

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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AS BROAD AS IT'S LONG.

WRITTEN FOR FREEDOM BY PAUL TYNER.

That by which we know form, taste, smell, sounds and loving touches, by that also we know what exists besides. The wise, when he knows that that by which he perceives all objects in sleep or in waking is the great omnipresent Self, grieves no more. He who knows this living soul which perceives objects as being the Self, always near, the Lord of the past and the future, henceforward fears no more. He who has perceived that which is without sound, without touch, without form, without decay, without taste, without smell, eternal, without beginning and without end, beyond the Great, and unchangeable, is freed from the jaws of death.—*Katha-Upanishad.*

Life in the fullest sense is many-sided. It is as broad as it is long, and as high as it is deep. A realizing sense of this truth is essential to any clear understanding of bodily immortality. Living forever in the flesh seems to suggest to most minds not a cube, a circle or a sphere, but a straight line. That is to say, people think of it as length of life only.

All that makes bodily immortality desirable—all that makes any life worth living, is growth, unfoldment, expansion in all directions. As the branches of a tree expand so must its roots. Mere prolongation of the condition called "old age" would be the prolonging of disease and decay, not life. The man who has stopped growing has, to all intents and purposes, stopped living. One who is living fully is growing in all directions.

I do not know who wrote the bit of Eastern wisdom translated by Max Muller from the Vedas and quoted at the head of this article. It is just as true as if George Washington had said it and as true to-day as it was a thousand years ago. Its value depends entirely on the understanding of the reader. It is true as far as it goes—and it will go as far as we let it. If we add to it the larger meaning of the later thought and experience, which is here contained in germ, we shall obtain new light on our present problem of the indeterminate life.

The man who wrote these verses was certainly a better Mental Scientist than are some of the recent interpreters of the Vedanta who have come to us from the East. He had found out that that intelligence by which we know anything, is the same intelligence by which we shall know all that is to be known. He points the logical consequence that grief is forever annihilated for the man who has found out that the Knower in him is the omnipresent—and so Omnipotent and Immortal—Self.

That is the first step. It is a step which many of our seekers after immortality, bodily or otherwise, are

apt to neglect. This tendency is traceable directly to the asceticism which at all times and in all countries has done so much to exalt the soul at the expense of the body, and so maim and distort both soul and body.

The "pleasures of sense," so long decried by our pseudo religious teachers, are found to be the indispensable means to the higher life—to all that ever fuller and fuller unfoldment of wisdom, beauty and truth which brings us to our human heritage. The sense of form which gives us sculpture and architecture, and the sense of color which brings us to an appreciation of the higher beauty and joy which is the base of the art of painting, have place in the very beginnings of man's development in the savage, and gain rather than lose importance as he develops into a Michael Angelo or a Raphael. So with the gustatory gratification, which leads to more and more refined methods of feeding, until at last it rises—in association with the finer development of the senses of smell, sound and touch—to the flower-decked and melodious comradeship of men and women, not merely around the festal board, but in all the occasions for communion of saints and of sinners on land and sea.

The man who has everything to be joyful over, and nothing to grieve for, begins to know how to live.

A second step is taken when, through the fullest possible experience of the objective perception—through every avenue of sense—man bridges the apparent chasm between the knower and the known—between the subjective and the objective. As the artist in every field grows in the power to create and enjoy his creations in the degree in which he throws himself into his art—that is to say, identifies himself with the thing that he touches—so fullest power of production and fullest joy in producing is gained where he completely identifies himself with his work. "Henceforward he fears no more." How can he fear? All is one and he is the one, so there is nothing and nobody to fear. He is "Lord of the past and of the future," because he lives in the eternal now. The Self is fearless.

These two steps lead naturally and logically to the third. Through the highest and fullest cultivation of all the powers for obtaining knowledge afforded by a perfectly healthy body (and, therefore, a perfectly healthy mind) man comes into full understanding, not only of his senses and the things sensed in outer temporary and ever varying manifestation, but also of the oneness with that which underlies all knowing, and permeates all that can be known. He begins to be aware of his own infinite and immanent self; of the Intelligence Absolute that is itself without sound, without

touch, without form, without taste, without smell, without color and without decay; eternal in the heavens and on the earth because it is without limitation; maker and destroyer, Lord of life and death. When the student reaches this point he is "forever freed from the jaws of death."

The process of unfoldment is a long one, an infinite one—for we must surely concede, reasoning by analogy, that even the highest and farthest attainment possible to the imagination of one still on the lower slopes of the mountain, may be only the beginning of further ascent. What says Walt. Whitman:

"This day before dawn I ascended a hill and looked at the crowded heaven,
And I said to my spirit — 'When we become the enfolders of those orbs and the pleasure and knowledge of everything in them,
Shall we be filled and satisfied then?'
And my spirit said, 'No. We level that lift to pass and continue beyond.'"

Yet the end (if end we may regard it) is involved in every beginning, as the oak is involved in the acorn. Every step on the journey is helped by keeping the destination constantly in mind, no matter how far off it may seem at the start. The attainment of bodily immortality set before the mind as a definite and distinct purpose, must lend present strength and inspiration to every moment of life. We need not fear to set it before us as the goal of our high calling because it is distant and difficult. We need not think it is necessary to postpone it because the lesser stages are still before us. The first step is as important as the last, and every succeeding step takes us nearer. We can take now all the immortality we can hold; must take it to gain capacity for more. The very idea of bodily immortality once grasped, will make the attainment of any degree of health and happiness here and now easier and more certain as we go along. Serene mastery and calm control in the little things, as in the great things, of every-day life; strength and symmetry of brain and body; opulence—and what is more, power to use opulence to the fullest—are all part and parcel of this realization of the only kind of immortality worth talking about. All of sound development in increasing conscious command and control of mind and body, and of all things accessory to the life of the human, must ultimately be based on the truth of this *fullest mastery* latent in the very germ of life. Healing, education, training, attainment and acquisition in every degree, from the least to the greatest, are helped by consciousness of bodily immortality as a possibility of realization.

Leaving out this thought we shall find all attempt to heal and unfold in power and peace, joy and beauty, hampered and hindered. Without this keystone of the arch, we shall find the structure we seek to rear, weak, uncertain and incomplete. Let us open our eyes, be honest and realize that all desire for the life in the body mean desire for eternal life in the body; all desire for knowledge means desire for complete knowledge; all desire for wealth is our title deed to the earth and the fullness thereof; all desire for length of years implies desire for fullness of years; all seeking for happiness means the seeking and finding of that Bliss Absolute, which I am and which you are.

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

LIFE A UNIT.

FREDERICK W. BERRY.

The qualities we see in others to admire or love, are just reflections of our ideals.

The vast army of humanity is like a great system of suns and stars, all moving in their special orbits, by a definite and exact law of gravitation or attraction. We meet and mix with our fellows, feeling a degree of close affinity for some, and a less attached more distant relationship to others, just as the stars in the sky bear their distinct relations to each other.

Nothing happens by chance. It is no accident that we become acquainted with certain people, while with others we only hold the relationship of a common human brotherhood. Every friend has been attracted to us by an eternal law. His life and destiny are in some way bound up with ours, and thus the magnetic forces of being have brought us together—those forces which are summed up in the word love.

The goal of life is a unification of consciousness, a recognized and felt identity of the individual with all other individuals and all things. The natural desire of man for sympathy, companionship, finds its extension in the conscious blending of his nature with others. This height of consciousness is the outcome of growth and development, when man recognizes himself as infinite. And surely, to-day, the embryonic formation of infinite character is discerned all around us. The question is, where is this new birth of consciousness leading us to?

The aspirations of our nature can now no longer be satisfied with any of the petty animal pleasures. We feel that now we must have life in greater abundance. We ask ourselves, why should we have desires and emotions transcending the limits of present material expression; why this restlessness, and searching after new life, unless our desires can be granted?

The fluctuating emotions of our nature all mean something. They are not mere sensations, with us, only to mock at our endeavors to interpret them. All the desires of man are creative emotions, energies, palpitating with life itself.

Our life is made up of a succession of interchanging experiences with the outside world. The man whose mind is to some extent awakened from the transitory dream of a finite mortal existence, realizes his oneness with all kingdoms of nature. This realization deepens into a great love of all nature, a divine passion, truly.

Some of us are apt to look with scorn upon an emotional or sentimental person. We call such a one weak; and yet all such people are particularly gifted with nature's energies; they simply need the governing, controlling hand of an intelligent will.

Love is truly the poetry of life, the art that is the handmaid of science. Wherever there is love there is energy; love is surely force itself.

The extension of our love-energies will carry us beyond finite limitation, into the realm of consciousness where there is a subtle, real blending of our natures with others—an interpenetration, which, as yet, some of us, at least, only feel ourselves beginning to comprehend.

The pleasures we seek, the friends we seek, our special aims in life, our ideal goals, all so often, seem to

clude us. And some get so tired with what they call their "ill fate" that they become gloomily cynical and pessimistic, and imagine some unknown evil influences are ever at work to prevent the attainment of their desires. And yet the real desires of a man's nature are always realized in some way, in ways which are infinitely superior to one's petty ideals.

Our outer intelligence is invariably superficial. We take a cursory glance at circumstances, and fail to look into the depths of things. We live on the circumference of our being, away from the centre, where life is so much more real.

We must learn to be thinkers. Our desires cannot find any very complete satisfaction in any other way. While we merely seek some transitory expression to the energies of our being, some trivial response to the love-currents which vibrate from our heart-centre, we must expect "disappointments," for our nature is not co-operating harmoniously. There are eternal principles in man, which actually force him to travel in the direction of an infinite consciousness; and if the desire for this new life is once born within him, his other desires must harmonize with the new ideal, or else there will be general chaos.

The real inmost desires of man are always granted. This is nature's law; for desire, love, is the creative principle. But our objective intelligence is often unconscious of one's real inmost desires; often when we casually think that we desire a certain thing, there is an under-current of subconscious desire active in us, which silently over rides any mere outer fancy.

The desire for truth, life, love—the real things—must be ever with us, if we would grow to a plane where all our desires would be granted. This is a central point of consciousness, and from no other point can we expect a complete response to our aspirations. We are then, in every sense, co-operating with our life-energies, and our demands become simply purely natural, just impulses.

The self of man is something far transcending his present physical expression. The "I" is truly infinite, containing every potency. Beneath one's ordinary objective consciousness, there are untold currents of energy, working unceasingly for higher and greater expression and individualization. It is our privilege and duty to come in contact with these under-currents, and to consciously co-operate with them; in other words, to walk through life with our eyes open.

To know that this deeper consciousness is attainable by man, is a step in the direction of this larger life. It is at once a comforting thought to realize that we are not always to walk in paths of obscurity and mystery, but that our way is to be illumined with ever-brightening sunshine, radiations which shall be more and more powerful, as fast as we are prepared to face the increased light.

At present we must be contented to travel, to some extent, unconsciously through life, following the natural laws which are instinctive with us, and gravitate to those things which will surely extend the region of our conscious activity.

Do we not meet experiences daily, in which we can discern strange occult influences at work? Our thoughts find their way into the minds of others like lightning, without any visible physical means of transference; we

have our longings, our needs satisfied, without any particular conscious effort; we apparently accidentally meet with some friend whom we desire to see. So many incidents of this nature happen to all of us, incidents which must certainly soon be better understood.

The earnest, deep-rooted desire of a man must surely be a focalized, concentrated, energizing influence, which subconsciously, magnet-like, attracts its complementary requirements to itself.

The family of mankind is a unit; each member lives naturally for the expansion and development of the race. To the extent the individual orders his personal activities for racial progress, will be the strength of his own character.

The poets have sung of love in all ages, but their interpretations of this, the life-principle, have generally been very inadequate. They had not reached that high state of consciousness where it was possible to explain very much—they felt, and their words were the expressions of their sensations. Perhaps to-day, we have among us some of those old masters, reincarnated in new bodies; perhaps the thinkers of the world in this age are their reborn personalities. For we must all live on and on, in some way gaining new experiences, that the life in us may grow from mere sensation into a conscious interpretation of being.

And we know that the cry of the awakening ones now is for wisdom. We are willing to wait for a more perfect manifestation, if we can only in the meantime know that our future contains a more satisfying life.

We are at present like children at school, gathering by experimentation, knowledge from various sources, hardly realizing what it all means. We are now just commencing to know; our education has for so long been so artificial, and our growth has been consequently very slow; now, at last, we are applying ourselves to the study of life, and our results are in proportion to the depths of our research.

To be truth-seekers—unreservedly delving into all kinds of activities for the purpose of gaining more knowledge, coming into conjunction, to some extent, with the under-currents of our being—is the road by which we shall reach the goal of interpretation, the abode of peace and harmony.

It is our ignorance alone that makes us unhappy, unsettled. The surging impulses of our nature, which at times ferment in their aspiring endeavors to reach beyond the dead-level of the age—an effervescence which is ignored or ridiculed by those who cannot yet understand—our love energies yearning for the responsive echo of recognition, are indeed no chance emotions of some unknown caprice; they mean something truly; they are efforts of nature to reach higher planes of manifestation.

The new man and woman cannot be satisfied with the present. The future alone, with its infinite possibilities, is the realm for which we wait—the kingdom of our own, the plane of our dominion.

And we are learning not to be in any hurry. We are at once strengthened by the thought of final victory and mastery, and we are charmed with our work of salvation, and delighted in the building of our temples. We can daily see the changes we are making, as we seek with earnest endeavor our new life. To grow consciously—oh, what delight!

What if we distinguish "disabilities" and imperfections in ourselves? These are but negative elements, actually necessary to our well-rounded development. They are the instruments which we may use for the strengthening of our character. Life is a series of conquests, and we cannot reasonably deplore the negatives or obstacles in our way, if they are the means by which we overcome.

True, our trials are many, and reach beyond the limits of mere personal affairs. Our emotional nature is so often disturbed by the conduct of some friend, his "unkindness, selfishness, naughtiness;" or we are jealous and envious because of another's actions; or a friend disappoints us, leaves us—one after the other these shocks come from outside sources, and we are often tempted to "give up" altogether.

But it is only our lack of knowledge that makes us so susceptible and sensitive to what others do. We simply fail to recognize the true relationship between our friends and ourselves. Our love nature has not yet fully reached the mature plane of intelligent activity.

We must learn to be more universal in our affections. If we intellectually realize that humanity is a unit, a brotherhood, one family, we must act up to this recognition. Personal loves are then less transitory with us; they are deep infinite relationships, when the personal only attracts us as the symbol, expression, of the universal. We become lovers of the ideal, which we now realize to be the real.

What a change such a deep recognition of life will mean for us! Inasmuch as we thus realize the unity and identity of all life, understanding that what we love is the affinitive complement of our character, certain qualities which harmonize with our present stage of development, our love must soon expand beyond all the limitations which bound it in the past. Daily rising into a consciousness of the ego's universality, the emotions of our being must correspondingly extend even over the infinite realm of all creation; for love is the soul's recognition of the one eternal life—yes, the identification of the part with the whole.

Our intelligence is now interpreting nature to us as never before; we are beginning to see the value of each distinct creature, and as we apprehend its special place in life, our nature yearns with love towards it, in correspondence to its recognized close or distant relation to ourselves. While we may see perhaps little to love in some people—a very distant relationship, indeed—yet let us extend the thought of unity and identity with ourselves, even to them, and our recognition will deepen; we will perceive traits of goodness in those distant related ones, which before were veiled from us; and in our deeper recognitions we shall at once become more closely related. Thus shall we be immersed in the hearts of all humanity, and be an influence of redemption for those who only need a word of encouragement to arouse new life in them, courage to express more of themselves.

Love, O Life, you are the magnet key to the forces of the soul, the centre!

HOME TREATMENT.

For every form of disease and every undesirable condition write to me. Consultations free. Letters confidential. Helen Wilmans, Sea Breeze, Florida.

In view of the action against Prof. Weltmer and the general "hullabaloo" raised against the growing new thought by a lot of ignorant government officials, I think it a good idea to publish the following poem by C. C. Post. It is one of the best things I ever read; it is an incomparable joke on the old systems of dosing patients; a joke that not one of them has got sense enough to match with any retort they may ever make. Mr. Post heads his poem

WE HAVE GOT TO PROTECT THE DEAR PEOPLE.

"Um, um, hum,
We've got to protect the dear people, that's so;
We have got to protect the dear people."

The doctor, with mortar and pestle before him,
A prescription compounding for a man with a lame leg,
(Of Calomel, Arsenic, some S. V.* with N. M.,
To be taken internally just after rising.)

With bottles of poison beside and behind him
"All beautifully labeled and set in a row:
S. V., Acid. Acet., Acid. Arsen., Acet. Mor.,"
(So that the young drug clerk can easily find 'em
And not give out Arsenic for Chloride of Sodium,
And hurt the profession by such advertising).

"For the people are fools, and will talk in such cases
When our patients don't linger; will indulge in suspicions
That some of us bought, 'stead of earned our commissions;
When a rival physician finds arsenical traces,
Arsen., Ox Al., Hydr., S. V.,—Cerev., Ad recid præc..

"Um, hum, hum,"
Says the doctor reflectively,
Adding carefully to each, each ingredient respectively,
And figuring three hundred per cent, introspectively.

"Um, hum, hum,
We've got to protect the dear people."

"Of all classes we doctors are of greatest utility,
Although we can't quite prove our infallibility;
For (unfortunate we) those us next preceding
Cured their patients, or killed 'em, by cupping and bleeding,
While those who our noble profession first founded
Gave in cases of fevers, 'Periculi,' compounded
With various things else now considered not quite
Proper to mention to people polite:
Extr. Vip'r., Extr. Crustacie, Ex.—Cre.—Ment.

"And recently one, for a break of some organ inside
Of his patient—a blacksmith—gave Alum, which he knew
Should have held 'em
Together till the Borax and Rosin he gave him could weld
'em—

A mistake, it appeared; but the man ere he died
Made a statement on oath. 'twas a year come next fall
Since he'd worked at his trade of blacksmithing at all;
Which made charge of malpractice in his case no force,
And the doc. got his fees of the widow, of course.

Um, um, hum;
S. V.,—Cerev., ad recid, præc.,
We've got to protect the dear people.
'M, um, him.

"These women physicians are really a curse,
A wanting to doctor instead of to nurse;
Not keeping their place as the good Lord provided,
But insisting that practice and fees be divided.
Still, if they will do as we men doctors say,
And deal out the poisons in the regular way,
We can all make a living; and maintain the profession
Has arrived at a point where no further progression
Can be possibly made; and so keep the procession
Buying—

Um, hum, him—
Arsen., Hydr., S. V.,—Cerev., ad recid, præc.—N. T. S. N.

"But what troubles us most is this new way of dealing
With sickness, yclept metaphysical healing;
Or Mind Cure, or Faith Cure, or something. The fact is
It's taking the life from the regular practice.
This healing of people without the permission
Of the Medical Boards we never can stand,
And we must get a law passed to forbid them from wishing,
Or willing, that sickness depart from the land.
If we don't the Lord knows what will soon become of us,
For we'll be like Othello sure, every last one of us.

Um, hum, hum,
We've got to protect the dear people.

"Um—S. V., Arsen., Hydr., hum—
That prescription's all right. If it cures, mine the skill
And the credit; if the man dies, the will
Of the Lord—(Praise be to his name!)—
And I'll get my whole fee in the case just the same.
Um, him, N. T. T. N.

We've got to protect the dear people;

Yes, we've got to protect the dear people."

*Abbreviations used by druggists and physicians in making out prescriptions:

Periculi. Lice.

Acid. Acet., Acetic Acid.

Arsen., Arsenic Acid.

Ad recid. prac. To prevent a relapse.

Cerev. Beer, Porter.

Hydr., Calomel.

N. T. S. N. Do not deliver the medicine without the money.

N. M. A Nutmeg.

S. V. Ardent Spirits—Whiskey.

Acet. Mor., Acetate of Morphia.

A LETTER.

Here is a letter from an old acquaintance and friend, formerly a contractor and builder in this place, for the past year or more engaged in the building of the immense hotels being erected by Mr. Flagler at Nassau the Bahama Islands.

I publish it less for what it really says than for the thoughts which its reading must suggest. It is in fact, only one out of the many constantly being received. I do really believe that the whole civilized world is at last coming to its senses, and seeing how foolishly it has acted in the past, and that the time is not so very far away when all men will come into a clearer perception of the law of their own being, and wars and ignoble strife for undue accumulations of wealth will cease.—
H. W.

Here is the letter:

MR. AND MRS. C. C. POST—Dear Friends: As I sit on the broad veranda of the hotel overlooking the fine bay and the vast expanse of the old ocean this fine Sunday morning, my mind wanders back to Daytona and Sea Breeze and all the old friends in those beautiful spots. Perhaps what led my mind partially in that direction was in having just finished reading in FREEDOM, loaned me by Mr. Mallory, your lecture on "Prejudice," which I enjoyed very much. In fact, I enjoyed the whole paper. I enjoyed it from the fact that it is liberal in its views, and this always strikes a key note with me. I believe the larger part of mankind has arrived at the point where they are ready to cut loose from all the old isms, as they must see the fallacy of running in an old groove that is completely worn out. Intelligence amongst the masses has so increased the last half century that the old teachers of superstition, traditions and prejudice are entirely outstripped and have nothing to offer but husks. As I sit here writing there lies just outside the harbor, a large English tramp steamer, just arrived from Cape Town after delivering a load of mules from New Orleans, and stopped in here for orders before going for another. This naturally led my mind to the war in south Africa and wars in general. We who are made in the image of God, who should, if properly taught, (tradition, superstition and prejudice to the four winds) be as far above such things as heaven is above the earth. Why are we so near the brute creation, ready to kill our neighbor at the drop of the hat? Simply prejudice and relics of barbarism drilled into us mostly by theology. Our Bible is nothing but wars, our history scarcely anything else. Our so-called religions have been drenched in the blood of millions upon millions; is it not frightful to contemplate? Do not their teachings stand self-accused? do they not show that the whole fabric is rotten? Is it not time that mankind should raise itself up to a higher plane and adopt the golden rule in earnest? Would it not be common sense? I believe man capable of intelligence equal to, or at least a very little below, what he is the image of; at least, that is the inference; and if so that this must be through the powers of his mind no one can gainsay. All this is *prima facie* evidence

that we have for centuries been on the wrong trail. That you are discussing, as in fact are the best writers of the day all over the world, is broader and more liberal views, which are opening a door where mankind can emerge from bondage. I did not give the matter much thought while I was with you, perhaps because I was occupied so much otherwise; of late I have thought a great deal about it. The times show that the people are thinking more of co-operation to lessen strife. We have a great object lesson, in the tendency to great trusts. These people, acknowledged to be the foremost business men of the country, are doing what? Co-operating. They have common sense enough to know that fighting between themselves means death to some one or more financially. So they co-operate for their general good. This to my mind is the opening which will give co-operation to the world sooner or later, and a broader and higher civilization must follow. That you are starting a college which can only be a benefit to all creation is a move in the right direction, and worthy of yourselves, and should be encouraged and supported in a liberal manner by all liberal-minded and thoughtful persons. Of course from sectarianism you will expect nothing. I feel proud that such an institution is to be in our midst and will enclose my mite. (He sends \$5.00. H. W.) Sometimes I feel as if I could write indefinitely on this subject, but my time is fully occupied or I would bore you more. I only regret that I did not avail myself of the opportunity while I was with you, to look into the open door. No, it was not prejudice. I had been disgusted for some years with the hypocrisy of all the so-called isms and it looked as if there was no possible relief. It was on every hand. Yet I could not believe that we were made for any such purpose; we were simply working a wrong system; in fact, putting on the roof before we laid the foundation. I am making my letter too long I fear, but I cannot help adding my appreciation of your efforts, and hope they will be crowned with success. Yours respectfully,
S. H. GOVE.

The college fund grows apace. Can you not help a little? Two dollars will put out a tree and engrave your name upon its bole, so that it may be seen many years hence.

If you cannot buy a lot, buy a tree. Everybody help a little—and up goes the college.

You will certainly feel a pleasure in knowing that you have helped beautify the grounds, if you can do no more.

OCCULT SERIES.

ISSUED QUARTERLY.

Vol. I., No. 2, Occult Series, "Men and Gods" is now ready and orders are coming in. Send in your order for eight copies (\$1.50) before the present edition is exhausted, as the sale of this edition will indicate our order for the next. This number will be the same size and style as "A Conquest of Poverty." It will contain the first half of the series of lectures delivered by C. C. Post during the winter of 1898 which created great interest, drawing people for miles around. There was a great demand for the publication of these lectures in book form at the close of the course, but it was not convenient to do so at that time. The International Society has now secured the right to publish and will bring them out as a part of the Occult Series. Price, postpaid, fifty cents. Address

INTERNATIONAL SCIENTIFIC ASSOCIATION,
Sea Breeze, Fla.

FREEDOM ON TRIAL SIX WEEKS TEN CENTS.

COLLEGE FUND.

Amount previously reported.....	\$1,892.00
Mrs. C. C. Danner, Ionia, Mich., lot.....	500.00
Mrs. S. Jacobson, Milwaukee, Wis.....	1.00
Mrs. DeWayne Case, Racine, Wis.....	1.00
S. H. Gove, Nassau, Bahama Islands.....	5.00
Total to date.....	\$2,399.00

C. F. BURGMAN'S LECTURE TOUR.

The following cities will be visited by Mr. C. F. Burgman en route to and from Seattle:

Helena, Mont. - - June 28	Grass Valley, Cal. - - July 25
Spokane, Wash. - - June 29	Nevada City, Cal. - - July 26
Seattle, Wash. - - July 1	Vallejo, Cal. - - July 30
Victoria, B. C. - - July 6	Stockton, Cal. - - Aug 1
Tacoma, Wash. - - July 8	San Francisco, } Aug. 3 to 10
Portland, Ore. - - July 12	Oakland, }
Yreka, Cal. - - July 16	San Jose, Cal. }
Redding, Cal. - - July 18	Pasadena, Cal. - - Aug. 12
Sacramento, Cal. - July 20-22	Los Angeles, Cal. - Aug. 14
Auburn, Cal. - - July 23	San Diego, Cal. - - Aug. 16

Other return dates and places will be announced later. The friends living in the cities named are requested to arrange for the delivery of at least one lecture. Description of places and people visited by Mr. C. F. Burgman will be recorded from week to week in FREEDOM.

After June 1st, all letters relating to route of travel and invitation to lecture should be addressed to C. F. Burgman, care Prof. F. M. Knox, 773 Washington Street, Seattle, Washington. After July 1st, address all such letters to C. F. Burgman, care Porter L. Bliss, 320 Post Street, San Francisco, California.

EDITOR FREEDOM:—It seems to me that there is but one power in the universe, call it love, thought, force or what you please. If we must use old words to express new ideas, love more nearly indicates the character of it than any other. I wish I had the ability to express myself fluently, so that I might effectively talk myself and others into higher manifestations of life. There is a wonderful stimulant in sympathy of thought, of being in thought currents of harmony. I trust it will not be long before Temples may be established generally throughout the country, and that you may then be induced to make us a visit.

A striking characteristic of our Temple meetings is its number of able male exponents of the science—Paul Tyner, Hugh O. Pentecost, C. B. Fairchild, Dr. J. McCallum, Dr. J. J. Plunkett, and half a dozen of similar calibre, though not so well known to me personally. Our meeting last evening was most interesting and enjoyable, and the extracts read by me from letters from yourself and Mr. Post were most cordially and appreciatively received.

EUGENE DEL MAR,
27 William St., New York City.

MIND IS MASTER.

"Thoughts are things." Thought transference is an established fact. The state of the body and the conditions that environ it are the result of the state of the mind, and the state of the mind can be changed by mental treatment.

Are you talking up the forming of a Temple in your community?

FREEDOM on trial six weeks for ten cents.

WISH, DESIRE, WILL.

Mind is the effect of the action of the brain. The brain acts in two ways, viz., by receiving impressions and by producing thoughts.

These impressions and thoughts constitute the objective mind.

Impressions are received mainly through the five (or, perhaps, more correctly, six) senses.

After having been received by the brain the impression is forced through the crucible of thoughts, which process serves to convert it to objectivity or an object.

For instance, the eyes perceive an object, say a tree. The optic nerves carry the impression to the brain; yet the person has no conception of the object. But the action upon the brain causes a reaction, in the form of reasoning; the impression is immersed in a flood of thoughts; it is turned over on every side and assailed at every point in order to analyze it. The thoughts conclude from form, color, size, surroundings, etc., that the object is a tree.

Strange though it may seem, this is in reality the process through which we receive our first conception of an object.

But what becomes of the impression in the brain after it has been defined by thought? It is stored away in the subjective mind, the wonderful depository of the brain. It is no longer a tree, but the experience of a tree, the tree in the subjectivity instead of objectivity. It now serves as a model for future impressions of similar nature. The next time the eye perceives a tree, the impression does not require the analyzing process of the thought. All the mind has to do is to connect the subjective tree with the impression of the object to produce the result.

Thus we see that there is a continued connection between the two minds, or rather the two phases of the mind, for the two are really one. The objective mind receives and defines, and the subjective mind stores away the impressions, thought acting as a connecting link between the two.

But it happens that this link is sometimes broken through disease, as, for instance, if no similar impressions should be received for a longer time, in which case connection can be established only through the conscious effort of the individual.

But, to come back to our illustration; let us presume that the tree bears beautiful red fruit; if forcibly impressed upon the mind it might establish a link of attraction between the individual and the fruit by creating in him an appetite. We call this attraction desire. Action follows desire, and the fruit is taken into the body. But the result is not as pleasurable as was expected. The fruit was not the kind suitable for the body, so instead of giving pleasure and comfort it produced the impression of agony. The thought produces the impression and concludes that the fruit is poisonous. This conception is carried into the subjective mind and stored away.

The next time the objective mind perceives the same kind of fruit, there is no desire to eat it, for the promptings of the subjective mind show the individual that the eating of the fruit would give him no pleasure. The experience serves him as a guide.

Here we notice the difference between "wish" and

"desire," or rather between "negative" and "positive" desire. "Wish" is desire emanating from the objective mind, unaided by the subjective mind. Having no past experience to draw on it is only momentary, and if followed may lead to serious discomforts. But the true desire is the voice of the entire mind (objective and subjective) craving the desired thing to satisfy its hunger.

But it often happens that we desire something of which we have had no experience, as for example a person who has always lived in poverty desiring wealth. There is no experience in the mind to prompt to action, yet the desire may be ripe; i. e., positive.

We must remember that our life is an unbroken chain of experiences, positive desire being the accountant of such experiences. When one link is formed desire promptly hastens to draw to it those new experiences that enter into the composition of a new link. But the experience must be of such a nature as to be fit to be worked into a link suitable in that place. It must be of a material similar or superior to that of the previous link, or else there will be a weak place in the chain. Desire attends to this; so if the wish emanating from the objective mind is not of the required quality, the desire will not respond, and the wish should not be gratified.

So in the case of the person wishing to be rich; if the wish be of the right quality, desire will prompt its gratification. It is necessary that Mental Scientists distinguish between "wish" and "desire." People tell us that the assertion that we can always get what we desire, is false, because they confound "wish" with true "desire."

"If I desire it ever so much, I could never be president of the United States," some one says. To this I answer: Yes if you truly desire it, you can become it; for the very fact that you desire to be president shows that you are ready for that experience. But remember that you may wish to be president, but yet not desire it, in which case you will not attain that position, simply because the failure of your desire to respond indicates that the link such an experience would forge would not be of the regulation quality.

Hence always trust your desires, but never trust your wishes.

But desire alone will not give us the desired. There is yet another step to be taken before we have reached the goal. Desire points the way, but it does not provide the means for accomplishing the object in view. While "desire" is positive to "wish," yet it is negative to something still more positive—the will. Therefore, before desire can be of any practical value to us, it must be converted into the positiveness of the human will. And the process is very simple—the ascension from the subjective into the objective mind, to be there subjected to the same process to which the first impression was subjected. This process hardens desire and makes it fit to penetrate or crush all obstacles in its way.

But is it not possible that the will may not respond to, but rather negate the efforts of "desire?" No, not in the well balanced individual. Though "desire" is less positive than "will," yet it remains the guide. Though will is the master, it yet recognizes its dependence on desire to lead it through the darkness. Even the mightiest conquerer in the world must submit to the authority of the guide, for he realizes that without the superior knowledge and instinct of the guide, he is liable to lose his way in the untrodden wilderness.

C. A. NELSON.

POPE OR PRIEST.

There is no such thing as pope or priest in this realm of new thought, where the welfare of one is the good of all. There are no superiors, for latent in each and every one are grander possibilities than any pope has ever made manifest in the past. No, dear Mrs. Wilmans, you have ever been faithful and free from popish rule; you have, from the first up to the present, tried to show man his own worth, and if he does not see, it is not because the blind leadeth the blind, but because he cannot fathom the depths of the new teaching, or because he willfully will not see the glorious light of the present and of the coming day. Some one speaks of a change coming over you; yes, you are changing all the time, but it is for better conditions; and I believe the idea of conquering death will never be less in your growing mind. How we would like to hear Mr. Burgman's lectures and see the stereopticon views of Daytona and City Beautiful, and if he should decide to go through Visalia or Tulare and deliver lectures in either place, we would certainly go to hear him, although we live fifty miles from either place, and would have to drive. We have never seen or heard a Mental Science lecturer and it would be a pleasure to go fifty miles to hear Mr. Burgman, but I notice in last FREEDOM that neither Visalia nor Tulare are on the list. I am truly sorry.

MRS. S. C.,
Daunt, Cal.

THE WORLD DOESN'T WANT DREAMERS.

The first requirement of the college graduate, writes Orison Swett Marden in his charming *June Success*, is power. It does not matter how much you know or how much talent you have; if you cannot transmute your acquirements into practical power, you will be a failure. This is a very hard, practical, commonsense century. Theories do not avail. The world does not ask what you know, but "What can you do?" "Can you make use of what you know?" It wants men who can do things, not dream of them or theorize about them.

If you have learned to think in practical terms; if you have used your college as a grindstone to give edge to your faculties and sharpen your mental powers; if you have used it as a gymnasium, not that you may carry away the weights and pulleys and other apparatus, but to develop your native force; if your education has been a calling out, an expansion of the forces within you, and not a mere stuffing and cramming process, the world will not long keep you waiting for a place. If your college has increased your power to do, and not merely polished you up a little, you will have no difficulty in winning your way. The world wants leaders, thinkers, doers, men of power and action, men who can step out from the crowd and lead instead of following.—Ex.

HOME HEALING.

Send and get my pamphlet on this subject. Ask for *The Mind Cure Pamphlet*. It is now called "The Highest Power Of All." It will cost you nothing; ask for several copies if you have friends to whom you could give them. There is wisdom in this pamphlet; and many powerful proofs of the ability of the mind to control every form of disease and weakness. It will do you good simply to read it. It will give you strength and encouragement.

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HELEN WILMANS, Editor and Publisher.

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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.

All power is in organization. These bodies of ours are forms of organized power; suppose they were dissolved, unorganized, where would their power be?

Organization is the most potent factor in the universe. That it may be used for evil or mistaken purposes is no proof of its being an evil thing.

That organization has been used in the past for the perpetuation of ignorance furnishes us with a hint to use it for the perpetuation of intelligence.

At all events the highest thought of the age is now being organized into "Temples" where great ideas are discussed, and where the highest wisdom is being brought forth.

The organizers of the Temples have no respect for the creeds and isms of the time; they know that knowledge is an unfettered thing, and that they can have it by having unfettered minds with which to search it out. They know, furthermore, that man being a purely mental creature his growth can proceed in no other way than by the gaining of the truths he has not as yet grasped.

The knowledge of the mighty fact that a man is all mind, and that his continuous development is dependent upon his constant acquisition of more truth, is all we need to cause us to drop our fears and to become as free as the air we breathe in the prosecution of our journey through the infinite.

The infinite itself is all mind; we who are mind also,

grasp the infinite little by little, as our consciousness opens to the truth of our oneness with it. We grow in strength and power externally, as our minds grasp larger, more comprehensive knowledge.

How can any one think—after all I have written about the necessity of freedom in thought—that the effort I am making to consolidate the live thinkers into clubs, where their independence will be strengthened, as independence always is by interchange of brave ideas—that I am seeking to bind the people to certain set beliefs? Why this thing would be impossible to me. I could put no strength in such a purpose; furthermore, I would regard such an effort on my part as worse than fiendish.

We need organized forms for the protection and fostering of freedom of thought and action; we need the strength we can give each other in the effort to cast off the old and to uphold the new, until the change is completed that will lift the entire race from the animal to the mental plane—a plane we are now approaching through the education and illumination coming to us as the result of one single thought; the thought that "All is Mind."

This thought is the basic statement of Mental Science. Even a slight investigation of it shows us what a satisfying thing it is. No idea that ever entered the human brain has produced the lofty hope and the profound trust that this has. *All is mind*; and we are mind; whirls of consciousness in the All Mind; a part of it, with outreaching power to include still more of it in our individual understanding, until we become like gods in wisdom.

Does organization, for the purpose of self-protection in the effort to widen the range of our intellectual power, look like putting a limit upon the growth of our faculties, as it does in all previous organizations? No person who is capable of reasoning on the subject will think so for one moment. Then let us go ahead in our effort to draw the thinkers together. Let us show them that the holding on to fixed ideas means the retardation of growth; let us induce them to let go, and show them how to let go by setting them the example. I know that we are just on the verge of truths that will cure every ill we have, and banish all our bonds, leaving us in an open space where there is nothing to obstruct our infinite progress. We must organize for freedom. There is no real force outside of organization. There is no force for evil, neither is there any force for good outside of it. This great force has been too long used on the negative plane for the purpose of race weakening; let us now use it on the positive plane for the purpose of strengthening the race. H. W.

A letter says, "Oliver Sabin isn't a bit stuck up; he is as kind and just and generous as if he did not belong to Christian Science at all."

A good many have written kind things of Col. Sabin. It really seems as if he was going to be the leader of the Christian Science movement. As a leader he is altogether broader in his methods than Mrs. Eddy, even if not in his beliefs. Send for a sample copy of his paper, *The News Letter*, published at Washington, D. C.

H. W.

MR. BURGMAN'S TOUR.

As all our readers are aware Mr. Burgman is now on his way to the Seattle Convention, filling appointments to lecture in the principal cities as he goes. So far he has been greeted with good audiences and writes very encouragingly, being especially pleased to find everywhere Mental Scientists to be most intelligent, well informed and refined people, quite generally in the cities occupying high positions in business and social life.

We are pleased that he is pleased, of course, but we knew beforehand that that was exactly the kind of people that would greet and welcome him. We are also greatly pleased to be in receipt of letters from every place which he has visited, speaking in high praise of him as a lecturer and a gentleman. He has now something like two months' appointments ahead. From California he returns through Texas, passes up into Arkansas and through Denver to Idaho, thence east and will continue in the field through September and October, if the friends in the states of Indiana, Michigan, Ohio, New York, Pennsylvania and Massachusetts will stir themselves to secure audiences, and see to it that he is not left stranded for lack of financial support. He is not trying to get rich out of his lectures. He is striving to awaken an interest in the new thought and in the School of Research which we are founding here at Sea Breeze. We have donated with some liberality toward the college; citizens of the place have helped to swell the fund needed to purchase his stereopticon outfit. The board of trade of Daytona raised \$200. of the \$500. which the outfit cost, thus showing their appreciation of our efforts, but it costs money to travel, and it is necessary that friends of the new thought be not bashful about helping to defray the expenses of any lecturer of recognized ability who comes among them. We expect this. It is right and proper; we want Mr. Burgman to spend some time in the central and eastern states during this fall, and shall be pleased to hear from friends in those states wherever it is thought that an audience can be secured and the expenses—at least—of the lecturer be met.

H. W.

HOW ABOUT THOSE PALM TREES? Are you not going to have one with your initials burned in as a living evidence of your practical interest in the college? The campus has been largely cleared of the natural growth. We want it beautified with palms. Two dollars pays for setting a full-grown palm tree, twelve to eighteen feet high, and burning your initials into the trunk of the tree. As we explained in a former issue this burning of one's initials will not affect the growth of the tree. Palm trees do not grow as do northern trees, by the passage of the sap beneath the bark; the growth in this class of trees is from the center, and even girdling does not appear to check their growth. We want to beautify the campus and all the avenues and boulevards, and there is nothing that will do this so well and so cheaply as the palms. We have set a thousand since we came. It cost almost two dollars at labor prices, and the party we have contracted with warrants them to grow. If your tree does not live he will replace it next season with another, and your initials will be burned into the bole so that if you ever visit Sea Breeze, as we hope you will, you can pick out your tree, and in any event can

feel that you have helped to beautify the college grounds, and that there is a tree there that bears witness to the fact. Send your two dollars and have a tree, and an interest in the campus. H. W.

I stick to my original proposition, that the sole object and purpose in life is to attain to happiness, to be happy. If you cannot get more happiness by giving something to the college than by expending the sum in some other way, don't give. But neither would I have any forget that some pleasures last longer than others. The consciousness of having helped a good cause may be a more lasting pleasure than can be gotten in any other way, for the same money.

MY DEAR MRS. WILMANS:—I enclose you check on New York for \$2.00, being a small donation to your college fund.

I view with great pleasure this undertaking, and know that it means a great deal more than just simply building an Institution of stone and mortar, however handsome and imposing it may be. It means that you are erecting a tower of strength and grandeur, in the face of obstacles and prejudice which have remained, until the present age, almost impenetrable; it means that you have started an Institution which will project its enlightenment and learning throughout the world and throughout the ages to come; it means that you have placed Mental Science on a firmer foundation, where it can be viewed and recognized by many who otherwise would not be reached.

It will be like a beaken-light, on a gloomy, dangerous coast, casting its revolving search-light around and around, penetrating the darkness, exposing the dangers, and lighting up the path of travelers.

The progress you are making shows how ripe the world is for this development, and how strongly it needs it.

Regretting the smallness of my donation, believe me, very sincerely yours,

ALBERT KEY KLINGENDER.

Statesville, N. C.

DEAR MRS. WILMANS:—I am writing to-day for your lessons on Mental Science. I have seen five of them and they are the most scientific of anything I have read and I must have them; and also I am wanting your "Conquest of Death." I want to take orders whenever I meet with those who will buy it. I think of canvassing right along. I have read your "Conquest of Poverty" and find the principle there.

Why I now address you in person is because I want to thank you for all you have written, and especially what you have said about dress; I have thought so many times of the horribleness of intelligent women dragging cloth about their heels; you might say powerless to do otherwise by themselves alone, because of being ridiculed.

I have wished so much that it might become fashionable to wear short dresses at all times, and if you take it up I know it will become so. I shall keep desiring it and help all I can.

MRS. E. G. DOWELL.

Hubbard, Oregon.

THE WASTE-PAPER BASKET.

Just listen to this, will you? I took it from an exchange, and I believe it all, and more too:

DOGS LIKE TO BE TALKED TO.

A short time ago a little dog was missing. He was soon found sitting on a chair in a sunny window, opposite a good old dame, with whom he had lately struck up cordial comradeship. "Ah, what are you doing?" cried the owner, entering. "Wir schwatzen zusammen" (we are chatting together), said the old dame; and in fact she was reeling off a yarn with cats, rabbits, pigeons and all sorts of nice things in it; and doggie sat, all attention, sometimes one pricked ear on high, sometimes the other (which is the canine equivalent for a note of interrogation); sometimes with flashing eyes and mobile nostrils; occasionally with puckered forehead and angrily rising mustache. The same dog has another friend, who says she tells him fairy tales (the tales have a great deal about an emphatic black cat in them!) and when the dog looks more puzzled than a harried chess-player the reciter turns triumphantly to the bystanders, saying: "You see, he understands every word!" A dog certainly likes conversation, and he understands a good many words undoubtedly—the names of different kinds of game, the names of meals and of sundry amusements of his, and also the patronymics of his principal friends.

This article reminds me of my baby. I should be a poverty-stricken woman if I did not have a baby. Usually I have a number of them, but now I only have one. He is a frail little creature, though as beautiful as an angel. His father often takes him past our house, tied in a basket on his bicycle. He is only about eight months old and is too timid to make acquaintances readily. I go out in the street to speak to him and tell him how I love him nearly every time I see him pass. He becomes anxious and frightened if I am the least familiar, and so I never touch him, but restrain my attentions to conversation. It never occurred to me that he cared anything for me until I let him go by without speaking to him. I did this several times, and actually he was hurt by my indifference. He had never shown me any affection, but as soon as I began to neglect him he took to waving his little hand at me and smiling. Evidently he loved to be talked to quite as well as the dog in the above story.

Jessamine was telling me of a department in one of the papers she takes called "From My Study Window." She thinks it a more suggestive name than "The Waste-Paper Basket." She is right, I think. "The Waste-Paper Basket" lost its meaning long ago. It started out of the unfinished scraps of writing I used to find on my desk, and did not know what to do with. These scraps were the record of half ideas that I had pinned down by their ears, thinking I would get a better hold on them some day, but which usually accumulated until they were in my way, and had to be thrown into the sure-enough waste-paper basket. One day I collected a lot of them and printed them with the name that has ever since stood at the head of a column in FREEDOM.

This column immediately became popular; and the less "gumption" it had in it the better the people liked it; which showed me that the most popular thing in the world is personality. As little Jess would say, "Oh! let's talk gossip, grandmama; it's dreadful to be all the time a philosopher."

I agree with her usually, but we often have a difficult time to find any gossip that is interesting. Our refus-

ing to believe in evil, and recognizing that what is called evil as just the mistake of ignorance, has taken the edge off of any account of neighborhood doings, and left them very mild affairs.

I have been observing some things here lately that please me; they are about myself, and have a meaning if I could get at it. Here is a sample; some little thing happens, and every one of the children run to me with the news; or perhaps we are all on the porch together, and some question arises that needs settlement, when right away the call is for grandmama to settle it. Or a bug is discovered that may be of interest, and then it is "grandmama" who is called. Everything is referred to grandmama. When out fishing I find that the children want to fish in the place where my line is dropped; and they watch my hook and put fresh bait on it without my asking for the favor.

Now, is not this strange? I am inclined to think that I possess some drawing power; some uncultivated and almost unrecognized magnetism that I might have used to some purpose if I had only known how.

I observed this peculiarity a long time ago; long before the grandchildren had put in an appearance; while their mothers were children, in fact. I used to notice it at our picnics and other meetings in California, where I would no sooner "light down off my hoss" than a crowd would collect about me, and keep near me as long and as much as they could. I was "hale fellow well met" with everybody; "Tom, Dick and Harry" were all welcome; the children all knew me, and I knew them all. I knew how many children every woman had, and I remember the name of those children to this day.

Now, what did it mean, and what does it still mean? It means naturalness; living close to nature; seeing such wonders in nature; such beauty and so much that is admirable; seeing so much in the people themselves, no doubt. I believe that living right down on this earth gives one the substantial strength of the earth; the vital qualities that feed and sustain life.

It is strength that draws; there is no mistake about it. The physically strong people attract us; the intellectually strong attract us still more; when we see a combination of the two we are attracted most of all. In my own case it is, and has always been, *vitality* that drew others to me. I have had a super-abundance of life; more than I could organize into use. I often feel it as a nerve force that shakes me all over, and detracts from my power instead of adding to it. But it is the force lying behind all expression; it is the steam that propels the engine. It is necessary, however, that the engineer—the brain—should know how to direct it, or it may do harm instead of good; it may even tear the engine to pieces.

There is something strange in the way this life force pours in on our perceptions; it is the power that moves the world; it is open equally to all things and persons but only discloses itself in proportion to our recognition of it.

Now, it is the persons who recognize the most of this vital principle in their own personalities who have the greatest attracting power. Even the dogs come close to the highly vitalized person. Such a person is an outlet from the great source of life in a more marked degree than ordinary. All creatures want more life whether they know it or not, and they gather around

the person who shows forth the most life. We call such persons "natural;" which means that they are closer to the Law of Nature than the average. This gift of vitality has nothing in particular to do with brains; it is as often seen in persons of average intellect as in those of greater ability.

I wonder what I have been writing about. I am sorry to have said so much about myself.

I just picked up the last number of FREEDOM and read that little article headed, "The Favor Asked By The Birds." What a charming little thing it is! Think of the pretty creatures asking us to quit wearing feathers is our hats because life is so sweet to them. For my part I am not heedless of such a petition, and do most sternly refuse to ever wear another feather except the ostrich plume. We can get these without killing the birds.

The air is full of their rejoicing while I write. One of the big palms in front of Claude's house has a family of mocking birds in it. The babies are great, fat lumps, larger than the parents, but the parents still look upon them as infants and spend much time in teaching them to fly and to catch bugs for themselves. The little scamps seem perfectly irresponsible, and do not appear to care whether they do anything for themselves or not, so long as the parents work for them. I expect the time will come when they will go hungry for a day or two before they become self-supporting. Experience will teach them as it teaches the rest of us.

What a great thought it is that no one gets anything but what he most needs. If you are in trouble it is the lesson that you most need to educate you. Poverty is a lesson; so is sickness, every form of it even that which ends in death. "Get out of your negative condition," shouts mother Nature, "or take the consequences." A cool judgment pressed forward by the utmost positiveness clears away every impediment and opens the road to every manner of success. Never be discouraged. Know that you are getting what you most need; know that the experience you are undergoing, no matter how unpleasant it is, is the lesson that is preparing you for another effort that shall succeed. This knowledge will make you happy under all circumstances; it will keep your faith bright, and your patience calm and alert until the thing you are striving for is yours.

H. W.

[I have heard again—incidentally this time—from the San Francisco Temple. A friend of Mrs. Florence Burgman has written to her and I quote from her letter.]

"How I wish you were here to see our Temple of Mental Scientists! We held our first meeting in Mrs. Foltz's office. I did not like Mrs. Foltz at all. The next meeting was held in Mrs. Foltz's private home parlors. I had a very little bit kinder feelings for her. The next two meetings were in Harmony Hall, Red Men's Building. I liked Mrs. Foltz some better; the last two meetings were held in the parlors of Golden Gate Hall, and Mrs. Foltz is the right person in the right place. I like her just splendid, and only wish you all could have heard her speak last Sunday. She spoke as one inspired. Her subject, Prayer and Self Culture, was surely a fine one, and she held her audience until the end. The Temple is growing, from a lot of cranks—of whom I acknowledge myself one—until it has blossomed out into

an audience of beautifully dressed, refined and cultured people.

"I will send you one of the invitations—it is the first lecture we had. The rest of the invitations I have handed out to different people whom I have asked to attend the meetings. Next Sunday I am a committee of one to arrange the flowers. I do not know where the flowers are coming from unless I buy them, but they will get there, for every thing we have wanted so far has come to us.

"I met Mr. Mahorney, and tell Helen that I liked him very much. I asked after you all, and he spoke so kindly of you. I really would like to see more of him."

ON THE ROAD.

BY CHAS. F. BURGMAN.

Mr. H. D. Rains took me under his protective care upon my arrival at the Union Depot in Chattanooga. This depot, an immense iron structure, unlike the Atlanta receptacle for trains, presents a pleasant interior appearance. There is reach in its tall roof, arched iron girders and the space it covers; and what is better, it is kept clean.

Mr. Rains, tall, dark of complexion and wiry of frame, made me feel comfortable at once. We found ourselves on common ground. We had some correspondence on the subject of organization during March and April, and while waiting for the car to take us to his suburban home, at once entered into the subject again. After all we did not differ much; we were one in the desire to advance the truths embodied in Mental Science; and as to methods, oh! well! local circumstances and conditions after all will determine those best calculated to advance the cause.

Arriving at the residence I was introduced to a family of whom any man may well feel proud. Mr. and Mrs. Rains, with their three handsome daughters and fine appearing stalwart son, represent the very finest type of American manhood and womanhood. I thoroughly enjoyed the hospitality of this intellectual family, whose members, individually and collectively, appear very happy amidst their trees and shrubs and climbing vines.

Chattanooga, a city of nearly sixty thousand inhabitants, presents a very busy appearance. It is a railway centre where a number of lines converge. It is sustained by a large agricultural country and supports quite a number of manufacturing establishments, and several coal mines contribute to its resources. Situated on the banks of the Tennessee which flows at the base of a succession of hills to the eastward, with the Look-out mountain appearing as an immense frowning buttress to the north, and Missionary Ridge, like gigantic natural breastworks to the southward, barring the entrance into Georgia, the basin in which the city is located, constituted one of the most formidable battle fields of the civil war. Here the union forces under Grant met the confederate forces under Bragg, and opposing numbers and valiant spirit against bravery and natural barriers, mounted Missionary Ridge and broke the confederate army into fragments on November 25th, 1863. Mr. Rains drove me over the several historic points of special interest—to Orchard Knob, where General Grant had his headquarters on the day of the battle, and to the top of the "Ridge" to the spot from which Gen-

eral Bragg commanded his forces. Monuments have been erected everywhere in memory of the deadly struggle, and the wonder to me is that in view of all the sign-marks of the bitter strife, the memory of which is thus ever present, those of the South can meet those of the North on such kindly, fraternal terms as are at present displayed on every occasion.

All-Souls Unitarian Church had been prepared for the delivery of my lecture. The church is a substantially built, trim edifice, with a seating capacity of three hundred and fifty people. The pastor's rostrum had been prettily decorated with palms and ferns and the whole interior presented a pretty, attractive appearance. Marion F. Ham is pastor of the church; he is bright, progressive and thoroughly alive to modern thought and advanced activity. He teaches Mental Science in his church and does not hesitate to announce himself a Mental Scientist. He has the support of the progressive people and the church is in a flourishing condition. My coming had been well announced and a large attendance was fully expected. Unfortunately at 7:30 P. M., a violent storm broke out; the rain poured down in great quantities, and this condition did not abate until 9 o'clock. Notwithstanding this the attendance was quite good. I received an invitation from Rev. M. F. Ham and our friends, the Mental Scientists, to lecture again in Chattanooga on my homeward journey, and have accepted the invitation.

I had the pleasure of enjoying a few hours with Mr. W. H. Converse and his family, Mrs. Converse, daughter and son, whose elegant home is located well up against Missionary Ridge, and from which you obtain a sweeping view over the city, the valley, and the distant mountain ranges. Mr. Converse, who is the president of the Converse Bridge Company, was in Sea Breeze last December, and is very complimentary in his expression of the energy and enterprise displayed by the Mental Scientists of City Beautiful.

My mind is full of much that I would like to write in connection with my visit to Chattanooga. Mental Science has a fine future there; the people are bright, active and hopeful; organization is bound to be the logical outcome of such mental vitality as I saw displayed there. But it is train time and we go further north.

CHAS. F. BURGMAN.

MY DEAR MRS. WILMANS:—Sometime when you feel so greatly drawn to leave your desk and run over to Florrie's, and yet you know that the printer will be at your elbow any minute asking for copy, then hurl my little manuscript at him, and run out and rejuvenate your blessed self among the "kids." But don't stay out long; remember that thousands of us are reaching out to you for mind-food.

It would be contrary to Mental Science principles for me to anticipate the return of my manuscript; yet I feel drawn to enclose a stamp. Yours, with hearty congratulations,

LOTTIE SPILLMAN.

[The manuscript Lottie requests me to hurl at the printer is in the shape of a letter to a friend, who has evidently been sending her something to read; here it is.]

LETTER TO A FRIEND.

DEAR MISS:—If this pamphlet, "the eye-opener," had come to me some other way than through your en-

thusiastic recommendation I should have thrown it into the waste-paper basket after reading a single page; as it was, I managed to read it through hastily, then wrote "fiddlesticks" on the margin. It is an eye-opener to be sure; that is, it is related to an unseeing stage of development. It is one of God's normal babies. It calls the dog cow, and it wants to handle the live coal. Well, let it do so; that is the quickest way for it to learn the lesson. We handle a live coal when we heap condemnation on Satan and pity on a "dying" world. We will soon want to drop the coal, will want nothing to do with pity and condemnation in any shape or form. Since it is a universe and not a dive that we live in, God and Satan are one—are simply the positive and the negative pole of one beautiful whole. The Satan of yesterday is the God of to-day. Instead of cursing, let us bless him; that will help both him and us rise the more quickly to Godhood. We don't pity or condemn the babe because it isn't an adult. Neither do we chafe with anxiety lest it remain always a babe. No, we heap upon it our fondness and admiration, and thus help it grow, and are helped ourselves too.

And here comes the second pamphlet, "The More Excellent Way." Who is able to say which is the more excellent way for me? There are many ways, simply because there are many natures. All lead to the same goal. All the radii of a circle cannot occupy the same space at the same time, but all are of equal length, and bear precisely the same relation to the center. Perhaps you will say, "The figure is not good; evolution's roads are at least not equal in length." I am not so sure but that they are equal. True, the drunkard who with each day becomes more deeply besotted is apparently going backward and losing time. But is he not rather simply descending one mountain preparatory to ascending the next? If a series of mountains lies between me and my goal, am I not progressing just as rapidly, and possibly more so, while descending one as when ascending the next? The drunkard is being tried in the fire for his own benefit, at his own request from within. All is good. One page of this second pamphlet suffices me. Let me quote: "Fell Among Thieves: This present evil world with all its work and workers is but one pack of thieves lodged all along the road leading from the city of God to the city of destruction, etc."

Where in this God-filled universe is there room for a city of destruction? Does God perish? The entire universe is composed of one substance, and this substance is God. It has various modes of manifestation, and these modes change, but the essence never. What seems destruction is only change. Evolution walks forward always, backward never. Growth represents his right foot, decay the left. Do you wish he would chop off the left foot and hop on the right alone? You will change your mode of thinking. You will come to think the left foot just as beautiful as the right. Shall we then court decay? Yes, as a factor of growth. The decay of old modes of thinking and manifesting makes room for new, yes, not only makes room for, but gives rise to the new. The old modes are the parents of the new, hence never to be condemned, even after they are outgrown, but respected always. Hence, neither the unripe modes nor the outgrown modes deserve pity or condemnation; and even if deserved, we could ill afford to mould our precious emotions into such dangerous

weapons. They invariably "kick." Here is a little clipping from the *Washington Post* showing how worse than wasted are many of our emotions of pity.

A woman when visiting one of the hospitals in the South last summer approached a wounded soldier, who lay gazing at the ceiling above his cot. "Can't I do something for you, my poor fellow?" said the woman imploringly. The poor fellow looked up languidly. The only things he really wanted just then was his discharge and a box of cigars.— When he saw the strained and anxious look on the good woman's face, however, he felt sorry for her and said with perfect *sans froid*, "Why, yes, you can wash my face if you want to." "I'll be only too glad to," said the eager visitor. "All right, go ahead," said the cavalier gallantly. "It has been washed twenty-nine times to-day, but if it will give you so much pleasure I'll try to bear a repetition of the process."

Since every creature is at all times experiencing that which is for its greatest good under the circumstances, and doing the very best that is possible to its condition, let us turn all our pity and blame into congratulation. We exercise quite as much sympathy when we rejoice with a fellow being as when we weep with him; and joy vivifies, while sorrow devitalizes. We have been in the habit of feeling offended when some one seeing us in trouble says, "It's good for you," and yet he is telling us a vital truth; and we shall hence-forward be thankful for such a bit of mental treatment. Sincerely,

LOTTIE SPELLMAN.

THE CONQUEST OF POVERTY.

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We have created a demand for a more substantial edition of "The Conquest of Poverty," and have responded to the call by bringing the book out in good cloth binding, so "that it may be better preserved, and find its proper place as a standard work in every home and library."

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M. T. B., Kearney, Neb., says: "Grandpa and grandma both used to wear glasses, but they neither wear them now. Grandma's hair used to be white, but it is gradually turning into its natural color."

H. W., Menlo Park, Cal., was cured of hemorrhages of the lungs.

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J. S., Eureka Springs, Ark., was cured of the use of tobacco by the mental method. He is only one of many so cured; not only of the tobacco habit, but also of drunkenness.

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M. C., Pioneer Press Building, St. Paul, Minn., was cured of dyspepsia, sleeplessness, and sensitiveness.

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D. B. P., Arlington, Vt., writes: "For four years I made every effort to get relief from a trouble that finally reduced me to a deplorable condition, but without the slightest success. Immediately after beginning the mental treatment I was benefited in a way that drugs do not have the power to approach. Now, after a study of Mental Science, it is very clear to me why my cure was not effected by the old methods. Understanding the law by which cures are worked through the power of mind over matter, it is easy for me to believe that the most deeply-seated diseases can be cured as easily as the slightest disorders. Too much cannot be said for this method of healing; and an earnest study of Mental Science is finding heaven on earth."

Miss I. B. Edmonds, Wash., was cured of ovarian tumor; and dozens of cases of cancer cures have been reported, as well as others of every form of disease recognized by the medical books.

These testimonials—the full addresses of which will be given on application—have been taken at random from hundreds of letters, all testifying to the wonderful power of mind healing. A good many other letters, wherein the addresses of the writers are given in full, have been published in a pamphlet called THE MIND CURE TREATMENT, which is sent free to all who want it.

Persons interested can write to me for my terms for treatment, which are moderate as compared with those of the medical practitioners. Each one so doing may give me a brief statement of his or her case, age, and sex. The address should be written clearly, so there may be no trouble in answering.

MRS. HELEN WILMANS,
Sea Breeze, Florida.

WHAT IS YOUR WISH?

Would you rather come here to be healed, or taught, or both, than to have me give you absent treatment or to teach you by correspondence?

Some people want to be healed simply; they do not care to study the science. Others wish to study the science, who have no need of being healed. Others still want to learn the science while being treated for some disease or weakness. I have now made arrangements to accommodate all who want to come here for either or both purposes, and these arrangements are going to prove very satisfactory, and even lovely. I would not offer to bring people here, if I did not know that I could content them perfectly. You all are aware that I heal my patients in their own homes, and that I never have so many at one time as to neglect any one of them. I read every letter that comes from them, and either answer personally or instruct my clerks so carefully as to be about the same as if I did answer personally. I have but three clerks, and they are all thorough Mental Scientists, whose connection with my business adds to my power, and helps to form the battery that has given me my reputation as a healer.

Should patients and students come during the summer months, or in the early fall, they will find board much cheaper than it is in the winter, and the climate is quite as lovely—indeed, I think more so than in the winter months. In writing this I am only answering what seems to be a constantly increasing demand. I have always received letters from people who wished to come, and, except in a few instances, I have refused to have them do so; in several instances I have found it impossible to keep them away; they have come in spite of my refusal. This has been the case to such a degree recently that I thought it would be best to let as many come as wished to. Write to me on the subject. Address

HELEN WILMANS,
Sea Breeze, Fla.

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Why not? Poverty is one form of weakness, not far removed from disease although so different.

Poverty is caused by the absence of self-confidence and will power; back of these is the lack of vitality; not the lack of animal force, but of intelligent force.

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