THE MISSING LINK AND NO MISTAKE.

The missing link between man and the ape is found. It was discovered in Java by Dr. Eugene Dubois. Science had already thoroughly established and proved its doctrine of evolution, as was fully told in the Sunday Journal two weeks ago.

It had demonstrated that man is descended from a common parent with the apes. Science knew that somewhere there existed an animal midway between man and the highest type of ape. It has now been found.

This missing link is Pithecanthropus Erectus, the ape-man of Java.

In his now celebrated address made at the Congress of Zoology in Cambridge, Professor Haeckel recently declared that the doctrine of evolution was established. In saying this he expressed not only his own opinion, but that of the leading men of science of the civilized world. He is the most eminent zoologist in Germany. Those who now oppose the doctrine of evolution are an inconsiderable remnant in the community of scientists.

Attention has been attracted chiefly to Professor Haeckel's leading assertion that evolution is fully proved. The public was surprised to find that the doctrine of evolution is an inconsiderable remnant in the community of scientists.

Attention has been attracted chiefly to Professor Haeckel's leading assertion that evolution is fully proved. The public was surprised to find that the entire scientific world had advanced to the point of making this assertion. Evolution, indeed, has made immense strides within a few years.

Professor Haeckel briefly sketched the recent history of the doctrine of evolution. He declared that there was no missing link and spoke of the fossils discovered by various investigators, and finally by Dr. Dubois, as links in the chain.

When Professor Haeckel declared that Dr. Dubois' discovery was the missing link he made a statement even more interesting than that evolution was proved. It has not yet received the attention it deserves.

Dubois brought his discovery to Europe in 1895 and it was received with incredulity or without favorable expressions of opinion. The unscientific public then lost sight of it. Meanwhile it was slowly and thoroughly studied by men of science until the conclusion was finally reached that it was the missing link.

To-day the world is startled to learn that the remains have been discovered of an animal lower than any living man and higher than any living monkey and yet so obviously combining the features of both that it can be nothing else but a link between the two.

Professor O. C. Marsh, of Yale, the foremost geologist of this country, and one of the leading scientists of the world, unhesitatingly affirms that the remains discovered by Dubois are those of the missing link. The leading scientists of Germany, England and France now agree with him.

Clearly these remains—known to science as Pithecanthropus Erectus—are destined to play an important part in the future of science and the race. Everything that can be known about them must be of the profoundest interest.

In Pithecanthropus Erectus we behold a long-lost relative, who is dragged from his grave beneath the dust of countless ages to tell us the story of our remote and hitherto unknown origin.

Dr. Eugene Dubois is a surgeon in the Dutch Army, and was for some years stationed in Java, the great Asiatic possession of the Dutch. He is an ardent scientist and naturalist. He devoted all his leisure time in Java to scientific study and exploration.

It was on the bank of the river Bengawan, in central Java, that he came upon the fossil remains of an animal hitherto unrecognized by science. They consisted of a skull, a left femur or thigh bone, and two molar teeth.

They were found at different times in the same stratum, imbedded in the volcanic tufa, below the dry season level of the river. The tooth was found first in September, 1891, in the left bank of the river, about three feet below the water level in the dry season, and thirty-five or forty feet below the plain in which the river has cut its bed.

A month later the skull was discovered, only three feet from the place where the tooth lay.

In August, 1892, the femur also was found, about forty-five feet from the locality where the other specimens were imbedded.

Later, in October of the same year, a second molar was obtained at a distance of not more than nine feet from where the skull was found and in the direction of the place where the femur was dug up a third tooth, a lower premolar has very recently been found.

Dr. Dubois, a trained zoologist and physiologist, was quick to perceive that the remains were those of either a man or an ape.

Then a question of tremendous importance presented itself to him: Was the animal neither man nor ape, but a link between the two?

He measured the skull very carefully. He found that the brain cavity was much larger than in the highest ape, but less than in man. The capacity of the skull was about two-thirds that of the average civilized man.

The head is an elongated oval in outline, and therefore belongs to the type known as dolichocephalic or long-headed. It has an index of 70 degrees. It is distinguished from that of anthropoid apes by its larger size and its higher arching on the crown. The upper surface is also without ridges.

It is easily distinguished from the skull of the orang-
outang, which is brachycephalic or broad-headed. In its smooth upper surface and general form it shows a resemblance to the skull of the chimpanzee, and still more so to that of the gibbon. These are the varieties of apes whose skulls are most human in appearance. *Pithecanthropus* lacks the enormous bony crests which mark the skull of the gorilla.

Although the skull is not human it is, according to Professor Marsh and Dr. Dubois, nearer to man than the ape, and intermediate between the two. One of the teeth found is the last right upper molar. It is very human in appearance. It has a triangular surface and three roots. The grinding surface is concave and less rough than in existing apes. The diverging roots are an apelike feature.

The thigh bone, which is from the left side, belonged to a full adult animal. In form and size it resembles a human femur so strongly that only a very scientific examination would distinguish one from the other. The bone is very long, its greatest length being over eighteen inches (455 M. M.). The shaft is slender and nearly straight.

The formation of the skull and thigh bone both indicate clearly an animal constructed to stand more upright than any existing ape. In view of all these facts Dr. Dubois gave to his discovery the name of "*Pithecanthropus Erectus*," meaning "erect ape-man."

In 1895 Dr. Dubois brought his specimens to the Congress of Zoologists, held at Leyden. Among those who saw them and heard his statements were Professor Virechow, of Germany; Sir William Flower, of England, and Professor O. C. Marsh, of the United States. These and other scientists now declare themselves convinced that the remains are those of the missing link. Professor Marsh asserts that they belong to the Pliocene age, the last division of the tertiary period, which preceded the present geological period. It has hitherto been believed that man did not exist as early as the pliocene age.

Hitherto the normal human skulls nearest the ape have been those discovered by the naturalist Spy and in the Neanderthal in Germany. They are known as the Spy No. 1, Spy No. 2 and the Neanderthal skulls. The lowest existing human being is the Papuan, who is allied to the Australian aborigine.

Spy No. 1 skull is universally recognized as human, but it is about as far below the Papuan skull as that of *Pithecanthropus* is above the highest ape. Starting at the bottom with the chimpanzee and rising to *Pithecanthropus*, to Spy No. 1, to the Neanderthal man, to Spy No. 2, and to the Papuan, you have the evolution of ape into man without a missing link.

The naturalists have long recognized that anatomically there were no important differences between man and the ape. The great divergence in brain capacity is now disposed of by the discovery of the missing link.

Man's physical resemblance to the ape may be traced in every feature of the body down to the smallest details. The hair of man and the ape grows in the same direction. Man once had long, pointed erectile ears like a monkey, and their former existence is indicated by a knot in the top of his ear. His cousin, the ape, shows the same trace of former pointed ears. Darwin pointed out these facts long ago.

Professor Haeckel traces the evolutionary descent of man further back than the ape. According to him, man, the apes and all mammals are descended from a common ancestral form which lived in the Triassic or Permian period. This form was derived from some Permian or carboniferous reptile allied to the prognesia, which was derived from a carboniferous amphibian of the groups stegocephala. These amphibians in turn descended from the Devonian fishes, and these again from lower vertebrates.

In conclusion, let us remember that the chimpanzee is our cousin, that if his forefathers had had the blessings of education he might now be occupying the position we hold to-day, and that it is our duty to evolve as far above him as possible.—*New York Journal.*

**TRUE DOMINION.**

In *Freedom* of Nov. 9th, I noticed an article on love for animals and also what the editor of a science paper said, A. Sabro of Norway. There is a vast difference between dominion and true dominion. The former rules by sheer force of will power, might, strength, the latter by love alone, that does not know it is being ruled only led, loved. We can rule any animal by love, without ever speaking one loud word, it is the silent voice they know without being told. All animals know it, all insects know it, all flowers know it, all machines know it, all clothing, all furniture knows it, everything in the universe knows it, for everything has intelligent life. It is the voice of the soul that is love without speaking. You may tell children you love them many times, if from the lips only; they know it, and if from the heart you don't have to tell them, they know it already.

If you expect to have true dominion over everything it must be by love alone.

A moth miller will not eat your garment when you do not seek to kill it, a mosquito will not bite you when you do not want to kill it, and so with any animal, the ants will go from your house, the fleas from your body, worms and bugs from your vines, when you will not seek to kill them and give them no power by being afraid that they will do you damage. Love is the ruling power, love is life, hate is death.

This science of Life as I fall it, for life is a science not a blundering motion, does not stop at just healing the body as many suppose, freeing it from disease, but it means freedom in its broadest sense, freedom from all discords, freedom from poverty, freedom from the fear of all animals, freedom from the insect world that hold us to-day in its grasp, true dominion over all things, whether it is a flea, cockroach, or a mouse, means to master all things by love; for everything returns to you, freighted with the same you sent it out with. If you speak health to your food it returns health to you. I would not hire teachers that did not love their work, or dress makers that did not love theirs.

Freedom is true dominion, the first condition being over yourself. When you have mastered yourself you have mastered everything in the outside universe, because the inside universe has been conquered. Then all things are added. They could not be added before, for you would not have been ready to receive them. Unless we are ready to receive our good we would not know it when it comes and would not receive it if any more than a baby would receive a five dollar gold piece instead of a cup of milk. If both were offered the baby would take the milk every time, not knowing the money
was of any value. Love answers to love whether in man, animal, or insect. It is the voice of the soul and is heard by the one spoken to. In this still small voice there is no judgment, no criticism, no condemnation, no envy, it is hands off from every one.

When you have gained self-mastery you have mastered animals and the elements as well, "the winds and waves obey his voice." It is done by keeping still and knowing your power. Storms can be quelled, and are.

I was living at the beach near the waters edge in a small cottage. All know how those beach cottages are, just put up for the summer. This was winter, and there came a severe storm at sea, the waves rolling mountain high and the wind blowing a hurricane. I spoke the silent word of peace, that the storm be stayed; that no plague should come nigh my dwelling and I sat down to my writing table and wrote. My cottage stood amid the wreck. Not one thing was hurt or touched while all the more powerful. This is only one instance of several where the elements have been controlled.

The winds and waves by the one spoken to. In this still small voice there is a high and the wind blowing a hurricane. I spoke the awnings torn to shreds, tents rent from top to bottom. Each individual has the power to control all things by their own thought force, silent and much damage done. Each one can be. Let each learn their power; what they can do and then do it. Our thoughts protect us when we learn to think, omnipresent love in us and we learn how to think, as we learn how to feel, as we learn how to be.

FLORA P. HOWARD

My Dear Mrs. Wilman,—Yours of Oct. 26 at hand. Your letters always just touch the spot, and either your editorials are getting more and more explicit in Freedom or I am growing more towards that point where I can understand you through the sense of feeling—for truly this truth must become flesh and bone. One must take it in bodily and feel it through and through, which is but another proof of the importance of these bodies, or so it seems to me. I am so glad there is one belief in the whole world that is entirely in touch with nature and her unerring laws. One certainly feels as if Mother Earth was indeed a foot stool or foundation to build upon and draw from. It is nice to have good solid walls to hang our ideal pictures upon. This floating misty sensation one gets when thinking about separating the soul or thought life from the body makes me feel weak when I indulge in it, which I very seldom do. I wish to thank you again for keeping my name inserted in Freedom and shall be glad to see it there as long as you can afford the space. It is bringing me beautiful letters and much valuable literature.

I am going to try to get up a class of children for Mr. Post's Bible lessons. It seems to me that others might do the same as there are many that take Freedom who like myself have no children—with perhaps more time than many mothers to read to the children; for my part I am getting anxious to have these lessons commenced. I have been a great Bible student always and I do want Mr. Post's ideas of it. He has surely a happy faculty of bringing things right down to one's level.

M. A. BOSWORTH.

Let no reader be misled by directing letters to or making out money orders on "The City Beautiful!" This is our prospective name. Our present address is Sea Breeze, Fla.
Chiefly not the truth with vanity, neither conceal the truth against your own knowledge.—The Koran.

The book from which the above quotation is taken is the Bible of the Mohammedans. They look upon it with the same reverence that Christians feel for our Bible.

Those who believe in the Koran and Mohammed are called Mohammedans, just as those who believe in the Bible and Christ are called Christians.

Chambers' Encyclopaedia says there are one hundred and three million Mohammedans and one hundred and one million Protestant Christians in the world. There are more Catholics than Protestants and more who believe in the Bible; and just as we have Baptists, and Methodists, and Presbyterians, and Episcopalians, and many other sects among Christians, so the Mohammedans are divided into different sects, all claiming the Koran as authority just as all Christians of all sects claim the Bible for their authority.

The Mohammedans, too, claim descendence from Adam through Abraham, and they accept of the Old Testament, though their version of it differs in some respects from that of Christians. They also regard Jesus of Nazareth as a prophet, and they claim that Jews and Christians have lost, or failed of understanding, the true meaning of the teachings of Jesus. They claim Mohammed as a greater prophet than Jesus, because the last, but deny that either were the Son of God as Christians understand it, and think it an insult to God to say that he has a son.

I have thought this brief explanation of the Mohammed religion desirable at the start, and I hope all who intend to follow me will read this carefully.

I also suggest that both the children and grown folks look at school Geography or other maps and find the countries in which the Mohammedans live, and that they do this in regard to all other people that we shall mention, as also locate in the different countries the principle cities in which great events have occurred.

You will then be able to understand the relation which nations and events bear to each other and will not become confused in your minds and will, I know, greatly enjoy the readings. To such of the older ones as feel an especial interest I would even suggest the jotting down of some few principle events with dates in a little book. You will find such a great convenience later on.

I do not propose, however, to go much into details, only just enough to make the chain complete, and will remember that the children as well as older people are my scholars. I think also that I shall not need to take up more space, either now or later, with suggestions or explanations of the course to be pursued, but can push straight ahead with our regular work, endeavoring, in writing to the Bible text quoted from the Koran at the beginning of this article neither to clothe the truth with vanity, nor hide it against our own knowledge.

I am supposing now that the class have all read the lesson suggested last week, which was the first nine chapters of Genesis. Each of you, then, know the Bible story of the creation and history of the race down to Noah and the deluge, but have you heard the other stories of the same events as they are told in other Bibles?

The Mohammeds say that God first sent three angels to earth to get different kinds of dirt to make Adam of, but the earth cried out and the angels went back without taking any dirt. Then God sent another angel who got clay, which is nearly white, red earth and black mud, which God set other angels to kneading, after which he took it and shaped it into the form of a man and left it to dry for forty days. There are those who think this accounts for the three principle races of man, white men, red men and black men.

God told the angels they must worship Adam, and they all agreed except one Eblis, who refused, and intimated that he was a better man than Adam was or ever would be. He even kicked Adam, but apparently Adam was already too well sunbaked to be greatly injured for the account says that "the range." Eblis, having disobeyed God, was now the devil, and told God he would make trouble. When God had put life into Adam and had also created Eve, and put them in the garden of Eden up above the earth, or in Paradise, Eblis, that is the devil, tried to get into the garden to tempt them, but the guard would not let him in, so he went first to one and another of the animals and tried to get them to smuggle him through the gate, but none of them would do so until he came to the serpent, who took him in his teeth and carried him into the garden. Then he tempted Adam and Eve, and they sinned and fell out of Paradise to earth. One of them alighted on the island of Celon, and the other near Mecca, and it took them 200 years to find each other.

There is another Geography lesson; where is Mecca and where Colon?

In this account God first asked the angels what were the names of the different animals, but they could not tell. Then he had Adam tell them.

These are the stories taught to Mohammedan children just as the Bible story is taught to the children of Christians, and the learned Mohammedans discuss, and argue, and explain as Christian commentators do the Bible. And here is the story according to the ancient Greeks.

First, they say, was Chaos, who married Darkness. They had two children whose names were Terra, or Earth, and Uranos, or Heaven.

Terra and Uranos married each other and had two boys, Titan and Kronos, and one girl, Cybele. Kronos married his sister Cybele, and Titan agreed that Kronos might be the ruler over all provided he, Titan, should have all the little boy babies that should ever be born to eat. Kronos agreed, but when Cybele had a little boy baby she hid him. Titan found it out and was terribly angry and attacked Kronos, and made him prisoner. Now the little boy that had been hidden was named Zeus. He was the child of Cybele and Kronos, and being grown up he made war on Titan and they had an awful time of it.

The following is a part of the account of the fight as given in Clares' Library of Universal History.

"After the war had lasted ten years Zeus called the Cyclopes to his aid, and also some powerful giants that
he had released from captivity. These assisted him in the war. Mount Olympus was now shaken to its foundation. The sea rose, the earth groaned, and the mighty forests trembled. Zeus flung his mighty thunderbolts, the lightning flashed and the winds blazed. The Titans in return attempted to scale the skies, throwing mighty oaks at the Heavens, piling up mountains upon each other and hurling them at Zeus. But Zeus finally whipped the Titans and "cast them into the Abyss."

There was once a people who lived a very great many years ago, nobody knows just how long or exactly when. Only we know that it was most probably in the region of the Aral sea, (another Geography lesson). There are a great many Bibles belonging to these people, that is the books of their Bible have never been all brought together and published in one volume as have ours, and if they were they would make a monstrous big one. I have a few of these translated into English, but some of them never have been translated, and others still are supposed to be lost. We have enough, however, to enable us to understand their teachings. Here are the names of some of them:

The Dinkard.
Zad-Sparam.
Fo-Sho-Hing-Tean-King.
Fo-Pen-Hing-King.
Sin-hing-pan-k’s-King.
Sang-kia-lo-cha-sho-tih-fo-hing-King, and many others.

These contain the teachings of Zoroaster and the Buddha, and are known as "The Sacred Books of the East."

It is not known how long ago Zoroaster lived and taught. Different scholars give different dates. The earliest to us is 500 B.C., while other authorities are inclined to put the time as far back as 5000 B.C. I think it more probable that it was between two and three thousand, judging from all the evidence I have been able to examine. But these books mention other books referring to a time and a religion before the time of Zoroaster, showing that men lived and had a religion and wrote books and had a Bible before his time.

According to these Sacred Books of India, the first man was Gayomard and his children were Masye and Maysoon. God, in their language was Auharmazd, and he gave the animals to Masye and told him their names.

"The creator showed them the sowing of corn as declared in the words of Auharmazd. Thus: This is thine O Masye! which is an ox. Thine, too is this corn, and thine those other appliances; henceforth thou shalt know them well."—Dinkard, Book vi.

These books contain a list of those who descended from Gayomard, the first man, down to the birth of their Zoroaster, or Zarastust, as he was commonly called, the Christ of these books, just as the Bible does from Adam.

If we were sure you youngsters had gotten your tongues rested after only to say Fo-Sho-Hing-Tean-King, and Sang-kia-lo-cha-sho-tih-fo-hing-King, I would give you a few of these. Shall I?

All right, here goes:

"Zarástust was the son of Porushaspo (no, not porus plaster, be careful of your pronunciation children) son of Padrigratsapo, son of Uregadharp, son of Haekadasha, son of Kichhehun, son of Paetras, of Aregadharm, of Hardhóf Spitham," and so on down through a list of thirty-eight or forty more names to "Maysa, the son of Gayomard the first man."

But I guess that will do for this week.

C. C. Post.
The chains that hitherto bound us were always the chains of bad habits antagonism against the destroyer, but when we induce a condition of blood poisoning by stall-feeding until the uric acid has disintegrated the flesh so that instead of being tough and elastic as flesh should be, it becomes tender and juicy; it is unreasonable for Mother Grundy to insist on our dependence on it for strength, and irrational for us who are engaged in a struggle against this race habit of superstition and blind obedience, to lessen our self control and our study hours by adding our hard earned power to the enemy's laurels, and abdicating the throne of sovereign will. From our positive stand point this so-called poisonous condition of flesh foods may be the least of the reasons for seeking better things, still it is a good weapon of defence against both outside meddlers with our affairs and against the negativness of ourselves during the transition from the negative to the positive condition of life, therefore we may as well take note of it. In noting the unprovability of the popular position we should never lose sight of the main point that it is self abnegation to admit that we must have any one particular thing or starve.

Looking around us and joining evidence to evidence (negative evidence such as is received by negative people) we find this admission of overpowering necessity for this one item of the bill of fare is what binds them down to the greater portion of the unproductive and uninspiring labor of cooking and cleaning up as well as the—to them—terrible train of inflammatory and neuralgic diseases.

Thousands of women who would gladly read and profit themselves and families by the weekly teachings of our beautiful FREEDOM are bound to this wretched juggernaut must. (Whew! the mustiness of it) so that instead of using their time profitably, they use it in piling up wrath against the day of wrath in the negative organisms of the helpless husband and children. Husband the while working overtime or binding themselves with inexorable debt, to pay for it.

Why even natural flesh is said to be 80 per cent water and water can be gotten free, we must not pay 10 cents a pound for it. Aside from the water, flesh has less of nitrogenous or other food in it than many seeds, cereals and nuts. The product of an acre of land in almonds, peanuts or filberts is, by exact chemical measurement, worth more as "a body builder" than the cattle that can be raised on the product of 7 or 8 acres. In the open market the finer, more rational foods are far cheaper, in natural productions, and we have "butter of nuts," "milk of nuts" etc., which are all ground and cooked and the dishes washed at a far less price per ounce of real food values than the cheapest meat. If Mental Scientists choose for development to use their powers in cooking and cleaning up the things, let them do so as long as they choose! but let us strike out that "father of lies" "must" from our vocabulary, by turning on the light.

When "truth" makes us free we are free indeed, and we find the chains that hitherto bound us were always chains of sand. Yours for "a hundred-fold more in this world," N. E. ARNOLD, Dayton, Fla.

"FREEDOM" is the only paper published whose leading and constantly avowed object is to overcome death right here in this world and right now. If you want to learn something of the newly discovered power named "in man which fits him for this stupendous conquest read this paper, and keep on reading it.

WHITE HAIR GROWING BLACK.

John H. Tapping, a well known resident of New Brunswick, N. J., is undergoing the unique and somewhat unusual experience of having the hair of his head and beard, which has been perfectly white for five years, beginning to gradually assume its former color of jet black. Recently Mr. Tapping noticed that his hair was beginning to turn black, and called the attention of his acquaintance to the fact, and in a short time the remarkable instance of rejuvenation became not only a subject of talk both in New Brunswick and Metuchen, but it was taken up in medical circles, and then Mr. Tapping was besieged with letters from anxious inquirers who wanted to know what preparation he was using to bring about such a desirable result. Had the change in the color been due to some preparation, instead of the result of Dame Nature's work Mr. Tapping would be assured of a comfortable fortune from the sale of the preparation.

I called at the home of Mr. Tapping, on Schureman street, in New Brunswick, a few nights ago, and by him was told all that can be told regarding the strange phenomenon of nature, for such it certainly is. Mr. Tapping is a man of sixty-five years of age, about five feet nine inches, of commanding figure and fine presence. He has a strong, frank, open face, with a high forehead, aquiline nose and wears a full beard. His eyes are dark blue, and his hair and beard have for five years been as white as snow.

Some weeks ago Mr. Tapping noticed that there were a large number of black hairs noticeable in his mustache. They first appeared on the right side, and later on it was noticed that a number of these black hairs had made their appearance among the white hairs of his head.

"They seemed to come," said Mr. Tapping, "in the same manner as the gray hairs usually come when a person's hair begins to turn gray. It was a reversal of the process. I have not the slightest idea what makes them come, but simply know that from day to day there are more black hairs in my beard and head, and if they continue in the way that they have in the past month in time my hair will have assumed its original color."

A change of this sort will take a long time, as Mr. Tapping has a fine head of hair, and, although it is pure white, it becomes him well and does not add to his age so far as appearance goes.

CHANGE TO WHITE.

Mr. Tapping was born in Rhinebeck, N. Y., a little more than sixty-five years ago. When he was a young man of sixteen he suffered from a fever of ninety days' duration. Immediately after this his hair began to come out, and he consulted Dr. Varick, a prominent physician at that time. The doctor was somewhat of a joker, and he advised the young man to try some noted hair preparation. He told him that his hair would continue to come out, notwithstanding the application of the hair restorer, but in the end it would all come in again. Thinking he had something back of his recommendation, Mr. Tapping persisted in asking the reason, until, in a humorous way, the physician replied—"Well, your hair will come in anyway, and possibly the hair restorer would not do it any harm, but just see what a fine testimonial they might get from you."

Mr. Tapping said that while he had no hair on his head he went to church one Sunday, and the annoyance
THE BIRTH OF CONSCIOUSNESS.

There is an article in "Fred Burry's Journal" that is very aptly named "The Birth of Consciousness." It is a powerful essay all by itself.

"The birth of consciousness is the true birth of Man. It is the birth of that positive phase of life that conquers death; it is the birth of individuality which is the birth of the "I," it is the birth of self mastery and the birth of freedom; it is the birth of genius and means the liberation of the world from every hateful condition; it is the birth of the "I,"

"We are becoming conscious. The world is awakening out of its long slumber, out of its dreams, its fantastic visions of another world, and it is beginning to realize the tremendous truth, that it bears within itself the embryonic foundations of a long looked for paradise.

Not only is man rising into greater consciousness, but the whole animal, vegetable and mineral world with him, for nature is inseparably united. We are all animals yet—our bodies are subject to pain, and always will be until we have learned to be men. 'Animal' is derived from a word which means 'life,' and 'man' is from a word which means 'mind.' So the part of our being that is living, that is moving, is the animal or conscious part, and the creative force that produces this vital expression is the thinking part—man. We thus see man to be omnipresent, the creator of the universe—wherever there is intelligence, we find the presence of man, and intelligence is in every atom—so the atom is the seed of man. Man is all, all is man.

"The purpose of existence is individualization—conscious personal expression of being. In the lower planes of existence—the mere animal and human-animal planes, consciousness consists simply of an instinctive apprehension of life. The next stage is the sensitive one, when a dim conception of a supra-natural condition comes to the individual, and an ideal subjective realm is created, which however is imagined to be external. This is the religious stage—a stage of transition—when the ego is between the dormant condition of animal and the conscious condition of man. This period is full of fanciful dreams, the ego is in a state of perplexity. It is seeking—it knows not what. At times it rises to heights of rapturous ecstasy, and with the heart's deepest devotion pours itself out in sacrificial worship to an outside God. All this time intelligence is ripening. Where there is consciousness there will be found the seeds of a powerful brain—for what is worship but the beginning of an embryonic foundation of a long looked for paradise. Oh man, you are becoming alive, your body is to show forth vitality. The universe exists for no other purpose than to be conscious. The being you have imagined and called God, is nothing more nor less than the mere glimmer of your own self. Have you ever seen yourself? You have seen certain organs composing your body. Do you know how to run yourself? When you instinctively take food into your mouth do you know how to digest it, and make it assimilate into flesh and blood? And yet do you accomplish all this, do you not? No other being does it for you. You have been living too poor in your own self. You have been imagining that the machinery of your life was run by an outside power. You are now told that there is no power outside of you. You are now told that there is no outside of you. You are in positive touch with everything in the universe.

"That which you call your body is the manifestation of your soul—it does not encompass the soul. You are everywhere, and I am everywhere, for we are both one being.

"The birth of consciousness can only take place through matter, there is no perfect condition of consciousness without flesh and blood. Intelligence must become incarnate before it can become animated. Oh, what is it to be animated, but to be full of life, full of animation—full of the animal? Full of the animal! Why, is not the animal part of our nature to be destroyed? No, indeed, it is the very root of our beings, its future office is as servant for the intelligence, in this capacity its grossness will be eliminated, in fact the animal will evolve into something higher than we possess just now, in other words man will find new senses, new functions, new possibilities, new possibilities for an immortal body. As man becomes master all his nature becomes a conscious freed organism, acting more and more in obedience to the creative human will, which is the centre of every existence.

"Man is actually becoming God incarnate. In this generation there are individuals who are going to live forever, conscious personal entities manifesting the glory of life in flesh and blood. Are you going to be in the vanguard of the race, in the front of humanity, and lead mankind out of the slough of death into the realms of life immortal, which sooner or later must come to all? Are you willing to listen to the voice of your own reason, which is whispering to you of your own stupendous potential greatness, your own infinite capabilities? You are yourself your own Almighty God.

"Tear away the false glamour that hides the majesty of your being from yourself—the glamour of superstition that did very well for our unconscious race. Let the past die—it always was dead, it was never conscious. This earth is now giving birth to the personification of life. You, you are at once parent and child, out of your being shall be born—consciousness..." - From Fred Burry's Journal, Toronto, Canada.
FREEDOM

WEEKLY

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

HELEN WILMANS, Publisher.
HELEN WILMANS and C. C. POST, Editors.
C. C. POST, Business Manager.

ADVERTISING RATES:
For advertising rates address C. C. Post.

Please take notice that free from prejudice and envy too, since these two disturbing forces will defeat them when nothing else will.

If people in any walk of life will only keep clear from envy, jealousy and prejudice they may live free from disease a hundred years longer than the average age even on the unconscious plane of existence. Think how constantly we tear ourselves to pieces by indulging in such feelings as these! But now I am so happy; and as I examine into my case I find that my only reason for happiness is because I am free from these dreadful mental diseases. Being free from them I have nothing to fear. If a rival rushes past me and reaches the goal of my ambition before I get there I can look on and enjoy his position by entering into his pleasure. Nor is my ambition crushed in the least. I bring a keen observation to bear on the matter and start with fresh enthusiasm in the race for more truth.

We never get anything but truth. Even when we feel ourselves defeated, the situation is what we need; it is what is best for us; there is a lesson in it we must learn before we can go farther. For many years I have known that my defeats were as valuable to me as my successes, and at this time they do not daunt me in the least. And again, the success of another person becomes my success through the bond of an intelligence that is universal. If I keep my mental eyes open I do not have to go through every piece of experience necessary to my education; I can look on and get it from the experience of my neighbors; so in this way their failures and successes too—the same as my own—are lessons to me. Thus education is hastened. We are hurrying forward in these latter days with great speed; infinitely greater than in the old time, simply because our intelligence has become so quickened that we grasp facts with a cool almost unerring vitality that is simply wonderful.

And what does it mean? It begins to look as if we knew it all now, and were slowly awakening to the fact of our knowing. Heavens, what a thought this is!
And in one mighty sense it is true. We are seed germs of an infinite potentiality, and now that we are evolving into the conscious process of growth we are able to note our own unfolding. It is as if the little bulb should become conscious of the stalk and leaves it began to send forth, and of the gorgeous flower that would soon appear. Becoming conscious of this the bulb would seem to itself to be the whole plant in full development. And what is this but the banishment of time, and the condensation of the all into the present moment. This is exactly what it is, and it is by this process that we become bigger; our growth on the mental plane is entirely in the consciousness; it is an enlarged mental seeing. What we see we are; seeing is being.

This enlarged mental seeing I am speaking of is breaking bonds more and more every moment. There are no bonds but ignorance; to be ignorant of our own possibilities is our only bond. This is it that checks our thoughts which would lead to effort and eventually to a series of grand successes, such as make life valuable. To come into this power is to come into a higher state of consciousness concerning ourselves, our antecedents and our possibilities. We have to learn thoroughly the fact of our own creativeness. This fact puts us entirely in our own hands and makes us masters of ourselves and our surroundings. There is nothing in all the world that so quickly establishes us in every desirable condition as the knowledge of our own creativeness. A consciousness of this one thing is enough.

A man is his own statement of truth. Every power of the body builds up to his highest demand; and what is more, the body never ceases to build until he ceases to demand. And who is the "he" who makes the demand? It is the indefatigable spirit or will that has struggled against his stupid non-recognition of its presence always.

How rapidly the onward race movements are following one another; the new departure began with Spiritualism; it was followed by Christian Science, then Theosophy and last by Mental Science.

It is a fortunate movement that does not get enough fools in it to retard its progress, even if not to ruin it; all of these movements have had their foibles to the man born, as it were, and yet each movement grew and grew and developed into something greater than it began with. The power of thought always acts in this way; it never rests; it is surely the most vital thing in the world.

I have a good many friends among the spiritualists, and yet I am not a spiritualist; or if I am one I do not know it. I acknowledge the presence of an unseen force at their seances, and I know that—with here and there an exception—the mediums are honest and the meetings are conducted honestly; but what is the force that is thus manifested I am not decided about. At one time I had no doubt but the communications all came from spirits; but after a time new truths and new experiences raised doubts in my mind that have never been silenced.

I know how ardently and honestly spiritualists believe that they know the truth of their own theory; I believed I knew it too; not one of them was more thoroughly convinced of spirit return than I was. But when the mighty forces of the human mind began to show forth in so many ways I came to the conclusion that while there was nothing impossible in the idea of spirit return, yet there might be another explanation of the phenomena that has not developed yet, and that the wisest thing to do was to wait until more light came.

In the meantime all my ideas were being worked away from death and a life after death. I concluded that no matter how alluring the spiritual heaven might be, nor how painful the earth life is, that the vital principle led in the direction of the earth life, and in the conquest of death. This mental condition has strengthened with me from the first moment of its conception. Every barrier in the way of its realization has melted into nothingness as I came close to it; and the whole mighty stream of evolution, past and present presented me with a system of reasoning on the subject that is to-day converting thousands of people, and is to me the most incontrovertible piece of logic ever presented to the human mind.

And yet all of this when it is unfolded does not prove that the spirits do not live after death, and that under certain conditions they do not visit their earthly friends. But Mental Science does correct one error in spiritualism. That error is the belief that spirit life is far more desirable than this life ever was. The spiritual philosophy has invested the life after death in garments of such beauty as to eclipse the present life, and to render the present life endurable only because of the promise it holds out for the future.

This condition, which by the way is beginning to lose its hold on a considerable body of spiritualists, has the effect of creating a sense of indifference to the concerns of earth, and of postponing the scene, high interest that makes the present life successful, to the heaven of their hopes which death alone can reveal.

In other words the summer land of their anticipation drains the life forces out of present existence. And this is the only charge I can bring against spiritualism. I have never said that it was not true; either it is true or there must be some other way to account for the phenomena it exhibits, for I know that much of its most remarkable phenomena is true. I have seen it under conditions that defied deception, and I was not deceived.

I am writing this as an answer to so many questions on the subject. Here are two letters. One says:

"I suspect from your paper that you are a spiritualist. If so I want no more of it. I have investigated that thing and know more of its frauds than you can count in a year."

Another friend says:

"I have read your paper with the earnest hope of discovering that you are a true spiritualist, but must confess that I am still in the dark about it. Won't you give us some ideas on the subject in FREEDOM?"

My answer is that I hope it is true. I hope people live after this life and I hope they have the power to come back and visit us. But as to whether they really do come back or not I cannot say. There are two or three things I do not know, and this is one of them.

---

Mr. Geo. Osbond, Scientist House, Norman Ave., Davenport, is agent in England for our publications. Any of our publications can be had of him as cheaply as of us.
THE WASTE-PAPER BASKET.

This thing of getting young again is a very slow operation. When I first found out how slow it would be I was almost discouraged; I tried to go back to the old thought; but the old thought was nothing but shreds and tatters of mistakes and absurdities; I wondered how I had ever lived in such a mental rag-bag.

The mere fact of my being able to see the difference between past and present states of thought showed that I was progressing; looking back a day might prove nothing; but a year told another tale.

And so I trudged along the road of eternal life and health and happiness and freedom as well as I could, but very slowly. In ten years I had scarcely covered the distance I had expected to cover in as many months. Discouragements came less frequently as I journeyed on. At last something came that stood by me forever night and day, and prevented the possibility of any discouragement ever coming again. This was an unshaken knowledge of the mighty fact that it is in man's power to conquer death. This power is in his intellect; it shows forth in the expansion of his reason. From the hour that I could see this truth clearly I had no more doubt; I had stepped from the uncertainty of mere belief into the substantiality of absolute truth; and I knew.

From that time I endeavored more than ever to use my brains and to live in them instead of the emotions. The race is living in its emotions to-day. The emotions unsubdued, not yet under the control of the brain are uncertain in their action and not to be trusted. Trusting them leads to death. Fear, the bedrock of all doubt; I plodded along evolving more and more truth out of it; and I knew.

The above paragraph may convey very little to many readers; but, the fact is, it is full of great meaning. It indicates the transition now going on from matter to mind, or from deadness to aliveness. It is one of the straws which shows the way the wind is blowing, and I hail it as a valuable piece of evidence in favor of the point I am trying to establish.

But here is something else on this line; as soon as a person begins to do his own thinking his brain begins to unfold; it sends out new tendrils and puts forth new buds I have no doubt. This is a great thing by itself, but a greater thing is, that different parts of the brain which hardly seemed related to each other, so contradictory they appeared, grew into harmony and began to work together. Thus a clearer conception of truth came about.

As what you think happened when this clearer conception came?

Why the complexion showed forth the improved health of the brain, thus adding new testimony to the fact that a man is all mind. The brain became clearer and the skin cleared with it; the two are one; a man is all of one piece.

I was talking with Ada Hill on this subject just after dinner. She says "this one truth heartily endorsed delivers a person from death."

Then we got to telling each other about persons we had seen who claim to be Mental Scientists, and who honestly believe they are, but who yet consider that the body is one thing and the mind another; these persons as yet betray no signs of returning youth or vigor; so far as I know they are getting old at about the usual rate of speed.

Some two years ago when so many persons were talking about vibrations and putting a lot of what they considered saving faith in them I became well acquainted with one of the most earnest students in that line of thought.

Again and again she assured me that unless a person's vibrations were harmonious he could not conquer death nor anything else of consequence.

I met her the following year and found her in the same tracks mentally. She had curbed or eradicated from herself every particle of hate, jealousy and fear; she was the most reposeful woman I ever met; she was very charming too; she had a tender interest for all, and her whole nature seemed attuned to harmony.

Not long ago I met her again. I told her frankly how I had been watching her and that she had not stood the test. She said she knew it; she knew that she was older and the lines in her face were deeper than two years previous.

There was something wrong with her theory; it had not produced the expected results. What was it?

You may talk about vibrations and practise the new methods as much as you like, but the result will not be the conquest of old age and death. You may attain case, for case is the natural result of holding a rhymical state of mind; but this is not much to do; neither is it on the main line of the work a Mental Scientist needs to do.

What is the essential thing then? It is the power to evolve more vitality from these h-

10 v
And with countenance open and peaceful and bland,
Sang the song of eight 'gators in one.
Oh, I am the boss of this here tank,
And I am the boss of the pen;
No other 'gator with me can rank,
And I scorn the applause of men;
For I am the blind, and the halt, and lame,
And I am the healthy and strong,
I am the short and also the long,
And I am both wild and tame.
For, oh, I'm a lover of all my kind,
And carefully gather in
Every wandering youth that I can find
Or healthy and strong, or lame or blind,
I preserve 'em all from sin.
Seven young 'gators were with me, when
A bow-legged darkey, one day
For the Colonel's dollar, dumped me in the pen,
And not one of 'em went astray.
Oh, I am boss of this whole affair,
And I lie stretched out in the sun
While the men look on with a curious stare
And the ladies recount with a tragic air.
The awful deeds I have done,
For I am a sight most exceedingly rare;
Eight 'gators rolled into one.

I told the Col. that was not good poetry, but he insisted that it is. He said it might not be as good as he could do if he had more time, but with the exception of Shakespeare and Milton and a few others, he didn't slow down before any of the great poets, and he pointed out how they could do if he had more time, but with the exception of genius of a high order, poets commonly being composed of lines in his poem end with words of a similar sound, that is they rhymed, but that he described accurately the condition of things as they existed, which he insisted is a merit not common in poetry and evidence of genius of a high order, poets commonly being compelled for lack of true genius to draw upon their imagination for their descriptions, whereas he had combined poetry with facts. He explained that one of the little gaiters had lost a leg when he got them, and another was blind in one eye, while the others were “healthily strong” all as set forth in his poem. And he wanted to know if I could dispute his statement that none of those young alligators had gone astray, or if I did not recognize the fact that his big alligator was the “long and short” of the whole show.

Of course I refused to argue the matter with him and now he thinks he is a sure-enough poet and is liable to break out in the most unexpected ways and places and I fear I shall have lots of trouble with him. I ought not to have published his dogrel but I had to have something and the girl had burned my usual source of inspiration and supply so what could I do.

If my readers will withhold, for a few weeks, any letters of condemnation of the Waste Basket articles which they were intending to write I may be able to convince the Col. that his poems could never be popular with the public and so bring him down to earth and ordinary affairs of business again, otherwise I am afraid his days of real usefulness are over.

The river is full of ducks. There are thousands of them. Some one said millions, which is an exaggeration of course, but thousands, even some tens of thousands would not be. At a distance they seem to cover the water completely over large spaces and sportsmen are shooting them all day, and by moonlight at night. One night last week I think they hunted all night, for I heard shooting at all hours when awake, and I was told next morning that they had done so. It seems cruel sport, especially as many must be wounded that are not taken, but men and alligators seem not to mind the wiggles of their prey, and so long as men eat flesh I suppose the cruelties of preparing it for food will continue. “The boys” have revived a joke of last year on Maj. Britton, whom they assert shot ducks out of the office window, in his excitement at seeing a big flock feeding close in-shore, forgetting to raise the sash.

That was when the office was first moved down here and while in temporary quarters in the Casino. Now we have a large and finely appointed office on the second floor of the Apartment Store Building. We do not yet do our own press work, but have a large composing room and storage for our stock of paper and published works that is quite up to date and shall put in press whenever we feel that it will be true economy. Our-publishing business is increasing rapidly, having nearly doubled in the last year, with every prospect of still more rapid growth.

Really and truly the world does move. The old is giving place to the new, and a higher and better civilisation is being ushered in.

AND THE ISLES OF THE SEA.

Mrs. WILMANS:—I feel impelled to add my tribute of gratitude and love to you, for being brave enough to give to the world such beautiful and acceptable thoughts; thoughts that are daily becoming more and more my own, making life grander, nobler and better in every possible way giving me hope, and drawing me away from those negative conditions which were making life such a dreary affair to me.

I thought, maybe, you would like to hear that even in our small island of Tasmania, you were not unknown. I have purchased all the works that I can find of yours from Sydney (there are no works of that description to be had here) and have ordered your weekly paper Freedom through Mr. Cardew, and hope to have a copy shortly.

I have not the least trouble in accepting all your statements. I have long felt that the sickness and feebleness of old age was not a necessity, and as soon as I read your statement that death could be overcome, I felt and knew it to be true.

We are at a disadvantage in our small town, for we do not get much help from other and more enlightened and freer parts of the world, and the people as a whole, are conservative and do not easily take to new ideas, but there is a small band of men studying your lessons (I am sorry that women are not admitted to it) then a friend, my husband and myself meet once a week for study of the same.
I am already able to overcome any illness that I may have, by simply dwelling upon the good within, knowing and feeling that our higher selves cannot sin or be diseased and then ignoring any trouble by filling my mind with whatever duty lies nearest to hand, thus creating new thoughts which show immediately on the body, but I know that is nothing compared to what I will be able to do when I have made all your ideas my own, which by continuous study I mean to do. I know that you can only put me on the right path, I must do the rest.

But I feel that I cannot express my admiration, love and gratitude to you for your uplifting and noble work, able to do when I have made all your ideas my own, and I feel to you, as I have never felt to any other being in my life, a feeling which is too deep for words. I can feel the struggle you have undergone a real transformation in the old beliefs, and have become convinced of the truth of your words. I feel that I cannot express my admiration, love and gratitude to you for your uplifting and noble work.

Wishing -Board in a Mental Science family in other Wilmington, Del., or Philadelphia, Pa., for a boy eight years of age who will attend school. Address, with terms, Mrs. E. E. Martin, care T. D. Donaldson, 2049 Lancaster Ave., Wilmington, Del.

KEY TO POWER

of 10 and 30 cts. books on Ope ult, Albyn Villas, Tasmania.

WEARING CRAPE.

Does the wearing of crape and other conventional habit of mourning and grief conduct to the spread of melancholia among women?

Dr. Bayard Holmes, one of Chicago's best known nervous specialists, asserts that it does.

"I hardly know about insanity," declares Dr. Holmes, "but I am sure that melancholia is frequently aggravated and even caused by the heavy crape vails and trappings of conventional woe.

"The wearing of mourning is but part of an artificial and false state of existence, according to my ideas. It cannot fail to produce a depressing effect upon all but the least sensitive natures. As depression and melancholia are by no means widely separated, in many cases at least, there is more than a grain of truth in the story that the crape garments occasionally pave the way to the sanitarium or the insane asylum.

"Intelligent women should take careful thought about this matter and forgo such outward expression of their troubles as serves to depress not only themselves, but others."

Many physicians are more conservative in expressing their opinion about this matter, but, with few exceptions, the mourning garments by means of which women proclaim their bereavements to the world at large are strongly deprecated.

It seems, from the number received, to be as easy to get ten cent subscribers, as to pick apples or oranges. If you have not sent us a club had you not better do so?

At Reduced Rates in Clubs.

U ntil further notice we will accept of new subscriptions to Freedom at the following rates in clubs: Five new subscribers (one year) sent in at one time $1.00 each; Five new subscribers (six months) sent in at one time $0.50 each, Ten new subscribers (six months) sent in at one time $0.50 each; Twenty new subscribers (six months) sent in at one time $0.50 each.

For $0.10 we will send four issues (four weeks) each to ten different addresses.

MRS. CHRISTIANA HOLDEN, Watkins, Y. T.

Testimonials from authors, actors, artists, and people everywhere showing the good these readings are doing, are now in the Freedom.

"A Search for Freedom" Ready for Delivery.

"A Search for Freedom," the volume of Mrs. Wilman's personal experiences, is now ready for delivery. It contains Mrs. Wilman's latest pictures, taken in 1898. The book contains 367 pages, and the price is $1.00 unless taken in connection with some of our other publications. With "A Blossom of the Century" $2.00, With "The Home Course in Mental Science" $6.00. With any of our publications amounting to $1.50 it will be put down to $1.00.

This is a delightful book; it is wisdom made easy of acquirement; not the least admirable of its features is the sense of humor that runs all through it; it makes you laugh while it instructs; and it instructs without any effort to do so. It is a transcript of human nature from first to last; and as such it is graphic, grotesque, tender, earnest, and diffuses from every page the unmistakable atmosphere of freedom. No one can get more for $1.50 than by buying this book. Address C. C. Post, Sea Breeze, Fla.

WANTED—Board in a Mental Science family in either Wilmington, Del., or Philadelphia, Pa., for a boy eight years of age who will attend school. Address, with terms, Mrs. E. E. Martin, care T. D. Donaldson, 2049 Lancaster Ave., Wilmington, Del.

SEVEN ESSAYS ON THE ATTAINMENT OF HAPPIEINESS.

by P. T. D. DONALDSON, M.D.

"Their value to every reader is too high to be estimated in money. —Boston Ideas."

"The subjects as follows: "First," "The Universal Heart."


The price of the set is $8.

Address T. D. Donaldson, 2049 Lancaster Ave., Wilmington, Del.

Do You Wish to Know Yourself and Your Latent Possibilities? The wearing of mourning is but part of an artificial state of existence, according to my ideas. It cannot fail to produce a depressing effect upon all but the least sensitive natures. As depression and melancholia are by no means widely separated, in many cases at least, there is more than a grain of truth in the story that the crape garments occasionally pave the way to the sanitarium or the insane asylum.

"Intelligent women should take careful thought about this matter and forgo such outward expression of their troubles as serves to depress not only themselves, but others."

Many physicians are more conservative in expressing their opinion about this matter, but, with few exceptions, the mourning garments by means of which women proclaim their bereavements to the world at large are strongly deprecated.

It seems, from the number received, to be as easy to get ten cent subscribers, as to pick apples or oranges. If you have not sent us a club had you not better do so?

Old age is sometimes beautiful, sometimes pitiful, but it is never desirable now that Helen's hands and few other advanced thinkers are looking toward a life that never grows old and perhaps never ends. We will hold our breath and quietly await results. -Western World.
FLORIDA EAST COAST RAILWAY.

Time Table No. 16—In Effect July 18, 1898.

South. Daily. No 35—Lv. Jacksonville 9.20 a m, St Augustine 10.05 a.m., St Johns 10.35 a.m., Hastings 11.10 a.m., Palatka 11.45 a.m., San Mateo 12.26 p.m., Lv. San Mateo 12.30 p.m., East Palatka 11.30 a.m., Ormond 1.00 p.m., Daytona 1.15 p.m, Port Orange 2.41 p.m., New Smyrna 3.20 p.m., Oak Hill 3.24 p.m., Titusville 3.44 p.m., Cocoa 4.12 p.m., Melbourne 4.22 p.m., Sebastian 4.50 p.m., Ft Pierce 5.20 p.m., Edin 6.49 p.m., Jensen 6.54 p.m., Stuart 7.06 p.m, West Jupiter 7.32 p.m., West Palm Beach 8.20 p.m., Linton 9.00 p.m, Ft Lauderdale 9.44 p.m, Ar. Miami 10.30 p.m.

South. No 30 daily, except Sunday—Lv. Jacksonville 9.30 p.m, St Augustine 10.35 p.m, Hastings 11.15 p.m, Palatka 11.45 p.m, Ar. San Mateo 12.26 p.m, Lv. San Mateo 12.30 p.m, East Palatka 11.35 p.m, Ormond 1.00 p.m, Daytona 1.15 p.m, Port Orange 2.41 p.m, New Smyrna 3.20 p.m, Ar. San Mateo 3.20 p.m, Lv. Sea Mate 3.30 p.m, Palatka 4.10 p.m, East Palatka 4.30 p.m, Hastings 5.35 p.m, St Augustine 5.35 p.m, Ar. Jacksonville 6.45 p.m.

North. No 30 daily, except Sunday—Lv. New Smyrna 6.30 a.m, Port Orange 6.40 a.m, Daytona 7.05 a.m, Ormond 7.14 a.m, Ar. San Mateo 12.45 p.m, Lv. San Mateo 7.30 a.m, Palatka 8.40 a.m, East Palatka 9.00 a.m, Hastings 9.30 a.m, St Augustine 9.40 a.m, Ar. Jacksonville 10.05 a.m.

NEW Smyrna BRANCH—Train daily, except Sunday.

10 10 a 2 25 p Lr. New Smyrna. Ar. 1 25 p Lr. 5 15 p Ar. 1 25 p Ar. Orange City Jr. Lr. 12 25 p Lr. 1 35 p Ar. Daytona 8.55 a.m.

JANE W. YARNALL'S BOOKS.

PRACTICAL HEALING FOR MIND AND BODY. Price, 30c. Is the best book ever written on Mental Healing and The Good Time Coming; Or, The Way Out of Bondage. Price, $1.00, is a scientific exposition of the theological trend of the day.

P. M. HARLEY PUB. CO., 87-89 Washington St., Chicago, III.

THE ESOTERIC.

The Esoteric is devoted to methods, scientifically religious, for bringing body, mind and soul into harmony with God and nature. Those seeking Holiness of heart and life should read it. Also those who are studying magic will find in it the secrets of the Power of the Christ, of his knowledge, and of his understanding.

Subscription, $1.00 per year.

Sample copy 25c.

Esoteric Publishing Company, APPETIZE, CALIFORNIA.

THE MIND CURE PAMPHLET.

This is a pamphlet of twenty-three pages, and it is a splendid thing for free distribution, as it is certain to awaken much surprise because of the power of Mental Science that its pages disclose. Send for as many as you want to give away to sick friends. For all others, $1.00. Address HELEN WILMANS, Sea Breeze, Florida.

FRANCIS SCHLATTER THE HEALER.

We now offer for sale the life of this remarkable man. It contains 200 pages, an excellent picture of him, and other illustrations. Price, 50 cents. Address C. C. Post, Sea Breeze, Fla.

WARS CAN BE STOPPED.

By removing the cause of wars. Send four cents and get a sample copy of The New Road, with an octopus map inclosed, showing why wars and misery go hand in hand.

Address

THE ROAD PUB. CO., PO. Box 1574, Beverly, Colo.

TWO NOVELS BY C. C. POST:

DRIVEN FROM SEA TO SEA.

AND

Congressman Swanson.

These two works, written by Mr. Post some years ago, have had a wide sale, the former one being now in its fifth thousand. They are classed as fiction, yet are founded upon facts, and are interesting as imparting information regarding many public and semi-public questions, while at the same time being in no wise objectionable. As we were not the publishers we have not before placed them upon our regular list of books kept for sale, but have now decided to do so. They are each books of upwards of 300 pages, and will be sent post-paid at 50c for the two or 90c for either one. Address C. C. Post, Sea Breeze, Fla.
A BLOSSOM OF THE CENTURY.

BY HELEN WILMANS.

This book has been inordinately praised. It has been called the greatest book of the age in its power to bring out the latent faculties of mind—how to govern, we shall find ourselves the delegated power of the universe. The student who fails to purchase this book will make a great mistake.

"Intellectual power in the individual comes from the concentration of the mind upon an idea or truth. The problem must come from a concentrated effort. That is the secret of hitherto unexplored racial capacity, and this is the meaning of the movement I am inaugurating here."—Address C. C. Post, Sea Breeze, Florida.

Send for the pamphlet. It is cheap. It will interest you.


METAPHYSICAL ESSAYS.

BY C. C. POST.

This book consists of twelve lectures on the following subjects: The First Cause; Life; Individual Life; The Universal Energies of Matter, Mind, and Spirit; Thought; The Will; Matter; Understanding, Faith—Belief; God and the Devil; Good and Evil; Influence of Fear upon Individuals; Love—Selfishness; The Value of the New Faith.

"The title to this book, 'Metaphysical Essays,' sounds like dull reading," so writes a correspondent, "when in reality it is one of the most vivid, most vital, and life-giving volumes I ever held in my hand. It is a power to hold the reader from the first to the last chapter. Long before I had finished it I found myself turning over the leaves with a feeling that I must hoard them, as they were giving us too quick a premonition of great things to come. What a pity to make a mistake. The chapter on Fear alone is worth ten times the price of the book."—The Monitor.

PRESIDENCY

By HELEN WILMANS.

The fact that this pamphlet has sold so rapidly is evidence of the widespread cure of poverty and of the desire the people acquire, that which is true. I quote it as follows:

"a man be holding certain thoughts cross wealthy? You can

firstly be holding certain thoughts you can? wealth? You can be

A mental palace sends forth the spirit of a visible palace with results that correlate it.

"Mental wealth, which is the recognition of innate ability or native genius, is the only true root of external wealth. External wealth that has not this root is but a foaming air, and there is no dependence to be placed in it."

"The Kingdom is within. What Kingdom? Why, the kingdom that represents our highest ideas of opulence, of course. Many people think that to seek religion as it is taught by the creeds is to seek this kingdom. But this is not so. Do the creeds teach the opulence of man's innate capacity? Do they teach that the infinite spirit of strength and health and intelligence and beauty and power is to be found within? No, they teach just the opposite. They teach man that he is nothing, and this one exception is his condemnation to perpetual poverty. They teach him that he is the most poverty-stricken wretch in life, that he is destined of all merit, and deserves nothing. Of all the poor-houses ever erected there is none so utterly given over to destitution as that which the creeds have erected."

"As man is purely a mental creature, so are his surroundings, all mental states; and as tone resounds to tone so your surroundings repeat your mental condition for more and more. It is deep calling unto deep all through the shoreless ocean of mind. The sound you send forth comes back to you; no other sound can possibly reach you but the one you send out. Your poverty is the protracted echo of your own belief. Learn the science of mind that will change your belief, and by changing it change the whole world for you."


"A HISTORY OF THEOSOPHY."

By W. J. COLVILLE.

This is Mr. Colville's latest book. Mental training, or soul growth, is the noblest type of culture of the age. All people who are truly alive (also, the world is full of dead ones) are now beginning to find their highest interest in books which throw light upon this mighty subject. This book may truly be classed among such. I quote from it as follows:

"First, satisfy yourself definitely as to what it is you want to learn, then determine to put yourself in relation with it, and thereby draw yourself to it and to it."

"Second, if you can find in the ranks of your acquaintance one mind more fully developed than the rest, more fearless and original in thought and action, you may probably place yourself in rapport with such a mind and vibrate with it; or, through the law of consecutive action two are better than one, when the two agree as to the object of their search, and, further, it is but reasonable to conclude that he who has already advanced in a given direction can help another to advance along the same road."

"Third, keep your own counsel regarding your determination. Do not involve all sorts of curious thoughts to invade the sanctuary of your work; but if you come across two, or indeed any number of congenial spirits who are seeking for what you are seeking, admit them, to your fellowships, and, whether you can or cannot meet together bodily at stated intervals, agree to meet psychically, as we said in the beginning, in the time of your day."

Four and a half, not all of your successes, but make no note of nonsuccess, miscarried failure; for in reality there are no failures. You either have or have not yet succeeded. If you press steadily forward, regardless of seeming lack of results, you will surely awake some day to the glad consciousness of genuine triumph. * Heaven is not reached by a single bound."

"Fifth, steadily refuse to accept anything as true because someone says it is so. The gnostic and the believer are always two. No believer is a gnostic, and no gnostic is a believer; for the gnostic attitude concerns what we have inwardly conceived or outwardly perceived, as truth has been confirmed to us by our own experience. What lies as yet outside the range of our experience is unknown, and not unknowable to us."

"The true mystic is the calmest, strongest, sweetest, most paternal, hopeful, and insatiable type of man or woman conceivable, living in a haven of rest, where the tempestuous billows of conflicting authorities and opinions dote him not. Insulated though not isolated, he is surrounding himself ever more and more completely with an envelop which is a protecting cloak of mental atmosphere, shutting him securely in from all the storms about him."

"Though the true mystic becomes such through silent, patient interior-development, so never does he receive a truth and see through a proposition as he leaves for a while his mental hermitage, though it is ever such a smothering and suffocating atmosphere."


"THE HOME COURSE IN MENTAL SCIENCE."

By HELEN WILMANS.

This is a work on astrology, containing thirteen chapters, giving character tendencies common to the twelve different houses of the zodiac. The readings are among the curios of literature, and at this time they are being valued by the esoteric at $5.00 and obtaining four lessons at a time. Address C. C. Post, Sea Breeze, Florida.

"OUR PLACES IN THE UNIVERSAL ZODIAC."

By W. J. COLVILLE.

This is work on astrology, containing thirteen chapters, giving character tendencies common to the twelve different houses of the zodiac, which apply to their case. It is really an extremely interesting work. Such books are among the curios of literature, and at this time they are being sought.

Mr. Colville differs from other authors on this subject, inasmuch as he has not been influenced by every other publication of this kind. While he admits the power of planetary influences, he places his trust in his ever-increasing wisdom, strength, and beauty. The sure results of such a life must show themselves in every action two are better than one, when the two agree as to the object of their search; and, further, it is but reasonable to conclude that he who has already advanced in a given direction can help another to advance along the same road."

"Third, keep your own counsel regarding your determination. Do not involve all sorts of curious thoughts to invade the sanctuary of your work; but if you come across two, or indeed any number of congenial spirits who are seeking for what you are seeking, admit them, to your fellowships, and, whether you can or cannot meet together bodily at stated intervals, agree to meet psychically, as we said in the beginning, in the time of your day."

Four and a half, not all of your successes, but make no note of nonsuccess, miscarried failure; for in reality there are no failures. You either have or have not yet succeeded. If you press steadily forward, regardless of seeming lack of results, you will surely awake some day to the glad consciousness of genuine triumph. * Heaven is not reached by a single bound."

"Fifth, steadily refuse to accept anything as true because someone says it is so. The gnostic and the believer are always two. No believer is a gnostic, and no gnostic is a believer; for the gnostic attitude concerns what we have inwardly conceived or outwardly perceived, as truth has been confirmed to us by our own experience. What lies as yet outside the range of our experience is unknown, and not unknowable to us."

"The true mystic is the calmest, strongest, sweetest, most paternal, hopeful, and insatiable type of man or woman conceivable, living in a haven of rest, where the tempestuous billows of conflicting authorities and opinions dote him not. Insulated though not isolated, he is surrounding himself ever more and more completely with an envelop which is a protecting cloak of mental atmosphere, shutting him securely in from all the storms about him."

"Though the true mystic becomes such through silent, patient interior-development, so never does he receive a truth and see through a proposition as he leaves for a while his mental hermitage, though it is ever such a smothering and suffocating atmosphere."
