

# FREEDOM

A JOURNAL OF REALISTIC IDEALISM.

*He who dares assert the I  
May calmly wait  
While hurrying fate  
Meets his demands with sure supply.*—HELEN WILMANS.

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

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## PERPETUAL YOUTH.

BY W. J. COLVILLE.

[Concluded from last issue.]

It is not work, but needless worry, which wastes bodily tissue, enfeebles the nerves, and brings about a generally wretched sense of weakness and discontent, under which a great proportion of workers groan to-day. They fancy they are "laborers" and call themselves by that opprobrious title. All trades and professions, as well as every kind of domestic exertion, should be included under the common head of work; then the word *labor* could be assigned to its proper place in the vocabulary of pathology, and held there. Note the gospel use of these terms: "Come unto me all ye that *labor* and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest;" "Go *work* in my vineyard;" "My father worketh hitherto, and I work;" and in the Apocalypse; "They may rest from their *labors*, and their *works* do follow them."

The importance of a right understanding of this subject is so imperative, that without such knowledge it would be impossible to make any considerable headway in a course of practical metaphysical instruction. Let any speaker deliver a powerful address of more than an hour's duration, and many of his friends take it for granted that he must have become very tired, and that a repetition of the effort before a new audience, except after a long interval of rest, would be painful and perhaps dangerously exhausting; yet there is not the slightest physiological ground for such an assumption. The preacher or lecturer who travels during two or three summer months and gathers a fund of information on his journey, is performing a normal act and makes a sensible use of a rational vacation; but whoever thinks it necessary for his health, to suspend activity for six weeks or more every year, is under an absurd delusion.

The school-teacher who meets her class on Monday morning, dreading the effect upon her nerves of the next five days' work, throws out into the schoolroom and over the scholars so depressing and vitiating an influence, that fault-finding and gloom are the chief ingredients of the mental atmosphere, inclining all to be restive, fractious and complaining. On the other hand, if she were to meet her pupils with a sunny smile and a bright expectation of pleasant experiences, she would produce a state of feeling in her classroom, so promotive of good feeling that teacher and scholars would feel glad to assemble and unwilling to depart from each other, or discontinue their work.

That greatly misunderstood faculty, memory, is largely the cause of premature decline of all our faculties.

Judging the future by the past is very poor policy, unless one is well versed in evolution and agrees with Whittier in his hopeful forecast for the days to come. "Hoping for the best but dreading the worst," is the mental attitude of millions, who neutralize the good of their hope by the folly of their dread. It is impossible to serve two masters, and no two can be more diametrically opposed than dread and hope. Anticipation of coming trouble brings to pass the very calamities we fear most; for by brooding over a thing we generate the conditions for its ultimatum. Swedenborg has given us volames in a sentence, in his masterly declaration: "Thought gives presence; love gives conjunction." Whatever we think about we produce within us and attract to us, and the more we dislike the approach of any symptom, the more surely and quickly do we draw it to us or express it from within us, if we continually meditate upon its forthcoming appearance.

Now that the law of hereditary transmission is so much discussed, it is well to consider frankly what are the true inferences from heredity as opposed to popular fallacies concerning it. In the first place, let us once for all admit that though hereditary tendencies of the darker sort are transmissible, yet real power is invariably on the side of all that makes for righteousness (rightness.) It consequently follows, that instead of a rational view of heredity tending to lead up to the depressing conclusion that kleptomania, dipsomania, and other aberrant tendencies are most readily transmitted, we are compelled to decide that the very opposite traits are the more easily and persistently handed on from generation to generation.

The truth of this central position cannot be challenged by any careful student of Darwin, Wallace, Weissman, or any other nineteenth century expert; but there are many ostensible facts which appear to support the pessimistic fallacy that evil tendencies and weaknesses are the most readily transmitted. These facts are in all instances superficial, and they can easily be remedied if we but set ourselves to work deliberately to change our attitude toward the prevailing misdirected sentiment.

Common expectation is answerable for a great deal of public and private misery. As it is always much easier, psychically as well as physically, instead of rowing against the flowing tide to drift with it, regardless whether it may be running, we find ourselves borne by prevailing currents of belief into the quicksands of many false opinions. Individualization is the key to power, and until we have resolutely determined to think our own thoughts and embody them in our own personalities, we shall show forth far more of the gen-

eral expectancy of the period than any special state which answers to our own determinate resolve. To regenerate a wasted organism, may be a more difficult task than to prevent deterioration before it has set in, but regeneration can be accomplished.

Among many valuable scientific works dealing with the relation between the spiritual and the physical, may be instanced Camille Flammarion's treatise, *Dieu dans la Nature* (God in Nature) in which he declares that the old seven-year limit is not scientific, for the physical body can be entirely reconstructed in even less than one year. Some parts of the original structure can be thoroughly remodelled within thirty days, and those parts of the frame which take longest to transform are susceptible of complete renewal in a little over eleven months.

If such statements, coming as they do from world-renowned scientists, are credible, then what becomes of the stupid belief—alas! so prevalent—that if we have once lost anything of our pristine freshness it is irrecoverable? The origin of this absurdity can only be fairly traced to an abnormal mental state which dwells constantly upon losses and pronounces them irretrievable.

To bring about a state of renewed youth, it is necessary to return to the view of life which was ours in youth—not, indeed, to go back to intellectual infancy, but to fulfill the spirit of the gospel words, "Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." The singular beauty and impressiveness of the child-like nature consists in this: that it takes every day as it comes and makes the most of it, all the while looking forward to a higher state and confidently expecting its realization.

Two other states of mind are absolutely necessary alike to the retention and restoration of youth: first, a quiet and contented spirit, so grounded in true optimism that it sees the good in every experience and gathers joy and satisfaction from every changing scene; and secondly, a confident and aspiring temperament which sees through the veil of the present a far more glorious future, and instead of complaining of immediate circumstances as if they were detrimental to progress, sees in every phase of environment a means of passing to a higher state.

To take old duties in a new way; to re-name seeming obstacles and call them privileges and opportunities; to resolve to find the good of which we are in search, through the medium of common occurrences; in a word, to take an altered stand with reference to all people and things about us; and that stand, a bright and hopeful one, is to drive away the furrows of care which have already creased our cheeks; to keep away the coming wrinkles; and best of all, to prevent the embittering of life, which is the secret spring whence all decrepitude proceeds. Youthful thought alone makes possible a youthful body, and young thought is always hopeful and aspiring.

Though the Roman Pontiff is now over ninety years of age he has recently remarked to a physician, that he feels as though he were possessed of wings, a saying which goes far to prove that his singularly abstemious mode of life, together with his highly mental temperament, must have proved extremely conducive to his longevity. Youth is far more a matter of feeling than

of appearance, because the hall marks of youth are inward buoyancy, hopefulness, courage, and mental as well as physical, elasticity.

It is certainly desirable to get rid of wrinkles and form a third set of teeth, if the second set of molars have decayed or been extracted, and it may also be pleasant to see one's head gradually covering over with a young, fresh crop of black, brown, or golden hair, after thin gray locks or false tresses have long constituted one's hirsute adornment; but these integuments and appendages can never be of the highest moment, because it is not impossible by outward artifices to successfully substitute for such deficiencies in natural charm and appliances for comfort.

How we feel, must ever be the most momentous question, because our inward feelings are the true measure of our working capacity, and also of our sense of satisfaction with the world around us. Undue solicitude concerning appearances must always act deleteriously upon the physical organism, because every kind of anxious thought debilitates the frame and prevents harmonious reconstitution of continually changing tissue.

Eminent philosophers have often preserved their working capacities till a very advanced age, largely on account of their most unusual freedom from care concerning external matters. The philosophic temper is certainly the healthiest temper because it is the calmest and most equable. The words temper and temperament, derived as they are from the Latin *tempus* and Italian *tempo*, meaning time, properly refer to rate of motion and consequently to comparative rapidity of vibration in the organism. Persons whose blood circulates very quickly need more sleep and more pronounced intervals of rest during working hours, than those whose blood moves more sluggishly.

The Jewish Sabbath law has had a great deal to do with the constitutional vigor of the Hebrew race during many centuries, because it has secured to all the orthodox in Israel, complete periods of rest at frequent intervals, which is a great necessity for a proverbially nervous people. To rest, mentally, before going to sleep is very necessary for all who wish to preserve and renew youth, as such rest gives the keynote to the night's repose and effectually banishes all tendencies to broken slumber, troublesome dreams and nightmare. As we grow into quieter and more confident modes of thinking, we shall find our bodies growing steadily healthier and more beautiful. The flesh is always the last thing to get out of order, so it is the latest to come into order. When we refuse to entertain old thoughts and give up indulgence in stale practices which are the inevitable concomitants and results thereof, we shall witness with surprised delight a continual renewal of our bodily frames. Nothing but fixed race belief in unnecessary limitations prevents a renewal of youth, even in what is now called extreme old age. Mental Science must light the road in this, as in all other matters, because it is only from within that any real growth or lasting progress can be effected.

"I am growing younger day by day," is a good sentence to head a profitable meditation. Take no notice of the crow's foot or gray hairs which may have already put in an appearance, and these will gradually fade out as mysteriously as they came. Renewal of the physi-

cal structure is sure to follow upon remodelment of thought. Whatever brightens life and awakens interest in healthy occupation acts beneficially upon the digestive or distributive system in our economy, thereby eliminating from the blood whatever impairs the beneficent work of perpetual orderly transformation. We can never be really any older than we think or feel.

### PERPETUAL RENEWAL.

In the *Daily Mail*, of London, England, a very interesting article appeared recently, from which we give the following extract:

"There is absolutely no physiological reason why people who escape disease and accident, should die at all. Those who gradually wear out and die of old age, succumb to a long course of food which was not exactly what their body required. Comparison of the human body with any machine serves to prove this statement. Both the body and a saw, for example, wear out by their daily work. No art can replace the particles removed from the saw, and so a time arrives when it is completely worn out. But in the body, the moment a particle of brain, nerve, or muscle is worn out, it is replaced by a perfectly new particle. As a rule, this new particle is exactly similar to, and quite as good as, the old one. If this was so in every case, then our bodies would be immortal. But it is not so in every case. Now and again a defective brick replaces a sound one in the human edifice, till at length, so many defective bricks are intercalated that the whole edifice collapses. \* \* \* A healthy blood vessel is very elastic and allows the blood to flow freely through it. But in old age the vessels become hard and unyielding, their bore is diminished and the blood stream is lessened. This results from the presence in their walls, of lime, and the consequence is that neither brain nor muscles, liver nor lungs, receive sufficient nourishment, and life goes out like the light of a lamp without oil.

The calcification of the arteries occurs very slowly, for the blood has the power of absorbing the pure water only and rejecting the lime. But now and again it lets a small quantity in by accident, and a gradual accumulation occurs in all the tissues of the body.

In all our food and drink, there are those elements present, which if taken and retained in the physical system will bring about the calcification of the arteries, resulting in old age and its consummation—somatic death. It is therefore impossible to prevent such elements from being taken into our bodies. But our nature is so constituted that we may train ourselves to reject from the system all such material that is unnecessary and harmful in the rebuilding of the body.

The exact requirement for this work is a process that will separate the necessary elements from those of a deteriorating nature. The human body when under the control of a mind which is consciously expressing its natural power, is a perfect machine for this separating process. Each of us possess at the present moment the machinery which is capable of perpetually renewing the body. An immortal body is therefore possible.

The loss of the physical body is occasioned by failure to co-operate with the forces of renewal. So ignorant has mankind been of this law, that the mind has actually resisted the process of renewal. Even those who

have actually taught the fact of physical renewal have failed to realize that as a consequence of this renewal, their bodies are continually made new. In violation of all logic, they made the passing years indicate in their consciousness, the age of the body.

Let a skilled hypnotist place a light burden upon the back of his subject. It may be so light that he can walk freely, scarcely conscious of its presence. Then let the operator suggest that the burden is gradually growing heavier "It is becoming very heavy—heavy like iron. You can no longer support it, but sink beneath the heavy load" suggests the operator. No actual weight is added, yet under the influence of mental suggestion, the subject can be made to sink down exhausted by the imaginary load.

Let us apply this illustration to the question of bodily age. Failing to recognize the renewed condition of the body, we suggest continually that the body is gradually growing older. This is not merely an occasional suggestion. The race consciousness is always in this attitude. What is the result of this? The inevitable result is that the vital forces sink beneath the imaginary load of an ever aging body. Very soon the delicate equilibrium of the physical system is destroyed. New and perfect atoms fail to be substituted for the old ones. The system is then unable to dispose of those substances that clog the system and bring old age.

Through the beautiful processes of nature, we are continually made new. Were we fully conscious of this newness throughout our entire being—this complete absence of physical and mental age, our system would always be able to cast away the dross that would otherwise accumulate and clog the machinery of the body. The scavenger and the builder are at work in the body. Death, the scavenger, is removing the old, and constant rebirth is building the new.

The secret of health, happiness and perpetual youth, is to intelligently co-operate and thereby harmonize with all the forces that are in operation. Ignorant resistance brings friction, wear and disease; whilst an intelligent perception of the friendliness of natural forces, brings harmony, unison and health. The time is quickly coming when old age and the loss of the body, will cease. The wrinkled face, the snowy hair, the dim eyes, and the bent form will be known only from the history of the past. The passing of years, or even of untold centuries, will not destroy the bloom of health upon the cheek, the sweet contour of youth, nor the glad energy of perfect health."

### SELF-TREATMENT

BY HELEN WILMANS.

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## HAPPINESS.

Man's quest for happiness was ancient history centuries ago.

He finally came to the conclusion that there was no rose without thorns.

All attainments in the line of pleasure were so over-balanced by the consequences of an opposite character, that he has said; "Life is a mockery."

Hundreds of generations have taken their turn at solving the riddle.

Sometimes would appear an individual embodiment of the hopes of mankind in a degree that would seem to promise relief from the strain of unhappiness; but as often would man fail to appropriate the knowledge necessary for satisfaction.

Of course happiness is a relative term, and depends on the degree of intelligence of each person.

But what I want especially to talk of is the possibility of the modern, twentieth century human being with ordinary capacity, being able to so order his life as to avoid the usual fears and anxieties and pains.

By far the larger part of humanity is in a vibration of uncertainty with regard to health. Nearly every one thinks he has some organ that functions imperfectly, and that if he has not at present an organic disease, the tendency is towards developing one.

As long as this state of mind obtains, there will be an absence of that repose and confidence which is necessary to happiness.

Even those people who have reached the age of forty or fifty, in what they call a reasonable state of preservation, and who have been successful in gaining enough money to do what they think is reasonable to wish to do, can be improved by establishing a more unlimited possibility. If a man fifty years old has always been well and successful, he certainly could not be happy in seeing his body become weak and his mental energy diminish.

In considering the question of happiness, we find that there are many points of view. What people of one age of the world consider the highest happiness, is not enjoyed at all by those of a different age: also of different countries of the same age, and different people of the same country.

Then, what is of still more importance to the individual while he is prospecting for a basis on which to rest his line of reasoning, is the fact that every person's ideal of happiness changes in proportion to his state of intelligence. When he understands this, he will follow every impulse or desire until he proves whether it is the right road to happiness at that time. Then it will not be possible for him to think afterwards that he had failed to appropriate something that might have been a means of new knowledge. If he finds that what seemed to promise happiness was an illusion, he is better off than if he had remained in the delusion that he had missed a prospect.

I know a woman of sixty years who says she believes all we say about the power of mind, because her own life has been a perfect demonstration of our claims. But she says now, since her friends of youth are dead, and she knows no one with whom she can feel the same kinship and community of interest, she is not sure she would find her happiness in physical immortality. She

has been happy all her life by enjoying each phase as it presented itself. She put her intelligence to almost every test, and she proved her courage in almost every way, whether it had ever been attempted before or not. Born of Quaker stock, she studied Darwin until she became a Materialist and later a student of Theosophy. Always, she believed in the duty of personal investigation and proof of any doctrine, and in each one's right to follow his own view with regard to his own happiness.

After the Civil war she was sent to the South as a missionary; then she was married and went to one of the western states, and had the usual experiences of a pioneer woman. After she was forty years old and her children were grown, she went to Europe to study art; and she succeeded in achieving a degree of excellence in a period of five years' work, to enable her to be admitted to exhibit at the *Salon* in Paris. Her money running short before her studies were finished, she returned to America and earned \$500 in two years, teaching French to prospective visitors to the Paris fair.

I am telling facts and figures instead of making general statements, because I want to show that happiness is within the grasp of any one on any plane, provided he uses his brains.

The woman of whom I have been speaking is still as straight and plump as a girl of twenty, has no gray hairs, has the same force and vitality about her work that she has shown since the beginning, has the same zest in hunting down a new idea. Having known by experience almost the whole gamut of human vibration, life seems to have but little more to offer. She knows there is nothing to fear and nothing to be surprised at. She is healthful and does not intend to commit suicide, but she seems to feel as though life is an old affair that has had most of its usefulness exhausted. She dwells on the memory of those whose lives were once interwoven with her life, and wonders where they are and if she will not find out sooner and more surely by following them.

I consider it her weak point, that idea of allowing such feelings to dominate the mind. If it were not for that, she would be now ready to use the marvelous knowledge gathered by half a century of study, to try to find a way to preserve her individuality indefinitely, and still learn of her friends who are no longer externalized.

It seems nobler to me to want to learn how to keep consciousness intact, even if one has exhausted everything of interest on this planet, than to acknowledge that readiness to quit and go into the darkness willingly. A Mental Scientist can never exhaust his interest in any line until he has conquered. To die is not to conquer. Also there are many lesser enigmas unsolved that are worth one's attention. Therefore, after a long life of happiness in so many ways, it seems foolish and inconsistent for the woman in question to take the stand, that to conquer death is not the highest good.

The real, deep serenity that is not a temporary psychological delusion, cannot exist otherwise than as a result of positive conviction of power, based on past proof.

There can be a strong belief in duty or in devotion to some cause, that will lead one to be a martyr, and

he will consider himself supremely happy. But that belongs to a condition of either superstition or ignorance, and I do not recognize it as a possibility for a Mental Scientist. The happiness that consists in submission, and in endurance of the miseries and discords of life, is not what I call real happiness.

We claim to have found a higher altitude that is above suffering. We claim that even under existing social and political conditions there is a possibility of evolving to realization of a harmonious unity, and that this realization will constitute a condition of complete happiness.

From this standpoint we see the universe as a whole, in which individuals are simply points of growing intelligence. We see that people are unhappy, principally because they magnify details; and let the entire consciousness be filled with some thought or feeling that excludes a broad optimistic view.

Perhaps some one will say, "These theories are all right on paper, but what would you do if your plans failed, and promises that you had depended on were broken, and you were turned into the street because you could not pay your rent? Or if you were sick and fate seemed against you in every possible way, could you raise your mental powers into a state of equilibrium and repose in which anxiety and suffering would be a foreign factor?"

To answer this it is only necessary to say that such circumstances come on a plane below that of any one who has an understanding of mental laws.

But for one who is still in the vibration of discord, he must feel, while he is going through the experiences of suffering, that it is but a result of influences dating back to a time of still greater ignorance, and that its duration will lessen in proportion as he comes into an intelligent understanding of the situation.

When one is disappointed in the fruition of his hopes, he has simply had a strong stimulant applied to his will power. He has an opportunity of acquiring a deeper vitality by the effort of conquering. After he has gained this vitality, his organism will be positive to such vibrations, and therefore, he is beyond the reach of any necessity for more education of the same character. Instead of being overwhelmed by fearful emergencies, he will produce a congestion of intelligence in his brain, that will make smooth the path to the attainment of every desire.

No one can study humanity and watch the increase of intelligence, and not recognize the certainty of ultimate conquest of all unhappiness. The very fact that faith in old ideas is failing to hold mankind, proves that there can only be progress as a promise for the future.

The anguish that now is caused by the injustices and hates of the world, will diminish gradually as the ideals of truth become established.

At present our highest happiness must come through attaining the wisdom that holds the mind superior to the details which usually cause suffering. The knowledge that there is only life in all the universe, and that the intelligent will is master of this life, will produce a feeling of personal authority that allows one to contemplate the struggle for wealth or for political or social position, and remain unmoved by either success or failure.

For these of us who are ready to leave the past errors

that have been our standard, there will be no deception concerning any possible risk involved in putting all hopes to an immediate test.

In order to discover your own power to express harmony through the compulsion of a mental demand, it is only necessary to establish a habit of thought that excludes all belief in limitation. It is thought that infuses the body with fresh vitality. It is thought that brings the supreme consciousness of health and mastery.

Therefore, we plead for the best development of the thinking faculties as a means of happiness.

A fluctuating mental attitude that results from a narrow view and a feeble development of the intelligence, is not conducive to happiness.

Let us keep a rational standpoint and practice the methods of thought-development that lead us in the direction of more freedom and greater vitality. This cannot land us far from happiness, because when one feels himself pushed forward by a great inner strength, he may know he is beyond the plane of mere externals; that is, he is where the factor of the higher intellectual powers is being manifested, and his happiness will consist in interior growth more than in exclusive attention to passing ambitions.

A. Z. MAHORNEY.

### THE MEDICAL BILL.

[Ed. It is too late to write on this subject now, but this letter, which is from a distinguished man and a minister, is a very just thing.]

One of the fundamental principles of Mental Science is, to ascribe good motives to men, when it is sufficient to account for their conduct and does not involve an absurdity. Therefore, we must give the Florida medical society the credit of being moved by laudable motives *in re* the proposed legislation to regulate the practice of healing.

But it is seriously to be doubted whether in the whole history of human thought and conduct an entirely pure motive has ever existed. Some motives are better than others; none are entirely good. Just as water will refract a ray of light and deflect it from a straight line, so there is in every one a personal bias which will deflect the noblest motive in the direction of self-preservation or self-interest. It is simply impossible for us to get rid of this bias, as Herbert Spencer has very lucidly demonstrated in his "Social Statics."

The taint (?) of selfishness and the influence of bias, ever present in all human thought and desire, not only impair the purity of motives, but also are constantly in danger of doing the same thing for the correctness of judgment. And while not presuming to question the motives of "Regular" physicians, I, for one, do question their wisdom in seeking to have a law enacted to do that which cannot be done, and if done, would ultimately injure the doctors as seriously as any other class.

The mental climate of the United States of America is the most unpropitious in the world for the successful growth of any movement whose purpose is to interfere with a man's personal liberty, and check the progress of those investigations which people of brain and courage are making on all questions old and new; sifting out and casting aside every method, system and belief

which are proved to be false, dangerous or useless. The only choice we have is either to "climb up into the band wagon" and go with those at the head of the procession, or get run out and left behind unseen, unnoticed strugglers in the rear.

No one entertains a more profound respect for the medical profession than I do. For thirty years I have been so situated as to be able to observe and to be impressed by the devotion of physicians in the relief of human suffering; that they are always ready to answer sick calls, no matter how dark and cold and stormy the night may be, often enduring physical discomfort and suffering to attend a patient from whom they expect never to collect one dollar.

But it is strange that some of them, with all their reading and observation, have not absorbed and assimilated some of the plainest facts, the most palpable truths.

If they will stop and reflect, they will perceive that from the earliest dates of the history of the use of therapeutical agencies for the cure of disease, some physicians have fought every new school and remedy and practice that opposed their views, their method of practice and accepted theories. Mental Science, Christian Science, etc., are not the only things they have "pitched into". May be it is just a habit they have acquired by practice! (No pun intended.) They contend not only against the new healing treatments of to-day, but are equally hostile to the theories and remedies adopted by their own school of fifty years ago. Patent and proprietary medicines received their full share of opposition, and the manner in which they are now "going for" present new schools of thought, is mild as compared with the war waged against the homeopathic school of medicine about twenty-five years ago.

Another plain fact it seems to me they ought to have noticed, viz: they have lost nearly every fight they ever engaged in against the new things. I believe homeopathic doctors are still numerous in the business, and universally respected. The shelves of every drug store are filled with a bewildering array of patent medicines. Very often one notices a doctor's name on the sign-board over the door, indicating his ownership of the drug store; and I have seen regular physicians behind their own counters selling patent medicines, perhaps selling as much of the patented drugs as of those which they personally prescribed.

One more fact I will mention, namely, that the physicians themselves for years have recognized the power of the mind over the body in the cure of disease, and have come not a little to make this fact known; not thinking where it would lead. Take things altogether, it is quite apparent that Mental Science is safe. It has been a growing power for years and it will continue to grow, until the drug business will be a very unsatisfactory one as a money-maker. The regular doctors will some day realize that they are in error in trying to force progressive thought to a halt. There is a noble profession and adorned by many noble men. All that is necessary is for them to carefully review the history of thought and past progress, and reflect.

I cannot believe that the Legislature will pass that bill. But in any case I wish I felt as certain of my own personal power, as I am of the fact that Mental Science is destined to be the only great power on earth for the relief of all disease and unhappiness, that even the Regulars eventually will join those who will rise up and call it blessed.

JEPPIEL.

### A VOICE FROM A LONG WAY OFF.

MY DEAR MRS. WILMANS:—I am getting on famously. I am busy every moment. I have given a new impetus to higher thought here. I started people thinking on Mental Science lines and I am astonished at the result. I am now sought after and asked everywhere. I am quite fashionable. I have started a course of four lectures. First, Health; second, Beauty; third, Affluence; fourth, Perfect Happiness. I have given the first, and you know what a first would necessarily be like. I could have done so much better, but it was liked by the best people. They are coming to the next to-night and going to bring some friends. I will do much better, and more will come to the third. I am going to give scientists such a taste for Mental Science that the whole of the higher thought people will be blended into one, instead of—as now—divided into little jealous sects. I have just this moment got an invitation from the president of the Women's Literary Society; she is a Mental Scientist; about the only real one I have met, and she has asked me to speak at their next meeting to-morrow afternoon. The secretary of the Metaphysical Society has asked me to take one meeting there on Thursday week. I hesitated because they have been brought up on Mrs. Eddy's "Science and Health," by Dr. and Mrs. Mills, and so I said plainly, "I am a Mental Scientist; I am not an Eddyite; I may say things that will be against your teaching." That did not put him off; he said, "You shall speak on what you like if you will come." So there was nothing to do but accept the chair. And now I am glad because I have felt all along that they needed waking up. I have felt that they were all going to sleep, and I wanted to go to sleep too when I was among them; but I will wake them up. I know you will like to know all this. I owe it all to you, for you "opened my eyes that I could see." There was a young man who came out on the ship with me, to whom I could talk Mental Science; he was just ready to accept all I could tell him; he got off at Melbourne with a bundle of my old FREEDOMS to read and digest. Well, he went to his relations in Tasmania, but he is back here now. He said they were all asleep there and he must be getting on. I will help him and in time he will become a powerful worker for the cause. I asked him to dine here with me and tell me all his news. He has greatly improved since he left me at the ship. Last night I took him and introduced him to some of the higher thought people; he bought your Home Course straight away; so you see he is in earnest.

I am so happy in all the good I can be doing; I can work heart and soul for the cause; it is good; it is inspiring; it is lovely; it is full of love. I can't write nicely as yet, but I will improve in time. You will help me and I will help everybody I can. I wrote you a card last week asking you to send me some FREEDOMS to distribute. I want to give them an appetite for your paper and books. So if you have not yet done so, send me some.

L. S.,

Sydney, New South Wales.

### A GOOD THING.

We have a pamphlet explanatory of the Mental Science method of healing which is sent free to all who want it. It is called "The Highest Power of All." Address FREEDOM, Sea Breeze, Florida.

## A SONG OF EXULTATION.

Live on in the glorious light of truth;  
 Know no such thing as fear.  
 Live on in the bright day of youth  
 And have no thought but cheer;  
 For life is one eternal round  
 Of pleasure, joy and peace,  
 And once you have the secret found,  
 How fast the joys increase!

For every thing in nature's realm  
 Is thine if thou wouldst ask;  
 Speak but the word, the living word,  
 Is the extent of your task.  
 Oh! come, you life-long sufferers  
 Who thought the world was wrong;  
 Come join me in this mighty thought  
 That girds me on so strong.

Our strength will move the mountains;  
 Yes, move them in the sea;  
 For nothing can withstand us—  
 This power in you and me.  
 Oh! brother, you have heard it—  
 The soft low inner voice,  
 Which stirs the blood to action  
 And makes the heart rejoice.

It fills me with a quickening  
 I never felt before;  
 And I cry out in my rapture,  
 Keep on forevermore.  
 Forevermore your joys unfurl,  
 Till all the earth has heard  
 The only true salvation,  
 The calm, commanding word.

J. P. H.

## PROF. HERRON TO PHILOSOPHERS.

George D. Herron told a crowd of Williamsburghers in the Long Island Business College yesterday how the world would get along without God. He was addressing a meeting at the instance of the Brooklyn Philosophical Association. It had been announced that Mr. Herron would, after his lecture, reply to inquiries which might be made in the course of discussion, but he begged off from this. His subject was "What if There Were No God?" He said:

"A man who would be good only because he felt that there was a God over him compelling him to be good, would in no sense be a moral being. [Applause.]

"What if the whole fabric of religious faith went down? Any faith that shall become an inspirer of religious adventure or any other, must come out of a human soil. Suppose all the gods of the sky are dead. Any new inspiring force must come out of human experience, out of known facts. The world to-day is exhausted. It is without a religion. The gods of the Bible are dead and the old altar fires are out. No new altar fires have been lighted and the world to-day is seeking a religion. The young life of the world is seeking for a source of inspiration, the young men and women are crying out for something that is worth while. It's no longer of any use to hand down a faith to us out of the skies, and say we must believe. The mark of faith is the mark of fear. Blind obedience of

any kind is slavery. Whatever the religion or the light of the future is to be, it must come out of human life and experience. We don't need the gods of the sky. We shall never find anything that is actually true by gazing at the sky. For whatever there is that is true on this earth is to be found in the one next to you, and in your own life. All there is in the universe, the supreme glory of expression, you can find in the tenement house if you will go and look for it.

"Truth is a state of mind. If there be what we call heaven, it wouldn't be a place, it would be a state of mind. It is just dawning upon mankind that we may in time become masters of our state of mind—which in times past has been forced upon us.

"To-day we have no preaching—we have performances, we have word-mongering. The whole teaching of religion is to prevent men from seeing anything for themselves, or to make them fearful if they do see anything for themselves. Human life has never been as bad as its theology and political economy. If a thousandth part of the energy that has gone into squabbles over unknowable things and worlds, had been devoted to making a good world here, a world of friends, we should have had on this earth centuries ago a heaven surpassing the wildest of dreams.

"Suppose I go back to the original question, what if there were no God? What have I left?

"This!" The speaker was very impressive; he was pointing to one of the temporal surfaces of his peculiar dome of thought. He added that if there could be formed "the will of love," under which the universe could be disarmed, the individual could become greater than any God theology ever taught of.—*New York Sun*.

Charles Brodie Patterson in *Mind*, gives a very excellent article, the closing paragraph of which we quote:

"Gentlemen of the medical profession, you neither prevent nor cure disease. Why not step down and out, and make room for those who can, instead of acting the part of the dog in the manger? You know your own inefficiency; you know that you have never permanently cured nor prevented disease in the past, and you have no reasonable grounds for supposing that you can do so in the future. Why not adopt some profession that will require no legislative action to bolster it up? It is said that there are many vacant farms in desirable parts of New England, and that in Arizona and other Western districts there are millions of untitled acres that might be brought to a high state of cultivation through intelligent irrigation. Then why not try agriculture, or perhaps become Mental or Christian Scientists, as some of your more enlightened brothers have done, and in that way avoid running contrary to the Constitution of the United States, in a vain endeavor to buttress an unholy cause?"

## 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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## 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.

Send postal for the health pamphlet. It is free. It is called "The Highest Power of All."

## TRUST YOUR DESIRES; STOP LOOKING BACKWARD.

Desire attended by the expectation that the desire will be realized—this is the mental attitude that brings all things to the individual. Before this happy conjunction can be effected however, it is necessary that a man should know his position and power in the universe. It is necessary that he should know how greatly he has been belittled in the past, and how this belittling influence has kept him from expecting that his desires will be realized. A sense of unworthiness has crushed his desires and deadened his expectation until he is a dwarf on the face of the earth. His imagination is the one part of himself that he cannot understand; he thinks it is a sort of devil within him, that lies to him whenever he stops to listen to it. No one in all the world knows what the imagination is. But here lately it is given me to see that the imagination is the unfledged wings of the intellect; and that the seeming impossibilities it unrolls before us are all possible to us, and will all be made manifest in the further unfolding of our latent faculties. The imagination is the advance guard into the future, and its mission is to lure us onward farther and farther from the hard and fixed lines of our daily walk, to which we have tethered ourselves in resolute disregard to the beckoning of the bright angel in front of us.

Yes, we have turned our backs upon the imagination as if it were our bitterest foe; and we dwarf and dwindle and die with our eyes glued resolutely to the past; we will not look ahead, and so expectation dies, as desire has already died.

Growth is dependent on two things; desire, which is of the Principle of Being, and expectation which is of the intelligence. (It is true that these seeming two are one; but the Principle of Being from which all visible life proceeds is internal, and intelligence is external; therefore when I say that desire is of the Principle of Being, and expectation is of the intelligence, I mean that desire is internal and expectation is external. In other words, that desire is the soul to which expectation is the body. Or, in other words still, that expectation is the materializing power of desire, and makes it visible or manifest.) Therefore, expectation is to desire, what nature is to the life principle, and desire might as well not be, as for expectation not to clothe it and show it forth.

From the foregoing statement the entire position of the race is defined. Man has crucified his desire because he thought it was selfish. Nevertheless desire has pushed through and past his conscientious scruples, and has come into acknowledged recognition under the name of aspiration or ambition. But even as aspiration or ambition it is held back from fulfillment by the lack of expectation. So that the things we desire are not clothed upon and made manifest to us.

Thus, after getting the consent of our conscience to desire something, we immediately begin to belittle ourselves, and eventually conclude that we are not worthy of having our desire gratified. So we say, "Oh Lord, if it is thy will that we should have this thing please deliver it to us." And so—in nine times out of ten—we fail to get what we want.

As I have often said, there never was a beggar on earth until the advent of man; and looking over the past history of man it really does seem as if God (by whom I mean the Universal Spirit of Good) were absolutely resolved to put us on our own independence by refusing our requests. And indeed this Universal Spirit of Good is indifferent to us, and it speaks to us through its indifference saying, "Oh man, I exist for your taking; take me or let me alone. Learn by my silence that you are my spokesman, and I, the infinite reservoir, from which you draw as you need; and behold the supply is always equal to your demand."

Man is thus thrown upon himself. During this period of his unconscious growth he does draw upon the Limitless Reservoir as he needs, and does his own growing. His unformed brain has yielded no thought of his own unworthiness, and he takes what he desires and expresses it in use.

Now this Limitless Reservoir is as free to us to-day as at any past period of our growth; and when we fully know this we shall re-establish our growth at the point where unconscious growth dropped us. But in coming into this position we must gradually learn that we are perfectly independent beings; that no God holds us accountable for past or present sins; that there are no sins and never have been; that what the world calls sins are merely the mistakes our ever growing intelligences have made in coming up to our present standing place.



Being thus exculpated from the accusations of conscience we begin to see ourselves as we are.

And what are we? We are wonderful creatures. Only think how we have forged our way up from such small beginnings, and where we stand now. Think what conquerors we are, how we have burst first one bond of ignorance and then another; and how lobe after lobe has put forth in our ever unfolding brains like buds on flower stalks, and how as each one put forth, it held in latency the germ of another yet to appear; and how it is evident there will never be any cessation to the unfoldment of these fresh buds of unimagined power within our own brains. Why, do not you see that man is a scroll unfolding outwardly continually? And it is because he only unfolds outwardly that his habit of looking backward stultifies him so awfully.

H. W.

### SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS.

When a man has partaken of a good meal (as a rule) he feels good. If thirsty, and drinks freely of water, he is satisfied. Let him come in from the cold of mid-winter, sit by the cheerful fire and get warm, and there is comfort. Should the cool breeze of an evening blow after the heat of a busy summer's day, we feel rested and vitalized through its potency. But consider all this as compared to the infinite pleasure of self-consciousness. Nothing can be compared to it, neither a likeness of such possibilities will ever be found. Aspiration, salvation, happiness, health and prosperity are in it. You cannot do one thing, move hand or foot, much less prove yourself happy, strong or free, unmindful of self. It is the keynote to every physical possibility; life itself. From seed to human possibility or expression, there is necessity of self-consciousness. Think a "bit" over this, look out upon the world of sleeping humanity, and see why so few people succeed. They are half asleep, and more. This makes them but one half alive or less; and what can dead people accomplish? Could we reasonably expect health or opulence, unconscious of the thing that must prove it? We will be disappointed if such is the case. Wake up, and in our waking, we will get up—will rise out of our bedfast conditions of poverty, sickness, sin and death. We put to flight every unideal or possible thing of evil. Chasing the phantom of undeveloped mentality—dissolving every unpleasant view, placing in their stead, the happy realities of life. Self-consciousness is the light on our pathway through life, as the headlight to the locomotive is its protection—preventative against accident and danger. It is a compass to the mariner, showing him which way to travel. It is the regenerative, vitalizing and only life-giving principle, source of our power, and cause of our energy.

We have been taught not to be very self-conscious, lest we meet with affliction, but we suffer disease, mortification, chagrin and defeat if *unmindful* of self. Self is the principle we *must* consider when all things desirable are projected. In "Self" the great unknown possibility will be found *every probability*; the very light of eternity and unmeasured force. Try to know yourself, and see the scope of your possibilities broaden. It is "up hill business," to row boats with a small stick, or explore caverns and mines with a lighted match, but take a good pair of oars, and a proper light, and you defy waves and darkened recesses. It is so of self-consciousness, as against ignorance of self—we *must* recognize self as the active, energizing, life-growing and light-bearing principle.

H. F. WITSELL.

### THE WASTE-PAPER BASKET.

I wish I had something to growl about. I can write so much easier; and Oh! by the way, I have. Do you know why I ask my correspondents to always enclose a self-addressed envelope? Well I will tell you. Here is an old lady with possibly seventeen children, all married and away from home. She has no others to whom she ever writes a letter. She gets in the habit of signing her letters "Mother." Some day she wakes to the fact that FREEDOM is a wonderful paper; one of her kids has advised her to take it. So she writes to me enclosing her dollar bill, signs her letter "Mother," writes on the envelope "Post-haste," "Important," and starts it. I get it of course and know extremely well what to expect. In about a week I get another letter with the same signature; she hopes the letter has not been lost, because the dollar was big money to her, she has so many places where she could put it. I feel sorry for her, but as helpless as a cat in Tophet without claws.

In a few days there comes another letter, and "Mother" it getting suspicious. She says I seemed so honest from my writings that she had a good opinion of me, but she begins to have her doubts. Another letter comes and "Mother" gets right down to her work, and becomes very uncomplimentary indeed. About (his time) if my good angel is not playing Hookey, which it generally is) the old lady writes to her son, and he writes to me signing his full name. Then it all comes out right.

I get letters signed Mary or Evelyn or any other given name you can think of, and have been abused again and again for not knowing what to do with the money sent. Sometimes I advertise the matter in FREEDOM, hoping it will clear up the trouble; but nine times out of ten this notice does not reach the one it is intended for, and so I have to bear the blame.

I just opened the mail. Under the heading "School Teachers of the Near Future," I find the following by Dr. A. F. Keener, a physician who does not believe in special privileges in the healing art:

(Teacher to applicant for admission.) "Have you got a certificate of vaccination from a regular physician who has been legally authorized by the board supervising the only recognized system on earth?"

"Yes sir."

"Have you been inoculated for the croup?"

"Yes sir."

"Had your arm scratched for cholera bacilli?"

"Yes sir."

"Have you a written guarantee that you are proof against whooping cough, measles, mumps, old age and death?"

"Yes sir."

"Do you swear allegiance to the system of healing regulated by state laws?"

"Yes sir."

"Have you your own private drinking cup?"

"Yes sir."

"Do you own everything else you are likely to need?"

"Yes sir."

"Do you promise not to exchange anything you now possess with any other pupil without a permit from a regularly authorized state board?"

"Yes sir."

"Will you promise to have everything you possess fumigated once a week including your thoughts?"

"Yes sir."

"Are you sure you have a certificate from the board giving you the privilege to think; and is it duly signed by all the members of the board, and by the members of the State Legislature including the Governor?"

"Yes sir."

"Well, you have met the primary sanitary requirements; you must now post your permit to think, in a conspicuous place, and begin to study the first principles of the alphabet. I will consult with the board and give the necessary advice to your tutor."

Now I will return to my correspondents. A few of them write with a hard lead pencil that scarcely makes a mark and could not be read but for the deep indentation made. A pointed stick would have done almost as well. Another few write with ink that has been watered until it has forgotten that it ever had a decided color. If these friends knew that a dime's worth of aniline or diamond die, purple, blue or black, would make more ink than a whole family would be likely to use in a year, the ink bottle would not run so low. But to proceed. There is a set of correspondents who fold the letter until it is such a tight fit for the envelope that when I take it out to read, it requires a full minute to get it back. Another set will write a little thin letter and put it in an envelope big enough for a pillow case. I don't mind this, but these letters always reach me in bad shape. But the most perfectly exasperating correspondent is the one who writes ten sheets of superfine note paper and folds each sheet up separately. Another set writes several sheets and leaves the last sheet on top, and the next to the last sheet next to the top, etc., bringing the first sheet on the bottom. I could enumerate peculiarities for ten minutes longer. Of course the majority of my correspondents use beautiful stationery and either write beautifully or use the type writers. Very many men—nearly all in fact—have their full addresses printed on the envelope. The cases I have enumerated are the exceptions, not the rule. Now does any reader wonder that I ask my correspondents to send a self-addressed envelope? And another thing: when one has so many letters to write, she feels quite grateful to be saved even so slight a job as the addressing an envelope.

Charley actually has not come home yet; he has been away so long that I expect he is afraid to come; and well he may be. I rehearse twice a day and three times each night the jawing I am going to give him. Poor fellow; I am sorry for him, but we down-trodden women cannot allow the men too many privileges without giving them our opinion. Poor Charley,

And this reminds me of a friend of mine; she is one of the most remarkable women I ever saw. I shall call her Mrs. Peters because this is not her name. She is a reader of FREEDOM and has been a student of mine. She is ten or twelve years older than I am, and I am old enough, heaven knows. She was over seventy when she came to my class in Douglassville ever so many years ago. And I never saw such vitality in a human being. Her form was absolutely perfect though her face showed her age; but there was no sign of age in her voice or movements. She had been very beautiful and was still more attractive than nine tenths of the

young ladies. Her inventive genius in getting up amusements was simply unparalleled, and her energy in making up costumes and disguises was beyond comparison with anything of the kind I had ever seen. She had left her husband at home; he was the money maker, and she had an infinite faculty for spending it. Evidently he was satisfied with her proceedings; he made no complaints; but she was too busy with her masquerading and nonsense to write to him. He would write to her almost every day, but she seldom answered. She read his letters, a line or two here and a line or two there, while talking to the crowd assembled on the porch after the mail came in. If the letters were long she only glanced through them, always saying, "Poor Jimmy," until "Poor Jimmy" became a by-word among us. After "Poor Jimmy" waited a week or more for a letter he would write to me asking if Nell was all right. It was impossible not to have a very fine opinion of him, especially as his photograph showed a most remarkable personality. These two people had lived together more than fifty years, and she had been so indulged that she had never felt one of the bonds of the marriage relation. He evidently thought his one duty in life and his greatest pleasure, was to give her all the money she wanted, and to let her go wherever she wished to go. And she took such advantage of his generosity that she felt sorry for him; there had been nothing but work for him and play for her. "Poor Jimmy." Her extravagance was something awful—so it seemed to me; for they were not rich, "Poor Jimmy" had worked on a salary all his life, though it was a very large one. During his wife's absences, which were frequent and long, he lived at cheap boarding houses to afford her more money to spend. And her many purchases were so queer! She was always looking out for bargains, and bought things she could never use, because they were cheap. Once in New York she bought two mirrors that were meant to be built in a house. They were too large to be put in any completed house. After buying them she could not get them shipped to Chicago where she lived, and for two years they were in storage just where she purchased them. She had stacks of splendid furniture also in storage, where it had been for twenty years. It would have furnished a palace. Living in a rented flat, and with all the accommodations for going about that a large city afforded, she purchased a fine carriage that was offered below the usual price. Having no horses and no money just then to buy them, she kept the carriage stored for several years, to sell it at last for a small sum. Shortly after the carriage was sold, she heard of a pair of fine horses that were offered cheap, and she bought them. I do not know what became of them, but she considered herself rather ill used by fate because she had not had the carriage and horses at the same time. The trouble with her was that she could not keep still, and there was no channel open for the expression of her wonderful activity. At one time in her life she had ten thousand dollars left her from the estate of some relative, and she spent every cent of it trying to manufacture diamonds. She made one about half as large as a pin head, and believes to this day that she could have conferred boundless wealth on "Poor Jimmy" if she only had had more money to put in the business. She was a woman to run most men insane, but "Poor

Jimmy" kept his wits about him and even seemed to enter into her inconsistencies with a sort of blind faith in the woman herself. I saw her the other day; she made a flying visit to this place. She did not look a day older than ten years before, and was in all respects the same Nell Peters; bright, charming, natural as a child, and hunting bargains as industriously as ever.

H. W.

### PROPOSED ORGANIZATION IN OMAHA.

#### Notice to Mental Scientists and Readers of Freedom in Omaha and South Omaha, Neb.

Satisfied that with the co-operation of the readers of FREEDOM, and those interested in this locality, in the propagation of the new-thought philosophy, that a Mental Science Temple can be organized in Omaha, I have decided to give the following notice through FREEDOM. If each one who reads this notice and feels interested in forming a Temple in Omaha, will address me a short and concise statement of their ideas upon this subject, I will make it my business to see you all personally, and arrange for a meeting to discuss an organization. I have been a student of the cult for several years, and have demonstrated to my complete satisfaction that Mental Science is sure and swift in eradicating disease, and by far more effective and lasting in its results than any form of treatment I have tried.

I am interesting hundreds of people in this city, and throughout this state, in Helen Wilms' grand work of redeeming the race, and in regenerating the body. Let us do our part in this corner of the world, and organize a Temple that will be a credit to Omaha, and a lasting and permanent benefit to her people. I am a plain, business man, seeking a higher plane of existence for myself, and those around me. Let me hear from you.

W. J. STEVENSON,

1220 N 24th st., South Omaha, Neb.

### PALMS ON COLLEGE CAMPUS.

Received since last report:

John Beckman, Fargo, S. D. . . . . \$2.00  
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### WHAT PROFESSOR HAECKEL THINKS.

The famous Professor Haeckel says that man will some day learn how to make life—that he will know how "to produce a living substance by artificial processes." Perhaps the new century may hold in reserve this greatest marvel, which will enable the physiological chemist to assume the role of a creator. It may be only in a small way, but it will be wonderful none the less.

After all, the problem is simply to create a bit of protoplasm, which is the basis of all life, the clay of the potter—the substance, in short, out of which all animals and plants are built up. And surely that ought not to be so very difficult, considering what very ordinary stuff protoplasm is. Take a spoonful of the white of an egg, and you have it, practically. White of an egg, in fact, is nearly pure protoplasm.

The composition of protoplasm being absolutely known, the chemist has no great trouble in imitating it. So many parts of oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen and carbon are put together, and there you are. Artificial protoplasm has been made out of albuminous substances and oils, and the product has actually had a movement of its own, simulating life; but the movement was due merely to chemical causes. Viewed under the microscope, the stuff had exactly the same apparent structure as protoplasm, but there was no life in it, and no reproductive principle.

Life is the most puzzling thing that comes under our observation in this world. We see it all about us every day, and yet we do not know what it is. Some scientists assert that all of its phenomena are essentially chemical, but no chemist has been able to explain the marvel of reproduction. The simplest known form of life, represented by an amoeba, which is a single cell, contains, in the middle of its jelly-like mass, a tiny nucleus, which identically comprises the elements of reproduction and heredity in the creature. An amoeba is simply a morsel of protoplasm, but the mystery of its nucleus is unsolved.

The difference between a thing living and a thing dead, is not a matter of structure or chemical composition—the two may be exactly the same in both respects—but in the ability which the living thing has to renew its own cells and propagate fresh ones. Blood taken out of the veins of a living animal is the same as the blood that remains in the veins, but the latter is continually developing new corpuscles—is alive, in other words—while the former does nothing of the kind. Why is it so? In the answer to that question lies the arch secret of Dame Nature's laboratory. It has never been plausibly guessed at as yet, but there is no good reason for taking it for granted that it never will be found out.

Professor Haeckel calls attention to the fact that in trying to create life man is only making an effort to accomplish what the plants in anybody's garden are doing all the time. They take so many parts of carbon, hydrogen, nitrogen and oxygen and convert them into protoplasm, the living substance. Science can combine these elements just as Nature does, the proportions being exactly known, but not yet so as to produce life. "But I believe firmly," says the great physiologist, "that the problem will some day be solved, and the artificial production of life become an accomplished fact."

If a drop of blood be drawn by pricking one's finger,

and viewed under a high microscopic power, there will be seen, among numerous little disc-shaped bodies which float in it and give it its red color, a comparatively small number of somewhat larger colorless bodies of irregular shape. If the drop be kept at the temperature of living blood these colorless corpuscles will be seen to exhibit a marvellous activity, changing their forms with great rapidity, drawing in and thrusting out prolongations of their substance, and creeping about as if they were independent organisms.

Each is a tiny mass of protoplasm, and has a nucleus of its own. It is a structural unit of the human body, the earliest condition of the human being taking shape as an aggregation of such corpuscles. It is the same way with all other animals, though they are built up on different structural forms, and some, like the amoeba, are so low down in the scale of creation as to consist of but one such cell.

One of the questions having relation to this problem is, how did life have its first beginning on this earth? The late Professor Huxley says:

"Looking back through the prodigious vista of the past, I find no record of the commencement of life, and therefore I have no means of forming a definite conclusion as to the conditions of its earliest appearance on earth. If it were given to me to look beyond the abyss of geologically-recorded time to the period of the earth's infancy, I should expect to behold the evolution of living protoplasm from non-living matter. I should expect to see it appear under forms of great simplicity, endowed with the power of causing the formation of new protoplasm from water and various animal substances."

A plant is able to take carbonic acid, water and nitrogenous salts and convert them into protoplasm. That is the way in which vegetable organisms grow. An animal cannot do this, and so would starve in the presence of any quantity of such raw materials. But what the animal can do is, to eat the plant and convert its protoplasm into animal protoplasm. When, after a while, the animal dies, the protoplasm of its body breaks up into carbonic acid, water and nitrogenous salts, and out of these the plants build up fresh protoplasm to keep the world going.

Professor Huxley, in his essay "On the Physical Basis of Life," refers for an analogy to the wonderful story of the "Peau de Chagrin," wherein the hero acquires possession of a magical wild ass's skin, which yields him the means of gratifying all his wishes. But its surface area represents the duration of the proprietor's life, and for every satisfied desire the skin shrinks a bit, thus reducing the period during which he may expect to survive. This goes on until at length life and the last hand-breadth of the peau de chagrin disappear with the gratification of a last wish.

"This protoplasm, which is the matter of life," says Prof. Huxley, "is a veritable peau de chagrin, and for every vital act it is somewhat the smaller. All work means waste, and the work of life results in waste of protoplasm. But the protoplasmic peau de chagrin differs from the ass's skin of Balzac's story in that it may be repaired. When I am tired, and my store of protoplasm is reduced to a low ebb, I eat, utilizing a peculiar inward laboratory which I possess for the purpose of converting the protoplasm of mutton, wheat or po-

tatoes into living human protoplasm. Thus I obtain a new lease of life."

It has been observed that living protoplasm contracts under the influence of electric shocks. Electricity and magnetism simulate some of the phenomena of life. Certain thinkers have been disposed to find a relation between life and electricity. Such a relation is wholly unproved as yet, but it is entirely conceivable that knowledge of the means whereby the vital principle can be infused into the non-living protoplasm, may come through the researches of the electrical investigator.—*Rene Bache.*

### QUEER PLANT.

What is probably the most extraordinary plant ever discovered, has now been found by E. A. Suverkrop of Philadelphia, who, during trips to South America, has for some years been contributing to the collection of his friend, Prof. N. E. Brown of the Herbarian, Kew Gardens, London. The amazing plant which Mr. Suverkrop has now found, is an orchid that takes a drink whenever it feels thirsty, by letting down a tube into the water, the tube when not in use, being coiled up on top of the plant.

"One hot afternoon," says Mr. Suverkrop, "I sat down under some brush-wood at the side of a lagoon on the Rio de la Plata. Near at hand was a forest of dead, shorn trees, which had actually been choked to death by orchids and climbing cacti. In front of me, and stretching over the water of the lagoon and about a foot above it, was a branch of one of these dead trees. Here and there clusters of common 'planta del ayre' grew on it, and a network of green cacti twined round it.

"Among the orchids I noted one different from the rest, the leaves, sharp lancehead shaped, growing all round the root and radiating from it. From the center or axis of the plant, hung a long slender stem about one-eighth of an inch thick, by one-fourth inch wide, the lower end of which was in the water to a depth of about four inches.

"I at once went over to examine my discovery. Imagine my surprise, when I touched the plant, to see this center stem gradually contract and convulsively roll itself up in a spiral like a roll of tape.

"But more surprising yet was the object and construction of this stem. I found on close examination and dissection, that it was a long, slender, flat tube, the walls about one-thirty-second of an inch thick, cellular in construction, open at the outer end, and connected at the inner end to the roots, by a series of hair-like tubes.

"By subsequent observation I found that when the plant was in want of water, this tube would gradually unwind till it dipped into the water. Then it would slowly coil round and wind up, carrying with it the amount of water that that part of the tube which had been immersed contained, until when the final coil was taken, the water was dumped, as it were, direct into the roots of the plant. The coil remained in this position until the plant required more water. Should the plant, however, be touched while the tube is extended, the orchid acts like the sensitive plant (*mimosa*) and the coiling action is much more rapid.

"I found many of these plants, all directly over the water, or over where the water had been. In the latter case it was almost pitiful to see how this tube would work its way over the ground in search of the water that was not.—*New York Herald.*

## COMING TO THE CONVENTION.

Since April 24th the following have requested to be registered as coming to the Second Annual Mental Science Convention from the following places:

## ALABAMA

Mobile—Mrs E Quinn and Miss Mamie Quinn, Marine and Tennessee Sts.; Mrs Mattie Brook.  
Oakdale—Mrs Annie H Field.  
Pine Hill—Mr and Mrs Worthy.

## CALIFORNIA

San Francisco—Clara Foltz, Atty-at-Law, 310 Parrott Building, Mr and Mrs F F Weed, 927 Market St.  
Columbia—Wm Christie.  
San Diego—Mr and Mrs J N Bunch, 1433 F st.

## COLORADO

Denver—Mr and Mrs Herbert George, Publisher of George's Weekly, 1529 Curtis st.; Mr and Mrs Thos. J Shelton, Publisher of Christian, 1657 Clarkson St.  
Longmont—Lida L Fox.  
Salida—Mr and Mrs Charles Judson and son.  
Cripple Creek—John Potts, 317 North B St.

## FLORIDA

Jacksonville—August Buesing, Publisher The Advocate of Common Sense, 153-155 Riverside ave.; Mr and Mrs S H Rooker.  
Jasper—John M Caldwell, Publisher The Florida Index, Lake City.  
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Atlanta—Julia Iverson Patton, 821-829 Equitable Building  
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DEAR FRIEND:—It is now time for me to report. I can truly say my son is much better. He has never been so long without a convulsion, for an age, as he has been this time. Oh! may the improvement continue. I am beginning to think Mental Science is a splendid thing.—E. A. W., Seattle, Wash.

DEAR MRS. WILMANS:—I am greatly astonished; I am indeed. I had no expectation of such results. Really Walter had not drawn a sober breath in months. He has degenerated day by day before my eyes, until from loving him he had become loathsome. Let me see; I wrote to you a week from last Friday—not more than ten days ago. I hardly think you had time to get the letter—surely not more than that—when he came home sober. I have not been in the habit of twitting him with his condition for a long time. It was no use; he seemed below reach by any such means; but I did look at him anxious and surprised when he came home sober. He said nothing; neither did I. And he has not drunk a drop since. This morning I just said—easy like—“What is it, Walter?” and he said, “I swear to you, Nell, I don’t know; I just don’t want the stuff; and I don’t want it, with a vengeance. The fellows try to get me to drink, and I can’t keep from cursing them.” Oh! if this state will only continue.

Now Mrs. Wilmans, will it? It seems as if I had got him back from the grave, and I can’t help being uneasy. Do for heaven’s sake hold him.—R. L. M., Washington, D. C.

DEAR FRIEND:—My progress is decidedly marked. At times I feel fairly intoxicated with life, and I send you thoughts of gratitude for the blessing.

I find I must keep strict guard over my actions, however. Could I employ my time with something, time would not drag so and my thoughts would not hover around myself. Let me keep on improving at the rate I have, and I have no doubt that in half a year I can again use my eyes and my brain. I walk a great deal—at times perfectly free from pain. If reports of progress please you I am sure this one will. In gratitude,—E. F., Wibur, Wis.

DEAR MRS. WILMANS:—I received your letter containing instructions, on May 24th, but previous to doing so I am quite sure I felt your influence. I don’t think I imagined it, I was satisfied that you were sending me your thoughts. I had such drowsiness steal over me that I had to sit down and give way to it in my chair. The first two days I suffered more than usual with my back, but that passed off and I feel to-night—just a week from receiving your letter—so very much better; my muscles in the back feel like iron, independently of my brace, and the spine doesn’t seem to protrude so much. The glands in my neck are less swollen. I have been troubled with kernel-like lumps in and around my throat and side of my neck, which would get hard and grow large. There is an improvement in this particular. I can stand much more erect, and don’t have so much pain when I move. I am very restless, being naturally a very active disposition; I must move about, even if it does hurt, but I have had such relief this past week.—H. A. R., New York.

My DEAR MRS. WILMANS:—I was very ill when Mrs. M. wrote you my request for treatment. On last Saturday I was up but not feeling well enough to write. To-day I am better every way and a good deal stronger.

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