

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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ATTRACTION AND REPULSION.

BY EUGENE DEL MAR.

"All is one" is the expression of a grand truth, and it forms the basis of that philosophy known to us variously as Mental Science, Natural Science, Spiritual Science, Divine Science and New Thought.

Mental Science accepts as its basis all the ascertained facts of physical science, and the additional fact that there is a mental or spiritual form underlying all being, animate or "inanimate." It maintains that one principle governs all existence. The Mental Scientist does not deny any fact or oppose any condition. He knows that whatever exists does so as a matter of necessity, and must change its form as it ceases to be of use in the economy of Nature.

It is believed to be an expression of the highest truth that there is but one force in the universe—the power of attraction. The idea of the universality of attraction received some acceptance even in the days of Democritus and Epicurus; and many centuries later it was expounded by Kepler, Bacon, Galileo and Hooke. It remained for Newton, however, to fully recognize the universality of gravitation and to give to the world convincing proofs of it. Consult any book of science of the present day, and, without exception, it will be found to assert the universality of attraction of all material bodies.

The statement is generally made somewhat as follows: "Universal attraction is a force by virtue of which the material particles of all bodies tend incessantly to approach each other; it is a mutual action, however, which all bodies, at rest or in motion, exert upon one another, no matter how great or how small the space between them may be, or whether this space be occupied or unoccupied by other matter." Mental Science reveals the truth that all matter is equally mind, and that there is, therefore, no space "unoccupied by matter" or by mind.

If it be a universal principle that each atom in the Universe attracts every other atom, it seems impossible to conceive of any particular atom or aggregation of atoms at the same time repelling any other. It is claimed, however, that a "law of repulsion" is absolutely essential to any well-ordered Universe, and that without it, all things would come together and be welded into one solid mass.

Through a marvelous infinity of vibrations each thing attracts, and is attracted by, every other thing. These vibrations are so beautifully and universally related, that in their wondrous diversity they constitute a unity, and establish complete harmony. A principle of re-

pulsion would inevitably tend to bring together things that had no harmony for one another, and would make a Universe impossible. It is in order that things may be kept apart that a universal power of attraction is absolutely essential.

When we consider the wondrous intricacies of every expression of life, we are forced to regard the Universe as the most beautiful of all works of art; the most consummate of all expressions of harmony; the most elevated of all embodiments of love. And when we contemplate the inimitable works of the Infinite, we may not regard as truth any conception of life that is not at least worthy of man himself.

Which is the higher expression of love and peace—the neutralizing of two discordant, conflicting and opposing forces, or the co-operative effect of infinitely numerous expressions of the One Force, each willing to efface itself in favor of that which carries with it the greater good? Which is the more beautiful—that of two contending forces, each struggling to subdue the other; or One Force expressing itself in many ways, and ever manifesting in the form most in accord with environments?

Which is the loftier conception—that of the constant victory of the more violent of two battling forces, or that of the inevitable and perpetual reign of the most beneficent expression of the One Force? Which is the more artistic—the overthrowing of good by evil, or the loving competition between various expressions of good? Which better accords with a lofty wisdom—a Universe kept in order through the ugly repulsions of evil, or one that knows only good? Which is the conception that most appeals to the sense of justice—that of Universal love which ever prevails, or that of Universal love ever imperilled by Universal hate? Which conception carries with it the greater harmony, peace, order, beauty, wisdom—a Universe or a Diverse?

Who ever discovered a "principle of repulsion"? Where is it defined or expounded? No scientific work of any era makes any presentation of such a principle. It is true that the word repulsion is often made use of; but we are now considering principles, and not mere words. The question is whether there is a "law of repulsion" distinct from, and opposed to, the "law of attraction." In other words, and practically, do any two things inherently repel one another?

That the law of attraction has no opposite is basic and fundamental. Otherwise the statements that "all is one" and "all is good" are false, and every accepted principle of Mental Science is absolutely impossible. If there is repulsion there is evil, and all is not good.

If there is repulsion there is that which is not good at all, and may never become good. If there is repulsion there is duality, and good and evil—or God and the Devil—are Divine partners. If there is repulsion there is falsehood or entire absence of truth; and there is death or entire absence of life.

But there is no absence of life; there is only life. What is it that dies? Is it the imperishable soul, or is it the equally imperishable so-called matter? There is no absence of truth; there is only truth. Each form of life—and there is only life—is an individual expression of truth.

Repulsion, evil, death and falsehood, as entities, have no existence. These terms merely serve to put in contrast various degrees of the one thing. That which possesses an inferior degree of attraction defers to the superior. The latter exerts more influence than the former and draws towards it, and away from the inferior, the object of their mutual devotion. The latter does not push or repel anything from it, but is pulling or attracting at its best all the while. And this is at once made manifest if the superior force is no longer exerted.

That which does not attract sufficiently to overcome the active influence of other attractions, is ordinarily regarded as repelling. Of two expressions of good, that which is recognized as the lesser is termed evil as compared with the greater, and good as contrasted with a third and still lesser good. That which experiences an apparent loss of what we are accustomed to recognize as life, is called death, to distinguish it from other forms of life. What is less true than another truth is termed false. But falsehood, evil, repulsion and death are simply expressive of comparatively undeveloped forms of truth, good, attraction and life.

If there is any death it is constant and as ever-existent as is life. Life expresses itself in continuous and never ceasing transformation. Each day, each minute, each second—each instant—have we changed and become different from what we were the preceding one. It may, therefore, be said that we cannot live without at the same time dying; that we only live because, and as, we die. But the transformations of life are usually so gradual as to lie beyond our conscious recognition. It is only when the soul, in its development, makes what seems to us to be a sudden change, that we recognize the transformation and call it death. But so softly and harmoniously is Nature attuned, that, doubtless, when we are more in conscious harmony with it, we will come to understand that even what we call death is as easy a transition as any that takes place during what we call life. We will find that it constitutes a link in the chain of existence, that may not be distinguished from any other.

There are, indeed, many seeming contradictions to the existence of but one force. Just as the sun may appear to revolve about the earth, the stars to come out at night, and that which we move from appears to move from us—so it is with many aspects of attraction. But we know that two truths cannot be at variance; and if it were certain that any one thing had the inherent attribute or quality of repelling or forcing from it any other thing, we would be obliged to admit that a Universal power of attraction is not a truth.

The one question to be considered, then, is whether there is a principle of repulsion, by virtue of which any

one thing contains that inherent quality or attribute, which repels or actively pushes away from itself another thing. If—as the physical scientists hold—each thing attracts every other thing, it is manifest that it does not repel it. And if there is no inherent “principle of repulsion,” it is equally evident that all forms of energy, force and power are merely different phases or characteristics of the power of attraction.

First and foremost among the seeming contradictions to the existence of but one power—that of attraction—are the phenomena observable when the two similar poles of a magnet are brought into proximity. A force is seen to be exerted between them, tending to separate them. This is ordinarily explained by saying that they “repel” one another.

What happens when iron is magnetized, and in what form is the magnetic power exerted? When a piece of iron is magnetized—by passing a current of electricity through it—nothing at all is added to the iron. The magnetic power is inherent in the iron. The molecules of iron—that is, the smallest particle of iron that can be mentally conceived, so small that one hundred thousand million million millions of them occupy but a cubic inch of space—possess an inherent magnetic power, and *naturally* form themselves into molecular rings, which satisfy their mutual attractions.

Pass a current of electricity through the iron, and it will break up these molecular rings. It will turn the like poles of all the molecules in one direction. The electrical power exerted to unbend these molecular rings is stored up in the molecules of iron, just as is the power exerted to straighten out a spring. The molecules of iron are no longer permitted to be satisfied by their mutual attractions. They are forcibly held apart, and they send their currents of desire out to the molecules that similarly attract them, by the most direct route left open to them.

Emanating from the poles of the magnet, and expressive of these molecular desires, are lines or strings of whirls or vortices in the ether. Looking from the positive pole of the magnet, with the negative pole behind you, these whirls have a direction of rotation like that of the hands of a clock. Like all rotating things, these whirls are acted upon by forces tending to shorten them along the axis of rotation, and widen them at right angles to the axis.

If two magnets are arranged in line, so that dissimilar poles are in proximity, the whirls of both magnets revolve in the same direction. They will, therefore, combine and form a single set of whirls, which thus become narrower and draw the magnets together.

If we put two magnets in line, so that similar poles are in proximity, the whirls of the magnets revolve in opposite directions. These will, therefore, be unable to combine; and tending to become wider, the magnets are kept apart.

The action of the whirls may be likened to that of two similar revolving spirals, which, if moving in the same direction and pushed together, will combine within the space occupied by but one of them; moving in opposite directions, they would antagonize one another, and together would occupy twice as much space as either would separately. In the former condition, they would come together; in the latter, they would be kept apart.

The strings of whirls or vortices in the ether which emanate from the poles of the magnet, form, as it were, a constant excrescence or cushion to the magnet, and possess definite form and intensity. To push the two positive poles together until the magnets press against one another, is like pressing together two rubber balls until the full circumference of each is in complete contact. And the drawing away of the two positive poles after they have been forced together is no more a repulsion than would be the drawing apart of the two rubber balls, after they had been forcibly pressed together, and the pressure suddenly removed.

Cut a hollow rubber ball into hemispheres. Putting the convex side of each in contact, and bringing together their full circumference by means of pressure, would exemplify the meeting of the two positive poles of a magnet. Putting the two hemispheres together so that they fitted in close contact, the convex side of the one being placed next to the concave side of the other, would exemplify bringing the positive and negative poles together.

The magnet serves as a conduit for this force, but it no more "repels" than would a stream of air or water from a pipe "repel" another stream from a pipe set opposite to it. The two streams might be directed toward one another too violently for them to at once coalesce, but their meeting and the consequent necessary transmutation of energy would be in no sense a repulsion.

Suppose we send currents of air or water in the same direction—say from south to north—through each of two pipes. If we put the north end of one pipe next to the south end of the other, the two currents, travelling in the same direction, will unite and flow through without antagonism. Here the positive and negative poles of the magnets, as it were, are brought together.

It will be found difficult, however, to place the north end of one pipe next to the north end of the other. The two streams of air or water, being directed toward one another, necessitate the exertion of great force in order to bring the pipes together, just as is required to bring the positives of the magnets in contact with one another. But when two things are actively propelled toward one another, the result of their meeting does not follow from any principle of repulsion.

The atoms of the iron so powerfully attract one another, that their desire to meet is manifested through a current of energy that continuously reaches out from one end of the magnet to the other, and passing completely through it, is the expression of an intensity of desire that is superior to all others of its powers of attraction. Except in the case of specially hardened steel, this attraction is, indeed, so great that as soon as the electric current is no longer applied it again successfully asserts itself, and the molecular atoms rearrange themselves in rings, and thus again satisfy their mutual desires.

What is it that is supposed to "repel"? It is not the iron, for we know that until magnetized the iron possesses no such power. And one portion of the same piece of iron is apparently attracted, while another portion is seemingly repelled. We know that we added nothing to the iron when we magnetized it. We know that the iron of itself possesses only a power of attraction. We are, therefore, obliged to conclude that the power of the magnet, which seems to "repel," can

be none other than a form of the power of attraction.

That the magnet exercises no power of repulsion is strikingly demonstrated by the fact, that if there be placed across the two ends of the magnet a piece of iron or "keeper" that will fully satisfy the molecular attractions of the atoms of the magnet, the latter will no longer "repel" anything. Their desires being satisfied, the molecules have no further occasion to disturb the ether with demands for conjunction with their affinities. And as they no longer send out a current of desire all other atoms are equally indifferent to them, and none of them may feel that it is slighted or "repelled."

[To be continued.]

FAITH IN LIFE NEEDED.

Prof. George D. Herron spoke at Central Music Hall yesterday afternoon on "The World-Making Motive." Faith in life, Prof. Herron declared, was what was needed in order that man might be made whole. He said:

"Men are ceasing to regard themselves as the victims of institutional fates and furies and are beginning to be conscious of themselves as makers of their own life and liberty. Up to this time, evolution has been blind and unconscious, and progress has been made under the scourge of suffering. But now we are thinking of a conscious and foreseeing evolution predicated on free choices.

HUMAN NATURE AND IDEALS.

"A far-reaching ideal is commonly objected to as a motive on the ground that human nature is unchanging and that it is not idealistic. And that you cannot change human nature is the most vulgar and unthinking of all objections to human progress. It is the cheapest and most indolent form of the old fatalism that makes man the victim of something outside of himself. There is nothing outside of human nature as mighty as itself, or that can prevent it from being what it lovingly and persistently wills to be.

"You are not startling the idealist when you reply to him that he must change human nature—as though that really meant something—before he can get his ideal realized. Certainly; that is precisely what his ideal is for—to change man into the likeness of the divine reality, which he really is, and which his ignorance and servility never wholly hide.

"What would you think of a man who should order his life on the assumption that the highest attainable health could come to him only through keeping disease in his system, because disease has always been present in the world? Yet is he acting any more irrational than the civilization which bases its production and distribution on the assumption that safety and prosperity lie only in economic and legal coercion, because men have always been kept in some form of slavery?

Is he acting with any greater madness than the society which forms its faiths and its institutions on the plan of a penitentiary system, because some men are bad and shiftless? Is he acting any more strangely than the church which unconsciously insists on keeping the devil in the world in order that it may find perpetual employment in saving men from him? We can never build a free and just society upon faith in what is evil,

or upon unfaith in the good, which is the worst form of faith in evil.

THE WORLD-MAKING MOTIVE.

"The kingdom of heaven is the world-making motive, which both society and the individual need for definite and purposeful effort. In this ideal is a religion we can all believe in, and the heaven we can all work for, without regard to our theological or materialistic speculations. The fraternization of the world, a love-organized society that shall give limitless usefulness and happiness to every human being, is a tangible and realizable heaven, which we may make the motive of a life we think and do.

"It is in its confession of faith in life that we must find the first value of the kingdom of heaven as a social and individual motive. It matters not whether we call life good, or call it God, or call it force. Life is all there is, and we must cease to be afraid of it, and begin to understand and trust it if we are to do the work that is bold and honest and purposeful.

"It is faith in life that man needs in order to be made whole. Not a conviction of sin, as the revivalists say, but a conviction of life's inherent divinity and goodness, is the experience you need to beget the revival for which so many in and out of the church are crying. Men are not sinners first of all, or worms of the dust, but free and comrade-sons of God. Human life is God, and each individual is Immanuel—God with us. The spirit of God is the breath of our being, and our beautiful selfless impulses are God's heart throbs. That which is deepest and most elemental in man is that which is highest and first in God. Our ruggedest sense of justice is but the struggle of the universal soul of things for freedom and completeness of expression. The universe centers in you; in me; and we are each all there is of the universe.

"The announcement of the kingdom of heaven first came, and always comes, as the supreme "optimism. Not the tragedy and menace of what was behind man, but the nearness and glory of what was within and ahead of man, was made the motive of individual and collective appeal. It is to fear or suffering, to dread of death or selfish hope of heaven, to some kind of ignoble escape or mean personal regard, that religious motivity has largely appealed; rarely or never has it appealed to what is loveliest and boldest in man.

LIFE AND TRAGEDY.

"The life of the world pivots itself upon tragedy. Along the lines of tragedy do the great religions move, and in the tragedy of the cross historic Christianity centers itself. From the tragic facts and forces of life has literature gathered its inspirations, and the great dramas and world poems are tragedies. But may not the time be near in which Christ can come without being crucified? May not the inevitable social revolution be also a revolution in revolutions—a freely chosen revolution of reason and love, culminating in bloodless and glad deliverance for every class of people?

"We cannot drive out the darkness by shouting at it; we must bring in the light, for light alone casts out darkness. We cannot overcome any kind of wrong or injustice by attacking it; we can only fundamentally overcome evil with good. It is only a trusted ideal of good that can realize the good.

THE IMPENDING CRISIS.

"The nations are saturated with the idea of a conflict that will change the face of the world, and the

centers of power are preparing for the Armageddon battle, while every science is instinct with expectancy. We are politically and economically reaching a universal deadlock, in which industrial and national competition will no longer work, but will literally block the wheels of the world. It may be that we are actually coming upon the time when the fraternization of the nations with universal co-operation in production and distribution, and with free individuality for men and all peoples, will be the only way out of the world crisis. So full of heaven is our dust, so charged with messianic forces is our social atmosphere, that it would seem as if the world-making motive of Jesus were about to liberate itself in combinations of faith for economic association and daring social adventure. And who dare say that the next great shock of civilization may not precipitate the revolution that is to disclose the world as the kingdom of heaven? Who knows but that the dynamic of love, which has been the hidden force of life and labor and history of the ages, may suddenly come to its royal reign in human life?"—*Ex.*

POETRY AND SCIENCE.

"We are like ships that pass each other on the ocean. To them wireless telegraphy is most useful. Who can say that the next ten years may not see thought transmitted from man to man at a distance in the same mysterious manner and without sound waves, or light waves, or electric waves? It is possible that our brains are centers of energy, which, like an electric generator, send out currents through some unknown medium."

In this fashion Arthur B. Abbott of the Chicago Telephone Company, a practical man of science, spoke to the women of the Klio Association.

In that day shall a man out of uttermost India whisper,
And in England his friend shall hear;
And a maiden in English sunshine have sight of her lover,
And he behold her from Cathay.

So Stephen Phillips, one of the younger English poets, voices the same thought in his poem on the passing of the century.

No more striking illustration of the intimate relation which exists between poetry and science could be found. Both the poet and the man of science must be men of imagination. Both must be dreamers. The poet puts his imaginings into singing words. The scientist builds a fabric of wires and electric batteries and delicate mechanisms. Both must obey the eternal laws of rhythm and harmony if their work is to be well done. The poet is the pioneer. There are no bounds to the flight of his nimble fancy. The man of science follows by a more laborious path. It is his work to give visible form and substance to the poet's dream. Both are really poets. The difference between them lies in the vehicles of their expression.

Because this essential unity between poetry and science is not more generally realized, it has come to be the modern fashion to declare that poetry is a lost art and the world has consequently gone backward. The fact is that, while perhaps fewer great poets are singing, more of them are working. In this view of the case the patent office at Washington may be said to contain the collected works of the American poets of the last fifty years.

The wonder workers are still with us. They may work no longer in words, but their power and influence in the world are greater than they ever were before.

MENTAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION.

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

HELEN WILMANS, National President.

CHAS. F. BURGMAN, National Secretary.

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ON THE ROAD.

KANSAS CITY.

The train steamed into the depot at Kansas City at an early hour, when the sidewalks resounded with the tread of the sturdy workers marching to the bee-hives of industry to take up their daily tasks, and the car lines were crowded to take them to the more distant places.

About the depot the air resounded with the clang and whistle of freight and passenger trains switching for assigned locations. Great volumes of smoke issued from tall chimneys, and everywhere appeared the signs and tokens of strenuous activity.

Leaving my smaller luggage to the care of the "Parcel Delivery," I left the depot for the busy streets to give my body and limbs the freedom of activity after the cramped confinement of five days railway travel. I was a stranger here; undecided whether to remain over in Kansas City or go direct to Chicago, and disappointed in one or two places between San Diego and here in the breaking of assumed obligations, by parties who had urged me for arrangements to lecture in their respective localities. I had not communicated at all with our Kansas City friends in regard to my coming.

The city proper is located on a plateau from six to eight hundred feet in height, and is hardly surpassed by any city in America for beauty of location, natural surround-

ings, architectural solidity, richness of its business structures and the residences of its numerous wealthy citizens.

I quote the following from *Kansas City Illustrated*:

"The Kansas City of to-day would scarcely be recognized by one who had been absent for two or three years. Its growth has been so phenomenal, its progress and improvement so constant and varied during the past year, that it outranks all other large American cities in those respects. Kansas City of to-day stands as a monument to the intelligence and hustling abilities of its citizens. Being situated almost exactly in the geographical center of the United States, it has natural advantages possessed by no other city. The country tributary is the richest in agricultural resources of any on the continent, and with its ample railroad facilities, its unsurpassed climate and immense manufacturing industries, it is certainly destined to be the greatest trade center between the Atlantic and Pacific seaboards. And this optimistic view is not a matter of conjecture or speculation. The record made in the past, the constantly increasing growth of the present, and plans now being formulated for the future all go to prove that Kansas City will always be a great financial and industrial center.

"The vast territory tributary to Kansas City is traversed by twenty-seven systems of railroads, all centering here and making this the second greatest railroad center in the country. It is the greatest agricultural implement market in the world, and as a live stock and packing center it stands second only to Chicago, and at the present rate of increase, will, in less than five years, pass her in the race for supremacy."

After locating at the hotel Savoy, I took the Troost avenue car to call on Mr. A. P. Barton, editor of "*The Life*," one of our best new thought weeklies. When the car got well under way the sky became suddenly overcast. A great blood red pall moved swiftly up from the southeastern horizon; darkness spread over the city until the suburban residences, through which we were passing, with their ornamental trees and shrubbery became mere shadowy outlines. Vivid flashes of lightning cut at short intervals through the impending gloom and suddenly a great gust of wind took houses, trees, shrubs and herbage into his mighty grasp, and shook them with a wrathful vigor. We were in an open car with several children; these were seized with a great fright and screamingly ran from their seats to seek shelter in the arms of their mothers. The car was brought to a stop and several of us assisted the conductor and gripman to unbuckle and roll down over the sides, the protective canvas and fastened it well over the lower part of the car. By this time we had reached the end of the car line, a distance of about five miles. Great drops of rain began to fall, and I asked two young men if they could point Mr. Barton's residence out to me; they could—and asked me to accompany them. They had evidently been out of the city and were encumbered with several valises. I grabbed one of them to enable us all to make speed, and we started on a hard run to reach shelter from the tremendous rain which began to pour down upon us now. We ran for two blocks, turning once to the right and again to the left, and the second house from the right hand corner was pointed out to me as Mr. Barton's residence. It was an elegant brown stone mansion surrounded by finely cultivated grounds. With as much dignity as the occasion permitted I ascended the steps, and after crossing the spacious portico to the entrance, touched the electric button, to the summon of which a servant, with a German accent, responded. I handed her my card requesting that it be

presented to Mr. Barton. She informed me that Mr. and Mrs. Barton were not in the city; they had gone to the mountains and would not return for some time. Would I come in until the storm passed over? I thanked her for the courtesy—but preferred the open air.

I seated myself in a commodious rocking chair out under the portico and watched the vigorous play of the elements—the rain which poured down in great torrents, the strong wind which drove the rain in great sheets before it, bent the finely formed and stately trees as if they were reeds, shook roof and gable and window pane, and then bounded on with great leaps to pit itself against other obstructions in the pathway of its forceful flight. Through it all there cut the vivid, blinding flash of lightning and crashed the incessant, angry thunder. Yet strange to state, all this commotion left me singularly calm and undisturbed. I viewed it as the spectator watches a fascinating play performed behind the footlights of the stage. This storm, however, which had verged close on to a cyclonic disturbance in the most central part of the city, created quite an excitement down town. Business men returned to their homes to be near loved ones in case of disaster; telegraph and telephone lines refused to work; car lines came to a standstill; travel was suspended and stores and hotels were lighted to dispel the darkness, and hysterical men and women were badly scared. The whole phenomena passed off as suddenly as it appeared. It came as a gloomy, frowning spectre, projected, for a time, upon the landscape, to impress man with the power of chaos, and passed on.

I found out later that the house I visited was not Mr. A. P. Barton's residence at all, but the property of a member of the great shoe manufacturing firm of Barton Bros., and that the editor of *Life* was located only one block and a half from the end of the Troost avenue carline, and on the same handsome avenue. Returning to the city I called at 1315 McGee street where *Unity* is published, and received a very cordial welcome from Mr. Chas. E. Prather, the business manager of The Unity tract Society, who was the governing spirit of *Unity's* editorial sanctum during the absence of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Fillmore, who were out of the city to deliver a course of lectures in distant Colorado.

Mr. Prather received me with fraternal hospitality, and after making known to him my desire to deliver one or more lectures in Kansas City, placed at my disposal the list of *Unity* subscribers living in and about Kansas City. Through Mr. Prather I became acquainted with Mr. W. H. Bennington, an old time friend of Col. C. C. Post, and at one time an active spirit in Kansas politics, who lives on the Kansas side of Kansas City. With Mr. Bennington I visited Mr. A. P. Barton the next morning, who is very comfortably located at 3332 Troost avenue, where he enjoys the comforts of an elegant home, from which he publishes *The Life*, and in co-operation with his wife carries on the work of reformation along the newer lines of thought. Mr. Barton also permitted me very cordially to make use of the subscription list of his journal, and gave me the very best encouragement in every way possible. With the assistance of Mr. Bennington I determined to secure Woodland Hall for a Sunday afternoon and evening meeting, with stereopticon

display at the close of the second lecture. Returning to the home of *Unity* I caused Mr. Prather to have one thousand cards printed for me announcing the time and place of meeting and the subject of my lectures. These I mailed to the subscribers of the two publications and to quite a number of such as were known to be favorable to the study of advanced thought. The result was a good attendance at both lectures. During Sunday morning the lecture rooms of the home of *Unity* were placed at my disposal, and here to a good sized and attentive audience I delivered my discourse on "Thought Concentration."

The Society of Silent Unity has been in existence about ten years and registers about eight thousand members, located throughout various parts of the country. They meet at the hour of 9 P. M. daily, and join in silent contemplation for about fifteen minutes on one thought, which is given out monthly from the central home. This is called the "Class Thought," and every member is expected to hold it at least five minutes at the beginning of the silence in order to produce unity and harmony on the subject. After the close of the silence any one may ask questions which are then taken up for discussion and answer. The teachings of the society are for the development of the higher truth, with the teachings of the Bible and the Man of Nazareth as a basis. While not entirely in accord with them in their work, invocations and reliance upon a power which is supposed to govern human action and human destiny, I certainly admire their earnestness, goodness and steadfastness of purpose, as well as the high aims which impel the founders and members of the society in the pursuit of their self-imposed and commendable labors. Less reliance upon the supposed virtues and powers of the great Jehovah, a greater reliance upon the ability of man to think and do for himself, eliminating more and more the leaning propensities of the race, and teaching the virtues of a valiant and self reliant individuality is, in my opinion, the course to be pursued if we would bring the race out of the shadows of negation, into the broad open sunlight of a happy and all-conquering selfhood. The race will become stronger, nobler and greater through the strength, nobility and greatness of the individual.

I spent a delightful week in Kansas City and thoroughly enjoyed the hospitality of the friends of the new thought movement there. I feel myself under great obligations to Mr. W. H. Bennington, who was my constant friend and guide while there, and with whose wife and family I spent many pleasant hours; to Mr. Chas. E. Prather of *Unity* and to Mr. A. P. Barton, without whose assistance it would have been impossible for me to present our views to the bright and select audiences which gathered to listen to my several discourses. Mental Science has many earnest and devoted adherents in Kansas City, and I look forward to the time when we will have a strong society established there under progressive and able leadership.

CHAS. F. BURGMAN.

FREEDOM is a weekly paper devoted to the attainment of self-mastery. Six weeks on trial 10 cents.

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

A WORD FROM COLORADO ON HERBERT GEORGE.

We Denver readers of FREEDOM are happy. We have our "innings" at last—we, so long unnoticed. And we are perfectly satisfied that our deserts should have come through the magnificent personality of our townsman, Herbert George.

You had the good taste to publish a "sermon" from his faber recently, and—better still—in your first issue of the new century you show your readers the man. *Ece nom!*

You say he honored Sea Breeze with a visit—he and his "princess" wife; and we Delverites concur in every encomium you heaped upon him.

He is not without honor in his own land. Did I say we honor him?

Yea—the people here actually fear him, as they fear the righteous Lord, when they know they have been up to some public outrage.

He publishes a paper here, *he* does. And no one else publishes it for him. He is all right, he is.

Here's to his kind of people. May they come to the front in ever increasing multiplicity on this expectant globe. So we'll have to forgive you for tossing him into the Waste-Paper Basket, for you just covered him with bouquets after you got him in there. You do know swell folks when you see them; and so you may look for the rest of us.

And don't you let "Charley and Ada" intimidate you about that little slang. Tell them to get the fine new "Universal" edition of Webster and study the big department devoted to modern slang and its definitions. It's come to stay, to help us express some of the hitherto inexpressible shades of thought—thought too fine for the poverty of good English.

I am glad you so readily recognize the grandeur of Mr. George's original style, and I know he will stand sponsor for all the quotations you can use from *George's Weekly*.

Let me remind you of a few that refuse to dislodge from my brain. It does an honest soul good to hear him dress down the "Pinky Doodle" politician, and in the next breath admire the "ore-wagon aristocracy."

He said in his last paper—just after coming home from your place, "Nature is one homogeneous mass from atom to ether;" also that the "Supreme Court is a relic of imperialism."

Again: one "politician when dressed up in his police uniform and buttons, created such a swell atmosphere that it pushed people off the sidewalk."

He always laughingly defies his enemies, telling them that in a business way, he has "the world by the tail on the up-grade, and if the tail doesn't pull out," he is going to "get there."

On the other hand, when occasion demands poetic refinement of language he can throw out spangles of gold and jewels with that same faber.

Before I close I must thank E. S. Green for his "Oregon Echo" article.

I was just going to "write that letter myself." But I'm always late. Still I'm always pleased when I see my own thoughts over another's signature.

If this letter were not already too lengthy, I would re-enforce that Oregon echo with some thoughts that burn, and must soon have expression.

But Oh! Mrs. Wilmans, you who have led me peace-

ward—repose-ward—so far, why "call down from its high place in public thought" that only little poem of Burroughs':

"Serene I fold my hands and wait," when it seems so perfectly harmonious with your own grand verse—

"May calmly wait

While hurrying fate

Meets his demands with sure supply."

Do you not both mean a certain serene, calm repose? just a mental banishment of all anxiety, worry and care?

Don't think me critical or saucy. I'm just one who does hunger and thirst after the law of truth, seeking hourly, and conscious of some advancement every day—for which I am greatly indebted to you and the many fine students of Mental Science who write for FREEDOM.

M. E. M.

PRAY FOR A PERFECT AUTOMOBILE.

It is horrible to contemplate the suffering of unfortunate horses on slippery pavements these winter days. No cruelty can excel that which is inflicted upon the smooth shod horse compelled to drag a heavy load on icy, asphalt streets. In many cases the work is absolutely impossible. The poor beast stands shivering with apprehension. Every foot is slipping. His nerves are tortured with the fear of a fall and with dread of the master who sits, lash in hand, behind him. Walking painfully at snail's pace on the coldest winter day the poor horses are streaming with sweat—the sweat of abject fear and mental suffering. Every winter in every city where cold prevails this horrible torture goes on. Shoeing horses with rubber pads would prevent this slipping and such shoeing should be absolutely compulsory in winter. Strewing sand on the asphalt streets on very bad days should be part of the city's duty. But there is no use talking in modern civilization about what should be done when money is involved. It costs money to put rubber pads on horses. It costs money to scatter sand on icy pavements. Therefore, tens of thousands of horses must suffer atrociously. The individual pedlar who drives a lame horse, the poor devil whose whole property is tied up in a crippled beast, can be promptly locked up for offending our feeling of kindness to animals. But we easily adjust our minds to the sight of all horses suffering. The general financial interest makes the suffering necessary. The only relief to horses must come from the perfected automobile. It is not unreasonable to hope that within a few years the horse will disappear from our icy pavements and go to spend his few remaining years on earth in the country, where he belongs. The streets then will be clean and less noisy. We shall have made one more step in the direction of civilization, because we shall have abolished one hideous form of wholesale cruelty. Pray that a perfected automobile may be speedily invented.

—W. R. Hurst.

Surely there is a power heretofore unrecognized in the mind of man; a power that promises so much, that to neglect its investigation would be an infinitely greater piece of folly than to turn indifferently from a collection of treasures richer than any one has ever heaped up before.

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Sea Breeze, Florida.

Entered at the Postoffice at Sea Breeze, Fla., as second-class matter, August 28, 1897. Removed from Boston, Mass.

The date at which subscriptions expire is printed on the wrappers of all papers sent out and this is a receipt for the money received. We cannot send a receipt for single subscriptions any other way, since to do so is wholly unnecessary and would be a very considerable expense in time and postage.

Mr. Geo. Osbond, Scientor House, Norman Ave., Devonport, Eng., is exclusive agent for our works in Great Britain. Our British friends will please address all orders to him.

Sea Breeze is now an International money order office. Our patrons will please make all money orders payable on this place.

TO OUR FOREIGN SUBSCRIBERS.

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

NO DOUBT ABOUT IT.

Some ones writes, "I am sure that immortality is attained in the spirit world as the result of development. And my position is that through the same means an immortality may, for ought we know, be attained in this world."

Why not? Are we not spirits here quite as much as we will ever be hereafter? Whatever a spirit may attain after death may be attained before, since all attainment is of an intellectual character; all power comes from knowing. What is there to limit a man's intellectual growth in this life more than in another? Our belief in the future more than in the present is a weakness on our part; an indecision; a foolish habit of postponement that we would do well to conquer immediately, since nothing is sapping our belief in our present power so much as this slipshod, ineffectual belief in our future power. We can be saved by the power of thought. This power is entirely too great for present understanding. It is an unknown force; no one has ever dreamed of the extent to which it can be applied. Let us speculate a little on the subject and see where we will land.

We used to apply water as about the most powerful agent we know of; afterwards we learned that to refine water into steam would give us a more powerful agent. Then steam got to be too heavy and logy and cumbersome, and we took electricity. But now we are grumbling because electricity has to have wires and other appurtenances in order to express its power, and we want something better yet. Such a dissatisfied set as we are!

Now that we are beginning to grumble about electricity, and are devising many ways and means of mortifying its pride by making it do our kitchen work and light our houses, we are also wondering how we are going to utilize some still finer power—say magnetism—to work for us, and to answer to all our most esthetic requirements. But magnetism refuses to be confined; there is no substance in the world that will hold it; it passes through everything, and therefore its powers cannot be concentrated and centered upon an object in a way to move the object. It goes through all objects instead of moving them. But suppose that magnetism becomes possessed of intelligence and is expressed from human brains as thought; then it is sent forth with an intelligent mission to perform. As thought, it assumes the character of an intelligent substance, in relation to which all other substances (which are cruder forms of thought) are negative.

Here the whole matter of power and its application as a motor takes on a higher character. It comes clear up out of the plane of dead weight, and the belief in gravitation, into the realm of the purely intellectual world, where forces are ideas, and not dead substances pitted against each other. On this plane of intellectual forces, which express themselves in ideas and thoughts, one idea or thought can act on a lower or more negative idea or thought simply by perceiving its power to do so. Jesus said that faith would remove mountains. He did not mean blind, ignorant faith, but faith in your own wisdom after you had learned the law of positive and negative, as expressed in the intellectual realm.

H. W.

HOW FAST IT SPREADS.

"It has been pointed out that in the discoveries by Professor Crook and others, all matter consists of but various manifestations of one primitive substance; the old alchemist's dream of the philosopher's stone is being realized. In the same way the entire human race seems to be gradually marching along the road of science toward a realization of the fabled fountain of perpetual youth."

The above appeared in *The Boston Herald* as an editorial. It seems as if all the world is coming to the truth, each in his own way, and by his own chosen road. This paragraph is pure Mental Science, even if it is written from the physical standpoint.

So it seems that matter is all of one substance in various manifestations. Professor Crook has only to come up a step higher—from physical to metaphysical—to see that what he calls matter is mind, in various phases of expression.

I hardly know why I should consider it an astonishing thing to see how the truth is spreading; it is in the nature of the law for it to do so; but somehow it does astonish me. I have hoped for this thing so long; yes, and I have expected it, too; but as I look abroad over

the whole world and see the new truths penetrating every department of thought I find myself filled with wonder no less than joy.

Why, it is a fact that nearly all our truly great minds give evidence—in what they are saying and writing—of the assurance that down beneath their reasoning the great metaphysical truths have permeated them, and are really forming the basis of their best productions. Think what Edison said not long ago. I have lost his article, but I will try and recall some of it. It was on the subject of desire, though he did not seem to know it. This thought of his was so striking that I have used it frequently. He said that the growing ear of corn wanted some oxygen; it needed it; it had to have it, or it would stop growing, and it did not want to stop. It sent out its desire for the oxygen (no doubt in the shape of a substantial thought.) The particle of oxygen was somewhere gadding about in the atmosphere in irresponsible ease, without knowing what it was for, or where it was going, until swirled into the current of thought sent out by the ear of corn, when it drifted toward the corn to become food for it.

The fact is that all is life; and even the smallest point of life radiates its own thought atmosphere, that is either positive or negative to the atmospheres of the other neighboring lives; and that which is negative becomes food for that which is more positive; and so the law of the survival of the fittest proceeds. And all the time the aggregate of these small thought atmospheres becomes greater, more powerful and more intelligent; and thus the way is made ready for the higher truths that emit higher truths.

Hundreds of years ago there were philosophers who said that there was no evil; that evil was undeveloped good, and therefore misunderstood good. And yet the utterance of this truth—which is one of the statements of Mental Science—produced no apparent result. Religion went on proclaiming the horrors of an endless hell for sinners, and insane asylums kept multiplying the numbers of their inmates in consequence. Why was this?

It was because the earth's atmosphere of intelligence had not sufficiently cleared of its ignorant vapors for this truth to be generally understood; and there was no possibility of making it practical until the average intellect of the race had arisen to a point where this truth could be promulgated and live and increase. So the words of Spinoza and Bohme and Pope went for nothing at the time they were uttered. A hundred years, two hundred passed, and all this time the intuitive perception of the woman element was ripening. It is in the woman element that the truths projected by the masculine mind take root and become clothed with flesh and blood.

When the founder of Christian Science said: "All is good; there is no evil," she only said what had been said centuries before she was born. But when she applied this mighty truth to the practical healing of every ill in life, she did what no man had ever thought of doing before.

But the atmosphere of the great truth she sent forth was already abroad in the world. The woman element had emerged from ages of degradation and had come to the front at last; the woman element whose nature is to clothe abstract truth with living attributes, and breathe

into it the breath of life. And so the world was prepared for the acceptance of her truth. To be sure, this truth was in its crudest possible form when it first received shape from her mind; it was scarcely a step above the old half idolatrous faith cure; yet, such as it was, it became a starting point to the mightiest ascent the world has ever attempted; no less an ascent than that from physical to metaphysical; no less an ascent than that from the limiting and hampering influences falsely called the laws of physical causation, to the perfectly unfettered creative power resident in each human mind.

Oh, what a flight! How one's fetters fall at even the thought of it. Emancipation at last! Freedom! freedom! freedom! The liberty of unfettered growth! And more than this a thousand times—the knowledge of how to grow; the understanding of how it is done. Why, this is more than the wildest dream of the "Arabian Nights!" This is the world's saving truth come at last!

H. W.

Some person has sent me a religious paper; it is a splendid looking paper; large, and put up in the finest style. There is plenty of money back of it. And yet it is the most inconsistent thing I ever got hold of. It goes wild on the saloon business and wants the law to stop it. It also wants laws passed to compel the meat shops and the bakers' shops to close on Sunday. It seems that these shops are at this time forced to close at 10 A. M., but this does not suit our Christians, who are resolved that they shall not be opened at all.

I wonder if they think the men who own the shops will be put in a more religious frame of mind by being made the victims of such force work. Will it not have a tendency to alienate them still more, until in time they come to hate the churches they formerly loved, and held themselves somewhat bound to by ties of inheritance, at least?

I am sure it will. The church is blind not to see that religion cannot be forced into the people.

In another part of the paper there is a poem about a baby boy who is tricked up in soldier clothes, and who is made much of because he handles his toy sword so admirably, stabbing at various things. He is called the hero, etc.

Such a poem could never find a place in this paper. I am far too humanitarian to say or do anything to foster the spirit of war in any person or thing. Think what it is to cultivate the murderous spirit in the little innocent creatures who can as easily be trained to be angels as devils! Do we not know that their brains are spotless scrolls on which we write the characters which become the seed germs of future unfoldment?

H. W.

For you must know and believe that people's souls make their bodies just as a snail makes its shell. (I am not joking, my little man; I am in serious, solemn earnest).—*Charles Kingsley.*

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.

FREEDOM on trial six weeks ten cents.

THE WASTE-PAPER BASKET.

There is a colored lady comes to see me; she usually has something to sell for the colored kindergarten; I invite her to take a seat. She never sits down without a special invitation. I like her "mightily" and have her whole history as told by herself. There is another side to it, as I can see while she meanders along narrating past events. People call her Kit, but I call her Mrs. Tomlinson, and she appreciates it.

One day I gave her a black silk dress that was pretty good except the sleeves. I told her that Mrs. Burgman (my Florrie) had a piece of silk to match it, and had no use for it, and if she would go and ask for it she'd get it.

A few days after this she was telling me about it. She said, "I knocked on de kitchen do' and de lady wid de golden har' opened it. I knowed it was Miss Burgman kase I'd saw her befo'. And what you think? She speak up to me same as if I was white folks; she say, 'Come in;' when I get in she say, 'Take a seat.' Pretty soon she say, 'Its a pleasant morning.' I say, 'Yes, mom,' and I think to myself, no wonder the mornin' is pleasant when sich a purty white lady speak so nice to a po' colored woman.

"Why, Miss Pos', I tell you what it is, de Southe'n white woman treats de colo'd ladies shameful. When I goes to de do' of one of dem kind and knocks, wid my heart in my mouf, she opens just a little crack and she say, 'What does you want?' I tell you, Miss Pos', hit takes de soul out of a person to be met dat a way."

Mrs. Tomlinson has been married twice; her first "man" actually died a natural death; at least, Mrs. Tomlinson says so. Her second husband she is separated from. I asked her the trouble between them.

"Well," she said, "he was mighty triffin';" he would not support her and he treated her badly; she had to go out and wash by the day and he would take the money when she got home; sometimes when she would try to run up stairs he would grab her and pull her down; and he often struck and knocked her almost insensible. Oh! he was a fearful man. I asked her why she didn't give him half. (She is one of the strongest women I ever saw, and could whip an ordinary man with one hand.) She said, "Dat wasn't de way de Lo'd meant for de womans to ack; dey was de gentle kine and liked to luminat man's pathway to glory."

"Did you have any trouble to get rid of him," I asked.

"Who, me?"

"Yes; when he drove you out of the house, you know."

"Oh! Lo'd, he didn't drive me out; I driv him out; and I frowed all his duds in de street aftah him."

"What has become of him now?" I asked, laughing.

"Is he married again?"

"Oh, no'm, I reckons he's got enough of it, and I knows I has."

Col. Floyd ought to be a poor man so that I could get him to help edit FREEDOM. He would put some life in it. He was telling me this morning about an old colored man; I could see the old fellow as the Colonel went on—gray hair standing on end, gray beard, white eyebrows; he was in a towering rage. "Oh, woman, woman," he exclaimed, evidently from his sweeping and comprehensive gestures including the entire sex of

every nationality—"woman, woman, gossip, gossip; storm, storm; scold, scold." And then he made another gesture expressive of supreme contempt, and he raised his foot and smashed it down as if he was killing a snake; after which he stamped ferociously out of the door.

What pulled the stop-cock out of the old fellow's temper, and let off such a volume of steam, was an order from the parlor for an armful of wood. I guess he was like the old lady's boy I was told of in my childhood. His mother wanted him to bring in a basket of chips; he bawled out, "If there is anything I do despise to do, its bringing in chips."

Pretty soon she asked him to bring a bucket of water from the spring. "If there's anything on earth I do despise to do, its bringin' water from the spring."

Presently she asked him to go to the grocer's for a pound of tea. "If there's anythin' under the livin', breathin' heavens I do just naturally abominate, detest and despise to do, its bringin' tea from the grocer's."

So much for the boy who despised work so vigorously.

Herbert George, why don't you write to ——— your Helen? There now, I was bound to say it, and I did. I only have one dread in writing the words — that is lest Col. Floyd should see them; he thinks he is uppermost in my affections. I know that Charley won't see them; he doesn't like the Waste-Paper Basket; in the early days of our married life, before he was thoroughly broke in, I had to use it on him as an extinguisher when his husbandly lectures became too tiresome.

This nonsense is insufferable; I shall get a whole lot of letters saying so; and plenty of people will believe its all true. But right now, as Artemus Ward said, I am going to label it all as a joke; "goak" was the way he spelled the word.

I'll take a rest on this writing and go to treating a patient who caught cold because he left off flannel cakes for breakfast.

I was going down stairs and met Ada coming up. "Let's go into the parlor," I said, "and have some instructive and soul-elevating conversation." She said it was a good idea; and in less than forty seconds we were talking about the tactfulness of some of the ladies at the hotel in their management of their husbands, and of the perfect control they had obtained over them. There is much to be said on this subject. I more than half believe that the number of men subjected by their wives, and submerged beneath their influence, is much greater than the number of women who are under their husbands' thumbs. And I am inclined to believe that marriage is more or less annihilating to one or the other of the contracting parties.

But I have not submerged Charley. It is true Ada says he waits on me too much and makes a baby of me; but I wait on him also. Only a minute ago he was yawping up stairs for me to throw his cap down to him. I told him to put a flower pot on his head, and scoot. There are more flower pots on this place than necessary; 'zens of them in the conservatory and everywhere else, where Jessamine has been rooting flowers.

To return to the subject in hand. Since the hotel opened I hardly see Charley at all. The other day I scarcely recognized him as he sat conversing with some

ladies in the hotel parlor. He must have been trying very hard to look handsome—a difficult thing for some folks—and I surveyed him from several points and finally had to ask, "Is that you, Col. Post?" He gave me a penetrating glance, which meant you had better run home; and answered nonchalantly, "Yes, these is I."

After this I went to my lonely residence and took up the work again of making a living with my pen.

I am reminded that Florrie's cow's baby has destroyed about forty trees for Charley. He told her about it, and she said that Mollie's baby could destroy forty more if she wanted to. Then Charley threatened to twist Mollie's baby's tail; and Florrie said she'd never love him another bit if he did. Then Charley said, "Well, I want you to give me another pair of 'yaller' shoestrings anyhow; which she did; and the bloody chasm was bridged.

This article was begun several days ago. To-night's mail brought me a letter from Mr. George. He says, "We landed here this morning in another blizzard, and I need not tell you that I felt like turning right around and returning to Florida. I am afraid my visit to Sea Breeze has spoiled me for living anywhere else, and that I never will be contented until I am permanently located with you. Mrs. George stood the trip well, and barring the unpleasant weather feels happy to be in her own home again."

Mrs. George is a lovely woman, and I think there could be no more harmonious marriage than hers with Mr. George. He is so strong and so gentle with her; and it is evident that she thinks Mr. George the greatest man living.

Something more next time.

H. W.

P. S. I have written this article with Major Britton standing on one foot and just regularly baying the moon for copy. Of course, I could not concentrate very well under the circumstances, and if there are any instances of blanket stretching in it, it is his fault. The demoralizing influence of some folks is enough to re-establish one's faith in the devil, and at least the north pole of Purgatory.

A LETTER.

Those who read and remember Mr. Post's article on Reincarnation in a recent number of FREEDOM will best understand the following:

C. C. Post: While I am always interested one way or another in everything that appears in FREEDOM, I am especially so as regards your article on "Reincarnation;" for I am awake immediately when that word is spoken or appears in print. Of course, I feel quite sure that you have your own ideas on the subject, and they may or may not be far removed from mine.

But notwithstanding, as I remarked before, I am moved to speak; hoping I may bring out something that may "move" some one else to add his mite or might.

First: All must concede that neither Christianity, Mohammedanism nor any other "ism" has the whole truth. None has any but small feathers that have fallen from a "wing of the great white bird of truth;" but all may treasure what they perceive to be the truth, and some day—somewhere—there shall be a summing up, and we shall "know."

In the eighth paragraph of your article, you ask—"Does the willingly ignorant, the savage, seek the com-

panionship of the educated, the refined?" You say, "I have never observed it."

The savage may not seek knowingly to rise. It is the case again of the magnet and the steel, and an operation of an inexorable law back of all—the law of the survival of the fittest—a cruel law it has been called; but is it? It is the working or pushing of this law that constantly seeks to externalize better conditions in our every day life, and in all seemingly small, as well as great things—in fact, everything that goes to make up what we call life. One who looks into the deep things of life knows for a fact that the universe is governed by law, of which one of the first expressions is order. We also know the trend of life is up, not down. The savage, or the intelligent and refined, in returning to the flesh comes into higher conditions each time, according as he has made use of, and assimilated the vital truths of his experience in the incarnation previous; and also as the working out of this truth in all other individual lives affects the whole, so would all come into better conditions the world over—as, for instance, the nineteenth century has been greatly in advance of the eighteenth; the eighteenth in advance of the seventeenth as to conditions; and we have every reason to believe the twentieth—now here—will open up to us far, far greater things than any which history of past ages gives us.

Now to another point. The soul, as I understand it, is not separate and distinct from the body; neither is it the Ego or real man, as it seems to me. The soul is the bringer and carrier, the medium, or the connecting stream between the spirit, the Ego or real man, and the physical man, which is the expression of spirit and soul, and which contains the instrument upon which the soul plays, or into which it delivers its message; and right here, as we by various methods add brain cells to those already possessed, we add the power to receive more and finer messages. So much for soul and the physical man.

As to the Ego, the spirit, it dwells in perfect peace, and receives from soul and assimilates the vital experiences of its latest expressions in the flesh, and in return gives to soul knowledge necessary to higher living—to carry to the receiver in physical man; and he receives according as his instrument is in tune.

Next. We shall seek to return to fleshly conditions just so long as we need the experiences, and until we become superior to the law of attraction, and understand and obey it. Our desires will be earthly just so long as we close our temples to the voice of the soul; and we shall return again and again for experience.

So the sooner we get our receiver in order, and make the best use of the message that comes over it to us, the sooner we shall curtail the number of rehabilitations in the flesh, and too many are undesirable. We are making a journey. Let us not loiter by the way, but gather the golden truths that are floating all about us, and use and pass them along. "The whole tree is not perfect until every leaf on it is perfect."

Then you ask, "Does this current of magnetism give birth to a new soul?" I can but exclaim, no, no, no! It cannot be, for if such were the case where would be the law and order that we know exists? That would be subjecting the spiritual to the physical and the trend would be down, not up.

There are no new souls on this planet now. All have reincarnated many times before. I cannot prove this, nor can anyone—to the world; but it is truth to me, argued out to myself, through years of study and observation. But that which is truth to me may seem the veriest humbug to others. I see reincarnation as a great truth, underlying and connecting in all directions other bits truth, which we discover and work out as we move forward. The only reason I can see for proving "this, that or the other" to be the law is that we may live in obedience to it. How can we accept it until we do know it—until we recognize it fully?

MATTIE D. JORDAN.

REINCARNATION.

Next to the possibility of immortality in the flesh comes Reincarnation. From a Mental Science standpoint the theory has no foundation in fact. Mental Science declares that "all is mind," and in the unity of mind man is a perfect whole. Reincarnation presupposes the duality of man, and death the inevitable sequence of birth. Therefore, we may term Reincarnation a doctrine of soul growth, the grand ultimatum of which looks to perfect spiritual growth, and a final abode in some far away heaven. How, then, is this abode of perfect bliss to be gained? And why should the soul freed by death from its mortal body seek a re-birth in the flesh?

We must first suppose that it has the belief in, and desire for, eternal life implanted in it. Next, we must allow that it is governed by the immutable law of being—the Law of Attraction. Then we must try to ascertain what the soul is, and why it should seemingly follow a retrogressive, rather than a progressive course in its upward growth.

In summing up the different beliefs of the ages as regards Reincarnation, we find that the general theory is that it is only the souls of the bad who reincarnate. According to the Rationalist, Lautez, who founded that sect in the sixth century before Christ, all good beings emanate from the Bosom of Reason, and at death are absorbed into it; but the bad are doomed to successive births and many sorrows.

Modern Theosophy, as I understand it, pictures Devachan as the "third heaven." The spirits on that plane are gods—such as Brahm, Buddah, Christ, Mohammed and probably the prophets, saints, seers, philosophers and all geniuses, perhaps, who have been instrumental in the uplifting of mankind. Of course, these masters only come to earth at stated periods, on special missions, when a revelation is necessary or a general uplifting of mankind is possible.

Granting this to be true, we find that only the inferior spirits reincarnate. We must assume, then, that this earth life is the plane upon which they are to work out their salvation.

Now comes the question—what is the soul? Is it a separate and self-existent entity? Or is it dependent for life upon a body? If the former, there is no logical grounds for reincarnation. If the latter, reincarnation is a possible contingency, and a far more palatable morsel for spiritual assimilation than the orthodox hell.

Physiology has never discovered any superfluous attachments to the human body. It is a complete machine, and every member has its normal functions or natural offices to perform. The soul cannot, then, be an entirely separate entity, and exist in the body. However mysterious, there must be a relationship between it and the body, and that relationship is a benefit to both, or, as "all is good" it would not be there.

What is the soul, then, and what is its office? The law of being is life. It follows, therefore, that the soul of man is his life force—the desire by which he lives, moves and has his being. Physiology, psychology and modern science plant this life force in the cerebellum or sub-conscious mind. It is the seat of memory, the seat of the emotions, the seat of love or desire and the seat of life. This wonderful and mysterious power, by far the most powerful force short of Omnipotence, as

proven by hypnotic subjects, is wholly incapable of inductive reasoning, and, therefore, it must gain its conscious powers through the reason that controls it. Hypnotism also proves that it is always amenable to control by suggestion. Hence, the higher intellect is its master. It readily accepts as true whatever the objective mind decided for it; for instance, a belief in immortality would implant upon the soul a desire for it, and *vice versa*.

Reasoning from this hypothesis, we may infer that the souls of animals and plants, as well as that of man in his unconscious state, have no future existence after death.

We have, then, only those souls who desire immortality, and whose possessors have not lived high enough to gain for them the Devachan of Theosophy—to reincarnate. In the accident of death, what would be their condition?

The reasoning powers of the intellect to which they were attached in life have robbed them of their mastership or Godhood, by a lack of faith, or unbelief, as it were. Then at death the soul goes forth into the psychic atmosphere an incomplete entity, lacking the higher intelligence and a body—a mere destructible thought form—with a memory and the desire to live and reproduce itself, as its normal inheritance. What can it do? There are no bodies on the two lower planes of spiritual existence; so say Theosophists. As a natural consequence, therefore, it is compelled to come back into earth life in order to preserve its individuality and progress—or growth.

Thus we see that what seems to be retrogression is really progression, or the soul's desire to *live*. Following the Law of Attraction, it is seeking a body in which to grow. Reproduction, regeneration, immortality, are its natural desires; and a higher brain and a body are its natural and legitimate possessions. On the low plane of its former life or lives, these can only be had in the flesh. Hence, it must return, and return again if necessary, until it acquires the powers of Godhood as wrought out for it by the higher intelligence.

I have not argued this subject from a Mental Science standpoint, for the simple reason that Reincarnation and Mental Science have no points in common. But a digest of the former only brings out the strong points of the latter. If the soul of man is always amenable to the suggestions of his higher intellect, and works the will of that intellect into the body, there is no reason why death should ever occur. This very fact proves the basic principle of Mental Science; namely, that man is his own creator, and the higher intellect, his reason, is the "king upon his throne."

Let us not regard the new-born babe as a traveler from an inferior world, as Mr. Beale suggests, but rather, let us accept it as a pensioner upon our bounty, having reached us through successive earth lives and many trials. Let us greet it as a hapless waif upon the ocean of chance, or a Lazarus within our gates. Let us teach it high ideals, or, as it were, give it of the "bread of life" freely; and if we cannot lift it into Godhood here, we may raise it into the Theosophist's Devachan, or John's jasper-walled city—hard by the "Sea of glass."

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DEAR MRS. WILMANS:—I can say in truth that I am getting better every day. There was something strange about my case; last week my chest broke out just like chicken pox, and now it seems to be scaling off, and I have not coughed scarcely any since you began to treat me. I am as full of hope as one can possibly be. I can relax perfectly, but it makes me very sleepy to do so. I wonder if that is not the wrong thing to do? Oh, yes, I can sleep on my left side now, and I have not been able to do that before for years.—L. F., Longmont, Col.

DEAR MRS. WILMANS:—Well, I can say this week I feel just fine. I don't feel near so strange. I am so glad, and I owe it all to you. My brother is lots better too; he is up and dressed, though he is weak yet. It seems so nice to me to feel like myself again. I am so thankful to you.—D. C., Arkansas City, Kan.

[About the letter from Longmont, Colorado. I want to call attention to the breaking out on his breast. I will venture to say that his cough—which he has had for many years—was caused by his having the measles or some other skin disease when he was a child, and that it did not properly develop externally; as we used to say, "It did not come out." I have had several cases like it. One in particular I recall; a very marked case in more ways than one. I was living in Douglasville, Ga. There was a lady in Atlanta whose only child was said to be dying of consumption; as a last resort she resolved to take him to Lithia Springs, a watering place on the railroad about six miles from us. She made a mistake and failed to get off the cars at Lithia Springs; the next station was Douglasville, and she got off there, intending to go back to Lithia Springs next morning. That evening she heard some great account of my healing and sent for me. The child's feet were like ice and his legs were cold almost up to his body. They had been so for weeks, with the coldness gradually creeping up higher. I treated him that night and his knees were warm. In three days his feet were warm. In a week something happened. It was about noon and the weather as hot as could be, when here came Mrs. Cunningham (that was the name; it has just come to me) and she was carrying the seven-year-old boy. She was so hot and tired she could hardly breathe and she was frightened badly. "Oh!" she exclaimed, "my boy is dying; he is all broken out over the chest and arms and legs. 'What shall I do.'" I examined him and saw that it was a clear case of measles. I made her take him home and keep him warm. She told me afterwards that the beginning of his having consumption was his taking cold when he had the measles. And now after all these years the disease had come out; the treatments had driven it out. The boy was well in a week. A strange point to consider in this case was Mrs. Cunningham's "accidental" visit to Douglasville. She was under the law of attraction, as we all are, and the law carried her beyond the point she was aiming at—with her faulty intelligence—to the true point where healing was to be had. Many of the small disappointments in life are to be accounted for in this way.—H. W.]

DEAR FRIEND:—So many thanks for your kind, strong, adequate letters. I did not mean that I wished to saddle my patient on you, but that during our sitting you would be so good as to pour in your vitality, hot and strong, that would help me to get her up quickly and perfectly healed. I am sure you have done it, and I am very grateful. The patient is growing stronger and now goes out every day. The precious doctor still declares she must have an operation, but she stands squarely with me in declaring that she will not.

Cordially and gratefully—L. A. C.

[Thousands of patients permit themselves to go under the surgeon's knife who do not need an operation in the least.]

DEAR MRS. WILMANS:—I have pleasure in informing you that I am progressing very favorably. I am getting much stronger, and my hearing is improving. Your treatment has quite renewed my strength, and I am very grateful to you for it.—F. N., Exminster, England.

DEAR MRS. WILMANS:—I am very much better this last week than ever before. I seem to have taken a new grip on the health that has always been mine, if I had only known it. I affirm the truth until I seem to be uplifted. Words can never tell how much you have helped me. I feel so happy; these last few days seem like days spent in a new world.—J. G. B., Lake View, Minn.