

# 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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## THE PASSING OF THE HORSE.

It was late summer; the days were lengthening fast and autumn seemed near at hand. There was a damp haze in the atmosphere, and the tooting and bellowing of many steam whistles betokened a dangerous fog on the river and harbor. Indoors the early lamps were burning; outside, the sickly glare of the suburban street lamps served to accentuate the hopeless darkness. Soon a drizzling rain began to fall, straight down, for no breath of air was stirring and the drops tapped from leaf to leaf of the silent elms whose branches spread over the roadway.

"Have you seen," said the citizen's wife, as her spouse came in out of the drizzle, "the poor horse that the boys have been chasing about the commons for the last two or three days?"

The citizen, going away early and coming home late, had not, and said so.

"A peddler brought him out and abandoned him, and he has been grazing among the weeds, but now he is down and cannot get up. I wish you would go out and look at him."

After a time he did as he was bid, and at the head of the block, under the yellow blaze of a flickering gas jet, he came upon the faithful helper of man, now without a friend—abandoned to his fate, a lingering death by starvation.

The citizen stooped down and brushed away the tiny beads of rain from the face of the prostrate monarch. As he did so the head was slightly raised a moment and the eyes of the dying beast were fixed upon the stranger. Ah, the pity of it! The gaunt, fleshless ribs, the galled shoulders, the raw and bleeding hip bones, the emaciated limbs, the starved body.

Yet, though gaunt and attenuated the frame, nothing could veil the nobility of that head, with its wide open nostrils, the short, delicate hair, the beauty of the eye. The unmistakable indicia of a noble lineage were there; but who would know or write the history of his descent from the favor of his first master or mistress to this last condition of an outcast from a huckster's cart?

Under the gentle strokings of the visitor the fallen steed aroused himself to a determined, but ineffectual effort to get upon his feet. As the struggle suddenly ceased the head fell back with a hopeless, nerveless thud upon the stony way, as it had indeed oft-times before, for the cheeks and orbits of the eyes were marked with many painful abrasions.

Then the citizen bestirred himself, cut some wet herbage from his grass plot and returned. As the fall of his footsteps upon the earth informed the prostrate horse of

his coming, he again feebly raised his head and whinnied a welcome. He ate eagerly when fed by hand as he lay with his cheek prone upon the wet and sandy ground. Then the citizen bethought him of the family oat meal that was boiling over the fire for the early morning breakfast, and while the rain continued to fall straight down in drops of increasing size he fed the helpless derelict with his open hands through the side of his mouth. Again he went for more grass and more warm oatmeal porridge, and he is encouraged to see that now his protegee with increasing strength lays his head down carefully each time he raises it to whinny at his approach.

And so the hours of the evening wore nearer and nearer to the midnight bell. Then the citizen began to dream dreams. Yes, perhaps he might prove that not every human heart was calloused and hard; that even for the worthless and abandoned victim of man's rapacity and greed there might be mercy and succor. Yes, there was room, certainly, in the back lot for a shed, and on the morrow he would be on his feet, and should have such a shed where he might be nursed back to life, and his weak and wounded body be clothed again with flesh and nourished by a great and growing stream of life-giving blood. Surely, this undoubted descendent of Messenger and Mambrino Chief should have a few more years of freedom from cruelty and starvation before his career was ended.

The cost? Oh! well, it was not a commercial speculation; only a matter of sentiment, and the children of the block could have many a happy ride, and they might be taught lessons in humanity that would influence all their after lives.

And the rain fell in increasing volume, still straight down; the sound of many steam whistles afar off showed that the watermen were passing through a night of peril; the midnight bells in many distant belfrys began to sound the midnight hour, and clocks here and there in the block began to strike. The fallen horse lay still with the last wisp of grass half drawn between his lips. He too seemed to be dreaming, but who may give us a word picture of the dreams that floated through his mind.

The citizen arose from his cramped posture, wet to the skin, and reluctantly wended his way to his own doorstep, looking back often and promising on the morrow to make amends for leaving his charge in the pitiless rain while he slept in selfish comfort and security, housed and bedded and protected from storm and stress. Oh! yes, on the morrow he would proceed to make of his dreams happy realities for himself and for his suffering charge.

In the gray of the early morning he arose, hurriedly

dressed and passed out under the dun sky. The rain had ceased; no distant clamor from river and harbor fell upon his ear. Everything seemed ominously still. As he passed up the street his ear was acutally open for the welcoming whinny of the prostrate form dimly visible a little farther on. But the head was not raised and no sound issued from the lips he had tenderly fed but a few hours before.

As he approached he stooped over the silent form, and a tiny hole in the broad forehead and a little scarlet stream in the sand told the short story which the early-rising small boy repeated as an eye-witness; that very early in the morning a policeman had come upon the scene, and—oblivious alike of the dreams of man and beast when the rain fell softly down at the midnight hour, had sent a bullet from his revolver crashing through the tired brain, and the limbs for a moment quivered, and all was still.

And save for this ephemeral sketch of the passing of his last hours, this life-long friend of man is as though he were not and had never been; his life-history is lost; his deeds are unknown and unsung; his name or names no man knoweth more; no grave shields his dust. Only his kindly eye and joyful whinny haunt the heart of one disconsolate citizen, and man's inhumanity to his humble, speechless helpers oppresses his heart with an ever-present sense of pain.

GEORGE W. DITHRIDGE.

### FROM RAJA, YOGA AND OTHER LECTURES.

[By Swami Vivekananda: page 158.]

"The Yogis even hold that men who are able to acquire a tremendous power of good Samskaras do not have to die, but, even in this life, can change their bodies into god-bodies. There are several cases mentioned by the Yogis in their books. These men change the very material of their bodies; they rearrange the molecules in such fashion that they have no more sickness, and what we call death does not come to them.

"Why should not this be? The physiological meaning of food is the assimilation of energy from the sun. This energy has reached the plant; the plant is eaten by an animal, and the animal by us. The science of it is that we take so much energy from the sun and make it part of ourselves. That being the case, why should there be only one way of assimilating energy? The plant's way is not the same as ours; the earth's process of assimilating energy differs from our own. But all assimilate energy in some form or other. The Yogis say they are able to assimilate energy by the power of the mind alone, that they can draw in as much as they desire without recourse to the ordinary methods. As the spider makes his net out of his own substance, and becomes bound in his net and cannot go anywhere, except along the lines of that net, so we have projected out of our own substance this net-work called the nerves, and we cannot work except through the channels of those nerves.

"The Yogis say we need not be bound by that similarly, we can send electricity to any part of the world, but we have to send it by means of wires. Nature can send a vast mass of electricity without any wires at all. Why cannot we do the same? We can send mental electricity. What we call mind is very much the same as electricity. It is clear that this nerve fluid has some amount of electricity, because it is polarized, and it

answers all electrical directions. We can only send our electricity through these nerve channels. Why not send mental electricity without this aid? The Yogis say it is perfectly possible and practicable, and that when you can do that you will work all over the universe. You will be able to work with anybody anywhere, without the help of any nervous system.

"When the soul is acting through these channels we say a man is living, and when those channels die the man is said to be dead. But when a man is able to act either with or without these channels, birth and death will have no meaning for him. All the bodies in the universe are made up of Tanmatras, and it is only in the arrangement of them that there comes a difference. If you are the arranger you can arrange that body in one way or another.

"Who makes up this body but you? Who eats the food? If another ate the food for you, you would not live long. Who makes the blood out of it? You, certainly. Who assimilates the blood and sends it through the veins? You. Who creates the nerves and makes all the muscles? You are the manufacturer, out of your own substance. You are the manufacturer of the body, and you live in it. Only we have lost the knowledge of how to make it. We have become automatic, degenerate. We have forgotten the process of manufacture, so, what we do automatically has again to be regulated. We are the creators and we have to regulate that creation, and as soon as we can do that, we shall be able to manufacture just as we like, and then we shall have neither death nor birth, disease or anything."

W. H. GOODWIN.

#### Glossary:

Samskaras—Impressions in the mind-stuff that produce habits.

Tanmatras—Fine materials.

### HEALTH APHORISMS.

Thoughts are things.

Every thought tends to take form in action.

"As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he."

Think of things as you wish them to occur, for we reap what we sow.

Thoughts stimulate torpid functions of the body to action, just as the lash does the lazy horse to do his work.

Digestion and other vital functions may be promoted, retarded or completely stopped by certain mental states.

The vital force is generated within the patient himself by the digestion and assimilation of food.

The vital force which heals a patient is within the patient himself.

The amount of vital force generated depends on the quantity and quality of food, water and air introduced into the system and assimilated.

Plenty of water and fresh air are valuable adjuncts to health.

Avoid discussing your ills with any one until you are able to tell them that you are better. Think of your condition as being benefited all the time, and you will realize a change for the better every day.

No man is well who thinks he is ill.—*Ex.*

I know that I shall sooner or later attain to an unspotted innocence, for when I consider that state even now, I am thrilled.—*Thoreau.*



### THE DYNAMICS OF THOUGHT.

In a late number of *FREEDOM*, Viola Beeson asks, "If Thoughts are Things, What Becomes of Them?" This question is answered, says the *Suggester and Thinker*, in the October number of *Mind*, by Axel E. Gibson.

"There is an external analogy of things and events which holds good on all planes of being. As on the physical plane objects are transmitted from place to place, so there is transmission on the mental plane. The messenger employed in the service of this vast expanse is thought. Unseen by ordinary vision this fairy messenger transmits ideas and impulses from brain to brain. Time and distance have no significance on the thought plane. A message is delivered to the most distant places as easily and quickly as to the nearest neighbor. Notwithstanding the incredible speed of thought, it transmits its message easily and almost unnoticed to any receptive mind. Every mentality attracts such thoughts as are congenial to its character.

"If the mind, however, refuses to receive a thought message, it is lost to that mind, for it never comes a second time. The mind may be conscious that it has lost something, and in its endeavor to recall, attract thought messages of a similar nature, but the lost one is lost. The mind must, therefore, pay attention to the ideas and thoughts which sweep across its horizon and resolutely accept or reject them. The great men of our globe are those who have been attentive to the thought message which came to them.

"Failure to take possession of thought messages results in mental dullness and sloth. There is a constant struggle going on between man's higher and lower natures. Helpful thoughts are applying for admission to the mind, and, if admitted, assist the higher nature to triumph over the lower. But if they are not admitted degenerating influences have a free field and the higher nature is defeated.

"All thoughts are not helpful; on the contrary, many of them are very harmful. If we could look behind the veil we would discover all kinds of malicious thought entities. These are sent abroad over the world, entering those minds which are receptive. These thoughts work great harm upon those who receive them, but not upon them alone. The dispatcher of evil thoughts must remember that they will react upon him, and he must be prepared to meet the consequences.

"Thoughts bear the same relation that actions do to morality. 'A constant watchfulness in thinking is of the greatest importance to every one who has the evolution of himself as well as others at heart. The influence of thought—be it good or bad—is wholly incalculable, as it has the power in a larger or smaller degree to lower or to raise the moral consciousness of aggregate humanity. On the plane of mind there are no watertight compartments; but thoughts float from mind to mind throughout the whole world. Hence the seriousness of sinning even in thought.'

"The transmission of messages from mind to mind is not the only mission of thought. 'Thought has a character and value in and through itself, as an agency for destructive or constructive force, manifested in the vital operations of nature.' By constructive thought is meant the self-conscious employment of the mind in the attainment of progressive ends. Such thinking assists the development of the object of thought. If

things were affected only by constructive thought, perfection would soon be reached. But constructive thought has its opposite, destructive thought. This keeps in check the good effects of constructive thought.

"There is, however, a point of contact of these two opposites. The state of mind forming the connecting link is known as the passive state. But though this state is neutral it gives destructive thought a chance for a foothold, the passive mind often becoming the destructive mind.

"Thus it follows that nothing is more important than to give a positive attitude to the mind. To be firm and fearless—with a resolute adherence to the principles of truth and justice and an unshakable confidence in one's power to accomplish one's aim in life—protects the mind from the invasion of hostile forces."

### A DYING GOD.

The God of the churches is dying. This will seem to those of hereditary church belief as a sacrilegious statement, but it is nevertheless true.

In the same way have all the gods of ancient mythology died. They have simply died from a lack of recognition. They never existed except in the imagination of those who advocated their existence.

Why must the God of the churches die? Because of its limitations. Not because it is a creature of imagination, but because of its imperfect recognition by its creators. The ancient gods are only remembered as myths, but no doubt there was a time when the mythological gods seemed as real to their blind, ignorant worshipers as the God of the churches has seemed to them; but they have all died and nothing remains but their shadowgraph on the history of a past stage of development. And it will soon be thus with the God of the so-called Christians. The race is not able to recognize him any longer and so he must die; and strange to say, there will be none to mourn, none to lament; for it is by a knowledge of Mental Science that we kill the very idea of a personal God; and by the recognition of the truths of Mental Science we create a God within us so far superior to the old mythical God of the churches, that we have no need of him, and we rejoice in his decline in race thought, rather than mourn for him.

Through the leaders of the churches he has long ruled the people and held them in mental slavery. His clergymen and priests of the past have forbidden us the right to think for ourselves, lest we are bursting the bonds that bound us and are becoming as gods, knowing good. But during all the past ages there have been a few bold spirits who have dared to think for themselves and express the truth they recognized through the lofty status of their mental development. And those truths have lived and given birth to still greater truths. The truths of Mental Science are now being expressed by the noblest men and women of the world; and the hungry people are grasping and holding it with all the power of recognition they can command; and each recognition creates a desire for more. Truth is progressive and by its appropriation we leave error and the God of the churches neglected by the wayside to die—to die and pass into a memorable myth. So mote it be.

P. C. FRANKLIN.

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## THE WASTE-PAPER BASKET.

One day, as I was working in the garden with the colored "help," we grew confidential, and he told me that the height of his ambition was to own a mule, branded P. D. Q. He said that mules lived up to their names; that they were the only honest folks he had "ever see; and they're wigerous, too; they never let up when they are doin' somethin'."

I thought of an exceedingly vigorous one that was hauling gravel from the river landing, almost in front of our house; of the nimble-osity of his heels; and the frequency and agility of his driver in scrambling over the tail board of his cart in order to save his scalp. I mentioned him.

"Oh!" said the help, "I'll tole ye what ails dat mule. De coon wot drives him don't treat him white. He neber talks to him and he neber pats him on de cheek. He jes go about and frows his feed to him and dodges his heels; dats all."

"What would you do under the circumstances, supposing you owned P. D. Q?"

"Me? why I'd jes walk squar up to him and take off my hat to him like as if he was a lady; a mule wants somethin' sides his feed; he wants folks to know dat he's woth speakin' to. Now I don't keer what kind of a mule I's drivin' I jes don't drive him at all. I tells him dat me and him's pards; dat I 'preciates him and lows dat he'd better 'preciate me. After a few days—I don't keer what de previous manners of dat mule was, nor what his 'pinions about mankind might have been, he begins to get friendly. Pretty soon seems like as if he wants to please me. Then I gets to sure lovin' him, and he 'sponds in kind. Oh! dey say I's the laziest coon on dis neck of land; but everybody wot I wuks for comes after me agin wen dey see dem no-sense nigs whackin' away wid whips and clubs on de po' backs and sides of dem helpless critters. Dey finds out dat in de long run I saves 'em money, and gits mo' out of de teams dan anybody."

"Why, then you are not so lazy as people consider you," I answered.

"Mis Pos', you see dat ar flower in de groun dar? Well, I tells you what'll mek dat flower grow. Ispecks hows-evever you knows so much it would be impident in me to tole ye."

"Go ahead, Bob; I have got my opinion, but I want yours."

"It's jes dis way. You may gib dat flower all de feed and water it needs and it'll grow pretty good; but wedder it grows big and lusty and puts on a big lot of bloom 'pends on wedder you lubs it or not. When I wuked for Mr. Smith, ober on de oder side ob de river, de yar he made so much money on his truck garding, I ust to jes lay awake nights lubbin dem growin' tings; dem cabengers and taters and pusley and lettuce. De fertilizer's good, but lub gets lower down dan de fertilizer and jest hists de plants right up."

I looked at the man and dropped my trowel. There was a spontaneous inclination to shake hands with him, but I knew it would embarrass him; the friendship between the whites and blacks does not reach that far. But I thought of that old line somebody wrote, ever so long ago, "Tis love that makes the world go round." I looked at that human flower who was looking at me

with his honest eyes—that black pansy—and I loved him, and through him his whole race.

The blacks are a splendid people. They are undeveloped, but it is in them to become great. They are intensely humorous; and humor always indicates brain power; they are musical; they are full of the love of the beautiful.

Sea Breeze is a growing town. When we came here there was a town on the other side of the river, but none here; not even the faintest suggestion of one. A few detached houses in the midst of small orange groves was all; there were less than a half dozen of these. But now Sea Breeze is growing faster than Daytona; that is—taking its recent start into consideration; and some little fear is awakening lest we should come out ahead.

We are going to come out ahead. It is no use for any one to be uneasy about it; it is as good as done. Sea Breeze—whose name *must* be changed to City Beautiful—is the elected home of the great Mental Science movement. What a splendid thing it was that we did not settle in a city! What is there in a city to compare with the privileges we have here? What are a few stupid lectures in contrast with the lessons we get from the trees and flowers; and what are the theaters in comparison with our lovely little social functions, where everybody knows and loves everybody else, and where we reap the benefit of new thought, high spirits and fresh vitality that lifts us along in the path of progress we are traversing?

From *The Peninsula Breeze*, our local paper, I clip the following:

Mr. Eugene Del Mar left for his home in New York City Thursday, after a very delightful visit here. He was delighted with Sea Breeze and goes away looking forward to the time when he can return, with much pleasure. Mr. Del Mar will be here next fall to attend the World's Congress of Mental Scientists, which will assemble here then. Mr. Del Mar's stay here, although short, was sufficient to make many friends for him.

And later, Mr. Herbert George left us. Mrs. George is with us still, and we hope to keep her a long time. There are a good many charming people here now; thinkers in abundance. I am particularly attracted to two sisters; Miss Josephine and Miss Emma Juttee. They are charming girls and brainy, with plenty of healthful nonsense about them, flowing from an unusually large sense of humor. We have a Miss Reed whom we all fell in love with when she was here last winter. Her parents are great travelers and she has been with them on all their jaunts. I have been told that Mr. and Mrs. Reed were simply wonderful in their power to interest their acquaintances by accounts of experiences gathered in their ramblings over the world.

Night before last who should step in but Ralph Butle, the author of the songs advertised in another column of *FREEDOM*. He and Charley Post were boys together—"fit," bled and died over many a childish difference; made up and loved each other better than ever, and "fit" again the same day. Their lives have been quite different. Charley has had the temerity to marry twice; Mr. Butler being naturally cautious has remained single. He is very firmly established in his resolution to avoid matrimony—but—he probably has not met the right one yet. Let us hope for the best.

The weather is warm; almost hot. The mercury must be up to 85 degrees, I am sure. Oh! the roses; a



lot of flowers had stopped blooming, being under the impression that winter was here, but they are sorry for it now. The oranges on the trees look as large as pumpkins; young pumpkins, I mean; small pumpkins; about as big as the largest oranges you ever saw, and a little bit bigger. They are a marvel even to me.

But here is a yarn that will be kept to exact measurement. A man caught a shark on the pier that was eleven feet, five inches long; and really, it was as large round as a good sized tree. Its mouth could easily have taken a man in it.

The fishing is splendid, and oyster fishing is at its best now.

The local news I am taking from *The Peninsula Breeze*. I want my readers to know what we are doing and how our town is improving:

Thousands of dollars are being distributed among the laboring men of Sea Breeze. Building has been on a boom for several months, and everything points to a long continued activity in this line.

It looks as though we might soon be within speaking distance of Daytona. The telephone men seem to be hard at work, and the wires are now across the river, and are being put up along the different streets.

The Gamble cottage on the river front is being pushed rapidly. Mr. Gamble and his wife are now here to superintend it. They will remain at the Colonnades until it is completed.

A grand masque ball will be given at the Pavillion, Tuesday evening. There are a large number of costumes being prepared and the attendance will be very large. This will no doubt be one of the grandest and most enjoyable social functions of the season.

The Colonnades Hotel had more guests during the holidays than ever before, which would indicate a much larger and longer season than any previous year. The management anticipate quite an influx of tourists during the coming week.

Christmas day in Sea Breeze was one of perfection, so far as the weather was concerned. No finer day was ever seen anywhere—just cold enough, and a glorious sunshine that would make the most miserable person on earth feel happy that he was permitted to see such a grand day.

Major Britton has sent one of his girls from the office three times for this article, and now he shall have it.

H. W.

DEAR MRS. WILMANS:—Your weekly letter was received. Yes, you have been treating me and helping me, lo! these many months. But you don't think it has been in vain? Because it has not been.

There is a great deal to conquer, but as it is just about a year since you began treating me, suppose I go back over the ground a little. I still have headaches, but frequently I do not go to bed with them at all, and never more than a few hours; formerly I would be in bed from one to three days at least once a month; I still have an occasional bilious attack—not every month, but occasionally—had one last week, but instead of having the whole family taking care of me day and night—at least twenty-four hours—and vomiting until I have dreadful spasms of the stomach, I now suffer but a few hours and have little waiting on; I had had nervous prostration for about five years when you began to treat me, and was that most miserable of all things, a chronic dyspeptic. I have not been conscious of having dyspepsia since about two weeks after you first began treating me. When all is said, I have passed through the greatest grief of my life, for the loss of my mother

has eclipsed all others; yet in spite of everybody's belief to the contrary, I did not wholly break down, though I grew very weak this summer. So much for my body, my outside mind; but if you knew what a happiness it is to have something to look forward to, something to work for—I refer wholly to mental effort. Everything used to look such a dreary dead level—I had so long ago resolved myself into a big what-is-the-use-of-it all? and the very fact that I have got to work—perhaps years before I can show much achievement—is not a discouragement, but an incentive to live.

Yes, you have been a long time bolstering me up, but you don't know that I have the reputation of being as slow as the moral law and as stubborn as a mule. Well, I will get there, I know I will.

And something fine has happened to our Temple. Mr. A. D. Clarke has consented to read for us; yesterday he read the thirteenth lesson, and afterwards we had quite a talk—he did most of the talking, and we all went away elated. Coming down in the car this morning I was wondering how on earth and why on earth he happened to come among us, and stay after he got here; "Why," Mr. Borges said, "we were ten or fifteen people calling for him and he came."

That husband of mine is a queer genius; now, when I have anything on my mind very badly, as I have had Mental Science, I must talk it out to some one or die in the attempt; I pester the life out of Lim I am sure; but he *won't* talk; only, occasionally, he calmly takes my breath away with some such statement as that.

What are those wretched printers of yours doing now? Where is "The Conquest of Death?" I want four copies of it just as soon as the paper is dry.

Don't you like to know what your patients feel when they are sitting? For a long time I have wanted to tell you that to me first comes peace, then beauty, until I feel the very air pulsate with them.

MRS. G. E. G. DE BORGES.

Union Trust B'd'g., St. Louis, Mo.

I print the above letter on purpose to let the readers know how long it sometimes takes to heal a patient. It is not every one who responds quickly; but it is a positive certainty that the person who holds on patiently long enough will become cured. The curing of the weak, diseased and negative people is a matter of growth. The healer sends forth—in thought form—the word of healing truth. It produces a slight effect; so slight as to be unnoticeable perhaps; but more of these healing thoughts follow and take root in the patient's body; and he gradually recovers. I say this slow process is sometimes the case, but not always, and not often. It usually happens that two or three months will cure. But the point I am trying to establish is this: If one or two months' treatment fails, it is unwise for the invalid to become discouraged and drop the treatments; because there is not a particle of doubt about the result if the treatments are continued long enough.

H. W.

"Care not if some outstrip thee in the race;  
The race is not unto the swift and strong.  
Thy gift will wait for thee, however long.  
No hand but *thine* can take it from its place,"

FREEDOM on trial six weeks for ten cents.

### SOME OLD PEOPLE.

Canandaigua, N. Y., Nov. 18.—Theodore Crosby is ninety-seven years old and has voted seventy-six times in yearly succession. After his vote last election he sat for his photograph, and then gave a dinner party at his home to celebrate the event.

Mr. Crosby is a descendant of Alfred the Great, and a London square is named after his family, which came to America from England in 1630 and settled at Cape Cod. He does not wear spectacles and all his faculties are perfectly preserved.

He goes about town daily, attending public meetings and keeping in touch with current affairs.

Rutherford, N. C., Oct. 13.—Aunt Nancy Hollifield, colored, who lives near Ellenboro, N. C., is believed to be the oldest woman in the world.

The Rev. Dr. C. Lee investigated her history six years ago and found her age then to be one hundred and fifteen. Dr. Lee died when he was eighty-nine years old. He remembered Aunt Nancy as his nurse. She then had several grown children. She lives with a relative. Five years ago she fell and dislocated her hip. It was believed she would die, but she recovered and is bright and talkative. When one hundred and one years old she would walk four miles daily between her home and the town.

Middletown, Conn., Sept. 21.—“Aunt” Larissa Shailer, as she is familiarly called, celebrated her one hundredth birthday at the home of B. H. Annis this afternoon. She was born in the town of Haddam, and nearly the whole of her lifetime has been spent within a few rods of where she now resides.

The last of her immediate family died many years ago. In all her life she never has been ill and never has taken a drop of medicine prescribed by a physician. She has all her faculties and looks no older than a woman of seventy. She is posted on all the events of the day and is a great reader. Every day she goes out for a walk.

She held a reception this afternoon and many hundreds from all parts of the country attended. She received many gifts. She is the oldest spinster in this state.

The oldest man in Greater New York, Bernard Morris, yesterday celebrated his one hundred and eighth birthday quietly at the home of his son-in-law, H. D. Cohen, No. 842 Fulton street, Brooklyn. When a reporter called at the house he found Mr. Morris reading without the aid of glasses, clippings from *The World* and other papers regarding himself.

He said a few “young people” had called to see him. By young people he meant those about seventy years old. Those younger than that he called “children.” He said his best enjoyment would come to-day, when he would return to his work and receive the congratulations of his fellow workmen in Prospect Park.

Benjamin D. Silliman, the oldest living graduate of Yale College, has just celebrated his ninety-fifth birthday and his seventy-first anniversary as a lawyer. Mr. Silliman is at his country place in West Islip, L. I. The old gentleman does not show his age. He does not appear much over seventy, and is still in active practice at the bar. Last spring he argued a case in the Court

of Appeals which he had successfully fought through the lower courts.

Mr. Silliman lives at Pierrepont and Clinton streets, in Brooklyn, and is a country gentleman. He has not departed from the elegant manners of the olden times, and when he appears in court he is always extremely polite and courteous to his opponent.

He declares that work has kept him as young as he is. Cheerfulness, he declares, is necessary in the battle of life.

Mr. Silliman does not think his profession is overcrowded. He says there is plenty of room in it for young men.

Jonathan McGee, of Ypsilanti, Mich., who is said to be one hundred and ten years old, recently took out a license at Ann Arbor to marry Mrs. Amelia Day, fifty years old.

His habits are very frugal. Notwithstanding his advanced age, he is always busy about his yard on Norris street, in Ypsilanti. His black eyes still sparkle brightly; his hearing is good, and he does not wear glasses. He prides himself on being a good rifle shot still. He gives his breeding as half Indian, quarter Scotch and quarter Irish. He has never eaten any rich food nor used tobacco. He says he has only been sick twice in his life. He fought in the war of 1812, in the Mexican war and in the civil war. He prepares his own bitters every fall, and his main diet consists of raw meat.

“The sun makes about all the fire for cooking my food that I want,” says he.

Henrietta, N. Y., Nov. 18.—Miss Eliza Works, who is one hundred and five years old, is ill at her brother's home in Henrietta. She is the youngest of seven children, one other of whom lived to the age of one hundred and one years. Miss Works is of very small stature and has never been ill before.

She attributes her long life and good health to her temperate habits. In her childhood she lived on a diet of bread and milk, and all through her long life that was her favorite dish. She never ate sweetmeats nor drank tea or coffee.

Probably the oldest couple in New Jersey are Mr. and Mrs. John Spangenberg, of Sunnyside, who were married in 1834. Yesterday, surrounded by their many descendants, they celebrated the sixty-fifth anniversary of their wedding.

Husband and wife were born in 1808. The Spangenburgs live in a cozy brick farm-house on the main road from Sunnyside to Landsdown, far different to the desolate log cabin in Clinton, N. J., where they spent their honeymoon sixty-five years ago.

Eight children were born to the couple, but only five of these are alive now. There are fifteen grandchildren, ten great-grandchildren and two great-great-grandchildren.

### 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.



## HENRY JENKINS: THE MODERN METHUSALEM.

[From the book of wonderful characters: memories and anecdotes of remarkable and eccentric persons in all ages and countries. Chiefly from the text of Henry Wilson and James Caulfield. Published 1869 by John Camden, Hotton, Piccadilly, London, Eng.]

Few countries can produce such numerous instances of extraordinary longevity as the British Islands, which afford incontestable proof of the healthiness of their climate. Among these examples the most remarkable is, perhaps, that of Henry Jenkins, who attained the patriarchal age of one hundred and sixty-nine years. The only account now extant of this venerable man is that given by Mrs. Anne Saville, who resided at Bolton, in Yorkshire, where Jenkins lived, and had frequent opportunities of seeing and conversing with him. "When I came," says she, "to live at Bolton I was told several particulars of the great age of Henry Jenkins; but I believed little of the story for many years, until one day, coming to beg alms, I desired him to tell me truly how old he was. He paused a little and then said that to the best of his remembrance he was about one hundred and sixty-two or one hundred and sixty-three, and I asked what kings he remembered. He said, 'Henry VIII.'

"I asked what public thing he could longest remember. He said, 'Flodden Field.' I asked whether the king was there. He said, 'No, he was in France and the Earl of Surrey was general.' I asked him how old he might be then. He said, 'I might have been between ten and twelve, for I was sent to Northallerton with a horse load of arrows; but they sent a bigger boy from thence to the army with them.'

"All this agreed with the history of that time, for bows and arrows were then used. The Earl he named was general, and King Henry VIII was then at Tournay, and yet, it is observable that this Jenkins could neither read nor write. There were also four or five in the same parish that were reputed—all of them—to be one hundred years old or within two or three years of it; and they all said he was an elderly man ever since they knew him, for he was born in another parish and before any registers were in churches, as it is said. He told me then, too, that he was butler to the Lord Conyers and remembered the abbot of Fountain Abbey very well before the dissolution of the monasteries."

Henry Jenkins departed this life December 8, 1670, at Ellerton-upon-Swale in Yorkshire. The battle of Flodden Field was fought September 9, 1513, and he was twelve years old when Flodden Field was fought; so that this Henry Jenkins lived one hundred and sixty-nine years; viz., sixteen years longer than Old Parr, and was, it is supposed, the oldest man born upon the ruins of the post-diluvian world.

In the last century of his life he was a fisherman and used to trade in the streams. His diet was coarse and sour, and towards the latter end of his days he begged up and down. He was sworn in chancery and other courts to above one hundred and forty years memory, and was often at the assizes at York, whither he generally went on foot; and I have heard some of the country gentlemen affirm that he frequently swam in the rivers after he was past the age of one hundred years.

In the king's remembrancers' office, in the exchequers, is a record of a deposition in a cause by English bill between Anthony Clark and Smirksen, taken 1665 at Kettering in Yorkshire, where Henry Jenkins of Ellerton-upon-Swale, laborer, aged one hundred and fifty-seven years, was produced and deposed as a witness.

About seventy years after his death, a monument was

erected at Bolton by a subscription of the parishioners, to perpetuate the memory of this remarkable man. Upon it was engraved the following inscription:

"Blush not, marble, to rescue from oblivion the memory of Henry Jenkins, a person of obscure birth, but a life truly memorable; for he was enriched with the goods of nature, if not of fortune, and happy in the duration—if not variety—of his enjoyments. And though the partial world despised and disregarded his low and humble state, the equal eye of providence beheld and blessed it with a patriarch's health and length of days, to teach mistaken man these blessings are entailed on temperance, a life of labor and a mind at ease. He lived to the amazing age of one hundred and sixty-nine; was interred here Dec. 16, 1670, and had this justice done to his memory 1743."

## WORRY NOT: FATIGUE IS POISONOUS.

*The Lancet* in a recent issue condemns fatigue, which, it says, elaborates a species of self-poisoning. *The Lancet* has our entire sympathy. The fatigue of reading it is symptomatic of the toxins of which it speaks. Or shall we put it just the other way? In any event the result is the same. *The Lancet's* deduction is correct, but its premises are crooked. With every deference to a sheet so learned, it is not fatigue which generates toxins, but the worry by which that fatigue is induced. Five minutes' anxiety will debilitate more fully than a race around a ten-acre lot. It is worry which is toxic, not fatigue.

And naturally. As a man thinketh, so is he. No one ever saw an anxious poet. The muse protects him. Trouble is banished from the minds that she haunts. By the same token no one ever saw a healthy misanthrope. In the wretchedness of his thoughts is the poison of his body. For thought is a substance, and as such as potent for good or for ill as any drug in the pharmacopaea. Of all thoughts the most deleterious are those that worry. Worry eats the cells of the brain. It eats them until it eats them all. Then the victim dies, and it is best that he should. Instead, therefore, of warning us not to get tired, *The Lancet* had better fulfill its office by warning us not to worry.

Worry is a national vice. We all think too much of ourselves. We all delight in self-pity. That condition—idiotic and general—is due to the fact that while we are aware of our own sensations we are ignorant of the causes by which those sensations are produced. Were it otherwise we should understand that everything which happens, happens because it had to happen and because it could not happen otherwise. When, therefore, we worry it is because unchangeable laws won't change at our wish. And there is human stupidity in all its plenitude.

Then, too, we forget to remember that it is not things which affect us, but in the manner in which we regard them. Our own importance is important, of course. Yet the sages encounterable on the book shelves thought more of the eternal verities than they did of personal aims. They knew that however they bothered they could not alter the course of events, and tying a knot in their handkerchief as a reminder that any little matter of life and death would be quite the same a hundred years hence, they promptly forgot all about it.

It would be a good plan to imitate them. It would be a good plan to realize, as they did, that we respire, aspire, perspire and expire, and that the less fuss we make in doing so the better bred and healthier we are. To that end Jowett had a few maxims which we can't do better than quote. "Never quarrel," he used to say; "never explain, never disappoint, never fear and never fret." "And," with subtle cogence, he used to add, "never tell a lie, but, if you do, stick to it."

There are the law and the prophets. The profits are serenity of mind and defiance of toxins. All of which *The Lancet* is invited to copy.—*Edgar Saltus in Chicago American*,

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

## POWER ATTAINED IN CENTERING THOUGHT.

The secret of the whole power vested in Mental Science is expressed in the one word *concentration*. It makes no difference what you are trying to do, if you will bend the entire strength of your brain to the generation of thought on that one particular subject, it will lead to action that will result in success.

It sometimes happens that one needs to concentrate but an hour to obtain results; at other times it takes much longer; often it requires months, the true habit of concentration not having been formed. The more powerful the concentration the quicker the result.

Concentration is not the exercise of the will. It is very different; it is simply holding the mind to the contemplation of one thing, or one idea; ferreting the matter out; bending the mental sight upon it until it comes forth as clear as a star, and until all its surroundings disappear and you see but it. This is concentration.

Men have the power to do this with their business. A man may embark in some business that looks hopeless enough to others, and even to himself. But if he bends his mental sight to it long enough to pick out its flaws

and renovate its leaks, and keeps on holding his thought close and close about it, not wavering, the right thing and the successful thing will come in sight after while. Concentration is a very subtle form of creation. It really is the main factor in creating. Let us take a person who is very sick; he is weak all over; the atoms of his body are falling away from each other like the wheels and cogs of some worn-out piece of machinery, that has to be screwed up until the different parts come into closer relation with each other before it will work again. It was necessary to apply a force to it in order to establish its usefulness once more.

It is the same way with a person who is sick, or weak, or discouraged, or growing old. The person, like the half worn-out machine must have new force applied to every part of his body; or rather (and in this particular he differs from the machine) he must have new force *generated* in every part in order to bring the different parts into closer relation, so that the principle of attraction can operate between them. There is not a bit of sickness or weakness in the world that concentration cannot cure. And it is a sure cure for old age. Old age is nothing but the general relaxation of the atoms of the body for the lack of mental concentration to hold them together. Mental concentration can generate the magnetism necessary for this purpose. This falling apart of the atoms goes on until the eyes fail, and the teeth cease to be renewed; the hair no longer secretes the fluid that colors it; the digestion weakens, and there ceases to be enough blood manufactured to feed the different parts. All this is the result of the lack of concentration, and concentration will cure it.

Concentration will put the power of its own intent and intelligent thought into each atom, and the atoms will then begin to draw together in every part of the body. When they come a little closer together they begin to feel the influence of one another's presence, and a feeling of attraction or love is generated that warms the different parts and starts them to work again. The love thus generated starts their revolution about each other once more, and new life is created.

Every particle of vitality in the world is dependent upon concentration. First, there is involuntary or unconscious concentration; that form of concentration that emerges from the principle of attraction and seems to be a blind expression of it. This expression goes on producing higher and still higher forms, until it culminates in man. Man having by this time had a thinking apparatus built—unconsciously to himself—must take hold of the matter mentally and trace the entire line of his development, and discover his relation to the first principle of life; the starting point. He must find out about the principle of attraction on which all things depend for their organization.

Truth alone saves. A knowledge of truth comes through the concentrated effort of thought. This concentration brings the loose, straggling, lazy atoms of our bodies into closer relation with each other. In this closer relation there is more magnetism set free in the body; and consequently there is an increased vitality. Enough vitality banishes every form of disease, even old age and death.

People ask me why I write so much about overcoming death. I do it because death is death, and not life, as the churches teach and as the most of the people be-



lieve. I do not know what comes after death, but I do know that death is the result of weakness, and not the culmination of strength. In working for the conquest of death I am working in the direction that promises the greater strength.

I know that the body and what we call the soul are one, and cannot be parted without undesirable results. I know that the seeming two are one material, and that what we call the soul bears the same relation to the body that steam bears to water. It may be suggested that steam is a more powerful agent than water, to which I respond that without water it could not exist, and that after spending its force it returns to its first condition, and becomes water again.

What we call the soul—as I said before—is of the same substance as the body; it is the *thought life that the body has generated*. At the death of the body it floats away like steam or smoke drifting before the wind; how long it may last in this frail condition I do not know; but I am entirely certain that our safest plan is to work on the side of life that we do know something of; and that the height of wisdom is to strengthen this side, irrespective of all else.

Theosophists tell us that the soul must be reincarnated again and again until it has learned the lessons to be gained in the flesh, after which—Nirvana.

What are the lessons so essential to learn? They are simply the methods of conquest by which we gain the power to quit dying; the power that discloses to us the mighty, creative ability of our own individualities; an ability that stands us squarely on our feet and shows us that we are masters, and under no compulsion to ever resign our present existences and begin at the beginning again.

If reincarnation is true, then its object is simply the conquest of death.

But I hasten on to an explanation of the necessity of concentration.

The body as it now exists is a weak, watery, vapory thing; a mere sieve through which all manner of beliefs drift, and which puts forth almost no resistance to external influences. Notwithstanding this, it is the seed germ of every desirable thing, and its possibilities are so great as to be entirely beyond human conception at the present grade of race intelligence. There is no doubt that—such as it is—it is the result of thought; weak, ignorant thought; thought unaware of its own meaning and power.

Our great hope is embodied in this fact. If the body, as it now is, is the result of weak, ignorant thought, then a higher grade of thought, thought intensified by concentration, and always employed in the effort to acquire more knowledge, can change the body. It can make it over entirely. It can change its weakness into strength; its diseases into health; its deformity into symmetry; its old age into youth, and so start up the streams of normal growth on the conscious plane, under the direction of the trained ideal.

H. W.

As a child looks forward to the coming of the summer, so could we contemplate with quiet joy the circle of the seasons returning without fail eternally. As the spring came around during so many years of the gods, we could go out to admire and adorn anew our Eden, and yet never tire.—*Thoreau*.

## THE LAW OF REPULSION.

This was the subject of Eugene Del Mar's lecture Wednesday evening.

The attendance was good, and the lecture one of the finest ever delivered here. It was comprehensive and logical. It seemed to me to present the entire subject of Mental Science from a standpoint never presented before. It held my closest attention from the first word to the last. The ideas were well illustrated by diagrams on the blackboard, and I believe that—abstruse as the subject naturally is—nearly every person in the hall understood it.

Mr. Del Mar is a young man of very marked ability and gives promise of becoming a leader in the dissemination of Mental Science principles and ideas. He is going to devote his time to this effort, and there is nothing to prevent him from making a great practical success.

In the next issue of FREEDOM I shall give the first part of the lecture; it is too long for one article. I am not prepared to give the illustrations now, but I shall do so later when I get it out in pamphlet form. It is going—when enlarged and illustrated—to prove of great value to those who have the Wilmans Home Course, as it fills out a part of the argument only just touched upon in the lessons, and not made clear enough.

It is with great pleasure that I announce the coming forth in the field of new thought of this earnest and brilliant writer and speaker. He spent two weeks with us, and went back to New York yesterday. We took him to the depot in good style; the carriage being loaded with his friends and admirers, and followed by other friends on bicycles.

The Mental Science Temple in New York is in good shape, and is growing. Its managers, Hugh O. Pentecost, Paul Tyner and Eugene Del Mar are very able men. We are in hopes of seeing them here before long.

H. W.

We do not know who is going to deliver the Sunday evening lectures in this place for the ensuing winter, but we do know that we intend to have the lectures. I think we may depend on Col. Post for a few. I am sure that Mr. Burgman will do his part; and I am trying to screw up my courage for a series of speeches or lessons. We may have lecturers from a distance; I think we will; but it is not on these that we can depend; we must do the thing ourselves, and we surely intend to do it.

H. W.

DEAR MRS. WILMANS:—I have just read the gigantic effort in FREEDOM of November 21, and it has done me so much good that I must tell you so, and I want to say—hold the fort, sister, for I am coming, and we will not be alone, for there are others on the way.

I am doing all in my power to promulgate this idea, and devoting all my time to the spread of your teachings. They have been and still are the bread of life to me; they have revealed to me the fountain of youth and the elixir of life, which is the vital element, and I seek ever to dwell consciously in their presence. This I have done, sometimes to a degree that the mighty influence of the tremendous inflow has temporarily alarmed me. But I soon found out what it meant and rejoiced.

DR. M. E. LASSENWELL.

### 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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### ON THE ROAD.

The Southern California Railway conveys you from Los Angeles to San Diego through many fertile fields and meadow stretches, past olive, lemon and orange orchards, and fertile acres planted thickly with deciduous fruit. Wherever the hand of man has touched the rich deep loam and brought to it the sparkling water from the distant mountain ranges, or through artesian flow from the depths of the lower strata, there vegetation springs up to repay him richly for his labor. Overhead the blue sky contrasts strangely with the parched and barren stretches through which you pass at intervals, and you wonder why people talk so much about the fertility of California, until you reach a settlement where the brain and hand of man has called up from the storehouse of nature the treasures you behold in field and orchard.

At short intervals throughout the journey the train stops at the depot of thriving towns and settlements, to give brightly active and intelligent men and women an opportunity to leave or board the train. Of course, the country is devoid of forest growth. The rolling hills and distant mountains are clothed in a garment of monotonous brown during the summer season, and the

deep blue of the sky blends with the perpetual brown of summer, which at the setting of the sun gradually melts in the purple haze of the deepening shadows of night.

The afternoon sun was warm and I gave myself up to the prevailing lassitude among my fellow passengers and lazily scanned the pages of a book I carried with me, when gradually the temperature began preceptibly to lower; shortly a gratefully cooling breeze wafted in through one of the open car windows. I looked up from the pages of my book to note the cause of the change in temperature, and lo, behold! to our right there stretched the waters of the Pacific Ocean in a placid sheet, whose slightly rippled surface reflected the sky overhead and sparkled under the bright summer sun. I had never before beheld the Pacific under such conditions, and was instantly reminded of the Atlantic Ocean at Sea Breeze under the gentle influence of spring-time, when the wind is still and the sky is clear, and for the first time a strong desire and longing to return home came upon me. The railroad for many miles skirts along the beach, and you thoroughly enjoy the exhilaration which the influence of the ocean under normal conditions produces.

At the depot in San Diego I was met by Mr. J. N. Bunch, one of San Diego's brightest and most active up-to-date real estate dealers, who took me at once under his protective care and installed me for the time being as a member of his family. In their lovely cottage home, presided over by Mrs. Alice Bunch, a bright spirit and admirable lady, I enjoyed all that the spirit of fraternal hospitality could tender.

The members of the family consisting of a son, employed as a staff reporter on one of San Diego's dailies, a handsome daughter of seventeen years of age, and two little girls, became my fast friends during my sojourn. The two younger children especially seemed to take me for an oracle of wisdom, and during our conversation at meal time, when all gathered about the family table, they seemed to take in every word spoken on subjects, many of which indeed must have been strange and puzzling to them. We all took a great deal of pleasure out of the reverential manner with which the children regarded the visiting stranger.

Mr. Bunch, Mr. and Mrs. H. Gardner, Mrs. D. P. Hale and others, had constituted themselves a committee of arrangements to apprise the public of my coming to San Diego. Unity Hall had been rented for two lectures and the meetings thoroughly advertised by means of cards, hand-bills and through the columns of the daily press. A crowded hall greeted me on each occasion, and both meetings proved a pronounced success, which encouraged the committee in charge to arrange for a third meeting, which was held in The People's Theatre. The public and the press of San Diego treated me with the utmost courtesy and consideration; the *San Diego Union* especially devoting four columns of space to the report of one of my lectures, which courtesy I attribute in a large measure to the intelligent management of Mr. Bunch, Jr., who spared neither time nor trouble in bringing to our assistance the influence of the daily press. Mr. J. N. Bunch gave me the exclusive use of one of his suite of rooms, used for office purposes, in his extensive real estate transactions,



located at 1433 F street. I was by this means enabled to dispose of a great deal of my accumulated correspondence.

#### THE MISSIONS.

The city of San Diego derives its name from the bay which was discovered by Cabrillo in 1543 and named San Diego De Alcalá by Commander Vizcaino, who sailed into this beautiful land-locked harbor sixty years later, in honor of his flagship.

Desirous of going back of the appearance of things modern, we planned a trip to the old San Diego mission, established in July of 1769 by that strange combination of ecclesiastical pioneers, religious fanatics and military adventurers sent out by king Carlos III of Spain, to establish the California missions; and to convert the heathen of "New Spain" to the Christian catholicism of the older country, and save the souls of the wild Indians who dwelled in the strange land of the setting sun in a condition which was very little above that of the brute creation.

The history of the rise and fall of the missions of California is full of romance, heroic devotion to religious duty, of martyrdom, of triumph and finally, heartsore disappointments. Setting aside the greed and avarice of kings and courtiers, and those high in authority in church and state, who lack the devotional enthusiasm inherent in those who entertain high ideals, and who measure all things from a coldly intellectual and calculating point of mere expediency, we are bound to admire the zeal and devotion with which the early Padres set to work to bring the savage tribes of the Pacific coast into a recognition of the all embracing Lord of the universe. It is true they induced their converts to work like slaves in field and farm and orchard, but they also brought order out of chaos and educated the savage to lead a stricter and a better life.

Mr. Bunch hired a team and together we drove out to the old mission ruins, about eight miles distant from San Diego, through a rich and fertile valley, and finally passed through the gate which enclosed the old mission grounds. Here were the traces of the old lemon and orange groves, uncared for and neglected. There we saw the old grove of olive trees, whose charred trunks stood the storm and stress for more than one hundred years. Farther on the old date palms raised their tall trunks from forty to fifty feet upward into the sky. Everything bore the imprint of age, neglect and decay. On an eminence to our left, commanding a view of the narrow valley, stood the battered front elevation of what constituted at one time the church of the mission proper. Everything else that had been built of adobe—the buildings of the padres, the dormitories of the neophytes, the barracks of the soldiers, the enclosures or fences—had vanished, and had virtually returned to the earth, which constituted the material from which they had been reared.

We halted under the overhanging branches of a tall olive, and after Mr. Bunch had tied his horses we ascended the hill and passed through an enclosure which surrounded a tall frame building situated to the left of the old mission ruins and entered a court yard. Several Indian women were employed at domestic tasks in the lower part of this building, and upon inquiring for some one to guide us about the premises one of them pointed

us to a tall stairway leading to the second story of the building. In response to a rap on the doorway a window opened overhead and the Sister in charge inquired the desire of the strangers. After explaining to her the reason of our presence, she descended and bade us to enter. She showed us through the building, which was practically unoccupied, save for the few Indian women who were engaged as domestics, passed us through the empty school room and explained that during the summer time no scholars were present. The children were detained at home to assist their parents who were employed in fruit picking and various agricultural tasks. She stated that the labor of teaching Indian children would, in her opinion, have to be abandoned sooner or later, because, to bring the children to the school from the various rancherias required the raising of funds annually. In many cases their railroad fare and cost of other means of conveyance, both ways, had to be paid for, and there was a constantly growing disinclination on the part of the Indian parents to permit their children to leave for the school season, as well as on the part of the public to contribute to the constantly increasing expense to maintain the old Indian school of the mission.

Stepping out upon the veranda she pointed over to the crumbled ruins of the once famous old mission and said, "This is all there is left of what was dear to those who founded the California missions. All is but a reminiscence now. What was left of the buildings after the decree of expropriation took effect was made the sport later on of soldiers who were placed in charge of the mission property. These were largely responsible for the ruined condition and rapid decay of the buildings.

"Down yonder," pointing in a southerly direction, "below the hill near one of the old crumbled fences you will find the well, built by the padres, which supplied the mission with an abundance of pure water. A little farther on, near the bed of the creek, you will find a humble monument which indicates the place where Father Jaume was killed, November 5, 1775, by hostile Indians, who had been brought from the Yuma country under the leadership of a renegade neophyte.

"On the hill, above the well, you will find a clump of thorny acacia which grew from the seed, so the legend records, that was gathered from the tree in Palestine, which furnished the crown of thorns for the brow of the Savior."

We returned through the school room along the hallway and were permitted to inspect several neat but poorly furnished apartments; and then the venerable Sister led us into the sanctuary where those attached to the mission kneel in daily supplication to Him who is supposed to permit no sparrow to fall without His divine decree. The best the old mission afforded was stored here—paintings of the Madonna and of the various saints, imported from Spain more than a century ago; wonderfully expressive carvings of the Saviour during his hours of trial, which represented trained skill and artistic genius. Throughout our interview our conversation was carried on in low subdued tones, in which Mr. Bunch, who is of the modern type of aggressive business men, took no part. For the time being we were on "holy ground." I have the faculty of adjusting myself instantly to prevailing conditions, and I could easily sense the spirit which pervaded the atmos-

phere with which our good and gentle woman was surrounded. In parting we courteously bowed to kind and gentle Sister Ephraim and thanked her for the courtesies extended to us.

We inspected the various places indicated by her, walked down to the well which we found to be located adjacent to an underground stream. We found the spot where the pious Padre had been killed by his murderous neophite. We gathered some seeds from the old thorny acacia bush, purchased a few old mission relics from a half-witted mission employee and returned to the city of San Diego as the sun sank low on the horizon.

On our way home we visited the "old Spanish town" which constitutes the original settlement of the city of San Diego. In all essentials it bore a strong resemblance to the crumbled pueblos I had visited many years ago in the country of the Rio Grande. It is here where part of the charming story of "Ramona" by H. H. Jackson is located. We inspected the house she is supposed to have lived in with Alessandro during a part of their strangely romantic career. In a store nearby we purchased a number of relics and pictures commemorative of mission scenes and scenes among which Ramona dwelled. I had spent an afternoon amid surroundings replete with history, romance and sentiment, all of which left an indelible imprint upon my memory.

CHAS. F. BURGMAN.

Environment is largely the result of a habit of thought. Whatsoever a man soweth in the mental realm, that also shall he reap in the material. If you are hampered by your surroundings, and continue to bemoan your unhappy lot, you will but increase the burden of environment and fasten the bonds more tightly about you. We are joint heirs to the universe and have a right to our inheritance. Let us assert ourselves.—*Philosophical Journal*.

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Self culture is to draw forth; but from where and from whom? From a brain, and that brain your own. But what books must I read? Read the book of Nature as written in your body.

To affirm personal power is a correct thing to do; out of this affirmation comes the realization of our own individual creativeness. And out of this realization comes the ability to speak the word that stands against the whole world's opposition; the word that becomes flesh, and strengthens every nerve, bone and muscle in these bodies of ours.

An egotism that constantly thinks of itself is not self esteem, but the very opposite. True self esteem is restful and does not have to think of itself. H. W.

A man receives only what he is ready to receive, whether physically or intellectually or morally. We hear and apprehend only what we already half know. If there is something which does not concern me, which is out of my line, which by experience or by genius my attention is not drawn to, however novel and remarkable it may be, if it is spoken, I hear it not; if it is written, I read it not, or if I read it, it does not detain me. By and by we may be ready to receive what we cannot receive now.—*Thoreau*.

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## TO THE SICK AND DISCOURAGED.

The mind trained to a knowledge of its own power can cure every form of disease. The potency of right thinking has never been measured. There are divine attributes from higher realms entering into it that are of themselves so elevating and ennobling, and so positive to the lower conditions wherein disease and misfortune and inharmonious lurk, that there is nothing too great to expect from a contact with it. This is true to such an extent that the very elite of the world's thinkers are putting their strongest faith in it, and advocating its efficacy above all other systems of healing. I give a list of a few out of the thousands cured by the mental method:

Mrs. R. P. W. P., Omro, Wis., of nearly every disease in the catalogue. She says she is "so well and happy." In this same place a boy was cured of secret vices after nearly ruining himself. Many cases like this have been perfectly cured when every other effort had failed. Also sex weakness in many forms; loss of vital power, impotency, etc.

C. A. A., Jessup, Md., writes: "My catarrh is well under control; my knees have ceased to pain me, and I feel so cheerful and contented."

C. A. R., Rutledge, Mo., says: "I will discontinue treatment now. My health is better than for years." He had consumption.

M. T. B., Kearney, Neb., says: "Grandpa and grandma both used to wear glasses, but they neither wear them now. Grandma's hair used to be white, but it is gradually turning into its natural color."

H. W., Menlo Park, Cal., was cured of hemorrhages of the lungs.

O. S. A., Malden, Mass., was cured of chronic constipation, throat trouble, and other things.

J. S., Eureka Springs, Ark., was cured of the use of tobacco by the mental method. He is only one of many so cured; not only of the tobacco habit, but also of drunkenness.

W. S. R., Cheyenne, Wyo., writes: "I wrote for treatment for a near and dear friend who was in an alarming condition from nervous prostration. Now, I am delighted to say, in one month's time the nervousness is almost entirely gone. And, the grandest feature of all, the old beliefs (insanity) are fading from his mind. The work of healing is going on rapidly."

Mrs. F. C., Earlville, Iowa, was cured of heart disease; also of liver and kidney trouble and a tumor in her side.

M. L., Pioneer Press Building, St. Paul, Minn., was cured of dyspepsia, sleeplessness, and sensitiveness.

Many persons are being cured of mental and moral defects; such as lack of self-esteem, lack of business courage, and other weaknesses that stand in the way of a successful career.

H. S., Sedalia, Mo., writes: "Under your kind treatment I am entirely recovered from nervous dyspepsia. And this is not all. I have undergone a marvelous mental change. My memory is better and my will power stronger. Mental Science has breathed new life into me. Such strength and courage as I now have are beyond price."

J. K., 19th St., West Chicago, Ill.: "There is nothing to compare with this mental treatment in its ability to heal; it draws on the fountain of vital power within the patient and supplies every part of the body with new vigor."

Mrs. M. K., Hays, Kan., writes: "My life was worthless. I was so wretched all over, both mentally and physically, I wanted to die. But now what a change! I will not take up your time in description. I will say this, however: Five years ago I was an old woman. To-day I am young, not only in feeling but also in looks, and my health is splendid. For all this I am indebted to you and Mental Science."

D. B. P., Arlington, Vt., writes: "For four years I made every effort to get relief from a trouble that finally reduced me to a deplorable condition, but without the slightest success. Immediately after beginning the mental treatment I was benefited in a way that drugs do not have the power to approach. Now, after a study of Mental Science, it is very clear to me why my cure was not effected by the old methods. Understanding the law by which cures are worked through the power of mind over matter, it is easy for me to believe that the most deeply-seated diseases can be cured as easily as the slightest disorders. Too much cannot be said for this method of healing; and an earnest study of Mental Science is finding heaven on earth."

Miss I. B. Edmonds, Wash., was cured of ovarian tumor; and dozens of cases of cancer cures have been reported, as well as others of every form of disease recognized by the medical books.

These testimonials—the full addresses of which will be given on application—have been taken at random from hundreds of letters, all testifying to the wonderful power of mind healing. A good many other letters, wherein the addresses of the writers are given in full, have been published in a pamphlet called THE MIND CURE TREATMENT, which is sent free to all who want it.

Persons interested can write to me for my terms for treatment, which are moderate as compared with those of the medical practitioners. Each one so doing may give me a brief statement of his or her case, age, and sex. The address should be written clearly, so there may be no trouble in answering. MRS. HELEN WILMANS, Sea Breeze, Florida.