

# PERPETUAL • • • YOUTH

BY

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## PREFACE.

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THE demand for this volume grew out of an article entitled "Perpetual Youth" published in Eleanor Kirk's *Idea* some months ago. A great call was made for the issue containing it; and when the edition was exhausted, slips were printed to satisfy the demand which still continued. This kept up until it seemed necessary to treat the subject in book form, in order logically to present the arguments which prove that perpetual youth is not merely a pretty theory or a vision of the imagination, but an Eternal Verity. How long it will take for the average human being to recognize this beautiful truth the author does not attempt to prophesy. But there are enough who already understand and practise it to show its beneficent operations.

In the treatment of this subject a negative instead of an affirmative plan was forced upon the writer. To show why lasting health, beauty, and youth had been apparent impossibilities heretofore, it was absolutely necessary to review the false education of the past. A wrong premise has brought about a wrong conclusion. Man has considered himself a material, instead of a spiritual being, and from this mistake all subsequent errors have arisen.

Perpetual youth will ultimately be enjoyed upon this earth, and it is the effort of this volume to show how it can be established here and now.



## A CROOKED THOUGHT.

A little crooked feeling  
Entered her crooked mind,  
And like a serpent wriggled,  
A resting-place to find.  
When finally 'twas settled,  
This foolish woman knew  
The friend she loved a sinner---  
Just crooked through and through.

No proof was there to offer :  
'Twas just a crooked thought  
That found a crooked entrance  
And all this mischief wrought.  
The crookedness continues,  
Until outside it shows ;  
And every day more crooked  
This crooked woman grows.

The inner, then the outer,  
The soul, and then the skin ;  
The wrinkles on the surface  
Prove crookedness within.  
A crooked thought will always  
Despoil the face, you'll find.  
From head to foot you're crooked,  
If you have a crooked mind.

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# PERPETUAL YOUTH.

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## CHAPTER I.

### A FALSE BASIS.

THE most important question that intelligent people are asking themselves to-day is whether or not their estimate of life has been drawn from an incorrect premise. They see that the material foundations upon which men in all ages have built, are as shifting sands. The physical mansions that in many cases seemed so impregnable were here to-day and gone to-morrow, and those that remained the longest were constantly weakening by the vicissitudes of sorrow and pain, by the storms which constantly beat upon them, over which circumstances the occupants never supposed themselves to have the slightest control.



Ever since man has had a history he has believed himself to be a creature of circumstances, a football of fate. Ascribing his origin to dirt, he has argued from the hypothesis of dirt. It could not be otherwise, for as is the premise so is the conclusion. Man could not even be a man of dirt; for centuries he has been a worm of the dirt.

"Oh! to be nothing, nothing," is the refrain that has been chanted in so-called orthodox churches year after year; and as man was obliged to show some semblance of vitality, and a worm was the nearest approach to nothing that the human imagination could conceive of, he has been a worm. To call one's self an insect of any kind would not have answered. The very meanest of the insect tribe can hop a little or fly a little, and such a comparison would have savored too much of presumption. A worm when uncovered can only wriggle and crawl away. These privileges were considered quite enough, not only by the

priests and pastors who formerly taught the people, but by many teachers of the present day. The people who objected to the worm idea were afraid to assert themselves, and generally suffered from uneasy consciences, because they felt that those who had studied well into God's purpose in creating man, must of necessity have touched the keynote of life eternal in the word humility.

No man ever preached or tried to practise this doctrine who did not do it under protest. But the thing that protested was the thing to kill, they were told; and so we have had the spectacle before our eyes for centuries of the steadily attempted prostitution of that part of man's nature upon which the unfoldment of everything good depended. That it was an utter impossibility for a man created in God's image to be a worm of the dust, did not militate against the effort of trying to be. "As a man thinketh in his heart so is he." If he thinks good thoughts he will have good

things. If he thinks evil thoughts, he will materialize evil things. But the person who desires to think a thought of freedom, and is persuaded that he has no business with freedom, is in a worse state than the one who does as he pleases whatever the result. The latter has a basis of will to stand upon. The former is an uncertain, vacillating creature, sure to be encompassed about with sorrow, sickness and poverty.

These and similar conditions have prevailed, and we find man now so fettered by the traditions of the past, so bound and hampered by the prevailing race-thought, that it is difficult to make him believe that he has any rights in a universe which seems to have been created for his especial use. He still clings to the idea of his serfdom, and the old barbaric idea of rewards and penalties. Even those who have repudiated all of this nonsense, as they term it, and profess a straight and thorough materialism, are sometimes severely shaken by the recollection of the orthodox home-



training which they received in their younger days.

"Suppose our fathers and mothers were right, after all, where are we?" they frequently ask themselves.

"They believed in a heaven and a hell after this life. We see that man is a physical creature and will perish like any other animal. And yet——"

Yes, "and yet." There is usually such a supplement to the thought of every mind that claims to put its confidence in materiality. There is something askew somewhere all the time, something crooked and off plumb, in the new creed they have espoused, and besides this there is the thralldom of the early instruction. "Parents and Sunday-school teachers were exceedingly narrow and bigoted," these dissenters explain, "and did not have the advantages of a broad modern culture." It was impossible to perpetuate such ignorance, and so they struck into the path that is all dirt, and that leads nowhere. Here they are no



better satisfied than they were with the fire-and-brimstone creed of their ancestors.

The fact is that neither is right, because they have both been built upon a false foundation. They have reasoned from the dust hypothesis, and there is neither health, peace nor life in it, because it is a lie. It is the biggest lie that was ever told, and has been productive of the most mischief. Who started it, or how it became disseminated, we do not know. Perhaps we never shall know. But it is a lie, and has been proved a lie. It has been so proved by the consensus of the competent, by men and women who have shown their dominion over the ills which we have so long been told that "flesh is heir to."

There are enough people who have conquered inharmonious conditions to convince the most skeptical if they will only listen to the evidence.

What one can do another can accomplish. If one person can conquer himself and rub out his limitations by thinking right

thoughts, the same process of correct thinking will bring about similar results in every instance. It may take longer with some individuals than with others, because the habit of wrong-thinking may be more firmly established, but with courage and practice all may win.

## CHAPTER II.

### MOTHERHOOD.

THERE are two kinds of infants, the welcome and the unwelcome, with an infinity of gradations. Some children are conceived in unspeakable dread and horror, others in sullen protest, making the best of what is considered the inevitable, while still others are not desired because the duties of motherhood interfere with the pleasures of social life. Whichever way it is, there is a strong thought against the child and it makes no difference to the effect that this thought may have a common-sense foundation. The wife with a dissolute husband may feel it a sin to give birth to children, but the knowledge of the wrong cannot expiate or modify in the least its influence. Principles are eternal verities; and it is true



that the person who, with righteousness protesting, allows an evil act to be committed is always "beaten with many stripes." Another person who does not know so much gets out of the scrape with less suffering. "Knowledge" is certainly "power," and this power often becomes a terrible boomerang. It returns and knocks us down. The only object in presenting the subject either of willing or unwilling motherhood, is to show that similar conditions prevail in both instances, and for the reason that the basic principle is wrong. We know that there are a few women—very few, comparatively speaking—who desire children, and who appear willing to endure every possible stress of circumstance and suffering for what they consider an inestimable privilege. These, we are all aware, are the exceptions. Every observing person will concede this to be true.

That it is better to have a loving thought than an unloving one for the little one lying



so close to the maternal heart, no sane person will deny. But the majority of both the loving and the unloving parents are governed entirely by material considerations, and so it frequently comes to pass that the child who was not wanted has as good a chance as the one who was, and expresses quite as much harmony.

"Facts are stubborn things," but facts must be accepted. We have come to an era in the world's history where they can no longer be dodged.

Volumes have been written about the unwilling mother without reference to the cause of her protest. She has been called very hard names. Some eminent physiologists make her wholly responsible for the sin and sorrow that exist in the world. The conscientious, unwilling mother is the only one entitled to speak on this theme. The parson and the anatomical professor would do well to take back seats and cover their mouths. They are as intuitively unfit to give an opinion upon this sub-

ject as they are naturally unfit to bear children.

But this is not the point at issue here, vitally interesting and important though it certainly is. The wish is to show that while a happy, loving thought for the unborn child is better than its opposite for both mother and little one, yet the benign influence is often weakened, made null and void by the material base upon which the majority of mothers stand. A baby is desired, like any other little animal, to pet and play with. It is superior to other animals, because any amount of time and taste can be expended in planning and making its wardrobe.

Do not understand this as saying that these are the highest thoughts of all mothers. They are not, but they are those of the majority. From conception to birth, the thought is a material one. It is something to lavish a sentimental affection upon, something to coddle and adorn. It is not a spiritual creature to be educated and wisely

trained for eternity. It is another animal to be launched upon the treacherous sea of life, a helpless victim to sin, sickness and death. The mother desirous of children begins to suffer from fear of death or accident as soon as she is pregnant, and her anxiety never ceases. She has "sown to the flesh, and of the flesh reaps corruption." She has started from a wrong base, the material instead of the spiritual, and on this base, or lack of base, for it is as uncertain as quicksand, she tries to steady herself and do her duty by her child.

"God has loaned me this beautiful baby," mothers sometimes say, "and I must hold him loosely lest He want him again."

What ignorance! In other words, God has made a child out of flesh and blown into his nostrils the breath of life to lend to the parent, who perhaps has almost lost her own life giving birth to the borrowed article. Such conduct would disgrace a savage; and yet mothers seem to believe that somewhere in the sky God has set up



a loan association over which He ceaselessly and remorselessly presides. Why the children "are vouchsafed to them for a season" and then drawn back, they are never able to tell. Some claim that it is a disciplinary process and others are silent. It is a hard, bitter, awful experience, and never ought to occur. It would not occur if mothers accepted a spiritual hypothesis of life instead of a physical and material one. Almost the sleepiest person upon this earth has awakened sufficiently to declare that the mothers of the race must save it. Enough women have already changed their conception of life to prove the value of the new thought. These have learned that man has a spiritual instead of a physical origin; that he is made in the image and likeness of God, and entitled to all the privileges of his birthright. From this sane and logical thought, a baby comes to be a *divine* instead of a human creature; a reality, instead of a toy; an heir of eternity, instead of a puppet to dress and fondle



for a brief period, and then to pass out of the mother's protecting arms into the realm of circumstance over which, so we have always been told, man has no control.

Such mothers know better than to sow to the flesh, because they realize that from the flesh they must reap corruption. They know how to rule their own lives, and they have no dealings with lust. Under these circumstances, life is a science, instead of a vague and sentimental religion. The foundation is right and the superstructure rears itself easily and symmetrically. The mother can say with Jesus Christ, "I and the Father are one;" and the first thing the baby learns is that he is the product of a divine principle encompassed about with love.

## CHAPTER III.

### THE INFANT.

THE average mother does the very best she can for her child. In other words, she acts up to the highest knowledge she possesses. If she has had the opportunities of culture, she reads the alleged scientific directions for the rearing of children and conforms to them as far as possible, which is not usually to a great extent. Reaching out always after the best things, she finds that the advice which she thought so sound and so salutary yesterday, is upset entirely to-day by the strongly expressed opinion of another medical adviser, who, she supposes, has had better opportunities for the discovery or the working out of new systems. So the prescription or the food formerly so enthusiastically endorsed by the parent,

gives place to other drugs and a different diet, accepted probably with equal faith and dropped just as quickly for something else that another doctor will recommend next week.

These changes are inevitable and it is true that the more intelligent the mother, or rather the more intellectual, the more frequent the changes. She tells herself that she is keeping step with scientific thought when in reality she is simply substituting one system of quackery for another. That is all it is. No person of common sense will dare to state that *materia medica* has a scientific basis. The practice of medicine is experiment and guesswork. If medicine were a science, then the drug that seems to cure one disease would cure all diseases of that kind. Mathematics is a science. One and one are two everywhere under all circumstances, and two and two are four. If you make a different reckoning, you come to grief in your result. With medicine one is always



in grief, for there never was and there never will be any accurate standard. We are no nearer to it than we were five hundred years ago. It was hit or miss then; it is hit or miss now.

This doctor insists that the mother shall nurse her baby. That doctor says it is the worst thing she can do. One nurse who has been trained in a particular school declares that the infant must wear an abdominal flannel band until it is several months old; another nurse, with a different training, laughs to scorn such an old-fogy idea, but, ten to one, will suggest something just as ridiculous in some other form.

The average mother has a hard time with her baby, and for this reason she is looking for the help and advice she feels that she needs outside of herself, when the very reverse ought to be true. It is not at all strange that such should be the case when we take into consideration our centuries of grandmothers and pill-doctors. Our girls have been instructed to look to

somebody else for knowledge. The physician and the mother and the next-door neighbor knew a great deal more than she did, and between the multitude of counsellors she has steered her craft in every direction save the right one, which is the polar star of her own God-given intelligence.

The baby arrives; and the mother, who has read some directions in some magazine for the proper treatment of young infants—perhaps very good ones—or who has thought out some wise things for herself, objects, maybe, to the trotting and holding and dosing of the little stranger. Very speedily somebody observes that some function is not properly performed. The doctor is spoken to and nature is rudely anticipated. The baby cries, and nurse or grandmother suggests calamus or gin. Papa is so proud of his child, especially if it be a boy, that he promenades the floor with it a few minutes each day, and by the time the mother is able to resume her place in the

household she has a pretty heavy contract on her hands. Out of the weakness of the education she has all her life received, she has delivered her responsibility to others. This is not to be wondered at. Indeed the remarkable thing is that under such aggravating conditions young mothers manage as well as they do. But this work is all done by the hardest, when in reality there should be nothing difficult about it.

Now, remember that the average mother, whether she wants or does not want a child, holds the very same thoughts of the possibility of accident and death while carrying her burden. One mother may wish it would die. Another desires above all things a healthy, happy, beautiful child; but the thought of danger and wreckage are present in both cases. It is the same after the child is born. Then there are a great many more things to worry about. The first is usually small-pox and vaccination. The parent with even a dawning intelligence shudders at the thought of the



injection of a foreign substance into the dear little body, but there is the Health Board, and there is the doctor, and there is grandma and the neighbors, and there is the great Jenner, who discovered vaccination! Who is she, the anxious woman asks herself, that she should oppose such authority? She has no rights. She hasn't been educated to have any. Ten to one she begins to feel after a while that she is unreasonable. It will not be safe to take the baby out in its little carriage until it is vaccinated, and so the doctor comes with his lancet and his virus—always sworn to be pure, of course—pure virus; and the tender flesh is scraped, and the baby has a swollen arm or a swollen, inflamed leg, a high fever, and suffers as no child on earth should ever be made to suffer in the anticipation of a disease that is no more likely to come to it than a stroke of lightning. Then comes the expectation of other tribulations which have been handed down to an innocent little one by the race-thought.

To come directly to the point, it does really seem as if the mothers of babies never took the slightest comfort with them until they had the things they were expected to have and got over them or died. The maladies that physicians say are likely to repeat themselves are, of course, constant bug-bears to be dreaded and guarded against.

With such an environment, what freedom has the parent, and what chance of healthy growth has the child? Fear ruled the mother at the time of conception, and this anticipation of evil has strengthened from day to day and month to month.

"The race-thought" has been a very difficult matter for most people to understand; but is it not made simple when we take into consideration that the mothers of the race have been always under the dominion of fear? This concentration of terror became an atmosphere in which we have lived for centuries. We have said with our lips "in God we live, and move and have our being," but our daily lives

have contradicted this statement. We have existed in the most abject thralldom to fear, and God has been a theory and not a working Principle.

But a change is at hand. People are waking from their dreams and their hideous nightmares to the knowledge that there is a kingdom of heaven within each of us, a safe refuge from all the ills and storms of life. To abide in this kingdom is to live under the one supreme law of attraction, that brings to us all that is sweet and desirable. Women are beginning to understand that inharmony robs the form of its symmetry and the face of its youth and beauty. They dimly discern that wrong thoughts make hard lines and unsightly wrinkles. They also begin to perceive that it is not what they say with their lips, but what they feel and honestly carry into execution that counts, and that the smile which conceals a prejudice or an envious emotion is no protection against the effect of such thought upon the body.



They are beginning to comprehend that "as is the inner so is the outer," and that salvation from ugliness, disease, old age, and death rests entirely with themselves.

## CHAPTER IV.

### WHAT IS MEANT BY PERPETUAL YOUTH.

By perpetual youth is meant abiding vitality and the expression of healthful life in the form and face of the individual. It will, perhaps, astonish some of our friends to hear that we build ourselves into whatever forms of ease or disease—which is merely a lack of ease—beauty, or ugliness we may experience or out-picture to the world. This statement can be somewhat softened by the fact of the race-thought that is ever with us, and which has a mighty influence. In this respect we have been for thousands of years under the law of man. Somewhere, some time, a misconception of man's privilege and destiny took the place of the truth, which was absolute dominion over all things—not some things, a few things,

but everything; and the greatest of all dominion was man's dominion over himself. Some point to the Garden of Eden as the spot where this misconception occurred. Whether this idea be tenable or not, one thing we know, that the Adamic hypothesis has been the one that has obtained during all the ages, and it is only within a very short time that man has commenced to think along the God lines of health, youth, and enduring life. Now, if God be really our father, to say nothing of His being omnipotent, omniscient, and omnipresent, He has not doomed His children to sickness, suffering, poverty, ugliness, and death. Some will ask, "Why, then, does He permit these things? Because true individuality would be impossible under conditions of force. It would make no difference whether it were a God or a demon who attempted to coerce us. We should reject and anathematize them equally.

God has not decreed that at a certain period His children shall fail in strength



and lose their youth and beauty. The power that could say to a man, "Now that you have reached a place where you commence to understand something of the meaning of life, you must begin to stop living," would be regarded as demoniac. Think of this imputation upon the All-Wise and the All-Loving! Think of crediting the Author of all beauty with the desire to transform loveliness into ugliness, symmetry into deformity! It is monstrous, and when we come to reason about it we are sure so to regard it. "When I was a child, I spake as a child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things," St. Paul tells us. According to precedent, the accepted authority of the ages, it takes at least a score of years to dispose of the trifles of childhood. Those who have eyes to see are aware that the limit for this work which has been set by man, and which was brought out by St. Paul merely as an illustration, is like many another, entirely an arbitrary one having no existence in fact.

Because of a false education and perverted thought, many men and women are children from the cradle to the grave. The great majority of the race may be thus summed up, for they are in perpetual leading-strings, bound and enslaved by habit. They are afraid to think for themselves, and so remain children in ignorance. The boys call themselves free at twenty-one, and the girls much earlier. Twenty-five is considered about the period for the perfection of woman's beauty. After this she is expected to fade. Then a few years later she expects to pass a serious crisis, which is to her an end of all things. After this she must step into the ranks of the old women and trot demurely toward the cemetery. It may be a longer or a shorter time, but every day adds fresh wrinkles and new marks of decay. In vain does she ask herself, "Why is it that I feel as young as I ever did; how is it that I enjoy music and all beautiful things as I never before was conscious of enjoying them; why

do I feel mentally stronger and more sure of myself—when here I am, marching along with the rest of the cripples to the grave?”

Women have been ashamed to voice these thoughts. They have been pushed into the procession and felt that they must walk with the rest notwithstanding the protest of the divine Spirit, the intelligence which should dominate them, and which is constantly reporting the truth to the senses. They have said: “I do not want to lose my beauty; I cannot bear to grow ugly, to be ill and weak, and finally to die. I love this world. I have had no opportunity of becoming acquainted with the wonderful things about me; and is it not strange that I should be compelled to leave everything I love for something that I know nothing about?”

Every intelligent human being must have had these thoughts, but they have been powerless for good because they have not had the proper will behind them. We have desired, but we have not expected to



realize. In fact, we have firmly believed that our desires were all wrong because they seemed to contradict entirely what has been falsely called the logic of life. They have never until recently received any attention from any quarter, as legitimate impulses to be sacredly listened to and regarded. We have talked about "facing the inevitable," and "growing old gracefully," and the "Christian duty of resignation to death," all the while with sad and frightened hearts. We have tried to be brave and think it was all right, when everything in us rose to protest against the injustice and the horror. Women have tried every outward experiment in the vain hope of deceiving themselves and their neighbors with the appearance of a little longer lease of beauty and vitality. They have enamelled their faces and dropped belladonna into their eyes; they have laced their waists, and painted their faces, and wept bitter tears after the ball was over and the paint washed off.

The Puritan spirit has cried out against paint and powder, and those detected in this decorative work have been upbraided and denounced. We have called it vanity, when it has simply been a desire to be beautiful. These victims of disease, ugliness, and old age know no other way to indulge their perfectly natural and God-given longing for good looks than by touching up the outside of the human habitation. It is pitiful, but it never has been wicked. It is pitiful because the race has not known that the outward never was and never can be anything but a reflection of the inward, and that all growth must be from within out.

"Why is there," an anxious correspondent inquires, "such an awful protest in the hearts of all intelligent women against decay and ugliness, if such processes are natural and God-ordained? I could shriek every time I look in the mirror, for I am a woman of good taste and dearly love grace and beauty. Ten years ago my glass re-

flected something worth looking at, but now I am simply hideous. A maiden aunt, wrinkled, and cranky because she is wrinkled, asks me occasionally what I expect. Do I suppose that I shall escape the curse that was passed upon all the world and go free from the ravages of time? In what way am I superior to other women that I should set up such a howl against a natural law? Once I asked her how she liked this breaking to pieces.

" 'No better than you do,' she answered; 'but I don't act in the same manner, for I know that what can't be cured must be endured, so I grin and bear it.'

"And she did grin, such a ghastly, rigid, corpselike grin that it made her look like a female octogenarian just prepared for the grave.

"Now, I know there is something off plumb in such a condition. If one of God's ordinances can cause a face to fix and harden in such an awful manner in the endeavor to 'grin and bear it,' it seems to



me about time to find out if there may not be a mistake somewhere. I am inclined to think that we have made the mistake and that God hasn't anything to do with it.

"As you have thought and written much upon this subject, you must know that I am not the only woman who weeps over her lost beauty. Many, like my aunt, hold their tongues and grin, and many more are silent because they are both afraid and ashamed to let their protest be heard. It may be wicked, and it certainly is weak, to groan over the inevitable."

Such wails as the above are heard from all parts of the earth, showing that women are at last daring to confess openly that they are not resigned to wrinkles and decay. The tremendous consumption of cosmetics for many, many years has been proof enough of this fact, but the application of powder and rouge has usually been in the strictest privacy. Women have tried to appear young long after the prescribed limit of "middle age" has been

reached, and they have always been ashamed of the desire, though nothing that they could think, say or do was strong enough to kill it.

In this, as in everything else, we sometimes find a few exceptions in women who have no objection to growing old, and had a "little rather die than live." But even these, when ill, send for the doctor, and they have been known to find just as much fault with an unbecoming hat, white hair, or baldness as their neighbors.

Everybody admits that the spirit is always young. Nothing is more common than the expression, "I feel as young as I ever did." These people do not express this abounding vitality for many reasons. They have been taught early in life that elderly folks were expected to occupy the back seats. It is not considered dignified for the middle-aged or the old—reckoned by years—to appear to enjoy themselves. Then it has always been the fashion to bow the head decorously to trouble and illness.

The whole human family from time immemorial has been taught that the highest spiritual attainment consisted in bearing pain of all kinds obediently and patiently. It is only within a few years that one here and one there has dared to say: "Kick it off!" "Get rid of it!" "Don't stand it; you are not called upon to suffer." You are here to learn and enjoy, and do good to your neighbor."

There is one sure way out of this bedlam of precedent and habit, and that way is through the gate of mental transformation.

"Be ye transformed by the renewing of your minds."

In other words, when we come to know that the Kingdom of Heaven is within us, and that we are spiritual and not material beings, we shall begin to show in our countenances and our forms the renovation and the beauty which proceeds directly from the inward and the inmost.



## CHAPTER V.

### RIGHT-THINKING.

THERE are a few people who are thinking along these lines of enduring health, vigor, and unfading beauty, and who understand what is meant by the statement that human beings need not grow old—indeed, that in reality there is no such thing as age.

“But,” exclaims the woman, pointing to her swarthy complexion, her faded eyes, and wrinkled countenance, “look at me! Twenty-five years ago I was fair and plump, wholesome and pretty. Do you mean to tell me that I would look as I do to-day if I could help it? That is a doctrine for cranks.”

This is the way that humanity has always received the truth. Remember that when Galileo was persecuted, it was by the so-

called scientists, students who reasoned entirely from precedent. Such and such opinions had always been held, therefore these opinions were the only correct ones. Even the ecclesiastics did not evince the hostility to the new thought that the scientists did. The latter knew it all, and whoever disputed their conclusions must suffer for it.

It is the same now as in the days of Galileo.

The doctors deal out their pills and potions, and invalidism increases. The ministers preach a remote heaven, a distant God, and happiness after death.

There is nothing *now* for any one.

Let us take for instance the rearing of a girl whose parents are able to give her what is termed a fashionable education. She is drilled in the so-called "branches" and instructed in physical culture. She is exhorted not to scowl or give way to any emotion that will produce wrinkles. Every material means is employed for the development of grace and the perpetuation of

beauty. The girl is watched anxiously from day to day and from month to month. But it is easy to see that this is a superficial process entirely. "Do not weep, because tears spoil the beauty of the eyes. Do not scowl, because this habit ploughs deep lines in the face. Be polite and affable, because only by such conduct can one retain friends and influence."

Not once in all the advice on such matters, that could be multiplied indefinitely, has the real, the true spiritual ego of the young woman been appealed to. If she take cold, she will be ill; if she take too much cold, she will die. If she doesn't smile and attract, she might better die, because she will never get a husband. She is bound to die some time; but after a while, when the bloom begins to go, she can touch up with cosmetics, and lace down any superfluous adipose tissue with the last Parisian corset; or if too thin, she can be so artistically padded as to deceive even the manufacturer who turns out the stuffing.



This is the sort of teaching that she would have had for thousands of years, and four-fifths of the population are always sick and always in trouble.

It is safe to say that they always will be as long as the external is the only part of the individual that is supposed to need attention. What if girls were instructed to keep their thoughts right in order to secure peace and preserve their youth and beauty? Suppose, instead of being told not to weep or not to scowl, they were assured that there was nothing to weep or scowl about?

"But," says the doubter, "that would be a lie. There is everything to weep about and very little to enjoy. We must all be ill and we must all die."

So we must if we agree to do what people always have done; but why should we submit to the torture of such ignorance? Why not make a new law for ourselves, or, better still, why not be obedient to God's law, and declare that we will not be sick, and we will not discard this body, at least, till we are

ready to do so? There is no need of disease and death, and there is not the slightest necessity that any human being should be withered and ugly unless he or she decrees to be ugly. It is a question of spirituality; and "Spirituality is a matter of intelligence and not a matter of molecular disintegration." We do not need to wait till we die to be spiritual. We are to be "transformed by the renewing of our minds" *here and now*.

To do this, we must begin with a knowledge of love and truth instead of hatred and falsehood. Sickness and suffering are falsehoods, and are utter impossibilities in the thought of a loving and all-wise God. If God is all love, He could not have sent sickness into the world, or any other kind of suffering.

We have always been taught to believe in these things; and "as a man thinketh, so is he." Those errors have been fastened upon us as the inevitable. We might dodge them and cheat the Almighty, as it were,

for a little while, but such dodging round the bush of life is a wearisome process, and we might as well give it up first as last. There is no exaggeration about this statement, and every honest person will admit it, whether or not they are intelligent enough to perceive that by such an admission they prove the opposite statement to be the correct one.

Now, youth and beauty are matters of the inside and not of the outside, except in a very limited degree. The woman who does not worry, because she realizes that she is God's child and lives in God's world and therefore has nothing to worry about; who understands that sickness is an inversion of the natural order of things, and that she has a right to be natural, will not grow old. She will not lose her beauty, because such confidence and intelligence will inform and vitalize every nerve, muscle, and drop of blood in the body, and it will keep on vitalizing as long as the intelligence is the dominating power.



All our lives we have been governed by our servants, viz., our bodies. The mind, which should have been the master, has always held a subordinate position. We have wished to be well, and with health the law of the universe, we have, nevertheless, expected to be ill and realized our expectation at every turn. We have desired to be beautiful, but we have anticipated decay, and we have decayed. We have feared and loathed death, but death was to our consciousness the inevitable end of all things, and we have dug our own graves and made the best of what we felt to be a very bad arrangement.

It is the custom to be sick and die, and it is a very foolish and unnecessary one.

It is the custom to lose our good looks and part with our youth at a very early age. This is the work of ignorance.

A woman should be just as attractive at sixty as she is at twenty-five; and she would be, if she had recognized at twenty-five the right to perpetuate her youth.

When she does not wake up to this mighty truth until after what is falsely and stupidly termed "middle life," she finds she has a pretty heavy contract on her hands. She has permitted her step to falter, her hair to thin and turn white, her face to show great creases of pain, and so on through the long list of what we call "natural disabilities"—as colossal a falsehood as ever was uttered. She knows at last, when she permits the wing of the spirit of truth to touch her soul, that she has really built herself into the form which is so obnoxious to her. What can she do, and how is it possible for her to experience the strength which she now knows is hers by right and how shall she repair the ravages of her own stupidity?

By thinking pure and healthful thoughts every moment. By declaring herself well, and beautiful, and young, and entitled through God to all her royal privileges. By accepting with obedient literalness the command, "Seek ye first the king-

dom of God and His righteousness, and everything else shall be added unto you;" "His righteousness"—meaning all rightness—a belief in light instead of darkness, health instead of illness, joy instead of suffering, life instead of death.



## CHAPTER VI.

### INDIVIDUALITY.

THE higher we go in spiritual development or unfoldment the more respect we find we have for man's individuality, and if this be so, God's respect for man's estimate of himself must be infinite. By man came this misconception of life, and by man must it be corrected. God never interferes with a man's opinion of himself. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he;" and if that thought have reference to material and external conditions only, he must continue to materialize it in very negative and unpleasant ways, and this will endure until he changes his thought. There is no help for it, because every material effect proceeds from a mental cause. The clothes we wear were first mentally conceived, and the

travail of soul before some of these garments were finally evolved will doubtless be admitted. After these mental details were successfully arranged the rest of the work was comparatively easy. So, we see that, if every external manifestation has a mental cause—and our materialistic scientists are obliged now to admit this,—then the conditions which we call sickness, ugliness, decay, and old age proceed also from the mind.

Let us think a moment about white hair. There are almost as many theories in regard to it as there are hairs in our heads. We are told that it is caused by too much lime, too little lime; too much acid, too little acid; too much alkali, too little alkali, and so on and on.

We are surprised if elderly people do not have white hair, because it is one of the strongest race-thoughts concerning decay. Let us look into this matter logically. It is an indisputable fact that the hair on the heads of many persons has turned white in

a single moment, and the doctors of medicine and the doctors of divinity have all admitted that these effects were the result of sudden terror or emotion—in other words, the mental state was phenomenalized in the external. To deduce from the old hypothesis would be to say that the lime, or the acid, or the alkali had given out or increased at a moment's notice from a purely physical cause. Now, there cannot be a purely physical cause, because when the spirit is withdrawn from its vehicle, which is mind, the body is utterly without power. There are hands that move not, eyes that do not see. Every nerve and every muscle may be perfect, but they are inert, unresponsive. We say that the person is dead. So we perceive that if terror or a stress of mental agony will turn the hair white in a moment, a day, or a night, the cause is a mental one. If this be a fact, then it is equally a fact that the cause which whitens the hair by degrees is a mental one. So it is plain that if we were



intelligent instead of ignorant, if we recognized the dominion over all things—that is, our birthright—we need not have white hair.

When, with sorrow and scorn indescribable, we have observed the gradual fading out of beauty in our own or others' faces, we have observed that the countenance always sags just in proportion as the heart sags. Under the Adamic law, we have all expected certain things to come to us at certain times, and they have promptly arrived. Many have endeavored by one stratagem or another to conceal the approach of middle age, but they knew it was there; and while they tried to hide it from their neighbors, they have admitted it before their mirrors, and agonized over it in the silence of their boudoirs. The woman is yet to be discovered who enjoys the decay of her beauty, or the woman who welcomes old age. If these things are inevitable why does she not like them? Because the divine part of her nature, which

has been for ages fettered and buried by ecclesiasticism, tradition, and conventionality, cannot be entirely crushed out. It cannot be, because it is God.

The desire for the expression of beauty is just as legitimate as the desire to love and be loved. We have a right to beauty, and it is only because of our ignorance that we grow old and wrinkled, feeble and ill, and—resigned. The very fact that we are able to protest against these errors is proof positive that we possess force sufficient to overcome them. But we must first recognize this force. Many of those who have been instructed in this doctrine have grasped the vital principle at once, and have proceeded to business immediately, adjusting the mental brakes in so true a manner that the so-called molecular disintegration was at once stopped. Others assimilate the thought more slowly. We have been like pendulums all these ages, swinging between God, and Adam. One day we were nearer to God, and the next

day we had swung over to Adam and taken upon ourselves all the error and misery that pertains to this physical conception of life. Mason says that "hereditary religion is worse than hereditary disease," and he is right. The so-called religious conceptions of the past are mostly to blame for the wreck of the present. We were made in God's image and we have lived on Adam's sufferance. We have been serfs instead of sovereigns, mendicants instead of masters.

Some of our creed-bound friends may ask if the question of the preservation of beauty is not of small consequence compared with what they are pleased to call larger issues. No, because the woman who by the acquisition of a fine mental poise has kept her face young has accomplished it by a oneness with the divine. She has accomplished it by the understanding of scientific principles, which means a comprehension of the law of God. Life is just as much a science as the law of mathe-



matics. Two and two make four in every department of life, else God is not God, and chaos must forever reign. There can be no harmony without exactness anywhere in the universe.

We must not acknowledge to-day or any other day that the processes of emancipation from error are difficult. That the race-thought seems to have more closely environed some natures than others seems true; but there is not a woman in the world who cannot learn this science of life, and it should not be admitted that it is too late at any time to commence this work of regeneration. One will never know what life is worth until one has learned the science of living. Every man has the right to be vigorous and handsome, and every woman has a right to be strong and beautiful. Some are asking now: "But what if she is not beautiful to start with?" Beauty is not so much a matter of feature as of freshness, vitality and expression. The woman with a clear eye and bright sunny countenance,

who smiles into your face and grasps your hand with love and power, is a beautiful woman. She stands mistress of herself, and is ready to help the world. Beauty is one of the highest attributes of universal law, and every woman who is a woman has the God-given good taste to wish to perpetuate it. Let us not seem to undervalue it by voice or deed—never mind the ridicule of those who prate about their resignation to the ills of humanity. Resignation in such a connection is only another name for laziness and ignorance. We should never be resigned to the loss of our vital force, the loss of our health, the loss of our power to help others, and the loss of our beauty. "What shall we do?" you ask. Gird up your loins and lift up your hearts; and once lifted, keep them in that attitude. This can be done only by knowing that there is nothing on earth or in the skies to fear, and by an utter abandonment of the traditions of the past. We are living in a wonderful age. Instead of the tallow candle we now

have the electric light; instead of the stage coach or the De Witt Clinton engine and train, we have a 999 engine\* and perfectly equipped hotels flying across the continent in the shape of an Empire State Express and other fast trains. Instead of trusting even to the fast post or the wonderful telegraph, we can now send our thought to our friends without machinery of any kind and get a response. By this process we can do more lifting and healing than medication has ever done in all the ages. Thought transmission was always a fact, but it has not been scientifically recognized until recently.

"It seems very odd to me," a friend declared, "that you who seem to believe so thoroughly in the higher life and the duty of overcoming should have so much thought for personal beauty. I have been taught that it was wrong to care for good looks and outward adornment, and it comes hard for me to accustom myself to the new

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\* See illustrations on page 138.



doctrine. I have always been very plain, and have carried for many years a bitter curse in the shape of a thick growth of hair upon my face. According to my teaching, this was God's work. My natural pride could be humbled in no other way."

No savage has ever had a more despicable God than this. Give a woman whiskers to break down her pride! Why, the worst man that ever lived would not so torture his child. It is beyond imagination to conceive that any sane human being could hold this thought. Our friend is almost convinced that she can have this growth removed without offending her Heavenly Father—think of that! Every woman has a royal right to beauty, to a wholesome countenance; and it is her duty to make the most of herself. The race is looking forward to beautiful angelhood. Why not have a little of it now?

This question is in many of your minds. Does the writer really believe that what are called the ravages of time can be stopped

by the renewing of the mind? Yes, this is exactly what is meant without the slightest reservation, and they never can be stopped in any other way. There is neither an "if" nor a "but" in the matter.

"As is the inward so is the outward," and this is the way it will always be.

The protest of ignorance against the natural and orderly growth and manifestation of individuality is nowhere more marked than in the rearing of children. It must be precedent and habit that causes most parents to deny to their offspring those opportunities for true growth to which every human being is entitled.

The great and wise Froebel taught that parents and teachers should never seize the hand of a little one if it could possibly be avoided. A hand should be offered, but, if not willingly accepted, should be withdrawn. See what a beautiful philosophy underlies this counsel! It is the philosophy of self-help, self-respect, individuality.

Mamma, taking her three-year-old for

a walk, puts out her hand. Baby refuses it, and trots along sturdily and with great pride and determination. Possibly all mothers are afraid that their children will fall, for they usually do exactly what this mother did—that is, to grasp impatiently the little hand and insist upon its forcible detention. This mother's child screamed and danced, and finally in his wrath at such ignominious treatment sat down on the pavement and refused to go another step.

This scene lasted some time, and then partial peace was restored by mamma's promising that baby should go alone, if he would be very careful. How much better to have given this advice and permission in the first place!

Now, this parent put an indignity upon her child by her determination to smother his desire, and more than his desire, his right to individualize himself; and this smothering process materialized in outward conditions all the irritability which the parent had provoked by her unwise conduct.



The next cause of trouble was the hand-organ boy. Many a penny had the youngster thrown from the window to his musical friend, but he had never before been on a level with him, so to speak; and this was exactly what mamma objected to. Baby's face was wreathed with smiles, and the young musician's dark eyes flashed back a joyous recognition.

"Come on, dear," said mamma.

"No, no," protested the child.

"But mamma says 'yes,' " and again the tiny hand was seized, and again the little fellow sat down upon the ground.

The dense ignorance of the mother was illustrated in her regard for appearances and was the cause of this second disturbance. Her child could dispense charity from the second-story window, but it must not be allowed to entertain even for a moment any friendly relations with the smiling Italian boy. But baby felt friendly, and it was the untainted, unspoiled spirit of God in the child's heart that

caused this gladness. The small grinder left his instrument and would have comforted the screaming little one, but mamma ordered him away, and he reluctantly obeyed.

Here were two totally unnecessary scenes in less than ten minutes, and in each instance the unhappiness was caused by the suppression of individuality. In the second instance, the injury was added to by the attempt to extinguish the sweet and sacred flame of love in the child's heart. Than this nothing could be more wicked, more pernicious. There was no need for discipline in this case. The baby's instincts were in the direction of the highest and truest growth. He desired to test his own strength in order to acquire more. He should have been watched, but not interfered with. He desired to become better acquainted with the friend who, ever since he could remember, had given him so much pleasure, a feeling of pure gratitude and appreciation. But these natural and beautiful aspirations had been cruelly crushed,

and now the mother was confronted by the well-developed picture of her own selfishness and ignorance. The cherubic babe was transformed into a quivering bundle of nerves, a small cyclone of passion, and he was dragged home by his angry mother, who declared him to be "the worst child that ever drew breath."

It is no exaggeration to state that two-thirds of the human family are brought up, or dragged up, on this principle, or rather lack of principle.

Their individuality is suppressed instead of encouraged to develop, and the holiest aspirations of love are ignored or prevented by parents or guardians who consider it their mission to extinguish the spirit of universal love and true brotherhood which springs pure and beautiful from the heart of every child.

It is time to give the child credit for the proper intuition in regard to his own growing—in other words, as Froebel says, "to learn of the little ones."



## CHAPTER VII.

### "MY BODY."

"WHOSE body?"

"Why, my body, of course."

"What do you mean by my body, and my head and my foot, and my lungs, and my liver?"

"I mean that those organs belong to me."

"Well, who is me?"

"Me is I myself."

"Just so; but who is 'I myself'? You admit that your body is not 'I myself' by speaking of it as 'my body.'

"I never thought of that before."

This is the universal admission when this question is asked. "My" is a personal pronoun of the possessive case, and signifies ownership. A pain in "my stomach"

means that that stomach belongs to me. Who is me and where located? Is this me, this I, which we are constantly talking about, resident in the flesh? Is it a part of the stomach, which we say aches? If it is, why do we not complain that the part of us called our stomach is in distress, instead of calling it "my stomach?"

The reason is obvious. The whole human family instinctively perceives, and has always so perceived, that there is an inherent force or power which is superior to material flesh and blood and bones. In other words, we every moment of our lives recognize the fact that our bodies are primarily the children of mind—we, the mind, own our bodies. That this knowledge is instinctive rather than an abiding, practical truth with us, is entirely due to our ignorance. The more intelligent we become the more positive are we that the will of the man is really all of the man. This is the "my"—the mighty I—without which the material body is but lifeless clay.

So much being recognized, is it not logical to go a little farther? If this power, this intelligent will, can say to the arm, "Move!" and it moves, and to the feet, "Walk!" and they walk, why can it not do still more, and keep the body it has in charge free from suffering and disease?

"My stomach" is not so very different from "my house." The person who owns a house and does not keep the roof from leaking and the cellar dry is considered a very shiftless and no-account person. The woman who takes upon herself the responsibilities of housekeeping, and allows things to be wasted and destroyed, is always regarded with contempt. Why? Because ownership implies trustworthiness, and the householder who neglects his duty, or the master or mistress who does not carefully look after the affairs of those dependent upon them, are disloyal, and consequently a menace to the best interests of society as well as the home.



The householder who would declare that it was possible to keep the rain from beating into the south side of his house, but impossible to prevent it from saturating everything on the north side would be considered a fool. So would the woman who should declare her ability to keep one room in order and her inability to keep the other part of the mansion neat and tidy. We should say that is what she is there for; and if she is so witless as to know nothing outside the boundary of the four narrow walls of one room, she had better step out and let somebody else do the necessary work. But how about those who talk about "my body and my stomach, my head and my lungs"?

"If I am very careful," says one, "I can keep from having rheumatism; but, oh, my stomach!"

"I can manage my stomach very well," says another; "but, oh, I am so susceptible to colds."

"I am a victim of heredity," says a third.

"My father died with consumption, and I suppose I haven't long to live."

So it comes to pass that all concede a governmental force for the body by the mere fact of talking and thinking about "my body," and almost all admit that this power can do a limited amount of caretaking. Say to them that the mind should be the absolute master of the body, and they will resent the idea as an insult.

"Do you think I would have chronic dyspepsia if I could help it?"

"Do you think that I would have periodical sick-headaches, that rack my body to pieces, if they could be prevented?" these people cry out in rage.

No, they would not suffer if somebody else could help it; but it never occurs to these miserable creatures that each and every one of them has an overcoming force that is equal to any emergency. By means of a false education, the mind has been compelled to materialize error instead of truth. The intellect has crowded the will

into a corner, and called upon it at some rare intervals and in great crises. Some who have even partially made at-one-ment between the intellect and the spirit, that giveth life and health to the body, will corroborate the truth of these words. They know that this divinely dominating force needs only an opportunity to do its benign work. When invited and expected, it never fails.

A great many persons who scornfully repudiate the doctrine of total depravity must nevertheless indorse it in their hearts, if we may judge by their criticisms of, and their actions toward, their fellow-creatures. An intellectual denial of this horrible fallacy is now popular, but not yet have the people grown into a comprehension of the truth that underlies this denial. Many of them can go so far as to say that total depravity must mean total extinction, and that it is utterly impossible for the spiritual life of any created thing to be extinguished. But, comparatively speaking, there are only



a few who reason in his matter from the hypothesis of perfection. When we begin to catch the first glimmer of the truth that God created man in His own image, everything about us commences to take on a different aspect. Like parrots, we have repeated these words for hundreds of years without the slightest conception of what they really meant. We found this statement between the covers of the Bible; and knowing that there must have been an intelligent idea back of what we are pleased to call our creation, we said: "There is a God, and we must have been made in His image." There was poetry, beauty, and sublimity in the words, "Ye are the temples of the living God," and we have quoted them, and sung them, and all the time have missed their true meaning. How many sermons have we heard preached from the text, "Be ye perfect even as your Father in heaven is perfect"? The minister always stopped short of the true meaning. He did not dare to accept

the message literally. How could he, when in his heart he believed all his hearers worms of the dust and himself only a little larger thing of the same species? What kind of a sermon could one expect when the central thought was wormy, and the choir sang, "Oh, to be nothing, nothing"? Ever since we can remember, it has been God and Adam, and God and the devil. "Be ye perfect even as your Father in heaven is perfect" seemed to mean, "Don't lie, don't steal, don't murder, don't do this, that, or the other." It was usually do not, and seldom do. It was never, "Realize what you are," but "as far as possible refrain from doing wrong." It was not only personal vanity, but an insult to God, to think of being like Him, notwithstanding the injunction of Jesus Christ to His disciples. So it has come to pass that there has not been any real belief in perfection. We have been started by God and guided by the devil, which demon God created for the express purpose of thwarting His own

designs. It certainly would have been better for us to have considered ourselves infernal emanations entirely than to have cherished this vacillating, half-and-half notion, that kept us slaves while we longed to be gods. We have been tantalized with our false ideas until we have given up expecting any good thing in this world, and have relegated all happiness, all the peace and comfort for which our souls hungered and thirsted, to another state of existence. We have put it there and have had nothing here. And we never shall have anything here as long as we expect to attain it at some other time and in some other place.

"Now is the accepted time and *now* is the day of salvation"—which simply means that this day, this hour, this minute, is the time of our deliverance from bondage. This is the hour of realization, this is the day of our happiness. There can be no real enjoyment for man until he so understands his divine origin, his divine right to health, strength and riches as to cause him



to seize and make use of his own possessions. For everything is his. Everything was made for man, but the creeping, crawling, wriggling worm-of-the-dust theory has kept him down in the dirt and slime, with his eyes fastened upon his noxious environment.

The first thing to do is to look up; the next is to get up, and the next to stay up.

Our feet are made to stand upon, and because they are not always used for that purpose does not change the fact of their original design. We should stand without leaning against any person or thing. He who leans is always in a negative condition, and will inevitably "catch" disease instead of health, weakness instead of strength, poverty instead of plenty.

The world has preached self-reliance for thousands of years, but it has been from a superficial standpoint entirely. We have been taught that we ought to take care of ourselves, and at the same time have been shown the utter impossibility of self-de-

pendence in the majority of cases. We have been instructed to look for something from the outside that *might* come to us, instead of being told that all growth, all success, all power, all freedom, must come from the innermost, and that every human being possesses the spirit of God.

This thought is now abroad in the world; and as a natural consequence, the lame are walking, the blind are recovering their sight, and error is being recognized as error and not as a law cooked up between God and the devil for man's perpetual suffering.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE CROSS OF RESPONSIBILITY.

THERE are many who claim to be people of experience, who have lived long and generally stormy lives, and who have come to the conclusion, or at least make the assertion, that it is no use to seek happiness. One correspondent tells us that she is sure that every detail of her life was marked out for her by God from the cradle to the grave. Now, reflect upon this statement for a moment. By her own confession, she has never had a week's uninterrupted pleasure in her life. She has always been poor and ambitious, always environed not only with her own miseries and misfortunes, but with those of other people. She is now waiting to be old enough to go to an old ladies' home. She does not expect to



be able to earn the hundred dollars necessary to secure admission to this lively and interesting institution during the ten years of waiting to be old enough to enter it.

If one would be discouraged, there is something about such communications as the above calculated to depress and disturb. The ignorance of this woman and other women, and men too, who spend their time talking and writing such stuff, is enough to make the angels weep. Think of a woman with common-sense enough to go to bed nights and get up mornings, being willing to spend ten years waiting for incarceration in a public and a so-called charitable institution! That is bad enough; but the climax of ignorance is reached when God is charged with being the author of such a lamentable condition. Ignorance of God is what has made this woman what she appears to be. She is not what she seems to be, however, because she is God's child, living in God's royal and beautiful king-

dom. Oh! is it not a sad thing that one can be entirely deaf, dumb, and blind to such an environment?

The letter quoted from expresses the sentiments of many of our friends who are more or less interested in the science of life. "What is the use," they say, "when everything is against me?" "Suppose you had a drunken son and a crazy mother, and no health to speak of yourself, what would you do?" "How can anybody get money when they haven't any money, no way to earn any money and nobody to give them any money?"

In the final analysis it will be found that we must all depend upon ourselves. We can help each other to a certain point, but the work of unfoldment must be accomplished by the individual. The questions that are asked are all vital ones, but they must be answered by the persons themselves—that is, practically answered. A friend who has had experience may give us a working theory, but unless we make

it part and parcel of ourselves it is not worth anything to us.

Let us deal for a moment with the question so often and so pathetically asked: "What if you had a drunken son?"

Some of the mothers of these sons censure themselves for this wrongdoing. They had wine or beer upon the table, or they were too strict and uncompromising on this subject of temperance and drove their boys to dissipation. Indeed, there are very few mothers who suffer from these experiences that do not in some way or other implicate themselves in the cause.

Now, the very first step in the process of demonstration over such a condition is to stop blaming one's self. No reformatory work can ever be accomplished while one preserves such a mental attitude. The past is dead—let the dead bury its dead. We literally must get rid of all of these rags of regret.

"But if we really know ourselves to have been in fault," some one will ask, "would



it be right to wipe off the slate under such circumstances?"

Yes, a thousand times yes. If you have even drank with your son and now know that you have light where once you were in darkness, use your light for to-day and be careful not to flash it on to the past. Paul wrote out of his experience as Saul when he said, "Forget the things that are behind."

Regret and trust do not go together. The person who weeps over a dead past is to all intents and purposes a paralyzed person. It is an utter impossibility to live in yesterday's mistakes and enjoy to-day's blessings.

The first thing to do, then, in such a case is to throw away the cross of responsibility. Break it, bury it, repudiate it utterly. This may be, and will be, in most cases, a difficult thing to do. These crosses have been the instruments of conscience and we have felt that we were doing God's service in hugging them close to our hearts.

The keener the pain, the more gratifying it was to our heavenly Father.

It really seems as if the friends who had awakened sufficiently to seek a more comfortable and profitable way of living would be able to see that their conception of omnipotent and omnipresent Love has been a very mistaken one.

Then it comes to pass that the two most important things are as follows—to divest ourselves of all responsibility, and to come to a clearer comprehension of the love of God. When we can once realize that all of our troubles spring from ignorance of the true nature of our heavenly Father, we shall begin to get understanding, and that is a most necessary thing to have on hand.

The next thing in our process of demonstration over drunkenness is to let the condition entirely alone. This means a great deal; and when our friends discover how much it means some of them will exclaim, "Impossible!" But nothing is impossible to the earnest and determined soul. The

things that we meddle with are the things that come to grief. It doesn't make any difference whether it is a plant in the ground or a drunken son. The plant wants the sunshine and the dew and the shower, but its roots are not to be tampered with. The dissipated son wants the warmth of love and the pleasant invigoration of comfortable surroundings, but you cannot meddle with his roots any more than you can with the plant's. In all families where such conditions exist the parents feel it their duty to constantly instruct, plead, or command. They talk in season and out of season. If they do not appear to be directly dealing with the object of their solicitude, they are "whipping him over somebody else's shoulders," and he always understands it. The everlasting monotony of this treatment shows that the subject is never a moment absent from the minds of these mothers, sisters, or wives. They are in constant terror and expectation of being confronted with the



worst phases of the state of dissipation, and they usually get what they are looking for.

It really does not seem credible that parents can keep on pleading and scolding, weeping and commanding, when they see that nothing they can say or do has the slightest effect in the way of reformation. The secret of this incessant moral labor is that they feel responsible for their children. This, as we have said, is a mistake, for the truth is that a mother has no more right to say "you shall" and "you shall not" to her son than she has to the son of her neighbor. But she respects the individuality of the latter, while she continually meddles with what she is pleased to call her own flesh and blood. A wife and a mother have the God-given right to protect themselves from dangerous situations and to refuse to accept the same environment with those who menace their life or usefulness, but they have no right to scold, nag, or argue. It says somewhere in Jeremiah that "our  
x words are our burdens," and truer words

x Jeremiah  
XXIII. 36.

were never spoken. We talk out of our anger, our sorrow, our pride, and our despair, and the foolish threats, the quickly abandoned promises that we make, cloud our own atmosphere and that of others and always defeat our own ends. So it is "hands off" our own children, after having, of course, in their early years done all we could to direct their feet to the right road.

The worst feature in all these cases is that mothers become so incensed and infuriated with these dissipated children that they come to regard them as even outside the pale of God's beneficence. They are hopeless sinners, a disgrace to the family and the world.

Now, if thoughts are things and words are our helpers or our burdens, as we know they are, what sort of an influence must such thoughts and such words have upon those who feel them and listen to them month after month and year after year?

Many of our readers will shake their

heads and inquire: "But how can a mother be expected to keep her hands off her own son?"

"Ay, there's the rub."

There is no other course that promises the least success. Just turn your sons over to God. They are God's sons and not yours. He does not interfere with their desires. All God's children are compelled to learn their own lessons, to get their own development from their own experiences. The son who does simply what his parents think best for him to do, or what God is supposed to want him to do, without thought or wish on his own part, is nothing but an automatic machine, and a man drunk is of far more account than a machine. He has an individuality, and that individuality is being evolved, by hard knocks it is true, and to all appearance very slowly. Some of the kindest, brightest, most upright men of our acquaintance are those who have at last seen the folly of dissipation, the impossibility of securing



happiness by the use of spirituous liquors. They turned from their cups, and are helping in a very satisfactory and sympathetic way others to turn from theirs. They do not scold, censure, or command. They know what thoughts and words accomplished in their own cases.

"There is nothing that a mother can do for a son who has started on a career of dissipation," said one of these gentlemen who has come out of the alcohol fire refined and strengthened, "but to love him and let him alone. The more she talks, the worse he will get. She must never forget that he is a man, drunk or sober. You see, madam, the real man is never intoxicated; it is only the surface fellow."

There is a world of comfort in these words for all mothers.

So, then, you are to turn your sons over to God, renouncing all personal responsibility. You are to put a seal upon your lips, and think only thoughts of love. You are to expect good results, and you are to de-

clare yourselves and your children inhabitants of the kingdom of God, where nothing can prevail against them.

And you are never to say or think that your son has it in his power to disgrace his mother or his family.

## CHAPTER IX.

### WHY WE GROW OLD.

THE woman who hates to darn stockings, who detests mending in any form, who cannot bear to cook and wash dishes, and yet has all these things to do, certainly challenges our sympathy. It does not make them any easier to bear, that by some act of folly in her young life—a hasty and quickly repented-of marriage, perhaps, she herself built this environment.

It is decidedly against the purposes of this teaching to make any suggestions that would lead to regret for the past. In that direction everything that is unwholesome and debilitating lies, but it is absolutely essential that we realize the truth contained in the parable of sowing and reaping. The headstrong girl, who, contrary to the ad-



vice of her best friends and the monitions of common-sense, marries her moral inferior is sure to reap a cruel harvest. To change the figure, "the hand that strikes us is our own;" and it is as illogical as it is unjust to name another as the author of our misery. "Having done all," both the foolish thing and the righteous act, in the attempt to expiate the folly, let us "stand" and stand firmly too, on both our feet, looking neither backward nor forward, but abiding in the Word. We have no more right to accuse ourselves than we have to blame others.

The mistake is swallowed up in the past. Let it stay there. Do not strive to resurrect it.

"But my blunder was so terrible," sighs one, "and its consequences are so far-reaching, it has minimized every possibility, destroyed every opportunity for right living."

This is the biggest blunder of all. It is not the original act, whatever it was, that

has produced such agonizing conditions. It is simply the constant dwelling upon it, the everlasting carrying it about. It would be just as sensible for a person to insist upon loading himself with soiled and worn-out garments as to have ever in his mind the follies and mistakes of the past.

"But what will we do with the consequences?" some one will inquire. "We cannot get rid of those. If we have sown tares, according to Jesus' own doctrine, we must reap tares."

Just so; but one need not keep on sowing tares forever. Every tear shed over a mistake for which one is so honestly repentant that nothing would ever induce him to commit it again, is another tare planted. How long do you think it would take to get rid of tares if one were to pull them up by the roots and never do any more such farming? Pulling them up by the roots is dislodging them from the mind.

There is no more active and deadly process of deterioration, both physical and

mental, than this habit of sighing over what has been, and what might have been had something else not been. Nine-tenths of the inhabitants of the world live—or rather die—after this fashion: "What can be done for me? Nothing."

"A heart-broken woman," who has read enough on the subject of perpetual youth to mend a crack or two of her cardiac organ, inquires: "I insisted upon my sister having a doctor she didn't want because I thought he was skilful, and she died. The physician she did want I had no confidence in; but since then he has cured several cases quite as bad as hers. Now, in my own estimation, I am as much a murderer as if I had shot my sister through the heart."

This is hysterical hyperbole and there is a great deal of it about. Let us, for the sake of helping others, analyze these statements. In the first place, the sister who apparently left her tabernacle of flesh and the sister who remained, had not the slightest faith in their own power to cast out sick-



ness and overcome death. They relegated their power to another, and he was powerless. This was the first mistake, but it is such a common error that they could hardly be considered culpable. As far back as we have any knowledge the masses have hired men to do their thinking for them and to heal them when they were ill. The majority have not been cured, and so far *materia medica* has not abolished a single disease. There are more doctors, more drugs, more sickness, more death, at the present time than ever in the history of the world. Ignorance is the cause of all this. It is just beginning to occur to people—some people—that they can do their own thinking, and that God gave them their intelligence to use in keeping themselves sound in mind, body and estate.

The next mistake of our correspondent was in endeavoring to influence another mind. This was an error, because every human being who has arrived at the age of what is called understanding should be free

to express his opinions and carry them out. If one wants a particular doctor or healer, that is the person to have, and it makes no difference what the school or how great the humbug. Viewed in this light, our distressed friend was unwise. There is nothing more unwise than forcibly to interfere in the plans of another. She didn't know any better than to think that she knew best. Her judgment might have been superior to her sister's, but that does not alter the principle in the least. Individuality must be respected.

This suffering has all come from ignorance—ignorance of the power vested in every human being, and ignorance of the rights of one's neighbor. Such an experience should have been an eye-opener for all eternity, an everlasting lesson, although it is not likely that the physician whom one sister wanted and the other did not want, had anything to do whatever with the final result. People who depend wholly or even partially upon others for deliverance from

sickness and death are dying already; and this is not saying that we cannot sometimes help others to a better understanding of themselves. But one man cannot do another man's work for him. In essentials we are obliged to do our own work, and this would not be the case if we were not born with every tool and faculty for the building of our own environment.

The most egregious blunder, however, that our friend has made is in the condemnation of herself, that seems to have become so chronic that it has settled down into a dangerous habit.

Another part of her letter may be interesting and profitable.

"Even when my sister passed away," she writes, "after long and weary weeks of watching and nursing, I was still comely, though, of course, somewhat wan and thin; but the two years that have passed since then have so aged me that friends who haven't seen me for some time are so shocked that they are not able to hide their



surprise, and I have got so morbid that I never look in the mirror if it can possibly be avoided. I am thirty-six years old and I look sixty-six."

Here is a splendid lesson for our readers, showing that this loss of youth and beauty has an exclusively mental origin. It always has; but in this instance it is perfectly demonstrable, and "he who runs may read." The old teaching of rewards and punishments, of discipline and scourging, has much to do with such conditions. Ignorance of our own power, ignorance of the rights of our neighbors, a belief in a good God and a bad devil, the thought that for a past error we must suffer an eternity of torture, have well-nigh wrecked the race.

Some people age quickly, as in this case, from excess of mental emotion. There is an infinity of these mental gradations, and one is just as unnecessary as the other. The very first inkling of the truth that we really have dominion over ourselves is the most

wonderful elixir that can be imagined. If our "heartbroken" correspondent will open herself to this thought, she will find the color coming back to her cheeks and the sparkle to her eyes. The hard lines about her mouth will soften, and the furrows planted by a useless and foolish regret will fade out.

There is no exaggeration about this statement. It has been tried in many instances, and the effect is magical.

## CHAPTER X.

### ONE THING AT A TIME.

THERE is nothing more difficult than to keep one's attention centred upon the work in hand. Why is it difficult?

Because of the inherited belief that life is short. In order to get any pleasure or profit out of existence one must make haste; in other words, try to do twenty things at a time. It is doubtful if there is anything in the whole realm of ills and aggravations that mankind considers itself subject to more painful than this in its depleting influence upon vitality.

Let us take a wife and mother as she sits with her lap full of stockings to mend. This labor must be performed, and there is no one else to do it. More likely than not she despises the occupation, and would like



to throw every one of them into the fire. Such an influence to begin with, is anything but benign.

"It took me all the forenoon to do my mending last week," she tells herself, "but I mean to pitch in to-day and get through in half the time. If I do, I can put the binding on my skirt and perhaps finish Johnny's blouse. I wish I could get that done to-day, because he'll need it the first of the week; and then I've got to have company to lunch Tuesday, and dear me! I've forgotten that cake receipt which Mrs. Jones promised to give me"—and so on and on until the last hole is darned, and the weary woman shakes the threads from her apron with a feeling that she does not care whether she ever does another stitch of work as long as she lives. Her back aches, her head feels as if it had a tight band around it, her stomach trembles, and whatever she does the rest of the day, whether she goes to bed or goes out, or does more work, the feeling she experiences is one of

disgust and abuse. "Life is hard, life is cruel," she sighs. "Why should I be obliged to spend the best years of my life sewing up holes? Other women can have some time to read and go out and enjoy themselves. I am nothing but a slave."

The last statement is absolutely accurate. She is a serf in every sense of the word, but who are her masters?

Habit, precedent, ignorance, the only real taskmasters there are in the world.

The stockings did not bind a band about her head, cause her back to ache, or bore a hole in her stomach. The stockings were not to blame for the feeling of desolation and discouragement that attacked her while at work.

Let us look into this matter.

Our friend approached her basket of stockings quite sure that darning was not the sort of embroidery that she should be expected to do. It was a degradation. Why should she not enjoy the same immunity from uncongenial work as some of her neighbors?

Here we have envy as a very strong factor in the matter, and envy will rub the bloom from the cheek and drive the brightness from the eye with great quickness.

Next, in order to save time for some other duty, or to make time for a pleasure, she determined to perform the hated darning in less time than ever before. To this end she ignorantly strained every nerve of a physique previously weakened by many such acts of folly.

Again, she worked on her skirt, finished Johnny's blouse, made preparations for her luncheon party, and mentally performed other tasks while her trembling fingers wove the darning cotton through and through the despicable holes. She did all this thinking and planning and working, and accomplished only the planting of more wrinkles in her face, more pains in her body, and more envy and discouragement in her heart. The life principle, the spirit, the God power was ignorantly scattered and wasted. The various objects of mental consideration were



injured instead of benefited by the process, because when she had finished the task in hand she was as disgusted with them as she was with the stockings.

It is indeed hard to overcome these mental habits because they are so ingrained, but there isn't one that cannot be successfully met and dealt with.

Scores of people have conquered the deleterious and awkward physical habit of crossing the legs, and if they could do that, they can succeed in keeping body and spirit together for the performance of all necessary labor. Youth and beauty, health and usefulness, depend upon it.

## CHAPTER XI.

### MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS.

THERE is probably no form of advice more generally repudiated and resented than that contained in the four words which head this chapter. It seems like a disgrace to be accused of minding other people's business, but it is one of the most common and most pernicious errors of the age; and is sure to despoil a woman of her health, happiness, and youth.

Not long ago a very industrious and conscientious woman applied to a new physician for help in what seemed to her a dire physical extremity. She had run the gamut of quinine and morphine and various elixirs and hypodermic nervines with her old doctor without effect. Something must be done

and at once, and that is what she said to the new one.

"Yes, madam," was the calm response, "something must be done, but it is your own work, not mine."

"What do you mean?" the lady inquired.

"I mean that you do not need any drug prescription from me, but I am going to give you a mental one. It is this—mind your own business."

"How much do you charge for this advice, doctor?" the insulted patient inquired, with her head in the air.

"Not a cent," was the smiling answer; "but I declare to you that if you follow it, you will find it the best counsel you ever had. You do not need medicine; you need repose."

"But, doctor, I always have minded my own business," the irate woman protested. "I haven't the slightest wish or curiosity to know anything whatever of other people's affairs. I never thought to be so humiliated by another person's opinion of me."



"You have confessed to me, madam," the physician replied earnestly, "that for several months you have not been able to attend to the duties of your own home. Now, I am old-fashioned enough to believe that a woman's home should be her first care. May I ask if you have resigned your position in either one of the clubs and societies to which you belong?"

"Why, no. How could I, with the different committees depending upon me, and a hospital fair to bring to success? Why, doctor, think of all the suffering there is in the city this winter!"

"That is none of your business."

"None of my business that people are starving and dying for want of medical care and efficient nursing!"

"No."

"Well, whose business is it?"

"My only answer is that it is not yours. You have a husband and several children whom you are obliged to neglect because of the outside work which you have deliberately

sought and which does not belong to you. This city is full of Mrs. Jellabys. We meet 'em at every turn, busy, bustling, nervous, reformatory, inharmonious, looking for Augéan stables to clean, while their children are turned off and neglected, and the home which should be as orderly as paradise is a hell upon earth. So I say again, attend to the things which do concern you, and do not meddle with those which do not concern you."

Here was an honest man, and the seed which he threw out that morning did not fall upon rocky ground, although it really seemed at first as if the very foundations of the earth had given way. This woman's attitude is really that of a great many, who feel themselves called upon to attend to other people's affairs, and who resent, as she did, all such imputation.

"Where shall one draw the line?" our readers very naturally inquire.

Each one must draw the line for herself. There are women who have the time

and the strength to lend a hand in the world's reform, and blessed are they who do this work wisely. But the mother's duty is pre-eminently with her own children.

Some radical thinker may argue at this point with Mrs. Jellaby that one's own children should not be of any more consequence than other people's children. In this connection, such an idea is rank fallacy, because the responsibilities of motherhood are most sacred. The children that we bring into the world are ours to teach and make happy. If we can do all that is required for our own and have the time and inspiration to help our neighbor who is less fortunate than ourselves in the care of her brood, that is the right thing to do. Such help should be rendered, and is a part of our own business. The woman who keeps her own home harmonious can always lift her neighbor, because when one is in a state of harmony one is literally in heaven.

Again, people do not mind their own



business when they endeavor to force their theories and convictions upon others.

"I carried the truth to my friend and she would not receive it," is a frequent complaint.

What business has one carrying a truth to a person? We may carry a truth as we would take food, if we knew that it were needed and asked for. It is utterly useless to take anybody anything, whether mental, spiritual, or material, until a demand has been made for it. We go round with what we call our truths and our advanced notions and expect other people to accept them *nolens volens*. We are not minding our own business when thus engaged. This is the work of the egotist and the rusher, the work of zeal without knowledge, which always defeats its own ends. All successful work is accomplished by the spirit and the understanding, and the union of force and wisdom will always lead us to mind our own business.

## CHAPTER XII.

### QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

THE discussion of the questions of Perpetual Youth and Personal Beauty has acted like an electric shock in all parts of the country, showing that both men and women are vitally interested in the matter of life, health and good looks. Once in a while a letter comes from some one who is anxiously "awaiting the undertaker's call," and from those who profess to believe that "the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit is quite sufficient for those who are sojourning in this vale of tears."

Such expressions are wearisome things to read and to listen to, and it is a real joy to be able to say that ninety-nine-hundredths of the immense correspondence which has followed the publication of the first article on

"Perpetual Youth" have been from a delighted and intelligent audience. This is a great deal to say, because we have all been taught that while beauty was a very desirable thing to possess, it was very wrong to appear to desire to possess it. In all these matters we were early instructed to be hypocrites. We could admire the beautiful in others, but we must disparage beauty in ourselves. We were at liberty to hate to grow old in our hearts, but we were not at liberty to give expression to this objection, but must school ourselves to "grow old gracefully."

How many women in all who have lived and died have been able to follow this advice literally? One cannot be graceful when one is constantly protesting, for this is what we have all done inside, whatever we may have appeared to do. Very few of us have been really honest with others, though we have had to be with ourselves.

One correspondent, in criticism of the treatment of this subject, declares that "the handsomest and loveliest woman of her ac-



quaintance is a little, toothless, dried-up, wrinkled, humpbacked woman of seventy years."

Now, isn't that ridiculous? Such a statement has neither rhyme, reason, logic, nor common sense. She has used the wrong words. We can all see this picture, and we know that it is not beautiful. Had she said that this little woman possessed the loveliest character she had ever known and that her beautiful qualities caused one to forget her external ugliness, we could have verified the statement from our own experience. There is a very warm place in our hearts for our deformed saints; <sup>and</sup> but as much as we love and admire them, we could not wish to be like them, or have our children resemble them. We know how heavy these crosses have been, and we hold these dear ones all the closer for the tortures they have endured.

Mere animal beauty is not what we are considering, for true beauty is an unfoldment from within, and has very little to do

with the external. Perpetual youth is simply dying daily instead of all at once: casting off the old man or old woman and taking on the new. This is accomplished by means of proper thinking. The scold and the grumbler cannot secure perpetual youth. Neither can the tattler, the busybody, the envious, the selfish, the prejudiced. These must all grow ugly and old, and they must all die. Their thoughts are dying thoughts. Why, if we were all to think thoughts of love and peace and joy and good-will, we should have the millennium in a fortnight. But what can one expect but ugliness, age, sickness, suffering, poverty and death when all our thoughts are centred upon these objects, and upon a distant heaven and a remote God? When we begin to understand that "now is the accepted time, and now is the day of salvation," and that "the kingdom of heaven is *within* us," we shall have a foundation to stand upon. But all these pregnant passages have been apparently regarded as poetic flights, figures

of speech, instead of the deep, beautiful, and comforting truths which Jesus Christ gave to the world.

It is impossible to satisfy all inquirers as to processes. To those who say they cannot help worrying, there is only this reply to make: If you worry, you cannot fail to grow old and ugly, for every outward appearance is simply the effect of an inward cause. We make half of our worries; the other half is made for us. We have no more business with one than with the other. We are to make joy, and decline the torments which other people cut out for us. In other words, let us work out our own salvation, and allow everybody else to work out theirs, our husbands and children, our nearest and dearest, as well as those we call outsiders.

To be "tired of living," as some of our friends and correspondents have lately expressed themselves, is to be in direct opposition to the underlying principle of all life, which is harmony. This, of course, is a self-evident proposition, because serene,



well-poised, and intelligent people realize that once alive is always alive, and that it is the climax of folly to talk about being tired of living, since life is eternal. The soul can never know a single moment of unconsciousness. When man stops living, God must also stop. So, if to all appearance life comes to an end here, it is nothing but an appearance. Life goes on. This being the case, what is the use of all our groaning and complaining? Why not make the best of the present moment? "Oh, yes, it is easy to talk," a fellow-pilgrim remarks bitterly to herself as she wipes the hot tears from her cheeks, "but what if your husband were ill, business gone, children destitute for clothes—what then? Suppose there was not a single avenue by which help could possibly come to you? Suppose you had neither relatives nor friends upon whom you could depend for assistance in your dire strait, do you think, under these circumstances, you would feel like perpetuating the torture? Yes, indeed, it is easy to preach."

This is no imagined response. Such answers come every day to the line of thought which is constantly sent out. It seems at first like indifference on the part of the one who desires to substitute a positive thought for the negative and vagrant ones which have held so strong a sway. To tell a wife and mother in the position of the one spoken of above that she must think different thoughts in order to bring about a change in her environment seems like a farce.

"Is not my house full of sickness?" she asks. "Are we not in poverty and in debt? Can I *think* prosperity and peace when there is no comfort and peace?"

Not long ago there was a very good example of this condition of mind; indeed, the case was in many respects analogous to the present one. The husband and father lost his position in consequence of the cry of hard times—a wail, by the way, which has not had the slightest foundation in fact. Times have seemed hard because people have held on to their money. Well,

things went down all the time with this family. The wife wept and complained; the husband, in great despondency, sought work every day and failed. At last he decided to end his life—poor imbecile! as if he could. He secured a pistol, and went home to bid an eternal farewell to those he called his loved ones. Suddenly a presentiment of the awful thing that was about to take place came to the wife. She rushed upstairs, and was just in time to direct the weapon from its purpose. She dashed it one side, and at this supreme moment was made acquainted with the folly of her own behavior. Everything else that she had endured and which had seemed so hard, shrunk into insignificance beside this contemplated tragedy.

“Why, if we have each other,” she pleaded, “we can bear anything. I will be different now, and I am sure that fortune will smile on us again.”

This woman had been tired of living; at least she had often made this remark to her



husband and others. Now she had discovered that there were deeper depths; and compared with this horror, the troubles of which she had so bitterly complained were nothing. They had been nothing all the time; but she had been holding on to them with all her might, and endowing them with all the power they possessed. Things did change for this family in a very short time. Husband and wife were united and worked in grateful harmony. Good could have come into manifestation long before this had there been a spiritual understanding of this law of harmony. Harmony is heaven, and the kingdom of heaven is within every one of us, if we will only realize it.

"Your article on 'Perpetual Youth' has started me to thinking on entirely new lines, and they lead into such strange and unusual domains that I am almost afraid of them. Now, I love beauty; but I have always supposed that while it was perfectly legitimate to appreciate it when other

people possessed it, it was wicked for me to care about it for myself. But I have cared all the time. You would not say, I am sure, that my face, which is completely covered with freckles nine months of the year, is so disfigured because I thought freckles. I am sure you would not. But these freckles are an almost unendurable cross to me, because they spoil everything I wear and render completely abortive every effort to make a good appearance. I have good features, nice eyes, a trim figure, and these freckles constitute the total inharmony of my life. Again, do you think it would be wrong to do something outwardly for this defect if I could find something to fit the case? You will doubtless know what I mean without taking up any more of your time."

Our correspondent has a perfect right to rid herself of freckles, or anything else that is obnoxious to her. The "unendurable cross" tells a very plain story. Any mental misery borne without any pros-

pect of mitigation is sure to materialize externally more and more solidly, whether it be freckles or anything else. This is the law, and we cannot change it. We must change our thought and then we become a law unto ourselves. As is the inward so is the outward.

✓ Such effects as these, which show on the outside exclusively, are supposed by superficial thinkers to require external treatment solely. But this is not so. The same scientific treatment which applies to the casting out of disease applies to such cases also; but there is no reason why a woman should not use something that will conceal such blemishes while she is turning her thought away from her disfigurement and toward beauty. This is not wrong at all. It is a gracious thing to do and, in its way, scientific.

"The first glint of light, bright light, true light, God's light, that I have had for forty years I received from your article on 'Perpetual Youth.' It met my case at



every point. For the last ten years I have been set one side, so to speak, by my family. This work was too hard for mother, this trip too tiresome, this company too exciting; and all this was not of my doing, but was born of their love to shield me in my old age. Those words always fired my temper; but, of course, I knew that was all wrong and I endeavored, to the best of my ability, to grin and bear it. But the grinning came hard. It was never pleasant to me to have some one ask: 'Well, how is the old lady to-day?' I did not seem to belong on that list, but when I looked in the glass I found I was there sure enough. Still, my eyes are as bright as they ever were, and no influence has been strong enough to induce me to put on glasses. I can read in the evening as well as any of them. I haven't an unsound tooth in my head, and in all my life I have not once had a headache. I have had some other pains, for I am the mother of eleven children, and they are all living and all try-

ing to protect me in my old age. Sometimes I feel like running away from the whole family—they worry me so with their mistaken kindness. Just here I would like some advice. I have money enough to buy a house of my own, furnish it, and provide suitable service. Would you do it? Would it be kind to the children who are so loving to me? It would take an angel from heaven to know how I long for my own, my very own, vine and fig-tree. Mother has a room especially furnished for her in seven homes, but neither of them is a home to her. It just seems to me that I want to begin to be an individual or I want to give up the whole business."

We wish that this communication could be published in every spoken language, for this woman's thoughts are those of the great majority. It is a frank statement of what every woman of common-sense experiences when she gets to be what is called "along in years." This woman can renew her youth. She can grow young again in

appearance if she will change her environment in the way that her spirit is constantly calling her to do. She wants her own home, in which to do just as she pleases. She wants to read, write, and study and entertain her own guests. She wants to be free from the constant espionage of what is called love. She hungers and thirsts to be an individual in all that the word implies. She does not need any advice, for God is speaking to her every moment of her life, and she is awake to the voice. So is every woman who responds to the call of individuality.

“Nothing I have read of late has been more acceptable to me than the letter written by you to the woman who has been set aside for ten years. I am a young woman myself, with little children; but I have seen so many women ‘set aside’ that I have determined to hold my own forever and have endeavored to impress my children with that idea. Why should a woman become a background in front of which



life-dramas go on, the heroes and heroines her own children? Too often she is not invited to the front unless sickness or poverty oppresses, when she is placed as a shield against adversity before those very heroes and heroines. Old age is thrust upon many men and women, perhaps out of mistaken love and kindness, often out of a species of intolerance.

"I say it, after a number of cases which have come into my own experience, no woman should give up her home to live with her children no matter how kind, how loving, how wealthy, how anxious they are. One room of one's own is better. In this independent age women are emancipating themselves in every way, and I hope they will in this respect.

"How many women I have met of fifty years and over who have expressed to me inconsolable regret at having given up their homes! They are ever restless, ever unsatisfied afterward. Dear Eleanor Kirk, if you can, with all your generous impulses,

do anything to prevent these dear 'silver crowns' from self-immolation on the altar of a mistaken idea, how grateful the coming race will be for the precedent! A woman deserves her own home whether widow or spinster.

"Children must be educated to this duty of 'letting alone.' My daughter of eight lately planned out my future existence for me, parcelling me, as per ruling precedent—I was to live with her when she was married, etc. My baby sons listened, open-mouthed and believing. When she had finished, I emphatically announced to her that she had been presuming, and that I should be myself, and govern my own life. Her reply was, 'Mamma, you're so queer! People always do so.'

"I am convinced that the real work of the world is often done by the older people. A woman writer of my acquaintance, who succeeds, lives in the rich environment of a superior mother, who drops wisdom with every sentence she speaks. Time and

again I read the mother in the daughter's pages. I have always been indignantly furious about this wrong. I spoke to the mother about it. Her answer was, 'Daughter writes.'

"Unnecessary self-immolation!"

"There is a lifting and satisfying element in your *Idea* which I do not get from any other periodical, though I must confess that I am sometimes obliged to ask myself, Can it all be true? But let me tell you of an experience. After reading your wonderful article on 'Perpetual Youth,' I concluded to take account of my mental and physical stock. I am forty-five years old, gray, stooped, and rheumatic. For years I had bent my back more and more until I was almost like one born deformed. Something in that article went through my veins like an electric shock, and I seemed to see in one awful flash what a fool I had been. I saw that if I had mentally resisted this tendency to double up, I should now have been as straight as



anybody. I saw how every day I had succumbed more and more, and I made a vow then and there to do all in my power to straighten myself. Of course I haven't had very much time yet, but I am straighter already, and my friends are all asking who is my doctor and what kind of tonics I am taking. I do not dare say very much yet, because I see that it is decidedly best not to have anything to combat. But I do thank you so much for the lift that so many must have received from your article.

"A GRATEFUL OLD MAID."

Let us notice the points in our friend's communication and observe how wonderfully she has been touched by the spirit of truth.

"Something in that article went through my veins like an electric shock," she says. This statement in regard to the very same paper has been made by many others. It was a thought that produced this physical effect, a thought that reached the very

centre of the life of the reader—her mind—and this was instantly materialized into outward expression precisely as all our thoughts are materialized.

Again she says, "I saw if I had mentally resisted this tendency to double up," etc.

Here the whole situation was disclosed, and then followed the vow—the spoken word—to make every possible effort to remedy the condition.

Again, "I see that it is decidedly best not to have anything to combat."

Our friend has been given not only the truth which shall make her free, but she has received divine wisdom. There is nothing more unwise and more detrimental to a spiritual unfoldment than argument, and this truth is generally the hardest of all to realize. The newly awakened, loving, and generous spirit cannot bear to withhold the truth from friend and neighbor, and so, not yet wise enough to deal with sneers and criticisms, or even to answer the respectful questions of those who are really hungering

for information, the neophyte finds herself surrounded by clouds which are difficult to dispel.

"Be still and know that I am God," is the best advice that can be given to all who are beginning to demonstrate over error and untruth. Thoughts are really things, and it is not nearly so much what we say that has effect, as what we think and do. A thought of peace and good-will persistently held, will clear up any atmosphere, no matter how dense. It is like the sun's rays, silent and powerful. There is a time to give the spoken word forcibly and unflinchingly, and there is a time to be still. It requires wisdom for such discrimination. Our correspondent seems to be in full possession of it.

"I had the pleasure of reading your 'Perpetual Youth' paper to an invalid friend, who has been what is called bedridden from nervous prostration for over two years. When I commenced she exclaimed, 'Oh, for pity's sake, don't give me that crazy



stuff!' But I coaxed her to let me go on and finally she became interested, and when I finished she was full of questions. Finally she remarked with a great sigh: 'Well, if that thing is true I am a pretty specimen of an idiot and a coward. Could I have held my own if I had tried, if I had believed I could? Could I have kept out of this despicable bed? Could I now have been walking the earth like other people? Why, I have legs, arms, a head, and a body. They look all right. I can move them in the bed, and why not out of the bed?'

"In this way she went on until I, a positive greenhorn in these ideas, was forced to give her my convictions in regard to her condition. Both my friend and myself had always thought it wrong to wish to be handsome and to preserve our youth; and just here you have struck a keynote sure enough, because through such teaching you will be able to reach many a heart that would not otherwise be touched. To

tell a woman who wants to keep her good looks that she has a perfect right to do so is to arouse in her a desire to know all the truth. She sees at once that she has been upside down all her life. It is only two weeks since a friend loaned me the *Idea*, and already our invalid is sitting up and looking in the glass, something that she could not be persuaded to do during her illness. I can see that she is determined to be well and to look well. Please send the *Idea*, commencing with the article on 'Perpetual Youth,' to myself and the following addresses.

"Yours for life."

If our friends will try to realize that there never was an external manifestation of any sort that did not have a mental cause, they will be greatly helped in their attempts to live the truth. They can reason this out logically with themselves without any instruction, if they are so inclined. Our friend who was "doubled up

with rheumatism" now sees that she need not have done so if she had held the right thought. This would have braced her against every negative condition. If she had said, "I have a right to hold myself straight, and I will stand by the law of my being," she would have conquered. There is nothing that can prevail against this attitude. It is not a condition of clinched fists and defiance, but it is the true Christ spirit of dominion over all things. "Be ye perfect even as your Father in heaven is perfect," were not idle words spoken by Jesus. He knew that all who would could attain to the divine likeness, and that to be perfect was to be whole—holy—in spirit, mind, and body.



## CHAPTER XIII.

### OUR ETERNAL SUPPLY.

WE have talked glibly for centuries of youth and old age. In youth we were strong and in age we were weak. What has made this difference? We say that it is a difference in the manifestation of power. We are told that the supply gives out. But what supply? Even the most materialistic thinkers will not claim that there is not as much oxygen, hydrogen, and general nutrition in the world when a man is eighty years old as when he is twenty-five. The air that he breathes is just as vital, and the vegetables and fruits are just as nourishing. So we find that things have not given out in the external world. God has given no sign here of any desire to starve or im-

poverish His children. We are all right so far.

"But," you say, "the trouble is entirely an interior one. Man's vital organs were only intended to last a certain period."

Who said so?

Can any one tell just how long these organs were preordained to endure?

Since some give out in babyhood and others cohere for more than a century, even at the present time of ignorance in regard to all these things, it would seem as if this matter would be a particularly difficult one to settle.

Almost everybody admits that to a certain extent wisdom is useful in prolonging life. The people who are temperate and good-natured hold on to their organs longer than those who are not. So it is not a question of outward supply, nor is it a matter of necessary organic waste. It is simply a question of man's thought concerning himself, simply a matter of precedent and habit founded upon ignorance.

God is our eternal supply, inside and outside, above and below. He is in us and we are in Him, and never yet has the outer or inner supply been turned off except as man has diverted it.

Spirit cannot grow old, and it is the spirit that forms and informs the body. We can turn this spirit off and out ourselves; but the spirit is ourselves, whether it inhabits this present form or not.

When people begin to understand that nothing was ever evolved that was not first involved, they will be obliged to leave the procession marching graveward and seek out "fresh fields and pastures new." It will be an utter impossibility for them to remain in the ranks of the ignorant and the imbecile any longer.

There is one deep and vital question that will be asked by every so-called middle-aged and elderly woman who reads this book. It is as follows:—"Can the ravages of sickness and age be repaired?"

Yes, they can; but as repairing is always



a more difficult task than dealing with new and fresh material, so will it be in this work. But it is being beautifully accomplished every day by those who have come into an understanding of the science of life. The first thing to do is to dispose of the wrong thought before it materializes into the wrong thing. There is a great truth here. Indeed it is the foundation-stone of the whole structure.

All groaning, complaining, backbiting, gossiping must be stopped instantly. Resentment, prejudice, and uncharitableness cannot be indulged in. And not only must the expression of these errors cease, but they must not exist in the mind.

Some will have more garden-weeding to do than others, but a courageous determination to live the perfect life will be crowned with royal success.

We must not grovel in the dirt like worms, because we are not worms. We must begin to realize the power vested in us as children of God to rule our own lives

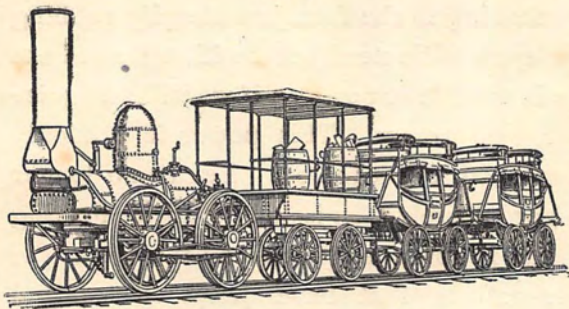
in every particular. Man is the greatest creature in the universe, but he is only just awakening to the fact, just sleepily rubbing his eyes. We need not be ill, we need not be in trouble or poverty, if we will recognize our own power. This power is not only from God, but it is God. Let us no longer regard ourselves as isolated entities floating round in space, subject to all the ills of the generations that have preceded us, and doomed to lose everything worth possessing—youth, health, and life itself. Let us strive to realize that we are at home in our Father's house; and if we have been strangers and aliens, it is because of our ignorance that the home belonged to us.

In this home is everything that can conduce to our perfect happiness.

"Seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and everything else shall be added"—health, prosperity, and

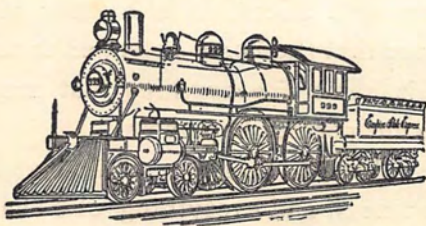
PERPETUAL YOUTH.

THEN



De Witt Clinton Engine and Train.

NOW



N. Y. Central's Empire State Express Engine—"999"—  
Fastest Locomotive in the World.