

FREEDOM

A JOURNAL OF REALISTIC IDEALISM.

*He 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.

(Concluded from last week.)

When water is heated sufficiently, it assumes the form of steam. As water it clings to the earth, as steam it moves away from it. Does the earth repel it? Neither the earth nor the water possesses any power of repulsion. The heat possesses only a power of attraction. The steam moves away from the earth, not because either repels the other, but because there are substances away from the earth that attract the steam more than the earth does. The steam seeks its affinities, and it leaves the hard dense earth for realms where its more ethereal qualities are better appreciated.

Why do we avoid those who do not meet with our approval? Do they or their thoughts repel us? No. We are more strongly attracted by those in greater harmony with our own; that is all. The lower forms would most surely continue to attract us, were we not more friendly to higher expressions of truth. And that this is so is shown by the fact that the thought or person attracting us inevitably loses influence, as soon as we establish harmony with a better or a different thought atmosphere.

Why does one draw away from a hot fire? Does the fire repel him? No, indeed. At one time he will with the same degree of pleasure draw near that fire, as at another he will move away from it. Does the fire have a power of attraction at one moment, and a power of repulsion at another? Do the properties of fire change from time to time? No.

One voluntarily moves from a fire, because at the time and under the circumstances, his desire to get away from it is greater than his desire to remain by it. It is merely a question of desire, which is, indeed, a most potent form of attraction. It is true that the fire attracts him, but it is equally true that every other atom in the Universe attracts him. And the fire is too infinitesimal a portion of all that is, and has too little inherent attraction for him, to over-ride the desires of all other portions of the Universe, and particularly of his own desire.

The axiom that action and reaction are equal has its entire application to the transmutation of the power of attraction, which is always conserved and of which each form of force is an exemplification. If a stone is lifted from the earth through an attraction stronger than that exerted by the earth, it does not leave the earth because it is repelled by the latter. And if the attraction that lifted the stone is withdrawn, so that the stone falls to the earth, it is not because of any repulsion by the power

that is withdrawn. In each instance it is the power of attraction, and that alone, which is exerted.

That there are no opposites and no law of repulsion may also be gathered from the fact that the grandest of all truths are expressed in the forms of paradoxes or seeming contradictions. We are told that we must live by dying; that we may best oppose by non-resistance; that one should kill desire by giving it life; that God is everywhere and nowhere. This form of expression indicates that the seeming opposites are merely two different views of exactly the same thing, which are in fact so intimately related that their complete identity is discernable by all whose horizon of thought is sufficiently unobscured.

There are no two opposites in the entire Universe. There are innumerable shades and contrasts, but there are no two things either exactly alike or diametrically opposed. There are no two things that are unrelated. All things are finally resolvable into the same elements, and as they may thus be translated one into the other, they must ever be in relation, and may never be in opposition to one another.

There are innumerable contrasts; and these may, for convenience sake, be designated by distinctive names. There are sides, colors, shades or ends to all things. There is a North Pole and a South Pole, an inside and an outside, a seen and an unseen; but these expressions merely serve to place extremes in contrast. These are expressions of two different qualities of the one quantity. The two extremes are relative, and are not separate entities. They are two parts or aspects of the one whole.

Good and evil, seen and unseen, mental and physical, heat and cold, light and darkness, knowledge and ignorance, are expressions of two relative degrees, respectively, of the same thing. When good is so developed as to possess high creative qualities, we call it "good;" and until it reaches this plane we term it "evil." The relation of good to evil, however, is that of one good to another good. Under varying conditions, the unseen becomes cognizable to the senses, the mental is manifested in the physical, heat becomes cold, light is termed darkness and knowledge is seen to be ignorance.

There is nothing in existence that has but one side or one end, for there must of necessity be another to complement it. A beginning assumes an ending, and only that which never began will never end. When we treat of any subject or thing, it is necessary, in order that we may readily contrast various portions of it, to give to each of such portions a separate and distinct designation.

A traveller in London, going from the Bank of England to Oxford Circus by the most direct route, would proceed along Poultry, Cheapside, Newgate, Holborn, High Holborn, New Oxford street and Oxford street; each and all parts of the very same thoroughfare, but each bearing a different name which serves to identify its situation in relation to the others.

It is so with all things. It is essential that we should hold contrasts in view, for it is only in this way that we may differentiate between various degrees of the same thing. We may only conveniently communicate our thoughts in reference to such differentiation by giving a distinctive name to each of such contrasts. It is not only right, therefore, but it is inevitable that we should use some such distinguishing words as inside and outside, up and down, good and evil, seen and unseen, attraction and repulsion.

It is not the mere use of such *words*, but the erroneous conceptions attached to and inspired by them, that is sought to be done away with. The fact that such contrasting words only serve to express different degrees of the same thing has been lost sight of. Each portion has been invested with the properties of a distinct entity, and their intimate and necessary relation entirely hidden and obscured. Theology has carefully fostered these erroneous conceptions with the view of enslaving the mind; and it has so effectually accomplished its purpose, that but few persons now have any desire to free themselves, or willingness to permit others to help free them from their servitude.

If we were to do away with such words as discord and evil, we would doubtless soon replace them by others; but these would be expressive of the meanings the former were originally intended to convey. The change would not be a mere substitution of words. That of itself would be unimportant. But these words now carry with them traditional, conventional and long accepted meanings, which foster and tend to perpetuate conceptions that retard our growth, disturb our harmony and cloud our happiness. We cannot escape from pictures that we incessantly photograph on the mind, and this mental photography of erroneous conceptions is exactly what is ordinarily done when we use these words. Nor can we readily avoid this result unless we cease to use them.

Let us no longer use the words evil and discord, but identify what we mean by them with the words good and harmony. Let us regard evil only as undeveloped good, and discord as harmony not understood. Let us come to know and feel that there are only good and harmony; that what we call repulsion is only one of the aspects of attraction.

When these latter conceptions are so accepted and absorbed as to completely fill our being, we may without injury to ourselves attach these meanings to any form of words we may prefer. But so long as others attach erroneous conceptions to such words as repulsion, evil and discord, it is advisable for us either to cease using them, or only to do so in such connections as will make them clearly expressive of the truth that all is one.

It is not the words, but the conceptions attached to them, that carry great consequences. The conception of unity brings with it peace, harmony, love, health and life; that of duality conduces to war, discord, hate, disease and death.

The conception of duality carries with it the sense of opposition and contest. It makes life a constant struggle. It finds enemies in all the forces of Nature. It looks upon unpleasant experiences as punishments and penalties. It makes a God of its Devil.

The conception of unity carries with it the sense of serenity and peace. It makes life a constant joy. It finds friends in all the forces of Nature. It looks upon unpleasant experiences as incidents of spiritual growth and guide-posts to greater happiness. Good is its God, and it knows no Devil.

It is not a trifling matter to us, therefore, which conception we foster; it is of the utmost importance. It is a choice between health and disease, between life and death. The conception of unity is productive of intensities of health and happiness that are not attainable by those living the conception of duality. The creative power of the mental physician comes through his conception of unity, while his patients are those who are still laboring under the conception of duality.

The fact that duality carries with it disease and death, while unity fosters health and life, unerringly indicates the respective degrees of truth that they embody. Life and health are ever proportioned and in correspondence with truth; the higher the truths we express, the greater will be our health and happiness. If duality expressed a greater degree of truth than unity, it would carry with it more happiness. It is the higher forms of truth that correct, unite and heal. Truth expresses its highest forms in oneness, completeness, unity.

All is one and all is good. There is but one substance and one purpose in all life. That purpose is our growth and consequent happiness, and it is subserved as we consciously express greater and higher truths. We come to this as our thought is classified and reaches higher planes. This is attained with the most facility as we use word pictures that are clearly defined and relieved of the conceptions that became attached to them on lower planes of thought. It is with words that we build our temple of thought, and if we are to make it expressive of the higher truths, it is necessary that we use only such material as has been carefully and intelligently selected for the purpose in view.

It is the higher truths that we are seeking for, and they bring to us more life—more love, more happiness. The higher truths translate us to the plane where we are not bound by traditional and erroneous word pictures, but are able to sense the spirit or mentality of whatever we come in contact with.

They tell us that we are each and all inseparable parts of the One Whole; that whatever affects any part must influence every other portion; that there are only love and harmony; that the power of attraction is universally inherent, and ever in active operation.

They show us that One Purpose dominates all existence; that this purpose is the growth and ultimate harmony or happiness of every atom and aggregation of atoms, and that whatever takes place is necessarily good, for it cannot but conduce to that One Purpose.

They teach us that our trials and tribulations, as well as our pleasures and delights, are attracted to us because they are what we require at the time for our higher growth and the attainment of greater happiness; and that all obstacles and difficulties are but exercises to test our capacity and strengthen our spiritual mus-

cles, in order that we may attain to the higher realms of love and peace.

We reach the more elevated and intensified planes of harmony as we bring into conscious existence the unconscious harmonies of our being; and we accomplish this as we live the truth that all is one, and become more and more in unison with the vibrations of universal attraction. As we become the living conception that all is love, we express only harmony, and find centred in ourselves an attraction that draws to us all the harmonies of existence.

A SCIENTIST'S INNER SELF.

Kicked into the world, a boy without guide or training, or with worse than none, I confess to my shame that few men have drunk deeper of all kinds of sin than I. Happily, my course was arrested in time—and for long years I have been slowly and painfully climbing, with many a fall, toward better things. And when I look back, what do I find to have been the agents of my redemption? The hope of immortality or future reward? No, I can tell you exactly what has been at work. "Sartor Resartus" led me to know that a deep sense of religion was compatible with an entire absence of theology. Secondly, science gave me a resting place independent of authority and tradition. Thirdly, love opened up to me a view of the sanctity of human nature, and impressed me with a deep sense of responsibility.

My home in Sydney is the house of my good friend Mr. Fanning, one of the first merchants in the place. But thereby hangs a tale. Mrs. Fanning has a sister, and the dear little sister and I managed to fall in love with one another in the most absurd manner after seeing one another—I will not tell you how few times, lest you should laugh. * * * Our future is none of the clearest. Nevertheless, I have the strongest persuasion that four years hence I shall be married and settled in England. We shall see.

To attempt to live by any scientific pursuit is a farce. Nothing but what is absolutely practical will go down in England. A man of science may earn great distinction, but not bread. He will get invitations to all sorts of dinners and conversaciones, but not enough income to pay his cab fare. A man of science in these times is like an Esau who sells his birthright for a mess of pottage.

It is a curious thing that I find my dislike to the thought of extinction increasing as I get older and nearer the goal. It flashes across me at all sorts of times with a sort of horror that in 1900 I shall probably know no more of what is going on than I did in 1800. I had sooner be in hell a good deal—at any rate, in one of the upper circles, where the climate and company are not too trying. I wonder if you are plagued in this way?—*Extracts from Prof. Huxley's Letters.*

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

SOME THOUGHTS ON REINCARNATION.

A Reply to Mrs. N. A. Douglass and M. S. Rodefer.

BY CHARLES WILLING BEALE.

In reply to Mrs. Douglass, who has been good enough to notice my article on Reincarnation, I would say, first, that the article referred to was intended to be suggestive, rather than dogmatic; and that I am always glad to receive and consider any idea which may throw light upon a subject that has, through all the ages, been wrapt in profoundest mystery.

Let me begin at the beginning. My critic says it is evident that I am not acquainted with the fundamental teachings of Theosophy. I have studied Theosophy; but, like many other beliefs, have discarded it as unsatisfactory. I do not care for the theory of the elementals, nor yet for the doctrine of Karma, as generally presented. It seems to me to cripple man's development, and to place an embargo upon the free play and exercise of his mental activities. The teachings of Theosophy make me sad. I will have nothing to do with any creed, doctrine or philosophy that does not help to lift me out of the slough into which I am too prone to fall. I refuse to be bound by Karma or anything else, and I deny that even the law of gravitation can exert any influence over me, when my desire has developed a knowledge of the force that will enable me to resist it. This, of course, is truism; but we are taught too much about bounds and limits beyond which we cannot hope to advance. I positively repudiate the puissance of any so-called natural law, when the law of thought is brought in its full majesty to bear against it, for after all, Nature, and every law pertaining to it, is but the child of thought, and subject to thought for its very existence.

No, I am not a Theosophist, nor do I attach myself to any creed or organized body of any description. I am a seeker after truth—ultimate truth—a knowledge of which I firmly believe will enable us to master all things, and endow us with every power and every conceivable happiness. Each man must discover this truth for himself; no one can do it for him. There is no God, church, Savior, creed or philosophy that can affect him like one little bit of personal experience, and I offer the following as such:

When, for example, I positively refuse to see evil in any thing or person, and appeal to the good only, the good will grow, and my happiness will grow in proportion. This is a law which I have discovered for myself, and know to be unailing; for I have tried it. It is hard at first, but with each effort it will become easier; and with each sincere and honest endeavor your happiness will increase, so that at times you will feel like laughing when there appears to be nothing to laugh at. This may be thought to be an evasion of the subject, but I shall refer to it later. So much for my beliefs.

Next, my critic asks how it is possible that if the Ego has come up through the mineral, vegetable and animal kingdoms—which I admit—it could have done so "if not by reincarnating and building higher organisms, and upon each of such reincarnations bringing with it higher state of consciousness; and if the Ego, or monad, reincarnates unnumberable times upon the lower planes,

why not continue to do so as long as the desire lasts; for desire, we agree, brings it back?"

In reply to this I would say, first, that it may be possible that we hold different ideas, or definitions of the words Ego and incarnation. My belief is that what we call the carnate body, and the Ego, are to a large extent identical. I believe that the visible body is spirit now; as absolutely and completely spirit as any other manifestation of mind, which it surely is; but I also believe that through ignorance, or lack of evolution, the spirit is deprived of the full measure of its power. I believe that through false thinking it has put certain bounds upon itself which it will have to outgrow; and that at death, the false part goes back to earth to begin over again, while the truer residuum advances with a great accretion of power. Beyond this I believe that if man can, in the present stage of his existence, substitute true thinking for false thinking, he need never die.

But, again, I am reminded by Mrs. Douglass in quotation of my article, that: "We do not launch upon a higher plane," as I had suggested, nor "come into the realization of powers quite unknown;" but, rather, that "we are at an entire disadvantage in losing all that which we have been familiar with. * * * We have made our Karmic record and can only deal with results until we desire to live again."

Now, how does Mrs. Douglass know this? Does not every precedent and every argument point to a higher development in a future state? And as for the Karmic record I can only say that if it does not suit me, I shall smash it.

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

Now, I must confess that I entirely fail to see how that commits me to Reincarnation. The very fact that I used the words, "from planes beneath our own," shows that I believe the infant has *advanced* to our own plane; whereas the doctrine of Reincarnation is a distinct recognition of a retrograde movement. But to make this clearer, I will refer to the next article, on page 2, by M. S. Rodefer, called "Some Why Nots on Reincarnation." Mr. Rodefer says that I have "too much of the old theological idea that death is a great gain."

I am free to admit that I have undoubtedly been too much influenced by theological ideas upon many matters, and possibly upon this; but I do not base my belief in this post mortem condition upon the teachings of theology, but strictly upon observation, precedent and logic. Therefore, when I say that the doctrine of Reincarnation is a distinct recognition of a retrograde movement, I say it with the belief that death introduces man to a higher plane of life. I believe this first from observation; next from our knowledge of evolution.

From observation I have learned that the unborn infant is confined within narrow limits, and that it is completely at the mercy of its environment. I observe that after birth its power has been greatly increased. It can move from place to place quite freely, and practically without restriction. Is there any living man or woman who would willingly—nay, who would desire—to fill again the position occupied previous to the pres-

ent birth? I think not. If death is a liberator equal to that of birth—and I can conceive of no reason why it should not be—it would be altogether incredible to me that desire could bring us back to this world again—certainly not under the conditions in which we last lived upon it.

When Mr. Rodefer speaks of desire as calling us backward in the present life—as, for example to childhood—I must beg to differ from him, inasmuch as I really doubt if there is any living person who would willingly so return, with a full realization and memory of the restrictions, the subjections, the disappointments and sorrows of that period of his existence. Of course, in a vague way, we all imagine that if we could begin over again with our present experience we could do much better; and no doubt we could; but the experience is inseparably linked with the years. When we declare the wish to be a child again, we do not mean it. We simply mean that being dissatisfied with the present, we look backward and find some shining spots in the past. Perhaps we might even find some in the life of the unborn babe, in its total lack of responsibility and ignorance of its ignorance. But even if desire should so call us to the days of our youth again, it is by no means a parallel case to that of reincarnation. Our youth was simply a part of the present life, not a previous one.

The only correct comparison would be that of desire for the state immediately preceding this. Find me the man who would willingly occupy the position he held a single month before his present life began, and I will admit that it might present an argument for reincarnation.

Now, in regard to what I said about my discovery and about the good and happiness to be found in oneself, by seeing the good only in others. Let us suppose that the living of my entire life had brought about this one result. Is it to be lost? Am I to begin over again after having increased my selfness and grown into a larger individual, capable of absorbing and cultivating the good of others? When a farmer has cultivated and enriched his land, is he willing, or does he desire, to throw away his effort and begin over again? The increased fertility is his own; it belongs to him.

If I have learned one single thing in this life; if I have increased or enriched my individuality in the smallest conceivable way, I shall never willingly give it up. If a man has gained anything by physical birth, it seems a reasonable and logical inference that he will gain by being ushered at so-called death into the land which follows this, and that he will have no more desire to return here than we have to the state immediately preceding this.

Concentration is the whole thing. This is the balance, the centre—harmony. Keep calm. Cultivate repose. Be not like the tempest on the ocean, but rather as the placid stream; not inactive, but allowing the currents of life to flow through you, unobstructed by any ignorant perverseness. This is the attitude for the ordinary occasion. And yet, there are times when it may be necessary for some wave of energy to sweep through you. Only, always be master, and direct your forces—the great mental currents which make up your character and all your environments.—*Fred Burry's Journal.*

HOW TO THINK RIGHTLY.

Thought springs from belief. As a man believes, so he thinks. The student of the new thought learns at the very start something of the mighty power of thought. He learns that thought is the first cause of every phenomenon, the cause of good and the cause of "evil;" and he asks eagerly, "How can I think so as to produce health, wealth and happiness?"

When this question was put to me by a correspondent in California a few weeks ago, the answer that sprang at once into my mind was this: But two things are necessary to inspire one to right thinking—a belief that all is good, and a knowledge of man's nature and powers. After some serious thought the answer still stands as the best I, with my limited knowledge, can give.

Now, if the student believes that all is good, he must give up all his old beliefs. This affirmation of the universal Good is a resistless iconoclast. It tears down all the graven images of our old and cherished beliefs, and leaves the temple of the mind swept and garnished, ready for new altars to new gods.

Did you ever try to enumerate the many wrong ways of thinking that are destroyed by the belief that all is good? There is anger, that most frequent of mental states. But what occasion can one find for indulging in angry thought, if he is thoroughly imbued with a belief in the all Good? The person who arouses your anger by some act of injustice is not willfully and maliciously unjust. He knows no better than to trample on your rights; he is undeveloped; his ethical nature is in process of evolution; but he has not yet reached the point where an unjust act becomes an impossibility, because a "noble conscience," as Dante puts it, stands ready to torment the transgressor. Very few scientists, I imagine, have reached the philosophical calm that ought to be perpetual with the believer that all is good; but there are thousands, I am sure, who can say that they no longer suffer from the wild rage, the insane anger, the sullen, long cherished resentment that once followed every invasion of their real or supposed rights, and a wider charity for the human race grows evermore in their hearts.

Remorse is another wrong way of thinking that must go under the new regime. How many lives have been wrecked by this most useless of mental states! How much physical disease and insanity might be traced to this cause, if we could only look into the minds of others! Must one be utterly callous as to his past misdeeds? No, but there is a middle course between callousness and useless self-reproach. If you have done wrong, repair the wrong at once, and resolve that it shall never be repeated. If it admits of no present reparation, bide your time and set your will power steadily against the remorse that would only wreck you in body and mind, if you indulged in it. You did the best you could do at that time and with that degree of knowledge, and next time you will do better. All is good.

Worry and fear are twin demons that may be exorcised by the magic words, "all is good." If nothing but good can come to you, what ground have you for fearing the future years and worrying over the things that may happen? Utter fearlessness, divine careless-

ness, should be your attitude of mind, and will be when you are trained to a belief in universal Good. Make the affirmation every time anything happens to vex or worry you; when the baby spills milk on your clean table cloth; when something false or malicious is said about you; when your purse is empty and you can't get the things you need; when the children are noisy and disobedient; when your well laid plans come to naught, and your castles fall to the ground. Say, "All is good," whether you believe it or not, and you will very soon find yourself taking a brighter outlook on life, and it will not be long before the brighter outlook will be justified by your outward circumstances. Circumstances, as Lilian Whiting says, are like plastic clay, and thought is the moulding force. The thought that lives in the realms of universal Good will create for you all that you desire.

And now some one will say, "But how can I believe that all is good when I see so much pain and suffering and evil around me?"

And once again the explanation must be made that "good" in the scientific sense does not mean pure, lovely, perfect and desirable, but only that which is the result of law, the effect of a cause. In other words, whatever happens has to have a cause. Cause and effect are governed by law. All is good, because all is law. Analyze the events that lead up to any so-called evil happening, and you will understand the meaning of "good" as it is used by Mental Scientists. Some one wrongs you by an unjust act. Is that act good? Yes, because it is all that could reasonably be expected of the man. People are not trained to render justice to each other. Preachers do not preach justice; the laws of the land in which we live do not embody justice; men do not know justice when they see it; parents are unjust to their children; husbands to their wives, and wives to their husbands; and to expect justice at this stage of man's evolution is to expect an impossibility. The only rational attitude of mind toward an unjust person is one of calm allowance. Try to get your rights, if you will, but do not waste your nervous force in feeling bitter and resentful toward the man who is so ignorant, so undeveloped, that he wrongs his fellow man, not knowing that such conduct will bring its own punishment sooner or later. Then look at the minor annoyances of life. The baby turns the cup of milk over because the cup of milk was set near him, and because babies are babies. Who ever heard of a baby that wouldn't turn over anything that was placed near him? Who ever heard of children who were always perfectly quiet and obedient? Who ever heard of an individual who never met with reverses, and whose castles and plans never tumbled to pieces? Your lot is the common lot; we are all governed by a common law which is working for good, and we must take our choice between two things: we can grumble and growl over the situation and develop into orthodox pessimists; or we can cheerfully accept it and grow into Mental Science optimists, the only sort of optimist there is, by the way.

If you choose to be an optimist, do not wait till your purse is full and all your surroundings pleasant and conducive to optimism. The optimism that is dependent on surroundings is a sham. Real optimism will enable you to smile and say, "All is good," even when

everything around you seems to contradict the statement. This point is clearly brought out by the author of that little book, "The Art of Optimism as Taught by Browning." He says:

"The moment anything is gained it ceases to satisfy, and we crave still the unattained. Unsatisfied desire is the characteristic feature of human life. That is the fact out of which pessimism and optimism are constructed. Dwell on the impossibility of ever getting a state of complete and permanent satisfaction with what you have, and you become a pessimist. Dwell on the opportunities for endless growth and conquest which this fact makes possible, and you become an optimist. In a word, live in the passive voice, waiting for good to come to you ready-made, and you will be a pessimist—miserable to the end of your days. Live in the active voice, intent on the progress you can make and the work you can accomplish, and you will acquire the art of optimism, and be happy all your days."

The art of optimism and the art of right thinking are one.

The second requisite to the art of optimism is a knowledge of your own powers. All would not be good if man were not endowed with power to attain to whatever he desires. Therefore, you must believe in yourself, have confidence in yourself, and cultivate your faculties by constantly exercising them on the circumstances of your life. You do not have to fear and to endure. You were born to conquer. "You are fundamentally supplied with power to meet every adverse condition," and all the adverse conditions will yield you good, if you meet them with the spirit of optimism.

This is the mental attitude and the course of conduct that brings health, wealth and happiness. There is but one power that rules the Universe, and that power is Good.

I am an embodiment of that power, and I can create whatever good I may desire. I can know whatever I desire to know, because I am one with the source of all knowledge. I can do whatever task is set before me, for there is no limit to the universal strength, except the limits we make by unbelief and doubts and fears.

I am not afraid of anything the years may bring to me. As my day so shall my strength be.

I have no anxiety about the morrow, for all is good. Make these affirmations daily, hourly; and after a few months you will find that "The face of all the world is changed" for you, and your feet will be set on the borders of the Kingdom of Heaven on earth.

LIDA CALVERT OBENCHAIN.

TALKS OF LOVE POWER.

The subject of Prof. George D. Herron's weekly lecture in Central Music Hall yesterday afternoon was "The Will to Love." Prof. Herron spoke as follows:

"Every power, or force, or energy, when analyzed through and back again, when reduced from what it seems to be to what it is, turns out to be a love power. In physics, love is the law of attraction, finding the affinities of things, and so creating a planet or a flower. In conscious life, love is the adhesive and creative property, uniting beast to beast, holding man to man, bringing forth a lion, a child, a state, a religion; bringing forth the deeds we call good and the deeds we call evil.

"In politics, love is democracy; democracy is the

love dream of the common life, yet to be realized through the whole range of our activities and relations. In terms of social philosophy, love is association; the power of association has always lain in its aspiration and effort toward a life embracing unity, in which the full blossoming of each individual would be freely willed and inherent spiritual necessity. In economic terms, love is co-operation; the elemental ideal of socialism is that of a world love-organized. In essential religion, love is the fellowship of each man as a lover with the whole round of human experience. There is, indeed, no other kind of power than love power for either the individual or the collective man to have.

THE STRUGGLE IN NATURE.

"Viewed from its night side, nature seems to have conditioned man's existence on a programme of struggle and hate, of greed and blood. The survival of the strongest in selfish might and cunning was the story the older evolutionists had to tell us. But the newer evolutionists are telling us the love story of nature and of social development. Within the evolution which looks like an endless orgy of blood and devouring struggle, within the natural and human monsters that have made the earth a scene of anguish and waste, the will to love is seen to have been steadily working toward self-realization in a world without struggle.

"The things that are red in tooth and claw devour one another; they that come to power by the sword perish by the sword; the competitors build the monopolies that destroy their competition; the monopolies retreat before the co-operation secret which they unwittingly divulge. And love remains, with a fair and boundlessly forgiving earth of exhaustless resources to organize. Black and overwhelming, mighty and all-present as the forces of unlove have been, they perish with the works of their own hands; one by one they vanish as the mists, while love shines upon golden fields of co-operative opportunity, which are to be the real theatre of human history.

"When history is seen from within and its whole perspective surveyed from the center of some world crisis, the will to love may be seen as its source, and the ever increasing leader of the centuries to their goal.

TYRANNY IS MISUSED FORCE.

"Tyranny is but misused force. Despotism has always had to misuse the love forces of the common life in order to be. No despotism could stand without finding an affinity of service with those it oppressed and crushed. Cæsar, Cromwell and Napoleon each began as a friend and deliverer of the people; the railway magnate must haul you over his railway; the industrial monopolist must furnish you with products; the church must make you think of your soul. The moment the most despotic power altogether refuses to be responsible, the moment it no longer listens to a single whisper of the soul of service somewhere within it, that moment it ceases to be. Whenever the will to love has gone clean out of the throne or center of any kind of power, then the power itself has melted away with the shadows. A pure despotism is but an impure imagination—the like of it could not exist.

"In reality, love has always been law, and no other law has ever been at work; by no other law has the world ever been governed or judged. But our ignor-

ance and lack of co-operation has compelled love to govern us retributively. The tragedies of history are the collisions of the blind will to have, with the love will everywhere at work. Indeed, nothing so fully stares men in the face as the fact that selfishness cannot permanently or worthily build anything, no matter how honored or ancient its institutions and customs. Our institutions and systems will continue to be turned and overturned until they become the perpetually fluid expression of the cosmic love will.

PROBLEM OF HISTORY AND NATURE.

"When all is said history and nature present to the common life but one problem, and that is the problem of how to liberate the love energy at the heart of things, and organize it for the leadership of the whole human advance. To consciously and purposely outline a human evolution and history for the will to love to work by; to liberate and motor the love energy that it may run the whole world machinery; to effect an economy that shall make love the sole producer and distributor; to renounce every gain or good or glory that love does not bring; to take love as the true religion and sure faith; to follow love as the only safe guide to truth; to abandon the world to love as its sole authority and complete liberty—to all of this is the common life summoned by the principle of its own being—the principle of its economic and social development.

"A programme for leading all nations under the yoke of tenderness to those that are in need or in wrong; a programme for fitting all, even unto the least, to worthily survive by nobly serving; a programme for putting on the strong the infirmities of the weak, until there shall be no more weak; a programme for surrounding every child, from the moment of its appearing, with all the fullness of the centuries—their resources for loving and for making man free; a programme for a civilization which shall make every man to inherit the earth and to count the serving of his comrades as its own reward and joy—this is the programme which the will to love offers to every man as its thought of his infinite worth and power.—*Chicago Record.*

HEALTH NOTES.

Exercise all your life. When you stop exercising, become indolent, you begin to die. Nature has willed it so. There are in New York, Philadelphia and Chicago hundreds of millionaires, and yet among them how many have produced a poem or a book worth reading, or a speech worth listening to. They travel abroad, go to the highest institutions of learning; they hire the best teachers; they have thousands of books in their libraries. But for all that their intellect withers under luxury and inactivity. How many of these men's sons ever become renowned in literature, oratory or statesmanship? Nature will punish the rich and poor alike if they will not exercise and obey her laws. Work or starve is her motto; starve mentally, morally, and if we do not exercise, we will die of physical starvation.

Who is it that the men and women of our country envy? Is it the man or woman with puny body, bent form and muscle-starved features? Never! It is he or she who is strong and beautiful physically.

This is not only so with individuals, it has been so with nations. The Olympic games of ancient Greece;

the hippodrome for chariot races and running; the pentathlon which consisted of leaping, quoit throwing, javelin-throwing, running, wrestling; their combats, in which was displayed much physical strength—were a part of their religion. Greece had her heroes; she esteemed them as gods. Castor and Pollux were twin gods; also known under the name of Dioscuri. The Dioscuri presided over public games; Castor being the god of equestrian exercise, Pullox the god of boxing. Theseus slew the Cretan bull at Marathon. He also slew great and mighty men. Hercules was trained in all manly accomplishments by heroes of the highest renown. He wrestled and overcame Achelos. He withstood Ares, Poseidon and Hera, as well as Apollo. He slew lions, strangled serpents, overcame giants, and was worshipped as a god.

These men were envied by kings. Rulers were honored; these men were worshipped. To be victorious in a war was much; to be conquerer in a combat was more. They thought more of their physical strength and beauty than of their moral integrity; more of their bodies than of their souls.

Nor was Greece alone in this. Rome had her gladiatorial games and festivities. There were as many as five thousand pairs of gladiators exhibited at one time. Her vast amphitheatres were crowded with excited, yelling populace. All towns of any size had their arenas, and annual games. A successful gladiator enjoyed far greater fame than our modern athletes. He was presented with very costly articles, poets sang his praises; his portrait was multiplied on vases, lamps and gems, and high-born ladies contended for his favors. He was enshrined in the temples as the highest type of physical beauty.

These nations when they became indolent and indulgent; when they thought more of luxury than exercise, as world powers fell. When the Olympian games lost prestige, the Grecian armies lost their power.

So will all nations or individuals decay and die if they trespass on the laws of Nature by over-eating, liquor-drinking, the using of drugs, improper dress, inactivity.

Regarding the treatment of the body, Charles Elam said: "The body has its claims—it is a good servant; treat it well and it will do your work; attend to its wants and requirements, listen kindly and patiently to its hints, occasionally forestall its necessities by a little indulgence, and your consideration will be repaid with interest. But task it, and pine it, make it a slave instead of a servant; it may not complain much, but like the weary camel in the desert, it will lie down and die."

—*Herbert George in George's Weekly.*

It is very seldom I come across an individual who is free of prejudices. If it is not one thing, it is another which causes vexation. I do not see why my friends should be so put out, because I don't happen to think the same as they do. Neither is it only the religious section which is like this; there are any number of so-called liberals just the same. When shall men and women emancipate themselves? Oh, for a spirit of not only tolerance, but a recognition of truth and goodness in all things! For all is true and good, because all is real—only often but very limitedly expressed.—*Fred Burry's Journal.*

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IT IS WISDOM THAT CREATES, AND THIS WISDOM IS ATTAINABLE BY MAN.

Can it be possible that a single thought born into the world will act so powerfully upon all previous thought, as to make that complete change which we call a New Era?

Yes, provided the thought is great enough. But here is the thought.

During man's unconscious season of growth he has been acted upon by the Law through his blind or unconscious desires. These desires have constantly reached out for more perfect expression, and they have formed his body just as we see it. His form is in a great measure finished; it is, at least, finished in the rough—that is, his entire organism is fairly well adapted to the expression of his needs; so much so that it seems to lack nothing but refining and beautifying, and being made more vital and more powerful, to endure any and every strain that may be required of it.

Now just as the man is, he has been built unconsciously to himself—by which I mean without the aid of his own knowledge—simply through that blind desire

which is the chief factor of all growth. This blind desire for "more, more," has been met or responded to by the Law of Attraction, until we see him just as he appears to-day. In the meantime his intellect has been continually enlarging and becoming capable of more thought. Out of this growing thought power he has been asking no end of questions regarding his own creation and condition. He has become introspective, and his mental mechanism has got to be a standing wonder to him. He perceives his power for right and wrong; an idea of his relations to his fellows begins to make him uneasy with its incipient suggestions of that mighty moral sense, which we call justice. Then he looks still deeper within his organism and finds what he believes to be the one stumbling block in the way of perfect justice, and that is *individual desire*.

In the meantime, and before he reached this point in his development, he had decided that he was a special creation by some all-powerful being whom he called God. It was the prerogative of this God to enforce obedience to certain things. Among these things was a conformity on his part to the principle of justice which he perceived within himself. He then put himself in the position of being *driven* by threats from his God to act justly, instead of perceiving the enticement to justice in the very nature of his relations with the race—an enticement based upon his leading desire; which was a desire for happiness.

Right here he came to the conclusion that his desires conflicted with the desires of his neighbor, and in order to obey his God he must crush his desires. His thought was not sufficiently comprehensive to see that desire was the very voice of the Life Principle within him, and that it pointed beyond all the feeble experiences of the growing individual to that ultimate of every soul—happiness. He did not know that desire *gratified*—though leading him through many and fearful mistakes—would eventually bring him out beyond all these mistakes to see in a clear light the true goal of all his desires, and to show him—when he reached this high place in understanding—that his desires had pointed to the acquisition of certain soul-saving, body-saving truth in the realm of mind, *where the supply is equal to the demand*, and where each man may have what he wants, and yet not limit the supply for any other person.

For what a man wants is wisdom, knowledge of truth; because knowledge of truth is individual power in the high realm of pure creativeness; and in this realm there is no limit. Desire may have its fullest sway here and never interfere for a moment with the creative power of another person's desire.

But to go back. Man reached that place in growth where he perceived the potency of his own desire and became afraid of it, and directed his whole mental energies to the effort of crushing it. And right here at this point his growth became almost stationary. He founded his religion upon this idea of self-suppression; he called himself vile through and through because he had so many desires that he called selfish; until finally he came to regard himself as a devil; and a devil that required the omnipotence of a God to save. And right in this same place the race has stood for thousands of years.

As desire is that factor in the human being which relates him to the Law of Growth, the crushing of the

desire has stopped his growing. And yet in spite of this crushing there has been a constant sending forth of the tendrils of human intelligence towards the truth; until recently a perception has come that seeks to define the true character of desire, and that begins to justify it.

And with this perception there seems to be a change of the relation between individual desire and the Law of growth (which is the Law of Attraction). This change is, that, whereas, on the unconscious or unreasoning plane of man's growth, the Law operated upon him without his knowledge, and in obedience to his blind desire, it now transpires that man has the ability to perceive the true relation between individual desire and the Law, and through this perception to command the Law or to use the Law at will in his still farther growth.

In other words, man, through his recently acquired knowledge of the relation of individual desire to the Law of Attraction, has learned that the creative power resides in himself. He looks back and sees that, through his desire operating with the law on the unconscious or unreasoning plane of his life, he grew up to where he could understand the whole matter. Then he looks within himself and sees that his desires are all alive and as strong as ever, and much more numerous. He sees that through the unfoldment of his imagination they have become far reaching and splendid and noble; that they embrace every needy soul on earth; and he says to himself, "Oh, this is *redemption*; this is what the world has been seeking through all its long pilgrimage outside the gates of paradise; this is heaven!"

And why should he not say this, and say it with all the earnestness of the enthusiast? For, indeed, if desire is related to the Law of Growth, and it surely is, why then he has discovered the straight road leading out of the wilderness of error in which he has so long wandered—a road that leads past all the race beliefs of this and every previous age, out into the broad, open plane of creativeness, where he finds himself perfectly unhampered by tradition, perfectly free from creed and dogma, perfectly indifferent to the opinions of others, perfectly emancipated from all fear; *free*. Only think of this! Free from everything that hinders and binds, and above all else free from his ignorance of his own mighty faculties, and with the power that *creates*!

He has learned the meaning of himself, and the meaning of the Law, and he sees the unerring relation between the two.

He sees that his desires—which the world had pronounced unholy, and had spent ages in the futile attempt to crush out—are the individual outreachings for more of that knowledge, which alone is life. He sees these desires as he beholds the tendrils of the plant going forth towards the light in search of wider existence; yes, and finding it, for no other reason than because it wants it—finding it because—through its desires—it is related to it; just as man has found it on the unconscious plane of existence until he has developed up to where he now is, and just as he will develop still farther, infinitely farther, because he now knows that he can do so; because he knows the Law that governs growth.

To know the Law puts the power of the Law in a man's hands. To know that the Law has no other function than that of simply answering the demand made

upon it by individual desire, is to show the man that there is no limit to his growing except such limit as he may impose by his own ignorance in doubting the truth of the situation.

At this point in individual knowledge comes the further knowledge that individual desire is fast ripening into individual will. Desire has grown so powerful in its understanding of its own character that it no longer begs, nor does it even demand. It says, "The Law is the vast containant of possibilities from which I take what I want. It is one with me. It manifests through every statement I can make. Is my statement of myself and my power weak? Then the Law manifests in weakness. Do I make my statement of myself strong? Then the Law manifests in strength."

I am a living will. I am master. The Law waits upon my statement and fills it to the letter.

By slow degrees and through long years of earnest culture and unbroken fidelity to the best we know, our bodies can generate a quality of thought from which may be evolved the intelligent will—that mighty creative force whose function it is to remodel our entire lives and to recast the very race itself. H. W.

You all know Mrs. Josephine Barton; if you do not it is your loss. She is the wife of A. P. Barton, the editor of *The Life*, published at Kansas City, Mo., and a lovely writer herself. Her temperament is highly poetical, and she excels as a prose writer. There is something exceedingly charming in the spirit manifested in all she writes; a lovingness; a refinement and gentleness. She is one to know personally, I am sure, and I intend to meet her *some day*.

She has just started a small monthly magazine. The first number was fine, and I hope my friends will subscribe for it. I wish I could say more about it, but like the other good things that come to this office some person has carried it away.

Have you observed *The Life* lately? It is full of sound sense; the editor is not one of the kind to stand still; he keeps up with the procession. Listen to what he says about the many little absurd isms that are now in print and leading many a sincere student away from the right track:

"The true Christian Mental Scientist," says Mr. Barton in *The Life*, "will keep himself clear from all contamination with the numerous isms and ologies and the Yogiism of Indian superstition, so prevalent now. If you would be a strong healer and triumph in life over affairs and environment, practice the precepts of this science, purely, earnestly and faithfully. It is the science of life and furnishes the key to all success, and to happiness.

"One of the most arrant, brazen-faced attempts at fraud that has ever come to our notice is being worked by one calling himself 'Divine Healer Schrader.' He is using in his circulars the Francis Schlatter work and fame as his own. He tells about how he healed thousands in Denver, how he fasted forty days in the Rocky Mountains and gives case after case by name of persons who were healed by Francis Schlatter as his own cases. He quotes what the *Denver Times* said about ten thousand letters coming to the Denver post office for Francis Schlatter after his disappearance, only he substitutes the name of 'Schrader' for that of Schlatter. He also tries to appropriate the blessed handkerchief business which Schlatter carried on in Denver. He makes no effort to explain the difference in name, expecting to take in, unawares, people who accept the similarity as

the same, without being accurate about the form. This is a dirty fraud, going about trying to work upon the credulity of the people by attempting to look like the pictures of Jesus, and personating a man who did do genuine healing, but who is now dead."

Again in another quite lengthy article he gives it, to that class of pretenders who try to impose upon the public by telling the people how much they love them, and how earnestly and constantly they work for their interests; just as if it was not the prime motive for every soul to work for his own individual interests; and rightly too, since self in each individual is the central point about which the entire universe revolves; a fact that no amount of hypocrisy can conceal, when rightly understood.

I find it in my make up to be just. I don't love everybody, and I do not pretend to, but I can treat everyone with the same degree of fairness that I ask from him. But to love that which is unlovable is impossible. What becomes of the law of attraction under such an assertion, or what would become of it if the assertion were true, which it is not and cannot be? The law of attraction is that force in substance that we used to call God; it is the drawing power; the attracting power; it is love. And to try to love that which is not lovable is as if we attempted to annihilate love—the law of our being. Do let us be rational. I am hearing so much stuff about love lately that I want to have a fling at it. Love is the recognition, through the reasoning process, of the law of attraction within us. Take this subject, friends, and turn it over in your thoughts and see what the result will be. It may change some of your ideas in the most marked manner.

H. W.

THE VALUE OF HAPPINESS.

The most valuable possession is the capacity to enjoy life. Bank accounts and other securities leave you virtually poor, unless you have a glad heart for all the world has to give.

Pursue happiness, and there will be no blues to conquer; for none of us are so constituted that we can hold joy and pain; it must be one or the other. Glad tidings have an instantaneous effect, and like a contagious laugh make us respond, no matter how sullen we may feel. Try to always see the humorous side of things; for anything that is mirth-provoking is invaluable as a tonic, strengthening us for the difficulties we are trying to master.

We will hail with delight the decadence of tragic plays and pathetic literature. Shakespeare's comedies will be the longest lived of his works, for we are now beginning to realize the optimistic aftermath of an enjoyable occurrence, and won't tolerate anything that has a vein of pessimism running through it.

Don't take life too seriously; indulge in all legitimate amusements. You can't afford to shut out the light of happiness, for you will not be able to journey very far without it. Not on account of our tribulations need we be sad, but in spite of them should we call forth a deeper sense of joy.

Feeling, as much as thought causes action. Let us not only think, but live happiness. E. C. J.

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THE WASTE-PAPER BASKET.

"I find a good deal to interest me in our local paper, which, by the way, has got a new head on it; and an excellent one. When this paper first came out I did not expect it to live long. There were already two or three local papers in Daytona, and this one seemed unnecessary. But it has lived and improved with each issue; the editor—Mr. Davis—a very able and talented young man, evidently takes pride in his work. He has now got a good press in the large room adjoining the premises where—supervised by Major Britton—FREEDOM is made.

The last issue of this paper is alive all over. Somebody—I think I know who—came to the Euchre party, but would not take a hand, preferring to sit at the Major's desk and write—is no doubt the culprit. I am going to get even with her by reproducing her poem in FREEDOM:

OUR HOME EUCHRE PARTY.

'Twas a jolly crowd as they all filed in
To the Major's hall of learning,
For the Euchre game of Wednesday night,
Their happy hearts were yearning.
The Major marshalled them right and left,
And placed them each at a table;
"Now, go it, friends; there's a Booby prize
For the one—who—isn't able!"
Seven tables in all, they sat,
And oh! the buzz and the blither,
While Mr. Gaue with his fierce mustache
Looked beaming at Mrs. Kiper.
Among the crowd were Doctors three
Who didn't bring out their pills—
Glover and Sickler and Fones, M. D.;
And their smiles, they held no chills.
As aide-de-camps to our martial host,
Sat there our joy and pride—
"Helen's Charlie," our "Mr. Post,"
With his dearest by his side.
Queen of the crowd she e'er will be,
At cards, or at any game;
For there's no one else in this world just now
That shines with a brighter fame.

"Three little maids from school," also
Were seated in the room—
Josie and Emma Jutte sweet,
And Miss Reid, all abloom.
Flowers of girlhood sweet were they,
And their eyes so bright and glancing
Set Col. Floyd's most tender heart
A prancing and a danc'ing.
Mrs. McKenty's sensitive face
Smiled over the hand she had,
While Mrs. Britton chuckled with glee
That her enemy was so sad.

Mrs. Burgman's bronze hued hair
Gleamed fine in the electric light,
And Mrs. Robison's roses red
Were a gay and lovely sight.
Mistresses Dayton, Hesser and Fones
Looked fair and gentle and bright;
While Mistress Glover and Jackson too
Were sweet as Miss Albright.
Mrs. Johnson with dignity calm,
Sat playing a skillful game;
While Jerome and his brilliant Papa,
The Burgman—did the same.

Two Misses Berryman had their share
Of the fun and frolic too,
And sweet Miss Sickler, pretty and fair,
Smiled at her partner new.

Strange wierd sounds did sometimes fall
 From the lips of man and maid—
 "I pass"—"right bower," and "hearts are trumps,"
 Were the curious things they said.
 Gay and jolly the sparkling scene,
 The merriment all at its height,
 When lo! the Major, "Drat that thing!"
 For out went the electric light.

But not for long was the hall in gloom,
 For whether 'twas fairies or seeming,
 Or maybe the shine of our sweet girls' eyes,
 But a bright light soon was gleaming.
 As time flew by on its careless wing,
 The end of the game was nearing;
 And flutter and talk like anything
 Of the prizes, one was hearing.
 And who'll get first and who'll get next,
 And who will the Booby be?
 Like the game of life did the frolic seem
 Before the end we see.

But it's not all chance, this game we play,
 Though sometimes our hand is poor;
 For part of our luck is our own slow wit,
 And the fault lies at our door.
 Sometimes we "pass" when we should "take up;"
 Sometimes, did we understand,
 We'd know what was trumps and win the game,
 By trying our own "lone hand."
 But the end of the game, it came at last,
 And the prizes were given out
 According to justice and merit fair,
 With many a laugh and shout.

* * *

But what of the others who nothing got?
 They were happy and bright as the sun;
 And all went home contented and gay,
 For they'd had their share of the fun.

THE ON-LOOKER.

The Waste-Paper Basket is just another name for a column of locals. We, the people of this little town, have made friends away from here, who are interested in hearing from us once in a while. These people help to constitute the citizens of City Beautiful. They are not inhabitants of Sea Breeze, which is our external name, but they are inhabitants of City Beautiful, which is our true name; our spiritual name; the name that gathers us all within the links of its golden chain and holds us as sisters and brothers—members of one splendid and harmonious thought family.

I have always been clannish. I love those best who are nearest me by ties of blood. I have searched for my relatives many a time when it would have been to my interest to leave them alone. One time, while I was living in San Francisco, in looking over the different hotel arrivals I came across a name that aroused old recollections, and awakened my chronic hobby. I wanted to see the owner of that name. It was James Elmwood. Years before that I had been invited to act as bridesmaid to a girl friend who lived quite a long distance from us. I went to her home, and the first evening I was there somebody gave a reception in honor of me. During the evening I frequently noticed a beautiful young man, very gentlemanly, but very shy. I saw his resemblance to a beloved cousin whom I had once known, but from whom I had been a long time separated. After several hours, when the night was well advanced and there was quite a silence in the company, he crossed the room and said:

"You don't know me, but I am your cousin, and I

have heard my mother talk of you so much I want to become acquainted with you."

And we became quite friendly there and then; there was a charm about him that was almost magical. He was a boy and I was a woman. We were both about eighteen years old; the same age; but he was still a boy, and I had emerged into the realm of womanhood. That was the way we looked at things in those days.

I saw no more of him. In the early time of the gold fever in California he went out there. He had studied law and was considered one of the most brilliant members of the bar in the state that he lived in.

When I saw his name among the arrivals at the Palace Hotel I made myself look as handsome as conditions permitted, and called there. He was not in, but I left my address and he came to see me the next morning. He was in the prime of life then, being only a little over forty; but what a looking man! Every trace of his beauty was gone; he was drunk and evidently had been so for years. He was in the care of a policeman, who, during our interview sat and grinned at the sentimental, maudlin, half idiotic reminiscences he poured forth. I never was in such a hurry before to get rid of a visitor, but I could not do it. He insisted upon kissing me, and in other ways rendered himself perfectly unbearable. Finally after about an hour I told his attendant to take him away, and if he ever became sober enough to understand anything, to tell him what a fool he had made of himself in my presence. He got him out of the house by main strength, and I have never heard of him from that day to this.

The above experience is only one of several I had in my effort to keep in with my relatives. We were a very large family, take it in all its branches, and I had my hands full in my attempt.

Finally after many unpromising incidents—some of them funny enough to make a dog laugh, I gave it up and swung to the other extreme. I concluded to leave them alone; and even to act with some show of common sense when they wrote me begging letters. For I discovered that helping them often resulted in the abandonment of all effort on their part to help themselves. Of course, the ones that I had helped immediately turned against me with great energy; so much indeed that their surplus energy sometimes lapped over in payment of my folly, and expended itself in something useful to them; and in this way they became independent.

I am going to introduce the readers of FREEDOM to an old friend of theirs; Mrs. Lida Hood Talbot is now here from New York, where she has lived ever since she was an honored guest in our house in Boston. It has been almost eight years since we met; she brings all the old charms to please, for which she was so remarkable in the past, together with many new graces of mind and character. The years have added to her attractions.

The first time I met her was in Mrs. Hopkins' class in Christian Science in Chicago, some fourteen years ago. Since then we have traveled a long way from the animal to the human; from the non-reasoning to the reasoning state of man, though even yet we feel that the journey is only beginning.

There is a man on the river front now pretending to walk on the water. I must go out with the other boys and see him get a ducking.

I forgot to say that Lida is going to stay with us—well—forever, I hope, and one day longer.

Later. The man *did* walk on the water. He seemed to have a small boat attached to each foot, and these boats kept him from sinking; it really was not a bad display.

I dropped pen and paper right here and went over to Daytona to see the dressmaker. She is making my dress for the mask ball that comes off this evening. Lida and I are going as "the two little girls in blue." We are almost the same size and our gowns will be just alike; they are little mother hubbards, made to come up a slight way above the ankle joints, but so full that our ankles will not be on exhibition. For me this will be the beginning of short dresses for home wear—walking, bicycling and fishing. I am just "clean gone tired," as Aunt Sally used to say, of carrying my arms full of bundles up stairs and tramping on my dress at every step. I have on a dress now, a new one, that I was so pleased with—off of which I tore a yard of the hem in coming up stairs this morning. Now it is true that I can fix it up; and I can buy another dress (if Charley will give me the money) but that does not satisfy me. I still retain all my old ideas about economy. I can't bear to see wastefulness; it stirs me up to have the cook destroy good things; or to see the dress maker chop into a piece of goods so recklessly as to use more than necessary. This is not meanness or narrowness; it is something better; it seems to me to belong to the true feeling of orderliness that goes wherever intelligence goes; it is a sample of exactitude or accuracy that in its higher development makes the reasoner.

Speaking of words—which I was not speaking of at all—somebody must have invented every one now in use. My Florrie used to be a great hand to invent them. There is the word "fuffled;" just hold it in your mind a moment and the meaning will come out of it until you smile. The word is one of Florrie's inventions. When she was a tiny thing she was crazy to handle the baby chickens. "Des 'et me hab one, mamma; me only wants one."

"Why, pet," I would say, "the hen won't let you have it."

"Oh! yes her will; her's dot a hunned (hundred) and her's a dood hen, and her'll dive me one."

It was no use to reason with her; she had to have her experience. So one day I heard a terrific noise in the yard and ran out. I met Florrie, as pale as a ghost, with her hair all tumbled up on her head and in a condition of great demoralization. She began to talk as soon as she could get her breath.

"Mean old sing," she said, pointing to the hen, who was stepping around like a blind horse in high rye, and clucking in the most exaggerated way, putting in a lot of extra notes that almost jerked her head off.

"What did she do?" I asked.

"Why, her fuffled up her fudders and hopped wite up on top of my head and squatched 'e hair wite out, so I haven't dot any left; has I mamma?"

So much for the word "fuffled;" I think it would apply to our dresses now, all so tucked and ruffled and bedecked. Yesterday I observed that the dressmaker, instead of putting buttons or hooks and eyes on my dress, had a new kind of fastening something like the

fastenings on gloyes. I asked the name of it. She said she did not know the name, but Florrie called them "inkydinks," and everybody in her shop has adopted it. Nuf sed. H. W.

IF THERE WERE NO DEATH! (A SUGGESTION.)

Catch your breath for a moment, and think what this would mean to you. If there were no death!

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The practically inclined—they who will not allow their hopes to take such a mad plunge—pooh-pooh at it; and straightway subscribe to some health publication, buy a book which treats of perpetual youth, or join the "Hundred Year Club," having done which they lay the flattering unction to their souls that they cannot be carried away by such absurd notions. Being unable to meet and do battle squarely with the idea, they dismiss the argument with the convincing (?) assertion, "Of course, one can't live always; nobody ever did."

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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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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.