

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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HOME, SWEET HOME—WHO IS THE HOMEMAKER?

BY W. J. COLVILLE.

As no word in the English language has more deeply endeared itself to all than the great word home, it is, indeed, interesting to know that Sanskrit scholars attribute its pre-eminence to the fact that it is only an elongated form of the sacred syllable om. Consequently, whoever practices deep, regular breathing with this familiar word, can set up within his organism the self same vibrations as those induced in India by the employment of the divine syllable which signifies perfection. Etymology is always a fascinating study and one that we can all take up with great profit; and it is scarcely too much to say that did we perfectly understand each other's speech, and did we persistently employ words in their correct sense only, a very large percentage of recrimination on earth would cease. Whenever a word has gained a place of exceptionally high dignity in almost universal esteem, it stands to reason that the idea embodied in it must be an exceptionally large and noble one; for words live and triumph because of the thought force which originally spoke them into existence and continues to sustain them.

Home is a word to conjure with; and no matter how great the singer who has delighted operatic audiences, "Home, Sweet Home" is the *encore* piece which always elicits the stormiest applause. "Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home," sounds exultingly from the very heart of the most pampered cantatrice.

Affection for a great word and reverence for a sublime idea may well be considered glorious; but what if we are chanting the praises of a memory or a fiction, rather than of an abiding reality? The home queen is of all queens the most vital to the welfare of a nation; for without homes worthy the name no community can prosper. The evil effects of gambling, drinking and every kind of dissipation are perpetually dwelt upon by would be reformers; but the very people who are most desirous to keep young men at home, and young women also, are—for the most part—lamentably forgetful of what is necessary to constitute a home, which, as an institution, must possess some decided attributes differentiating it from a hotel or boarding house. Style, elegance, an excellent cuisine, and, indeed, everything sought after by the merely good housekeeper can never make a home, because all external advantages can be easily procured for hire in a well appointed hotel, fashionable club or first rate lodgings. The word "atmosphere" is invariably used in connection with a true home, by all who understand the meaning of what lies beyond the realm of simply physical perception.

The two women of Bethany so graphically portrayed in the gospel narrative are distinct types of housekeeper and homemaker. The representatives of both these good women are to be found everywhere in the modern world; but "Marys" are generally few, while "Marthas" are superabundant.

Much has been written in praise of the judicious housekeeper and her excellent domestic management; her linen chest and pantry are constantly open for inspection, and her economy is held up as an example to the neighborhood. But though she does keep a house in good order, she does not make a home; for there is no rest, peace or inward joy to be felt in her habitation. To dwell in a residence, no matter how well appointed, is not to live in a home. Freedom is the boon we are all craving. "Give us liberty or give us death" means much to many a cramped, dwarfed, suffering spirit, confined in the purgatory of a gilded cage, where everything glitters, but nothing satisfies. Though poverty is one cause of discomfort in many places, it cannot be the secret of the misery experienced in palaces, though it may account for much of the unhappiness in novels. We can well understand the chafing, irritating contest with perpetual penury which makes many housewives bitter and uneasy; but when the mistress of the dwelling can easily afford to keep two, three, or more assistants to take all the burden of housekeeping off her shoulders, lack of money is not the cause of the pitiful mental slavery, from which no bank account, however large, is able to emancipate its victims.

Love in a cottage is a poet's ideal; and many cottages are delightful sanctuaries into which the strife-worn and weary can repair for genuine recreation.

Perpetual dress parade is a weariness to the entire nature. The head aches with the weight of the heavy, plaited *chignon*, even though the coiffure be of the latest Parisian design. To be always on show is to be a life-long captive; and though we may be Mental Scientists claiming the supremacy of mind over all material conditions, we can yet agree with those rational hygienists who inveigh against unsanitary garments, and insist that easy costumes are essential to health.

All questions must be looked at from both sides before they can be understood. Mental states beget physical surroundings to the extent that outward habit and emotions reveal to an unlimited degree the mental state which brought them into vogue, and which keeps them running. The slavish devotion to burdensome externals, which weighs to the very dust so many devotees of stupid fashion, is certainly a mental fallacy ultimately expressed in material shape.

Thoughts materialize in our outward customs; therefore, we can read the cause in the effect, as the former inevitably shines through the latter. The comfortable, cheerful, easy-going homemaker may never seek to rise in outward splendor with her more pretentious neighbor, the renowned housekeeper; but between the actual appearance of the two women, and the actual state of their domestic affairs, only the sharpest contrast can be drawn, entirely favorable to the homemaker and disastrous to the housekeeper.

The Martha-like temperament is so fussy, fidgety and punctilious with regard to superfluous details that temper becomes ruined; the disposition hideously soured; while the general condition is one of perpetual unrest and complaining. We all know that a family requires food and clothing, as well as warmth and shelter; but what if the mental accompaniment is such that chronic dyspepsia and insomnia go hand in hand with elaborate *menus* and highly ornamented beds? The rest cure as adopted by Dr. Weir Mitchell of Philadelphia, and many other well known physicians, is largely a failure because no rest homes are provided for nervously overstrung patients.

Rest is not enforced idleness. It is freedom to enjoy, not bondage to restraint. The true home must always be the place *par excellence* where unrestricted liberty (not license) can be fully enjoyed. The ritualism of home, the idolatry of furniture, the fault-finding atmosphere and all else which demeans the institution, have long sent the men, and are fast sending women also—to clubrooms and other outside places, where, if they only pay their way honestly, they can enjoy something of that rest and freedom which they cannot get at home.

There is an economy which is criminally extravagant, and there is a prodigality in expenditure which is economical in the extreme. Short-sighted people are always "straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel;" for they sacrifice health and happiness to the maintenance of a domestic order, which throws the whole household into uttermost disorder.

Many people when engaged in important—almost creative—work require a certain amount of litter and confusion, in the midst of which they can construct something that has to pass through the chaotic stage on its way to cosmical harmony. The home should be the place where a certain natural degree of untidiness should be welcomed—not simply tolerated; and wherever practicable, advantage should be taken of every modern appliance for reducing the rigor of domestic management to minimum point.

Many a little flat in the city of New York is almost an ideal home, even though it lacks a solitary speck of garden, which, in the country, is so great an acquisition. It is quite possible to rent a small apartment in any large American city at quite moderate rental, and make it a perfect oasis in a business wilderness. Nothing can well be more delightful than to step out of the car near your own door, and in a minute or so find yourself thereby at home in a suite of rooms, in which you are entirely free from intrusion; and where your gas cooking stove and abundant hot water at all hours of day or night enable you to enjoy every comfort and luxury, with very small expenditure of time or energy.

When there are children growing up who need the freedom of a plot of ground to play in, the home should be situated outside the city limits; though—when some member of the family has to go regularly to business—within easy access of conveyances to town.

Nerves are worth more than car fare, and it is an insane economy which induces sickness through nervous fret and worry, occasioned by lack of home comforts to incapacitate the chief breadwinners from earning anything during weeks and months of illness, at which times the extra item of expensive medical attendance is generally added to the usual bills. Prevention is, indeed, better than cure; and one stitch rightly taken in due season often saves not only nine, but ninety or nine hundred, which it would be found extremely difficult to take after the once tiny fracture had become a rent of appalling wide dimensions.

Home is the true sanitarium or house of health wherever it is properly conducted; and were more attention paid to the evolution or education of genuine homes and homemakers, the difficult problem of household management would soon be easily solved. What is the chief difficulty, after all, in these times when disobedient children are said to be the rule, and obedient ones the exception? The old command, "Honor thy father and thy mother," can surely be supplemented by a corresponding commandment—parents, make yourselves honorable in the sight of your children.

Among the many telling illustrations with which Col. Robert Ingersoll was wont to adorn his singularly attractive lectures, the one which made most impression on many interested in the proper training of children, was his anecdote concerning the little boy who vehemently denounced his parents, calling them "the biggest liars in town," because they had promised to take him for a drive one fine afternoon, and then went off in their carriage without him.

Obedience to parental authority is to a certain extent necessary, but true wisdom is contained in the well known lines, "Speak gently; it is better far to rule by love than fear." The law of love begets the love of law; therefore, it can never be necessary to relax needful discipline, in the interest of those loving relations between parents and children, apart from which there can be no genuine mutual confidence, and no real esteem felt by the younger for the elder members of the household. It always seems easier to coerce than to persuade; but in the long run it is far more difficult, because the coerced are in a state of perpetual inward revolt, only biding their time to let loose their pent-up fury.

Nihilistic and anarchistic outbursts in national affairs are exactly the same on a larger scale, as the constant outbreaks of revolt which continually mar the serenity of many a misconducted home. No matter who is most in the wrong, there is always a smarting sense of injustice rankling in the breasts of any who finally resort to open defiance of law and order. Reasonless and tyrannical laws are naturally detested, and in the case of children the inborn sense of equity, which is our common possession, is exceptionally strong. Children are, indeed, easily led by those they admire and love. They are proverbially docile under the tutelage of those toward whom they experience the whole sentiment of reverential affection; but wayward and obstinate and rebellious the

most gracious of them will ever prove toward those who seek to force, instead of guide, and to command, instead of instruct.

The nagging fault-finding habit in many homes is the efficient cause of numberless outbreaks of misconduct on the part of boys and girls approaching maturity, who daringly cast aside wholesome, together with unwholesome restraint. No student of actual existence can dispute the fact that "pious" parents are often afflicted with "impious" children; but in such cases the reputed piety of the parents is a gross misnomer. Piety originally meant loving kindness. The kindest people in ancient days were rightly esteemed the pious ones, but for many centuries gone by alleged piety has been the synonym of religious cant and assumed spirituality.

The truly pious parent trains up the child in the way he should go; i. e., he gives him sound moral counsel, wise intellectual teaching, sets him a noble example and studies his tendencies and disposition with a view to helping him to become a truly valuable member of society. There is a moral code embodied in the Golden Rule interpreted in all its phases, which every rational child can appreciate and understand. There are rules for the guidance of a household comfortably with the good of every member of the family, which are not grievous, but on the contrary commend themselves to every growing thinker as worthy of all obedience.

Interdependence is the great law of life; we are all dependent one upon the other; and as equal workers in the busy hive of common industry, we must be taught from our earliest years to pursue individual welfare in such a manner that the general good of the community shall be subserved.

All such regulations in a household as accord with genuine mutualism are purely philanthropic, and as such do certainly commend themselves to the unfolding consciousness of the growing child. Wordsworth's famous saying, "There is a heaven that lies about us in our infancy," can be interpreted in far more ways than one; and experience abundantly proves the wisdom of the great teacher, who selected a little child as a model of the celestial kingdom which he desired to see established here on earth.

Too seldom by far is the line distinctly drawn in domestic government between the natural instinct of self-preservation and the kindred desire for self-improvement—which are purely normal—and that hideous aggressive selfishness which is an abnormal expression of thwarted desire for individual liberty.

Home should ever be the conservator of all finest feelings and sweetest hopes; but this it can never be when it is a scene of jangling or a place of restraint. If Mental Science is to do more for the world than simply alleviate its present pains, the Mental Science movement must become a vital regenerating force through altogether new educational apparatus. The tired, cross, irritable mother, together with the fretful, peevish, sickly child, must disappear from the horizon as nightmares of an outgrown past. There is actually no necessity for the fret and worry which waste the lives of the multitudes, and nothing so hampers really useful work as miserable devotion to altogether unnecessary details.

We are certainly on the verge of a wondrous revolu-

tion; but this can come in one of two ways—either by fierce revolt against long established tyranny; or by peaceful, intelligent evolution, compatible with the triumph of reason and a fuller development of all moral qualities. Boards of conciliation and courts of arbitration can be established in every home, and successfully worked in all business places and schools of all grades in every civilized community. The elders in a family should certainly display more wisdom than the juniors, and should be able to guide those who know less than they have apprehended of moral law, into fields of mental activity, where they themselves are working peacefully and happily.

Just so long as older people exhibit brute force in dealing with the younger and the weaker, nothing higher than suppressed anarchy can anywhere obtain. Every teacher who resorts to corporal punishment should remember that by so doing he belittles his own manhood, and takes rank with beasts in the estimation of the flogged. If you cannot govern without brute force, then you are not a qualified governor; and this you should confess to yourself—not, indeed, in any manner such as to render you niggardly in your estimation of your own possibilities—but in such a way as to cause you to set to work to develop your latent mental energy. With the rapid spread of many of the fundamental ideas essential to the practice of mental healing, the public mind is becoming gradually educated to an understanding of the more excellent way of dealing with refractory youth.

Suggestion is a word of such boundless import, that it applies as much to the work we do on behalf of our sleeping, as in the interest of our waking friends. The new psychology is rapidly bringing to the front the all important doctrine of continuous consciousness. It is now being taught by professors of the new psychology, wherever advanced thought is making headway, that—though we are not always on the same plane of consciousness—we are never unconscious. We may pass from subjective to objective, or from *sub* to *super*-consciousness; but we never lose consciousness. When the child is sound asleep, and the mother speaks to her sleeping little one, her mental treatment is quite as efficacious as though she treated by means of oral suggestion during the child's waking period. It is the self, the great submerged individuality, as it is sometimes called, that responds to the appeal made, when the outer senses are no longer open gateways.

The atmosphere of home takes on a far greater importance in our eyes when we come to know that silent thought currents are continually operative in the formation of the characters of the inmates of a dwelling. No coffee is so good as that made for you by the mother who loves you dearly, and whom you love dearly in return, though the same blend of Mocha and Java with or without chicory is easily procurable at the nearest grocery. The cake your sister makes is never equaled by the confectioner; yet your sister possess no culinary secret with which the baker is not thoroughly familiar.

It is the mental accompaniment to the physical act which endows the latter with surpassing value, and this high mental concomitant is present, perhaps, more frequently in the lowly than in the lofty dwelling. Though poverty is never a desideratum—and no sensible person wishes to be poor—it is quite possible, so

long as means are slender, to cut a very comfortable garment out of a very small piece of inexpensive cloth. We never improve circumstances by grumbling, and we certainly cannot rise from penury to affluence on the black-bat wings of fault finding.

If the home is at present a small and lowly one, it may still deserve the eulogy, "Be it ever so humble there's no place like home." Restive irritation delays all progress; while making the best possible of slender means is the way to acquire ampler means.

When Mr. Channing in his "Symphony" expresses his willingness to live content with small means, he is not quite clear to the general reader. Surely he has no objection to larger means if they come to him through honorable channels, as the fruit of faithful industry, but so long as one's means are small, it is infinitely better to live happily upon a little than to fret and fume because there is on more. We should never make a present condition a finality. Therefore, we should not attempt to settle down upon a small income, and live in a petty way, entertaining the foolish belief that we are never to be richer, and can never move to more commodious quarters; but so long as the quarters are narrow, love in a cottage glorifies that cottage, so that it becomes a palace in the estimation of its owners.

Wealth, in so far as it gives a sense of freedom, is a real blessing, but no further. With table, dress and furniture, individual taste and preference should be catered to as far as possible. Too many things are burdensome, especially when you wish to move or travel; and the most comfortable person going is he or she who can travel all over Europe with only a hand bag. Too many houses, like too many persons, are weighted down with an embarrassment of riches, which are not comforts. Ability to purchase all you desire gives you a very delightful feeling of security and liberty; but in the actual home life, and in the daily attire, simplicity adds very much to happiness. Things are for use; they must be household servants, not "gods," as they are often facetiously designated. The appropriateness of the title is sadly true; for they are slavishly worshipped by their idolators, who lose their own joy in life by offering perpetual sacrifices to the household ornaments.

Every member of a family should have one apartment, even though it be only a small one, entirely for his own. Prentice Mulford's "Use of a Room" is a very valuable pamphlet, containing many suggestions which could be advantageously carried into effect in nearly every household. A certain amount of privacy; a door that can be locked; some opportunity for throwing things around at one's own sweet will—adds immeasurably to the peaceful feeling of home life; and without a sense of peaceful freedom, home is such only in name. Good behavior in all essential particulars is sure to manifest itself whenever a spirit of right good feeling prevails among the inmates of a house. Conduct is an expression of thought and feeling. We all enjoy showing delicate attentions to those we love, while all work that is exacted from us is felt to be burdensome slavery. Between husband and wife a natural, graceful courtesy is sure to be displayed when there is true affection uniting the pair; and this loving courtship is nothing that can be learned by rote, or copied after the silly fancies embodied in some "Manual of Etiquette."

Hypocrisy is the most contemptible of vices, and it

is deceit that eats like canker into the very vitals of society. The chief objection to the prevailing false training of children, is that it breeds these twin vultures, or leads to relapse into such barbaric lack of politeness that the open contempt shown to parents by their children is a standing shame, especially when visitors are present.

From the hygienic standpoint a well regulated home is a treasure beyond price; for nowhere else is digestion so perfect or slumber so profound. As a necessary rule of health, conversation at meals should be of the cheeriest; time should never be grudged at table, and silence is not contributive to sound digestion.

In Shaker communities where strict silence is observed at meal times, there is little merriment in the lives of the people, and every one notices the pale faces of the Shakers, whose vitality is usually at a rather low ebb. Repression and asceticism do not tend to health and beauty, and it is but normal for all to aim at both these highly estimable blessings. It is worse than useless to cultivate ugliness on the plea that beauty is a snare, for it is the strong, vigorous, beautiful man or woman who can sway multitudes for good, where an equally conscientious person of unattractive personality would fail to exert a quarter of the influence.

Beauty is to be consecrated, not vilified; whether found in the human person or in the ample domain of Nature all around us. To make home beautiful is one of the chief studies of the true homemaker; for beautiful homes are tenements in which even angels may love to dwell.

What constitutes beauty may be in some respects an open question; but we think no one will deny the accuracy of such definitions as harmonious and symmetrical. Culture, to be genuine, must be spherical. There must be neither excess nor deficiency; neither undue protuberance nor lack in the ideal organism. The organization of a home signifies the blending of all the members in a gracious solidarity, in which each one feels his or her importance to the whole. As soon as children are old enough to fight, they are old enough to receive primary lessons in the law of arbitration; and so soon as they evince enough intelligence to perform active mischief, they can be taught to happily engage in useful constructive industries.

Many years ago in London there dwelt a very noble, philanthropic woman, Mrs. Georgina Weldon, who devoted her house and income to the training of orphan children, whom she brought up in an easy, natural way, allowing them to go without shoes and stockings, and to enjoy in the fine grounds adjoining her spacious home almost as much freedom as the country would have afforded them. One of the chief excellencies in this capable lady's system of child culture, was the intelligent interest she took in diverting their surplus energy from ways of mischief into paths of edification. When she saw any child given to destructiveness, she would give him paper, or some old material, to tear to pieces; but when he had torn it to shreds she would teach him to use it as stuffing for pillows, mattresses or sofa cushions, so that after a work of demolition had been completed, building might commence. It is thus that Nature ever operates, tearing down only to rebuild, destroying only to renew. The Brahminical conception of the god Siva, who is both destroyer and reproducer,

is a fine one; for it is verily but one force in the universe which expresses itself in waste and recuperation.

Life presents to us an endless transformation scene, in which kaleidoscopic changes are forever taking place; and when we fully learn the secret of the means whereby perpetual motion is maintained throughout the universe, we shall discover how to mold all elements to our pleasure, and to take our places as princes in palaces; while we have hitherto lived for the most part like beggars in hovels. Home must become a laboratory in which we learn the mystic art of transforming all base metals into gold. When the outer world seems dreary and perplexing, and we fly to our haven of refuge, we should always be able to recuperate in the home sanctuary as we can be renewed nowhere else. Only those who are actually engaged in the stress of business know to what an extent nerve force is wasted in the incessant conflict of the market place, in which women, equally with men, are occupied to-day. School life, whether for teachers or pupil, is scarcely less irritating as schools are at present conducted; therefore, every member of the household is apt at times to require a cozy dressing-gown-and-slipper attitude.

Incessant company, perpetual party giving or endless pilgrimages to theatres and neighbors' houses cannot fail to keep up the very monotony which so many people falsely try to break. Nothing is more monotonous than a continued round of so-called pleasure, as every one who has endured a London season in hot weather knows all too well. Many families remain in chronic ignorance of each other, except for the most superficial acquaintance; while home degenerates into a second or third rate lodging house, in comparison with which a well kept hotel is far superior. Homes can only hold their own, and present stronger attractions than the best appointed clubs, when every inmate feels a delightful sense of restful joy immediately his feet have passed the threshold.

We are quite confident there is a cure for the homelessness of multitudes of well housed people, who are the victims of housekeeping vs. home making. The home maker can be a very excellent housekeeper; for in this as in all other instances, the greater includes the less. While we can scarcely expect all imaginable excellencies conjoined in a single personality, the ideal woman was certainly conceived of whenever the 31st chapter of Proverbs was written. In no way can we advance the cause of human progress so quickly as by setting to work to improve and gladden the atmosphere of home; and to do this we must live our Mental Science even as we preach it.

TOWARDS AN ENLARGED LIFE.

A world gone mad? No, simply the great undercurrents of life rising to the surface; an exfoliation, a casting aside of shells and worn-out garments.

All unfoldments are attended with more or less stress of apparently chaotic action. With every change, there is vacillation, a wavering to and fro without any apparent goal in view. But the fluctuating period soon changes into an equilibrium; the law of gravitation always finds a centre of polarity.

The world to-day is decidedly upset. War leads to war; a seemingly eternal round of bloodshed goes hand in hand with the invention of marvelous new weapons and

machines for killing people. One class has taken up slaughter as a science, while another class (the human machinery of the land) simply obeys the former. It looks very much like a mad world.

But this earth is a vast living organism; we men are inhabitants of a kingdom of life, and advance we must. We must reach out, expand, evolve. Existence demands it. Literally indeed it is true, that might is right and that the fittest survive. "Move on, move on, or die," is the perpetual cry of Nature.

This necessity for action at all times has made history's pages to be records of strife, for man in his ignorant infancy was aggressive, imagining that his personal welfare could only come at the expense of his fellows. The division of the world into distinct separate nations and the subdivisions of classes, have created opposing factions, and necessarily a limited exclusive conception of personal "rights."

How often have wars in the past been the result of petty jealousies and absurdly selfish trivialities! One would think that the heart of the roughest barbarian would be forced to value human life above mere extension of empire, and that the most callous of men would recognize flesh and blood as more precious than shining minerals.

The old story—greed! Any measure becomes expedient to gain some little personal whim. Of course, this wretched, selfish spirit is but the product of an immature mind. With the race's growth there is more expansion of interest, for it becomes at once recognized how interlocked are all men's affairs; how impossible it is for one to move without all.

Yes, humanity is a unit. Nature's law of attraction is a universal fact, acting throughout all realms of life, from the etheric globules, up through the gaseous, mineral, vegetable, animal forms—even to the great kingdom of man. This fact of eternal union has been demonstrably proved by science, mental and material; and the knowledge has given us renewed hope.

We know, now, that we must fall or rise together. And this consciousness of sympathetic relationship shows us how it rests with man himself as to the course of his future.

We know, now, that we can combine; and with the assurance that such a cooperation of wills means the strengthening of the one great will of man that finds a medium of expression in the individual, our results will be marvelous.

For it is only such a recognition of the divine character of man that is required for him to work all but miracles. With a confident mind, the wonderful forces of his nature give birth to ideas, which contain in germinal form all means of racial redemption.

If in the past, men have used crude and sordid means of accomplishing their ends, we can yet see how those means turned in the long run to the race's advancement.

Only, to-day with our ripened intelligence, it becomes imperative that we use gentler, while none the less strong, measures.

Remember, O man, that you are not a machine, but that you contain in yourself the seed-germs of a god; and when you recollect this, your world shall be changed from hell into heaven.

In your recognition is contained the Ideal, which must express itself in objective reality.—*Fred Burry's Journal.*

THE ELIXIR OF LIFE FOUND.

[A friend sent the following clipping from some paper, with the remark that I am not the only person who proposes to live in this world as long as I please. This is true; but I have this to my advantage and to the advantage of others; that I don't charge the exorbitant prices of the gentleman mentioned. He charges from one hundred to five hundred dollars for the knowledge he proposes to impart, while I impart the same knowledge for the simple price of my book, which is three and five dollars according to the binding. This book is called "The Conquest of Death" and it would not surprise me if the gentleman spoken of had gotten all he knew about the matter from my works. Here is what the paper says of him.—H. W.]

A MAN WHO CLAIMS HE CAN MAKE YOU LIVE ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY YEARS.

A gentleman in Washington claims to have discovered the elixir of life, and offers to extend the existence of persons who obey certain simple rules he will furnish them, to one hundred and fifty years or more. His theory is that "the particles of matter composing the human body are continually undergoing change, and in the course of seven years you have an entirely new body. If the atoms of our bodies could be continually supplied we would live on this earth forever in a physical body." The gentleman referred to, who is a draughtman in a patent lawyer's office, claims to have discovered the secret of supplying these atoms by a certain formula which any person can follow. He will furnish typewritten instructions for each, person in a form so simple that those of the most ordinary intelligence can comprehend the subject fully; but having spent thirty-five years in study and thought, he asks remuneration to the extent of \$100 for poor people and \$500 for rich people before he will disclose his elixir of life.

The inventor is a man of sixty-five or more, but is a good advertisement of his theory, because he possesses the vigor of youth. His flesh, his skin, his eyes and every other feature testify to his perfect health, and he expects to prolong his life until he has had enough of living. He relates many curious incidents that have attended the application of his theory to his friends and neighbors, and among other things claims to have the power to change the color of the hair simply by mental process, without external application of treatment. He does not claim to have supernatural powers, but declares that all of his results are accomplished by the observance and application of the simple laws of nature.

A LETTER.

[Reincarnation is a disturbing idea to the minds of many. We print the following letter as an example of good the discussion of the subject in FREEDOM is doing. This lady had spent "anxious hours" thinking over the possibility of the theory being true; and now her attitude toward it is one of rest.]

I feel a strong inclination to respond to your invitation to readers of FREEDOM to give their opinions regarding the theory of Reincarnation, if only to express my appreciation of the strong and helpful thoughts suggested by Mr. Post and Mr. Beale, in their fine articles on the subject. The theory of Reincarnation is, first of all, a puzzle; and as such has interested me for a long time. I am glad that its discussion is being taken up by such able pens as we are now reading after in FREEDOM. With what clear and convincing words does Mr. Post close his last paper on the subject. Yes, they were

really comforting; and how small I felt on reading them as I remembered the anxious hours I have spent thinking over the possibilities of such a theory being true.

Now I am satisfied that if it is true, it is all right. No harm will befall me in either case. I used to think, with a feeling something like terror, of a possible time to come when I should lose my individual consciousness; a time when I might still live, but in the person of some one else, with no recollection of my old self. Not that I am in any way wonderful; but I want to be just myself. I want to go on improving my own individuality forever—now that I have learned a little how to begin. It is such a pleasure to study and watch one's mental growth, even though it be very slow. And it does not seem natural or logical that I should be compelled to go back to the beginning of things, lose all that I have gained during this existence, and struggle through another lifetime of ignorance and perhaps failure.

Reincarnation may be true, and if so it is all right; but I would rather think that as long as we must die, or think we must, the next state will be one of increased knowledge, but still one of growth and development—not the going back to the beginning of another existence to try all over again, and perhaps die without having gained even so high a standard as was attained in previous like experiences.

The only beginning over that I have heretofore been able to contemplate with calmness, would be the setting back of my life to my early girlhood days, with the added knowledge that I now possess—never with all the old blindness, ignorance and prejudice. How many things I could do! How much fuller my life could be made! I think of it often with positive longing. But then I very soon remember that all regret is futile; and, besides there is yet time.

Let none be discouraged. Every new day may be—can be—an improvement on yesterday. Life is precious. Hold to it. All the knowledge we need or wish will come to us in time, I am sure, whether we die or not. But how much better to "live and learn" than to die and learn, or—be reincarnated.

ANNA CHASE.

THE LIVING CRYSTAL.

No discovery of the nineteenth century had a greater effect in harmonizing the scientific and the religious views of the earth's creation than that of the Living Crystal by Von Schron, and no discovery could be more startling. It furnished the missing link between the animal and vegetable kingdoms, which were known to be living, on the one side, and the mineral kingdom, which has been looked upon as dead, upon the other. All persons are more or less familiar with crystals, such as the diamond, rock candy, which is composed of sugar crystals, and the beautiful ice crystals which in feathery and floral forms may sometimes be seen on the inside of windows on a cold winter morning. Up to Von Schron's discovery the problem of the formation of these and other crystals; the question why dead matter should arrange itself, of its own accord, in such beautiful and symmetrical forms, could not be answered. Theories based on magnetism and on gravitation attempted to explain it, but they failed. The German savant clearly proved what no one will

find any difficulty in believing—that the force at work in crystallization, as in the feathers of a bird or the flowers of the fields, is the force of life.

Dr. Von Schron, who, since Pasteur's death, has shared the first honors in bacteriology with Koch, lives in Naples. He first saw living crystals, which are probably formed by all bacilli, in 1886, the first seen being the living double pyramids of the bacillus of Asiatic cholera. The microscope is the chief reliance of science in studying crystals, because every known crystal is composed of numberless microscopic crystals of the same form. All the bacilli and cocci thus far examined, sixteen in number, form living crystals of different crystalline forms—such as square rhombs in the bacillus of tuberculosis, bayonet rhombs in the bacillus *Subtilis*, prisms in the bacillus *Teniaeformis*, and so on.

It is impossible to watch the formation of these living crystals, as was the writer's privilege, without feeling that one is intruding upon Nature in her most secret place. The process is slow; much slower than with the mineral crystals. In the beginning the field is clear liquid. Then there occurs that cloudy, slowly thickening phenomenon, in flower leaf patterns; which we call "ice flowers." Then a right angle appears, followed by another diagonally opposite. Then others appear, and, like magic, a cube is before your eyes. This is a cube of living albuminous matter, colorless, structureless and perfectly homogeneous. The moment it is born it starts of its own accord to become a mineral crystal as rapidly as it may.

The process takes from twenty-six hours to twenty-one days, according to conditions, and may be indefinitely prolonged. The living crystal can be kept living for years, and has been, like a microscopic pet. As it alters to the mineral the matter in the cube first becomes "granular" then "molecular" and then "atomic," the so-called "molecules" dividing each into two. Then two kinds of wave motion begin. One is longitudinal, the waves forming along, and parallel to, the axis and moving in quick succession to the sides. The other is spiral, beginning at one end and setting all the "atoms" in motion in a symmetrical spiral movement clearly visible. The longitudinal waves seem to be seizing upon one kind of matter and carrying it out of the crystal leaving what we call "mineral." The two movements appear to shape the crystal. Before your eyes the whole shape changes; corners are lopped off, sides are beveled and the cube becomes prism, pyramid, hexagon, as the case may be, but always alive.

Some of them are very active, the first discovered having been mistaken for the quick moving microscopic organisms called flagellae. A living baby crystal swims away from its mother with this same spiral rotary motion. And there is no doubt that in absorption, inclusion, refraction, polarization, and all crystalline properties the living crystal is identical with the mineral one which we know. For fourteen years the discoverer has been observing, comparing and proving the complete identity of the two.

The earth is almost entirely, perhaps wholly, composed of crystals. The mountains and rocks are crystalline, as is the soil which from them has come. Water is a crystal at freezing point. If liquid oxygen and liquid nitrogen give us oxygen and nitrogen crystals, as is probable, the air will be proved to be crystalline.

The great obstacle which has prevented science from accepting the Biblical statement that the earth came into existence by divine will is that it has not been conceivable. This discovery makes it not only conceivable, but possible, if not probable. Given the infinite ether, which is a known fact; and given life force acting upon it, as it acts upon these crystals, compressing, moulding and shaping them in intelligent beauty and order, and the idea offers no difficulties to the ordinary imagination. The very idea of life necessarily includes the idea of will.

Thomas A. Edison long ago said: "The existence of a personal God could almost be proved from chemistry." The philosophical effect of this discovery is to remove from this sentence the word "almost." It has enabled science to formulate a proposition which could not be formulated before; viz.: "The general law of nature is the control of matter by spirit." This is in complete accord with the great general law of religion.

Dr. Von Schron is a very eminent man, the friend and physician of kings, who from the Czar to Emperor William, have honored him with sixteen decorations. And he said to the writer a most extraordinary thing. He said:

"My researches into the primary origin of crystals, into their vital and later mineral states, have convinced me that there is only one force acting upon matter in all its aspect, the force which we call life. I have been compelled to believe from the way in which life force shapes the crystal, and from all the attendant phenomena, that all the other forces, heat, light, chemical force, electricity, cohesion, are but different manifestations of life force. I believe that all the natural sciences will eventually become sub-divisions of Biology."

If this should prove to be true, it will not require the genius of a Von Schron to add the undeniable corollary, viz: "Biology must inevitably become a sub-division of Theology."—*H. W. J. Dam in Chicago American.*

THINKING AND BEING.

The French philosopher, Descartes, said, nearly three centuries ago, "I think, therefore I exist." If, in this nineteenth century, only those existed who do their own thinking, the world would be full of burying grounds.

The value of the power of concentration in old and young can hardly be estimated, and yet how few have, or desire to have, this power. We read a printed page and it makes no impression. Unless the writer's thoughts are on the surface we pass them by undiscovered. We soon learn to content ourselves with reading the commonplace, thinking the commonplace, living the commonplace. Wise Epictetus, sage Socrates, discerning Marcus Aurelius, old heathen philosophers, put the Christians of the nineteenth century to shame with their helpful, simple, thoughtful lives.

Thinking must be begun in youth, before the habits are fixed. Think, not dream, and to-morrow there will be higher thoughts, broader thoughts, deeper thoughts than to-day. Whatever the environment, we can learn to think.—*Ex.*

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A LIVING WILL.

I am one with my will. This fact renders me deathless, immortal.

Man is a mere bundle of desires, the most of which are divorced from his intelligence, or, at least, are not recognized by his intelligence as feasible, and possible of realization, and which therefore never materialize and become part of his body or his bodily surroundings. The fact is he must have advanced pretty far in a knowledge of himself and his relation to the law of growth before he can fully apprehend the nature of his desires or aspirations, or realize what they can do for him, if he will put his trust in them instead of denying and crucifying them.

The denial or the crucifixion of the desires is death. Life lies in an effort to actualize one's desires after one has come to fully understand that desire is not an unholy thing, but the real implanted principle of all growth as manifested in all things from the smallest form of life up to man. The blade of grass grows by a recognition of its desires, and not by a denial and crucifixion of them.

That desire is not an unholy thing is proved by the fact that it always points to happiness, which is the ultimate aim of all life. That desire leads men into error and much harm is not because desire is a sinful thing, but because the intellect that co-operates with it has not developed to the place where it perceives the beauty of absolute justice; it has not yet grown to the point where it knows that the race is a unit, and that no member of the race can acquire happiness except as all are put in the way of acquiring it. But the constantly growing intellect does reach this high point of development after a time, and when it does reach it the perception becomes clear that desire is the heaven-born inspirer to all action; the inspirer that always points (through all mistakes and incidental errors) to the very highest possible happiness.

Desire is the voice of the life principle in man; that law of being we call "God." If I were a theologian I would call it "God's voice in man." This form of expression would portray its strength and importance to those who still cling to a belief in a personal God. Mental Scientists will get equally as good an idea of the great forcefulness of the fact when I call it the voice of the Law in man.

It is the voice of the Law which man's intelligence must put its own interpretation upon. Men have been interpreting this voice of the Law in themselves as the voice of the "devil," because—in their short-sightedness—they thought it pointed to evil instead of good. As soon as it is known that desire always points toward good as its ultimate aim, the whole subject will be understood, and it will then be recognized as the growth principle, the understanding of which, by the intelligence, will be its justification, redeeming it at once from the curse so long heaped upon it, and showing it in its true light, as the Saviour of the world.

Now the recognition of the true character of desire by the intelligence having become the justification of desire, has effected a reconciliation between desire and intelligence; the two faculties have become one; a marriage has taken place in the human body that is productive of immortal life, freshness and vital force. And why not? Does any one fail to see that the union of desire with the intellect has changed the character of both these former combatants? They have become reconciled to each other and have united in one. Like the mingling of two chemicals, the result is a third that differs from both the others. And it is by the mingling of intellect and desire that the whole individual man is changed from a weak, broken, divided creature into a living, vital, active Will.

The man has become a Living Will just as soon as his intellect endorses his desire; believes in his desire; swears by his desire; is in love with his desire; and effects a true marriage with his desire. The man, who has been broken in two parts, and whose state is well represented by the severed arcs of a circle—from the ends of which the life forces trailed off constantly and were lost—has now become the perfect circle, round which the life forces may run in one unbroken stream, gathering force and rapidity as they go; and by the accumulation of their power banishing disease and old age and death.

But this Living Will which the man has now become

—what of it, and how is its power augmented; and in what way will it display its augmented force?

I answer as follows: As soon as a man recognizes his desires as the "God" life within him, he begins to examine them and see what utterly boundless and limitless things they are. He is astonished at their comprehensiveness, and wonders if the universe is big enough for their expression. He doubts perhaps; but his intelligence is now pledged to fealty to his desires, and he knows that his main business is to overcome the obstructions in the shape of his own doubts concerning them. In short he realizes his oneness; his highest interest lies in a constant recognition of his oneness; and eventually the fact forces itself upon him that to be a Living Will is to be a creator; and he makes up his mind that he will not be afraid of the wonderful power vested in his own individual creativeness.

This position places him squarely on his feet as the acknowledged master of all things; and he feels himself secure. He knows that his desires are universal in their character. For when a man has climbed to this position of power he is no longer an isolated creature, whose interests are at war with the interests of his fellow men; he knows that the good of one is the interest of all, and that the interest of all is the good of one.

His desires therefore embrace every sentient creature. And they are wonderful desires. They are so big! They embrace things not yet revealed to man's present perception of good, but which will be revealed as he goes on in his grand career of self trust.

To suggest the many directions that this power will take would be unwise at this time; not only unwise, but it would be impossible. It lies in man's creativeness to build the world anew. He can annihilate its hells and substitute heaven in their place. The field of his operations will be inexhaustable, for every desire gratified will project other desires, and every creation completed will be but the vestibule to other creations to be commenced. As man's growth is limitless after he has completed the circle of his own life by the union in himself of desire and intelligence, so will his power to create become limitless also. H. W.

Fred Burry's Journal is published at Toronto, Canada. He is a full-fledged Mental Scientist, he is strong, bold, splendid. Send one dollar and get it for a year. I get more than one dollar's worth out of each number of it.

"I want my meals regularly, and on time; and I want fifteen of 'em a day."—*Herbert George in Colonnades Dining Room.*

[And yet Herb doesn't know why the landlord raised his board from \$25 to \$50 per week.]

I can't understand mathematical lingo; this, for instance, from *Notes and Queries*. Is there no way of translating scientific facts into plain, countrified language? "The square of the number of rotations made by a planet during one revolution around the sun, is proportional to the cube of the diameter of the sphere of attraction; or, $n-D \ 3-2$ is a constant quantity for all the planets of the solar system."

And here is something else I cannot understand; why

an editor should write me an insulting letter because I do not exchange with him. This editor says, "I suppose you feel so stuck up with your success that you are above exchanging with us small fellows." Now, here is the truth of the situation. I get a great many papers with an X marked on the wrapper. For a long time I thought this meant "please exchange." So in every instance I subjected the man who attends to my mailing list to the necessity of putting the paper thus marked on my exchange list. In the course of time I discovered that many of the papers were marked X all the time, *every issue*. So it happened that I would have the same paper over and over on my X list, which is a very long one, thus sending several copies weekly to the same office. Of course, there was no use in this and I concluded to let the papers that wanted to exchange with me notify me of the fact. The words "Please X" on the wrapper of a paper is all that is necessary.

Yes, I am stuck up; "turribly" stuck up; still I am glad to exchange FREEDOM for any paper that wants to exchange. Even if the paper is no larger than a baby's handkerchief and utterly destitute of ideas, I take it as a compliment for its editor to ask me to exchange, and I do it gladly. My stuck-up-ed-ness does not express itself in the manner mentioned by my correspondent; it finds vent in other ways.

PROF. KNOX.

I am in receipt of a Los Angeles paper containing a picture of Prof. Knox. He is lecturing there now and will continue to lecture every Sunday evening until the end of February, on the following subjects: "The School of Mental Science;" "Who are the Scientists? Helen Wilmans, Mary Baker Eddy and others;" "To Which is the Race Tending, to Socialism or Individualism?" "The Conquest of Death."

The reporter goes on to say, "We had the pleasure of attending one of the Professor's lectures on January 13, and we must truthfully say that he is a refined, attractive and learned gentleman. He has great depth of thought, and, it is evident, handles all his discourses in a sensible and logical manner. Being an able speaker, we need not say that he attracts, at all times, large crowds. As the lectures are free to the public, there will be no obstacle in the way of attending these classes. Upon the platform each evening will be given public delineations, made of persons selected from the people assembled.

Courage is power. \ Fear is weakness. Courage is a confession of one's own creative energies, which comes by concentration and a firm resolve to know. When we know how closely related we are to our highest concept of Power—that we are this Power—we are filled with trustful courage, a faithful reliance on self which leads to all mastery.—*Fred Burry's Journal.*

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.

Well, it was ridiculous; "plum ridic'lous," as I heard a woman say of a tragedy she had passed through in her childhood. She had been left an "orphan" when quite a young girl. The family lived out on the frontier somewhere, and one day when she chanced to be absent from her house a band of Indians swept down upon it and murdered every member of her family. "When I got home," she said, "thar lay pap and ma and my two little sisters dead as door nails, and jest natrally hacked all to pieces; it was the orn'riest lookin' sight I ever see; twas plum ridic'lous."

There, now, I have told my yarn and I will proceed to proceed with my version of the ridiculous thing that happened the other day.

There was an excursion up the river to some new place that was reported as being very beautiful, and about thirty persons had chartered a little steamer for the trip. Herbert George—of that saucy publication called *George's Weekly*—was the "getter up" of the affair. I was invited, but I could not go; not under any circumstances could I leave home; a good dozen things had to be done, such as sewing buttons on Charley's shirts, darning his stockings and hemming his handkerchiefs, besides taking care of the baby, working button holes in its newest dress, stopping its mouth when it was hungry and spanking it when it became necessary. So I made the friends understand that my going was absolutely impossible.

I stood on the bank waving the party a tearful "adoo," when, just as the steamer rounded a point and began to let herself out where the channel was deep, here came the steward from the Colonnades, breathless with running, waving frantically for the boat to stop. All of us standing there caught the infection, and waved hats and every form of extemporized flag, and shouted in voices that ought to have reached Mars, but all to no purpose. That boat sailed on.

And what do you think was the trouble? Why, the most tragical thing you can imagine; they had forgotten the lunch.

Perhaps my readers will not regard this as a matter of very great consequence; but that is because they do not live in City Beautiful, where the air from the ocean wakes up an appetite undreamed of in any other climate. Summer or winter here, our normal condition is hunger. Did not Herbert George say he wanted fifteen meals a day? And did not Emma Jutte virtually make the same confession when she said the first thing she thought of in entering any person's house was, whether they would hand out refreshments or not? Poor young-one; she is always hungry.

So am I. I am constitutionally hungry; to always be wanting something to eat is my normal condition. Therefore, it was easy for me to perceive the intensely tragical in the fact of going without the splendid dinner they had planned to be eaten in one of the most heavenly groves in the world.

It seems they were half way there before they missed the lunch, and then what consternation! Let my sympathetic soul drop a curtain over the picture.

Let me see. I left myself standing on the river bank watching the party glide out into the deep channel of the river, where their handsome little steamer just flew

along like a swallow. As I stood there I became aware of an excitement behind me. Turning I saw the steward and several of the call boys loping along down the boulevard at the rate of two-forty a minute. "Stop them!" "stop them!" they were crying excitedly.

I tried to stop them; I lifted my voice to the topmost note, and they heard me too, but without understanding what I wanted.

Now, providence rushed to their assistance. It appeared in the shape of the loveliest little steamer on the river; she was brand new; just launched; she could seat only about twelve persons, and her owners were two Philadelphia boys who had studied engineering and were perfectly safe to manage her properly. In less than half a minute I had chartered her for the day. In two minutes more I was in my house stirring up Ada and Jess to go with me. Just as we were pushing off here came Col. Floyd and his wife, who joined the rescue party without urging. The lunch in several large, handsome baskets had been brought by men on the run, and we pulled out into the middle of the river, and puffed ahead in mad excitement, expecting to overtake them. But we failed in this. We only reached them when they had made their landing, some fifteen miles from Sea Breeze.

Florrie was the first one to see us; she began to wave her hat frantically; the rest of the company soon saw that they were saved, and sent up cheer after cheer in recognition of the fact. Col. Floyd and I were the heroes of the day. Mrs. Floyd tried to squeeze in for some of the honors, but we would not let her.

I forgot to say that the name of our boat was "Yankee Doodle;" and I doubt whether we would have made the trip under any other name; but "Yankee Doodle" has never been left out in the cold yet. It always gets there.

The next day we found that unbeknown to all of us there was a poet on the boat; strolling about on the sandy beach with the sunshine illuminating her all through and through—soul and body—she took out her note book and wrote the following:

HURRAH FOR "YANKEE DOODLE."

The third day, the second month,
Place, Sea Breeze, F-I-a.
Occasion, picnic, neath the palms;
Sunshine, a perfect day.

A naphtha launch upon the stream,
Twixt banks of stately palm.
Could ever trouble lurk around
In such delicious calm?

Yes! suddenly George yapped a cry—
He, the genius of the bunch,
"Great Scott! my solar plexus!
We've done forgot the lunch!"

Then there were sighs and weeping;
And those who could, gnashed teeth.
But on every vexed occasion
There are some who wear the wreath.

Their thoughts were high and noble,
Their hearts both warm and bold
Post, haste they came with boat and grub,
Nor thought of fame or gold.

Then give the heroes glory
And "Ha ha" to the bunch
Of cheerful idiots who tried
To picnic without lunch.

ONE OF THEM.

As I am accused of writing all the smart things tha

come out in FREEDOM, I will state that the above poem was composed by Mrs. Kiper, a guest at the Colonades. As she is a lady of culture and unacquainted with slang, Col. Floyd kindly supplied her with the necessary amount, and takes great credit to himself for so doing. In fact, he has actually petted himself up until he believes he wrote the poem.

At the Progressive Euchre party last night Col. Floyd started out with such tremendous confidence in himself, and blew his own trumpet so lavishly, and boasted so extravagantly, that he intimidated all of us little folks, until our hands fairly trembled as we tried to deal the cards. Seeing our timidity he sought to encourage us; he gave us to understand that in spite of his vast experience and his expertness he intended to be merciful to us, and let us win a game occasionally.

The evening was pretty well advanced before we could raise our heads even enough to show off our beautiful breastpins; but towards nine o'clock we observed that his voice sounded less jubilant—his clear, ringing, magnetic voice—and there was a decided droop in the corners of his handsome mouth, while his soulful eyes sent forth a more subdued light. We—the little ones of the early part of the evening—now got behind him whenever we had a chance and performed an exultant war dance in pantomime, imitating his dejected looks and crowing in dumb show over his drooping head. When the prizes were distributed he did not even get the booby. He had two punches in his record card, and some other man had the same, so that they had to cut for the result, and the Colonel *lost*. I am extremely vain-glorious myself, but I have had so many knock downs from the high positions I assumed on different occasions, that I have learned to conceal this trait in my character, and to make an impression of lady-like gentleness and reticence, and I find that this is better—all things considered.

Something else the next time.

H. W.

WHY TRY TO BE A CENTENARIAN?

What encouragement is there for men who are anxious to become centenarians? The oldest man in New York, a gentleman who is well past one hundred, and who proudly declares that he has never used tobacco in any form and never tasted any kind of intoxicating liquor, is employed to pick up stray bits of paper and rake leaves in Central Park.

Across the river, in New Jersey, the oldest man, who has achieved the remarkable age of one hundred and nine years, is an inmate of an almshouse.

Of the other centenarians who have reported during the past few weeks not one seems to be filling a position of much importance, and the majority of them are public charges. It has long been recognized that life at public expense was conducive to longevity.

We do not hold that the old people are themselves to blame if they happen to be useless. In these days, when railroad companies regard a man of thirty-five as superannuated, what show can even the most ambitious centenarian hope to stand in the mad whirl? So why go on hunting for elixirs of life? Why seek to enable man to live one hundred years, if he must end up in the poor-house or put in his declining days chasing the bits of paper that merry picnic parties leave to flutter through our parks?

There may be virtue in goat lymph, and it may be possible to prolong life by using salt. But what's the use?

The above is from an exchange. See how little peo-

ple understand our effort to conquer old age! They do not know that the true meaning of such an effort is to conquer weakness, decrepitude and disease, and to attain the power of renewing the body in perennial strength and beauty.

If I knew that death was an inevitable thing I would not wait to grow older than I am. I look upon the condition of advanced age—when that condition carries the weaknesses it now carries—as one of the most undesirable of all things. If I were absolutely certain that it could not be avoided I would rather end my life now than go through it. I could never consent to become absolutely decrepit; a helpless dependent upon my children, or even the public institutions provided for weaklings of this description.

To be sure the Century Club, of which I am a member, is not proposing the conquest of death, but seems to content itself with a temporary prolongation of life. This arrangement does not suit me in the least; but as all my ideas and hopes are centered upon the great object of final conquest, I joined this club for the purpose of becoming acquainted with the people who are sufficiently aroused to at least give the matter a small amount of thought. The great bulk of the people are not even this far advanced. They are content with a mythological belief in some future life after death, and are resting in this belief in all the deadness of false security.

The best thing that could happen to the people at this time would be for the doctrine of annihilation at death to stare them squarely in the face, so that they would see the necessity of using their brains in an effort to discover a way to avoid it.

It is time the people knew that the conquest of death means the conquest of all those weaknesses that are the cause of death.

Death is a culmination of a large concourse of feeble ideas expressed externally in bodies to match.

If individual life means nothing more than what our life experience has demonstrated to us, it is not worth having.

The past is nothing but a very rough foundation on which we may build a nobly finished to-day and tomorrow. As such it is invaluable; but to think of living in it any longer than just long enough to erect upon it a structure in every way superior to it is idiocy. We who propose to conquer death are not of this class.

H. W.

If you want knowledge, you must toil for it; if food, you must toil for it, and if pleasure you must toil for it. Toil is the law. Pleasure comes through toil and not by self-indulgence and indolence. When a man gets to love work, his life is a happy one.—*Ex.*

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

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THE CONSTITUTION OF THE MENTAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION.

The intention of the Executive to advocate the adoption of a new Constitution for the Mental Science Association has already been announced. The changes from the present instrument are all in the direction of greater freedom of the Temples, and a diminution of the powers that may be exercised by the Executive. It is not proposed to place any new duty or responsibility upon any of the Temples.

The proposed new provisions are in their nature a renunciation of Executive powers granted by the present Constitution. Were this not so, the Executive would not feel itself warranted in virtually altering the Constitution, for that is what it proposes to do. The Constitution cannot by its terms be officially amended until the meeting of the next Convention. It is on that occasion that the Executive will propose and support the adoption of the new forms of Constitution, and it pledges itself to do this as effectively as possible. If, in the meanwhile, other changes are proposed which are in full consonance with the purposes and objects of the Association, and which seem to promise better results than the provisions now newly formulated, the Executive holds itself at liberty to adopt and support them. But it will not accept any amendments tending toward

limitation or restriction. It will adhere to a policy of the utmost liberality.

Although the proposed new Constitution may not be officially adopted until the next Mental Science Convention—to be convened at Sea Breeze next Thanksgiving Day—it will be adopted at once as the acting or working Constitution of the Association, and all new Temples will be organized under its provisions. It will work no change at all in the practical relations between the present Temples and the Executive, except that it will do away with misunderstandings and promote a greater degree of harmonious action.

In one respect it will work immediate advantage to the Temples already organized. Upon being notified by the secretary of any existing Temple of the formation of a circulating library, as provided in the Constitution, and the election of a librarian, the Executive will cause to be forwarded to such librarian the Mental Science literature intended to serve as a nucleus for such library.—It is expected that additional literature will be donated by members and others, and that the library may serve as a preparation for a better understanding of the teachings given at the regular meetings of the Temples.

A WORD OR TWO ABOUT BOOKS AND TEACHERS.

I wish to highly recommend a book written by that racy and original American authoress, Helen Wilmans. It is entitled "A Conquest of Poverty," and is dedicated "to working men and women everywhere, the heritage of whose toil is small; to those who would, but cannot toil, because refused; to you now near the top of that great ladder climbed by brawn, who long to use your brain; to you now toiling in the mental world, who would build better than you have; to all who long for greater wealth of purse and power of self, I dedicate this book. * * * Conditions cannot be your masters when you know yourselves."

There is an inspiration in this book so real and compelling, that to become acquainted with it is bound to mark an epoch in many a reader's life. The whole tenor of the book goes to prove what Mr. Colville, and indeed all eminent teachers of true Life Science, insist upon as their foundation doctrine, that man is a magnet, and himself attracts and builds up all his surroundings. This may seem a little hard upon those who are unfortunate through no fault of their own, as they think. But the fact cannot be gainsaid that it is through fault of their own. We ourselves, and no one else, have to reckon up our own lives. Will not the total come right? Then we have not worked the sum in the right way. "But I am sure I did it right!" we cry; "I rubbed out this figure, and put in that one, and I did it according to this method, and it must be right!" Inexorably Fate, the schoolmaster, points to the sum-total; and, crushed and humiliated, we take up our arithmetic lesson once more. Sorrows, losses, privations, sufferings, of all kinds—these are the penalties we pay for misdirected methods. We are turned back again and again, until we learn the right way. But some scholars are brighter than others, and these gladly turn to help their sorrowing companions; and, in reading "A Conquest of Poverty," we come into touch with one of the most powerful of these advanced minds.

Mrs. Wilmans presents us with many a lesson drawn from her own experience, and the whole book is so alive and vibrating with hope and courage, that it must both convince and energize the most dull and despairing of readers.—*Agnes Benham in an English publication.*

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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.

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I find myself growing more in self trust, and trusting you to the same extent.

The feeling came to me to-day that I was master of any condition and it has remained with me all day. I am so strong, too. It is only four days since I received your letter, and I think my progress is wonderful.—C. D. L.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—I cannot express my sincere gratitude to you for your kind liberality to me, and also for the benefit in every way I have received from the treatment. I will accept your generous offer and continue another month's treatment, for I feel that I need it. Dear Mrs. Wilmans, I have made much improvement in mind, body and spirit, and feel a cheerfulness that I had not felt before for many a long year, and you do not know how thankful I am.—Mrs. A. G.

DEAR MRS. WILMANS:—To-day finds me much improved; my eyes feel easier, and my sight is growing better. Last Monday evening I read your instructions without the aid of glasses. This morning I forgot to take them to school with me; I got through all right, though the print is still blurred somewhat. I have written this without the aid of glasses.—M. H. F.

DEAR MRS. WILMANS:—I know I have found the way; I am well started to that higher plane of life you wanted me to come up on, and I shall soon be able to catch up with you; I started to say "to be even with you," but that seemed too pronounced. I am so much better now—having found the key-note—I can continue alone; if I fail I will connect with you once more. Thanking you, oh! so much, for your kindness, I am faithfully yours—N. G. C.

DEAR MRS. WILMANS:—Praise be to the eternal law from which I am produced, and to this divine inner self, and through the powerful words of truth that Helen Wilmans has spoken to me that I am being resurrected. I have had three nights of quiet repose, no eructations of gas. Oh! is not that glorious. I am beginning to feel more powerful; I am getting a glimpse of my real self. I feel so grateful that you are helping me to stand alone, uninfluenced by the thoughts of others, uncontrolled by any other personalities.—C. R. W.

DEAR MRS. WILMANS:—Your letters bring me a wonderfully vital influence. I am improving wonderfully, mentally and physically and financially. Instead of saying I must suffer defeat, I say boldly, "No defeats for me." What is this glorious power you are sending me that makes me so full of life? Life, not death; for many of us are dead even while we live and breathe, for it is not life when we drag ourselves along cringing with fear at everything.

I must tell you how I felt the first time I sat for treatment. It was evening and I was alone in the parlor. I tried to relax, and I succeeded so thoroughly that it amounted to suspended animation or something not far from it. Such a restful, drowsy peaceful feeling! And when I came out of that condition my life seemed changed; later my right side got such a heavy load in it; [This was the waking up of the liver] but since then it has all come right. I am going to be perfectly true to my part of the treatment. Lovingly yours—A. B.

DEAR MRS. WILMANS:—There is a perceptible difference in the color of my hair already. Mr. C. — said to me the other day, "Your hair doesn't look so gray as it did." I never look at it; do not watch it at all. I know it will be all right in time.—S. A. C.

DEAR FRIEND:—I am happy to say that I continue to feel more and more of your helpful influence in a constantly increasing courage and vigor. Thanking you for the faithful patience with which you have treated me, I am sincerely—A. D.