

FREEDOM

A JOURNAL OF REALISTIC IDEALISM.

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

Meet his demands with sure supply.—HELEN WILMANS.

*I am owner of the sphere,
Of the seven stars and the solar year,
Of Caesar's hand and Plato's brain,
Of Lord Christ's heart and Shakspeare's strain.*—EMERSON.

VOL. VIII., No. 8.

SEA BREEZE, FLORIDA, JULY 18, 1900.

SINGLE COPY 5 CENTS.

PERPETUAL YOUTH.

BY PAUL TYNER.

"Nature abhors the old and old age seems the only disease; all others run into this one. We call it by many names, fever, intemperance, insanity, stupidity and crime. They are all forms of old age; they are rest, conservatism, appropriation, inertia; not newness, not the way onward. We grizzle every day. I see no need of it. Whilst we converse with what is above us, we do not grow old, but grow young."—Emerson.

Immortality in the flesh cannot be monopolized. It belongs to no man or class of men exclusively, but to all equally. All flesh is heir to it. Our title deeds are written in red blood, not blue—in the one blood common to all the nations of the earth. Once demonstrated by a single individual, this truth must sooner or later be known of men the world over. When the world becomes convinced that living perpetually in a perpetually improving body is not only possible for all, but also best for all, living will be the rule, dying the exception. The best there is is good enough for the people of our time—nothing less will satisfy them long. We refuse to travel in stage coaches when we can speed across the continent behind the iron horse. Nor will we be content with a way train when we can save two or three hours in a thousand-mile trip by taking the "flyer." The "limited," with its quicker time and more luxurious accommodations only sets the pace for the unlimited and regular train of to-morrow. There are men still living who have seen candles and whale oil as the illuminants in general use give way to petroleum, and that to coal gas, while in the last two decades we have barely had time to wire the world for electric lighting—immensely developed in effectiveness and economy in these few years by a constant succession of improvements—when Tesla announces the discovery of a wireless and lampless method of illumination—some sort of atmospheric incandescence, as I understand.

The reader can carry forward the comparison in a hundred other particulars that will readily occur to his mind. What I want to emphasize is that we are moving rapidly and all together when we do move. The age of darkness and secrecy concerning any new discovery of truth and its application is past. No man lives to himself alone; the adept in his Himalayan cave not more than the chemist in his laboratory or the mechanic in his workshop on Pike's Peak.

If Ponce de Leon had located a fountain of perpetual youth in Florida four hundred years ago, he might then have pre-empted the whole section of country, built a high wall around it and alone or with a chosen band of brothers sworn to secrecy by awful oaths, guzzled its waters in solemnly silent and hidden exclusiveness. The discovery in our day of such a fountain

(just imagining its possibility to point my moral) would be the signal for the organization of an international syndicate to carry the delectable beverage by pipe-line and tank-steamer to the ends of the earth. Fortunately the location of the real fountain of youth is spiritual and not geographical, and its flow not limited but inexhaustible, while its distributing system is so perfectly organized by nature that we need not be dependent on the benevolent activity of a trust. Every man can have all he wants of the veritable waters of life at his own door, without even having to bore a well for it.

If bodily immortality is a good thing, it will become general. If its general acceptance did not mean great gain for the race, it would be an impossibility for any man. There are many people, I find, who do not believe that bodily immortality would be an unalloyed blessing. On this ground they instinctively base their disbelief in its possibility. The most serious objection to the doctrine lies just here. In a recent talk with a widely known author, who to rare power and insight allies deep and broad sympathy for humanity, the matter came up in this way:

"If people were to stop dying," said she, "the world would soon be over-populated—which means of course increased pressure upon subsistence, strife, famine and misery."

"Perpetuation of life in the individual organism," I suggested, "would simply be a better method of perpetuating the race than is reproduction; one obviously and immensely more economical, as well as happier and more beautiful in every way than our present system. When people stop dying, there will be no need of their being born—at least not after the world is fully populated."

On this my gentle friend shuddered and exclaimed: "The world in that case would be robbed of all that makes life worth living—of the freshness, vigor and beauty of youth; of the child's and the youth's capacity for new ideas, their illusions and enthusiasms. Humanity would be saddened and sorrowed to the last degree were it not for the new generation constantly coming forward to displace the old."

Now I confess to a certain sympathy with the state of mind thus manifested. I have a deep-rooted feeling that all is good. If a thing can be shown to me not to be good, taken in the large, I will admit that it cannot be true. My test for truth is goodness. With Harriet Beecher Stowe, I am sure that "what ought to be will be." I believe FREEDOM's readers will agree with me that this objection coming from so many people is accordingly worth looking into and meeting squarely.

The objection, when analyzed, is found to be but another form of that which is so often made from the merely personal point of view. To some people, prolonged life means only prolonged old age, decay drawn out; the sere and yellow leaf delayed in its fall; the superfluous lagging veteran, sadly surviving all manly or womanly interests, enthusiasms and ideals. These people think of the Wandering Jew, or of Ella Wheeler Wilcox' gruesome hero who outlived all his friends and prayed for death. So thinking, they say: "We do not see that bodily immortality holds out any very alluring prospect; as for us, we do not want to live forever!" I am leaving out of consideration, for the present, the numerous class of people who, under the influence of pessimistic pietism, deem it virtuous to despise this beautiful world and look forward to "a better country" in the life beyond, where they won't have to work any more, but may satisfy their souls by endlessly "loafing 'round the throne." Most of us have been there ourselves and need not look down on them. They are not ready now to listen to our argument, but they are on the way. Those who live and believe in life will never die, and even those who were dead will begin to live when they really believe in life, putting forth will and desire in accordance with such belief.

To revert to my friend's objection: Bodily immortality and perpetual youth are inseparable. The truth of this seems obvious, yet it cannot be too strongly emphasized. When we are talking about bodily immortality we are not talking at all about old age. Old age is not life; it is absence of life—slow death. Life means growth, increase, newness, youthfulness, an ever expanding and ineradicable joy. When there shall be life indeed, there will be no more death, no more old age, weakness, disease, distortion, sorrow or suffering.

The complete and final conquest of disease (which few find any difficulty in believing to be near) must mean the conquest of death. When we begin to live we stop dying. We are really not living fully until we live as immortals—masters of our bodies in being masters of our fate. We shall then make all things new from day to day and year to year through all the centuries and cycles of unfoldment. We shall understand the kingdom of heaven that is within, for we shall have become as little children.

It is the child, after all, that is the genuine type of the perfect human. Of Goethe at eighty-four, it was said that he was "a great child." Emerson somewhere finely accepts the criticism as a proof of Goethe's greatness. Certain it is that the genius is always marked by a certain rare and lovable quality correctly described as "childlike." The sage of Concord in his own life and thought fully appreciated the sweetness and sanity of the child nature as the one preservative and continuer of beauty and power. Take this word about the old Greeks:

"Our admiration of the antique is not admiration of the old, but of the natural. The Greeks are not reflective but perfect in their senses, perfect in their health, with the finest physical organization in the world. Adults acted with the simplicity and grace of boys. They combined the energy of manhood with the engaging unconsciousness of childhood."

With fuller life and clearer vision, we need not dread that we shall ever become "disillusioned." We shall not lose the faith of youth in his ideals, for we shall

know that the ideal is the real, and grow with the growth of our ideals.

What can be clearer than the present need of the youthfulness of mind which this gospel of fuller life in the flesh alone promises? Is the world not robbed of its childhood when thousands of children in all lands are condemned to ceaseless drudgery in factory, mine and mill; and when other thousands are forced into precocious and pitifully premature age by our hot-house processes of miscalled "education?" Not one in a hundred of the city-bred men and women of our day has really known what it is to have had a childhood. Our young men and maidens among the more fortunate classes are apt to be cynical and *blase* at twenty. And among the poor, it is not unusual to find people worn out, discouraged and broken down under their burdens before reaching thirty. The poverty and squalor of our modern life for the many, equally with its degeneracy and decay through wanton luxury and unutterable vice among the rich, testify to the world's need of the spirit of youth, of freshness, of vigor and beauty unending, which only the conquest of death shall make possible. Rob the world of youth! Rather let it be proclaimed from the housetops that the idea of bodily immortality has for its first and greatest mission the restoration to the world of the vitality and youthfulness of which death has so long robbed us. "For love, beauty and delight," says Shelley, "there is no death." How can we hope to have love, beauty and delight until we rid the world of death?

To live long is sweet, but only when it is to live fully, to feel deeply, to think grandly, to act decisively, to make all production and creation "the worker's expression of joy in his work." To be oneself, act oneself honestly and more and more each day, we must have the widened horizon of the endless life in the flesh.

The generation of new ideas, seeing things from new standpoints, putting things in new ways—all this is an essential part of the process of bodily immortalization. If we are to perpetuate youth by perpetuating life, we must let go of the past, let go of all in the old that does not transmute itself into the new. The last year's bonnet that cannot be made over into this year's style had better be discarded along with ways and manners of thinking and acting that are not up to date. Out of the dead leaves dropped to the earth and fertilizing its roots, the tree draws sustenance for the vigor that shall push forth into green glory of new foliage in the new year. Only as we let go the old can we grasp the new. People who keep thoughts and other things in active circulation are perennially young, no matter what their years. Those who make lumber rooms of their heads, as of their attics, become congested and clogged up mentally and physically. They resist innovation, oppose "new fangled notions," talk about the "good old times." In consequence they dam the currents of life and growth, become constipated, dyspeptic, neuralgic, rheumatic, and go moaning and mooning to the grave—unless they open up to Mental Science.

Still another variation to the objection here dealt with is that our theory of the endless life in the flesh would involve a violation of the law of change universal in nature; that it would introduce a dreary sameness repugnant to all artistic sense of the eternal fitness of

things. Perpetual youth is conceived of as "sweet sixteen" made fixed and permanent as to the details in which that age ordinarily presents itself. It is as if youth consisted altogether of pretty frocks and white slippers. These objectors are all fatuously oblivious to the fact that what gives youth its sweetness and charm—what constitutes youth—is its very movement, growth, changeableness. These traits, surely, are not less admirable at sixty than at sixteen. Who that has ever enjoyed a dinner with that prince of wits and story tellers, the late lamented Sam Ward, "the modern Petronius," as he was called, need disconnect sparkle and vivacity from sixty-odd? Equally notable is the instance furnished by "Uncle Sam's more famous sister, Julia Ward Howe. Although past the four-score milestone, she is to-day as much the life of any party in which she finds herself as she was when she wrote "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," nearly forty years ago. Indeed, the brilliancy, *esprit*, in a word, youthfulness, of the American woman of fifty is almost proverbial. She is the delight of the nations, the world's desire, born to rule by right divine of grace, beauty and wit, and she may marry whom she pleases, or choose husbands for her daughters where she will.

The youth of Oliver Wendell Holmes, "eighty years young;" the youth of Emerson at his best when past three score; the youth of Longfellow, whose smiling eyes and ever ready humor only emphasized the radiance of snowy head and beard; the youth of Walt Whitman, "good gray poet" and perennial singer of perennial dawn; the youth of Goethe and of Tennyson, of Bismarck and of Gladstone—this is the kind of youth we celebrate and see before us; the youth eligible to all, the youth we now demand in demanding bodily immortality.

Even the illustrious ones I have mentioned died at last, although retaining their power and charm to an advanced age. So the reader may ask how we are to derive from their example inspiration or encouragement to live forever? And my answer is that far more important than their dying is their living in the fullest sense, ten, twenty or even thirty years after the age at which the ancient ignorance of the race has so long condemned its noblest to death. We are to take to heart the lesson of their success as far as it goes, and better it as much as we can, thanking them for cutting the notches by which we may mount past the place they fell; taking to heart the lesson of their failure, we may avoid it, winning our victories on farther and larger fields. If we can put off decay and death ten years, we can put it off twenty, fifty, a hundred or a thousand years. Little by little we are learning our power. When we have learned to live a thousand years, earth will be peopled by a race of men, beside one of whom all the gods in the Roman Pantheon rolled together would but be as a satyr to Hyperion.

It is senility, decay, death that really contradict or try to contradict the universal law of change. Throughout nature we find life everywhere and death nowhere. The seasons roll around in endless change. Growth describes a circle as spring merges into summer, summer into autumn, autumn into winter, and winter fades into spring. Only man in blind and vain imagination timidly runs a straight or a wobbly line out into a supposed jumping off point in time. We have learned

that to the courage of Columbus, the world is round and that there is no jumping off point on top of the earth; we have yet to grow brave enough to show there is no jumping off point in time. We fail to connect and complete the circle of change. As Young has it:

"Man makes a death which Nature never made."

In the new day now dawning, we shall refuse to run down at fifty or sixty, and we shall refuse to "stop short never to go again," like Grandfather's clock, when the dial of the years indicates seventy or eighty. In the light of the larger consciousness, we shall know our right to live, and knowing dare maintain it. Then shall humanity for the first time know what life really is, what youth is, what love is, what power is—knowing the splendor of work and joy in work unending.

C. F. BURGMAN'S LECTURE TOUR.

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

Sacramento, Cal. - July 20-22	San Francisco, Cal. - Aug. 3 to 10
Auburn, Cal. - - - July 23	Oakland, Cal. - - - Aug. 3 to 10
Grass Valley, Cal. - July 25	San Jose, Cal. - - - Aug. 3 to 10
Nevada City, Cal. - - July 26	Pasadena, Cal. - - - Aug. 12
Vallejo, Cal. - - - July 30	Los Angeles, Cal. - - Aug. 14
Stockton, Cal. - - - Aug. 1	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 St., Seattle, Washington. After July 1st. address all such letters to C. F. Burgman, care Porter L. Bliss, 320 Post Street, San Francisco, California.

At the siege of Buda, in 1625, the garrison was in the direst straits. The scurvy had become epidemic, and there seemed to be nothing left but surrender. The Prince saved the day by an appeal to the faith of his soldiers. He administered a few drops of pure water to the afflicted, assuring them that it was an infallible cure for the dread disease. Such was their confidence in the remedy that the effect produced was immediate. The garrison was made whole in a few days, and as a fighting force it was ready for victory.

The medicine which achieved this result was not a drug, but a thought. In some way as yet unknown to science the belief that a cure had been found was closely followed by the cure itself, and those in whom actual disease had been produced by one state of mind—namely, hopelessness—were restored to health by another and a better state of mind.

The incident amply illustrates the power of faith to rouse the stagnant pool of physical vitality and change it into a swift flowing current of healthy and vigorous life. The pages of history are full of corroborating testimony. In the annals of every religion are innumerable instances of the same sort. Underneath them is a spiritual law which we have persistently ignored, but a law which holds in its grasp our happiness, our health and our usefulness. We shall accept it by and by, when our eyes are wider open, but in the meantime we must suffer needlessly because we are blinded by prejudice.—*Extract from New York Sunday Herald editorial, July 1st.*

MENTAL SCIENTISTS CONVENE.

First National Assembly Being Held in Seattle.

MANY DELEGATES ATTEND.

Three Sessions Held Yesterday in Ranke Hall—Visitors Greeted by the Mayor—Address by Helen Wilmans, Founder of the Society, Is Read—Other Speeches and an Illustrated Lecture in the Evening.

[From The Seattle Post-Intelligencer, July 2.]

To Seattle is given the distinction of being the seat of the first convention of the Mental Science Association ever held in the United States. Local members and visiting delegations to the number of several hundred met at Ranke hall on Pike street yesterday, and amid much enthusiasm discussed the principles which form the basic structure of the large and growing society. Promoters of the association were present from almost every state of the Union.

The morning session of the convention was called to order at 10:45 o'clock by Prof. M. F. Knox, of this city. To Prof. Knox's zeal is due the fact that Seattle was selected from among many competing cities as the common meeting ground.

In his remarks, Prof. Knox stated that the convention was called together for the purpose of forming a union of the several different branches on which Mental Science is being taught. After "America" had been sung by the audience, Mayor Humes was introduced to deliver the welcoming address. He said in part:

"Ladies and Gentleman: I am not appearing before you this morning as a disciple of your organization. Rather I am here to greet you in the capacity of the city's chief executive, and to extend to you an expression of good will in behalf of our metropolis. Unfortunately, I am obliged to plead ignorance of many matters pertaining to your purposes and attainments. I am told, however, that for many years, Mental Science principles, as formulated and taught by Helen Wilmans and Col. Post, have gradually found their way to the acceptance and practice of individuals here and there throughout the world, until to-day there are thousands of enthusiastic followers and investigators. I see that the rapidly increasing numbers now urge the convenience and advisability of organized bodies for the purpose of bringing those of the Mental Science faith into closer relationship, that there may be a more rapid spreading of the truth through organized effort."

THE FOUNDER'S ADDRESS.

Prof. Charles F. Burgman, representing Helen Wilmans, founder of the society, then read an address from this lady, dated at Sea Breeze, Fla. She said in part:

"I speak to you over a space of thousands of miles, but I seem to be looking straight into your faces, and the effect is electrical. It carries me back over all the

years of my life and shows me again the same courageous, honest, gracious and generous friends among whom I passed my childhood, for I am a Westerner, and always was. I was born on the borders of the great West and was led by the dauntless spirit of Western genius clear to the farther slope, where the sands of the last vestige of land went floating away into the sunset ocean, to go beyond which would have been to go West no longer. So thoroughly imbued have I been with the Western spirit that I am scarcely acquainted with any other. The passport to my ready acquaintance comes in the words, 'I am a Westerner.' No matter who says this to me, my ready response, if translated into my native vernacular would be, 'Light down off your hoss and come in to dinner.'

"It is not my wish to say anything detrimental to other sections of the country, but I do say that there is less wing-clipping and feather-pulling among the budding geniuses of the broad West than anywhere else. I am extending my hand to-day to every one of my old friends, from the man in broadcloth to the miner with trousers patched with flour sacks; from the college student and the social leader to Alkali Ike, to Weary Walker and Dusty Rhodes, whose frequent visits made many a pleasant call upon the kitchen cupboard, and to whose good appetites it was always a pleasure to minister.

"To-day our first announcement here in this city of souls who dare think for themselves is this: We want no philosophy handed down to us from ages when true knowledge was the frailest guess-work of people infinitely more ignorant than we ourselves are. Century after century the voice of man has grown louder and clearer, more penetrating and strident, more resolute and fearless in declaring his own personal identity and in standing upright in the might an undoubted personality confers; and now, none but weaklings are asking what the fathers believed. The question is, what do we ourselves believe? This is the subject that lifts every one of us into the realm of pure reason, and leaves us each and singly resting upon the truth originated by our own individual minds—leaves us in a position where we stand straight and staunch and honest as we journey onward, forever evolving from our brains that sense of innate power which marks our character differences, and establishes us in the needed diversity of ever free and divergent creatures.

"Friends, I wish I could be with you in person to-day, but some of you, many of you, I truly hope, will come to our convention when it is held here, and then we will learn something more of each other and so cement the cords of friendship that I know will never grow less."

Prof. Burgman followed with a few remarks of greeting, stating that his principal discourse would be delivered in the evening with the acquisition of stereopticon views.

THE AFTERNOON SESSION.

The afternoon session was held at 2:30 o'clock. The audience sang "The Star-Spangled Banner," after which Dr. W. W. Malory, of this city, delivered a beautiful and impressive address. He chose for his subject "Desire," prefacing his remarks with the statement that no doubt those present would be greatly disappointed at the absence of Mrs. Clara Foltz, of San Francisco, who, in company with the California delegation, had not as yet arrived. At the conclusion of Dr. Malory's dis-

course, which was frequently punctuated with applause, the meeting adjourned until evening.

Among the more conspicuous of the visitors from the East is Prof. Charles F. Burgman, who represents the Mental Science Association, from Sea Breeze, Fla. Prof. Burgman is a son-in-law of Helen Wilmans, founder of the society, and is an orator of well-known ability. He left Sea Breeze on June 2, and has devoted the interim to a series of lectures, the majority of which have been delivered in the prominent cities of the country.

"This is my first trip to Seattle," he said. "On my way westward, I made it a point to study the people and prevailing conditions, and I am satisfied that a large measure of prosperity exists from coast to coast. Possibly, though, I should qualify this assertion to the extent of saying that for a stretch of one thousand miles this side of St. Paul there has been a drought and the wheat crop will be injured to a serious extent."

"By the bye," he continued, "I am not an Easterner, by any means. On the contrary, I lived in California for twenty years, and for six years, was the great chief of records of the Improved Order of Red Men." Referring to Mental Science, Prof. Burgman added:

"The object of our organization is to awaken man to the fact that the mind or intellect has control over the bodily functions, and that man's mental attitudes in a large measure determine for him what he shall realize, both in this and the life to come. We also realize that man's thoughts have a decided influence upon his physical well being. In short, we believe that we have a message to deliver, and one that the people will be glad to receive."

PROF. BURGMAN LECTURED.

At 8:30 last night, the hour fixed for the evening session of the Mental Science Association, Ranke's hall was crowded to the doors. A large screen had been erected upon the stage, and with stereopticon views, descriptive of the eastern coast of Florida, and an improvised lecture, Prof. Charles Burgman entertained the audience until a late hour. Among the pictures displayed were street scenes at Daytona and Sea Breeze, and the campus grounds in the latter city whereon are to be constructed the various Mental Science university buildings, the funds for which have already been subscribed.

At the conclusion of Prof. Burgman's entertainment, Prof Knox announced that at 10 o'clock to-day, the convention would assemble in Masonic temple for the transaction of regular business. Tuesday, July 3, will be devoted to escorting the many visiting delegations to the several lakes and city parks. In the evening, an informal reception will be held at the Rainier-Grand hotel.

ECHOES FROM THE SEATTLE CONVENTION.

EDITOR FREEDOM:—The labors of, no doubt, one of the greatest conventions (Mental Science) that ever assembled in this state or, as to that matter, in the United States, was concluded on July 2 in a very harmonious and satisfactory manner, of which you will be fully advised by abler pens than I am able to wield. Yours very truly,

E. L. SCOTT,
Seattle, Wash., July 4.

The Convention and great celebration of the fourth

are over, and I now want to give you some items of interest about our honored guest, Prof. C. F. Burgman. We thank you most heartily for sending such a man to us.

We Mental Scientists at once made friends with him. One who is so genial, natural, candid and honest with himself is a success.

In the afternoon he was again called upon for a speech. Now I am going to tell you something, and some of your readers I know will say, "Just like the women." A few of us, immediately after the exercises were over, took bodily possession of Mr. Burgman and said, "You must go with us for a ride out to Madison Park to hear Wagner's band, and see a sample of Seattle's many places of interest and amusement." But, before we could escape with him, a reporter got hold of him, he said, "for five minutes," but we had occasion to say, "We must let patience have its perfect work."

We at last got possession of him and showed him some of the prettiest scenery around the city. We took a boat from Madison Park, and went down Lake Washington to Leschi Park. We promised to have Mr. Burgman back by six o'clock to arrange his instrument for the evening, but being delayed in getting our boat, we missed the pleasure of having him to dinner with us. So it was our time to feel a tinge of regret that we had insisted upon having our way, but you know what has always been said about us in this line. No one but we knew, however, that he was without dinner until nearly twelve o'clock p. m., and certainly the audience would not have suspected such a thing from his mastery of the situation.

We had the pleasure and privilege of listening to a splendid essay on "Man," the first of this series. The audience was large and appreciative, and we can assure you, we are proud of our Mr. Burgman. We call him Mr. because he requested us not to call him Professor. If you could have heard the round of applause at his display of the pictures you would have been repaid in one way for your thoughtfulness in that direction. The one thing lacking was not seeing your dear face thrown upon the canvass. I, with one other delegate, had the advantage of the others in knowing you personally. We think the demand will be so great that you will have it added, in time, at the informal reception. At the Rainier Grand hotel, a request went up from the guests for a description of Helen Wilmans from Mr. Burgman. He responded so generously and gracefully, beginning by saying it was somewhat out of the ordinary that a man should be asked to give a description of his mother-in-law; but he did you full justice. Some one was paying him a complement at the reception, and he said, "I stand in the reflected light of my mother-in-law," which remark was firmly denied by the little lady who engineered the ride, but rather that Mr. Burgman stands out with the dignity of his own individuality, possessing a personality of a strong magnetism which is very attractive. At our Sunday morning meeting Mr. Burgman gave us an extemporaneous talk which was well delivered and to the point. He said he was new in the business, but we wonder what a man who is new, and yet did himself so splendidly, will do with practice? We wait with expectancy.

He will make for himself friends, and do Helen Wilmans full justice as her representative.

All of us hope to be with you in Sea Breeze at our next convention.

You will hear often from Seattle in her Temple work.
Yours for health, strength and happiness,

MRS. ELIZABETH A. CRAIG.

HELEN WILMANS: My Dear Friend—I realize that you are already in possession of the knowledge through mind vibrations of the work accomplished by the Mental Science Convention here, which closed its three days session on July 3, at eleven p. m. This was the greatest convention ever held in the history of man's unfoldment. Its constitution and by-laws, as the machinery on the objective plane, are easy to comprehend and will fulfill the purpose for which they were intended. The declaration of purposes are so grand and far-reaching for man by man, that the unfolding intelligence everywhere will go forward to still higher and grander attainments, until to the individual who has passed beyond the creed fears, shall come peace through the knowledge of himself. Your choice for representation at the Convention was most wisely determined when you commissioned Prof. C. F. Burgman with the great responsibility of formulating into practical workings for the uplifting of mankind the grand truths evolved by you. Prof. Burgman has met the highest expectation of all the representatives of this great Convention, and of the hundreds of citizens of Seattle who gathered in the great Convention hall to hear him lecture Sunday forenoon and at night, and we are going to have another lecture from him before he leaves our city, which will be on the evening of July 5. Keep Prof. Burgman in the lecture field, with his grand and scientific lectures, and the magnificent display of stereopticon views of Eastern Coast of Florida, and the buildings and improvements of "City Beautiful," for this is the practical education on the objective plane, from which man rises to the consciousness of his own greatness and undisputed power. This great educational work must go on until the world of mankind is carried forward and out from the influences of the dead past.

I have had the lectures and the entire proceedings of the Convention taken, and as soon as there are subscribers enough to warrant the printing of the report of the Convention, I will publish it. Say to Col. Post that I will write him as soon as the hurry of the work of this Convention is over. The Convention was a success in every particular. Yours for success in life,

M. F. KNOX.

You want the report of the Convention. Send Prof. Knox fifty cents right away. H. W.

FROM SPOKANE.

EDITOR FREEDOM:—We have had our first real Mental Science lecture. I am very glad to say that it was well received, and seemed to keep the attention of a very intelligent appearing audience from beginning to end.

The lecture was given in the Unitarian church, whose pastor, Mr. Fairfield, is a most enlightened, and therefore, a most liberal man.

The church, though not very large, was comfortably appointed. The seats were not tiresome, the weather not too warm and without being crowded the room was full (no vacant chairs to mourn over). All the conditions to a successful evening being in harmony, there

remained but the rostrum to be filled. This duty and pleasure fell upon Prof. Chas. F. Burgman of your place and association. It rather pleased my fancy to see a free profit of eternal good and no evil, in the place of honor of the "house of God". Now, thought I, this is right; this is as it should be in every pulpit—free thought by a free man—for a free people—object their eternal salvation—but here and now, instead of somewhere and after while. Of course the "house of God" is always with us, and our highest is the God that dwells within. However, old associations cannot carve this out into such sudden realization, and may need, therefore, all the help that can be given them, to wit: of conditions, associations, habits and all the paraphernalia of custom. Therefore, I felt most grateful to Mr. Fairfield—pastor, Mr. Curtiss and other trustees of his church for throwing open to us, sanctioning and standing by to help launch the beautiful and courageous bark, Mental Science, upon the sea of public opinion in Spokane.

It is not necessary that I should write to you particulars concerning Prof. Burgman. You have heard him and know that he is good. What you want to know is, how he pleased the people.

Now, concerning the great amount of knowledge there was to be conveyed and the limited time to convey it, I think that Mr. Burgman has found his mission. A field that covers all time and all life—to be broached, opened out, cleared up, and philosophically, logically, reasoned into a number of strangers within a couple of hours is no light task, even under the best of circumstances. But, when you consider the hurry, constant change, loss of sleep, lack of proper food and order of any kind, I feel that we should all be thankful to Mr. Burgman for his kindness, his cheerfulness and most important of all, his ability to hold his audience interested to the very end in a subject, that, to many of them, at least, must have seemed vague and chimerical.

In concluding this letter, I wish to say that we thank Mr. Burgman for coming here, and we thank the association for helping him to come.

As long as the advancement of mankind and the love of good, wherever found, is a paramount issue—success in everything is sure—advancement is certain. Very truly yours,

E. R. WINGATE.

Spokane, Wash.

"The Conquest of Death" will be out very soon. It is a beautiful thing; the design on the cover represents a woman standing upon an arc of the globe pointing to a star in the distance. The rays of the star have scattered the clouds from the space where she stands, and they are rolling away. It is in silver on a dark background. In one corner are the words, "And a star gleamed the black cloak of the night." The book will contain thirty full page illustrations and some smaller ones. This book is going to make the loveliest Christmas gift and birthday gift that can be thought of, and it is inexpensive too.

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.

WHO WILL ANSWER OUR PRAYER?

A Remarkable Sermon by a Congregational Minister.

[From the Rochester Herald.]

The Rev. William T. Brown of Plymouth Congregational Church preached yesterday morning on the text: "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" The question: "Who will answer our prayer?" was the subject of the discourse. In part he said:

"The one thing that perpetuates prayer in the sense in which that word is used in the Bible is the assumption that there is a Supreme Being who possesses all power, who is able and willing to answer human petitions, and whose one purpose is to do right. The significance of that fact is not due to the mere circumstance that it appears in the Bible. It is due rather to the fact that it still characterizes the bulk of the human race. Mankind cherishes to-day almost as generally as it did two thousand years ago this faith that there is a Supreme Judge who will do right. That is the faith which accounts for these churches and temples scattered by the thousands all over the earth. That faith is implicit in all our religious services, in all the activity of our missionary societies, in almost innumerable actions of our life and customs of our civilization.

"It is hardly necessary to multiply illustrations to establish the truth of this assertion. This is a world of prayer. Our hymns are all prayer. Our Sundays are days of prayer. At least once every seven days millions of voices are mingled together in prayer for almost every conceivable thing.

"And is it not true that nowhere in all human experience is such earnestness, such longing, such whole-souled concentration of mind and will and affections to be found as in this act of prayer? It is at the supreme moments of our life that we pray—at the moments of our highest happiness and at the moment of our deepest sorrow. Here at this very moment, while we are under this roof where hundreds of prayers have been uttered, all over our world are men and women of all races and religions pouring out their souls in an agency of prayer; the millions of starving people in India praying for food; the Boers praying for their independence; the Filipinos praying for deliverance from what they regard as an oppression; fathers and mothers with streaming eyes and breaking hearts beseeching God to spare the lives of their dying loved ones.

"Let it be freely admitted that prayer has fulfilled a useful function in the life of men. No doubt that thousands of men and women have been better for their praying. Prayer has made men brave in battle. It has afforded relief to human hearts in times of sorrow and danger and loss. And yet it rests, as we all know, upon a pure superstition. No amount of praying will make the slightest difference in the lot of the starving people of India. There is no judge of all the earth to do justice for them. They will echo this cry in vain. Millions of them are dying, and many millions more in the years to come are going to die of famine, and their prayers are no more effective than the blowing of the wind. No God can do anything for them. If they are ever to find relief, if they are ever to find the fulfillment of their hopes and prayers that fulfillment must come by human hands. To many millions of them such fulfillment can never come. No God has so far put in an appearance who can hear the cry of starving

India. No God exists who can do anything for them.

"The prayers of the Boers are also vain. Had they not perfected themselves in the use of the rifle, they would have been reduced to subjection long ago. All their praying is of no avail. Their nationality is a thing of the past. No such thing as a Boer republic will ever again be heard of. A few years hence not a hundred men will be found outside the survivors of the two African republics to regret their extinction. The faith of those men is a delusion. No one questions its sincerity. No one will dispute the depth and earnestness of their religion. But it has no foundation laid deep in eternal truth. The God to whom they have prayed does not exist.

"Here are men and women praying for rain, beseeching the Almighty to save them from drought! And they still remain outside our asylums for the insane! Does any one believe their prayers will have the slightest effect on the weather? Certainly not. And yet, it lies within the power of the nation, in the power of organized society and no where else, to determine that question, to answer those prayers. We are only reaping what we have sown. In pursuit of gain we have not hesitated to denude our land of its great forests, and we are slowly coming to see that by that process we are making disastrous changes in the distribution of moisture over this continent. So have flood and drought and cyclone followed in the footsteps of our national avarice, until we find ourselves face to face with many grave problems. But we are also discovering that it is perfectly possible for us to remedy this condition of things and solve our problems.

"We are discovering slowly, and it is entirely probable that we shall in the future make far greater progress in that respect, that man is the real master of nature; that Nature has been waiting for man to assume his rightful place before responding with her greatest resources. No sensible person believes that we have gone beyond the kindergarten stage in the discovery of the forces of this world and in the mastery of those forces. The coming centuries are no doubt to witness the operation of a vaster chemistry than any that has so far been dreamed of. It is a mistake to say that we are the servants of nature. Such a position is contrary to all reason. And we shall sometime know that it is truer that men make climate than that climate makes men. The science of forestry is in the near future to answer our prayers for protection against at least two great calamities. A knowledge of the laws of health and of the laws of sanitation and the establishment of normal and just conditions of labor and recreation and leisure will, beyond all question, solve many another problem over which men and women in other days were accustomed to pray.

"What this world needs to-day, and what each individual in it needs, is sanity and light. We need to put it far from our minds that we are violating some divine law when we affirm the supremacy of man. We are simply asserting the divinest law the human mind can conceive of. We men and women can make the sovereignty of love and the reign of justice a reality. Within ourselves and not elsewhere does that sublimest possibility lie. Not in the skies, nor in life to come, nor in any deputed representative of Jehovah, for no such representative exists or ever did exist, but in humanity. We men and women have it in our power to determine and establish what is right. We men and women are clothed with the only divine attributes that exist or ever can exist. We men and women can answer every genuine prayer that swells in our hearts. We men and women are in our corporate capacity as the people, as humanity, as a nation, as society, the manifestation in time and on the earth of Omnipotence and infinite benevolence. In our hands, on our souls rests all that tremendous responsibility which we have been wont to invest the being of a God with. To human association, and to that alone, are we to look for the accomplishment of any just or loving purpose in this world."

FREEDOM

WEEKLY.

IN AMERICA : : : \$1.00 PER YEAR.
IN EUROPE : : : \$1.50 PER YEAR.

HELEN WILMANS, Editor and Publisher.

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Please take notice that 48 copies count for one year.

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

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

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

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

TO OUR FOREIGN SUBSCRIBERS.

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

CROWDED OUT.

Mr. Post's lecture is crowded out of this week's issue. It will appear in the next.

SOME AFFIRMATIONS: AND OTHERWISE.

"There is no comfort in what you say; I have heard it for years and I am still as far from success as ever."

The above words were in answer to an assurance that persistent efforts in the line of desire would surely culminate in embodiment.

In analyzing the situation, I think the trouble was the absence of a vigorous spirit of growth from within.

The person in question had been a successful school teacher up to five years ago, and when the drought produced crop-failure, and people left the country, many teachers were without work. This one had bought property "on time," and it was not yet paid for. She brooded over the situation and became morbidly anxious. She became so negative, that she would weep over the smallest trouble. Instead of spending her time in enlarging her mental capacity and developing her brain power, she would write articles on the "barbarous cruelty of meat-eating," and would worry over the "awful wickedness of mankind."

Is it not patent that there was a lack of positive drawing force in her mental attitude? She tried to fill several positions, but the tendency to mental "slack-twistedness" that she had allowed, invariably brought such conditions that would leave her "out of a job."

The point to make is this; she recognized and emphasized failure, instead of ignoring it and using the whole thought-force to build a greater capability, and a more positive attracting power. She shut the current of success from her by her attitude of despair.

After a course of mental treatment by a healer, her outlook was entirely changed. The new vibrations infused such vitality and confidence into her mind that she was able to embrace opportunities, and hold an attitude of self poise and strength.

She now understands that all causation is mental.

The following affirmations will bring the right conditions for the fruition of hope.

I deny the influence of any suggestions of fear in any line whatever. Nothing can harm me but myself and I stop all thought that does not build my ideals. I see only success.

I am a product of my thoughts. I now rule all thoughts in harmony with my desires. I consciously hold my mental demands knowing that investiture must follow. Personal embodiment results from identifying the conscious ego with the law of growth.

I will not think of my business ventures, but will think of my strength and freedom on the highest plane of enjoyment. I keep a secure, reposeful realization of a very great demand.

Of course there is a difference in conditions to begin with, but each person has the same tools and material; viz., intelligence and substance, as every other person. Therefore the condition of the work depends altogether on each worker.

The law cannot be imperfect; but inexperience and ignorance will make a shortsighted application.

All persons realize more or less the fact of mental causation, but they will not admit that there is a universal law by which any undesirable condition can be supplanted by a better one.

And this is exactly what those of us are demonstrating who believe the claims of Mental Science. We are proving that poverty and weakness and unhappiness exist only for those who do not raise themselves to a mental plane above the reach of such conditions. We do not have to live where discordant vibrations are operative, after we learn to climb into the high place of harmony. We can consciously ignore the effect of mistaken and experimental thinking in others, as soon as we learn how to produce other effects by a different line of thought.

There are many facts to be taken into consideration in analyzing any particular case. I know one man who kept at low ebb financially because he was "born with an antipathy to anything savoring of a commercial instinct." The idea of working for money was for some reason, abhorrent to him. He finally recognized it as a limitation and set to work to accept the best under the conditions by which he was surrounded, and he soon found more freedom.

Another case was that of a woman who lived in a mental palace. She had great capacity, and made much money as the head of a large business firm, but she could not "keep even" with her expenses. She allowed the pressure of outside forces to keep her on the point of bankruptcy in money matters. She could not refuse the many forms of begging to which such people are exposed. She gave out nerve-force and vitality and

money with such generous prodigality that she almost pauperized herself in every way. This was not justice to herself or to those she tried to benefit. She only delayed the working out of the natural law of growth through experience, by trying to help others.

Ingratitude is simply resenting interference with our right to our own experiences.

One might ask then why we talk and write and use tactics calculated to provoke investigation, and I answer, all is a result of mental demand. The fact that we make mistakes proves that we are growing, and can thus help each other by telling the result of our investigations.

I would like to see every one healthful, strong and happy. I do not like to see them slowly grinding through the same course of discipline which was necessary for the pioneers. Therefore I try to point the way so that they may miss some of the mistakes made by the first explorers.

A man was telling his friend of plans and prospects for future enjoyment in this strain; "Me and the old woman have worked hard all our lives and are getting too old to be much account, so we are taking a trip back East. The old woman has a sister there, who has been sickly a long time and is expected to drop off at any time, and she wants to see her before she dies. We have not seen the folks for twenty-five years, and they are all more or less ailing. We expect to spend a very pleasant summer."

His idea of pleasure was to commiserate people who are already too negative, and to swap "hard-luck" stories.

How much better it would be if his mind would appropriate a new vibration. His health and his surroundings would respond to a change of thinking. It was neither hard work nor poor food that caused his gloomy view of life.

Suppose, instead of dwelling in the negatives he would take sides with a "faith in all things good," and begin to live in a new world, would he not build new tissue into his brain and body?

He certainly would.

This has been demonstrated over and over again, but people will not generate the requisite amount of enthusiasm to apply the principle.

But there are hundreds of men and women who are fifty, sixty or even seventy years old, who are being "born again" and are learning to speak the new language and build themselves over according to a new pattern. They are persons who want to attain the highest possible excellence, and who do not allow prejudice to stand in the way. They keep their power of enjoyment fresh and active by constant exercise. They repudiate past error and ignore all suggestions of fear or limitations. They are careful to keep the bondage of tradition from shutting the door of growth. They know that evolution is a matter of time, and that there is sure to be differences as to individual methods, and each exercises a broad spirit of tolerance and gives his neighbor the privilege to unfold according to the best of his own mind. They keep a few basic principles in mind as a standard by which to try all conditions and circumstances, and theories. They hold fast to the idea of the oneness of every individual with the Eternal Creative Principle. This conduces to a perfect trust in the power of one's mind to rule health or business in harmony with desire.

One mental attitude that makes against the most rapid development is to weight one's self with the feeling that great consequences must follow any action, or that there is some awful responsibility connected with every possible act. This makes much unhappiness. A person will worry about whether it is "right" to do something which he wants to do, and he will psychologize himself into such a state of fear that he will feel as though the consequences of the slightest act will be final and irremediable.

How much more free a person would be in every respect, if he would not bind himself to ideals of devotion or fidelity, and thus wall himself into a condition of limitation. He is jealous, condemnatory, and therefore unhappy.

It does no good to forbid, even to say, "Thou shalt not condemn." I only feel like suggesting the greater feasibility of attaining happiness by another thought attitude.

Those who are not yet ready to forsake the thought-moods that have produced present conditions, will not be benefited by anything we can say. But there are enough who do appropriate every statement that makes towards a higher degree of excellence, and these are the ones to whom we speak our word.

A system of study that teaches you how to have what you want, and not worry about it, ought to be an attractive one. The reason people hesitate is because they do not believe it possible, and the only way to reach the majority is to attend to your own demonstration, and let evolution do its heavier work in its own way. Fortunate is the person who learns to curb his enthusiasm for "uplifting humanity" before he has bankrupted his forces, only to find that it has done no good. Not only will the work be futile, but it will be resented by those for whom it is done.

Each person wants to "see the folly of it too," and will not learn to reason on the relation of cause and effect until he has had experience.

Therefore happy is the "reformer" who quits advocating things before he becomes a martyr.

Each must grow in his own way, however, and there is nothing that is not good.

H. W.

This week's FREEDOM is full of interest. Read all about the Seattle convention of Mental Scientists; it is grand. There never was a time when thought was spreading so rapidly as it is now; and I can tell you that common sense is coming to the front. Out of all the mixture of new ideas that have mistified the public these last twenty years, there has emerged a systematized knowledge based on evolution, and it is called Mental Science; "Mental" because it teaches the powers of the mind; "Science" because it is demonstrated truth. Such being its character it could not be kept back. It has now come to the front as the leader of the new thought. The Seattle convention is really the first organized effort to make it public, and that it was a success there is not a doubt. Much credit is due to Prof. Knox for the result of it; he has our warmest thanks, and our best wishes for future efforts in this line.

H. W.

Have you ordered your palm tree set in the college grounds yet? They are at work setting now.

THE WASTE-PAPER BASKET.

The umbrella tree is a beautiful thing. The spread of the tree is wonderful, and the leaves are so dense you can keep dry under it in a storm about as well as if you were in a house. We heard of a large one that we could get, and sent for it about six weeks ago. It is now growing beautifully. We also got about twenty smaller ones that were put out on the side walk before Claude's house, and before Florence's residence, and also before the handsome store building.

By this time we were so much in love with the trees that we procured a lot of small ones—not being able to get more large ones—and are now setting out a regular nursery of them that we will plant on the college campus next spring. One hundred of these fine trees will make a showing there.

To-day we also have several men putting out palm trees on our home place. We will have forty or fifty of this variety. Last week we planted twenty magnolia trees on the home place also. This will be as many trees as are needed on this place; the effect of this number and the green lawn underneath will be fine.

To-day is the third of July and our people are making arrangements for a great display to-morrow. See how even our celebrations have changed; instead of listening to the reading of the Declaration of Independence, as we used to do, we are going to watch the boys walk a greased pole, extending from the pier out over the ocean; there is a prize attached to the winning of this feat. Of course the contestants will be dressed in bathing suits, and many a plunge into the ocean will they get.

The usual programme in other respects will be followed; the sack races and bicycle races and many other things that I cannot remember. Jessie and Helen Burgman were wondering yesterday what they would wear; last evening Jessie was all equipped, lacking only a hat. She knew just the kind of a hat she wanted, but could not get the material to make it. I would be willing to bet, however, that she will have it on all right when I see her at the pier to-morrow; she is a chip off the old block; no matter where she starts, she gets there.

Anybody can get anywhere if he keeps trying *and knows how*. Both of these things are essential; we must know how to try, and then we must keep trying. This plan will never fail, no matter what the thing attempted may be.

Now, is it not splendid just to think how much we have to hope for, and how little we have to fear? It seems to me that it would be a jolly thing to be "busted," just so I might put my wits to work on something new. There are a good many ways in which I could make a living, and it would not need to be a big business to make me happy. It is as pleasant to accumulate dimes as dollars. Ownership has a charm of its own; it gives one a sense of power. When I lived on the farm it was a lovely thing to hunt the eggs and to count them when preparing them for market. Under the table in the kitchen there were boxes full of them, and in the cupboard there were rolls of yellow butter. These things represented wealth to me quite as much as money does now. A contemplation of them added to my sense of security. Twelve dozen eggs at 15 cents a dozen; thirty pounds of butter at 20 cents a pound. They stood for new shoes for the children and for pretty

calico dresses. I have always loved calico, and I consider myself the best judge of pretty calico of any one I know. But Charley Post won't let me wear calico any more. He says it cheapens my appearance.

[I expect he thinks my appearance is cheap enough at best, but he doesn't say that; he only asks me not to wear cheap dresses.]

The first time I saw him I had on a striped calico dress; he told me afterwards it was ugly enough to put a man's teeth on edge. The strangest thing was that he knew me though he had never seen me or any of my pictures.

It was at a hotel in Chicago. I came down late to breakfast, and the breakfast room was almost deserted. I did not look at him at all, and soon went to my office. Presently the landlord came and told me that there was a "long-legged editor chap" who wanted to see me, and gave me his card. I had heard of him as a very popular writer, but I did not want to see him for all that; however, it was not to my interest to refuse a distinguished person, but I told the landlord to give him a hint not to stay long. I can see him coming into my room now. He was young; his face was boyish; it was an innocent face and showed an expression both of the student and the poet. This was the beginning of our acquaintance. We were married within six months.

4th of July.

This is the morning of the 4th. I have only been up for ten minutes; have heard but one fire cracker. I wonder what is the matter with the boys?

I found out before the day was over; the one store in Sea Breeze had forgotten to lay in a supply.

July 5th.

Well, there surely was a crowd on the beach yesterday; the people began to pour in immediately after the lunch hour. They came in carriages and hacks; a few were on horse back; the great body of the crowd was on bicycles. The crowd was massed in different parts of the grounds; I stood or sat on the pier for an hour watching the boys walk a greased pole extending out over the ocean. Scarcely any of them would go more than a few steps before tumbling into the waves below; they had on bathing suits of the scantest pattern and were in no danger of being hurt or drowned. They were good swimmers, all of them, and evidently enjoyed the sport. At last a fine athletic boy walked half way out and began to slide; he held himself perpendicular and slid to the end. He took the prize, and the greased pole performance gave way to other sports. There were all sorts of racing and many prizes distributed. It was very pleasant to watch the contestants, and we all enjoyed the day very much. We came home about five o'clock, but went back again in the evening to see the fire works and to dance awhile; but the pavilion was too crowded for dancing and I kept off the floor. I was in bed and asleep long before midnight all alone in the new house; I left Charley dancing and having a good time with his other girls. But it is astonishing the way Charley loves the ladies. I suppose he can't help it.

H. W.

P. S. I am aware that this is the stupidest kind of a Waste-Paper Basket, but I am the stupidest kind of a woman this morning, and my readers must excuse me.

Read about the Seattle Convention and see for yourselves how Mental Science is spreading.

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN MENTAL AND CHRISTIAN SCIENCE AS SEEN BY JUDGE HACKWORTH.

COL. C. C. POST:—The following is copy of a letter I have to-day mailed a California friend, who recently requested me to state what difference, if any, there may be between the teachings of Helen Wilmans and Mrs. Eddy, as he had never read the writings of either, except a few copies of FREEDOM I mailed him several months ago, which seemed to interest him.

If you desire it, you may publish the following letter in FREEDOM. Very truly yours,

S. A. HACKWORTH:

HELEN WILMANS VS. MRS. MARY EDDY.

DEAR FRIEND:—I have read with deep interest the writings or doctrines of mind science of both of these remarkable women, and while I do not fully agree in the teachings of either, yet of the two, I regard Helen Wilmans far in advance of Mrs. Eddy. In fact, Helen Wilmans is one of the best thinkers and most logical and consistent writers of advanced thought I have ever investigated. Wherever she tears down old structures of ideas and beliefs she does it most gracefully and builds up better ones in their stead. She tells every one who investigates her teachings they must not accept her ideas without full investigation. She insists that every one shall open wide the doors of his intelligence and follow truth wherever it may lead him, and to follow no teacher blindly. She does not claim to have a God-given patent right to teach certain doctrines nor claim to be the sole possessor of so-called divine truths, but upon the contrary she teaches that all human being of ordinary intelligence can, by relying upon themselves and following their highest desires to know the truth, surely if ever so slowly, climb up each eminence of intelligence to find still more and greater truths shining brightly ahead of them; and thus the search for the truth, the whole truth, will go on forever with us provided we have the faith and unflinching perseverance within ourselves to follow truth. She tells us to care for our so-called mortal bodies, for they are truly the palaces where our minds have been developed, wherein the immortal ego, or soul, or inner life dwells; therefore if we keep our bodies clean, strong and healthy, our souls, or egos, may dwell on forever in perfect harmony with our bodies. But she frankly confesses she does not know how nor in what manner our egos or souls are to live on forever without our bodies, and for that reason she says we should use our best efforts to keep soul and body together as long as possible.

Upon the other hand, Mrs. Eddy teaches our bodies are, in fact, a myth, or perhaps a prison of the soul or immortal mind which is always on the alert to free itself from the mortal body—in fact, we should deny our mortal bodies in order to free ourselves from disease and all ills of mortal life the flesh is heir to. She alleges she has the God-given patent right to all divine truth, which can only be secured by others in and through acknowledgment that she first found and discovered such divine truths, and to deny this is an unardonable sin and an infringement upon her God-given patent rights. To clinch this claim and for the further purpose of perpetuating her name and doctrines, she forbids followers from free investigation of other doctrines or principles of belief, which she boldly says are all false, and their investigation will confuse and probably prevent the full acceptance of her claims. She is correct in her surmises, because, for no one more fully realizes than Mrs. Eddy, how fatal fair investigation will be to her doctrines. No false or absurd doctrine of belief can withstand the full light of reason and fair investigation, and the most conclusive evidence of the falsity of any formulated principles of religion or politics is where its promoters and leaders do all they can to prevent investigation of their doctrines by their fol-

lowers. Slavery was long perpetuated in the Southern states because our people were taught from their infancy to old age, it was a divine right, nor was any one permitted to live in the South who opposed it. A large majority of our southern people vote the Democratic ticket because they only read their party organs. All error lives and thrives in darkness, for it cannot withstand the search-light of reason.

During the dark age of Europe, one of the Romish Popes was petitioned to permit his educated priests to establish free schools in Italy and Spain, which he indignantly refused to do, and said: "Ignorance is the mother of devotion; educate the people and they will cease to be devout Catholics." The most ignorant followers of all religions are usually the most devout, and can easily be stirred up to fanaticism and violence by their Priests and leaders. China is at war with all Europe because her Priests and rulers fully realize their power and influence cannot withstand Christian civilization. It matters not how much any one may differ with Helen Wilmans, she does not hate nor abuse him, but quietly courts and invites fair and full investigation of her writings; and for this reason, coupled with the wonderful powers of her intellect, I love her and hope she may live on forever, growing more beautiful in body and more vigorous in heart and brain, day by day, so she may ever continue to turn on the strong search light of reason by full, free and fair investigation upon error wherever she may find it. I can in this letter give you but a faint idea of her writings, and I therefore beg you to buy her twenty lessons in Mental Science and subscribe for her journal FREEDOM, published at Sea Breeze, Florida. They will help you become a more intelligent Christian and to better understand the Bible. Your friend,

S. A. HACKWORTH,
Galveston, Texas.

A TREE FOR THE BABY.

Alice M. Jones, Edmonds, Wash., sends two dollars, and wants George Stewart Jones' (G. S. J.) initials put on one of the palmetto trees. He is one week old, and the first boy in the family.

COLLEGE FUND.

Amount previously reported.....	\$2,405.00
David Hoyle.....	5.00
Mrs. G. E. G. de Borges.....	5.00
Total to date.....	\$2,415.00

TREE FUND.

P. R. Skinner.....	\$2.00
N. I. Craft.....	2.00
George S. Jones (baby).....	2.00
Mary Dawson.....	2.00
I. W. Dawson.....	2.00
Mrs. G. E. G. de Borges.....	2.00

MAN, KNOW THYSELF.

O! wondrous creed that banishes despair,
That bids us gird our loins and seek the fray,
Proudly convinced that we shall win the day:
That sends us out into the world to dare
And execute great deeds and actions rare.
It drives the dread miasmatic doubts away.
The mists disperse wherein we used to stray,
Leaving life's steep and toil-worn pathway fair.
Man, know thyself! Thy latent powers know!
And this dynamic force of faith shall grow
Unto the glory of thy creed and thee.
For fierce resolve shall set thine eyes aglow,
Already canst thou see the vanquished foe,
And hear the plaudits of a world set free.

R. H. ASHCROFT.

CHRISTIANITY AND ASTROLOGY.

The Rev. Francis Edgar Mason, pastor of the First Church of Christ, Bedford avenue and Madison street, held a question and answer service yesterday morning. The following question was among the number: "Is the present metaphysical tendency antagonistic to Christianity?" Mr. Mason answered in part as follows: "Religions are survivals. All are practically the same. Trace the history of religion back as far as you may and you will find that all have the same emotions, sentiments, aspirations and hopes. Christianity is the sum total of all religions, yet its every tenet is borrowed from the past. Religion is a golden thread running through life. Religions are knots tied in the thread. Jesus Christ, the light of the world, is an evolution from astrological belief of thousands of years ago. The sun worshippers revered the sun that "lighteth everyone who cometh into the world." The twelve apostles were figures of the twelve months of the year. Judas represents the month of February, which, not having its full complement of days, is a suicide month, deprived of its full period of life. Matthew, Mark, Luke and John represent the four seasons, spring, summer, autumn and winter. The crucifixion is the sign of approaching winter, when the sunshine is entombed in winter days. The three days in the tomb are symbolical of the three months of dreary desolation, when the world is clothed in barrenness. The resurrection denotes the return of spring with its bud, blossom and sunshine. All of the tenets of modern Christianity are borrowed from this remote source. The three magi who came to the infant Jesus represent the introduction of ancient ideas into Christianity. Jesus was first seen in the sky by the shepherds. He ascended into the sky at the resurrection, both of which attest to the figures of astrological belief. The tendency of Christianity to-day to relegate heaven to the sky carries out this same figure. Christianity commenced in the sky and ended in the sky. It is of astrological extraction. Christian metaphysics will wrest these issues from the sky and reduce them to practical levels. It will take man as it finds him, irrespective of the past or future, and transform him into the living embodiment of the Christ. There is no superior or supreme man in this universe. All have the same possibilities, all are endowed alike with spiritual power and prerogative. Jesus Christ is merely the type of generic humanity, showing what there is in man. All can be like him. All that man needs is development along spiritual lines. He must exchange sentiment for science and tradition for truth. The Christ will be an actual demonstration when we embody him, and never before. He will remain an idol in the sky until we become like him. We can know Him only as we experience Him inwardly. This is the mission of Christian metaphysics."—*N. Y. Daily.*

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We have in this book something profitable for the agent, for there is no book more popular than "a dollar book." Taking into consideration the large sale of this book in its cheaper form, and the reputation already gained, it will be a harvest for the agent who will devote his time to selling the cloth-bound "Conquest of Poverty." Many who have bought the paper book will be glad to purchase the cloth, with its handsome cover and illustrations.

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APPENDICITIS AT SQUAWVILLE.

oker Johnson got a droopin' in a most peculiar way, at around the jag emporiums half a-sleepin' every day; idn't have a durned ambition nor a impulse 'cept to snooze
n' occasionally brighten his vitality with booze.
hen we'd ask about the trouble he would say he didn't know
hat the dickens was the ailment a collapsin' of him so. n' his woman got' oneasy that he'd fly the mortal track—
ot a askin' other wimmin if she'd look all right in black.
r. Slaughter diagnosed him, but he couldn't quite decide
hat disease he'd ort to call it, so he sent to Telluride for a medico to hold a consultation on the case
n' endeavor to diskiver what had knocked Poke off his base.
their skilled deliberations they agreed without a doubt
hat his uniform appendix was a knockin' of him out, n', to place him in position fur to hold a cinch on life, they would have to go prospectin' fur the trouble with the knife.
ot havin' anesthetics, they jest filled him full o' booze
ll his sensitiveness vanished in a paralytic snooze,
n' they both was somewhat startled when they laid his innards bare
ur to find that the appendix they was huntin' wasn't there!
hen they thought it was his liver, an' they tuk a peep at that,
ut 'twas healthy, an' his heart was not degeneratin' fat;
n' they monkeyed with his stomach an' the organs 'round about,
ut they couldn't find no ailment that demanded cuttin' out.
hen the coroner came over fur to sit on what was left of the mangled late lamented, an' to sort o' feel the heft of the evidence submitted, he had deemed it wise to bring
medicinary expert to investigate the thing.
fter hearin' all the symptoms, an' a lookin' 'round inside
f the physical construction of the corpse, he testified
hat the trouble was spring fever, an' he'd lost what life he had
rough a brace of ancient butchers chasin' up a modern
fad.

—Denver Post

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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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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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,
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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,
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When I first came into a knowledge of the power of mind to control matter I said to myself, if there is anything in this thought for me it must express itself in money. I am tired of being poor. Poverty is a bitter thing, and it is natural that we should desire to get away from it. I wanted freedom, and no person can be free who is in the thralls of poverty.

I began to think along the lines that develop the qualities I have enumerated until I became like a giant in that one particular form of power. I spent years in earnest study before I felt myself so fully developed that I could impart it with certainty; but now my treatments in this line are successful; and not in a single instance have I had a complaint from a patient.

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Helen Wilmans,
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