

Fred Burry's Journal . . .

A Monthly Periodical of
Advanced Thought

APRIL 1901

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Fred Burry's Journal

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*Fred W Burry, 799 Euclid Ave.,
Toronto, Canada.*

Fred Burry's Journal

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Advanced Thought

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Flashes

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The joy of making some conquest, of mastering some difficult task, more than balances any little passing troublesome incidents. And besides the glory in the accomplishment, we are strengthened for further work.

• •

We shall never reach Perfection or Satisfaction until we know Self: this is the end of all our seeking, of all our desires. When we are truly Self-conscious, we know all; for the Self, the I, the Being of Man, is All.

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How different life would be if we could speak without any fear of offence, if we were freed from every vestige of deceit, if we were always real and natural. Such a state will be general as men recognize no evil,—only growth from lower to higher conditions.

• •

It is a great mistake to shirk labor, endeavoring to pile up wealth without work. Labor is the principal thing that makes life interesting. I would sooner have occupation, and day by day observe the growth of some work, than all the "solid comfort" and ease imaginable.

Simplicity, not ostentation, is real grandeur. In so-called trifles lies much import. A wrong note, a false gesture, a misplaced comma,—how much they mean in the realm of Art. And Art is the symbol of Life; pointing like an index to the real things, holding up a mirror to our ideals.



It is all very well to make sweeping statements, without any modifying clause. And yet dogmatic, over-positive assertions, are so often wrong. We need to place limits on our words, and temper our remarks. The strongest statement has or implies limitations; otherwise its force is lost in its generality and abstraction.



What does it matter, if some of the items in this Journal seem obscure to you? What does it matter if you do not "understand"? Simply try to live up to your Ideals: that is sufficient. Knowledge is Life. To Know is to Be. The real things of Life are naturally disclosed to the one who is sincere, candid, truthful, in ACTION.



The world worships a genius,—but shrinks from those sacrifices and hardships, that spirit of patient toil and concentrated endeavor, which produce greatness. How much better to worship less and emulate more! After all, that recognition of a good example which prompts one to equal and even greater efforts, is true worship.



Hard indeed is the path of Life for many. But it is all transitory. No thought is more comforting than the recognition that with the passing hours there draws nearer that so long looked-for day of redemption which shall most fully compensate for all. Each day gives some measure of recompense; but there is

still in the beyond, (now drawing so near to us) a glorious era which shall disclose itself as being worth all our experiences. And we are learning to be happy in the Expectation of the Future; learning to enjoy our labors knowing what their real object is; at the same time tasting to-day of the many sweet things Life holds out for us now, on our sometimes weary path.



Instead of wasting time over regrets, weakly complaints which do nothing but dissipate one's energies,—how much better to work away, (work gives one no time for silly fears and worries)—how much better to forge ahead, letting the days fly by, patiently waiting for the time when splendid results will show themselves; as they must if we only KEEP ON.



The most important condition to school oneself into is a certain habitual indifference that is at the same time masterful: not ignoring any circumstances of life,—only refusing to let them in any way cause anxious thought. It is best not to think too much about any single thing. The value of Concentration is partly in its enabling one to forget that which is not required to be remembered.



Its all very well to make "statements" and "affirmations", and I know by experience the value of them; but the most potent "statement" is the ACTION prompted by an earnest conviction. There are many who have never heard of Mental Science, ignorant of the infinite nature of their being, who are healthy, strong, successful,—simply because they act out their natural impulses of determination, love, ambition. Desire is the principle in man which points to growth and progression; it is to be followed,—under the direction and guidance of Reason.

National governments as we have had them in various forms for so long, represent the early steps of the race towards Industrial Solidarity. Concentration, Centralization, is the final outcome of all action. The ideal of Competition, valuable enough as it has been, must pass away, giving place to a system of Cooperation. Unity in all things is the destined establishment of Existence.

Have you released your mind from that really deadening thought so widespread in this country,—that of abnormal money accumulating? The dollars are all right and necessary,—let them take their place as media for exchange; pass them on,—not that you should leave yourself penniless, for you need some residue,—only recognize the law of Circulation, which should find expression in all things.

While it is to the future we must look for a complete fruition of our hopes and aspirations, since at present we are but laying the foundations of a New Life,—still the glimpses we have received into our divine source and parentage, are sufficient to enable us now to accomplish much. Existence is expression; and every new ideal (even though at first vague, abstract, somewhat undefined) is for immediate practical application.

As our consciousness widens with our growth, our sensitiveness increases—we are more in touch with the whole world. This condition reaches a stage when many things that have in the past been borne with, and even welcomed, are now pushed away with almost desperate resistance. And the will that is thus expressed so vehemently leads on and on from one conquest to another. By our earnest desires we overcome all things.

A good example is most contagious. There are thousands (perhaps somewhat lacking in mental stamina) only waiting for someone to set an example; who feel that any way at present the best they can do is to follow. They are anxiously looking for some precedent ere they launch out. Will you, then, not take a bold step forward, and be a leader of men,—acting out some Ideal of yours which yearns for expression?

• •

There is nothing in Life that requires us to be "concerned." The method of living in society is all upside-down. People are afraid of losing,—they are anxious over "gain" and "profit": a perpetual nervous mental torment. They allow their nature to be dwarfed, their character crushed out of its native symmetry, by an unnecessary bondage to materials. Man can be and must be ere he can become happy,—in all things, Master.

Clearer, clearer, becomes the light of Recognition! Our uneasy longings, our feverish aspirations, are being replaced by a consciousness of safety, contentment that is at the same time active and progressive,—we know we are about to enter some kind of expanded, greater, life; and we are therefore willing to put up with and even welcome much that used to be so distasteful, since we perceive the educational purpose of all trying experiences.

• •

The narrowness of many really earnest people is a barrier to their advancement. Let us have space, freedom, openness, broadness, liberality. Away with your vetoes, codes, restrictions. All is good; the things we have called evil, are good. There cannot possibly be anything evil; there are many things undesirable for certain tastes, that is all. Cease your

condemnations. True Justice must recognize the everlasting never to be displaced Beneficence of all Life,—which however is rising ever rising towards more and more perfect expression,—always leading towards a diviner perfection, towards Beauty and Art supreme.

Infinity is not greatness,—it is boundlessness. It is Freedom. The Universe is a mental conception. The Individual actually comprises the Universe. We are not parts of the Universe: each individual is a centre of consciousness, destined sooner or later to evolve to a state where he knows his boundlessness, his infinite nature,—where he consciously includes all. This is the consummation of Love.

One is almost tempted to be impatient with surroundings as their enclosing, imprisoning character is realized. At first we think the trouble lies in our peculiar circumstances, until we enter new conditions, only to find the main trouble with us still. Then at last we see that for our liberation there must be a new birth or development; that what is alone required is clearer vision, a more complete consciousness, which shall make useful servants of all materials.

You have no right to burden yourself a great deal with others' affairs. It is all right and good to help and assist in various ways. Loving cooperation is the ideal form of help; instead of encouraging others to lean. Although there are times when some can only lean; however, let us do all we can to place ourselves and others on their feet, to abandon the leaning stage as soon as possible. To help others in any way for the time being that may seem expedient, is all right; as long as we recognize the greatest help to be Self-help, and the highest form of assistance, helping others to help themselves.

The sacrifice of old ideals, with the various trifles that belong to them, is needed before we can show marked signs of growth. What is often mistaken for duty, is seen on close inspection to be simply a perverse selfish clinging to old notions. We must learn to govern all actions by the standard of Infinitude,—Oneness. The only guide to righteous conduct is Love. This involves a great and far-reaching change of Habit ; which takes time.

• •

The statement "All is mind" means that everything is united, all is one ; it means that the cause of things is within the effect ; that within you is the kingdom of heaven, and not in some far-away cloudy region ; it means that the vast space around you, the panorama of all nature, is one with you ; and it means that your consciousness is the crown of creation, and by it you may sway a sceptre of dominion, if you will only have faith,—if you will only recognize your infinite power.

The race as a unit is on the eve of a stupendous rise. In the past, ages ago, there came a period when the very limited animal consciousness evolved into the stage of Man. In the course of time, there were born Sons of Men who were in the advance of Human Consciousness,—prophets of a higher life, men who created new Ideals for the Future. Instinctively the mass of people, (ever willing to be led rather than to venture to the front themselves,) have looked up to the "Teachers," the "Saviors," of the world. Now, at last, great numbers are taking the lead, where in the past there were but a few. And where is the new Consciousness, the deeper Recognition of Life, leading to? Where indeed, but to the boundless depths of the Universe,—to the dissolution of the limitations of material opaqueness,—to the realization of all in one, and one in all.

All is in the Individual. We are slowly realizing this. This realization is what is called Universal or Cosmic Consciousness. Imagine what this earth will be when people have risen to a stage of conscious god-hood, knowing that each contains all ; consciously not only cooperating, but interacting, interblending, one with another ; on the wings of etheric currents traveling ; merging personal interests in those of Humanity ; at last recognizing the one true Self, the absolute Unit of all existence.

You might as well school yourself now to the true Meaning of Existence. You might as well be truly rational, and see that the old terms "right" and "wrong" must henceforth have a new meaning : that Necessity is the Law which makes all opposites just and good. You might as well cease at once to frown and scowl with derision and contempt ; for I tell you again that all is good,—Nature will have her way, she needs the coarse as well as the fine, the crude and rough as well as the polished material.

Memory increases with our growth of consciousness ; not only the power to memorize conditions belonging to the present, but to call to recollection things of the long past. Memory is complementary to consciousness ; it is our store of accumulated knowledge : the record (though for a season hidden away) of our experiences. But be sure we shall in due time have a glorious fruition of knowledge,—knowledge which shall transcend time and space and all limitations, even sweeping over the for a while forgotten ages of the past and into the realms of the future.

A Great Change

We are not only on the eve of a social crisis ; but in a sense we are in the midst of it. The enormous wealth of this country,—for example, is rapidly becoming centred in a handful of men ; the means of living is more hard and slavish for the masses ; in order to exist they have to pay an enormous tribute to the capitalists.

Yes, I know things have been that way from time immemorial ; but they are getting worse and worse ; and the people are becoming more educated ; and with the dawn of 'thought there must come a Great Change.

Prosperity and Success as generally understood is a frightful humbug. What earthly good is such vast wealth as our millionaires hold? What sort of a man is he who would loll in the lap of luxury, when all around him are signs of wretchedness, sickness, poverty and death, which he could dissolve, but will not?

What sort of a race is it that is content to live year after year in a world whose opportunities are infinite in number, whose resources are so limitless, and yet because of a stupid self-seeking and narrow cramping desires, should have nothing but days of misery : shutting out the Sunshine and Good Cheer of Nature ; entombed in those hideous "palaces," and "homes"—prisons where the tomfooleries of custom shrivel up and lead to Decay?

This must all change.

Do not allow yourself to lapse into a careless contentment ; and imagine that things are working themselves out all right. Things in themselves have no power to work themselves out all right. Man must step in with his Consciousness ; he alone has the

power to make things Right.

It is because of the growth of Man's Consciousness, that social conditions are in such a critical state. The personal-property idea, (which has not always been held by man,) has now got to go. It's logical conclusion is evident. It would lead to the direst oligarchy and slavery. It has always led to confusion; and now in this country where in some cases it has reached such giant proportions it is a terrific menace to the land.

No man really owns anything. Each person is part and parcel of the whole race, which is in turn part and parcel of the Universe. All is One. There is no separation.

The little personal "I" who arrogates to itself exclusive power and authority can do nothing; for this personal "I" is but a tool in the hands of that Infinite Law which is the real "I" of everything from the atom to man.

This Ego is like a Sun hidden in the breasts of man, shut away for awhile from the darkness of Illusion and Separation which is yet spread over the world.

Still, rays of warmth spring forth from its depths, breaking through the prison garments of Ignorance and Delusion,—those life-giving rays we call Love.

When these radiations are not allowed free play, there is Death and Darkness, though there may for awhile appear to be a flicker of life. This is the condition that now afflicts Society. It is dead,—in the truest sense of the word, it is dead.

Can you call that a state of Life, where men's thoughts are centred on getting dollars, nothing but dollars, no matter whether they come, as they do at the price of war, murder, treachery, lying; among the helpless masses, hours and days and years of work that is torture; prisons, slavery, poverty, for so many? Can you call the little pretense of Conscious-

ness by the name of Life, that for the sake of fine clothes, houses, diamonds, furniture, and other rubbish, men can see their fellows in such helpless want? And not only see them there, but consciously put 'hem there, that they might have their barbaric splendor.

Yes, barbaric is the word! Only a tribe of barbarians could be guilty of such conduct. Poor silly mortals, where are your senses that you should be so blind to the Sunshine of Love,—the only Life,—that is expressed all around you in Nature in ten million forms, and chose such a stupor of an existence?

But you wealthy ones of the earth will now be forced to change your actions. Do not imagine that you are going to forever usurp the rights of mankind, in order that your insane whims and fancies may be gorged. Those things which you call yours are NOT yours; and they will be taken away from you. You own nothing: you are entitled as we all are, simply to the USE of things.

Ownership! Ownership! There is no ownership; only a Recognition or Knowledge of things. Owning really means knowing. No man has any right to appropriate something and call it "mine." He cannot do it for long, since the forces of Nature destroy the thing just as a man holds it tight.

Life is change. Accumulation means death. This holds good of all things throughout the Universe.

Life is Air! Life is Freedom!

Therefore, O people of the Earth, if you want to live,—simplify! Simplify! Do not be fooled any longer by visions of greenbacks and bonds and stocks. Your Character is worth more to you than Millions and Millions of Dollars. And you cannot develop and make the most of this Character unless you simplify.

In your home, in your pleasures, in your diet, in

your work, always simplify. There are any number of useless details and bothersome forms and customs that need to be thrown aside. If you want happiness you must not burden yourself with possessions; they are not treasures; they are in the way; rid yourself of them.

Let go of your old ideas of "rights;" and change your personal ambitions for those that are of import to the race. Oh you must change: your continued existence demands it.

Are we not seeking to personify, to express, our Ideals? And do you imagine that the present game of unjust scramble can remain, in conjunction with the expression of our lofty ideals?

It is a sad spectacle, that of men and women who **COULD** live so different, putting in their days, ignorantly selfishly heartlessly closing themselves away from outside interests,—even treading others under their feet, or weighing them down by leaning on them,—it is a game that cannot live.

Nature extends her hand to us, she bids us live, she tries so hard to make us live; but we refuse,—we doubt, we fear, we have no faith,—and therefore we die.

It is only our earnest cooperation that is required. We have nothing to conquer only our lack of faith, which alone gives birth to fears.

Have faith, love,—expand, be generous,—express those qualities that are infinite, and you shall show forth a new life.

All around you are untold resources. America is a land of wealth incalculable. Well then, O you children of this vast continent, when will you drop your ridiculous ideas of personal possession, and with all absorbing love, produce for mutual use and not so-called "ownership"? Live as infinite beings should: not as though you were slaves to circumstances.

And do you ask when shall you start such a life as here suggested? I answer, Now! I admit that before a perfect scheme of cooperation can exist, there must be a universal change of social conditions. But you can to-day do something.

If you are in earnest you will strip yourself of all superfluous possessions; you will act sincerely.

And in no other way can you enter the kingdom of heaven; which is the Consciousness of what Self IS.



LOVE IS LIFE!

Love is a power, because Love is Desire. We are a bundle of desires. Every atom is attracted to every other atom in some degree. This attraction is desire. And this is Love.

Love is Life.

All the knowledge of the world is superficial if it is not lived. True knowledge is consciousness—and this is life. To act out the simple ideals is of greater importance than to spend one's time in curious seeking and theory and conjecture.

A person who by his sincerity has risen to that stage of consciousness when naturally, and by habit, his thoughts and feelings for others are born of love and good-will,—is indeed a savior of the world,—a spiritual physician, dispensing even to the farthestmost parts of the earth, an elixir of life.

There are no limits to the regions of the mind. The body is a medium of expression. The mind is the man. This recognition discloses the infinite character of life, and suggests to us an infinite standard for all actions.

Reflections

BY HUGH O. PENTECOST

Intensely as one may become interested in objects external to himself he will, nevertheless, at times, ponder upon his own nature and destiny. Whence came I? What am I? Whither go I? Am I—the thinking, feeling being—merely a product of the food I eat, the liquids I drink, the air I breathe? When death comes upon me shall I—the thinking, feeling being—evaporate, disintegrate, cease, as a thinking, feeling being?

Whatever exists has always existed, in some form; will always exist, in some form. Do I exist; I, the being who thinks, loves, and knows himself to exist? If I do, then I have always existed, in some form, and shall continue.

I am different from all other "I ams." Have I evolved a thing—myself—special and peculiar, come to consciousness at last; so personal, so characteristic, so powerful that it may defy the dissipating power of death?

Have I been on the way these millions, billions of years—first a mineral, out of that into a vegetable, then an animal, through many stages in each of these, now a man, a self-knowing creature, having, however forgotten my experiences previous to my natal day?

There's the rub.

I have certainly brought along much out of the past; heredity. But if I—my particular self, the person I now am—ever lived before, why have I forgotten it? Is it that I never lived before, or that I am but now learning to remember?

There is much of my present life that I do not remember.

Shall I pass out of this life into other forms, my thoughts, hopes, loves, fears, my self scattered abroad, raw material for other selves, as my flesh, bones, cartilage will go back into the general mass? Or have I reached that pitch of development at which when death dissolves my body I shall be able to hold myself intact, in a body of finer material than that which now kicks the scale beam at 185 lbs., and with memory of this present time?

I do not know.

But this I think :—

If the universe, including myself, merely forms and disintegrates, only to form anew, and tear itself apart again; and does this thing interminably, to no purpose, the universe is apparently a child or a fool. To what effect? Such a proceeding is ridiculous, and whatever else the universe is it is not ridiculous.

That up to the present time, so far as our earth is concerned, there has been evolution, an advancement from crude to finer forms, in the vegetable and animal if not also in the mineral, is apparent. That, so far, all things have worked together for good, it seems to me. That this march from gas to fluid, to solid; from simple to complex; from coarse to fine; from chemical action to instinct, and then on to reason in man has been the action or mere motion of blind forces is, to me, incredible. Out of the less never came the greater. Never was evolved that which was not involved. Sight never came from blindness. Intelligence never came from non-intelligence. Something comes not from nothing. If the material of my brain was in the primeval world-stuff, all that I am was there—mind was there. Mind can proceed from nothing other than mind. Blind force did not teach the witch hazel bush to shoot its seeds like shots from a gun, nor the bee to build its comb, nor the wren to fashion her nest, nor Newton and Kepler to discover the work-

ings of natural energy. To believe that a little food and drink and a little breathing of air can create or produce life, thought, love, hate, ambition and fear, is the rankest superstition. That a priest can transform a wafer into the body of Christ is not a grosser. In escaping the foolishness of the Church let us not fall into mental blindness and perversity. In dethroning the small gods of theology let us not divest ourselves of common sense.

I firmly believe that all matter is inseparably invested with incalculable wisdom ; that each atom is an expression of consummate intelligence ; that each form of matter—gas, liquid, solid ; mineral, vegetable, animal—possesses all the wisdom necessary to its uses and development ; that the whole is moving with perfect wisdom, so perfect that no mistake is ever made ; that the whole is moving with intention, indicated by the wonders of evolution thus far ; and that all things work together for good—wars, plagues, cyclones, peace, health and gentle zephyrs. Who can read history with an unprejudiced mind and not see that out of the worst so-called evils has come all our good ! Whatever of good is here and now is a fruitage of the past. Out of ignorance comes knowledge ; out of strife peace ; out of poverty the better day. And if this is so it is because that which is tends to betterment. Everything and every thought is surcharged with desire to improve ; surcharged with that which seeks fuller expression. The universe is alive, and well, and intelligent ; knows what it is about and means to "get there."

It is the short view which looks at a Galveston horror and concludes that something is amiss, or that things go at haphazard. The long view concludes from the past that good will come of the Galveston trouble—a new Galveston, no doubt, not otherwise possible.

The existence of Jehovah is not necessary to faith. Faith anchors itself to that which is incalculably stronger and more certain than Jehovah. Jehovah is a poor, little, helpless god, not able to cope with Satan; vain, vacillating, petulant, and unjust. My faith cannot fix upon him. But I am a firm believer in the sanity of the universe, and that it is well intentioned. I believe that life is good and death is good. As to what I shall be when the grave gets me I am not anxious, but it will be something good. So that with no faith in any particular god, or any particular religion I find myself trusting the universe with the simplicity and abandon of a child. Paul said, "All things work together for good to those that love God." My faith is larger than that. I say, all things work together for good whether you love God or not. If there is a God it cannot possibly make any difference to him whether we love him or not. I never ask myself whether or not my children love me before I plan and do for them, and any God worthy of the name must be better developed than I am. The rain falls and the sun shines on the atheist as well as the Christian, and all things work together for my good the same as for the good of Dr. Talmage.

So profound is my reliance on the good intention of the universe toward me, as a part of the whole, that if there is a hell (a place too absurd to exist) and if I go there, that will be for my good.

So sure am I that no harm can befall me that were it not that I have inherited from an interminable past a habit of trembling upon occasion I should never be afraid.



The Meaning of The Future

The Future is being unveiled. The growth of our Consciousness, the new births of Recognition, is making prophets of us all. The prophecies which many have made in different ages,—so wonderful and mystifying even to the so-called prophets themselves, are now being revealed by the clear light of Science.

Prophecies are followed by the light of Interpretation. The mind or spirit of man, so vast and deep, reaching as it does to the boundless limits of Time and Space, has only found partial expression in his body. His organs of sense, which are the germs of objective consciousness, have only the most limited range of action. Hidden away in the depths of his nature are forces however which must in due time rise into the field of expression. Now and again, men have touched with their consciousness this ocean of subjective energy, they have by a life of consecration to their ideals risen to a stage where the dark shells and enclosures of materials have been irradiated with Light. What is to some a wall of limitation, they have penetrated with an intensified perception. Yes, the veils of limitation have surely parted for them, and they saw into the Future.

There is nothing unscientific in Prophecy. The Future in a sense, exists Now! Creation is Manifestation, Expression.

The knowledge of what we have called the Law of Gravitation or Attraction, gives a hint or suggestion of the eternal Unity of Life. And the recognition that Life is the Force behind the form throws a light on the phenomena of Love, Sympathy, Magnetism, and all mental inter-activities.

Those who have prophesied or who have given humanity Ideals which can only find in the future full

expression are in close touch with Life as it is. Viewing things not merely from a single point, but from various sides, they necessarily magnet-like come in close contact with the surrounding Life, as well as drawing on the hidden depths of inner Consciousness for an interpretation on Life's deeper meaning and for light on what shall be the trend of Existence in the Future.

Those who are living, working, leaning, towards the Future form the vanguard of the race. They are lovers of humanity, hence they lead the way, and others are attracted to follow.

Life is unfoldment. Time is measured by the cycle movements of worlds ; and this cyclic law which finds expression throughout nature, is also like an unwinding of material garments which have enclosed the consciousness of man as in a shell. We have cast aside shell after shell, as our new experiences developed our consciousness ; since we have needed more freedom. Freedom is Life.

The Future means Freedom for us. That is why we are almost anxiously looking towards it. Freedom from what? From the bondage of materials ! Not that we shall live in a state of consciousness where there shall be no materials, but where they shall be our servants, and not as heretofore, our masters ; where they shall take their place as instruments to be used and passed on.

We are then looking for a life of sweet delights on this earth. Consciousness and Sensation are one. We want our bodies,—not these bodies eternally, for they are changing every day, but more perfect and still more perfect bodies which shall unceasingly evolve from our ever-ascending ideals.

To the Future,—and now, I think the very near Future, (why not commencing Now?) we look for Freedom. Freedom is Love—Life—Happiness.

Modern Movements

In every part of the world to-day there are branches of various organizations, whose purpose is the emancipation of the race from bondage.

There are several millions of men and women who are now under some banner of reform; and their number is increasing. Although even on some basic features there are wide differences of opinion as to what would constitute ideal social conditions, it is certain that the mere fact of looking for a better order of things, tends in the direction of true progress.

People only need to think, and in due time their minds will give birth to a desirable order of living.

Mental Science,—the recognition of the supremacy of will or desire, the knowledge of the power of right thinking,—has given man the key to health. But while this knowledge has also enabled him to have a degree of mastery over poverty and discordant social conditions, the real trouble in this direction has certainly not been entirely dissolved. It cannot be before there is a widespread, national, readjustment.

Socialism is a word that has been used to mean a variety of ideas. But in its literal acceptance it is expressive of the kinship that belongs to the race,—but which is at present not universally recognized.

The race is tending towards this Socialism, this Solidarity. Little private interests will become merged in public ones—and even the billion dollar trusts will sink into insignificance when compared to the vast national and racial combines, which will absorb all in time, even as the rivers large and small empty themselves by one outlet and another into the great ocean.

Private interests are only channels for public ones.

The Individual is a channel for expression. When units try to stop the natural Flow of all things, and in any way impede the eternal law of Circulation, be sure it cannot last for long.

So our great Trusts can only lead to National Absorption. They will grow and grow until they become too great a burden for any private ownership.

There is a tendency everywhere, now, towards the government control of certain industries which are said to be public in their character,—such as railroads. But as men rise in intelligence, their interests become more involved with their fellows, and they are forced to break down all dividing lines.

If Humanity is a unit, I do not see how we can help sooner or later discarding all ideas of private property.

Some may say that governments are adverse to freedom; and that Individuality is too precious to be absorbed in any nationalized "system"; and that all laws and rules must depart before there can be liberty.

This is in a sense true enough; but remember that Evolution reigns supreme, and the minds of the mass of humanity are not going to be changed all at once; they must grow. Only I say, the next step is, apparently the institution of national and civic industries.

Personally, I do not want to be in any way an "employee"; whatever one might put up with for awhile the aim should be—freedom. When one is under the dictation of another, there is no freedom; not even if it's the dictation of the so-called government.

But we are not all ready yet to be entirely free. We seem to need some restrictions. It rests with ourselves as to how long we shall be in our limitations. When we are ready to slip out of them, a path is made open.

So as in all else, gradual growth is the law of advancement in nations and races.

And while the Individual is the centre of advance,—he needs the cooperation of all, (ever-becoming more voluntary) for his own welfare.

We are moving; always one step at a time. How interesting it is to watch the progress of life,—and how much more interesting to take a conscious part in this progress.



MASTERFUL, INDIFFERENCE

True Concentration is freedom from care. It is better to let go of things that require anxious thought. Concentration simply means Balance. So in repose is found the greatest power. This striving and straining and worrying that is found everywhere is not for you, children of aspiration; it is for you to set a better example of true courage, and thus you shall liberate humanity from all its bonds.

Peace is the word! Let your mind be at peace. The concerns of the social and business world are not worth such trouble and care. You may be happy (and make others happy) by just being natural, living simply, becoming more and more free.

Peace of mind is worth everything. You can then think, and think to some purpose. Thinking has too often meant worry and care. But thought should be a delight,—it is a delight when it is engaged on interesting things, and when it is free.

The power of Concentration has been often written and talked about. But I think the best way to concentrate is not to try so desperately to place one's thoughts on a single thing, as cheerfully, lovingly, confidently, setting right to work—and not putting off.

The most powerful affirmation is some action.

Love gives birth to strong thoughts, driving away all fear, breaking all bonds,—making one natural and free.

An Object Lesson

Elbert Hubbard gave a lecture in Toronto on March 21st., and as usual the hall of the Conservatory of Music was filled. Mr. Hubbard talks as he writes in the *Philistine*: explaining the methods of the Roycrofters and incidentally giving the audience something to "think over."

It would be better if there were more lecturers like Mr. Hubbard. The ordinary lecture is dry; neither interesting or instructive. This is because the words are not alive; they are empty platitudes of abstract theory.

Mr. Hubbard's words are ALIVE! He tells people what they are doing in East Aurora, N. Y., the place where the *Philistine* is published, and where they make beautiful "books and things"; where a band of young people toil with their hands and brains, to produce works of art.

Most people associate toil with slavery. And it is slavery in the average factory. But there should be nothing so interesting as labor. It all depends whether it is free from domineering employers, whether it is welcome.

The workers at East Aurora, who turn out some of the world's best specimens of artistic printing and bookbinding, are just ordinary people who have not had the "advantages" of college "courses."

Here is a lesson for you.

Work away, think away, concentrate, don't worry, don't fear; be calm, reposed, patient, persevering, and have confidence, love, aspiration;—and your productions will astonish the world around you.

Practice is the best instructor.

A WORLD TRANSFORMED

The world is being transformed. Though there are yet but few who have with all-absorbing devotion thrown aside the prison-shell of the old selfish ideal; those few are great powers in the land, working even beneath the surface, for the undermining of false institutions, and for the building up of a new order.

The old worn customs and habits are to be thrown aside, because they are the shells which enclose the spirit of man, now seeking a more expanded expression. There is no need to vilify the old order of living: it is simply not suited for our widened ideals. It was reared on a narrow basis: we now require a more liberal, extended base.

Liberality, freedom, love—how those words match each other! Our life is widening; we are progressing; we are able to breathe; and newer larger fields of action are still before us.

The world is opening its possibilities to us, which will become more actual as men give themselves up to their new ideals; living in their daily life according to the promptings of an expanded interest,—which is Love.

INTELLIGENT FAITH

Faith calms every disturbing thought, annihilates fear; faith is thus an agent of harmony and peace.

Blind faith has accomplished wonders; what then may we not expect of intelligent faith, the recognition of the one Infinite Life and Power, and of one's identical relation with this Power.

Each one contains in himself the potencies of great far-reaching capabilities; and faith impels them further into the field of action.

In The Realm of Periodicals

FREEDOM is still advertising its offer, "Six weeks for ten cents," which means 96 large pages of the very livest reading matter. I suppose the idea is that when the six weeks are up you feel as though you "can't get along without it" and so you send a dollar for a year's subscription. Address Helen Wilmans, Sea Breeze, Florida.

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