

FREEDOM

A JOURNAL OF REALISTIC IDEALISM.

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

Meet: 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.

VOL. VIII., No. 35. SEA BREEZE, FLORIDA, FEBRUARY 13, 1901. SINGLE COPY 5 CENTS.

THOUGHTS VARIOUS.

To me it is like this: "In the beginning"—as the Bible says (if beginning there was) we find force, energy, spirit, intelligence and matter coexistent. So we find them still. They will ever remain inseparable. Matter never was, and never will be, divested of intelligent life; and man as the highest form of life, love, truth, energy, spirit, intelligence and God, organized, is no more intelligent as a whole, for the work he has to do, than his component parts for the duties of each. In other words, the atom, for its work, is as intelligent as the man; the man, as intelligent as the sum total of the atoms of which he is composed, with nerve ganglia as brain centers and commanders-in-chief.

Man is very old—so old that his age is beyond the power of mortal to compute. From "the beginning" he existed. In the first (?) atom was man; in that atom, co-existent with him, was his spirit. Together have they dwelt in each reincarnation of planetary life—protoplasm, vegetable and animal form—until he stands a glorious culmination of all—a microcosm—the epitome of the universe.

This, to me, is all there is of reincarnation. He never finds his spirit, for he never was without it.

Always has a serene, beautiful, sunny day, such as we have sometimes in early summer, and again in the fall, filled me with a sweet, vague, indefinable sadness. A "nameless longing" has seemed to possess me; a loneliness, as though I belonged somewhere else. Was it a dim remembrance of another clime, of which I had once been a resident? Did it hold for me unuttered whisperings of a former home of exquisite harmony? I cannot tell. I do not know.

Again, when in the presence of beautiful statuary, particularly in some lovely park, there comes a strange feeling of recognition, as though in some such place I once had dwelt. Had I, in some previous existence, been an Athenian of early days? Though a spiritualist and a medium, and—I add with pleasure—a Mental Scientist too, I think not. I cannot solve it for myself. If it is a plea for reincarnation, I care not. I want only the truth. I think, however, that the spirit is always at one with the surpassingly beautiful or grand in nature, and the higher forms of art. The greater the harmony the more are the senses submerged into the spiritual, until often one is blissfully intoxicated; or is moved to tears, particularly when listening to masterly execution of grand music.

It is so, no doubt, in the same or different lines, with us all, just as, latent within each of us, lie the same glorious possibilities. Each might be a Shakespeare, a

Michael Angelo, an Emerson, a Lincoln—all other conditions being equal.

Different environments have developed us differently; but in the years to come, and even now, man is learning to develop environments instead of being developed by them.

Man has been taught that he must discard his shell in order to "pass over"—to become "an angel" or spirit, and "go to heaven," or the next sphere.

Why not—by the power of the only spirit he will ever have, the spirit now within him—begin the process of refinement here and now; thus making it unnecessary to discard the shell, which is simply a cruder form of spirit—the log house in which he needs live while pioneering, but which, with time and created opportunity and self-culture, should give way to the house of polished marble or glass, through which and by which the spirit becomes literally one with universal life—"in tune with the infinite;" when he becomes conscious of all vibrations of sound and color; when distance is annihilated and communication with all planets becomes possible?

Spirit is refined matter; matter, crude spirit. Know thyself, and all is known to thee. When man becomes thus refined, he will have changed environments and atmosphere, and will find, indeed, that the kingdom of heaven is here.

Does he discard his shell at birth? Does he discard it to pass from childhood to youth, from youth to adult life, from this into old age?

Yet how different each succeeding period compared with the one previous, though by seemingly unconscious gradations he passes into each, constantly growing and expanding mentally and physically! Why not refine the mental into the spiritual, with a correspondingly beautiful external? For, ever must life, which is always intelligent, take form. Changes should constantly grow less abrupt, and more harmonious and lovely.

The law is ever progression—not retrogression. Man in the infancy of the race was the possessor of a life of great longevity. Why has not the period increased instead of *vice versa*? Then he was much more spiritual than now, but on an unconscious plane. Instead of relying upon his intuitions for development, through ignorance he became selfish, and in the practical struggle for existence—depended upon the senses for knowledge as to the laws of growth; and seeing in the coarser manifestations of physical nature around him, life followed by early decay and apparent extinction, which he called death—through analogy concluded he him-

self must die; and because "as a man thinketh so is he," in time the length of his days was shortened, while death was ever present.

Slowly were his intuitions lulled to sleep; until now, after centuries, they are once more being awakened, and on a conscious plane he is beginning to realize something of the heritage, which through ignorance he apparently lost. But nothing is really lost. Everything counts; and with Pope we say, "Whatever is, is right." Only now is man able to grasp a little, even, of the grand possibilities that have always been his; so, only now is he really beginning to be ready for them.

We say, over and over, "as a man thinketh so is he," and know that this is true in every way; and that from a condition of disease and ill health, he may think himself into a condition of ease and health. Why not with equal fidelity quote, "According to thy faith, so shall it be," and on purely psychic lines, knowing the law of attraction, expect the fulfillment of your desires, even though physically you are helpless? Is it not also said, "The pure in heart shall inherit the earth?" At any rate, it does say, "The pure in heart shall see God," which surely must mean that on the lines of proper thought our heart's desire shall be satisfied.

Does the sick man begin to practice athletics and physically exert himself in his effort to be healed? Does a mental healer so labor for him, or so instruct him to labor for himself? No. On the other hand, the most effectual work is done "in the silence." "In repose lies all power." Why not, then, in the desire for opulence on any line? Verily, I do believe that even a lazy man, through the power of thought, could—like the practitioner in black magic—bring to himself the fulfillment of his desires, knowing the law; but I think even this would require more of effort than the ordinary lazy man is capable of.

But the thought, if true, should surely lift all discouraged, hopeless souls to a plane of faith and confidence, and so to peace and perfect happiness. Opulence is for all; the secret of obtaining it lies in the power of mind over matter. As spirit is a stronger force than matter, so is there more in air than in earth. Make yourself receptive, and one with the universe. Then the universe is at your command; and knowing the law, you, yourself may satisfy your own desires to the uttermost, with all occult powers at your disposal; opulence coupled with effort, and you have at your feet fame undreamed of.

Do "the duty that lieth nearest," but interpret the duty to your own liking; and then it may mean—sometimes—practicing or playing on the piano, or doing an exquisite piece of etching, instead of darning a pair of socks or scrubbing the kitchen floor.

MARGARET C. B. WOODWARD.

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.

FREEDOM on trial six weeks for ten cents.

ANOTHER VIEW ON REINCARNATION.

After careful study of Mr. Post's article, "Reincarnation," I will hereby give my views of the subject in question.

Is a new soul created every time a tree, an animal or a man is born into the world? I almost believe it is. When the visible part of the same is new, why should not the invisible be new in a corresponding way? When bodily organizations multiply, why should not souls multiply? If individuals have a beginning, there are only two ways that I can conceive of the beginning of the now existing souls of tree, animal and men. They either sprung into being in so many of the lowest forms of vegetable bodies, and then moved from one to another up to where they now are, or they are like the bodies, coming into existence with the same.

If the former is true it follows that only in the very lowest organizations souls can be created; and that the higher is dependent on the lower for soul supplies. As the lower forms of life are myriads in number, there is no reason to fear that we will be short of souls; but, on the other hand, it seems to me that it would be unjust to the many poor low souls in case the higher beings refused to multiply correspondingly. That would knock the poor fellows out of the chance for development, to which they surely are as much entitled as any of the first ones.

If the soul comes into existence with the body, it should follow the same law, and go out of existence with the body.

So far as the body is concerned we know that it dissolves, and we can see that it is by necessity it does so. It would surely be a detriment if beings with insufficient intelligence did not die and decay. Why could that not be a necessity with the invisible part, or the soul of the same being?

Mrs. Wilmans in the "Home Course" gives as the strongest reason for the reincarnation theory, the economy of nature. Nature wastes nothing; but if it is economy of nature to let bodies decay, why should it not be the same to let souls decay?

If living men by thoughts, words and deeds help to bring forth the conditions necessary for the coming of the eternal man, there is nothing lost. If ignorant thought is the rubbish that needs to be cleaned off the road, why not the same with ignorant souls? Why should it not be the same with soul material as with bodily material? The bodily material goes from one organization to another more refined for every time it passes through. Could it not be the same with the soul material? If so experience does not pass for nothing, but shows forth in an improved offspring.

This reasoning may seem cruel and merciless to a tender, loving heart; but we should not let the emotional nature prevent us from looking on all sides of the question. There is not a living soul on earth to whom the idea that self-conscious man with desire for eternal life, should—against his will—pass into nothingness—is more disagreeable than to me. I did very early, with all my faith, grasp the promises of eternal life that religion held out; and I hung on to them even after I understood their weakness, because I was determined to live if there was any possibility; and the only hope I could get, before I knew anything of Mental Science teaching, was through religion.

When I say that none could have a deeper desire for

life than I, I am well aware that in every human being there is a bottomless desire for life; only it may not be fully recognized by the individual.

On this fact, and on the truth that desire clothed with faith is creative, I base my belief that the soul of man might be able to exist, even after the body is dead.

If man builded himself to what now is by trusting his desires, I do not see why he could not—through all the years of faithful belief in a life after death—be able to speak himself into spiritual existence. Even if it is an error of man to affirm life for the soul, and not at the same time for the body, this, as well as other errors, should be manifested by the law, if the law be that desire clothed with faith takes on reality.

Suppose this conclusion is true; in what position are our friends that have died in the belief of life in heaven? If they are able to see their mistake, they would surely want to correct it. I do not doubt they would desire reincarnation; but I do not believe that they are aware of their mistake. Even if they were, and had desire to reincarnate, I think the living men by which they should be reborn have, of necessity, to be the positive power in the attracting process which must take place. For my part I doubt that such an attracting desire exists in any person living in the body. Besides that, if reincarnation is not law in the lower order of life, it is not likely to be in the higher, even if in fact the soul of man lives after the body is dead.

What is going to become of these souls if they really exist?

They will either have to perish in darkness, or the living truth reach them some way. How will it come to them? It might be that after man has conquered his last enemy, Death, it is his privilege to—by some now unknown means—bring the truth to those erring souls; and it may be that such knowledge will enable them to resume bodily form.

EMIL SWANSON,
Bayfield, Wis.

Some physician makes use of this suggestive phrase,—"the dynamic power of an idea," and as an illustration of what is meant by this expression the following incident is related. Not long ago a man in taking medicine was suddenly possessed by the notion that he had by mistake taken arsenic. His wife insisted to the contrary, but he proceeded to manifest all the peculiar symptoms of arsenical poisoning, and finally died. So certain was his wife that he had not taken arsenic that an autopsy was held, when not an atom of the poison could be found. Of what did the man die?—Arsenic? No, of the dynamic power of an idea of arsenic.

Happily for humanity this dynamic power of ideas works constructively no less certainly than it does destructively, and an idea of health fixed in the consciousness and persistently adhered to would tend to bring about the best results. Over a hundred years ago, old John Hunter said: "As the state of mind is capable of producing disease, another state of it may affect a cure."
—Exchange.

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.

MENTAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION.

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

HELEN WILMANS, National President.

CHAS. F. BURGMAN, National Secretary.

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THE CONSTITUTION OF THE MENTAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION.

In FREEDOM of last week was announced the intention of the Executive to so amend the Constitution of the Association as to make it clearly expressive of the liberality of thought that Mental Science stands for. It is intended to do away with all misunderstanding as to the purposes of the Association, or of its founders.

This will be accomplished to a great extent through the omission of provisions that seemed to unduly limit the freedom of the proceedings of the various Temples. The provision that the lecturers of the individual Temples shall be appointed by the Executive will be eliminated. Similar provisions as to the lectures purposed to be supplied by the Executive will be omitted.

While this will remove all possibility of misconstruction, the Executive will always be ready and willing to co-operate with the individual Temples in the way of assisting in supplying lecturers and lectures wherever it may be requested to do so. This is in fact all that the Executive ever intended doing, and is the practice which has universally prevailed since the inception of the Association.

A new feature of the Constitution will be the pro-

vision for a circulating library as a component part of each Temple. The nucleus of these libraries will be the Mental Science or new thought literature that will be arranged to be supplied by the Association.

Another feature will be the provision defining the details of representation and voting at the business meetings of the conventions. This is designed not only for the purpose of saving time and unnecessary friction, but also to avoid any appearance of partiality in the matter of elections and other proceedings.

A point which may seem very important to others, but to which the Executive attaches little weight, is the provision determining the tenure of office of the Executive. The proposed Constitution will provide that *all* officers shall hold office only from one convention to another, and it is expected that these will be held yearly. This provision will be expressive of that spirit of freedom and equality which it is intended the Association shall represent in the highest degree; and it is one that is heartily welcomed by the Executive.

The changes above outlined indicate the most important amendments that will be made to the Constitution. The present opportunity, however, will be taken advantage of to make the instrument express in all matters, and as clearly as may be, a spirit of the greatest freedom and liberality.

In FREEDOM of next week the method of procedure proposed to be followed by the Executive will be given in detail; and with the printing of the proposed new Constitution, suggestions and criticisms will be requested. These will be gratefully received and adopted to the extent that they are calculated to more effectually carry out the purposes and objects of the Association.

ON THE ROAD.

From Los Angeles, California, to San Bernardino one passes through a succession of orchards where nearly every variety of fruit is grown which the rich, deep soil is capable of producing. Of course, the cultivation of citrus fruits predominates, and here you are in the heart of the orange industry where your eye sweeps over miles of carefully cultivated acres, which sustain the handsome symmetrical trees with their rich, green, glossy foliage. They have all been planted with geometrical exactness and not a blade of grass or the trace of a weed is permitted to grow between them. These petted aristocrats of the southern clime have the exclusive privilege of absorbing all the sunshine the perpetual cloudless sky pours upon them, and all the strength held within the soil beneath them which they are capable of absorbing. But they give a handsome return for their care; the putting forth of brain force, capital and labor have converted what was once an arid desert into a veritable Eden, where fruit and flowers and sunshine gladden the eye and the heart, and fill the purse. While sojourning in San Diego, I bought there great, fine lemons at the rate of twelve for five cents, there the cultivation of the lemon is in the lead; on our way to San Bernardino the train stopped at Colton; fruit venders with their carts had arranged themselves along the margin of the cinder-paved passenger walk. They held out their baskets filled with ripe, yellow fruit to us, and as they were not permitted to cross the path, we, of the male gender, left the cars and handed baskets of fruit, oranges, lemons,

apples, plums, pears, muscat and red, ripe tokay grapes, through the car windows by the hundreds, to our feminine companions within, at the rate of 25 cents per basket, until the venders had been entirely relieved of their stock. With others, I investigated the result of my purchase and found fifty-two oranges in my basket, enough to supply myself and friends until we reached Kansas City.

After leaving San Bernardino the aspect of things gradually changed, and as the afternoon sun sank slowly down the horizon we were well into the desert, the grey-tinted, parched and barren desert. It is well that the railroad companies have so arranged their time schedule as to bring their passengers through these desert stretches at night, and relieve them of the intolerable heat and glare of these rainless regions.

Breakfast at Tucson, Arizona, brought back the older years to me, when the best and swiftest means of travel was the ever faithful horse, and when Tucson was the one town in all this great region through which the adventurous rovers of these desert and Apache-infested mountain ranges, kept in touch with their kindred in the far off states and the countries beyond. Those were the days when railroad and telegraph were unknown in Arizona; when Tombstone and the hundreds of other thriving mining towns were not in existence and the wild red renegades of the mountains were joined at frequent intervals by the reservation-fed Apaches to bring ruin and destruction to the pale face, who tilled the soil near the mountain-fed streams, guarded the increasing herds of cattle down in the mirage-painted valleys; or slept, unconscious of danger, near the smoldering embers of the prospector's fire.

The outward appearance of Tucson has changed but little from its appearance twenty-six years ago. The number of houses has increased with the increase in population; those of the lighter type outnumber now those the bronze colored type of man, but the material of which the buildings are made is the same as that used by the earlier Mexicans and Spaniards, who predominated in point of number more than twenty-five years ago. And in fact *adobe*—sun dried earth cast into moulds of nine by eighteen inches in size and six inches thickness—makes the cheapest and most available building material possible in this treeless region. Every one can own a house here through the mere exertion of building one. You cannot make a very pretentious and ornate building out of *adobe* but it will keep you cool and shaded during the dry heat of the long summer and maintains the heat quite well during the winter. The Indians of the Rio Grande for centuries built their Pueblos of it, and the Spanish padres succeeded in moulding it into pleasing lines when constructing their early missions.

Arizona is the land of mystery. Its barren, rugged, treeless, purple-tinted mountain ranges project boldly into the ever blue and cloudless sky. The herbage of the valleys is scant, parched and brown; you will find a dagger in every bush and cactus, a poisonous sting in every insect which seeks shelter beneath them. The centiped, scorpion and tarantula have their home here and grow to disagreeable proportions. A hundred miles south of the railroad, while riding, many years ago, along the base of Sierra Negro range, near the border line of Chihuahua, I saw creatures of the insect world which make a teetotaler think, in beholding them, that he is afflicted with delirium tremens. The sun's rays are reflected with merciless glare in mountain passes and canons, from treeless, craggy sides and barren rocks and boulders. The one thing above all you

need is water, and suffering awaits you if you are not supplied for your journey, or go astray. The emaciated carcasses of cattle dying for the want of water, were visible by the hundreds from the car window as we passed. The whole country as you pass through appears as if it had emerged but yesterday from the hand of chaos, unfinished, cheerless and forbidding. Yet if you will but linger, the country will develop a charm for you which you cannot efface from your memory. The purity of the atmosphere; the wonders of the sky as the day sinks gradually to rest; the indescribable glory and beauty of the sunset; the ever changing panorama of crag and peak and mountain chain, as the lights and shades of the ever moving sun light mark the advance and passing of the day, hold you fascinated and spell-bound. Besides this there are nooks and dells and fairy bowers, tucked away among those uncanny looking ranges, where crystal streams run through deep and shady vine-clad canons, and where explorer, hunter and prospector, rejoice in the luxuriance of foliage, the richness of herbage and the abundance of game.

Arizona has been the victim of some great change in nature which turned its once luxuriant and herbage-covered domain into a brown and barren desert; how long ago I am unable to tell; I do not know; the event took place away back in the dim shadowy past; but I draw this conclusion from the fact that we dug the tusks of a mastodon out of a clay bank near old Fort Bowie in the Chiricabuarange in 1875. Nevertheless this southeastern portion, which I have described somewhat hurriedly, is capable of sustaining great herds of cattle on the heavy nutritious grass which grows abundantly along the base of the mountains; and the labor of farmers is well repaid near running streams and where artesian water supplies the fields.

Along the valley of the Gila river, and that of Salt river, a numerous, industrious and highly civilized race once cultivated the soil; but their origin and destiny are shrouded in mystery. Indications of their thrift, industry and culture are left in the traces of vast acequias or irrigating ditches, the crumbled mounds which mark their former great dwellings and town sites, and here and there an isolated remnant of a ruin, which indicates substantial buildings of extensive scope. But their origin, and the people who built them, stand back of the traditions of the red Indian who came into the country many centuries ago; and baffle the conjecture of the wisest of the modern pale face inhabitants and investigators.

CHARLES F. BURGMAN.

PROTEUS.

(Concluded in this issue.)

In the larger forms unlikeness travels into likeness as they approach the human goal. The human structure is emancipation from the prison house of the inferior. In it we are an endless upward stair, and no fixed state lasts beyond its place and time. Manhood is a ladder of infinities. The animals are our youngest selves. They are rudimentary men. All creatures are incarnations, in different degrees of one and the same Universal Soul. Man is potential God. Humanity is the one Universal Form to which all living things are but the differing steps of ascent. The chief religious symbol of Egypt, the Sphinx, was an embodiment of this truth. The Sphinx, in picturing the lowest as linked to the highest—the loins of the lion to the head and breast of the woman—reveals the method of ascension, under the differentiation of the seed of the soul. Through every change, by a secret providence, the planet is fitting to upbear a grander style of manhood. The infinite spiritual psyche within us, imprisoned through the ages, will be set free in our nature. For this, the primitive forests, and the people have been shedding their frames, in unreckoned generations. For this the little flowers have been working since the first were self-sown from the miraculous gardens of spirit. For this, an aboriginal savage tenantry lease as hunters

the future cornlands of civilization. The human body, also fallow and in great part tenantless, like the planet, will become the microcosm of a new mind, burning with supernal fire to make us more and more from the dust of the earth into the image and likeness of the divine heart.

In his royal passage from chaos to cosmos, from clod to God, from the cell or the sponge to the radiant globe of reason in the human head, or the well spring of love in the human heart, the unfolding psyche leaps over no point; for man is born by many births. He takes the long ladder round by round. He slides, creeps, flies, rides on the spider and the beetle, sleeps with the sloth, swims with the fish, skims the air with the bird, tramps heavily on with the behemoth, grins and gossips with the monkey, hunts with the lion; and whatever form he is using becomes sanctified by his indwelling. He travels with a whole managerie in his cerebellum, and in him the Creator brings all his dumb creatures under one roof.

He is the true ark of Noah, in which all the lower natures are housed. He groups all the lesser material forms in his body, while he presages the higher life of the spiritual in his soul. He is the Jacob's ladder of many rounds, stretching from lowest earth to sky. He was the aim and dream of nature from the beginning. He was her target, but she did not hit the white till a million centuries had ripened her skill. Indeed, she has not yet evolved the true and permanent type of humanity for which she has been striving. In her great work-shop of the planet she has slowly felt her way; built and broken many a clay model; resketched and rewritten her secret thought; till after a thousand millenniums, man appears, note book in hand, and begins to ask of his origin.

We have all lives as animal, bird, snake, insect, plant. Our primal atom has been washed on the ocean's bottom, frozen in icebergs and scorched in volcanoes. In one form and another we have gone on and up, gaining upon each change in intelligence and force, until now we stand here—at the half-way house of animal manhood.

"Man," says Goethe, "is the first dialogue that Nature held with God." This is true. For in man the Creator hears the close-kept secret of his own personality told into all ears. In the lower animal forms the Infinite, muffled and disguised, incognito, roams through the streets of his creation; but in man the mask falls, the cloak drops, and the glad universe exclaims, "Eureka!"

For the creation is God disappearing in material life, to come forth as man—God lost in the forest of forms, till found again in the human advent. Each of us is a bit of Deity, framed in matter and wrapped in time. Each man is a hint of God, as the wave is a hint of the sea. Nature is the involucent of spirit in matter. History is the human evolution of the Godhead. Each little child, like the holy babe of Bethlehem, intercedes for every person born; for God without and God within are one, the Son of Man is evolution, and the babe in the manger is the Lord from the skies.

There is no God for the earth man now, but the God in man. The prayer for the far God falls spent upon the breast, for nigh at hand, in every brother, moves the grand, sweet presence. God meets us in the sanctuary of ourselves. He is incarnate. He makes residence in us.

Where man is, there is the present master of life. His forces come up from the center, and come down from the sky. All gospels lie in him. From his two hands all tools are born, all arts proceed. The world becomes his shadow to chase his footsteps. The words of his mouth are echoed in empires and civilizations. His gestures rise into religion. His heart heaves with the hope of the universe; for man is the autograph of God, and carries the judgment day in his forehead. He is the acme of things done, the seed of things to

be. Cycles floated his cradle. Aeons waited on his baby steps. His callow youth fills all the spheres, and stretches from clod to God. Older he than solid soil or floating wave. He is the root of all that has grown, and out of his soul come all the Bibles; the leaves are not more shed from the trees than they are shed from the deep heart of man. The hinge of his head, the lift of his eyelid, puts all machinery to scorn. His open palms cover continents. He outspeeds the wide sweep of Uranus, and plucks the swift comet by the flowing beard. He passes all boundary lines; fetters fall, gashes heal, corpses rise on his way to the Supreme.

This earth of ours that looks so fresh and sweet, is in fact an old graveyard—a huge cemetery, one sepulcher, where we tread off skulls at every step. Our past burials strew the world. In every soil is a concrete of dead organisms. The primeval oceans left a first deposit of their minute forms of life. The rivers tore the hillsides and ran down with their silt. The glacier with its blue plowshare deeply furrowed the landscape, and on the surface thus gained, the skies shed their rains, the ethers lent their thrill, and the mighty ferment of animate nature began.

Then came the slow, long, unceasing effort to evolve man; for he is a measureless presence, whose roots run out and down to every sweet and bitter thing, from the metal to the gas; from the violet to the vine. His body rolls along with the orb, kneaded together out of her juices and her clay. He is as much harnessed to matter as fish or dog, only with a larger arc. He stands waist deep in matter as in a swamp. He is glued to nature. He is caught, like the bedraggled fly, in the viscid fluidity of things. Both his feet branch down into roots that share the universal life, with the grass and the tree. He finds a Bible in each daisy at the door. His heart beats in the slender pulsations of the jelly fish. He has worn in his evolution the whole vesture of life, a vesture woven without seam from top to bottom, stretching from pit to pinnacle, from angleworm to angel, from sponge to spirit, from protoplasm to prophet. All the animals came to Adam to be named. That is, the body of man is furnished with the instincts of all the herds and droves, and the human mind is built up out of all the animal aspirations. Each animal as he came brought to Adam tokens of himself—tokens that he had dropped as he passed that way long ages ago.

The tree is an unconscious person. It is an individual, and knows it not. Man is such and knows it. Consciousness is the root of personality. The ideal, which is the lower organism, is silent, becomes vocal and says, "I;" that I made religion and founded science; that I hold civilization in the one hand, and immortality in the other. The animal is tied hard and fast to his instincts. He cannot turn round in his track and face himself. But man's self detaches itself to look itself in the face. The animal, while he knows, does not know that he knows. He does not think back over his own thoughts. He sees, but does not see that he sees. He acts, but does not react. His nature has no returning stroke; man alone has the faculty that looks before and after. He alone has spontaneity, and lower forms are but the stuttering prophecy of that unmatched perfection. God made man in his own image, and then he made the universe in the image of man.

I said that nature speaks her latest organic word in the present human type; her latest—by no means her last. The man ape fulfilled his day, and made way for the ape man, hair-clad and speechless, arboreal and impersonal, with a muzzle for a face; who, in turn gave place to the present compound of animal and man. Is he a finality? No, there are no finalities. There is no halt in the movement of the cosmos. Each end in nature is also a beginning. All phases and manifestations in life expire at the end of their use, and fulfillment of their terms. Nothing remains in the unchanged appearance. When a form has accomplished the end

for which it was designed, it passes away to make room for higher structures. This is the law of life.

As each advance in the lengthened chain of being was not a stationary summit, but merely a base from which the next step was taken, "so the present type of egoistic mankind, which has less aptitude for orderly association than the insects in an ant-hill, which presumes to quarrel and butcher on this globe till it reeks like an abattoir, and is an offense in the nostrils of the universe; this creature whose history is made up of frauds, treacheries, disputes and murders, from the beginning of recorded time, is by no means nature's true or ideal man, but only a coarse approximation." ("The wedding guest.")

Nature has only endured him at all because he is this approximation, and serves as a base for evolving a creature more truly human, a more filial offspring of the Most High, a race built on altruism as we on Egoism; and so above the plane of sin, or disease, and of natural morality.

The wide interval between the ape man, and the true androgynous being, could not be taken at a stride, so nature fills the gap with the egoistic man. He serves her turn, and, though a makeshift, is not a failure when looked at only as an approach to ideal manhood—as a pootoon thrown across the chaos for the moment. To form him, she epitomized and condensed the tremendous instincts of the passionality of the creation, and drew over it a human skin. Thus he is an apparition; a seeming man, made in the image and likeness of God, but not in the divine reality. He stands in the strict law and line of evolution; he is a massing together of all the possibilities of the lower types of life; to serve as a base, for the creation upon it and in it, of the human personality in the spiritual degree.

We are but fractional men, semi-human; a large remainder of deposit in our structures is animal or inhuman; and from this comes all our miseries, all our diseases, all our sins; for the law of the animal, whether in or out of the human skin, is Egoism. Here is the origin of evil, and here its cure. When the cause of evil is removed by evolution, the effects disappear. It is hard for a man to reconcile the existence of evil with the goodness of the Creator, but the mystery is of our own making. Evil is simply and solely the law of the lower creature, which is Egoism, ruling in man. Egoism is not evil in the animal, for it is his law; but when it rises into the higher structure, and usurps the place of the Divine principle, altruism, it becomes evil and that continually. Evil and sin are features of animal heredity which man is learning to outgrow. They are the propensities which have "held over" in him in his upward progress. They are the remnants of an inferior grade of being and a lower order of life. The God in us is climbing still. In the final victory of altruism, in the coming round of cosmical evolution, lies the long predicted redemption and the deliverance of the race. In the present manhood, humanity is like the silver ore in a mineral vein, mixed with dross and scoria, rock and refuse. Nature in her next assay, will bring out from the crucible of evolution the pure metal of man, like silver thrice refined.

Out of the lowliest forms man has come to be something, and will come to be much more. He is at the end of a long series of forms, through whose natural gradations he has passed, each stage of which has been towards a higher transformation. Providence was at every point of the long ascending way, and still pushes him on; for he is yet tethered to the soil whence his body came, and much earthly stratification loads the flesh of his heart. In the present stage of evolution we are but human animals who parade as men. Much of the human structure is a legacy from inferior organisms, which, in our next advent, we shall make superfluous.

The ape has not died out of man; he has only gone in; he is closeted and lurking in each. He reappears in

keg, attended to the children, and in her leisure hours assisted the hired man in feeding, shearing and branding the sheep.

Enough of such nonsense.

Herbert George of whom I have written previously, the editor of *George's Weekly* published in Denver, Colorado, who was here only a week on his first visit, and then left Mrs. George with us and returned home, could not stay away from us any longer. He dreamed dreams about us girls, and so longed for our society that he jumped aboard a passing train one day and came back. I don't know whether he paid his way or was deadheaded. Editors are a "pecurious" people. Little Jessamine thinks he is the greatest man living. The fact is, we are all inclined to endorse her opinion. He has a rival, however, in Col. Floyd—a most generous, intelligent, noble-hearted man, and exceedingly handsome withal. Mrs. Floyd, of whom I can't venture a description in the short space left to me, is a glorious specimen of the thinking woman. I have never met a more logical mind than she possesses. She is the only daughter of Mr. Peter Henderson, the great florist of New York. I love her dearly.

Peter Henderson was a Mental Scientist years before the name was coined. His mind was one of the limitless kind; some of his glowing ideas have reached me through the few stray things he has written. I think of him as I do of Emerson—with burning regret that he should have laid down his body, before the new thought had sufficiently developed to show him that he could have remained here with us for untold ages yet.

The Colonnades is full of charming people. Some of them are purchasing lots and building lovely residences; others are letting their ideas run out in this direction; and another year is going to see a very great improvement in our City Beautiful. I wish our name was City Beautiful instead of Sea Breeze. Perhaps it will be sometime.

H. W.

ENCOURAGING WORDS.

Here is a letter from D. H. S., a regular physician and a lecturer in a large medical college. I gained his friendship by curing him of goitre after all the faculty had failed to do so. No man can be happy with one of those monstrous wens on his neck, however much of a philosopher he may be. So this doctor, who by nature is a just man and a reasoner as well, gave me great praise, and then began to explore for the cause of the cure. He began to read *FREEDOM*; then he wanted some books; after he had read the books he made up his mind to take the lessons. He did so, and said that there was not enough money in the United States to pay for what he got from them.

This was last year—which, by the way, was not very long ago. After studying Mental Science and becoming convinced of its almost miraculous power, instead of breaking off from the school where he was one of the shining lights, just kept on lecturing like the sensible man he is, mellowing up the prejudices against our ideas and instilling great truths about the potency of mind as a healing agent, never saying "Mental Science" once, but giving his students as much of the new, great truth as they were prepared to receive, thus laying the foundation for more when the time for more should arrive.

After I had cured the doctor he still kept writing to me, and before long he asked me to treat him for business success. In his last letter he wrote:

"Things are beginning to come my way. For some time I felt that I knew the law relating to financial success; and I did and do; but I somehow failed in my application of it, and I am glad—so glad—to have you speak it for me.

"Your review of the reincarnation article in the last issue of *FREEDOM* is excellence personified. It is such things as that and your editorials that put fire into the rank and file of us. By your seeing our sight is improved; and I begin to see that there is a reactive principle among us that must certainly add to your strength. I have made up my mind to affirm that every physical symptom out of the ordinary channel is a manifestation of a beginning of better physical conditions. I have done this for several days, and find that it does me good. I have studied carefully the law of auto-suggestion and know that it (auto-suggestion) has a wonderful power at times. But I am surely coming out finely under your treatment. It is constantly being remarked to me, "How well and young you are looking." I inherited grey hair at an early age from my mother (I was but ten years old when it first manifested) but my erect carriage, clear skin and bright eyes have always been in strange contrast to my hair. My lectures on Sanitary Science and Hygiene at the college are growing in popularity. It is the branch of all others to suit me best. Business is getting better, thank you. No day passes that I do not say, "Helen Wilmans is demonstrating the power of life, continuous life." I can actually see and feel that there is no death.

Sincerely your friend,

D. H. S.

MY DEAR MRS. WILMANS:—On page eleven of *FREEDOM* of January 16, you surely penned thoughts that struck a responsive chord in my being, the vibration of which caused a queer sensation at the time. You said, "I have seen, and am seeing every day, the possibility of gathering life in such abundance as to obliterate death." Think on, believe on, courageous soul. I, and thousands of others are with you in that, and like thoughts. You say further, "You too are expecting that life will conquer death some time." Yes, a thousand times yes, I know it will do it; the time is at hand that a man is beginning to be more precious in his fellow man's sight than refined gold, and the time is not far distant when a man will be counted a mere lad at a hundred years old.

Dare to think, and say; I and many others are with you.

W. A. Ross,

841 Franklin St., Louisville, Ky.

The following is from Eugene Del Mar in *Mental Science*:

The most direct road to better conditions lies through a full appreciation of all that is contained in our present surroundings. No condition remains with us longer than we require it, for as soon as we have extracted the lessons it would teach, its mission is accomplished, and it passes away. Not that we should be contented, in the sense of being willing to always remain as we are. On the contrary, we should feel that we are always to

grow, and that while the conditions of to-day may satisfy present requirements, the demands of to-morrow will be commensurate with the necessities of a maturer growth. Our greater needs will, in turn, serve to stimulate our desires and intensify our will to proportionately greater accomplishments.

Material wealth is a means, and not an end. In itself it possesses little value, but through use it has a convertibility into expressions of comfort, beauty and love. The pursuit of wealth for itself is ignoble and fatuous. The miser may hardly be said to live at all, for he is certainly dead insofar as usefulness to himself or others is concerned. It is what wealth may be exchanged for, and the purposes to which it may be devoted, that alone give it value or dignity. And money plays an important part in almost every work that we may do for the benefit of ourselves or others. But while its possession is, therefore, to be desired, we should be careful not to pay too dearly for it or for what it may be converted into.

It is the use we make of our wealth that determines its advantages, and its influence on us. If used with wisdom, we may expend it in building a character of strength and beauty, and a life of happiness. Or we may have to learn the lesson of use through the experience of being ignorantly wealthy. The more our possessions the larger is our responsibility, and the greater the opportunity for the penalty of error. Whenever, therefore, wealth has become so great that its use is beyond its possessor's capacity to wisely direct, it has become a menace to his happiness.

He is happiest in his riches who has learnt the lesson of use, and wisest whose requirements are the most readily satisfied. He who has a noble purpose in life and wisely devotes himself to it, will attract to himself such wealth and other instrumentalities as his purpose and devotion entitle him to.

We are magnets, and what is ours will come to us. To the extent that we have prepared ourselves for a wise use of wealth, will it be attracted to us. If it comes to us while we are yet ignorant of its purpose, it is that we may learn the lesson through practical experience. Much wealth and great happiness have no necessary or intimate acquaintance. Those are the happiest who live a life of devotion to the higher principles of being, free from the responsibility of large possessions; those who have learned to wisely use what they have; those whose surroundings are in conscious correspondence with their requirements.

NIKOLA TESLA SHOWS HOW MEN OF THE FUTURE MAY BECOME AS GODS.

When a child is born, its sense organs are brought in contact with the outer world. The waves of sound, heat and light beat against his feeble body, its sensitive nerve fibres quiver, the muscles contract and relax in obedience—a gasp, a breath, and in this act a wonderful little engine, of inconceivable delicacy and complexity of structure, is hitched to the wheelwork of the universe. Left to itself the engine stops; it has no power to draw energy from Nature's inexhaustible store.

The little engine moves and works, changes size and shape, performs more and more varied operations, be-

comes sensitive to more and more different influences, and now there begins to manifest itself in it a mysterious force. It becomes capable of responding to stimuli of a more subtle nature and of drawing, for its own use, energy from the environment. Gradually the engine has been transformed into a being possessed of intelligence, which perceives, discerns, does like others of its kind.

The experiences multiply, the knowledge increases, the discernment becomes keener, the human being, responding to the faintest influences, is awakened to the consciousness of Nature, and its grandeur, and in its breast there is kindled a desire to imitate Nature, to create, to work itself the wonders it perceives.

But the exercise of this power does not satisfy the mind, which rises to still higher, undefinable perceptions, not of this world; and inspired by them the artist, the inventor and the man of science give expression to the longing of the soul.

What can man, with his power of creating, in his striving toward the ideal, produce; what result can he attain which would be of the greatest consequence in this universe, his greatest achievement? A scientific idea which I advanced nearly two years ago in an unpublished address may serve to answer this question, from a point of view likely to be taken by an inventor or engineer.

According to the adopted theory, first clearly formulated by Lord Kelvin, all matter is composed of a primary substance of inconceivable tenuity, vaguely designated by the word "ether." The atom of an elementary body is differentiated from the rest of this substance, which fills all space, merely by movement, as a small whirl of water would be in a calm lake.

All matter, then, is merely whirling ether. By being set in movement, ether becomes matter perceptible to our senses; the movement arrested, the primary substance reverts to its normal state and becomes imperceptible. If this theory of the constitution of matter is not merely a beautiful conception, which in its essence is contained in the old philosophy of the Vedas, but a physical truth, then, if the ether whirl or atom be shattered by impact or slowed down and arrested by cold, any material, whatever it be, would vanish into seeming nothingness; and, conversely, if the ether be set in movement by some force, matter would again form. Thus, by the help of a refrigerating machine or other means for arresting ether movement and an electrical or other force of great intensity for forming ether whirls, it appears possible for man to annihilate or to create at his will all we are able to perceive by our tactile sense.

This conclusion, though startling, is not contradictory to the adopted doctrine of the indestructibility of matter, and in the light of modern views it may be considered as a scientific possibility. It does not require the exercise of great powers of imagination to conceive that by harnessing the sun's energy and making his machines self-acting, these processes of creation and annihilation might be made to go on without human intervention other than the control.

Could he do this, man would then have god-like power, for he could create any kind of material substance, of any size and shape, seemingly out of nothing,

and he could make all perceptible substance revert to its primary form, lose itself forever in the universe.

At his command, almost without an effort on his part, worlds would disappear and new worlds would be born. This, according to my ideas, would be the grandest feat which might be performed by man, the most consequential, his greatest achievement.

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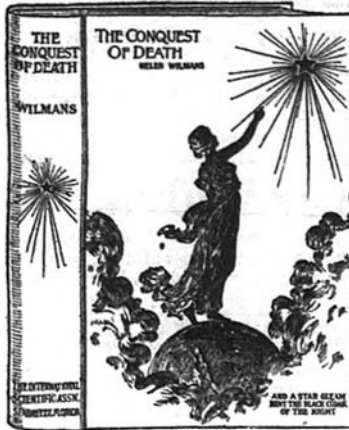
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I have felt your healing powers, and have improved wonderfully.—A. G., Venedocia, Ohio.

I feel strong and hopeful and happy. My fear is gone, and I know now that in a short time I shall be—oh! so free financially. (He was treated for business success.)—C. H. L., Los Angeles, Calif.

I am still improving, and my boy is too. I don't think I could be paid to take another dose of medicine. I did not think that people could live without it, but I have found out that they are better off without than with it.—E. L. H., Godwin, Pa.

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 bloating 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 feels 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.

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