

# 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.

### A Reply to Charles Willing Beale.

The article in No. 27 of FREEDOM, entitled "Reincarnation," by Mr. Beale, is of itself evidence of the writer's non-acquaintance with the fundamental teachings of Theosophy. Mr. Beale admits that the soul evolves, yet he seems not to realize that there must be ways and means whereby it evolves.

The word desire is inserted unremittingly, and is left to explain by its constant recurrence the process of evolution.

Now, this is like making the statement that the man grows, and expecting us to understand how he grows by saying he desires to; when this very desire is largely upon the unconscious plane, or, at least, furthered by the subconscious faculties, and does not explain the process of growth any more than the word desire explains the process of evolution.

While we admit desire to be the motor power in every thing, it does not explain away the fact of reincarnation being a step in the process of evolution; and while I am a Mental Scientist, I am a Theosophist also, and find nothing so conflicting but that a broader knowledge of both will conciliate the two. Mental Science is the art of Theosophy or its practicability; and while Theosophy teaches that the Ego has reincarnated, and does reincarnate, it does not teach that it always will, but rather that there is a limit to reincarnation.

The writer of the article in question admits that the Ego has come up through the mineral, vegetable and animal kingdoms. Very well, Mr. Beale, how has it come on through all these stages, if not by reincarnating and building higher organisms, and upon each of such reincarnations bringing with it a higher state of consciousness; and if the Ego, or monad, reincarnates innumerable times upon the lower planes, why not continue to do so as long as the desire lasts; for desire, we agree, brings it back? The mind, slight as it may be, is supreme; no controversy there; and the main point of difference is that Mr. Beale seems not to know that Theosophy teaches that desire causes the Ego to reincarnate.

It is through the assimilation of our life experiences that we evolve. "The principle of growth is expressed in external substances;" or, in my own way of putting it, we live only upon the plane of externality. All other states and stages are but conditions wherein assimilation takes place, and we can only remain off this plane of manifestation while we are assimilating our experiences, our life work. There is simply nothing for us to do after this, and hence it would not be heaven

for us to remain. Consequently, we have returned time and again after our stay in Devachan, which was long or short according to the amount of experience we had in store. The desires we project here ripen into faculties there; and after a period of ten or fifteen hundred years, we return propelled by the desire to externalize, to manifest. It is this desire which keeps the race of man upon earth at all; and it is this which has lengthened the period of life between the vegetable and the animal, and between the animal and mankind; and it is this desire to externalize which will continue to lengthen the years of the human race.

The Ego does not return to act through channels of worn out energies, as Mr. Beale declares; but, rather, it finds an advanced condition, wherein it may manifest the desires which have ripened into faculties, and which now make the genius of our time. The world has not stood still, while we were getting ready to put our new play "upon the boards." No; other Egos have been in evidence, and have been manifesting their knowledge gained from the assimilation of experience while out of the arena. No, evolution does not cease; for the Ego, after strengthening its individuality for a thousand years, returns to constitute the living personalities of the incoming age.

We have called them dead; but not so. Nor are they living; but, rather, are they as the flower after its period of blooming; they are ripening. All outward activities have ceased; the withered petals, which they could nourish no longer, have fallen; the seeds are being gathered within the inner and most delicate coverings that can be fabricated from their life upon the plane of externality. The Ego yields up the personality—the body—through lack of knowledge to retain it. We do not "launch upon a higher plane," nor, as Mr. Beale affirms, "come into the realization of powers quite unknown;" but rather we are at an entire disadvantage in losing all that which we have been familiar with, and there is nothing then for us—the Ego—to do but to accept the inevitable, and make the best of what has been done. For the hereafter gives us no chance to right anything. We have made our Karmic record, and can only deal with results, until we desire to live again.

In all that Mr. Beale says, he demonstrates a belief in reincarnation, and in conclusion says, "Why should not our new-born babes be travelers arrived from planes of existence just one step beneath our own?"

Now, this is as Theosophy teaches, except that it does not place the evolution of form above the evolved Ego, as would be the case in Mr. Beale's thesis. He would have a form grown some how, and grown in ad-

vance of the soul which is to inhabit it, for he proposes to have the Ego come up from a lower plane of existence.

If we are to believe in reincarnation at all, let us, at least, admit the potentialities of the Ego, and not place it below the plane of externality, where it would be impossible for it to evolve higher types of organism, which is universally conceded to be brought about by the high potentialities of the soul seeking expression.

During the eons of time when the process of involution was going on, the monadic life was under the complete control of environment. Its sheaths grew denser, until it reached the densest state; and it is now but scientific to affirm that eons of time must have passed ere the Ego gained even its present dominion, although we are as yet but in the transitional stage where consciousness has dawned barely enough to catch faint glimmerings of the wonderful potentialities of the Ego. As it has evolved—this involved Ego—it has been unable—through its involved condition—to control its environment enough to maintain an organism of continuous growth; hence, the change in organisms, the reincarnations upon the lower planes, which Mr. Beale admits, and which is generally allowed.

Now, I maintain that if this be admissible—which I believe to be a clearly demonstrated truth—then reincarnation at the present time is a scientific fact; since none will contend that the Ego has complete control, as yet, of its environments, and which control must be reached ere reincarnation can cease; for the era of evolution is at hand, and it is as absolute in its sway as was that of involution, where spirit, unindividualized, yielded to environment.

The round of evolution, I say, is at hand, and the Ego will continue changing organisms until its full potentialities are expressed; then we will be "as one of the gods." This is the abstract truth, as I believe Theosophy teaches, although uncouthly put and devoid of the usual conventionalities used in expressing the mythical attributes of the soul.

It is true that at first glance reincarnation is repulsive; for we think we will never desire to return, that we will wish to continue our progress upon another plane or in another world where we might be free from the hamperings of materiality. This very thing we do, my friends; we continue to live upon another plane, and in another world, just as long as we can—until we have exhausted our powers to continue that existence. We maintain our spiritual bodies—which differ according to the plane we are for the time functioning upon—until we are obliged, through lack of wisdom, to yield them up; just as we have had to do upon this plane. We continue in our ripening there as we have continued in our growing here, just as long as we have anything to ripen; and through a total lack of resources there, the same as here, do we desire change.

Bear in mind that it is through our inability, our lack of wisdom there, as here, which makes the change imperative. We simply exhaust our resources on that line, and drift in the course of least resistance. And now since lengthened lives is clearly traceable from the vegetable kingdom to the animal, and from the animal to man, why may we not believe that the Ego will in time be able to maintain its control over environment indefinitely, and through the wisdom of cumulating experience ripen its Karma here, making of this world Devachan.

MRS. N. A. DOUGLASS.

### SOME "WHY NOTS" ON REINCARNATION.

Considered as a principle, it seems to me that Charles Willing Beale is right in saying that reincarnation is inconsistent with the teaching of Mental Science; but why consider it as a principle?

That a man should be compelled to return to earth and live his troubles over, is undoubtedly, an abhorrent thought; but is the thought that a man must grow old and die any less abhorrent?

I think the writer we are criticizing has too much of the old theological idea that death is a great gain.

If we make such an evolutionary stride by dying, why seek to overcome death? Rather let us help the good work on; but if death is the result of ignorance, why not consider reincarnation in the same light?

Ignorance, sickness, death, reincarnation—orderly steps, it seems to me—reincarnation being the result of death, as death is of sickness, generally speaking.

And now to what our friend calls the "weak place" in the doctrine of reincarnation.

It may be contrary to evolution, Mental Science and everything else, but the fact remains that people do desire to go backward. No one will deny that a man or a woman has advanced in development far beyond a child; and yet, one going much where grown people and children congregate, will hear the maturer ones so often express the desire to be back in childhood, that he will become convinced that that desire is an undercurrent in human nature. Why even Mrs. Wilmans, in one of her articles, records herself as saying to one of the children, "I wish I were back where you are."

Few, if any, will express themselves willing to take life over exactly as they have known it. They want to take some of their maturer judgment and experience back with them. Life, so far, has proved a failure. Not in spite of this fact, but because of it, we all want to try again.

How often do we hear people say, "If I only had such and such a chance over again!"

Everybody is convinced, that—even under the same circumstances—they could do better next time.

Through childhood we reach forward to grown-uphood, but when we get there it is a disappointment. Then we look forward to middle age, when we shall be developed and full of power and plenty. Having attained it, that, too, proves empty; and as we contemplate the horror of old age our despair is lightened by the thought that, at least, there we will find peace—all passions and desires being dead.

But old age, too, is flat, stale and unprofitable. So we make up our minds that we want a better world than this, and believing we will find it beyond the grave, we die.

Now, suppose, having died, we find the state after death as disappointing as the rest. The failure is complete. What is the next step? Reaction. We want to begin at the beginning, and do it all over again.

Of course, we want to do it better than we previously did; and who shall say we cannot? Perhaps we do take some of our experience and judgment back with us, and that our next life is fuller, broader, higher and longer than the last; and that gradually the world becomes more civilized, more cultured, more humane and wiser, until eventually death is no more, and reincarnation shares its fate.

If death is a bad habit, then reincarnation is also. To my mind, the latter is much less opposed to evolution than the former, the difference being that we are obliged to deal with one, while we can conveniently let the other go for a time.

M. S. RODEFER.

## PROTEUS.

(Continued from last issue.)

Man is a true Joshua, who bridles the sun, and curbs the moon. He has the planet for his pedestal. His brain is a magnet running out threads of relation through every clod and stone, acid and atom. The gases gather to compose his form, and the winds hold him in solution. Said a great teacher, "He knows of ox, mastodon and plant, because he has just come out of them, and part of the eggshell still adheres. The plowman, the plow and the furrow are all of one stuff."

"Shakespeare existed in potency in the sun," said Tyndall. It is true; man has travelled on the protoplasmic railroad, over all chasms and up all gradients, from microbes to savants. Nature is filled to the very feet with the inflowing purposes of man. It is a universe of man and of nothing but man; its arteries and veins from cell to soul run with humanity. He is the principle from which all derivations flow, and the world is the logic of which he is the Logos. He did not begin his existence with the organic birth. Innumerable were his successive births, and lives and deaths before; for he has previously existed in every type and form from chaos to mammal. Every step he takes is locked with the last and the next. The promise and potency of all life is in the small dust of the balance. The ends of the earth are brought together, to be built into the temple of his body. His fingers are finer than tact. He feeds on time which feeds on all other things. Space and matter, irrespective of him, are so flimsy that thought goes through them as if there was nothing there. Time is not heard unless ticking in ourselves. The earth itself is co-ordinate with man, and in its own remoteness, human. All things are in the effort and throes to be promoted into man. He passes through the fingers of every herb and growing thing, and is enriched by each. He drinks the atmosphere with the planet dissolved in it. In the stone or the plant is the psyche first imprisoned that, later on, is to resound through history, and push the nations to their goal. In every form alike the eternal God-seed comes and goes. It is germed in the earthly stone, and involved, bedecked, from all the shapes that in her kingdom dwell.

"Cocks crow, hens cackle, round the psyche-shell:  
Lambs bleat, wolves howl, the fierce, wild instincts play."

Humanity is the sun and sum of creation. There is nothing in the world but continuous man. He is the summit and measure of nature. The planet is patterned on him. His body epitomizes every earthly form and structure; his mind is instinct and brute intelligence ennobled and winged. The globe, from its first twirl in space, is nothing but man. The human idea was the purport and destiny of all animate life. The spirit of man is the inmost of it all. That spirit began with slender pulsation in the first feeble formations making their faint gestures of life. When spirit thus expressing itself in all material forms, arrives at a structure in which it becomes self-conscious, man enters the universe. With his advent, impulse ascends to reason, instinct blossoms into insight, longing expands into effort, providence is transmuted into perception, and blind vitality into moral choice.

Everything in nature points, like the old signs of the Zodiac, to some part of the human body; for man is the summing up of things. He is related to the furthest star. He is the builded and quickened aroma of the universe. He is the rhythm of the great Maker's plans. He is the central yolk of the world egg, receiving and transmitting the rush of destiny. The sun and moon stand in the sky for him. For him the nebula cohered to an orb, and the long, slow strata piled and slept. For him the globe lay preparing millions of years with out animal or plant. For him are the upward and downward sun, and the ceaseless tides of the air. The stars moved aside in their rings to make room for him. Through all the chaos of the beginning his tender psyche passed, taking no harm from the firey gases. Vast

vegetables clothed his germ; monstrous mammoths with care sheathed it in their hearts. All mundane forces conspired to complete him, till he stands at the appointed rendezvous—a soul ruling the world.

Nature is an outgrowth from him, and takes color and expression. Lands, seas and atmospheres are his sheddings. Mollusk, Sauroid and Pachyderm are his heralds, going before the king to prepare his way and make his path straight. Not a breeze blows, not a wave beats, not an atom stirs on the most distant star, but the movement enters his body. Not a stone, or a plant, or a living creature, but carries his heart thread into his loom, there to be wound up into human nature, and thenceforth to follow his lead.

Emerson says: "The divine forces were forming man in the gaseous chaos of the beginning, ere matter had rounded itself into light-giving orbs, or whirled off its rotating and balanced suns. Each particle of oxygen, each atom of lime, waited for him, ready to obey his thought. The earth, the water and the air worked for him. The frost and the glaciers were his plows. The gases massed themselves into huge mountain chains to serve his turn, and when in the great day of creation, the hour for humanity struck at last, upon this crust of soil which the ages, and seasons, and forces had refined, man, the microcosm, is placed to govern matter as the vehicle of power higher than its own, and as the organ of the reason that made the world."

"The struggle for existence' appropriately expresses much; because it brings before the mind, in a vivid sort of a way, some of the simplest possible circumstances connected with it. When a struggle is intense, there must be some who are sure to be trodden down, crushed and overpowered by others; and there will be some who just manage to get through only by the help of the lightest accident."

In the primal medley, or in chaos, so to speak, creator and creature, God and man, are mingled and undistinguishable. All things are confusedly blent. It is a pot pourri. The entire scope of evolution is to reduce this chaos to order; to lift this mute, melancholy and prostrate universe into human personality. Mineral life is the first step toward this end. It is the arrest of chaos. It is the "I" getting into position for its experience of growth in the vegetable forms, motion in the animal, and action in the human form. The mineral marks the initial movement of the "me" getting its rudimentary body, and protesting against the community of chaos. Did the "I" not first wear this lowest form of resistance, it would never flower forth in the after and higher evolutions. Vegetable growth, animal motion, human individuality but record the successive steps of triumph of that initial protest.

It was said at the beginning of this paper, that the wiser ancients knew and taught that man was nature's microcosm. They also knew the law of evolution, which Darwin has but restated. They knew, for instance, that the idea, or psyche, or linear outline of man was latent in the horse, and was preparing for evolution. From this comes the myth of the Centaurs. It is a parable of evolution. So the mermaid, the syren, the sphynx and other supposed fables of the old pagan mythos, are similar parables.

Man is the midgard serpent in whom ends and beginnings meet, and who hoops the whole world round; and he is not only the rim and circumference of nature, but he is a spiritual world also, and a set of miracles, if he so chooses, binding all animalities to his will. Suns and stars, churches and states, are his ordinances, and their solidity is of him. Ages and epochs are his nursing mothers. He is the only Melchizedec, without beginning or end of days. He always was—in God; but he had to be created; that is, distanced from the creator, in order that he may be a personal existence. So he was wire-drawn through all forms, beginning at the bottom. He must rise from the ranks. He must individualize, by the long climb of evolution, to gain

for that personal being fixity and place. He must be separated from the creator by the whole breadth of the creation, and be veiled in matter. These lower forms are the basements to the Father's house of many mansions, the granite concrete under the temple of man. In itself the psyche is an unbounded force, seeking perpetual expansion, ready to break out into a chaos of passion and will. It needs restraint to shape it into orderly development, and to endow it, at last, with self-control. The long series of moulds or bodies through which it ascends, furnish this curbing power, compressing the action of the soul into specific channels. Man's spiritual destiny is sublime; his final blending with the divine so intimate and complete, that he needs all this preliminary experience of mineral, vegetable and animal existence, to give him the alphabet of self-consciousness, and to render him at last *solidaire* with God.

Our humanity has been evolved out of the lower and coarser types of life, and faces still hang out the sign of this experience in the eagle or vulture beak, the bulldog visage, the swinish or wolfish aspect. They gravitate to animality. The brute peers forth through seeming manhood's face.

"As the carnivora disappears from the forests they reappear in our race. The ape and fox are in the drawingrooms, the lynx and hyena count the courts of law, the wolf commands a regiment, the gorilla is the king." ("The Wedding Guest.")

Animals are sentient structures in which the psychic germs, or human seed, are moving on the rounds of their long pilgrimage toward the human incarnation. We have trodden in all these rounds before. The present man has but stepped a little beyond the frontier of impersonal life. He is, as yet, but imperfectly and partially human, carrying much of the time and slime of animality on his shoulders. The present is rooted in the soil of the past, and worthier æons build from ages gone. But slowly does the body forget its heredity. We have worked the tiger out of our teeth and nails, but he lingers in our passions. The mind is still toothed and fanged; the human hand retains the wild beast's claw; the human heart, the beast's heart, with its bleeding. From the Saurian to Shakespeare is but a step.

Civilization does not so much remove and erase, as hide and cover. The former barbarian now goes clad in broadcloth, and looks very demure and decorous at church, but underneath his snowy linen you can still trace the primitive tattooing of the cannibal. Beneath this, again, are found the earmarks of animal heredity, the snake, the eagle or the swine, and especially the universal and irrepressible donkey. His tuneful voice is heard, and his ears gracefully wave in our selectest circles.

He is the man of shells and shards. He is crusted over with the bestial dross; erect in form, on all-fours by the thought. The animal is horsed on man. The old brute-hood lurks in each cerebellum, and the first savage that struggled with nature is still inside the last soul made. A four-footed lust is he, and if he looks at the universe at all, it is through a Jewish pin hole.

The lower creation is planted permanently in the man. He has distanced whatever is behind him, yet carries it all in him. He incorporates each fruit, root and grain, and is "stuccoed all over with quadrupeds and birds." The snake slides through him and nests in his mouth. The predatory hawk peers out of his eyes. The mastodon retreats within his bones; nor are the wolf and hog wanting. Every birth brought him new riches, and other births will enrich him more.

True that we see all around us lamentable faces. The nobler faculties of man sleep in their shell. This face is a bear's muzzle; that one, a snout. This is written over by a foulness that needs no label; that is gnawed by worms. Faces of apes through prelates may emerge. Here is a rat, and there an abject thing cringing for leave to be. But all are deific. All can show their descent from the Lord. Beneath each haggard and

mean disguise, the perfect psyche patiently waits. It will wear better garments to-morrow. Yesterday ours were no better. What matter spots on the window, if we know the master of the house stands within, sufficient and undisturbed. Man neither lags nor hastens, he takes his time and takes no hurt from it at all. Through every change the psyche remains safe, serene and beautiful.

We have been all things in turn. The snow, rain, atmosphere; the rock and the oak; the coarse smut of beast, fish and plant—all have we been. "We have prowled, fanged and four-footed, in the woods." Through each product and influence of the globe we have circled and circled, till we have arrived at the form of man. From the time that we were sacs merely, floating with open mouths in the creative sea, to the present, when we have begun to be men, we have exhausted trillions of winters and summers. There are trillions ahead of us, and trillions still ahead of them. The soggy clod one day becomes a lover. If you are seeking man, look for him in the drain, on the door mat, or under your boot soles. It is needful for the harmonious development of the soul, that all phases of material existence should be first passed through. In each stage of the long process, the outward form represents so much of the unfoldment of the inherent and indwelling God, as its grade of life permits it to express.

"The images called cherubim, which the eminent adept Moses caused to be fashioned for the rites he framed for the Jews, and that Solomon afterwards had carved to stand in the most sacred room of the temple; what were they but effigies of animals in various stages of ascension and transformation? ("The Wisdom of the Adepts.") To the student of our science their significance is plain. Herodotus relates that the Egyptian priests held from the earliest ages, that the soul, before entering the human body, was clothed successively with the forms of all the animal genera, through which it slowly wrought its way to the human plan. Thus the science of to-day has but rediscovered a truth, which was known to ancient philosophy before the Indo-European had yet entered Europe.

"Go where we will, through the obscure and almost obliterated paths of the old mythologies of the old and still older times, covered by the fallen leaves, heaped over by the sandstorms of the ages, we will discover images partially animal, partially man; the fish man, the reptile man, the bird man, the brute man; the human form and feature struggling outward through the inferior disguise."

This was their way of stating the eternal climb of all lower life into human nature. What the moderns indicate in the terms of science, the ancients expressed by symbol and figure, each following the bent of its own genius.

The forms of life we see about us are results of an endless series of embodiments. The animal reappears in a lengthened chain of births, each clothing the psyche in an improved form. Immense and unwieldy beasts, reptiles longer than the mountain pine, and birds tall as the giraffe, lived in the Saurian ages. They live again in our present animal races. Obeying the innate tendency in nature to the higher rounds, the psyche of the extinct Pleiosaur or Mammoth is now the spirit of the eagle or horse or dog, and will be the spirit of the man. When it was a clumsy, wallowing titanic Saurian, huge in size, and coarse in fibre, but a single remove from the vegetable, and moved only by a desire to eat and digest, it dimly felt its twenty tons of flesh and bone as a clog; it aspired toward differentiation; it floundered after a higher structure; it sprawled and wallowed toward symmetry along the ages; and through the long series of advancing forms that it has since shaped and worn in the cycle of the Millenads, this ruling instinct was an active force slowly moulding the form. We find this longing still expressive to-day in the universal aspiration of our humanity for a better

and finer incarnation, for matter is the precipitate of mind; nature the sediment of soul. Said the Hebrew teacher: "Who will deliver me from the body of this death?"—voicing thus our desire for a less crass and clogging investiture—a desire which, in the future as in the past, is the prophet of its own fulfillment.

E. M. W.

[To be continued.]

### LOOK ALOFT!

Though the road be dark and all but an unbroken jungle of doubts and perplexities, look aloft! Would you live without a trial of your power? Without trial you cannot know your own strength. Through trials stout hearts are made. Through adversity our patience and courage increase. Our trials of life but strengthen us; they are stepping stones; and each successive victory raises us higher.

We should be brave and self-reliant—should stand firm—each a sovereign in his own right—not like the orchid; clinging to a tree in the forest, sapping the life of the tree for its own beauty, fragrance and development. Ego—the indestructible "I Am"—stand alone; not depending on friends to think for us, like the parasite, the ivy or the mistletoe, existing by absorbing the vitality of the oak. Stand alone; not like the vine, but like the oak. Stand in majestic grandeur. Though beaten by tempest and storm, the oak stands the flight of centuries, each year becoming more noble and sublime.

Muse over the solemn import of life, and thus while winning laurels for your brow, achieving your heart's desire, develop the faculties which go to make, in the true and complete meaning, a man—or—a woman.

Better the silent tongue, and the eloquent deed. The most decisive answer of all is doing. Sow seeds of the most delicate and fragrant flowers in the garden of the mind, so that you may feast the spiritual eye on their beauty. Nourish the soul on their fragrance, and scatter their rich perfume upon every passing breeze. Set a high price upon your leisure moments, guard well your thoughts; they are jewels of precious weight. Shut the terrestrial door of the soul, and open its celestial windows, and there give way to spiritual reveries. Muse and meditate. Hold the self ever in sweet communion with the source of the spirit—Divine Mind—that will fill, stir, invigorate and expand the soul.

We each prepare a temple to last through eternity. What matter if the road be long and rugged? What matter if a round does break or a foot does slip? Such things must be expected, and overcome. Each must climb unaided and alone the mountains of difficulty, and go onward and upward, step by step, building the soul's abode.

How sweet to look back at the briars and stones through which we have forced a passage.

MARIE ELIZABETH LAMB.

### 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.

### SOME THOUGHTS ABOUT JESUS.

It is not to be wondered at that the words of so great a man as Jesus have been misunderstood. As Emerson says, "To be great is to be misunderstood." Neither is it strange that some minds nurtured on the teachings of so-called orthodox theology should rebel at such doctrine, and jump to the conclusion that everything coming under the name of Christianity is unworthy of serious attention. Still, it is not without an occasional shock of surprise that I read in FREEDOM statements discrediting the value of the teachings of Jesus. I think no such statements would have appeared if those who wrote them had previously made a careful and systematic study of the character and teachings of Jesus, with the aid of the results of the best modern scholarship.

Of course, it is easy to detach single sentences from their context, which will appear to teach something contrary to the most enlightened thought of the present time. In this way it is also easy to misrepresent the real meaning and value of any system of thought, especially the teaching of one accustomed to the use of parables and other figures of speech.

Surely, it is unwise to judge a man's philosophy from hearsay, or to condemn the whole system because some particular utterances seem unreasonable or of little worth. The minds of the masters in poetry, science or philosophy may not be sounded to the depths without patient study and reflection.

What we need to come at first is the main thought or central principle of the system, that from which all particular thoughts and principles are derived. If the essential idea be clearly seen and constantly kept in mind, we are prepared to sift the teaching and determine its value. It is a help toward comprehending the worth of any teaching to know the main features of the character of the teacher. While a man's teachings may easily transcend his character, his character can never surpass his teaching. Life is the test for truth. If a man's ideas, when expressed in terms of life, produce health, harmony and happiness, it is safe to pronounce such ideas true.

It cannot be denied that Jesus was a man of wonderful power and exalted character. As Emerson said in his Divinity School Address, "His name is not so much written as ploughed into the history of the world." His words have been the bread of life to millions, and his influence is increasing. Are his followers deluded? Not all of them, I think.

It has been said in FREEDOM that the teachings of Jesus tend to weaken rather than to strengthen manhood. According to my observation, those who come the nearest to putting into practice the teachings of Jesus manifest the most strength and beauty of character. It is false ideas of the teaching of Jesus that produce deformity or weakness. If this be not true, how shall we account for the fact, that when Jesus himself practiced his precepts such a magnificent manhood resulted? What his principles did for him they will do for any one who will put them to the test of practice.

Let me mention briefly three principles in the teaching of Jesus, which he evidently deemed of vital importance to all who wish to attain to a life of power and happiness.

1. Humility. "He that humbleth himself shall be exalted." Now I hear a chorus of Mental Scientists

saying, "Oh! that is just the very point that condemns his teaching. We have too much humility already. What we should do is to magnify and exalt ourselves—to believe in and affirm our own greatness.

"Not too fast, friends. Perhaps he did not teach the contemptible mock humility typified in the character of Uriah Heep. Perhaps he meant that mood of mind that is free from pride and arrogance; that is not haughty or puffed up. "Except ye become as little children, ye can in nowise enter the kingdom of heaven." He said that the sinners and outcasts would reach the kingdom of harmony before the Scribes and Pharisees, because the latter were proud and wise in their own conceit. It is certainly true that the wisest minds have always been the first to recognize how little was their present attainment of knowledge and power, compared with what there is waiting in the boundless realm of the Unknown. Humility is teachableness. It is willingness to receive the truth from whatever source, regardless of consequences. It is a mood, or state of the mind, absolutely indispensable to growth and the highest unfoldment of soul power. As Jesus taught it, it could not have meant thinking meanly of oneself, for he taught at the same time that we should claim to be sons and daughters of the infinite, with God-like powers capable of endless unfoldment. He made such claims for himself that his countrymen tried to kill him for making himself equal with God.

2. Faith. The emphasis that Jesus put upon the necessity of faith, or belief in one's ability to accomplish any desired end, should be, in itself, a sufficient commentary on the meaning that he attached to the term humility. According to his teaching, all power is ours, in heaven or on earth; and the only limits to our powers are the limits of our faith.

3. Love. According to Jesus, love is the *summum bonum*. Humility and faith lead up to love. "Love is the fulfilling of the law." Virtue is love in action. Harmony is love's expression. Love is the nature of Absolute Being—is God.

My object in writing this article is not criticism, so much as the desire that some one may be influenced to make a more earnest study of the character and teaching of Jesus, and in so doing come to a source of new inspiration and power. E. S. GREER.

My knowledge of the power of suggestion is very limited, but what I have has been a great help to me with my little nineteen-months old girl. When I put her in bed in the early evening I say to her mentally, "Now, little one, you will go to sleep at once and quietly rest."

She usually obeys.

During the day if she is naughty, or if I ask her to do something that she does not want to do, I say, "Baby, look in mamma's eyes." In a moment she looks up full and clear, and I say—still holding her attention—"You will do this for mamma; you will be a good girl and do as mamma wishes." Then I say, "All right," in a clear, happy tone, and give her a smile and turn to my work with a knowledge that all is settled and away she goes and does my bidding.

If a little fear creeps into my mind that she might rebel, why then the harmony of my effort is disturbed and I must try again. Was there ever a more practi-

cal injunction, "If at first you don't succeed, then try, try, again?" M.

I am "pulling out" all right. For some time it seemed that I was mired fast in a lonely spot, with "no eye to pity" and no soul to help.

Fear seized me, but only for a brief space. I said, "No, there *must* be a way out. I will find it." I looked about for solid ground—in case things held together until I reached it. I found it.

Next how was I to "pull out" with that tremendous load? I examined the load and found to my relief that I had been carrying many useless articles, beside others that could be dispensed with. I threw them out by the wayside and went on with my inspection. Then I found a very important disarrangement; that is, that the "push and pull" machinery did not work in harmony. It took a long time and much patience to adjust each to each, but I made sure that there would be unison when it came to the grand pull.

That settled, I mounted to the driver's seat, took the reins and with determination in my mind to "get out of this or die," I "pulled out" steadily, but surely, with not a hitch or a break; and here I am on terra firma with a more valuable cargo than I supposed, and all in good working order for the next trial, if there be any. We are on the lookout, however. M.

#### DON'T WORRY.

Somebody says, "Don't worry." This is something like saying—"Don't get sick," or "Don't shiver or sweat." How under the sun can any one help worrying any more than he can help shivering, if there be a cause for it? Worrying is not a voluntary act or emotion, and yet fretting and fuming can be minimized, and by perseverance, finally pretty well conquered.

Watch every passing thought and every emotion for a few days, and restrain every nerve-tearing impulse. This quiet repression can soon become a habit and will keep away the lines of carking care. Every impatient gesture, word and thought wears away just so much of vitality and shortens the days of life. The world would get along just as well with one-half the energy that is wasted in useless chafing, and more and better work would be done. The other could be saved up in living ten happy, healthful years after the allotted three score and ten had been passed.

The man who can receive the buffets of misfortune with fortitude and recover to meet good fortune with a smile when it comes at last, is the one to whom the reward of strength should come, but the man who curses destiny should have no good gifts from it. Medicine was made for those who worry, and early graves are dug for them. Time digs deep furrows in the brows of men who worry, and dyspepsia meets them more than half way. Sunshine is gloom to them, and the song of birds a dirge. It takes no more breath to laugh than it does to groan, and it's much more pleasant. The man who can always laugh has plenty of friends, while the man who always has trouble to talk about, finds only unwilling auditors. If you like the philosophy try it awhile and keep a careful eye on the scales, although if you see no increase you are not to worry. The creed is not nearly a new one. It had followers in all ages and among all people.—*Corydon Democrat*.

### A FEW PERTINENT QUESTIONS.

If science is knowledge of principles and causes, Mental Science should give us the highest and most exact methods of ascertaining the correctness or otherwise of any proposition; and a Mental Scientist should be one well versed in dealing with abstract principles, and able to bring the same out of the intangible and apply them to the actual; the object being to cause harmony to prevail where discord formerly reigned.

It seems to me that it is high time to ask ourselves a few pertinent questions in this regard. Are the above statements true? And if so, are they applicable to the growing number of people calling themselves Mental Scientists? Having found a Mental Scientist, have we found a man at once marked off from the rest as one able and ready to distinguish between things that differ, and yet who is able to show the essential oneness of them all; a man thoroughly master of analysis, yet who having completed this necessary operation is now ready with his synthesis, never confounding cause with effect; never mixing the individual with the community, yet able to define exactly that which pertains exclusively to the one, and where the responsibility of the other begins; a man who having grasped the grand idea that thought always precedes action, never confuses this truth with the other equally binding, that the kind of thought determines also the kind of action?

Have we found a man broad and liberal in his views; one who looks upon the whole human race as one family; one who asks no privilege for himself or his children that he is not doing his utmost to secure for all others on equal terms; one who realizing that he is an individual soul, and in that sense responsible only to his higher self, also knows that he is a part of a great social whole, the benefits of which he is continually enjoying, and from which it is impossible for him to separate himself, and to which he owes a return, which, if withheld, will produce discord in the body politic just as a poisonous drug would in his physical body?

It seems to me that if we find a man with these qualifications, we may fairly apply the term Mental Scientist to him. If, on the other hand, we find a man speaking and writing a lot of twaddle, parrot-like repeating phrases good in themselves, but entirely irrelevant in the connection used, making assertions that cannot be proved, drawing conclusions not warranted by the facts, and making deductions that show his ignorance of the question being discussed; if we find this, then I affirm the last state of that man is worse than the first. He is become as sounding brass and a tinkling sycamore, and is bringing into contempt the grandest and most noble truth ever discovered by man.

These thoughts are called forth by two articles in your issues of December 19 and 26, signed Mental Forces, and for the fact being everywhere apparent that the new thought idea is being perverted to the most selfish ends. Just as the British aristocracy welcomed the Malthusian doctrines, so in our day are the beneficiaries of special privileges grasping the new thought idea and using it for an excuse to continue this injustice. Just as America is now copying all the worst phases of the English system, so everywhere one goes he hears in pulpit and on platform the devil's doctrine that oppor-

tunities are free to all, but all are not ready to avail themselves of them. It is not at all surprising to find the votaries of the new thought taking this attitude toward social reform for this reason; most of them have been attracted to Mental Science through purely selfish reasons; such as relief from physical disorder, or to get financial assistance. For the first everything is ignored that their bodies may be free from discord, and it is so. For the second they take a given number of lessons in opulence, and are then ready to get rich without being in any way particular how.

It is, therefore, not to be wondered at that when a great problem presents itself before these people, they are ill prepared to discuss it, and find it imperative to assume the defense and resort to all kinds of mental gymnastics to get excuses for the position they find themselves in. No man can see the truth unless he is fully prepared to follow wherever the truth may lead; and how few we find who have the courage to take this path! It appears that we have actually reached a stage in our journey where we are agreed that it is immoral to knock a man down and go through him; for it looks uncommonly like robbery, and besides it is low and vulgar. But we have by no means arrived at that point of honesty where we are agreed that to use our superior mental powers to get the best of a brother man, is also robbery. That one is direct and the other indirect; that one is illegal and the other legal, is true; but it is none the less true that if we are to be marked off from these, who when asked for bread offer a stone, we must set our code of morality higher than that, and not seek by sophistry and evasions to escape from our responsibilities as citizens.

It is often and truly remarked that the social reformer needs to study Mental Science; but it is equally true that the large majority of Mental Scientists stand sadly in need of a few elementary lessons in economics. If they devoted a small modicum of their time to the science of Political Economy, we should see less of the unscientific statements so common in all our literature, and Mental Scientists as a whole would grow to be a power for good that we cannot measure, instead of becoming, as they now are, a by-word and a reproach.

W. TRUMAN.

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The coward's hope is suspicion: the hero's doubt is a sort of hope. The gods neither hope nor doubt.—*Thoreau.*

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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.

In answer to a correspondent, I want to say that I, at least, do not condemn, and never have condemned, either the Bible or the life of Jesus. What I do object to is having the people think they cannot advance in the road of progress by their own thought, but must go back and tie themselves to the past, through the statements of a book that is really no more to be venerated than any other book of the same merit or worth, as estimated from the standpoint of reason.

And it is not with the morality of Jesus that we Mental Scientists are dealing; his morality is unquestioned; his great love nature is not denied; and I am not surprised that his followers in the past have so venerated him, when it was believed that the cultivation of the virtues alone could save us, and save us from the wrath that was to come; the future hell of orthodoxy.

But at this time we are trying to become saved from the wrath that now exists. We have got over caring for that which is to come; we want to be saved from the death of the body. This is the one effort that the editors and contributors of FREEDOM have in view.

And so when the people keep on tying themselves to Jesus, as the source of life, I feel that they are making a failure of this grand effort. That Jesus was a wonderful character, and that his effort to conquer death was the most marvelous that history affords, I am willing to admit. But his effort failed; and having failed to conquer death for himself, he has not conquered it for another person in all the world. In the law of growth no tree can grow for another tree; no man can grow for another man.

Individualization is the aim of truth or life. To attain this position one must stand upon his own intelligence. It is his own intelligence alone that can save him.

I have learned the law of growth by studying it in the trees, and all the lower forms of nature. The tree sends its roots down into the ground for the sustenance it needs, and its limbs up into the air and sunshine for these external influences; and it grows. It grows for itself alone. It cannot grow for another tree.

It is the same with man. He has nothing under the sun to depend upon but his own efforts.

The beliefs of Jesus transcended his power. Belief is the man; if his beliefs had been correct he would have been living on the earth to-day. His moral character I am not dealing with. I say simply that he did not conquer death; at least, there is no proof of it, and the reasoner demands proof.

Neither the teachings of Jesus nor any other man can weaken men, unless men go out of their own individualities to accept them instead of relying upon the creative power of their own thought. I am insisting all the time that self-generated thought is the thing that saves.

No person's opinions are going to save others; salvation is the growth out of one's self; just as the sap in the tree, drawn into itself and appropriated to itself, feeds that tree alone, so the thought generated in the body by the brain builds up that one man alone.

We may read the words of Jesus and acknowledge their worth, but to attempt to graft our lives upon them will not develop us; neither will these words very greatly encourage us in our effort to prolong our lives here, because they failed to prolong his own life.

It has been said that those who follow the teachings of Jesus manifest the most strength and beauty of character. He who copies another may make himself into a good photograph of the one he copies; but he is not the real man; the real man is one who has grown out of his own natural thought, and whose conclusions—no matter how erroneous—are the product of his own life. Men founded on other men are shams. Jesus was not one of these, but many of his followers are.

But I have said enough.

As for sinners, there are none. There are many people who are ignorant of justice and right, but they are not sinners. I should think Jesus would have known this.

It is intelligence; knowledge of the law of growth that saves. Intelligence comes first and the virtues develop out of it. As sure as intelligence takes the lead, every good trait of character possible to man begins to become manifest, so that in absolute truth knowing is being. To know the good is to be in the good; and the good includes love, faith and every other desirable



principle—everything that fosters the harmony that builds the ideal society.

I suppose there are some who will ask me if I take the position that other people's ideas do no good. No, I do not. Other people's ideas are good as stimulants to our own ideas; but to take other people's ideas, and live by them, permitting them to take the place of what would have been our own ideas if our brains had been active, there might as well have been but one person in the case. And this has been the trouble with the religious world. People have been taught to accept certain things because backed by certain authority; they have rested in a belief of these things without question. Consequently they have not advanced as they ought to have done.

At this time we are using our brains to question everything, and presently we will be free from the bondage of dead men's thoughts. H. W.

Another Schlatter has made his appearance and is lecturing to the people of San Diego (I believe it is San Diego; I have lost the paper containing the article.) He says he was buried forty days and nights in the deserts of Arizona. After that he kicked the sand off and crawled out. Then he went to London where he raised two men from the dead. Later he came to Chicago, and there he raised five men from the dead. He refuses to give their names. Probably—like our colored "help," he "dun forgot." He treats the people for their ailments free of charge, but charges twenty-five cents admission to his lecture room where his patients are received.

He says that it is God who heals through him; but as no one has been cured up to date it seems as if there was a screw loose at headquarters.

I have not kept count of the number of risen Schlatters, but I am sure we have had at least six. Others, too, will make their appearance in the course of time, and plenty of people will walk up to them and permit themselves to be greased and swallowed without a kick.

All good things have their imitators; and I am not surprised that mental healing should have a good many. People must study this thought and learn to discriminate between the true and the false before they escape being humbugged.

### CORRESPONDENCE.

MY DEAR MRS. WILMANS:—Your treatment helped me; I feel stronger and more self possessed, and I am sure I am growing in knowledge and power, as knowledge is power. I am working, reading and thinking; dreaming, planning and anticipating next winter, when I know I shall receive such a great big boost in intelligence and enjoy so much pleasure and beauty and the society of *such* people; it scarcely seems possible.

Mrs. K. B.

DEAR FRIEND:—You are not out of my thought an hour of the day; and you have helped me to enough bodily strength so that I do the work for thirteen people.

H. M. B.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—I am better in every way and I am pleased that you can see it. *I feel it.* I am getting

a better understanding of life and mind. I talk to you for hours in my thought, and feel you are doing just what you said you would do. I am surprised at times at what I have overcome, and the calm, just way I am thinking. C. A. P.

I have just recommended you as the champion healer of the world to a friend of mine. I wrote to him making a statement of my wonderful cure. He knew my condition, I think; if not, he knew how very near dead I was when I was operated on in 1888, and I told him that my condition was caused by the operation; also that the doctors pronounced my case incurable; no surgeon would or could be persuaded to try to remedy my condition. I am sound and well now; but, dearest, continue with me until December 3rd, making it three months' treatment. Mrs. M. A. B.

MRS. WILMANS:—Your letter of the 10th came to-day, and with it one from Mr. N., stating that he was getting better fast. Isn't that encouraging? I was so pleased to have such good news, but I knew it would be so as soon as you took hold of him. I expected nothing else. I shall do the very best I can to help. I know you will bring Mr. N. out all right; my faith in you is the strongest kind, and I must say that I have learned to love you dearly. Mrs. N.

MRS. H. WILMANS:—I am in receipt of your last letter and note what you say about the treatments bringing out old troubles. I have to say that as far as the head difficulty is concerned I am very much better; it comes back once in a while, but never with anything like its old force; in fact, it does not seem of the same nature as before, but more like an ordinary light headache, which readily yields to the right attitude of thought towards it. The eczema is no worse, but troubles me considerably on the hands; on the arms where it was very bad when I wrote last, it is much better. I believe you are doing me great good and I shall be happy to comply with your farther instructions. D. S. P.

DEAR FRIEND:—I have concluded to take one more month's treatment from you and believe I shall then be entirely well; ready to help myself. I have not had any more pain in my side in the last two weeks. One thing I have forgotten to mention, and that is the catarrh. It still remains, but it is not so bad as formerly and I know that the sense of smell is returning. J. A. P.

MY DEAR MRS. WILMANS:—By the time this reaches you the month for which I paid will be up. I find myself so much improved in health that I feel I can safely discontinue the treatments. I thank you most truly for what you have done for me. E. B.

### 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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## THE WASTE-PAPER BASKET.

I chanced to be quite alone one Sunday afternoon, and was out leaning on the fence when Mandy McDuff came by from a visit to her "pap," who lived half a mile farther up the creek. (This was in California.) She had a baby in her arms and about seventeen kids of all ages and sizes trailing after her. Our hired man—old Lisha Simpson—was accustomed to observe that Mandy was a "powerful energetic woman" so far as having "younguns" was concerned.

"Say," she hallooed at me as she came within range, "I'm gwine to have stewed squirrels with dumplins' for supper. I told Jeems to skin 'em and have 'em on a cookin' befo' three o'clock; so it won't be long till they are done." Squirrels was no great luxury in Soda Spring valley where we lived; as they destroyed the crops to such an extent that the legislature offered five cents a piece for their tails in order to relieve the farmers; and my Claude, who was a little chap then, actually made thirty-six dollars at the business in a few weeks; but this was later; and as Kipling says, it is another story. But Mandy was celebrated all over the county for her squirrel stew; and surely I have never tasted anything of the kind that equaled them. If one could shut his eyes to the poverty and unkempt appearance of Mandy's house, and shut his ears to the noise of the seventeen children, and "concentrate" on the stew, as we Mental Science people say, he could be quite happy for a time.

And then Mandy, in spite of her woolly-west pronunciation was bright, and a great reader. She borrowed books from all over the country, many of which she read aloud to her children, thus laying the foundation in them for inclinations of an order superior to their surroundings. She was full of vitality and knew about everybody within a radius of thirty miles; and her disquisitions on various persons were critical, caustic, humorous and immensely more entertaining than the daily papers. In fact, she was a genius lacking the development that would have made her recognized as such. I loved her uncultured naturalness then, and it brings on for a moment the old heart heaviness I used to have so frequently to think of her now in her grave under the forest trees, when she might have become one of the deathless leaders in the new thought.

But why can't I stick to my text? I had no intention of telling about her death; but only to draw a chapter from her life that would leave a pleasant impression on the minds of my readers.

On the strength of Mandy's invitation I put on my bonnet and started up the mountain with her. She was strong as a horse, and carried the baby with perfect ease. The child next to the baby was a little delicate creature apparently, but managed to keep up with the procession.

In point of numbers he was way down among the boys, about the sixth or seventh, and he had a name that would have depleted an elephant. "Jeems," Mandy's "man," had wanted to name each boy as he put in an appearance; but Mandy, who leaned to the poetical, and who scorned anything not euphonic did the naming herself; and such a lot of fine names I never before knew to be tacked upon the same number of dirty little rollicking bright-eyed ragamuffins.

When this delicate three-year-old first saw the light, Mandy openly and strongly declared that it would be

the last; in consequence of which she let Jeems name him. And his name was George Washington Thomas Jefferson McDuff.

Having reached the top of the mountain that lovely afternoon, which had been very gradual in its slope, we began to descend to the valley; and the descent was steep and rough. The road was covered with pebbles and boulders and pine cones and pine needles, and everything else to make walking impossible to any but an acrobat. It was all I could do to keep my equilibrium, let alone assisting any body else. Presently I heard a little discouraged whining cry and looked behind me. There sat George Washington Thomas Jefferson on one of the slipperiest parts of the slippery road; his feet were drawn up under him and his bare shanks were scarcely as large as a man's thumb. I think I could have covered him over with a fair sized water bucket. His cry was the smallest tiny bit of a cry I ever heard. It was "wah, wah, wah" in a dead level of sound that indicated the absence of every particle of energy.

"What's the matter, George?" I asked.

"I teep fallin' down all 'e time. *Damn my luck;* everythin's adn me."

I looked at him; this small specimen that everything was against; and I still see the picture of him in his littleness as he sat on the mountain side, and I carry his swear word in my memory, and laugh at it too, in spite of my religion, and my fear of the devil; which every one knows is great.

When we got to Mandy's house we found "Jeems" and several of Mandy's brothers; I began to fear that the squirrel stew would not go around. But when I saw the pot in which it was cooking over the big fire, I lost my doubts.

I'll own up that I stretched the blanket when I said Mandy had seventeen children; she had a raft of them; I don't know how many, but they seemed all the more numerous for belonging to the irrepressible sex. There was only one girl among them and she was the most irrepressible boy in the crowd.

But Mandy's father (her pap) actually had seventeen children. They were all grown and scattered over the state; only about a half dozen of them remained in our valley. Several of these were bachelors and lived on their own ranches where they kept house for themselves. It was a bachelor's privilege to get as many meals away from home as he could. Especially on Sunday the entire crowd of them would be out in search of a "square" meal.

Sometimes the few ladies who lived in the valley would return the visits of the bachelors, who received them royally and got up the best meals for them that they could.

One day Ada and Florence and I went to see one of Mandy's brothers. He lived about a mile from us and we had to cross quite a hill to reach his cabin. When we got on top of the hill a little distance from his house, we heard sounds indicating a great commotion within. We went on, and just before we got there the door flew open, and such a cloud of dust rushed out as I had never seen under similar circumstances. Bob Shirley (that was his name) had caught a glimpse of us as we made the rise of the hill, and had hastened to clean up his house. Such a clean up as it was. The poor fellow

looked horribly perplexed; and I don't wonder. His open fireplace was so full of ashes and scraps of paper and rags and pieces of hoe handles and every imaginable form of rubbish, that the pile extended beyond the limits of the hearth and seemed ready to crowd out everything in the room. Bob remarked that he would either have to take up the ashes or move the house.

We sat down, and we kept on sitting there in spite of Bob's embarrassment. I knew what he was thinking about; I had been in a similar situation many a time; he was wondering what under the heavens he would get for dinner if these folks remained, and he was half way praying that they would not remain. But there we sat, inflexible as fate, and it was getting dangerously near dinner time. Bob was a witty fellow, and we were all full of vitality and the Western spirit that is "Immortal Life In The Flesh" all the time wherever it is found; and we talked sense and nonsense as the minutes swept by with thrilling rapidity.

At last out of compassion to Bob I told him to come with me to the kitchen and I would help him get dinner for we did not mean to go home without it; we were tired of our own bill of fare and wanted a change.

So we all went out; and such a time as we had; the cooking utensils which had been kicking about in the sitting room he had poked under the bed when he had essayed to clean up just before we reached the house; we got them out and cleaned them. We cooked potatoes and cabbage, and made some biscuit and ginger cake. We found some pickles, and—would you believe it?—a big bean pie. I had never seen a bean pie before, but it was good; it was just nicely cooked Chili beans (the best beans in the world) with crust above and below, and baked in a pie pan. We brought in some wonderful peaches from the orchard, and Bob took a tin can and ran across the meadow and milked one of the neighbor's cows unbeknown to the owner. Of course there was coffee in the house, and bacon. I ask my readers if there was anything the matter with that dinner.

Bob had a young fellow working for him about eighteen years old who was troubled with excessive bashfulness; on our approach to the house he had disappeared and we heard later that all the time we were there he was in the upper limbs of a great tree out in the pasture. I suppose it was the only place where he felt safe with three women so close by.

Or perhaps the whole thing was one of Bob's lies. Bob had the reputation of being exceedingly economical of the truth.

H. W.

Margaret Hannon of 1119 Brown St., Philadelphia, Pa., desires to meet Mental Scientists in view of forming a Mental Science Club in this city.

God and man are one; the Law and man are one. God, the Law, is subjective man. The race is God, the Law, made objective.

The Law being the unchangeable Life Principle, it cannot be diseased and it cannot die. Intelligence may weaken in its recognition of the Law on the unconscious plane, and this weakening will be called disease. Or it may cease to recognize it altogether on the unconscious plane, and this will be called death.

## MENTAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION.

The purpose of this association is to spread, through organized effort, the doctrines and teachings of Mental Science. All who are interested in this work, of whatever sex, creed or color, are invited to co-operate by association, either as a member at large or by affiliation through local Temples wherever they may be organized. For further particulars address the national secretary, box 17, Sea Breeze, Florida.

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Home Temple, Sea Breeze, Florida. Meetings every Sunday evening.  
H. M. JOHNSTON, Secretary.

New York Temple, New York City. Meetings every Sunday and Wednesday evenings.

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## THE CONSTITUTION OF THE MENTAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION.

When the constitution of the Mental Science Association was drafted it was formulated with especial reference to the initial stages of the Association, and the organization of the individual Temples. It was then thought advisable that the various Temples should be carefully guided along acknowledged Mental Science lines, until they might be able to secure leaders who could be depended upon to take efficient control. It was expected that, at least, some of the individual Temples might for a while require a considerable degree of guidance from the Association, and the Constitution made due provision for making this control effective.

It has come to the knowledge of the Executive of the Association, however, that the provisions of the Constitution designed especially to promote the interests of the Temples, and to assist them until such time as they might assume full control of their own destinies, have been much misunderstood.

The idea seems to have gone abroad that it was the design of the Executive to place limitations about the various Temples, and to unduly limit the action and discretion of the local leaders. Nothing was farther

from the purposes or objects of the organization. The Association was intended to be framed on the broadest principles of individual freedom, and to the extent that its provisions depart from this fundamental idea do they fail to express their real intent.

It is the intention of the Executive of the Association to take such action as will do away with all opportunity for criticism on the ground of undesirable limitation of the Temples by the Executive. Only such centralized power is necessary or desirable as will enable the Executive to guide the Temples when they express a desire for advice or assistance, leaving them absolute freedom of expression along the general lines of Mental Science thought and action.

It is the purpose of the organization to bind the Temples together through their sympathy of thought and purpose, and it is hoped that this union will become of the most enduring character. The Association is designed to be a federation based on freedom and love.

In order that the fundamental law of the Association may express the intent of the Executive more clearly than it does at present, a proposed amended Constitution is now being prepared. It is now being moulded into desirable form, and will soon appear in the pages of FREEDOM. This will give all who may so desire, an opportunity to make suggestions as to further changes or amendments, with the design of strengthening the organization and making it more clearly expressive of the individual freedom it is designed to inculcate and promote.

Suggestions and criticisms will be invited and gladly received, to the end that the form of the Constitution may be made acceptable to those whose broadness of view and liberality of thought entitle them to be regarded as leaders of the Mental Science or New Thought Movement.

### ON THE ROAD.

#### A VISIT TO POINT LOMA.

[Continued from last issue.]

Mr. Fusell seemed puzzled; he remained silent and I continued:

"You are at work here to establish an institution from which to mould the thoughts and character of man for the higher improvement of the race. On the opposite margin of the continent we are engaged in a similar effort. There, as here, a woman is the genius and guiding spirit, with this difference, visitors are at all times welcome at Sea Breeze; we are glad to see them; they are treated at all times with courteous consideration. However, while Helen Wilmans receives all who desire to call upon her, I concede to Mrs. Tingley the right to decline to receive me or any one else. As for yourself—you may as well be pleasant about this little visit of mine here—you know I make use of the pen, and I shall write about persons and things just as I find them."

This seemed to effect a change of mental attitude at once in Mrs. Tingley's private secretary.

"May I show you about the grounds?" he asked.

"If you please."

We walked partly about the spacious building which was being converted by workmen, active with hammer and saw, from a seaside hotel into a Theosophical temple of compound Oriental architectural appearance. Not versed in the builders art I asked my guide regarding the origin of the design of the building, which was nearing completion.

"I do not know," he answered.

"How is the money contributed," I asked, "to carry on this extensive work?"

"I do not know."

"Why was Point Loma chosen for the settlement

from which to carry forward the designs of the Universal Brotherhood?"

"I do not know."

"Is Point Loma the only remaining remnant above the ocean of the submerged Lemurian continent?"

"I do not know."

We had arrived on the western side of the grounds surrounding the buildings from where the broad expanse of the calm Pacific rolled gently in the "cradle of the deep" under a serene, cloudless sky. Mr. Fusell called my attention to the beauty of the ocean, and I told him I was quite familiar with it as the Atlantic, at Sea Breeze, presented a very similar appearance. Turning our gaze inland with back to the ocean, Mr. Fusell pointed to the distant mountain ranges and began to describe their beauty at sunset, the names of the higher ranges, etc.; but I told him I had roamed over a good part of that country more than twenty-five years ago—his attempt to divert my mind from its purpose was too transparent.

"Will you permit me to view your buildings and temple from the western side?" I asked, as he led me back over the same ground we had come to view the ocean.

"No, you are not permitted to go beyond the boundary marked by that rope."

"Why?"

"It is sacred ground."

Returning to the steps leading to the entrance of the main building, I noticed a short distance southward from there another rope stretched across the ground with notice posted not to trespass.

"Is that also sacred ground?" I asked.

"Yes, sir."

Several circular tents of comfortable dimensions were located on an elevation within the "sacred ground." These are the tents of the "Raja Yoga" school, where the "Lotus Blossoms" and their teachers hold forth; an experimental station into which have been brought a number of stray waifs—human infantile driftwood—from the swirl of great cities, together with orphaned children, and it is also claimed some children of wealthy parents. From this miscellaneous collection of "lotus buds" Mrs. Catherine A. Tingley will evolve a species of God-like men and women, in which highly laudable effort this very humble writer wishes her the most unbounded success. The world is sadly in need of such a type of the *genus homo* and sister Tingley especially needs to surround herself with them. I wonder what her purpose is in organizing boys of Theosophical parents or guardians from twelve to seventeen years of age into military companies, equipped with swords, guns, knapsacks, blankets and all the accoutrements of murderous war, when her organization the "International Universal Brotherhood has for its purpose the abolition of war, the establishment of universal peace and goodwill toward men?"

Mr. Fusell—I had forgotten momentarily that he was near me—broke in upon my reverie, by asking if I cared to come into the house, and I followed him. Several women loitered about the veranda; measuring each with a rapid glance I found that the face of one bore the evidences of a violent skin disease—the others—oh! well—I do not wish to appear prejudiced. They may have been, after all, but summer boarders who came to the "homestead" to recover physical health and vitality, and may not have been within ten thousand years of the pretentious reach of Mrs. Tingley's philosophy; for be it known that there is accommodation at the "homestead" for "a few" who desire to avail themselves of the excellent health-restoring conditions of Point Loma.

Entering the building I found myself in an office of moderate dimensions, much like the office of a small family hotel. Everything appeared scrupulously clean and quite cosy and comfortable, without the pretense of luxury. To the left stood a table surrounded with

several chairs. The table was covered with magazines which I recognized instantly as "exchanges" coming from the editorial sanctum of Mrs. Tingley or Mr. Nereshheimer who edits the *Universal Brotherhood Path*, a highly inspiring and instructive magazine to which some of the ablest philosophical minds contribute. A conspicuous card warned all against removing any of these publications from the table. I wondered as I read the card if that half-witted policeman with his swinging club out there on the grounds, after all had permitted some petty sneak thief to come into the building and abstract some of these precious prints. Mr. Fusell invited me to make one or more selections of such magazines as might take my fancy, but I told him that I was familiar with them all, that we received hundreds of them monthly in exchange for *FREEDOM*, and when the editors, Helen Wilmans and Col. Post, needed them no longer, they were taken to our public reading room at the pavilion for the free and unquestioned use of any one who desired them.

"You have quite a library over there," I said, as my eye caught sight of a goodly collection of well arranged and apparently well bound books located within a railed enclosure south of the office.

"Yes, they are not quite thoroughly arranged and classified, and I cannot permit you to enter there. Would you like to look into the ladies' parlor?"

"If there is no objection."

I was introduced to the feminine telephone attendant—a middle-aged woman—who led the way into the parlor which contained a mysterious oil painting, a portrait of H. P. Blavatsky and Wm. Q. Judge, besides the ever present piano and usual furniture. The lady rolled up one or more of the blinds, which obscured the bright sunlight, and like Mr. Fusell, who had excused himself from further attention, began to describe to me the beauties of the ocean, etc. I told her that the ocean here resembled the Atlantic at Sea Breeze very much. "I presume you know I am the man from the headquarters of Mental Science at Sea Breeze, Florida, who talked to you over the telephone a few days ago?"

That settled it; the woman gave me a half scared look, never uttered another word, turned about and walked out of the room. I cast about for a looking glass to see if I looked like my real self or some strange visitor from Kama Loca, and finding none walked out of the building to where my friend, Mr. J. N. Bunch, seated in his buggy, awaited my coming.

We passed over the superb and gently sloping driveway toward the gate. Near the entrance some laborers, decorated with yellow badges, were at work under directions of an overseer. Class distinctions are rigidly marked within the enclosure of the Brotherhood grounds by visible tokens which jar the generous democratic impulse of the average American citizen. The laborer is not only permitted to mark himself by what he is—but Mrs. Tingley and her coadjutors do not hesitate to compel him to wear a distinctive mark of servitude. The strangest part of all this is that really generous humane men and women have permitted themselves to become so thoroughly hypnotized by the glamour of ancient Orientalism as to tolerate such practice.

Mr. Bunch drove me along the crest of the rocky peninsula; a gentle breeze played sportively with the thickly growing and dwarfed shrubbery and scant herbage. The sense of cramped oppression, experienced while in the "brotherhood" grounds, yielded before the free expanse of the measureless ocean which unrolled before our vision; and after giving to my friend a somewhat detailed recital of my visit and reception, we made merry over the experience, after comparing it with the gentle courtesy extended to us by the devout and kind-hearted Catholic sister Ephraim, during our visit to old San Diego Mission.

Reaching the crest of the bluff, where stands the old, abandoned United States lighthouse, we left the buggy

with our patient horse attached, and descended along a narrow trail to the outermost reach of Point Loma, which ends abruptly in a perpendicular cliff four hundred feet above the waves of the ocean, which lap caressingly about its base. The new lighthouse with its adjoining buildings, for the accommodation of keeper and visiting officials, situated near ocean level to the right of the cliff, looked like a toy colony from this height. In a straight line with Point Loma, southward, a number of jagged islands rear their heads above the green waters of the Pacific, defying time and tide, stubborn evidences of a great mountain chain, which in the convulsion of a mighty cataclysm broke away from the main continent and sank beneath the all-engulfing waters.

Two days later my friends accompanied me to the railroad depot at San Diego. The time for my departure had arrived and I was bound from there on my homeward journey. We were standing in a group conversing pleasantly during the remaining moments before the train's departure, when to my surprise there came upon the depot platform my friend, Dr. A. of San Francisco. I made immediately for him to introduce him to my San Diego friends. When the train got under way I made free to ask him where he had been during the past ten days.

"At Point Loma Homestead," he answered.

"They told me you had gone back to San Francisco when I asked for you upon my arrival in San Diego ten days ago."

"Who did?"


"Mr. Fusell, Mrs. Tingley's private secretary."

After some moments of silent reflection the doctor said:

"That is very strange."

CHAS. F. BURGMAN.

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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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Last Sunday evening I became so conscious of the presence of this unconquerable love, words fail to express my appreciation of it. How kind you are to me and family! The boy, too, is doing well. It seems as if your thought was filling the house with hope.—K. S., Washington, D. C.

Your kind and encouraging letter received. The tumor (cancer) is steadily getting smaller; it does not bleed any more, but looks dry. I believe it will soon be gone.—V. S., Buffalo, N. Y.

In sitting for treatment I feel the power of your thought both for health and courage. Everything in a business way looks brighter than for a long time; a letter from a neighboring state asking me to name a cash price for land I hold there—another letter from San Francisco from a man considering an advanced price for some mining stock I own there—and the ease with which I raised the money to pay off the debt that I first wrote you about, seems like a dream. I feel as if I did not have anything to worry over now. (The treatments were for health and financial success.) Ever sincerely yours, C. E. M., Des Moines, Iowa.

Slowly but surely I am getting better. My cough is giving way; the secretions are less; I am stronger, with a good appetite; (it was a case of consumption) and I am happy with the thought of being my old self again. I am living in a new atmosphere of light, hope, beauty and thankfulness, all of which I ascribe to your wonderful power.—S. M. T., Quincy, Mich.

Mrs. — has received your letters, and they are a great comfort to her; she reads and rereads them and they bring her comfort. She is decidedly better. She has had a great stirring up with nausea, and very weak; she was sleepy, too; slept nearly all day. But the following day was a fine one for her. She feels an inexhaustible, boundless strength within her. The bloat in her feet (this was an awful case) is about gone; so much so that her slippers fall off and her stockings slip down. The pain in the small of her back has disappeared in the last week. I asked her what I should write you about that pain; she began to laugh, and said, "I forgot I ever had it." The pulled, drawn-over feeling is disappearing and the tenderness going away. The tumor itself is softening; as I felt it to-day it was spongy and pliable. The last week she has given the medicine no thought, and takes none. When taking her treatment she fees your presence, and it gives her the assurance of perfect health.—L. S. V. H., Fairbault, Minn.

You, together with your books and FREEDOM, have done me more good than all my whole library of forty-five hundred volumes. I am going to get well; I do not think of dying. I have not a gray hair on my head and am as supple as I was at twenty-five. I don't know what it is to give up anything I undertake. Am never despondent any more; I used to be, but you have changed all that.—C. H. C., St. Paul, Minn.

Send for the pamphlet called "The Highest Power of All," and see for yourselves what the mental healing method can do for you. I am not saying that it cures every case, but I do say that it cures ninety persons out of one hundred.

HELEN WILMANS,  
Sea Breeze, Fla.