to attempt." What a man believes controls him. Nothing else can control him. He may believe a lie, but if he believes it the lie is truth to him. It then controls his action, and, therefore, his successes and his failures.

Study over this statement. Apply it to your own past life, and to those about you, and see if it is not so.

If a man believes he can do a thing, the probabilities are that he can because he will try. If he believes he cannot or that it is not worth the effort, he cannot because he will not try.

One must work out his own salvation. Opportunity may limit a man somewhat. So does ability. But what he believes, what he thinks, limits him more than both. "He that believeth shall be saved and he that believeth not shall be damned." In other words, "He that believes shall succeed and he that believes not shall fail."

This is but the statement of a universal law, and is true of every walk in life and of every effort.

Weltmer says: "To believe a thing is to assume it to



be true. Faith is belief on trial. Assume a thing to be true, then try it. The result is knowledge."

Josh Billings says, "It would be better to know less than to know so many things that ain't so. The trouble is that we all believe lots of things that 'ain't so." Or if they are so, we, perhaps, rest on our belief. That is the position of the church to-day. It believes lots of things in an abstract way, and rests there. For this reason, the church has made but little progress in the last two thousand years, and what progress it has made has been forced upon it by heretics from the outside; by people who think.

Such great minds as Darwin and Huxley, Galileo, Newton and Kepler, Luther and Ingersoll, Wilms, Weltmer and Mary Baker Eddy, each one of these has from time to time slipped up and put a firecracker under the sleeping clergy; and at each explosion they have wakened up, rubbed their eyes in a shocked surprise, moved on a step and fallen asleep again until another firecracker explodes; but "the world do move." Ingersoll was a materialist. Mrs. Eddy is an idealist. Ingersoll believed nothing he could not see. He had no faith in the unseen forces. Mrs. Eddy lives in the unseen and seems to deny the existence of the material. To her, all is mind and "everything is nothing."

I do not believe much of Ingersoll and believe very little of Mary Baker Eddy, but they both have some truth, and this is bound to move the world.

The trouble is we have been brought up to believe in our limitations; that the curse of Adam is upon us; that we have fallen from our high estate; that we are the victims of heredity and environment and cannot help it. We are willing to concede a great deal to others, but make small claims for ourselves. If we believe as Emerson puts it "that things are in the saddle and ride mankind," we are pretty apt not to try to get from under. If, on the other hand, we reverse our attitude and believe that mankind is in the saddle and rides all things, we begin to look up instead of down.

Now, I do not claim to be a shining example of the truth of these statements. I am like the old colored preacher who was caught stealing chickens just after delivering a sermon on this pernicious practice. His reply was, "You see, brederen, I just can't help it. I got so in de habit of takin' chickens 'fore I was converted, I can't stop; and I do so like dem chickens."

Now, I have only recently become converted to the new way of looking at things, and I have gotten so in the habit of thinking that conditions are to blame for my failures, and I do so like to blame my grandfather, or some one else for my faults, that I just can't stop all at once.

Life is a race. I think, however, that all may win a prize, although there is no doubt a heavy handicap for some on account of our unfair social conditions. The heaviest handicap for one to carry, however, is the belief that he is handicapped.

MENTAL FORCES.

I stopped short in the path to-day to admire how the trees grow up without forethought, regardless of the time and circumstances. They do not wait, as men do. Now, is the golden age of the sapling; earth, air, sun, and rain are occasion enough.—*Thoreau.*

FREEDOM on trial six weeks ten cents.

### LIFE'S EVERLASTING STREAM.

Like the grass that withers, man imagines that his body must pass away. In his ignorance he supposes that his body is just like a machine, simply wearing out with use.

Did you ever pause to think how quickly the body would be gone if this were true? Just think of the delicate mechanism of the body and try to imagine how long it would stand the strain of constant action, if it were literally true that "it is simply a machine, wearing out by use!" Under such conditions, life would be impossible. And yet millions of people think and live as though this "wearing out" is a perfect truth.

Think of a beautiful stream, with its crystal waters swiftly flowing along. It is a perfect picture of life. Its waters, however, are rapidly passing, and the water seen at a given place one moment has gone onward the next.

Would you reason that because these waters are moving along, as a natural consequence, the bed of the river must soon be dry? Of course, not! Then why do you reason that, because you are using the life forces, your body must dry up and decay? Have you measured the water of the Fountain of Life, and discovered that it is limited, and that in three score years and ten the flow will cease? Away with such a foolish notion! You do not drain the fountain of life dry, but, like all creatures of ignorance, you let go of the drinking cup.

Like all intelligent men and women, you probably believe in the influence of the mind over the body. Don't you think it makes some difference to your body if your conception of the nature of life is absolutely false?

What absolute foolishness it is to suppose that the body must eventually decay "because it is subject to change." What gives the river its life? Why, its motion, of course. The change of the water is the life of the river. If it stood still, it would stagnate. It is, therefore, absurd to concentrate your mind on the wear and tear of your body, and to neglect to realize the infinite source of the life that is flowing in. The "flowing out" makes room for the "flowing in."

Give forth your life and eternally you gain it. Seek to retain the water of life and you lose it, for the expression or "pressing forth" is the life thereof.

Remember that Life's Everlasting Stream is flowing through you. Use it with the firm consciousness that it can never be exhausted. Do not just sip the water of life, and then sink back still thirsty. Drink! drink! drink! Satisfy your eternal thirst with eternal water. Freely use it that you may freely receive it.

Do you desire a beautiful, rosy face, without a trace of age to mar it, luxuriant hair of natural color, teeth of pearly whiteness, a form divinely human? All these things shall be yours if you demand aright. Surely, you do not think that Nature lacks the elements to give you these conditions? Nature bathes, with her loving kisses and sunny smiles, all those who truly love and intelligently understand her. She has no favorites, but those who favor her. Gaze deep into her eyes until her soul is one with yours. Her loveliness will then be your loveliness; her strength your strength, and her immortality your immortality. Never doubt the power of Nature, for she will unflinchingly bring to you that which you intelligently demand.

Immortal youth is yours by natural right, simply waiting until you gain the intelligence to claim your inheritance. Simply realize that, by the virtue of Life's Everlasting Stream, your mind and body are in an eternally new condition. This is the conception of perpetual youth, and must be unflinchingly expressed, for as a man conceives himself in his mind, so is he born.

### THE WASTE-PAPER BASKET.

Jessamine has got so she can hold copy while her mother reads the proof sheet. She is becoming quite useful in this way.

Last Monday we discharged our cook and began to take meals at the Colonnades. They have a cook there that I consider phenominal. Every dish that comes to the table is perfect. The temptation is to eat too much. Then, too, the china ware is so clean and nice, and the silver so bright. If it were not for the fact that one has to wear something besides a "Grandmamma Hubbard," as Jess calls it, I should enjoy the change from home cooking immensely.

This furnishes a suggestion for me. Christian Scientists say it makes no difference what you eat, but I notice that they manage to live pretty well for all that. Actually with their denial of matter and everything else, they belie themselves every moment they live. They deny life itself to begin with. The froth on the sea waves is tangible stuff in comparison with their beliefs. How can any one who uses his reasoning powers accept such trash and rest there? It will do to begin with, since it cannot fail to lead to the truth, just as the negative pole of everything develops into the positive. Christian Science is the negative pole of Mental Science, and is leading up to the statement that all things exist in the external, and that the external alone is the desideratum to be sought by the genius of man.

Instead of there being no anything in the universe, there happens to be several things in it; a few of these things are indispensable, even to the Christian Scientists themselves; among which I may mention bread and butter.

We live in the external, and it is the external from which we derive our enjoyment. It is a good thing to live well; a good thing to have excellent food and to have an appetite that can appreciate it. Food is the fuel that runs us, and we are the locomotives that cannot move along without it. This consideration ought to put some sense in the heads of our Christian Science brethren. I should like to know who among them could live six months shut up in a tunnel without food.

Life is a flame that requires fuel to keep it going; and I believe it always will require fuel. To be sure, thought is a mighty motor, but thought is dependent on the food taken in by the body. The body manufactures thought out of food. Go without eating for even three days, and thought becomes too weak to yield anything like coherence. Then eat a meal and afterwards note how the brain is immediately strengthened, and how the thought begins to flow forth.

This world and its contents must not be ignored. It has been too much ignored in the past by those who postpone all enjoyment to the next world. To enter into everything from which even the smallest pleasure can be extracted is true wisdom. Good eating is one of these pleasures.

There are a large number of growing plants down stairs in the bay window off the dining room, and on the back porch. Nearly all of them have been grown from cuttings. Jessie takes perfect delight in tending them; so do I. They yield me the recreation I need. Yesterday all the large plants, some forty or fifty, were taken to the sun room of the Colonnades, leaving us

about the same number of the smaller ones we have raised from babyhood for ourselves. We anticipate the coming spring when they will all be large and showy; and will be planted out in the grounds. I do not consider this the best place in the world for flowers; the salt wind from the ocean is detrimental to their growth. California is ahead of Florida in this one particular, but in no other. Do not imagine that our flowers are poor. They are fine, but not so fine, taken altogether, as the California flowers. Our geraniums do not grow fifteen feet high, nor our lily stalks ten feet, but they satisfy us.

It seems to me lately, more than ever before, that there are so many things in the external world to make us happy. If I sit down by the roadside for a few minutes I begin right away to look for something pretty among the-leaves and grass, and I have the quickest eye for color of any person I ever walk with. There is something within me always searching for things that give pleasure. I remind myself of a baby that never rests, but is always twisting this way and that to find something new. What external little creatures they are! They live in this world and do not want any other.

It is this way with me since I found out how much enjoyment there is to be had from the small things of life. When I was younger it required something of importance to interest me; but now there is matter of interest in all things. This indicates the fact that I am living closer to nature than ever before. I am becoming *one* with the spirit of growth or the principle of attraction. I am being drawn into closer contact with it—which means that I am traveling lifeward instead of deathward, as nearly all the race is doing. It is a long journey from death to life just now when the road has never been cut through the dense growth of ignorant beliefs that impede the way; but I am an indefatigable axe man in my line of work, and I—with the others who have now come into the field—will clear the passage so that within a few years the whole race will start off in this direction.

But it is clear that I am not writing a Waste-Paper Basket article, and Jess will scold when she helps her mother read it in the proof. She frequently criticizes me unmercifully, saying she thought I had more gumption than to palm such stuff off on my readers—the serious reasoning part, she means—she doesn't appreciate that part and wants me to tell about the old times when I was a girl. Her own version of some of these old times is good reading, as she tells it herself.

"Why, grandmama was scarcely more than a baby when Jim Sorrell was the beau of the whole family, and when he wanted to marry in turn each marriageable girl as fast as she grew up. You know, mama, that grandmama's family were real swell; they wore shoes and stockings all the year around and were looked up to by the other people. Well, this Jim Sorrell began his marriageable intentions when grandmama's mama was a girl. He offered himself to her and was refused. There were five girls that were sisters to grandmama's mama, and as each one got big enough Jim made her an offer of marriage. But the girls all married other men and left poor Jim out in the cold. I asked grandmama if he was an awful ugly man, and she said, 'No, he was a giant in height and well formed and fine look-



ing; moreover, he retained his good looks way long until all the girls he had offered himself to were wrinkled, and had marriageable daughters of their own. Then he just regularly offered himself to each of these younger ones in turn. There was a pile of these girls of the second generation. Grandmama was the oldest of them. Well, she refused poor Jim (who was not poor at all, and who made a good appearance always, and dressed in store clothes.) She doesn't know to this day why she refused him, unless it had simply become the family habit to do so. Grandmama had four sisters, and as they grew up Jim offered himself to every last one of them, and they all told him to 'go to grass.' I don't know why they wanted him to go to grass, nor what he was expected to do when he got there, but that's what grandmama said anyhow.

"Where grandmama lived at that time the young men used to take the girls to camp meetings and picnics behind them on horseback. One day quite a number of them had been out on a jaunt, and coming back, just as they reached town something stampeded their horses, and away they ran like fury. Jim was on a great big animal suited to his size; and grandmama's aunt Clem—one of the prettiest and daintiest girls among them all, dressed in white trimmed with ruffles, was sitting behind him on his big horse. As the horse ran, grandmama's aunt Clem's dress flew out and floated around 'permissus,' as Artemus Ward used to say; and there was a man on the tavern porch who cried out, 'Take care, Jim, you are losing your pocket handkerchief.' The other men on the porch roared out laughing; it was a long time before the neighbors quit calling aunt Clem Jim Sorrell's pocket handkerchief."

Eugene Del Mar of New York came last night. He represents the Mental Science organization of New York city. He is young to have advanced so far in the field of new thought. He is evidently intellectual, and he ought to be, if there is anything in heredity; his father being a very distinguished man as a writer on finance. He is one of a large family of whom there seems to be not one ordinary member. There are two sisters and five brothers. One of the sisters is a splendid musician; the other is an artist and has a studio in the city. These young ladies had no intention of branching out in their different departments of work, but—as I see it—the genius within them pushed forward to expression. Evidently they are a gifted family. Mr. Del Mar—the one now here—is good-looking and unmarried. Don't all speak at once, girls.

H. W.

#### AGENTS WANTED.

We want agents in every county in the United States and in all foreign English-speaking countries to sell "The Conquest of Death," now about ready to issue from the press. This is Helen 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 \$3.00 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.

#### IS DEATH A CURE?

It seems to be the prevailing opinion among all nations that death is a sure and sudden cure for all kinds of disease and deformity. No matter how badly afflicted a person may be, it is the supposition that immediately upon passing through the death change he will be perfectly well and happy ever after, having reached heaven in one bound. If this were true then death would be preferable to a continued suffering in this body. But our Science has proven death to be an enemy that must be overcome, and that death is no nearer after death than before. Heaven is harmony, and harmony is where everything works in unison for the good of all.

There is only one way of finding heaven, and that is by coming gradually into a full understanding of the Science of Being. It cannot be done all at once. But as each advancement is made in the comprehension of one new truth after another, harmony will manifest itself in the surroundings, unfolding heaven to the view of all. Mind must have caused all disease in the first place, and it will have to correct its own errors. Then until mind fully understands its own power and uses it, there can be no permanent cure, although the belief in perfect health immediately after death might be strong enough to make a manifestation for a short time, but all beliefs, without the understanding, are unreliable, and should not be depended upon to make a perfect nor a permanent manifestation.

People who suffer with some affliction of the body may be treated and cured, and as long as their belief in that cure is strong enough to keep them up, it is all right. But with so many there comes a time when it is a struggle to keep up on belief alone, or to keep diseased thoughts, that are all around, from getting hold and gradually bringing back the old trouble. But making the Science of Life a regular study, living and practicing it every day with a determination to find out the truth for oneself, will give the strength and bring the full understanding that makes it an impossibility for the old trouble to ever get hold again.

Death will not give the desired understanding, as it is simply a change in position, like walking out of one room into another on the same floor; and the supposition now is that it is rather a bad change to make, that the race has reached a period in its unfoldment where it would be an improvement to abolish the belief in death altogether; for as long as the belief in death controls the mind, it will have little chance to find out its own innate power.

Turn resolutely away from all thoughts of death, keeping the mind fixed on health and happiness, making eternal life an object in view, never turning aside to examine the little disagreeables that are liable to appear all along the way; for true it is, that the more attention given anything the larger it grows, until it hides everything else from view.

And thus it would be if life were given undivided attention; changing the general order of things—proving life to be all in all, while death would quietly sink into oblivion.

VIOLA BEESON.

The requirements of health can be counted on the fingers of one hand. They are: Good air, good food, suitable clothing, cleanliness and exercise and rest.—*Ex.*

FREEDOM on trial six weeks for ten cents.

## THOUGHTS ON HEREDITY AND ENVIRONMENT.

## A Great Lesson from Marie Corelli's "Boy."

BY W. J. COLVILLE.

Not infrequently in these days when the novel and the theatre are two of the most popular methods of general education, do we find some great problem of vital interest to all humanity so deftly treated in a well written story, and so graphically portrayed in a well constructed drama that we feel like exclaiming: Surely the world is now at length alive to the truth expressed in those sublime ancient words, "Love is the fulfilling of the law." Marie Corelli, whose works are always intensely interesting, possesses the rare faculty of handling an immense variety of topics in so fascinating a manner, that no matter where she points the way a multitude of interested readers are sure to follow. In "Boy" we find her dealing with one of the greatest problems of the times, and discussing in the most pathetic manner the influence for good or evil, which can be exerted upon any susceptible child by parents and by all who stand in any relation similar to that of parents. The celebrated English philosopher, Locke said: "Every child is born into the world like a piece of blank paper; you may write thereon whatever you will." Descartes, the eminent French philosopher, said: "Every child comes into the world with all its possibilities; you cannot add one new faculty; you can simply develop what you find there." Both these statements have something true in them, though the latter is doubtless the profounder of the two; for while it is the case that you can make any sort of impression you please upon a susceptible child, it is also true that the work of education is simply the calling forth into expression of latent powers and dormant energies. Marie Corelli in "Boy" seems to have grasped the truth found in both these utterances, for she clearly shows on the one hand how great is the influence exerted by actual surroundings, and she further proves that even though a child has been impressed with many of the vilest impressions which an adverse environment can supply, there is within that child, even when he has grown to be almost a young man, a sincere depth of genuine goodness, which the master touch of a really noble spirit can summon into glorious expression. Public announcements have declared that twenty-eight thousand copies of "Boy" were sold on the day of its publication; and as people are everywhere discussing this already extremely popular book, we hail with delight an opportunity to call the attention of all whom we can reach by voice or pen to the great central proposition laid down in this unpretentious, but extremely attractive story.

A good book always introduces us to several really good characters, though shadows as well as sunlight cannot be kept out of a narrative which, when intended to inculcate an important moral lesson, must present some vivid contrasts. "Boy" is introduced to the reader when he is a charming little fellow not more than four years of age. His father and mother are most uninteresting people, but highly representative of a not uncommon type. The Honorable and Mrs. D'Arcy-Muir are anything but honorable in feeling or conduct. "Boy's" father is in a state of chronic intoxication which his little son attributes to serious illness; therefore, the ten-

der-hearted little fellow compassionates his father greatly and applies to him the endearing title of "poo sing." "Boy's" mother is simply a sloven who professes to have high ideas concerning her little child's education, but is in reality too selfish and lazy to take any proper motherly interest in the little fellow's welfare. The good angel of the story appears early on the scene in the person of Miss Letitia Leslie, a maiden lady of forty-five, who made no pretenses to be a whit younger than she was. This good woman takes a very great interest in the little boy, who is at once greatly attracted to her and hails with delight her kind invitation, which his mother somewhat reluctantly accepts for him, to spend a short time in her beautiful home where he receives all possible care, attention and kindness.

Knowing exactly how matters stand in "Boy's" home, this kind-hearted spinster, who is possessed of ample means, wishes to adopt "Boy" and to settle her fortune upon him. The honorable D'Arcy-Muir was quite amenable when half sober to the overtures of Captain Desmond, a singularly noble gentleman who loved Miss Leslie sincerely and wished to marry her, but could not obtain her hand (even though a good portion of her heart was his) because of her romantic attachment to the fond theory that the young man to whom she was affianced in girl-hood, and who lost his earthly life in India during the period of their engagement, was awaiting her in the spiritual world. This theory rendered it contrary to her deepest feeling to contract any matrimonial alliance upon earth. Mrs. D'Arcy-Muir, who prided herself upon being a most excellent "muzzy," peremptorily refused to agree to any of Miss Leslie's kind propositions for her child's welfare, though she unaffectedly expressed the hope that "Boy" would inherit Miss Leslie's fortune.

As the story proceeds we are introduced to the hardening and degraded effects upon a sensitive child of a loveless, comfortless home, where the drunken father and the careless mother permit their child to stroll about among the roughs and toughs of a small seaport village, and pick up all sorts of immoral suggestions from those piratical personages who consider mere smartness the highest kind of intelligence, and make it a matter of no account how one gets things, so long as one succeeds in getting them.

At nine years of age, "Boy" again, with his mother's permission, visits his old friends, Miss Leslie and Captain Desmond, in Scotland, where they are spending the summer in a most romantic district, surrounded by a large party of kind and interested friends.

Captain Desmond finds "Boy" in a filthy and greatly demoralized condition, but soon converts him to complete outward respectability during a brief visit to London, en route for Scotland. When Miss Leslie meets "Boy" after five years' interval, she finds him outwardly quite attractive and very affectionate in his demeanor toward herself, but with sincere sorrow she discovers that he has imbibed many deceitful notions from his undesirable companions, and when on one occasion betrayed into performing a mere boyish trick which involved the breakage of a large window, instead of honestly confessing his peccadillo, he denied all knowledge of the event until Captain Desmond insisted upon a frank and full confession. Miss Leslie appeared at that time to very great advantage, for she thoroughly comprehended the



temptations with which "Boy" had been surrounded; and instead of punishing him or sending him back in disgrace to his parents, she overwhelmed him with kindness and redoubled her efforts to secure for him the permanent protection of her influence and home.

"Boy" is soon entirely contrite and clearly evinces a high degree of susceptibility to any good influences which might be thrown around him; but notwithstanding the good offices of mutual friends "Boy's" mother remains obdurate and insists upon recalling her son, in whose education she professes to take great maternal pride; but scarcely has he returned to her than she sends him to a very common-place school in the north of France, and refuses to permit him to correspond with good Miss Leslie, even going so far as to burn her child's letter to that noble woman after she has promised to have it posted for him. "Boy" goes steadily down in consequence of his mother's treachery; he believes that Miss Leslie has abandoned him—he is not permitted to receive any letters addressed to him except by his mother's express permission—and as the influences of the French school are anything but elevating, when he next appears upon the scene at about sixteen years of age he is so thoroughly demoralized in everything, except outward appearance, that, though his good old friends gladly welcome him to their hospitable home and do all they can to make him feel that they are faithful to his interests, he has become too cynical to respond with any degree of alacrity to their gracious overtures. The culminating point is reached when a year or so later he finds himself in dire distress, having been led into a vile complication involving great financial embarrassment, though in that particular instance he was entirely free from blame. In his extremity he writes to Miss Leslie and receives from her a most cordial letter enclosing a cheque for £50, but his fancied necessity in the form of an unreal gambling debt calls for £500 to liquidate the claim. Nothing is easier than to make £50 into £500 by the addition of a single cipher, and in an hour of weakness he yields to the temptation and presents the cheque for £500 at the bank. The amount called for being so very much larger than Miss Leslie usually commissions any one to draw by her order, though she is quite able to meet a far larger demand, the clerk tells "Boy" to wait for two hours, during which a little formality preparatory to cashing the cheque must be gone through with. A messenger from the bank calls on Miss Leslie with the cheque and asks her to examine it, as he thinks the second cipher looks suspicious. Though she is at that time in very delicate health, and the shock is a terrible one to her weakened nerves, she shows no sign of the pain this forgery has given her, but quietly returns the cheque to the bank official saying, "It is quite right; let the young gentleman draw the money." When "Boy" returns to the bank, after two wretched hours of suspense he is indeed surprised to be told that the officials have conducted their formality by calling on Miss Leslie, who has ordered them to pay him £500. Such extreme generosity entirely overcomes the wayward boy, who at once writes a most penitent letter to his noble benefactor in which he encloses the £450 which he has stolen; he takes the letter to her house, but refuses to go in. Captain Desmond endeavors to find him, but can hear nothing of him, for he has enlisted as a soldier and gone to South Africa. While in

the Transvaal he behaves remarkably well in his regiment and dies at length, seriously wounded, in the midst of kindly friends who are acquainted with his old benefactors and promise him to convey to them his dying message. It is impossible to convey in any brief review the singular pathos of this most affecting story, which is worked up from not very extraordinary material into a perfect classic. The whole interest centres, for the student of human character, around the essential proposition that faithful friendship and forgiving love can so appeal to the most hardened and dis-solute nature, which has become so through adverse surroundings. The good within is ever ready to respond, especially in the darkest hour when the force of evil has seemed to grow altogether triumphant. We are all of us called upon, in some degree, to meet characters like "Boy" as we travel through the world, and if we are sincere lovers of righteousness we cannot do better than take a leaf out of Miss Leslie's excellent book, even should we seemingly err in some cases on the side of undue magnanimity. We are none of us infallible; we may make mistakes by over generosity; things may not always turn out as well as we could have desired; but in the long run we may safely trust that genuine goodness of heart, coupled with untiring effort to appeal to the highest in those with whom we have to deal, must bring forth the fruit of real nobility. Children are not bad at core; young people who have been led into error are not incorrigibly corrupt or invincibly depraved; there is some good within all of them to which wise affection and gentle compassion can make successful appeal. Therefore, it is always far safer to run the small risk of being over-compassionate than to run the tremendous risk of leading those who have already stumbled deeper into the path of error by kicking one who is already down. The intelligent educator must look at a matter from both sides. Heroic treatment, the employment of drastic measures, may sometimes be necessary, but far oftener, especially with the young, will mild and generous treatment lead the wanderer back into the fold of virtue. There is altogether too much of the condemning spirit abroad; we are far too ready to judge actions without even striving to take into account what has led up to them. We rarely adequately estimate the sensitiveness of our fellow beings; seldom do we know the strength of the temptations which have assailed them, and poorly, at best, do we usually see how to fulfill the glorious end for which all correction should be administered, viz: the elevation as well as the protection of human society. When all harsh measures have failed, love may win its greatest triumphs and we may all yet learn to appreciate far more fully than we have hitherto done the words of marvellous insight long ago uttered by Longfellow in his beautiful poem, "The Building of the Ship," which has long been a most favorite recitation.

"It is the heart, and not the brain,  
That to the highest doth attain,  
And he who followeth love's behest  
Far excelleth all the rest."

We begin to die not in our senses and extremities, but in our divine faculties. Our members may be sound, our sight and hearing perfect, but our genius and imagination betray signs of decay.—*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.

A good many of the Mental and Christian Science healers speak as if their dependence for the result of their efforts was upon God or Jesus; others talk of "the spirit" helping them. All this is nonsense. Every particle of healing power comes from man's intelligent personality; and the healing these healers do is caused by an unconscious recognition of the power of their own personalities. They only think that they have submerged self in a belief of God; they have not done it, nor can any one do it; but their healing will never be strong and enduring until they come intellectually in an understanding of the truth concerning this matter.

It is the man who heals; neither God nor Jesus has anything to do with it. The most effective healers in the world know that it is of themselves, of their own acknowledged power, that the word of healing is spoken. The word of healing is born of the understanding of man; a knowledge of his own creativeness enables him to speak it.

I am a healer. My ability to heal is a wonder even to myself, and I know that neither God nor Jesus assists me. I know that I speak the word that creates health out of a sense of my own power to create. I know that

I spoke the word that created myself, as evolution teaches, and I know that having discovered the true method of speaking it from a life-time study of the faculties of man, that I am now able to speak it with greater power, because with greater intelligence, than ever before.

Strength is in the individual, and not in the individual's belief in the strength of some one else.

Real strength knows its power to stand alone, and the more entirely the man stands alone, and the farther away he gets from such props as those represented by the names God and Jesus, the more he sees that the power is of himself, and the more he feels its greatness. Absolute dependence upon himself renders a man invulnerable.

Religion, instead of being an assistance, is the greatest breeder of weakness there is. It weakens the man in all things; it weakens the healer in every effort to heal; it cuts down the results of all attempts to lift oneself or others.

My word to a patient is this: "I am healing you. I am speaking the word that destroys your belief in disease. I know the infallible creativeness of the intellect that has awakened to the truth by discovering that all the available power in the world is from the man's own personality. It is I who create the health element for you; an element generated by my own brain and planted in your sub-conscious mind, from which I have brushed away all the old inherited errors." This and much more, all of which is from the I in me to the I in my patient.

What is the difference between your idea of a God and a mere human being?

The God stands alone, supreme in the consciousness of his own strength. The mere human being—well, he is nothing; a jumble of weaknesses which are all denials of his personal strength.

I have said enough on this subject. There is no true healing; no permanent healing—healing that lasts—but that which comes from the personal I of the healer and carries its power to the personal I of the patient.

H. W.

Desire is not the cursed and selfish thing we have been taught to consider it. It is the Life Principle within us, speaking forever for a better hearing and a greater field for operation.

As desire is the true spirit of the man, and, therefore, is the man in process of growth, it cannot be possible that the man is ever diseased, deformed or weak in any particular.

Desire has built the man up to where he now stands, and is building him up to still higher positions. I have proven that there is neither sin, sickness nor death in the universe; but suppose for a moment that these things are real; suppose for a time that sin, sickness and death are the realities that the world has hitherto considered them, would it be reasonable to believe that the creature which has built itself by desire, under the one law—the law of attraction—would have built these conditions or beliefs into its organization? Being—as to its real self—all desire, would it have drawn to itself and incorporated in itself what it did not desire? Such an idea is an absurdity.

Not on any hypothesis can we base the assumption



that man is diseased or sinful, or in any way subject to death. Therefore, let your denials be to this effect. Call up the whole argument, and then declare with great positiveness, there is no sin, no disease, no anything that is not desirable.

You will say: "There is poverty; and what are we going to do about poverty?"

I answer, that when the student comes into an understanding of truth, he need not worry about poverty; he will have become a powerful magnet; he will be in the direct line of the law of attraction, where all things on the external plane that are related to his peculiar faculty, will come to him through the drawing power of his intelligent thought, or his personal effort reaching out for them. For, though we are now in the mental world, and have, in a sense, forgotten the cast iron limitations that a belief in matter imposed on us, yet the time will never come when we will be willing to surrender all effort. To be alive is to make effort; to be more alive is to make still more effort; and the time is near at hand when we shall be a hundred times more alive than we have ever been, and when all this wonderful vitality will be expended in effort that will change the whole face of the earth, giving us new climates, new productions, and producing wonders that we can have no present conception of.

To establish the student in a knowledge of himself is to put him in a position where his ever growing demand for more knowledge of the Life principle is met by a never failing supply of vital power. Knowledge is all that any man lacks; knowledge of himself and his relation to the law of growth means nothing less than an ever increasing mastery of the conditions that surround him.

I am well aware that the student feels the hampering influence of his environments almost as much—and sometimes more—than what he calls his personal disabilities. But these personal disabilities are really mental disabilities; each one of them is a record of some particular mode of thinking that is erroneous; all of them together make up the sum total of his ignorance; and this ignorance or this negation of intelligence constitutes the form that he calls his physical body. Now, if I can get his "physical body"—which is the sum total of his intelligence—right, I shall have done my duty by him. I shall have placed him where he sees his own power; understands his own mastery; knows that the supply he most needs is always equal to any demand he may make upon it; and when his ripened knowledge of the much misunderstood spirit of life within him shall have proven to him that desire is but another name for love, and by so doing shall establish a sense of justice within him that nothing can shake—if I can do this I shall then be content to leave him to meet and to mold outside conditions from the highest possible motive; a motive that includes all souls—no matter how sunken in ignorance of their own worth—into one universal brotherhood.

We think we desire wealth more than anything besides. This is a mistake. What we desire is happiness, and wealth does not bring it. Only the acquisition of knowledge, the unfoldment of native faculty within us, the working out our own genius in freedom, and not under the conditions of servitude that now hamper us—will bring happiness; this it is that will establish a sense of power within us that will banish fear and give us that clear, high realization of freedom that is the most marked feature of glorious individualization; an individualization toward which all souls are yearning; towards which the first spoken word of life has been slowly but

surely tending, swelling in volume all through a thousand ages, until now its meaning is rapidly becoming articulate in two great and wonderful words; the words *woman* and *man*.  
H. W.

### PHYSICAL IMMORTALITY

By Harry Gaze is published in Oakland, California, and it has some of the most splendid ideas in it that I have read recently. I hope my readers will appreciate the article from him, given in this week's FREEDOM, called "Life's Everlasting Stream." It is from his November issue.

In another part of his magazine he says of me:

"I wrote to Helen Wilmans the other day and asked her to send me a copy of 'The Conquest of Death,' in order that I might review the book. A reply came that the book was too expensive to send out for review. What a pity the book is so very expensive! It is a book in which I am much interested, and I intend 'saving up' in order to procure a copy. Helen has generously consented to let me have a copy at reduced rates," etc.

I came across this squib in the same number of Mr. Gaze's magazine that contains the beautiful article on "Physical Immortality." It was the first I had heard that he wanted the book. I neither received a letter from him nor did I write to him refusing to let him have it. The fact is, I do not handle my books at all. This department of my business is in Mr. Burgman's hands. See how easy it is to start a false report that will surely go farther at this period of race ignorance than the truth. Would it not be a good thing if Mr. Gaze would cultivate his conscience a little in the matter of accuracy?  
H. W.

HELEN WILMANS:—I have read Capt. Eldridge's article on "The Mystery of the Sphinx." There seems to me a missing chapter in that narrative which I beg the privilege to supply. The Sphinx, half woman and half lion, is accounted for by astronomers, from the fact that in the "precession of the equinoxes" the sun at an early date made a transit of Virgo and Leo (signs of the Zodiac) and was commemorated by the ancients in the construction of gigantic figures. This is further illustrated by numerous obelisks that have dotted the surface of Egyptian landscape. In Central park museum there is a collection of Egyptian bronzes, among which is a huge bronze crab, one of four that originally supported the obelisk presented to New York City by the Kedive a few years ago. This obelisk is now supported by four crabs modeled after the one in the museum. The interpretation is this: This obelisk and its four crabs are the last relics of an age when the crab (one of the signs of the Zodiac) was the fetiche of Egypt and was worshiped as the savior of the world. Just as "the bull," "the serpent" (scorpion) and other signs; and just as "Aries," (the ram, is worshiped as Jesus, the Lamb of God) in the Christian churches to-day. Christianity is the legitimate successor of Paganism. Paganism was a composition of Grecian Mythology and Egyptian phallic worship. This refuse of decayed nations is now utilized to mystify the multitude and to extort revenue in the interest of pious charlatans. Let me give you a single illustration. I am a Roman Catholic; that is to say, by an accident of birth. During childhood I was hypnotized with the mythology of "St. Patrick," but after some years of mature reflection I find that "Patrick" is a myth (a personification of Moses) and that his connection with the snakes of Ireland is purely figurative, denoting the substitution of Christianity for the ancient "worship of the serpent" introduced into Ireland by the Celtic Jews. I have also found that "Moses" is the personification of "Backus of Egypt" and is more of a myth than is generally supposed. There is a great deal more of it, but your space and my time are limited. I therefore express my thanks to Capt. Eldridge for the pleasure his able article afforded me.  
J. A. HANNON.

### 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.

CHAS. F. BURGMAN, National Secretary.

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#### TEMPLES ORGANIZED.

Home Temple, Sea Breeze, Florida. Meetings every Sunday evening.  
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#### NEW TEMPLES ORGANIZED.

The growth of the movement goes steadily forward of its own volition and the organization of Temples makes commendable progress. During November two new Temples were organized, and during December Cleveland comes forward with a successful organization. We give below the letters received, announcing the progress of the work.

ST. PAUL, MINN.—Within find membership list of the Temple organized recently in our midst, as follows: Elspie M. Carmichiel, Mrs. A. Johnson, Mrs. T. Carmichiel, Mabel A. Carmichiel, Mrs. J. H. Lockwood, Gusten Jungren, J. A. Brunner, Wm. McKay, Mrs. Alice McKay, Orrin W. Smith, Mrs. E. Gertrude Smith.

We are meeting every Sunday morning at eleven o'clock. Our membership at the beginning may appear small, but we are all in earnest and bound to succeed. Yours very truly,

ELSPIE M. CARMICHEL, Secretary.

ST. LOUIS, MO.—I enclose herewith the list of names signed to the membership list which forms the nucleus of the first Mental Science Temple for St. Louis. They are: Julius Erickson, Olivia Erickson, Mrs. G. E. G. de Borges, Wm. Byers, L. A. Borges, Annie Howard,

Mrs. M. T. Byene, Mrs. A. Martindale, Anna S. Wall, Mamie McWilliams, James O. Breech.

Our membership seems small for so large a city; but I know we will develop attracting power enough to draw others to us. Personally I am feeling surprisingly benefited by these meetings. Yours sincerely,

MRS. G. E. G. DE BORGES, Secretary.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.—A Mental Science Temple has been organized here and as treasurer, I take pleasure in forwarding with this the requisite charter fee. We have made a fairly good beginning and all feel hopeful of good results in due time. The secretary will forward full information in regard to our organization. You s fraternally,  
J. C. PALMER, 310 Cedar Ave.

#### ON THE ROAD.

Our friends in San Francisco had made arrangements for three public lectures, and Golden Gate Hall, an elegant public meeting place, located on Sutter near Mason street, had been procured for this purpose. These meetings were well attended, and my discourses appeared to evoke a good deal of interest. At the head of the committee having the arrangements in charge were Mr. Charles H. Lombard, editor of the *Dramatic Review*; Dr. M. E. Laswell, Mr. and Mrs. Thos. F. Butler and Mrs. A. O. Ford. Many others contributed time and labor to the success of these meetings, but I cannot now recall their names. I delivered a discourse on Mental Science in Oakland at the residence of Hon. E. L. Briggs at 663 11th street; the upper floor of this elegant home had been converted into an assembly hall for the presentation of occult and new-thought subjects to select and private audiences.

It gave me pleasure to meet Mr. Harry Gaze in Oakland who is the author of a little book on Immortality, based upon the philosophy of Mental Science, and the publisher of *The Advanced Science Journal*. Mr. Gaze is quite a young man and remarkably bright; he will certainly make a name for himself and become an active factor in the new movement.

I gave a lecture and exhibition in the city of Stockton to a good sized audience under the auspices of my friends the "Redmen," and then turned my face south ward toward.

#### LOS ANGELES.

In December 1879, I visited Los Angeles for the first time. I had been living in the desert stretches of Arizona for nearly five years, employed to do pioneer work in preparing that sterile, mountainous region for the advent of the pale face, for whom the elusive Apache made life at times very uncomfortable and somewhat uncertain. After five years of life in the parched and barren desert ranges, Los Angeles seemed a veritable paradise to me with its orange blossoms and golden fruit; its flower-embowered, rose-scented cottages; its trim lawns, green hills and quaint Mexican adobes. It was then a quiet, old-fashioned, semi-Mexican city, a large proportion of the houses constructed of adobe or sun-burnt brick, and modern business blocks were conspicuous by their absence. There were no paved streets, and only a single horse-car line made infrequent trips through the principal business thoroughfare. In 1880 the Federal census gave Los Angeles a population of



11,311. To-day, the population of Los Angeles is 120,000. It is a lively, bustling, modern metropolitan city.

Los Angeles is the offspring of the pioneer mission movement inaugurated by the early Spanish Padres, and was founded on the 4th of September, 1781, by Gov. Felipe de Neve, with appropriate religious ceremonies. The founders had been soldiers at the mission of San Gabriel. Each head of a family received a plot of land, with the necessary implements and stock. The first census of the little city, taken in August, 1790, gave the total population as 141. They were a mixed class, composed of one European, seventy-two Spanish-Americans, seven Indians, twenty-two mulattos, and thirty-nine mestizos. There were in the Los Angeles of 1790 twenty-nine dwellings, all built of adobe or sun-dried brick; also a town hall, barracks, courthouse and granary of the same material, while the town was surrounded with an adobe wall. In 1800 the population had increased to 315. Stockraising seems to have been an important industry, even at that early day, as the community possessed 12,500 head of horses and cattle. The "infant industry" of agriculture was represented by a product of 7,800 bushels of grain in 1796. As recently as 1831, fifty years after the founding of the pueblo, the population was only 770. Then followed a series of small revolutions. Los Angeles became for the time a center of political activity, during which time the pueblo forged ahead slowly, until at the date of the final conquest of California by the Americans, in January, 1847, the population was 1,500.

From that time on, for many years, the history of Los Angeles was quite an uneventful one. The growth of the city was slow. In 1849 there was a temporary boom, which, however, soon subsided. After the tide of gold-seekers had passed over, the city again reverted to an easy and uneventful existence. In 1854 the population was 4,000, of whom only 500 were Americans. In 1868 the first railroad was built, twenty-three miles in length, from Los Angeles to San Pedro, and eight years later the Southern Pacific was completed from San Francisco to Los Angeles, giving the city its first communication by rail with the rest of the world.

The rapid growth of Los Angeles commenced in 1885, when the Santa Fe Railroad system reached the city, affording transcontinental railroad competition with the Southern Pacific Company. In that year commenced a remarkable boon in real estate, which transformed Los Angeles from a Mexican pueblo into a modern city.

There are now in the city 175 miles of graded and graveled streets, fourteen miles of paved streets, 300 miles of cement and asphalt sidewalks. The city is brilliantly lighted by electricity. A dozen lines of railway center in Los Angeles, including three trans-continental lines, to which will shortly be added a fourth, by way of South Utah and Nevada. The street-railway system is very complete, the total mileage of single track being over one hundred and fifty miles, most of which is electric. Building has been going forward with great activity. The value of buildings erected have averaged nearly \$3,000,000 per annum for several years.

To the natural rich fertility and immense productiveness of the soil in Los Angeles and adjoining counties, in the raising of cereals, vegetables and the rich, juicy fruits of the temperate and semi-tropic zones, has

of late years been added another factor of enormous value in the productions of its great oil fields, developed since 1893. The discovery of oil added at once immensely to the already high land values, and in such a comparatively treeless region proved an immense boon as a fuel and power-producing agent. You can see oil derricks in great groups set over all the hillsides in and near Los Angeles, and the production runs into the millions of barrels annually for the entire area of production.

Mr. Geo. W. Owen, who is the secretary of the Los Angeles Temple of Mental Science, and who, upon my arrival, met me at the depot to welcome me to the city, is the president of the Diamond Star Oil Company which operates eleven wells at Summerland and pays a two-per-cent. dividend per month to its stockholders, which makes its shares a valuable investment. It has lands sufficient for ten more wells adjacent to the eleven now pumping at Summerland, besides owning in fee 160 acres in the Newhall district, and is securing leases in the Fullerton and other promising fields. The oil from its wells was selected for exhibition at the Paris Exposition as representative California fuel oil. The production of these wells is sold under five years' contract, so the company is not worrying about the condition of the market. Its offices are located in rooms 114, 115, 116 Potomac Building, this city. This information I gleaned from *The Oil Era*, published at Los Angeles.

Mr. Owen, upon my arrival handed me a card bearing the name and address of H. S. Wilmans, 940 Court Circle, and stated that I was to make my home there during my sojourn in the Southern city, and indeed upon my arrival at the address given, I received a most hearty welcome from Mr. and Mrs. Wilmans who proved to be relatives of Helen Wilmans, and nothing was left undone to make me feel perfectly at home during my stay in Los Angeles.

I gave an afternoon and evening lecture in Blanchard's Hall, and both meetings were well attended and among the audience I found many friends. The members of the Temple gave me a reception at the parlors of Mary I. Hutchinson, and we all had a friendly chat together and enjoyed the pleasure of mutual acquaintanceship.

The daily press, *The Herald*, *Express* and *Times*, displayed a very generous spirit in the extensive report of my lectures and meetings, and in the editor-in-chief of *The Herald* we found a broad-minded, progressive gentleman.

Mr. Geo. W. Owen deserves my especial consideration. He placed the very elegant offices of his company at my disposal, as well as the services of telephone, stenographer and type-writer. He set aside his own pressing work for the time being to smooth the path for me to accomplish the numerous tasks that were incidental to my coming to Los Angeles. He stated freely that the study of Mental Science had made a changed man of him, and he was only too glad to show his appreciation of this fact to a representative from headquarters. He felt that life held nothing but success in store for him, where formerly everything had been an uncertainty. Mr. Owen was the first to greet me upon my arrival and the last to bid me good-speed upon my departure.

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Ah! but the battle is fierce for life.  
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Tears more dreary than winter rain.

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Love is ever life's under-song.

Fret and worry, disunion and woe,  
Borne onward still with the current's flow;  
Hopes soon faded and lives undone,  
Idols shattered and truth unwon.

Yet, wonderful, clear and strong,  
Love is ever life's under-song.

List to the mother hushing her child,  
And her little one's answering accents mild.  
Hark to the father's fond words to his boy;  
Hear the full sweet tones of the lover's joy!  
Angels adown earth's pathways throng,  
For love is ever life's under-song.

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