

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.

Notwithstanding reincarnation has been an important tenet in most ancient religions and philosophies, and can be easily detected in the Christian religion as taught by the apostles, and the additional fact that, as is claimed, nine hundred millions of the present inhabitants of the earth accept this theory as a fact, this is not sufficient evidence, and it must have better basis than such testimony to establish it. Also, the statement of those who claim to remember the experiences of former incarnations, no matter how many, unless reinforced by corroborating testimony, cannot be accepted as conclusive, because the claim is set up on the memory of the individual alone, and that is unreliable and cannot satisfy the modern demand for verifiable facts on all important questions.

The believers in reincarnation, unfortunately, have but little else to offer in its defence than the kind of support that has always been set up under every imaginable superstition and vagary of all mythologies and all theologies, namely—blind, unreasoning faith. At least, such is the character of the argument in favor of reincarnation that has come to the notice of this writer. If this theory is a fact it is of so great importance that it should be established beyond question. It is safe to say that it has never yet been so established, except in the mind of the sane individual, based on his memory of experiences in former incarnations. No matter how convincing this may be to him, it will not answer for any discriminating, reasoning mind but his own. This age is impatient, restless, eager for the truth, and questions everything. The theory of reincarnation, coming so largely into the thought of the Occident, cannot escape the most rigid scrutiny and will not, in any case, be accepted on faith alone. If established at all, it must be on analogous verifiable facts, submitted to the crucible of pure reason and the logical deductions therefrom.

Now, is there any valid foundation for such belief? In this investigation we must be careful of our steps if we would reach a satisfying conclusion. The world accepts individual immortality as its final hope. If this be a fact, we must remember that such immortality is as beginningless as it is endless. This is the logic of it, for that which has had a beginning must necessarily have an ending. Any other conception would be absurd if not unthinkable. Therefore, if I am immortal, time never was when I was not, and time never can be when I will cease to be, as an entity or Ego. What my past experiences have been I cannot now remember, and what my future will be I can only conjecture. But

if I am immortal I am as beginningless and as durable as the one reality the world calls God. But how came I here into this present expression of infinite life?

On this planet the expression of sentient life had a beginning. But back of that beginning, what? None can answer surely. Was it the beginning of the expression, or the beginning of life itself? We are forced to the conclusion that it was the beginning of but the expression of life, and that life itself had no beginning.

However repugnant the idea to our personal pride that man has ascended through the so-called lower classes of animals, evolution establishes this as a fact. In his physical form we can, by a purely scientific use of the imagination, trace him back until we find him on all-fours, with tail long as a broom handle, dwelling in caves and dens, feasting on bones and garbage, and clad in the gorgeous robes of his own hair. Shall we stop here and say this was his commencement? In reason, and in the light of what we know we cannot. We must go beyond, wherever the journey may lead us. Perhaps it would be as difficult to trace his ascent from this point to where history and tradition first show him to us as a biped savage, as it would be to follow his line of ascent from the earliest manifestations of life on the planet. But back of and beyond his quadruped expression we are forced to go. Possibly the shortest method will be to commence at the commencement of sentient life-expression on the earth, as revealed by the facts of geology. Here we find ourselves in what was once the ooze and slime of primitive ocean beds. With hammer we set free from the rocks the fossils of the first and lowest physical expressions of life, in the form of what would now be regarded as the most loathsome of reptiles, worms and insects. Below this we cannot go except in logical imagination, because the forms that surely preceded these were too small and fragile for nature to convert them into fossils for our inspection.

From this point let us now retrace our steps. Here we find the most stupendous field for the consideration of a reasoning mind. Step by step we ascend the clearly defined geological epochs. From the first to the last we are confronted with the startling fact that each succeeding epoch contained the expression of higher forms of life, and that such upward step was taken over the necessary and the inexorable destruction of countless millions of sentient beings who could not conform to the upward trend of evolution. Thus did evolution work until it expressed our humble ancestors as we have found them in the cave.

Now, if the essential part of man, namely, his Ego or conscious spiritual part, had no beginning, where was

it and how did it employ itself before it made its advent on this globe as physical man? From what we know of the incessant activity of life in all domains, can we imagine spiritual man, for the eternity of the past, "loafing around the throne," in aimless indolence until this earth had developed such physical conditions as to invite him here to be expressed in the degrading attitude of a quadruped? Nay, is it not more reasonable to conjecture that he would seek physical expression at the first opportunity, and pass from stage to stage through all we find in the various geological epochs? Reasoning from the analogy of facts, we are forced to believe that man has come up through all grades of life-expressions now behind and below him, and stands crowned as the apex of the work of evolution. This conclusion is fortified by the wonderful development in his foetal growth, from reptile, through various animal forms, to perfect physical man. If the babe in the womb undergoes these marvelous physical transformations, is it not reasonable to conclude that these rapidly changing physical metamorphic developments indicate our physical ancestry, and that the Ego—which, in reality, constitutes the man—has travelled through all or most types below him to reach his present physical expression? I believe all accredited evolutionists hold to this theory. If, then, this is a fact, is not the conviction overpowering that the human Ego has been forced to travel this road to undergo innumerable incarnations in its upward journey? How else can his presence here be explained? Theosophists claim that the purpose of reincarnation is to gain wisdom by experience. And surely the wisdom gained by incarnations in the various genera of animal life lacked mightily to serve a good purpose if the process ceased at the time of his advent as a four-footed beast. Without language, without the power to reason intelligently, would it not have been a monstrous injustice to him to here deprive him of the very means that had been used to give him even this advancement? An evolution of this kind would be destitute of intelligent purpose. But, if he developed from lower to higher during his pre-human period of repeated incarnations, is it not a plausible conclusion that he could gain wisdom more rapidly, and progress faster towards his final goal, by continuing the process of reincarnation in the distinct type of animal life that seemed destined to be his alone, in all future time? If the one is probable why is the other improbable? Here the argument from analogy is absolutely unanswerable.

Another, and a most important, view of this question must here be taken. The conviction is forced upon us that it is the inherent quality of life to seek objective expression. The immeasurable vastness of the physical universe clearly attests this fact. This is in the large; it is no less true in the little; in things of this earth with which we are familiar. Life is everywhere, and it everywhere and always seeks outward expression.

Here, then, let us make a statement of the problem: "Life is infinite; life is eternal; the evolutionary stress has always been to make life objective. So far as we know, man is its greatest production, the highest type brought to individuality and self-consciousness; there is an eternal, intelligent, tireless purpose back of all manifestation, and its processes are lawful and orderly." Proceeding to the sequence of this statement, logic and

the facts of experience force the conviction upon us that, in the future as in the past, the processes of this purpose will be lawful, orderly and eternal, and that the far-away end to be reached and desire to be accomplished is to make life indefinitely objective. What infinite motive, other than this, can move this purpose? Can we conceive of so great an absurdity as that this purpose is eternally engaged in a monstrous dissolving view of "now you see it and now you don't?" Such conception would wipe out our will, our desire and our individuality and bind us forever on the "whirling wheel" of Buddhistic teaching, with no more control over our condition and our destiny than a slave chained with links of steel. It would be degrading and absolutely hopeless, and arouse the indignant protest and rebellion of every thinking Ego in the universe.

What, then, is the rational conclusion? This; namely, that the Infinite purpose is to bring the Ego into objective expression and keep it there for centuries, for eons or forever. From this view-point the ancient Asiatic cult of reincarnation sees but half of the truth. What else can the repeated, and heretofore endless, reincarnations mean but to give us a chance to learn the great lesson that we may, at our discretion, hold on to the objective expression of the Ego, and make our bodies conform to its highest ideals of youth, health, strength, power, beauty and ever-increasing purity? If we can now learn this lesson in one incarnation, all the pangs and tortures of subsequent ones will become unnecessary and therefore avoided. Ignorance and failure will again and again force us to make a new trial, as ignorance and failure continually force us to make new trials in this present incarnation, until we learn wisdom. This is the process of growth and advancement, however painful. Knowledge will place the magic wand of power in our hand, and only knowledge can do this. It is, then, worth our while to know and, knowing, to do.

The refining and power-conferring processes of evolution, in all domains of what is defined as matter, give us the clew to our final goal, namely: The unlimited control of the forces of Nature by the Ego. The well established fact of the influence of mind over body clearly indicates this, without calling in other and convincing testimony. If the mind can heal bodily diseases or cause them, can it not as easily overcome the law of gravitation by the use of the law of levitation—*when we know how*—and thus enable us to walk on the water and sail through the air; or, by the power of thought, still the storm, quench fire, raise the dead and, by the psychic short-cut, at once bring from the unseen the material substances for bodily sustenance? This power is in store for us, and, by the same power, we shall yet be able to so refine these bodies that the tragedy of physical death will be overcome; and we can cause them to be invisible to the physical eye or make them visible, or lay them down and take them up again at our pleasure. This is the prophecy of evolution, and without reincarnation evolution could have no rational method of procedure, and would have no meaning to the reasoning mind.

JOS. WOLFF,
Boulder, Colo.

What are you going to do to help on with the College?

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NO NECESSITY FOR A PERSONAL GOD.

The right note was struck in a late number of *FREEDOM* by Pentecost, ably seconded by the editor in coming out squarely against the personal God idea. If Mental Science stands for anything it is most surely for man's ability to stand alone; for his complete freedom in every way and without limit, save his power to understand and unravel the mysteries of the universe. The soul standing alone, serenely confident in its own power to meet and conquer every adverse circumstance, finds itself like the tree in the open field, only the more firmly and deeply rooted after the tempest has failed to destroy it. Once teach humanity that their gods are all the work of their own creation, and a mighty blow will have been struck for the emancipation of the race.

The God idea seems to be more firmly rooted in the human mind than any other, unless it be the universal belief in death; and how well the two go together; of a truth they are two of a kind; strike out God, and with the added strength that comes from a man's confidence in himself to go alone needing nothing to lean on, he soon develops to the point where all things are possible to his newly awakened powers, and he hesitates not to follow wherever his desire may lead the way, even though it demand life eternal in the flesh right here on this good old mother earth. How or when the God idea originated, none can tell. Huxley may have been right when he said, "The God idea probably came from some ape frightened at thunder." Once started, each generation gave it the added force of inheritance till it became a fundamental belief with nearly all the races and tribes of mankind. In his ignorance man has ever felt the necessity of imputing to an outside intelligence and power personified whatever in nature around him he failed to comprehend. As he gained in knowledge the less there remained for his God to create, till there came a day when some one realized the truth that sufficient for all created and visible things are the natural laws that govern the universe. He dared to think, to say, growth accounts for all; no God is needed to create; henceforth for me there is no God. *I am free.*

Such souls fared hard at the hands of their brother man; even Christians for centuries lighted the truth-seeker to the beyond by the flames from his own blazing body. What a mighty testimony to truth is the fact that for centuries, to think in advance of the mass of humanity, to speak, write, or in any way to stand for progress, no matter in what direction—this effort was a seal of death, and this, too, at the hands of the Christian church. But in spite of his God and religion man has progressed to where he now stands; having come thus far shall he halt? No; for now if "God" hampers or impedes his progress he has the courage to cast him overboard as a Jonah, and press on in search of truth.

Has not the time come when it is best for every one who has outgrown the God idea of the race, to stand forth fearlessly and proclaim the fact whenever the occasion demands—thereby showing to those yet in bondage that calmness and serenity of life in the highest degree can be enjoyed, success won, and all desires gained, by no trust in, or appeal to any God, save the God man, the divine Ego, that dwells within the inner sanctuary of self? Can we not, by so doing, encourage

timid souls who have a growing sense of the all good, yet who feel they must cling to God and Christ as a sort of sheet anchor, a last refuge in direst need, to come boldly out from the shadows of doubt and claim their rich inheritance with those who feel and know that outside of self is no salvation? The Mental Scientist has no creed; why be hampered with a God, and a mythical savior, virgin-born; bring them along if you must, but be assured of this, that you take them at a sacrifice of soul growth. You limit yourself by them and the truthseeker must ever press on unhampered by limits of any kind. What has Christianity accomplished to benefit humanity with its Bible and triune God borrowed from paganism? Has it not rather been a stay to progress, and a curse to mankind? While under the Koran the Arabs carried learning, the arts and sciences to a high degree of perfection, Christianity with its Bible shrouded Europe in the gloom of the dark ages for fourteen hundred years.

Let us rather teach the new doctrine that "self development is greater than self sacrifice;" and self damnation, the only damnation possible; that truth is but a knowledge of the laws that govern the universe, and that our ability to understand is the only limit to our progress; then indeed will we be free and our atonement with the law of being made complete. Then "our own shall come to us" and our desires be realized as we have the power to demonstrate. For "demonstration is better than doctrine, and practice better than theory."

F. L. AVERY,
Ayer, Mass.

MY VIEWS ON REINCARNATION.

Do I believe in reincarnation? Well, yes. But I do not believe in reincarnation as taught by the Orientals, or anybody else. It seems to me that the one fact brought to light by Mental Science, that death is only temporary, and not a permanent factor in the grand economy of the universe, has done more to stimulate a belief in some sort of reincarnation than anything else.

Now, this graduating from one world to another, or going up the evolutionary ladder a world at each step, seems to be hurrying things a little. Besides, this theory would imply the permanency of death—that death is a real factor in the grand evolutionary process.

I believe, with the most Mental Scientists, that death is not a cause, and has no root in the primal, but an effect—negative—very negative, in nature—a result of our ignorance and error.

Now, if death comes to us as a result of our ignorance, are we to pass on to another and better world with our lessons of this world so poorly learned? Does evolution permit the skipping of our lessons, or does it demand that we learn our lessons well. I think every Mental Science student knows, from cold, hard experience, that evolution demands that we learn our lessons well.

If our world is small, we have learned but very little of the facts concerning it. Now, when we quit manifesting ourselves through ignorance, what more rational than to return and continue our studies until we have our lesson well learned? And then! Do we cease returning? No, we cease going, for through our knowledge we have *conquered death.*

I would class reincarnation with poverty, sickness,

pain, error, old age, death and other evolutionary negative necessities. These are all educational, and as we grow in knowledge we grow away from them—one and all.

Now, the idea that we would have no desire to return to this world, would hold good if we entered a place of extreme delight, as held by the Orientals; but we Mental Scientists know that there are no special places of delight—that all is good, and all places delightful if we are in a delightful attitude toward them, and toward everything else. We do not move into a place of happiness; we grow it within ourselves. Go where we will, we will never have a heaven unless we take it along with us. Now, at death it must come to our consciousness that we have suffered a loss—that we have lost our bodies; and with them all the means of growth or advancement. If this be the case we would certainly have a strong desire to again enter the field of activities and resume our work. Who ever feels that his work is finished? I do not believe that we suffer any loss at death; on the contrary, I think we are gainers by the act. As it is the greatest of all errors, it must be the greatest of all teachers. Just how we are to profit by this error, I am not prepared to say; but it seems to me that we cannot profit at all except through reincarnation. The great intellectual inequalities between persons seem to almost conclusively prove the process of reincarnation.

M. F. CLARKE,
Farmington, New Mexico.

MY FRIEND:—Just finished reading FREEDOM; awfully glad you want the different views on Reincarnation; and now let me tell you what I think concerning it.

I am an aggregation of atoms, every atom an incarnation of the Law of Attraction representing a certain amount of intelligence—every atom a thinker, as it were; if ever the I combination of atoms that is “me” gets too negative to think, or, in other words, if the rate of vibration gets so low as to render me incapable of asserting my will, then will I be subject to the will of some other “bundle of atoms” (undertaker) who will bury me (alive); this may look like a complete surrender of my will (desire) but it is not; desire may be repressed, but never killed; it will rise again (I am the Resurrection and the Life); so it is only a question of time when my desire (the real me) to consciously co-operate with the (Lord) the law of my being, will be gratified. Being the law expressed, being organized out of the original elements or unorganized substance, being added I can be subtracted; in the beginning I was unorganized or unformed force; through the process of evolution (law of growth) I became what I am, organized force (or law), intelligent will and capable of attaining anything I will. I don’t want to die (become unorganized again, or go back to original atoms from whence I came), and I will not, because I am positive that I don’t have to, but I can if I want to. I can repress my desire for more life, but I can’t kill it. I can go all the way back to my original state of being, the atomic state; but this will still be expressing my (God’s) will; my un-organized will if you like, but always my will, because that’s all the will there is—one (I and the Father are one); so it will be my “want to know more about why and how I grew,” and being too tired or too timid to go on conquering

everything that stands between me and this knowledge of the law of my being, I simply “get negative,” unorgan-ize, in order to re-organ-ize; start again at the a b c or beginning and see if I can’t do better; this combination of atoms (my body) may be likened to a puzzle. Indeed, man is the greatest puzzle of all the ages, being a compendium of the whole; each part in itself perfect, and yet the tiniest mistake on the part of the intelligence that attempts combining these parts will produce an absence of harmony, something undesirable; and because of this, because my desire is not expressed, I go back to the beginning and try again, and eventually I will express my desire—perfect harmony or perfect blending of all parts, being at one; “but where will your spirit go?” I hear someone ask. Go? why it will go anywhere, go where it is sent, where I will it to go, anywhere and everywhere in this search for freedom that I’ve started it on; what if it does pass through the grave on its way? Rest assured that it will not if such a condition is not needed for its further development. I, my desire, tells it to “go;” it does not tell it how to go in search for a knowledge of self; it does not say, “Go if you can” because this would be an insult to my spirit; The if implies doubt (the devil); so I simply tell this real me, the invisible part of myself, to “go on,” to “keep moving,” and I’m perfectly satisfied that it will land me on my feet every time. I am all right at any stage of the game. Life—body and soul—is one; my body can’t land in the grave without taking my soul (spirit) with it; why how can it when they are one? If my will is diseased my body is diseased; the seeming two are one; failure to find relief produces a desire for unconsciousness or negative vitality (death); a desire to be free from pain, to know no more sorrow or suffering or anything undesirable or unpleasant, a desire to be “happy in heaven,” harmony; and why should this condition be deemed such a deplorable one? This atomized condition that we can reduce ourselves to at will—is it not a perfect condition? Is not every atom a perfect magnet attracting only that which it needs, that which is good for it? How can it attract anything else since all is good (God)? To be sure we don’t have to do this if we don’t want to, but we can if we like—if we will. By the way—what’s the use of losing time speculating about so-called Reincarnation now that we are beginning to understand that we don’t have to become unorganized in order to reorganize, but can go on recreating or revitalizing or reincarnating ourselves continually, reforming endlessly without any grave interruption. All this talk about the spirit leaving the body makes me tired; my spirit never left my body; it has gone to hell times out of number, and to heaven not quite so often, and yet it has never left my body; because I am all mind; because all is mind, and therefore it has no other place to go to; heaven and hell being conditions of mind. When I know more about self-reincarnation I will go to heaven to stay, but I will be right here just the same. Self-preservation is nature’s first, last and only law. I am here to stay—forever; and hope you will join me.

A. L.

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PROTEUS.

"The Son of Man is Evolution."—*Crysantheus*.

"Out of him, and through him, and in him, all things are."
—*Paul*.

Shakespeare existed in potency in the Sun."—*Tyndall*.

Some twenty-three centuries ago lived Plato, the great thinker of antiquity. His divine imagination gave him a glimpse of truths which science has groped after for two thousand years. In his "Hymn of the Universe," which is the highest utterance, perhaps, that comes to us from the pre-Christian ages, he designates man as the "Microcosm," or epitome of the Universe, thereby anticipating one of the sublimest generalizations of modern science.

Agassiz, the leading naturalist of our day, but re-echoed the thought of Plato, when he said, "Creation expressed the same thought from the earliest ages, onward, to the coming of man, whose advent is already foretold on the first appearance of the earliest fishes."

For creation, from the first, has been in continued effort to put forth the human form. Mineral, vegetable and animal forms, nay, atmospheres, planets and suns, are nothing else than so many means and tendencies to man, of differing stages of his transit. He stands on the pyramid of being, linked with all below, as the form to which they all aspire. Man is the head and heart of nature. Creation is the coming and becoming of man. The world is, because he is. The reason of everything it contains is written in the book of human nature. He finds that reason physiologically in his body, and spiritually in his soul.

Man is the Presence before whom all limits disappear, the reservoir out of which wholeness and vitality well from perennial springs. He is the organism that thinks. Upon molecular life, which is the mineral, growth life, which is the vegetable, and instinctive life, which is the animal, is founded a life of life, which is mind. The face of man thus travels through the Universe, and love and intelligence look out from things with an infinite variety, according to their capacities. He cannot travel beyond himself, for the world is still within the compass of his being. The heights of Zion and the abyss of hell are within him, and he is a pipe that runs with every wine. The living Cayatides is he—the I Am, who not was, but is, in all things. There is a oneness of principle pervading life, which resolves itself into the omnipresence of man. The wise man recognizes his own species wherever life is seen; this is true to the very mire. Humanity enfolds everything and is all embracing. The advent of man is the Universe beckoning to the atom to come up among the stars.

"His eyes dismount the highest star;
He is, in little, all the spheres."

All lower things are mute predictions of man. The sap of the tree foretells his blood, and the hoof of the quadruped prefigures his hand. Prior to all worlds man is the oldest idea in the creation. Nothing was ever moulded into form that was not a prophecy of something to be afterwards unfolded in him. In him unite zoophyte and fish, monad and mammal, and he confesses this in bone and function. The mouse is his fellow creature. The worms are his poor relations. Nothing walks, or creeps, or grows which he has not been in turn. The rock is man stratified; the plant, man vegetating; the reptile, man wiggling and squirming; to-morrow it will fly, walk or swim; the day after it will wear a necktie or a bonnet.

Our Psyche fits on and wears each coat in Nature's wardrobe, before it assumes the human incarnation. Nature is in the ascensive mood. In her studio, the crystal tends to become an inflorescence. The fine floral activities, when freed from their leafy sheaths, collect to take on animal images, and the animal tends to the human image. The unconscious effort and aspiration of all lower life, is to reach the human organism, that is implicated in the germ, and prefigured in the primal atom. Man is thus a universal form from the complex of creation, and the cosmos crosses him by its lines through every nerve.

The human body feeds from, and is fed by, the whole of matter. The plant assimilates the mineral, the animal digests the plant, and all pass into man. Above the lowest nature each thing is eater and meat. In the snake all the organs lie sheathed; no hand, feet, fins or wings. In fish, bird and beast they are partly loosed and find some play. In man they are all freed, and full of action. The meanest animal does not stand isolated and forlorn. The brutes are kith and kin of those who rule over them. They are the steps of our ascending pathway through nature, and every lower form proffers its torch to light up some obscure chamber in the faculties of man. And the climb of creation is a constant one. Scales are converted into feathers, gills into lungs, fins into hands, matter into force, atoms to thought, dust to brain, sap to soul. The universe runs manward from its source. Humanity, by its principles, extends through the realms of beasts and fishes, herbs and stones, and even through winds and the fluid worlds. There is no escape anywhere from man. If we fly to the uttermost parts of the earth on the wings of the morning, if we ascend into heaven or make our bed in hades, still he is there.

Every madrepore and mollusk come to their meridian through him, and to him, their end, all things continually ascend. He is animated oxygen, breathing granite, living clay. The planet itself has passed into man as bread into his body. There is nothing but is related to us, tree, sea shell, or crystal, the running river or the rustling corn; the roots of all things are in man. "He was prefigured in the crystal and predicted in the plant. Prediction grew into prophecy in the reptile and bird. Prophecy became assurance in the ape. Assurance ripens into fulfillment in man." He is the high-water mark of nature's tide. She speaks her latest organic word in him. God willed the whole immensity of his creation into a single point; that point is mankind.

"Man doth usurp all space,
Stares thee in rock, bush, river, in the face.
'Tis no sea thou seest in the sea,
'Tis but a disguised humanity."

Science watches the monad through all his masks, and detects, through all the troops of organized forms, the eternal unity. All feet fit into that footstep, and all things have passed that way.

As man embodies nature, so does he reveal God, as the wave is a revelation of the sea. There is but one Man in cause, that One whom we term God; there is but one form of man, and that man the one mankind, grouped by families of races, throughout all spaces of the one immensity, and all linked in the chain of universal organic relations, without limit or end.

It was said, in the olden time, of the mythic Proteus that, to escape pursuit, he would assume all shapes. "First he became a lion with noble mane, then a dragon,

and a leopard, and a great bear; and then he became liquid water and a lofty leaved tree." By Proteus the ancients symbolized man; for he is not only man; he is all things—every part of the universe in turn, as we change our point of view. Through him the very trees are not inanimate, nor the beasts without progress, but they breathe and walk after man down the line of ages, as after Orpheus in the days of old.

Plato had learned in Egypt that nature is all one piece. It is unity expressed in variety. All her wardrobe is cut from one cloth. Rock, plant, animal and man have the same life, differing only in degree. Life belongs to the mineral as truly, though not as distinctly, as to the higher form.

The lily has its degree of intelligence, for intelligence is as common as air, only some forms of life have more of it than others. The ant reasons and plans; therefore he thinks. There are electricities that think and feel. Spirit precedes time and space, builds its own structure, and makes its own environment. The unity is so unbroken that the merest gnat carries on his back the key to the Universe. Life, traced to its lowest terms, always discloses unity; whether in the stone, the cloud, the growing tree, a herd of animals or a host of men, it is the same gift. The universe is a single, unbroken expression of that unity. The silvery sparkler Venus is but a ball of dirt like our own globe. The sun has no fuel that the earth cannot duplicate; nor can Sirius or Jupiter impose upon us with any airs of superiority.

A drop of maple syrup and a drop of human blood have their origin in the same corpuscle. The fungus and the oak on which it grows, the animalcule and the scientist who studies it, are alike one. The slime pushes up into the lily; the dung heap is transformed into the grape vine; from the refuse of the sink and the sewer, come the tint of the pink and the odor of the rose. Filth and fertility are the same word. So we climb the creative ladder from weed to man.

And more or less bulk signifies nothing. The earth is but an astral atom. The atom may contain a globe. Infinitesimals are as huge as infinities. The world is wrapped up in the particle. The drop balances the sea. The sand grain is a master piece like the sun; the mite is mighty; and the mouse miraculous. The azure vault is but a floating islet of sun crystals and star crystals, knit together by the same chemic law that binds the grains of the pebble. In every cobweb there is room for a planet. Through the egg and the orb stream the same laws, and the blood-globules in our veins dance to the same tune as asteroid and star.

"'Tis from the world of little things
The ever-greatening Cosmos wings.
The heaving earth, its rounded sphere,
Began between a smile and a tear."

Smallest and greatest are wedded in nature; tied together by the thread of relation. For the universe is one; there is nothing outside it; it has no outside, and in its unity all is taken up. Every leaf on the maple, every swallow in the air, is cousin and kinsman to the whole structure of life. From one minute cell another proceeds; from these, others; and the result is a blade of grass, a lily, an oak, a pole cat or a poet. From the cell come the fields, the forests, the animals, and the structure of man. But the whole universe becomes a party to this simple act of cell growth. Before the rose can flower, or the daisy bloom, the sun and earth are

needed, with every golden ball in the sky. Cosmic unity runs on the broad roadway of law through all the worlds.

Humanity was strictly implicated in the primal atom, imaged on the protoplasm and inter-twined with the whole chain of organic and inorganic being. In man is the first principle of the seed of all living things. He is rich with infinitesimal creations, and gay with every psychical bloom of mineral and metal, animal and plant. As, in the old world, all roads lead to Rome, so, from every object in nature go highways to man. He is the root and fibre whose bloom and fruitage are the world, and each thread in the web of universal being has its end in man's heart and brain. His faculties refer to natures out of him, and reveal the lower kingdoms through which he has arisen, even as the fins of the fish tell of water, or the wings of the eagle presuppose air. Step by step, through ages measureless by time, from particle and spicula, from cell and protoplasm, from plant, polyp and quadruman, have we scaled creation's altar stairs!

We come, we go, through many cycles of successive births. Note the clear witness that nature gives of this grand truth, in our prenatal experience. The microcosm of the individual repeats to us, in little, the macrocosm of the race. In the gestative periods previous to birth, the forming human being runs rapidly through the whole gamut of changes that his ancestors underwent in their progress up the zoological ladder. He passes through the several stages of cell, leaf, egg, worm, reptile, serpent, fish including gills, quadruped including tail, till he reaches the full human development. Thus, as the embryo man, he re-enacts the world-code, he epitomizes the history of the evolution of the race, and his growth in the womb is a condensed repetition of the process by which, through the long ages, the human family came into the life of the world. In each germinal dot of human being blooms afresh the life of the race; the germ goes through the same round as the species, and the life of the babe has repeated the evolutionary experience of mankind.

Humanity is builded on the kingdoms below, as coral isles and continents rise into the red light of the sun from their subterranean basis: "Could we," said a great seer, "see a globule of our blood with a fine enough eye for character, we should find it was a chip of the old block, and inherited from hydatids and zoophytes." The vitals of man run through the world by permission from all natures, and his body is reared from the marrows and backbones of all below. — Plant and tree, dove and butterfly, rotifer and mammifer, are but so many stages and breathing places of the psychical essence on its lengthened way to man. The psyche is present even in the lowest forms. It exists, but for want of fitting organs, it is too feeble to be perceived by our faculties, and increase in mind-force only takes place with increase of organization. The pebble climbs to a rose, and the rose to a soul. Nature spent upon his sacred form all the treasures which she had amassed during previous millenniums. After her strata went to compose him, all her prior races, from coral and infusoria, found their ripening in him. Fish, fossil and fungus have worked for him, and he enters into their labors. The universe itself is but a grand road for the progression of souls.

In nature, the stone can never become a plant, but at

a certain period in the planet's evolution, the plant grew out of the stone. Life is an evolution of recipient forms one after another, while each such life is sustained by momentary out-pourings from the creative urn. Nature contains the forms and seeds of all life in potency, and brings them forth in orderly time, evolving these forms from protoplasm to man. In this way the primal slime becomes life, becomes fish, bird, mammal, man, philosopher; but all this life flows from the divine life, through every ancestral link, and is God's, not man's really, from end to end. Nature streams perpetually from God; every atom even of her chaos is penetrated by an adequate mind; every granule is impelled and winged. Life which is molecular in the mineral, growth in the plant, motion in the animal and consciousness in the man, has grown from more to more. The potential soul has climbed from worm to seer, through planet-haze and lambent globe, through leaf and bud, from chaos to the dawning morrow. This world energy has moved through all things; this universe-power, this God-force that in us wells up as consciousness, as will, as love, is the same force by which the worlds were made. We and the divine onworking energy of the spheres are one. The great call toward perfection which vibrates in man's soul is the same as the impetus with which the entirety of nature swings forward toward completed being. The creation is uni-verse—turned into one, and forever thrilled through and through by the God.

E. M. W.

[To be continued.]

WIRELESS TELEPHONE IS PROVED POSSIBLE.

Minneapolis, Dec. 15.—Telephoning without wires was given a most rigid test to-day and was successful in the face of adverse conditions. Men talked across the Mississippi river, a distance of more than 1,000 feet, despite a cutting wind and extremely cold weather, two factors operating against success. The fact that the experiment was successful in the face of obstacles makes it clear that a revolution in the present methods is not far distant.

The experiment can hardly be called wireless telephony, for it is necessary to use some wire and the ordinary transmitters and receivers. Lengths of wire—150 feet—were stretched on each side of the river, and to these were attached the transmitters and receivers. The voice vibrations on one wire were carried across and registered upon the other.

Toward the close of the experiments the cold seriously interfered with the diaphragms in the transmitters, causing by the moisture from the breath freezing them and stiffening them to such an extent that a fire had to be built to thaw them out. After that they worked less successfully than in the beginning.

Along the banks of the river and for some distance out into the stream there was thick ice, which proved particularly favorable to the laying of the wires.

After the apparatus was erected, a test reading with a volt meter was made, and it looked rather dark for the results, as it registered an induction of half a volt.

Where the current came from that caused this induction is hard to tell. The inter-urban line crosses the river about half a mile above the Franklin bridge, and as a very high voltage is used on that road it is possible that the current came from that part of the road.

Under ordinary circumstances this half a volt of induction would have proven a drawback to the successful outcome of the experiment, but in spite of it the sound was easily and clearly transmitted, showing the possibilities of the system under more favorable circumstances.

The first experiment was tried with five volts. Here another problem presented itself, but could not be solved. The sound of the voice could be distinctly heard, and still it was impossible to catch the words.

Later on, without any change being made in the apparatus, the words could be as distinctly understood as over regulation wire telephone, and this was again followed by the muffled and indistinct sounds of the voice. At one time it was easy to identify the person talking by the tone of the voice, and his words were unusually clear.

Other batteries were then attached, five at a time, finally cutting in twenty volts on one end of the line, with five on the other. The operator at the five-volt end not only could understand what was being said to him, but could hear others talking on the bank of the river near the transmitter.

About that time the moisture in the diaphragms began to freeze, and while they were being thawed out it is likely the water ran into other parts of the receiver and froze again, as nothing but the sound of the voice could be distinguished afterward.

The lack of delicate instruments to take figures that would form a working basis for future experiments was keenly felt, considering the success of test, although the weather was not likely to make anyone feel like taking the readings.

The experiments will be continued Monday, when the best known apparatus will be on hand to take exact reading under the conditions as they arise. The volt meter in to-day's test at one time showed a reading of sixteen while the sounds were being transmitted. Professor Shepard of the State University, with his best apparatus and a class of students in physics, will make the readings at the Monday test, and these are expected to furnish the basis to figure on for a greater test of eight miles, which it is proposed to make when spring comes.—*Denver Post*.

ABORIGINAL LONGEVITY.

A remarkable case of longevity recently came to light by the death of Augustine, chief of the tribe of Sequoia Indians, in San Diego County, California. He died at the ripe age of 133 having ruled the tribe for over one hundred years, and had never been incapacitated by sickness for more than one day at a time. This latter circumstance is even more startling than the fact of his extreme age. Evidently the strenuous life of the savage is not so destructive of vitality as we have been led to believe; or (dare we say it) was the absence of drug stores, and the modern medical practitioner, the factors in the case? We have recently had a Hundred Year Club established in New York City, but it would be safe to wager a considerable sum of money that in spite of all the advantages at their command, not more than two per cent. of its long roll of members will ever reach the century mark. Is civilization inferior to savagery?—*Health*.

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MAY WIN BACK FLIGHT OF TIME.

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But I can tell him that his ideas about the matter, as stated in the above article from *The Chicago Tribune* are "rot," every one of them. The conquest of death is a possible matter, as I know and am proving, but the right method of it is by the road of higher and more

[It seems that I was mistaken in something I said about Harry Gaze in a previous issue of FREEDOM. I can't recall what it was, and have no copy of the paper at hand. But I don't wish to do him injustice and I don't intend to; therefore, I submit his letter on this

THE WASTE-PAPER BASKET.

Surely, I ought not to complain of a lack of material to fill the Waste-Paper Basket this week. It has been quite an eventful week for us. We have had a course of lectures from Dr. James Mills of Chicago. He and his wife—Mrs. Anna Mills—have been with us more than a week, and promise to remain longer. Whether we are to hear Anna Mills lecture is uncertain; every one knows her power as a teacher. I have heard it said that she is the finer speaker of the two. But it chanced that he was the first one invited to give a course of lectures, and the students are so delighted with him that they do not seem to know that there are other able-bodied (or able-brained) lecturers besides him; so he has the field. And their time is limited; they have their tickets for California and must go away very soon.

But they can never complain of their reception here. Half of the guests in the hotel, and many other persons outside, are members of the class; and these members are deeply appreciative of them. We listen to the doctor's fine flow of ideas night after night with unflagging interest; we meet Mrs. Mills often and are held by the witchery of her conversational powers and fine manner; so for my part it is hard to stick to my work on the paper.

The doctor and Anna Mills have but recently returned from a five-year tour in foreign countries; they have measured the claims of occult thought and have found out its weakness, and at least a part of its fraudulency.

I have long believed that the Oriental wisdom was—with some exceptions—made up of ignorance and charlatanism. I believe in the manifestation of personality; that is, the showing of thought through a person's body, and I could not reconcile it with my ideas of the oneness of mind and matter to believe that those dark, repulsive specimens of humanity across the ocean could produce the intelligent ideas that the handsomest nations under the sun could. If external beauty is going to mean anything under the new dispensation it will mean *the measure of intelligence*.

The fixed type of many of the Oriental countries, a type of permanence and unchangeableness, indicates the type of mentality that has produced it.

I don't want to be understood as making a sweeping charge against the personal appearance of all the dark nationalities. I have seen splendid men from over there, who were actually marvels of beauty, and who were finely educated, not only in their national thought, but in the modern school, and whose large brains had sifted the whole world of ideas. But these men did not endorse the system of fanaticism which prevails in their country any more than I do. They were men of to-day.

Dr. Mills and Anna (I love to call her Anna, she is so sweet) have become thoroughly acquainted with much more concerning foreign ideas than the books tell, and their talk on what they have seen and their deductions from it, make them wonderfully entertaining as companions. They are going to locate somewhere in California, and right fortunate will the city be that gets them. I bespeak for them the most generous welcome my friends can give.

If I am asked whether I endorse all their opinions, I must answer that their opinions are their own, and mine

are my own; but this I will say, that I got many a valuable suggestion, many a stimulant to fresh thought and effort, from them, and their visit to me has been a lovely experience.

Here is the cunningest little poem that some person sent me in a letter to-day. We had a sort of old-fashioned class meeting this evening and I read it out loud. It is by Ruth McEnery Stuart, and was cut from the *St. Nicholas*:

DADDY DO-FUNNY.

"Ole Daddy Do-funny,
How you come on?"

"Po'ly, thank Gord, honey,
Po'ly dis morn.

My ole spine it's sort o' stiff,
An' my arms dey 'ruse to lif',
An' de mizry's in my breas',
An' I got the heart-distress,
An' de growin' pains dey lingers
In my knee-jints an' my fingers,
But I'm well, praise God, dis mornin'."

"Ole Daddy Do-funny,
What eayus talk!
How is you well, when you
Can't even walk?"

"Hush, you foolish chillen, hush!
What's dat singin' in de brush?
Ain't dat yonder blue de sky?
Fiel de cool breeze passin' by!
Dis ole painful back an' knee,
Laws-a-mussy, dey ain't me,
An' I'm well, praise God, dis mornin'."

We have had no cold weather yet. It seems as if we ought to be gardening; the lawns are so green; the orange trees are hanging full of golden balls. A neighbor of ours has just sold his oranges on the tree for forty cents a dozen. This is a large price, but they are large oranges, and I expect some of the hotels bought them; probably they are not to be shipped.

It is not too late yet for a frost, but I don't expect one. Many persons here have protected their trees at a heavy expense. They have regularly built a cloth house over each separate tree. Some of these muslin or canvas houses are quite large, as they necessarily must be in order to cover trees the size of an ordinary peach or apple tree. Our own trees are hanging full of the lovely fruit which we are saving for the northern guests to pick for themselves, as they like to say, when they go home, "We gathered oranges from the tree and ate them fresh in the grove."

There is a great difference between these fresh oranges and those that one buys in the northern markets.

But patients are coming in and I must close. H. W.

A GOOD THING.

We have a pamphlet explanatory of the Mental Science method of healing which is sent free to all who want it. It is called "The Highest Power of All." Address FREEDOM, Sea Breeze, Florida.

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ON THE ROAD.

A VISIT TO POINT LOMA.

BY CHARLES F. BURGMAN.

Before starting on my journey from Sea Breeze to the Pacific coast, I wrote to Dr. A. of San Francisco, a personal friend of twenty years' standing; not only an excellent physician of wide reputation and large practice, but also a man of broad humanitarian impulses, a friend of the poor, the weak, the exploited, the helpless; a man who stands for purity and nobility, not only in private and personal conduct, but in public affairs, national and municipal as well. In the years gone by we were much together through mutual study and investigations—searching after truth in the domain of things material and spiritual. During the eighties we drifted into the study of Theosophy, for the teachings of which both of us developed a profound reverence. We became charter members of the San Francisco branch of the Theosophical Society, then under the leadership of Colonel Olcott and H. P. Blavatsky, and I still cherish the bit of paper which certifies to my former membership with the names of these two great leaders attached to it. Both of the San Francisco branches flourished, with commodious headquarters and

a well stocked establishment near the city hall. An able lecturer was placed in the field, who, for several years, traveled in the interest of the society, and established branches. Colonel Olcott, W. Q. Judge, Annie Besant and other noted teachers came to San Francisco and lectured before large and interested audiences, and Theosophy developed a steady growth and rivited public attention. Then came the death of Blavatsky; later her successor, Wm. Q. Judge, passed to the great beyond and was succeeded by Annie Besant. Colonel Olcott retired from active participation in the affairs of the society, and later the movement experienced that singular division, which, for virulent bitterness between the factional leaders, can only find its counterpart among the low-browed politicians of rival ward organizations.

Some time before these events took place I had tired of the metaphysical subtleties into which the society had been drifting; business reverses overtook me which compelled me to cut expenditures in every direction, and my contributions to the Theosophical lecture fund ceased with my contributions to other movements, and with them ceased my active participation and membership, but never my lively interest and sympathy.

Well—the foregoing is a rather lengthy introductory to my visit to Point Loma. My interest in the Theosophical movement induced me to ask my friend, Dr. A. of San Francisco, for a letter of introduction to Mrs. Catherine A. Tingley. While giving of my stock of gathered facts and knowledge to the public I was not averse to receiving some advise, new facts and knowledge myself from those in position to impart them. Mrs. Tingley, as the head, centre and circumference of the Universal Brotherhood, established to, among other objects, “investigate the laws of nature and the divine powers in man,” would not hesitate to help an humble worker in the cause of human advancement, by giving such guidance and advice, if sought for, as would be helpful to him in his work and beneficial to those who might become listeners at his meetings. I was in serious earnestness about this matter. If the “masters” stood back of Mrs. Tingley, and she possessed the imparted knowledge and power of the “masters,” she would certainly understand the motive of my visit.

Dr. A. stated that he would be at Point Loma about the time I was scheduled to be in San Diego and would remain for several weeks, and he could, without doubt, arrange for me an audience with Mrs. Tingley. After arriving at San Diego I inquired by telephone if Dr. A. had arrived at the headquarters of the Universal Brotherhood at Point Loma.

“Yes,” came the answer, “he has.”

“Will you please inform him that his friend, Mr. B., is in San Diego, and to “call him up” for an appointment to meet him at headquarters?”

“Yes sir.”

The appointment was never arranged. I did not meet my friend at Point Loma. After several further inquiries during the lapse of several days I was informed that he has left for San Francisco. In reply to my question why he had not been informed of my presence, in San Diego, and my stated desire to meet him at Point Loma—I was told that he had not returned to headquarters.

I inquired then if Mrs. Tingley was at headquarters

and if it was possible for me to have an audience with her. The voice of the woman at the other end of the line, which had been clear and strong in answering, now indicated a strangely disturbed and agitated mental condition when the answer to this question came.

"I do not know; you had better talk with Mr. Fusell, Mrs. Tingley's private secretary."

Mr. Fusell's voice came over the "phone" shortly, and after explaining to him who I was and the purpose of my desire to visit Point Loma, he persuaded me with all the subtleties of indirection not to come to Point Loma on the proposed errand. He would not agree to meet me—they were all very busy. Mrs. Tingley could not be interviewed. There was nothing of interest to me to be seen at Point Loma; the buildings and grounds, etc., were all in an unfinished state, etc. To all of which I replied that I had journeyed over three thousand miles of distance, had my mind settled on a visit to Point Loma and the headquarters of the Universal Brotherhood, offshoot of the Theosophical Society, and as strangers were really permitted to visit the grounds I would certainly avail myself of the opportunity to take a view of that in which all the new thought people of the world were interested.

My friend and guide, Mr. J. N. Bunch, engaged a carriage in consequence. "They are a queer crowd over there," he said, "and I am somewhat interested in the outcome of this trip." When we started on our journey one of the horses displayed strong signs of obstreperousness and lack of training, and I persuaded Mr. Bunch to make a change in the team, as I saw trouble ahead. I served five years in the cavalry, on the border lines of the great West, and feel perfectly at home in the saddle, but do not like to take chances behind the heels of a kicking horse, three thousand miles from home and with lecture appointments to meet—even if I am a disciple of Mental Science. All we could exchange our team for was a buggy with a powerful but shaggy-looking horse attached to it, who proved, however, a fine traveler and never budged an inch out of his course when the Santa Fe train sped past us a few yards distant, at the rate of sixty miles an hour.

The distance to Point Loma from San Diego in an air line is three miles; the road, however, following the swinging curvature of the beautiful bay, stretches the distance of travel into eight miles or more. The road, elevated above the surrounding soggy lowlands in some places, is hard and compact; in other places is soft, sandy and dusty, the wheels sinking at times six inches into the softly yielding sand, which the wind takes up and pours over your clothing. We were crossing a veritable miniature desert to reach the promised land. On a rising grade the road wound through little gravelly hills and finally the homestead of the Brotherhood came into plain view. As we drove into the spacious grounds and near to the main building, a half-witted individual wearing a cork hat and Khaki leggings, with a star on his coat and swinging a policeman's club in his right hand came over and inquired for the reason of our presence. I handed him my card requesting that he present it to Mr. Fusell.

While awaiting Mr. Fusell's arrival I stepped out of the buggy and walked up to the steps leading to the "Headquarters of the world's center of the Universal

Brotherhood organization." The site chosen is certainly superb. Located on a point of land from four to five hundred feet above the bay and the ocean, the eye has a clear sweep over the calm blue waters of the bay, Coronado Island, the city of San Diego and the mountain ranges stretching north and south until their undulating lines fade into the hazy distance of the border line of Mexico. To the rear, calm and majestic, stretches the mighty Pacific which separates the restless, virulent western races of the Teutonic, and Anglo-Saxon branch of the Arian stock, from the calmly resting Malay, Mongolian and Hindoo races of the Oriental world.

Shortly Mr. Fusell descended the steps; he corresponded to the mental picture I had formed of him—tall, well proportioned, olive complexion, smooth of face and ranging between twenty-six to thirty years in age. We took each other's measurement during the brief interval of his approach; he halted and stepped forward; I reached out my hand, which he took hesitatingly.

"You are an Englishman, Mr. Fusell," I said.

"Yes, sir."

"It may seem strange, but you appear just as I pictured you when you talked to me over the telephone."

"Do I?"

"Yes."

"What can I do for you?"

"Why, was not Dr. A. informed of my presence in San Diego, and my desire to meet him here?"

"We were too busy to trace Dr. A's movements and whereabouts."

"Is Mrs. Tingley at the homestead?"

"Yes"

"Could I have an interview of a few minutes duration with Mrs. Tingley?"

"No, sir."

"Why not?"

"Mrs. Tingley is busy; besides this, according to your admission, you permitted your membership in the society to lapse and many members high in the standing of the society, who, have traveled thousands of miles to see Mrs. Tingley, are not granted that privilege."

"Indeed?"

"Again, we give no encouragement to visits from those who employ spiritual gifts for gain."

"Please explain yourself."

"I mean what I say."

"I do not quite understand the meaning of your words—if you apply them personally to me—permit me to say that the result of my study and work is given to the people without charge, and that the expense of my travels is borne by those who have encouraged me at home to undertake this journey. If you have reference to Helen Wilmans and her associates, I want to reply that we are doing exactly what Mrs. Tingley and her associates are doing—putting thought into books, magazines and periodicals and selling them to those who desire them at a fair compensation.

[To be continued.]

A belief differs from a thought only in the matter of fixedness; a thought is a transient thing unless it becomes fixed in a belief, and then it is more permanent and therefore more apparent: it is a fraction of the Law of Being in more decided objectivity than a mere passing thought.

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

Helen Wilmans.

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