



Christian

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Regeneration of the Body by the Resurrection of the Mind



Christianity is always and forever marked "personal." It is utterly impossible to find it in the institutions of mortal mind. It is the illumination of the individual. Here are some things it will do in you:

It will abolish war.—*Matt. 5:38-48.*

It will abolish titles.—*Matt. 23:1-12.*

It will abolish oaths.—*Matt. 5:33-37.*

It will abolish poverty.—*Luke 18:29-30.*

It will abolish public worship.—*Matt. 6:5-15.*

It will abolish personal authority.—*Luke 22:24-28.*

It will abolish disease and death.—*John 14:12-15.*

Christians are abolitionists of the right sort. The opposite of the above statements is Anti-Christ. All the religions of the world are Anti-Christian. Christianity is not a religion. It is the Science of Spirit. In the sayings of Jesus you will find the Rock of Ages. It is the foundation of a personal illumination.

ITEMS AND IDEAS.

*** Christmas gift!

*** Did you get a better one than CHRISTIAN?

*** Remember that this double CHRISTIAN lasts all the year.

*** Christmas wouldn't bother me if it did not last so long. It is worse than a political campaign. It begins just after the Fourth of July.

*** *Life Culture* is the title of a neat little magazine just issued by Harry Gaze, 914 Pine St., San Francisco, Calif. He is a close neighbor to Harry Harrison Brown. As both of the young Harrys are evolutionists, they ought to form a merger. It would help them to get the better of the Old Harry.

*** "So one of the Christians got caught by 'The Philosophers of the Living Fire?' Why did not they do as I did. I told them that a Christian did not belong to anybody or anything, and had no need of any secrets, and that I was a Christian."

Hurrah for you! Unload everything and everybody, and shout glory to yourself. A Christian is one who is seeking and finding mental, physical and financial freedom.

*** The Circle of Christians is growing in numbers and in power. Mrs. Shelton and I are only two members of this circle. As individuals, we will do just as much as any other two individuals, but no more. This makes us all shareholders in CHRISTIAN. I think I ought to insist on each of you not only paying twelve dollars in money, but in getting twelve recruits, or eleven, for the number of copies you represent.

*** "This is a portrait of my husband. It was taken during the present year. He was 80 years old last week—and a fine fellow he is."

The photograph is of a healthy looking young chap. The only sign of age is that he has a topknot like my own. He has four hairs on the top of his head, while I only have three. Hairs don't count! There are many of these four-score fellows coming to the front. Regeneration is in the air.

*** "Last month the first treatment I ever had from you was a complete failure. Everything went topsy-turvy. I don't know when I have had so many disappointments in succession."

Sometimes it works that way. The mental medicine produces a violent reaction in the whole system, and affects the whole environment. It is a pretty sure sign that the thought transference is at work shaking things.

*** In the enrollment of Christians, the husband and wife are not one. It is a good thing to have both of you enrolled, and also the children by name. Don't get stingy and say that you can't afford it. Bless your souls, the whole family counts at the drug-store, when you are patronizing the drug doctor. Several husbands have written in here and sent a dollar, saying, that the husband and wife are one. It is funny how these fellows want to make this oneness appear, when it will save a dollar! You let the wife go into the husband's pocketbook, and in nine cases out of ten they will soon find out that while they are one, he is the one!

*** "I shall be glad to have the month's treatment for Health, Happiness and Prosperity. It seemed greedy to ask for so much, but I need a new pair of feet and legs that will not get sore and ache when I use them. For Happiness I need to get over the Hurry Habit and the thought that I have more to do than I can accomplish."

When you get over the Hurry Habit, you will find that your feet and legs will not get sore and ache. The Hurry Habit is just about as bad as the lazy habit, if not worse.

*** If this number of CHRISTIAN is not worth a dollar, I am no judge of values. I am not speaking figuratively about the priceless value of truth. I know all about the thought market. I buy books, and my table is loaded down with all kinds of periodicals. Speaking from a commercial standpoint, and looking over the whole thought market, I can truthfully say that in my opinion CHRISTIAN is worth a dollar a copy.

*** "We find that, when through meditation and prayer, we have reached a certain state of Spiritual consciousness, we can treat thousands as easily as we do one when we are in mere intellectual perception." — Charles Fillmore, in *Unity*.

Go tell the above news to General Sabin, who declares that one man can not treat so many people. Let me tell Brother Fillmore that he can not give treatments to one person, when he is in "mere intellectual perception." Treatments are not given through the intellect, but by spiritual vibrations.

*** "About four years ago I was a great smoker, and myself and family had become so accustomed to use drugs that it was a habit. We were relieved by your treatments to the extent that I have not smoked for four years and we have discarded the use of medicines entirely."

The above comes from Texas, and yet people say that mental treatments are charlatanic. Just think how much this man has been saved in money, to say nothing of the comfort and health enjoyed. The smoke bill and the drug bill are big items.

*** "I have been a subscriber to your excellent paper for several years. I am delinquent, not from lack of appreciation, but from other causes. I now send \$2.50, which will pay for this year and next, and the fifty cents will help you out with your postage."

Such Christians are appreciated in this office. I don't mind keeping people on the subscription list when they acknowledge the debt and come to the front when they are able to do so. There are enough delinquents on the list to pay the extra expenses of the enlarged CHRISTIAN. They will keep coming.

*** "I wrote you for treatment for my stomach; I received a few words in reply saying you were treating me for Health, Wealth and Happiness. It made me mad that you did not say anything about my stomach, and I threw your letter into the fire. But to my surprise, the stomach was entirely healed in a few days, and I have been feeling very happy."

That would have been a pretty mess for me to do the same fool thing that you were doing—call attention to your stomach. I don't treat stomachs, bowels, hearts, lungs and other "innards." I treat the divinity within you for Health, Happiness and the Joy of Living.

*** "I took your paper some years ago, and we moved away and were gone four years. When we returned three weeks ago, we found all of your papers at the postoffice. we don't want it."

Such blunders as the above make one want to take every name off the list when the time expires. Of course we could not know that these people were not receiving CHRISTIAN, and the postmaster did not obey the law and send us a card to that effect. I lose the whole four years, postage and all. On the other hand people are sending money every week paying up back dues, and thanking me for continuing the paper.

*** The Burnells are conducting their School of Metaphysics, or Sunlight Science, as Spirit calls it, at 1327 Georgia St., Los Angeles, California. I will not repeat their address after this, as you all can find it every month in the electrotpe general heading over their essays. January, February and March are special months in this school, and the very best time of year to visit Los Angeles. There are no better teachers on this earth. I have heard Burnell years ago, and have watched his unfoldment in the Truth. The price of tuition is only \$25 a month. This is very reasonable. Helen Wilmans charged \$100 for three weeks.

*** "Please tell that inquirer that there never was a 'fall of man.' Man never fell from any estate, nor into any condition. It has been a process of unfoldment out of the 'darkness that covered the face of the deep' into the full and perfect light. It has always been an onward march of humanity, with woman in the van. So, you see, man is not even to blame for the slowness of the march, for he could not possibly progress any more rapidly than the advancement of woman permitted. I should like to tell that inquirer a lot of comforting things, but I fear these few lines will go into the waste-basket."

The above quotation is from a private letter, written in Berlin, Germany. The Circle of Christians radiates around the planet.

*** Keep your own dates. I pay no attention whatever to time. Don't try to begin treatments with the even month in the calendar, unless it comes that way. Let the date of your letter be your own date, no matter what time in the month you write. The moment you have put your request on paper, the treatments will begin, whether I ever get the letter or not. It is your intention, and the wording of your request which goes out to the supraconscious self. Now, don't you write your letter and stick it in the pigeonhole and try to cheat me out of my dollar. Let the dates come as they will, for every day some one is coming in their regular order. It is much better to come to me by letter than any other way. It is far better than to come in person. Many persons here in Denver come to me by letter regularly every month, whose faces I have not seen and never expect to see. It is not the mortal personality, but the spiritual self that you are seeking. When only one of the family can enter the Circle of Christians, let that one come right along. This one member becomes the centre for the other members of the family.

*** "My business has doubled and health better. I know and you know that I am getting there now. Surely the last number of CHRISTIAN is a gem. Oh, I have so much I would like to tell, but I will close. Please do not use my name in any way in CHRISTIAN."

The above is from an enthusiastic young man of 75 who has only been a member of the Circle for about three months. He was a good orthodox religionist for over fifty years. You see he is very timid about having his name appear in CHRISTIAN. He reminds me of one Nicodemus who came to Jesus by night. It is all right, my boy, names never appear in CHRISTIAN unless they are of people in the public eye.

*** "I must send you these lines in between, to thank you for your wonderful letter! It was not written by the man Shelton, but by the I AM Shelton, and touched upon things that long troubled me, but about which I didn't write to you. Your answer was to me a great revelation of the omniscience of the Spirit."

The above is from Germany, and comes from a correspondent who has been in my vibration for many years. The letter that was such a revelation to her was not written by the man Shelton, but by the woman Shelton, who is also the I AM Shelton. It shows that my wife's intuition uncovered something in the patient that I had failed to find.

*** Sidona V. Johnson has sent me, with her compliments (she is one of the Christians), her short history of Oregon. The book reads like a romance. It is published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, and that means that the type, the engravings, binding and everything about the book is up to date. There are 329 pages, bound in cloth. Price one dollar. Miss Johnson has sent me a variety of literature about the Portland Exposition. You know it is my turn to go to a "world's fair." The Madame went to St. Louis and left me at home to attend to business. Now, she declares that she is going to the Portland Fair. In that case we will put the list of Christians in our pocket, take the typewriter along with us, and skip out.

*** "I can not wait to think another thought, or do another thing, but just sit down this instant to express gratitude that is welling up in by heart after reading your article "The Woman in the Wilderness." I must give thanks, and do, that one is at last raised up who has been able to express this heavenly truth in words so plain that the most material mind can not fail to grasp it, and so beautiful and pure and exalted that the most refined and sensitive in nature could not refuse to accept it. I have claimed this truth about the Trinity for years, that it was represented in every marriage, if people would only see it. When a man loves a woman, he loves the mother and the daughter in her, and to be a true husband he must recognize it and give her the freedom such positions demand. No son can inherit his father's possessions of heart and mind and soul, except through a free woman. God bless you! You have said it, and said it well."

Well, my dear girl, the saying was not mine. It came to me from the Spirit of Truth, and was forced through my unwilling mortal ears until the mind of my soul grasped the truth.

*** "Since you commenced treatments, he has discontinued stimulating drinks, a habit he had formed a number of years ago. Although he has added burdens to bear this year, he seems more self-reliant and is looking for prosperity to be made manifest. His health is better than it has been for many years. Of course it is. The dear man only needed the stimulant of the Spirit, and it is through your help that he is finding his own."

Glory to God! That means glory to me, and to this brother of mine, and to his wife and all the rest of you. I think that I rejoice more over the healing of drink than I do anything else. Perhaps it is because I am better acquainted with that devil. Drink is so deceiving. It is a liar, a thief, and a hypnotizer.

*** "You will remember I asked you a couple of years ago to treat Mother H——. The good lady was up here for a visit recently and the change in her is quite marvelous. She used to spend most of her time pitying and worrying over herself and her children, singly and in bunches. Now she is full of hope and faith, and she is giving her son daily treatments for health, happiness, success, and all other good things. I told her of my having requested you to give her treatments and she was quite ready to concede that you had doubtless been the means of re-establishing 'the line of communication between herself and the Good Father,' as she put it."

Good Father is a very, pretty way to put it. She has found out that the Good Father is within herself. It is an everlasting father to whom we are forever and forever attached. In this Spirit of Truth we live and move and have our being. When this becomes a part of our consciousness, all things work together for our Good.

*** "I would like to say something to you, and would do it anyway if I could do it in good shape. I will say this much, that since I have come into contact with you I am not ashamed to call myself a Christian."

Well, you said it all right. The man who is ashamed to call himself a Christian when he understands it, is ashamed of himself. The word hypocrite is from the Greek word which means an actor. The actor assumes the character of some other person. A Christian is a man who assumes his own character, and acts out what is in him, without fear or favor. Yourself may not be much of a self, but if you are true to it, there is a chance for expansion. The hypocrite can never expand. He is forever in a rut. Christianity is not a question of morals, good or bad, but of individual character. Dig down deep beneath all of your shortcomings, and find Yourself.

*** When speaking of the Free List, it means sample copies that have been paid for by somebody. When you send a dollar, and tell me to credit the free list, I will send out samples to twelve persons. This means one number, and no more, unless those persons subscribe. When you send names and addresses, they will be credited for a year for each dollar sent. The names of such as you send are put on the paid list, and get a whole year. It would be well for you to notify your friends that you have paid their subscriptions in advance. It makes a good Christmas gift or New Years gift, or any other kind of gift.

*** "I wish to say that I enjoy reading your paper very much, and the absence of advertisements is very much to my liking. It keeps the idea of your paper so much cleaner and clearer before one."

The above is from a prosperous business man who knows the value of advertisements to a periodical. Thousands of people are making the same kind of comments and praising CHRISTIAN for excluding advertisements. Everybody knows that the advertisements in such a paper as CHRISTIAN would pay all the expenses of publication. Spirit says keep them out, and I always obey Spirit—if I think of it in time.

*** "Again the impulse comes to take up healing for those afflicted with cancer. Should I trust such impressions, even if I am not yet fully in an affirmative state?"

The Spirit of Truth will never tell you to treat for any specific disease by name. Spirit knows nothing about diseases. I AM the resurrection and the Life, not diseases and death. Treatments come from the vibration of the Spirit, and are for health without naming any disorder. The men in the medical profession who give themselves to the treatment of a special disease, generally die of that disease. There were two cases right here in this city, since I have been here, of specialists who died of the very diseases which they treated. Spirit makes a specialty of Health.

*** "I AM Sermons," cloth bound, with a portrait of the author, is now my only book. "Vibrations" is out of print. It is hard to make my readers understand that my first book, "The Law of Vibrations," is out of print and can't be supplied for love or money. There are several thousand copies of my other book, and as long as they last it will be mailed to you, postpaid, for fifty cents, or given free for every dollar sent by you. All of you members of the Circle may have the book to give away to your friends, two books for each dollar sent, but you must mention the matter in your letter. Also mention credits in sending subscriptions.

*** Into the Silence in search of a general title for the Burnells this year, I thought of many things: but Sunlight Science kept staring me in the face. This was before I received their essays. After reading what they had to say, I understood why the title was given. They both strike the keynote in the music of CHRISTIAN. Christianity means a resurrection from the dream of death, and freedom from the law of periodicity, or it does not mean anything. There can be no compromise in the matter. Mortality is a hypnotic dream. It is governed by the cycles of the moon. Dr. Herman Swoboda of Vienna has been telling us something about dreams: "This scientist believes that impressions and events are again brought into the field of consciousness after certain specified intervals, in the case of men after twenty-three days and in the case of women after twenty-eight days." And all this means that we think the same old thoughts over and over again at regular intervals. Christianity is the awakening from this mortal consciousness into a consciousness of divinity.

*** "I cannot receive that dear CHRISTIAN without so much as thanking you and your dear wife. When the postman put something on the piazza yesterday, I said involuntarily, 'That's CHRISTIAN' for I am so in the vibration that I feel when it is coming. I laid it on the table beside the daily paper, and I must tell you my husband picked up CHRISTIAN first, and looked it through, entirely oblivious to the daily, until he had had a good dose of your kind of food. I feel like saying, 'God bless CHRISTIAN,' for that means all in any way connected with it, even to Baby Blanche."

God bless CHRISTIAN means more than this household. It means every reader and every household connected with CHRISTIAN. When you say God bless CHRISTIAN, you are blessing not a personal enterprise, but the movement of the Spirit in thousands and thousands of individuals.

*** "Mrs. Shelton is a peach! I am so glad that she has induced you to cut out those long winded sermons of yours and Burnells, for they are too deep for some of us blubber heads. Oh, dear, how I shall enjoy the paper when it is chuck full of chit chat, as the first page always is."

There is no doubt about the lady being a peach, aye a whole basketful of fruit. Instead of leaving out the splendid sermons of Burnell, and myself—especially myself—the Spirit just called on the Christians to whack up the money for the enlarging of CHRISTIAN. Burnell and I must have room to spread ourselves, and the women are also training their wings. There will be enough of the items and gossip, and the strenuous efforts to be funny. This trying to be funny is costing me money every month, for somebody is sure to get offended and stop the paper. But even that adds spice to life.

*** I am sorry that all the back numbers of CHRISTIAN for 1904 are gone, except November and December. I wish all subscriptions would begin with the year. And for this reason, I will keep back numbers to supply new subscribers. If you do not get CHRISTIAN by the 10th of each month, let me know at once. Don't change your address for only two months. When you do change, always give me your old address, as well as the new. Where you are to blame for not receiving your paper, please enclose ten cents for an extra number. I have turned over a new leaf. I gave free treatments and sent out free papers, until the vibration of "something for nothing" ran through our whole mail. I found that those who were getting free treatments did not receive any benefit, and were the very first ones to grumble and find fault. The vibrations of this kind of "freedom" were injuring those who paid their way. I have quit it. CHRISTIAN is one dollar a year, which just about pays the cost of producing it. It is ten cents a number. So, you see, those who only pay one dollar a year are getting the paper at cost. In fact, the periodical could not be produced, if it were not for the Circle of Christians. The ones who are paying the one dollar a month regularly are the real publishers of CHRISTIAN. But we are very glad that all of you who are not members of the Circle can get the paper at a dollar a year. Spirit would not let me double the price when I doubled the size.

*** A young woman sent her twelve dollars for enrollment in the Circle of Christians, and asked treatment for an ailment that required the surgeon. I gave her treatments to prepare her mind for my letter. Was afraid that she would not hear the Voice of the Spirit, when I told her to go to a surgeon. Here is part of her answer:

"The Spirit within me received your decision before I received your letter, and strange to say, I should have been greatly disappointed at any other decision from you. Last week was a very good week, and daily snatches of joyous song without words, would burst from my lips, and in fact, I felt like smiling all the time. So Monday morning I start for the hospital, and with your daily help I shall feel strong enough to conquer all obstacles. Yes, indeed, I for one feel very, very good to be one of the Circle of Christians."

*** Elizabeth Towne, of *The Nautilus*, looks much better in the second number of her magazine, than she did in the first. She is assuming such dignity, that I will never dare call her Betsy anymore. At present she is puffed up because somebody said that Elbert Hubbard had been stealing her thoughts. The first thing you know some idiot will be claiming that I have been stealing Christianity from Jesus Christ. The fact of the business is that Jesus did not know as much about Christianity as he did about some other things. He gave us the seed and we have been growing a harvest by a progressive unfoldment of mind.

*** CHRISTIAN has been sent to Reading Rooms, Libraries, etc., free of charge, with postage prepaid at this end of the line. Our foreign subscribers have also been sending in one dollar without considering that the postage is 24 cents a year. They will sometimes send only four shillings, which is 96 cents. Little grains of sand and little drops of water—well, you know what they make. Henceforth, CHRISTIAN must be paid for, and while we will do our share at this end of the line, everybody else must do the same.

*** In these eleven years, or at least in the last five of them, Mr. Shelton has freely told the problems of his own life, and how he has met them, and by freely expressing his own mind has plainly set forth the history of his own mental development. Shelton is a good boy and has made many friends, and deserves them. We hope he will be at the Banquet next February, and bring his wife and baby. Our blessing on Thomas.—*The Higher Thought*.

Yes, CHRISTIAN has been my own black-board and all the school was watching me and sometimes they were making faces at me. The naughty ones have often shot paper balls at the top of my bald head since I have been mixed up with "the new thought." But, on the whole, they have treated me very well. You can afford to wear the dunce cap, if you get over it. CHRISTIAN was first published by "Rev. T. J. Shelton." He was the son of his father, the Rev. T. J. Shelton, Sr. The paper was then enlarged and published by "Dr. T. J. Shelton." He was the offspring of his environment, but didn't know it. The paper was once more enlarged and published by Thomas J. Shelton, a Christian. The evolution of the title is a sign of mental unfoldment in the right direction.

*** Did you hear me clap my hands when I read about Burnell's club? He wanted to take a club and smash his whole audience, because they sat and stared at him month after month, and year after year, without getting the truth. I know all about it! For instance, in October, my lesson was on "The Law of Liberty." Before it was in type, my proofreader, an old veteran of the Civil War, put his hand on my shoulder and said: "This is the truest and best thing you ever wrote. The war lasted four years, but its evil effects will last four hundred years." After CHRISTIAN went out, letters of commendation came in from all quarters. I was writing about the principle of liberty, and only mentioned politics by way of illustration. I was feeling glad that everybody saw the point. Then the mail brought a letter written by an Irish revolutionist in London. The writer missed all of my points, and entered into a lengthy argument, and a regular roast, on the difference between monarchical and republican rule in governments. The writer winds up by saying: "I am a would-be emigrant and expect to find myself in America some time next year, but I would not go if I thought your political views were a sample of the politics of America. Thank heaven, you do not represent the whole of the glorious republic!" And I was not writing about politics of any kind! Oh, for Burnell's bludgeon! Oh, for one good whack with Roosevelt's big stick!

*** Not long ago Henry Harrison Brown published a criticism of his grammar from one of his correspondents, and answered the critic, by exclaiming "I am grammar." I thought it was funny and said so. But here comes a reader of CHRISTIAN as mad as a wet hen, and stops her paper, concluding with the following remarks:

"I am very much astonished to note in this month's number your criticism of Mr. Brown, the editor of 'Now.' I dislike to take up your paper and have to see attacks of this kind. You wish to correct Mr. Brown's grammar in the public way you resort to just because you are owner of CHRISTIAN? Why don't you make a choice of one of two vocations and become either a pedagogue or a Christian? Why not make one and stick to it? In spite of his grammar it is quite apparent that he has more spirituality than you have."

I did not criticise his grammar, and did not even publish the criticism of his own correspondent. Henry Harrison Brown is one of my own kids. When I began giving him treatments, he was down in the heel, and down in the mouth; and now look at him! He is the President of the New Thought Federation! But let me tell you right here and now, when I want to offer a criticism on anybody, I will do it. Hubbard said once, "If you don't know how to take *The Philistine* you had better not." The same holds good with CHRISTIAN. If you don't know how to take it you had better stop it. My desk is covered with milksoop papers that are not worth the blank paper on which they are printed. They agree with everybody, and praise everybody, and haven't vibration enough in them to keep you awake.

*** A business man who is doing a large work in the world of finances, writes me these words for my own encouragement:

"I have surely invested faithfully in you for many years—more or less experimentally and for psychological study, and it is due you that you be told that the results so far have appeared to be satisfactory. At a time when I was sorely pressed with office work and business kept coming in faster than I could attend to it, I stated the fact and received word from you to get more help. But as the work required especially skilled men, it seemed impossible, that the demand could be supplied. At that time, however, three skilled men in that line of work, left their homes, two and three thousand miles away, and started for my office, where they arrived one after the other, and applied for positions. They are all working there now, and I have been away on a quasi-vacation for about a year and a half. The theory advanced by you that from your attitude of mind you could maintain an atmosphere of the same character for others, is reasonable. I have found it practical and have put it to use in my business."

While the above was intended for my own eyes, it will help others. It does help me to know that my work is successful. This man has been with me for more than five years. He sends five dollars a month regularly.

*** In the early fall, I wrote Burnell and told him I could not possibly find room for his essays in 1905. He answered, saying it was all right. Then I got lonesome, and wanted both the Burnells. So I changed my mind. I wouldn't have a mind that couldn't be changed. So I wrote and told them that Spirit was going to double the size of CHRISTIAN, and I wanted both of them to write an essay each month. This is the way he answered me:

"Mrs. Burnell and I glow with spirit at your program. We shall do our best to take part in case your inspiration enters upon destiny. You are spirited in truth."

So you see about the time that you get all your plans fixed the Spirit comes along and gives you twice as much as you expected. Glory to God in Burnell, Shelton, and all the rest of you. It takes all of us. There is not enough power in one of us or a dozen of us, or a thousand of us to make a periodical like CHRISTIAN. But ten thousand of us can do it. It is co-operation without organization. It is a movement of individuals under the Free Spirit. Any one or a dozen individuals can drop out whenever they feel like it. The Spirit of Truth only draws those who are ready and willing to work of their own free will and accord. My wife and I are only individual members of this movement. We could both drop out and the work would still go onward in the Truth.

*** The story I am going to tell is the truth, and the whole truth, so help me Mamma. It may sound like romance, but it isn't. The baby was sick, and she and her grandmother were alone in an upstairs room. We thought the baby was very sick, and so got a little excited over it. Mamma told us to go on about our affairs, and she would attend to the baby. So we went on

home. Presently Mamma wanted to go down stairs and attend to some matters, and asked the baby if she would lie still on the bed until her return. The young lady solemnly promised, and Mamma left her. In a few moments, Mamma heard a muffled moaning and groaning and she ran up stairs, very much frightened. There the baby lay rolling her eyes, and acting as though she were going into convulsions, or something else equally terrible. Mamma thought sure the baby was dying, and wondering how she could send for us, and what on earth she should do, etc. The circus continued for several minutes, when the baby looked out of the corner of her eye, shyly grinned, and meekly asked: "Did I scare you?" Mamma was so glad at the turn, that she failed to do her duty. Her solemn duty in that awful hour was to spank that kid! But don't tell me that humor is not hereditary!

*** "I wrote you Friday evening. Mother had been ill one or two days with pneumonia. In twenty-four hours, from the time of writing you, she ceased to grow worse. In 48 hours began to get better. Improvement continues to date."

A later report says that she is well. This lady was in Massachusetts, and I in Denver. I could treat her much better at that distance, than if she had been in the next room. The letter written at the bedside of the patient, or a mental message from one who knows how to send it, would reach me in half an hour. The supra-conscious self receives the message. Spirit is not subject to the slow movements of matter. Sometimes the conscious self receives the messages word for word and thought for thought. But a wireless message is not always transmitted in words. It comes as a vibration and is answered in the same way. I seldom get a telegram, as such messages are not needed. It used to be that telegrams were coming every hour in the day. The people are learning the better way. I could keep out a basketful of testimonials every week. The ones I publish are for your instruction, so that you may know the truth.

*** "Are the voices one hears, and I assure you I hear them constantly from all quarters—are they human voices? Voices from human beings raised to such a power that they can communicate to the mind of another miles distant, or is it by means of an invisible power of spirit voices? Do they belong to the angel host, or are they earthbound spirits?"

It is telepathy, or the transference of thought. What we call a voice is a noise made by the vocal organs. A thought does not have to make a noise. It reaches the ear of the mind. You say you hear voices and yet you know there is no sound. The clairvoyant sees visions, and yet there is no sight in the sense that we use the word. The eyes are closed, but the visions come and go. Men and women, animals, birds, are all seen alive and distinctly in all of their individual features. A man or woman may look you square in the eyes, when the eyes are closed. You not only see the

face and the form, but you may note the expression of the eyes and the movement of the eyelids. Now, if we eliminate the eyes and the ears, in seeing and hearing, may we not eliminate the whole mortal personality? Why should there be legs and arms, if there are no eyes and ears? The form then is not the person. Thoughts have power to float in the psychic atmosphere and reach your mind without the mediumship of the personality. You are a center of thought. The thing for you to do is to separate these thoughts and assimilate and appropriate to your own mentality that which is good for you. In other words learn to read these voices as you would a book. It may be that you are just talking to yourself. There is a divinity which stirs within you. It is well to make the acquaintance of this divinity. The question is not as to whether these thoughts originate from this or that person, living or dead; but what are they worth? A foolish thought coming from an archangel would be just as foolish as one coming from a clown in a circus. A wise thought would be just as good picked up by the wayside, from a torn bit of paper, as it would be if it came directly from the Sun in a voice of thunder. There is no more sense in going crazy over these voices, as some of my readers have done, than in getting wild over the voices we hear on the streets. There are all kinds of thoughts floating in the psychic atmosphere, and these thoughts have voices, in the sense that you use the word voice.

*** "Mrs. E—— is inclined to consider you flippant and lacking in the proper spirit of seriousness because in your Items and Ideas you mention your wife's clothes and other mundane matters. Another lady of my acquaintance, 'in the New Thought,' holds the same opinion. I think that is silly. However, Mrs. E—— will read you for a year, at least, and I send her a positive thought, whenever I think of it, to learn to appreciate you better."

Mundane! Did you ever hear of such a thing? The idea of calling the modern woman's clothing, "mundane matters." They are heavenly! I have heard ten thousand women say that they were heavenly—the clothing, I mean. Haven't you overheard women while looking at hats and lingerie, and other things that the modern woman wears, exclaim, "Isn't it just heavenly?" Did these critics of mine see the picture of Mrs. Burnell, when she appeared in CHRISTIAN not long ago? Of course, her piquant French features, with that full head of dark hair, counted in the makeup. But did you notice the white hat, the white dress and the white boa? That rig was just heavenly! Of course, the modern woman would still be alive and kicking, if she were dressed in a gunny sack, with holes for her arms. But she would not be heavenly. Oh, lord, we are improving upon nature every day of our lives. And the idea of women, women calling such matters mundane! Of course, there are silly styles once in a while, but the steady progress is towards refinement, good taste, and beauty.

CHRISTIANITY.

Christianity!

How flat the empty word seems. But how full of life is the truth it contains. When the Count Tolstoi discovered that the Church had been deceiving him about Christianity, he was almost insane with indignation. His book, "My Religion," is a clear and pointed statement of part of Christianity, but not all of it. Reformers always get lopsided. In this investigation, you must look at it from a personal standpoint. Not what others have done or failed to do, but what you can do or fail to do. It is forever marked "Personal." The whole world of humanity is to be made right by individual unfoldment. Here are some things that Christianity will do in you, if you will make a personal application of it.

It will abolish war.

And yet individuals and nations claim to be Christians, and keep right on making war. When you read the references on first page, you will at first lift up your hands and say it is impracticable. Well, if it is impractical, why doesn't the church repudiate it? Why continue to accept of Christ and reject his words? They have put Jesus up as a figurehead, while rejecting the Spirit of Truth. But that is none of your business. It is your business to make a personal application of these things. They are practical. Peace is the only thing on the face of the earth that is practical. War, whether in the individual or the nation, is hell. Hell is impractical. You get peace in your mind, and the club will drop from your hand. The men of war are thinking war, talking war, and there is a continuity of thought which suggests war. They tell you that the best way to preserve peace is to be prepared for war. That is a lie on the face of it. But, this is only to call your attention to the personal application of the principle of Peace. There must be no war in your own mind, if you would be a Christian.

It will abolish titles.

This one principle counts towards peace. Do away with the captains, the colonels, the generals, and you will do much towards doing away with war. Epaulettes, shoulder straps, gold lace, brass buttons, and all this kind of insignia of titles, has much to do with war. But once more, let me say, that is none of your business. You are not to wear an uniform, or be called any kind of title. The rule works both ways, and you are not to apply titles to other people. When he says "For one is your master, even the Christ," it has no reference to person, but to the principle. The only master or father you have is the principle of your being, the Spirit of Truth. This cuts you out from the herd and makes you an individual, without a tag.

It will abolish oaths.

This means all kinds of oaths, the judicial, the ritualistic, and the vow. You are not to put yourself under obligations to anybody, or anything in any way. Your communications with your fellow beings must be by yes and no. This also points to

peace. How can you have war without the oath? How can a man wear gold lace and the sign of authority unless you swear to obey? It is your oath of allegiance and your vow of loyalty that puts authority into the hands of the individual. No wonder the Spirit of Truth condemns all kinds of oaths and vows. "Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty." How can there be liberty when you have already sworn it away? And yet these people calling themselves Christians, have not only put the oath into everything, but carried it out in the Church itself and at the altar of matrimony. Jesus cuts the oath off entirely. You must either cut it off, or cease to call yourself a Christian. An oath-bound humanity can never accept of Christianity. The man behind the gun has taken an oath. He is bound by oath to the man who seldom gets in front of the gun. You are wise enough, my readers, to use this telescope in looking at humanity, without me entering into details. Christianity is unique. There is nothing on earth like it.

It will abolish poverty.

Tolstoi, like all other reformers, was lopsided on this subject. He saw only half the Truth. It is said that a half-truth is the worst form of a lie. "Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth" is the warning against hoarding. "All these things shall be added unto you" is the promise against poverty. You are to have a hundredfold more here in this time. A Christian may be immensely rich. You must see the paradox, or you will not see the whole truth. A rich man who is owned by his riches is the poorest kind of a poor man. He is a miserable pauper. But a rich man who owns his riches, and is free in his mind to do as he pleases with his possessions, may be a Christian. In fact, the planet belongs to Christians—men who are larger and broader and mightier than money. It was a rebuke to a stingy man which made Christ say, "Sell all that thou hast and give to the poor." Jesus often spoke in a sarcastic way to the hypocrites who were pretending to be his followers. Giving to the poor is the way to keep them poor. Christianity will not pauperize humanity. The mendicant is a product of Paganism.

It will abolish public worship.

You will find references on the first page of CHRISTIAN. The place to find Christianity in its seed thoughts is in the sayings of Jesus. Paul mixed his Christianity with the Jewish religion. In fact, the early disciples and apostles of Jesus misunderstood the psychic phenomena. Spirit had to let men go their own way in freedom until the unfolding truth came to the mind in a scientific way. Public worship is Pagan and not Christian. It was Jewish. But the Spirit of Christianity repudiated the temple made with hands. The whole trend of the teaching of Jesus is in opposition to public worship. They told him that the temple was more than forty years in building, and he said he could tear down and rebuild it in three days. There was another temple in Samaria, and the Samaritan woman suggested that as the place of worship. The

answer of Jesus ought to have settled the question of public worship. "Woman, believe me, the hour cometh, when ye shall neither in this mountain, nor yet at Jerusalem, worship the Father. * * * * * God is Spirit: and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth." That settles it. Public worship is anti-Christian. It leads to pride of place and gives the men who wear titles a chance to lord it over the individual. Worship is a holy and sacred function of your own Spirit. It is not something to hang on the outer walls. Public prayers and devotions are heathenish.

It will abolish personal authority.

Christians do not owe allegiance to anybody or anything, not even a creed. The Spirit of Truth is the Christ and governs his Kingdom from within. There is no personal or individual authority in Christianity. This does away with your captains and cardinals, priests and prelates, in a word, the entire organization of church and state. The founders of this Government recognized the principle, and tried every way they could to do away with personal authority. They called the chairman of the Republic, by the title of President. But the old hypnotism of personal authority came to the front, and so they were puzzled as to how to address him. It would not do to say his Majesty, so they compromised by saying his excellency. However, that is none of your business. The government of which we are speaking is within you. If you are a Christian, the only ruler and governor is the Spirit of Truth. It is none of your business to interfere with the rights and privileges of other people. If you are a Christian, you have no need of soldiers, sheriffs, police, priests, or any other authority outside of yourself. You are harmless, therefore, nothing will harm you. You are at peace with yourself and all of the world. You do not exercise personal authority over any other individual, and you submit to it with such a royal grace that the seeming authority of other individuals will not disturb you.

It will abolish disease and death.

This is just as true as that the sun shines. Mixed thoughts will bring mixed results. "If thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light." The reason why the world has not been made free from sin, sickness and death, is because they have rejected Christianity. A glance over the above statement is sufficient to prove that the world is anti-Christian. You can't expect anti-Christ to heal the sick, cleanse the lepers, cast out devils and raise the dead. Anti-Christ has only succeeded in raising hell. The whole world of so-called Christian nations is a seething mass of hell and damnation. They have filled the world with petty strife and ruthless war. The priests and preachers in the name of Christianity have been helping on this mortal mind destruction and damnation. They have lifted up their hands in prayer for the success of bullets and bayonets. The Spirit of Truth has left us to rot. I AM the Resurrection and the Life, but thou shalt have no other gods before Me.

CHARLATANS AND CHARITY.

"I have had it in mind for a long time to send for your paper and your kindness in sending me an occasional copy has kept reminding me of it so at last I am brought to the sticking point. Besides money matters are very low with me and I keep thinking about your 'treatments,' although it does seem so like charlatanism."

These words were typewritten by a woman who works in the office of one of the largest financial concerns in America. She uses mental methods to secure business every day of her life. In sending me a dollar, she knew that she would receive thirty days of mental treatments, and a whole year of CHRISTIAN.

But there is charlatanism in this business. Plenty of it. It works both ways. There are people who are trying to work me right along every day. They would be the very first ones to cry out against charlatans, and yet their methods are charlatanic. They want to take my time, and my money too, for that matter, for nothing.

It is well to look out for the charlatans who practice fraud by offering nothing for something, and also those who want something for nothing. It cuts both ways. The people who are continually asking for charity and pauperizing themselves, are to be avoided just as much as the other kind. The critics of Christian Science are complaining because it has not established any charitable institutions. Christian Science will do away with the need of charity. Instead of perpetuating the poor, Christian Science is teaching the opulence of Spirit.

President Roosevelt introduced Pastor Wagner, the author of "The Simple Life," because he endorsed that kind of life. There is something much better than the simple life. It is the independent life. It does not take much money to live the independent life. It is a life where you are not dependent upon any other person for your sustenance. It is the life where you are self-supporting. You may have a million dollars to spend, or a dime, but it is your own to do with as you please. You are not under obligations to any other person, dead or alive.

Nevertheless, let us look out for the charlatans and see that we neither practice it or preach it. There are simple rules. Never take treatments from one whose mortal mentality is made manifest in treatments. When the mortal mentality is blown in the bottle, it is charlatanism. You can tell it. They will tell you that they can heal anything under the sun. The other day I read, in a new thought magazine, an advertisement headed in big black letters, "Where others fail I succeed." Such screaming headlines were all over a full page advertisement. That is not mental healing. It is suggestion. You will see such suggestions all along the road on the bill boards and fences and the rocks. It is found in all the newspapers and magazines. It is used by the sellers of soap, and the sellers of medicine.

I sat on my front veranda on a summer's day. A long haired man came and introduced himself. He said that he was a healer and wanted to make my acquaintance, as he had heard that I was a wonderful healer. Here is a fragment of our conversation:

"What can you heal," I said to the long haired "profit."

"Any kind of disease. I have healed the very worst cases of cancer and consumption."

"Can you duplicate your healings?"

"What do you mean?"

"Can you duplicate your healings? If you have healed one case of cancer, can you go right on healing similar cases without any failure?"

"Why, yes, of course."

"Then, my friend, the devil has given you just what he promised to give Jesus. If you can duplicate your healings, all of the kingdoms of this world, and the glory of them are in your hands."

I need not go on with this conversation. Suffice it to say that my long haired friend left with a flea in his ear.

Listen to these words from one of my correspondents. They are absolutely true in every particular:

"I write to let you know that the cancer that you have been treating me for, has dropped off. Last February, when I first wrote you, it was a small hard lump outside the skin, and a larger inflamed lump in the flesh. After treatments, the inflammation disappeared, but the lump began getting larger outside, the top point dry and hard, and next the skin inflamed and sore. It dried away faster the last few weeks, and it came off a week ago, a hard dry something, we might call it a dried up crab. My mother died from a cancer eating into her throat. I am truly thankful to you and to God, for what has been done for me."

I select this case, because cancer is considered the very worst form of disease. I could give you many instances of other kinds of diseases that have been cured by my treatments.

Two years ago, a lump came on the side of my nose which three physicians in this city pronounced cancer. Annie Rix Militz called on me during the time that the lump was at its worst. Prof. Sheridan Isaacs and his wife also called, while on a visit to Denver, and we talked of the matter. I tell you this so that you will know that I have not tried to conceal. I waited until my wife came home and she was alarmed. I might just as well tell you the truth. I was a little bit scared myself. I went to a friend of mine, a surgeon, and told him to cut the thing out. I could not give mental treatments to myself while the big lump was right in front of my eye. He did not want to cut it out, but advised the X-ray treatments. He is my friend, but is not a scientist by a long shot. He is a good Presbyterian. I insisted that he cut the thing out, and I would attend to the other part of it. He did it. There is nothing left, and now you can form your own opinion as to whether my mental treatments did the work, or the doctor's knife. Maybe both had something to do with it.

The strong point that I wish to make is, that no man under the heavens can duplicate his healing. If he could, he would own the earth. I never know what can be done

in any given case, and no other man knows. Healing is of the Spirit and comes from the divine mind, and no man has a corner on God.

You must leave your own mortal mentality out of your treatments. This does not mean that you are to depreciate your own individuality. The man who comes prating and singing "Oh, to be nothing, nothing," is also a charlatan. He adds cant and rant and hypocrisy to his charlatanism. There isn't any other person in the universe greater than Shelton, else the Almighty would be lopsided. When you recognize the universal Spirit, you have a better opinion of yourself than ever, but it is not personal vanity. It is a full breath of divinity. You are not small in your smallness, or large in your largeness. You are only in fellowship with the Whole.

My wife unconsciously paid Burnell the highest compliment that can be paid to any man. She never met the gentleman face to face, but has met him mind to mind. One day she called out from her desk to me:

"There is one thing I like about Burnell." "What is that one thing? I like several things about him."

"He is not little!"

There is more in that little sentence than you can put into a whole volume of fulsome praise. The man who really Knows, is not little, and he does not make any pretensions. Jesus acknowledged that he could not do everything. He said that the unbelief of the people was enough to hinder his work. He was honest to say that in his own personal self he could do nothing.

It is silly for any man to pretend to be able to duplicate any case of healing. Jesus could not do it. None of his apostles ever attained to that power. Giving all due respect to Jesus, I believe that I have done more healing than he ever did. I have been at the work steadily every day for more than ten years, and he did not work at it one-third that time. It is true that he raised three persons from the dead, but only three. One of these was buried, the other was ready for burial, and the other a young girl who had just died. This is a very poor record, when you come to think of the thousands of people who were dying around him every day. Now, if the very Head of all the healers could not duplicate cases of healing at will, what shall we say of the pretensions made by the modern mental healers?

I am not making a "business" of healing. It is the work which came to me in my own unfoldment. The truth is needed in my own mind and body. As fast as I find this truth, I make it known to you, and also make it manifest in myself. I would not grow in grace if I acted the hypocrite, and pretended to do for you more than I am doing in myself. Charlatanism is of short life. It comes forth like a weed and is cut down. It may flourish for a day; but time soon tells the tale. It is my business to make friends in the full fellowship of the Spirit. I can not duplicate cases of healing. But I can come as near doing it as any other man on this earth. There are no two minds alike. Smith responds to the treatments, and is healed. Jones does not respond, and is not healed. The treatments are precisely the same, but the men are different.

"THE MAN OF SORROWS."

"The Man of Sorrows, a Little Journey to the Home of Jesus of Nazareth, by Elbert Hubbard. Limp leather, silk lined, price two dollars. The Roycrofters, East Aurora, N. Y."

I bought this book. The Roycrofters never buy their reviews by giving away books.

Elbert Hubbard misunderstands and misinterprets Jesus, but he does it with a tender touch. The Prophet of Nazareth has called forth the best efforts of the greatest writers. Renan made himself famous by writing a life of Jesus. Farrar spent the greater part of his manhood in writing a life of Jesus. The master minds among men have walked all around this prophet of Nazareth, but have never been able to see the whole Man. It is like writing a book about the Sun.

Hubbard says that Jesus was impractical and praised poverty and idleness. This is not true. He blessed the poor, but did not praise their poverty. He condemned the heartlessness of Dives in his treatment of Lazarus, but did not denounce his riches. He had no condemnation for wealth, but for the way in which some men used wealth. When a young man came to him boasting about his desire to be a disciple of the Truth, he punctured his vanity by telling him to sell all that he had and give it to the poor. This is the only time and place where he seems to condemn riches. It was simply a takedown for the young man's pretensions of piety. Of course such a command "sell all that thou hast and give to the poor" could not be made a rule of life. In that case, the man to whom you sold would have to sell, and so on, until there would be no buyers left.

"Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

This is not a blessing pronounced upon poverty. The word translated "poor," in this sentence means a beggar. It is a blessing pronounced upon the spiritual beggars. Not the ones who are asking alms, but those who are seeking for spiritual gifts. He was surrounded by beggars, many of whom were forced to beg for their sustenance. The conditions were such in that time, among the Jews, that many were forced to live from hand to mouth. Others had taken up begging as a profession, like the tramps of the present day. The Spirit of Truth in Jesus gives a blessing to those who are seeking for spiritual unfoldment. Blessed are those who are begging for Truth.

"Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth."

This gives us possession of the planet. Christians are to inherit the earth. That certainly means that we are "to roll in wealth." This discourse is on the one subject. Blessed are the poor in spirit, blessed are the meek, blessed are they who hunger and thirst after righteousness, blessed are the merciful, blessed are the pure in heart, blessed are the peacemakers, are all expressions of the same thing. It is not praise of poverty or condemnation of riches, but a

definition of character. The character of the man is receiving a blessing, and not the man's environment.

The prophet of Nazareth was not a man of sorrows. Sorrow was not the characteristic element of his life. Isaiah, in prophesying before his advent, said that he should be "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief." But, with the exception of the last few weeks of his life, he was a man of Joy. No one has put so much joy and hope into his words. It is a resurrection of the mind. Jesus gives blessings and hope to all classes of men. He gives the invitation to all men: "Enter into the joy of thy Lord." The mistake of mortality is in deifying Jesus. He was a prophet. In him spake the Spirit of Truth as it never spoke before in any other man. Jesus was not the Spirit of Truth. He said himself that it was expedient for him to go away, else the Spirit of Truth would not come. He discovered the Spirit of Truth. It was the same Spirit that had been given in the other prophets. Mortality has deified Jesus instead of accepting the Spirit of Truth. Edison is not the electric light. Marconi is not wireless telegraphy. Jesus is not the Spirit of Truth. The Spirit of Truth bears witness to Jesus. The same Spirit bears witness to any man who will speak the Truth. It was expedient that Jesus should die for this Spirit of Truth. Abraham Lincoln was assassinated just in time to cement the union of the states. It is a good thing for a man to put off the mortal life in the nick of time. Spirit of Truth told Jesus that he was to put off mortality and come up from the dead. It was not a sacrifice for the sins of the world. It was not an institutional offering. It was the price the prophet pays for speaking the Truth. It is all right. It was the time of seed-sowing, and we are just now entering into the harvest. The blood of all the prophets was shed for the remission of our sins; in other words, the correcting of our errors.

Hubbard makes this truthful declaration:

"Christ could not be called a Christian. The Christianity that we know is a composite institution, formed by grafting Judaism upon Paganism, and this hybrid faith took the name of the obscure but noble ascetic of Galilee. Paul was the actual founder of Christianity—not Jesus."

This is true if you call the Institution Christianity. The Institution that was founded by Paul, was not Christianity. Christianity was never founded, organized, or instituted by men or angels. It is the Christ. The Christ is not a person. It is the Spirit of Truth. It is the First and the Last, the Alpha and the Omega. The prophet, who comes in the name of the Christ, is he who was, and is, and is to be, the Almighty. This is the reason why people are startled by words like these: "I AM the Resurrection and the Life." The one who is saying this does not mean that he, the mortal person, is the resurrection and the Life. That would be insanity. It is the Spirit of Truth speaking in the person of the individual. This same Spirit of Truth spoke in Jesus, saying: "Before Abraham was, I AM." The Jews took up stones to kill the individual who was speaking in the

name of the Spirit. Every prophet comes in the name of the I AM, and some times he does not understand the Voice. Jesus did not understand the force and power of his own utterances. He was puzzled, and sometimes confused by the Voice. All men who speak by the Spirit have the same experience. The man can not be coerced and made into a machine. His mortal mind is left free to form conclusions and make mistakes. Take the prophet's words for what they were worth, and no more. The Infinite is always beyond the finite. It is silly to think that any individual man can compass the whole of the Infinite. Jesus, the man, is like all the rest of us. But when the Spirit of Truth speaks in this man, it is the Voice of God.

It was all right for Paul to organize his institution and so preserve the sayings of Jesus until humanity was ready to accept Christianity. It was all right for Christian Science to organize and build churches to preserve the interpretation of Mrs. Eddy until a larger and broader view comes to the world. Christian Science is the John the Baptist in the wilderness of modern thought. I praise God for Christian Science. It has not only brought us a change in the vibrations, but it is just beginning the work of illumination. The thought given forth by Christian Science will go on its way, although the sect may be stereotyped. Christian Science has produced Elbert Hubbard. He is an indirect product of Christian Science. He is also a prophet. Like all other prophets, you must take his sayings for what they are worth. The sayings of the prophet must not be confounded with the personality of the prophet. Keep this in mind and you can have the inspiration of your own soul awakened by the Voice of the prophets. It is wise to listen to the Voice of the prophets. But it is foolish, ridiculous, almost wicked, to worship the personality of the prophet. Elbert Hubbard, the man, is nothing to me. The Spirit of Truth in the man is much to me.

Jesus was a Christian. So is Elbert Hubbard. So was Walt Whitman. Ralph Waldo Emerson was a true Christian. Thomas Paine was a Christian. Robert Ingersoll was a Christian. Socrates was a Christian. There were Christians before Jesus, and Christians since Jesus. A Christian is one who can hear the Voice of his own Spirit. Your own Spirit is God. It is divinity itself. To be governed by your Spirit is to be a Christian. To follow some other man's mind or worship some other man's personality is to be a heathen, an idolater. Many so-called bad men, have been good Christians. They were led by their own Spirits into the wilderness of mortality.

The churches have never been converted to Christianity. They need conversion much more than the heathen do. The churches have a religion founded upon a mixture of mortal thought. Christianity is a new birth. It is a revelation, to the individual mind, of immortality. It is an awakening of your own divinity. All inspired men are Christians.

The book I have been reviewing is the best thing that Elbert ever wrote, and he has written many good things.

THE JOY OF LIVING.

A friend writes the following, which calls for more than a few words in a private letter. I will give you his letter in full, with comments:

"I feel that you know all about it, but I am going to tell you, anyhow, in as short a space as I can.

"I don't remember the time when the ache that has made all other trials seem trivial has not been in my heart, and the one thing that could give me the happiness I craved has been consistently denied me until quite recently; and it certainly did seem wonderful and strange to me that the sweet confession which made earth Heaven for me should have come during the time in which you assured me you would speak the Word for me.

"Just that, however, has happened to me, and as I can not help but feel that you have had a great deal to do with it, I want to thank you, as sincerely as I can, for thus making me begin to realize through other channels the Truths I should never have been able to make my own by thinking them out.

"There is a She, as it is almost superfluous to tell you, and the wonderful part to me is that while this love has filled my heart since early childhood there has never been more than a hint, until a few short weeks ago, that it would ever be otherwise than a hopeless love. And now how different! I, who never could have been happy without the one thing, have at last come into my own—and in such a way as to press upon my consciousness the awful conclusion that the sublime things you pass along are the Truth! I never could believe in the ridiculous contradictions of the churches, and, although some parts of the Bible aroused only hostility in me, I was never consistent enough to be an Atheist, or even what is called an Agnostic. No, I was simply in the same predicament (?) as Elbert Hubbard, having too much faith, instead of too little, and while I have been adrift in an open sea without a compass, I have not been big enough to see that there were higher and surer guides even than a compass.

"And now I want you to make room for me as one more of your 'sweethearts,' and then I want to presume so far as to ask you to make clear for she and I a few points about which we are at present uncertain. 'She Whom My Soul Loves' has been one of your sweethearts for several years, and the first point about which there is any question is that she is inclined to take all your writings as figurative language and favors the view that the wife and child you talk about so much are not actual separate beings, but that the whole story is simply your expression of the love for the woman and child *within you*, and her idea is that your writings teach that each soul has it all within itself and that Soul-mating is simply the recognition of the Divine Feminine within the man and the Divine Masculine within the woman. She corresponds with a mystic who interprets your writings in this way, to himself and her, and we have talked it over and decided that a better way would be to let you yourself do the interpreting. Will you make this clear for us, then, please?

"And now comes the ever present sex question. Along this line she takes the position that we can not afford to make the least mistake, and she is not able to convince herself fully that sex-desires are any part of the Spiritual plan. In her uncertainty she despises these as lusts of the flesh only. And yet such a deep question can not be dismissed so easily, and therefore—along this line also—we would be grateful to know whether you mean just what you say in CHRISTIAN when you touch upon this sub-

ject, or whether there is a deeper meaning to your words that must first be discovered. How can we be certain we will take no backward step if we marry? You believe that regeneration of the body is possible, or, rather, you know it, but do you aim to teach that it can be attained by man or woman alone, or do you not rather endeavor to make it plain that it is the actual union of two twin souls, male and female, that alone makes it possible? And if the latter should be the true view, is there any point to which such souls must have progressed alone, before a union which contains such possibilities, may be wisely thought of by them?

"I am rather afraid I have presumed a little too far already in asking all these questions, but would like to make the request that if you see fit to answer them you kindly do so in a personal letter if it suits your convenience; but, of course, if you should happen to want to print the correspondence in CHRISTIAN you would be apt to use your own judgment in the matter. In that case I can only ask that you be 'namin' no names.'"

Your mystic is sometimes just common mist. Life is practical and must be looked at with common sense. It need not be horse sense, for common sense can be illuminated by the Spirit of Truth. Christianity comes to the world teaching plain, simple, everyday truth. Religionists have thrown a mist over the sayings of Jesus, and mixed the mysticism of mythology with Judaism, and so made for the world common hash.

The very first thing that Jesus did, after coming down from the mountain, where he met the devil, was to go to a wedding. He not only blessed this loving pair, with his presence, but he turned the common water into sparkling wine. This was the beginning of the miracles of Christianity.

There is a He, and a She, and a Her in this household. The Baby is a real, living, bubbling bundle of life. She is the Joy of the household. Her coming was in the truth. It is a part of the unfoldment. Of course, she will grow out of our household into one of her own. She will become the mate of some other He.

But what will become of the original He and She? That is the only question up before us in this metaphysical movement. How can He and She go on living and dwelling as a pair? Certainly we can not improve ourselves by departing from Nature.

The body is only an envelope. Thank God for the envelope! As long as the envelope is alive, contact is pleasant. If either one of us were dead, the contact would be unpleasant. How can we keep life in the envelope? You kiss the lips, look into the eyes, touch the envelope with pleasure because it is alive. There is a someone, inside of the envelope, to whom you give your admiration and praise. Is there such a thing as throwing off dead atoms in this envelope, and so perpetuating and renewing its life? Even the physical scientists declare that this is possible. Who knows?

I contend that the Spirit does know. For this reason we are following as close to Nature as we know how, without any plans, rules, regulations or fixed methods. Spirit is free and must be left free to act in each of us every day and every hour. I have told you in the last chapter of "I AM Sermons"

that a marriage must be complete in body, mind and Spirit. Anything less than this three-fold union is not marriage. But you can't grow into mental and spiritual unity without being free to grow. This is the reason why we are living as free individuals.

Everything must be mutual. For instance, we grew into the habit of reading books together. It was not a plan. One evening I picked up a book and began reading, and kept on every evening until the book was finished. Then we took up another book. In the course of a year we will read at least fifty volumes. It is a great treat. She paints, embroiders, makes Indian baskets, hats, lace, and anything else she turns her hands to, while I read. I am not ashamed to confess that our reading is principally fiction. We get into disputes as to how the story is going to end. The characters become interesting to us, and form part of our companionship. This is a hint as to how we have grown into the same mind.

Our spiritual unfoldment has been phenomenal, considering the time we have been together, less than five years, and taking into account that we came together as total strangers. I came from a line of preachers, and she from a line of physicians. I had been reading the Bible and preaching for more than twenty years. She had been on the stage, and had never attended church except when she was compelled to attend at the convent. She had no religion of any kind. This was a help instead of a hindrance, and the Spirit knew it. In spiritual unfoldment, I take into account telepathy and genuine sun mediumship. There is a moon mediumship which belongs to the elemental world. In order to come into regeneration, the mediumship must touch the sun and be a direct vibration from the Centre of Light. I will not enter into any mention of telepathy, except to say that we are rapidly growing together so that we know each other's thoughts. We already know each other's vibrations. Trouble or anxiety, pain or pleasure, in one, is felt immediately in the other. It is utterly impossible for us to keep a vibratory secret from each other. Thousands of miles apart, we feel each other's vibrations.

But, my beloved, there is something more than mere living. There is not only the Joy of living, but the ecstasy of dying. Death is a glorious liberator. There are many of you who read this who have no hopes of regenerating your present envelopes. There are many times when death is the best of friends. Just this morning I read something in the *Denver Republican* from Colorado Springs which fits in here:

"With her face burned to a crisp, her eyes destroyed, her nose entirely gone, and one ear burned away and the remainder of her body badly scorched, as the result of a coal oil explosion, Mrs. Charles Klege of No. 717½ East Boulder street this afternoon succinctly related the story of the mishap and soothed and comforted her broken-hearted husband.

"It will be all right, Charley. Don't worry when I am gone. Make the best of it," she said. Before her husband's arrival the unfortunate woman repeatedly instructed the attending physicians to comfort him in

case she died before he reached her bedside. Death occurred at 6 o'clock to-night.

"According to Mrs. Klege's story, she attempted to kindle a dying fire by pouring coal oil on it about 4 o'clock this afternoon. The liquid became ignited, exploding, shattering the glass and tin into a thousand pieces. Mrs. Klege screamed for help and a neighbor, rushing in, found her clothes on fire. She extinguished the blaze with a blanket and turned in the fire alarm. By the time the firemen arrived the fire had been extinguished.

"Dr. J. T. Estill was summoned and found the victim in a pitiable condition. Her entire face, together with her chest, were covered with a mass of black skin. Her legs were also burned, while bits of broken glass and tin had caused innumerable cuts and bruises.

"Despite her terrible agony, the woman told a lucid tale of the accident, and explained that her husband, who is in the employ of the Central Electrical Company, was at work in Glen Eyrie, near Manitou. The husband was sent for and it was during this interval that Mrs. Klege instructed physicians to 'tell Charles it was all right.'

"Mrs. Klege was 25 years of age and came here with her husband from Chicago two weeks ago for the benefit of her health. Mrs. Klege was a frail, pretty little woman, and had been suffering from consumption for some time."

I felt like going to Colorado Springs to attend this funeral. I wanted to take off my hat at the casket that held the envelope of such a woman.

It is our aim to so understand the truth that such accidents will not happen. Death by disease or accident, or in any other way, must be destroyed. How can we come into a knowledge of this truth? *Follow your desires!* It is startling, isn't it? There isn't anything else to follow. Spirit can not lead you in any other way. It is not an intellectual attainment, else it would have been written on tables of stone, inscribed on golden tablets, emblazoned in letters of fire on the sky. *It is not an intellectual attainment.* But people who follow their desires come to grief. Then they should stop following such desires. Pleasure is the keynote of truth. Pain is the danger signal of untruth. Desires which give you pleasure without any painful consequences are the direct leadings of the Spirit. Even a child left to itself will eat when it is hungry and drink when it is dry. You doubt? I said, if left to itself. But you begin to warn and deny and prohibit as soon as the child can hear. Hugh Pentecost tells of buying 12 quarts of jam for his little tot, in order to cure her jam-eating propensities. That was mean! The idea of sickening that child on jam so that she never would enjoy it any more! That was like the man who sat a boy into a half hogshead of sugar. After awhile he went out and asked the boy how he was getting along. He replied: "I am gettin' down where it don't taste good." When you get down to where it doesn't taste good, Spirit tells you to quit. If you don't quit, he gives you a pain. If you don't heed the pain, he will give you a gripe. If you ignore the gripe you will keep on until the only thing to do is to kill you. I will take up this subject at some other time. *Remember that pleasure is the keynote of life.* Enter into the Joy of Living!

Live one day at a time. You can't live any faster than your heart beats. Don't go back into the past and live over and over in your mind the has-beens. As a general thing, you only think about the pain and the trouble that has been, and forget the joy. Let the dead past bury its dead. Let the unknown future take care of itself. Don't anticipate poverty or misery, darkness or death. The Joy of Living means that you must be alive here and now. Death can only be overcome by ignoring its presence and keeping in step with life. Do I really believe that death can be wiped from the face of the planet? I certainly do. The right attitude of mind, however, is to be ready to live here, or to die, if death comes in your way. Do you suppose the little woman, whose envelope was destroyed by fire, is dead? Do you think such a spirit was killed by the flames which scorched her body? Not by a long shot. She is more alive now than ever before. Enter into the Joy of Living, and know that I AM the Resurrection and the Life.

Don't be hypnotized by the institution. How can there be lusts of the flesh, when all sensation is in the Spirit? The institution has made capital by abusing the flesh. If anything is wrong with the flesh, it is your fault, and you are not flesh. You had as well abuse your eyes for seeing, your ears for hearing, and your lungs for breathing. Don't rend your garments and then complain of the cold. You are the one who uses the flesh.

Don't fly too high. You are going to live on the earth; don't get off it. Do soul-mates quarrel? You bet! That is part of the Joy of Living. Those who are not mated, merely fuss. Souls are fire. It takes time to adjust flames so that they will burn steadily without a flash. After awhile, you will grow into a steady glow. But what God hath joined together, He will keep on joining until the union is made perfect. In regeneration, the partnership is not for a day or an hour, but for all eternity. Let it be a partnership in everything. Don't try to boss because you are a man, and don't submit to being bossed because you are a woman.

*** "I seem to come into your vibrations almost as soon as I began to write, and it makes me bubble over with joy and peace. Is that the secret of the tone of my letters? But no, it is not only when I write, but always more so."

This is a Center of attraction. When you begin to write to me, you are not writing to an individual mortal mind, but to this spiritual center. If I only had one patient, this would not be much of a center. It is because there are many, and the thoughts of the many are centered here. This is a receiving station. You put yourself into conjunction with this center and your thoughts vibrate with life. Moreover it is much better to communicate with this center by letter, than it would be if you walked in here in person. I don't receive callers, but every day people will call, and I send them over to the Divine Science Church. My friends over there have caught on to my tricks, and so they return the favor. Of late, nearly all of my callers tell me that they have just come from the Divine Science Church next door.

"MARKED PERSONAL."

I am going to indulge in a look backward and forward, a look reminiscent and prophetic. It will not do to indulge in too much reminiscence. It is a sign of old age.

Agnes See and Arthur See publish a bright periodical called *The Higher Thought*. It is printed in Kalamazoo, but published from 459 La Salle avenue, Chicago. I clip this item from the December issue:

"Our friend Shelton seems not to be able to see that what is being done in Chicago is precisely what he says should be done. It is not that there shall be no system or organization, but that there already is system and organization, and there is a *natural* way in the affairs of men as well as in the affairs of planets. What Life organizes is already organized, and in Chicago people are just dropping into the way that is. They are not doing anything themselves."

Why didn't you quote me word for word, so that your readers could see what I saw? I do see that what is being done in Chicago is precisely what I say should be done. You are both in the Circle of Christians. You are advocating Christianity. You should call your work by the right name. You will do it some of these days. You were deceived by that rag doll, that Russian ikon, that modern idol, called Organization. You are getting over your deception. The hypnotic spell is gradually being broken, and you are both coming to an understanding of the truth.

Let us go back and make this personal. I know all about this ikon, called organization. I now know what I want to advocate. I started out in search of the Truth, and knew what I wanted, but didn't know what to call it. I now know that it is Christianity, and I know what Christianity is, and what it is not.

When I left the pulpit, the first place that I struck was Kansas City. I met the Fillmores and the Bartons. They were then working together. Since then, the Bartons have set up for themselves. I was very frank and open in my talk with these people. I think they thought I was crazy, and I was not so sure about it myself. I knew that the place where I was born and brought up was not my home. The Spirit of Truth was not in the institution called the Church.

I soon found that the Fillmores and the Bartons had not achieved anything. In a public address before their congregation I said as much. D. L. Sullivan was present, and took me to task, but afterwards acknowledged that I was right. I was treated very cordially by these good people, but couldn't find a manifestation of the Truth. I knew that the Truth was practical, that it was alive, that it would bear fruit.

I shook hands with the Fillmores and the Bartons, and took the train for Helen Wilman's. I remained with her two months, and heard everything she had to say in her lessons and private conversation. She taught evolution from the physical brain. There was no Spirit of Truth, but a gradual growth out of the animal into the human, and out of the human into a higher human. There was no divinity in it. She did not satisfy me. There was no more satisfaction in

Helen Wilmans than there had been in the Fillmores and the Bartons. I couldn't tell why, but felt there was something wrong. You know Herbert Spencer declares that thought is nothing more than consciousness or feeling. Well, I couldn't feel the Truth. It was not to be found in the people or their teachings.

It was not their fault. They were just as full of the truth and more so than I. They were also searchers for something which had not yet manifested. They had a theory in their minds, but their bodies did not show forth anything but the old thought.

Once more I said good-bye, and took the train for Chicago. There I met the woman who was behind the Kansas City Movement, Emma Curtis Hopkins. This is a woman's movement, and you will always find a woman behind every little class. Emma Curtis Hopkins had in her house the Burnells. They were a young married couple, and just beginning the work. Annie Rix was also married while I was there. William C. Gibbons also put in his appearance. I heard Annie Rix Millitz and George Edwin Burnell. I was not satisfied. There was something lacking. I felt that these people were dissatisfied with themselves.

I once more returned to Kansas City. Mrs. Cramer, of San Francisco, was there, and taught a class. There was something lacking in Mrs. Cramer. What was the matter with all of us?

I went home and started CHRISTIAN, and went by myself for awhile. I secured the services of R. C. Douglass, who was with me for over a year. There was something wrong with Douglass. He thought that Christianity was a system to be taught. It is not. That is the reason why it has never been organized. Millions of the best people this world ever knew have failed in trying to teach Christianity. It is not a system to be taught to the mind.

Christianity is a movement of the Spirit.

I then called Dr. J. H. Dewey. There was something wrong with Dewey. What was it? He was in that reminiscent stage of mind which looks backwards to the events of history. He thought Christianity was something that had been lost, and must be regained by a restoration. This is not true. You can't repeat the day of Pentecost. Christianity is a movement of the Spirit. It comes to the individual in a personal way. It comes like a thief in the night. It comes like a woman in travail. It comes as a surprise, and never repeats itself like a machine. Did I know all of these things when I was listening to others? No, but I knew there was something behind the movement which had not yet been discovered.

I began to see that the whole thing is personal. Shelton must get out of the Shelton of the past and the present. I got out of hell. My environment changed as soon as my Spirit began unfolding within. There is no other way to change environment. Like attracts like. I was not satisfied with my environment which kept me miserable. I went out of the old life without regard to what people would think about it. I was honest enough to tell everything as I went

along, at least, the Spirit of Truth made me tell it. I don't think much of the honesty, or morals, or manners of the old Shelton. He was a product of the old thought. When the New Man found himself, he began to kick, and kept on kicking until he broke the harness and smashed the buggy, and ran away. He kept running until he got into the green fields and by the still waters of Truth.

One day the Spirit told me to write Burnell. He had been so quiet for years that I did not know his address. I found him through W. C. Gibbons. He has been with CHRISTIAN now for nearly three years. There was something wrong with Burnell. His sayings were like free gold. Every once in a while there would be a flash of truth, but it was mixed up with Orientalism. But he kept growing clearer and clearer. At the beginning of this year the Spirit called the other Burnell. She seems to complete the picture. This is a woman's movement. But it is not one woman's movement. Mrs. Eddy is a woman, out and out feminine. She is not a Joan of Arc. She is the sweetest thing on this earth—a womanly woman. But this movement is the Spirit of the Divine Feminine. The men have been going around and around an old hollow stump for thousands of years. Women are just now setting fire to that stump. The men are scared! I'd like to go right on telling you what the Spirit of the Divine Feminine will do for humanity. But this article is a sketch.

Mrs. Cramer undertook to organize a movement started by Emma Curtis Hopkins. She organized an association and called a convention. It was called the "International Divine Science Association." It died before its third convention.

Then the "heirs and assigns" of Helen Wilmans undertook to revive the rag doll and they called a convention and organized "The Mental Science Association." They even drew up a great plan for an international organization. The place for the local ikon was to be called a temple. It was a splendid thing on paper. I knew that Helen Wilmans would not give any heartfelt encouragement to the movement. She is a born individualist. The rag doll was once more thrown into a corner.

Then along came the Chicago movement, called "The New Thought Federation." It was stolen from the Chicago people and carried to New York. Then the rag doll was brought to St. Louis and laid on the doorstep of the Kansas City people. Judging from Del Mar's report, in *Mind*, it broke up in a row. Charles Brodie Patterson, and the New Thinkers of the East were conspicuous by their absence. The little prayer meeting squad had a hard time finding material for officers. At last they hit on Henry Harrison Brown, of Mrs. Cramer's bailiwick, in San Francisco. The ikon is once more waiting for a pedestal. What does it all mean? It means that people who have built up a business and feel that they are growing old, want to organize. When you lose your grip on life, you begin thinking about a tombstone. An organization is simply a monument over the dead.

Now, for the prophetic. This movement of the Divine Feminine is personal and individualistic. She will reign by telepathy. She will not even need the human voice or the printed page. This woman, clothed with the sun, this Mother of God, will speak in the Silence. All over this planet she will be felt in the hearts of the people. It is not a visible leadership. It is like the Spirit of God moving upon the face of the waters. It is Christianity. You need not look backward for Christianity. It is something that is coming. Christ came into this world as a man, and impregnated the thought of humanity. Christ will come the second and last time as Woman, and bring forth the fruit of this impregnation. The idol worshipers, those who are running after ikons and trying to organize Spirit are deceived by the mummy of the past. Christianity is practical, or it is not true. The only place where it can be practical is in the mind and body of the individual. It is not testimonials of how many people you have healed. It is not a question of how many good things you can say on paper. It is a question of how much and how far you have gone in the truth. Have you taken off your glasses? Have you quit coughing? Have you healed yourself? Christianity means healing. It means a resurrection of the mind and the regeneration of the body. How far have you gone in a personal way? Don't look backward and say that the men of old knew the Truth. That will not do you any good.

Christianity is Life from the dead in the individual. It means that Shelton has thrown off his glasses, grown hair on top of his head, put away the mind of old age, and, by the power of the Spirit, is risen from the dead. It means that death hath no more dominion over him. I have only one patient that demands my daily attention, and that patient is myself. I AM healing myself, and others, steadily and gradually, and time will tell the tale. Time is a good friend to the truth. Time is the enemy of error. Time will tell. What under the heavens do you want with an organization? What do we want with a meeting where we are parading before each other our shortcomings? One thoroughly organized man or woman would be a beacon light for the whole planet. He would own the earth, and would not think it much of a possession. He would own himself. Self-ownership gives you *carte blanche* in the universe. It gives you the freedom of all the worlds and systems of worlds.

Christianity is personal!

For this is love's nobility,
Not to scatter bread and gold,
Goods and raiment bought and sold;
But to hold fast his simple sense,
And speak the speech of innocence,
For he that feeds men serveth few;
He serves all who dares be true.

—Emerson.

Sunlight Science

George Edwin Burnell
Mary Lamoreaux-Burnell

1327 Georgia St., Los Angeles, Cal.

JESUS GREW CONFIDENTIAL.

When it ever does happen that the illumined of this race take you into their confidence and risk advising you, it is a crisis in your life—and if it isn't a crisis in your life, sad day for you—when a crisis comes, and you don't see it. I say, when the illumined of this race take you into their confidence, it ought to be a crisis in your life. I am going to read to you one of the confidential utterances of the hero of the Christian system, who had such a magnificent intelligence and such an astounding spirit that the human race, even though they greatly lacked a view-point, felt called upon to call him a god—an appreciation rendered almost without ability to appreciate.

I am going to read to you, I say, one of his most confidential utterances, to his inner set of friends. He taught these disciples of his in a very strong, proud, haughty fashion for a number of years; and then, at last, he said to them: "Now, I am going to make friends with you; hitherto, I have held you at arm's length, as I would a pack of dogs; servants I made you, slaves; but now I propose to be confidential with you, to say to you something which I would not say unless I felt that the soil of your mind was fertile for appreciation and understanding." There be some of you, also, to whom this confidence will be valuable, and there be some of you to whom it will be valueless; and it will be your own business; and if this hour of confidence does not amount to a crisis to you, then the confidence has not been appreciated.

The one topic concerning which the illumined address themselves to this human race is: What is the value—this is the topic—What is the value, the power, the rank, of a human soul? What is it good for? What is it capable of?

And when they utter speech concerning that topic, confidentially—if it has occurred to you that you have such a soul, or are such a soul—you can see easily that it should be a matter of moment.

I am going to read to you the utterance; and, before doing so, I am going to remind you, also, of that which will stand between you and this utterance like a flaming sword, warding away its meaning from you. There is something. Now, pay close attention to this point, if so be that you would gain access to the meaning of this utterance—between you and this message this night; there may stand the estimate which you have of yourself. You think you are pretty well acquainted with your own history; you think you know your name—spiritual people tell you that you don't know your name, but you think you do; you know you know your disposition, your character, your traits,

your friends and your enemies, your environment, what sort of a world it is you live in. You think you have a pretty careful, clear-headed view of how it is with you. And I am saying to you just now that that very definiteness of information is the thing that stands between you and receiving the message that shall be delivered to you. Therefore, if you can do it, first put yourself away for a while; if you can do it, forget yourself, cheer up, forget yourself, for a minute; and may be the din and noise of your own thinking will be so for a moment hushed, your estimate of yourself so thoroughly silenced, that it may be possible that you shall perceive the value and power of this utterance.

"And Andrew answered and said: I am in great wonder and amazement, how men of this world and in bodies of matter, when they escape from the power of this world by their understanding, shall be able to pass through all those several conditions of consciousness, and those rulers and lords and gods, all those great invisible entities and those of the region of them in the midst, those of the whole region of them that are on the right and all the great emanations of them that are on the right, so that they pass through them and inherit the kingdom of life: this matter, then, is hard for me."

I wonder if you appreciate the quandary in which Andrew was at this point—a disciple of Jesus, full of the illumination, full of his spirit, what was the quandary that was in his mind? What was the matter? Notice: He wonders how it can ever be that he, with the estimate he has of himself, with the view-point he holds to, with the teeming opinions springing constantly from his mind, he wonders how he ever will be able to get by himself. Did you ever wonder how you were ever going to get rid of this estimate that you carry around—this wrinkled, bald-headed estimate? This aching, sorry, woe-begotten, long-faced, conceited estimate? Did you ever wonder how you were ever going to get by it? Now, may be you have never got so far as to even want to get by it. Well, I can assure you that it doesn't matter to me! I can assure you that it doesn't matter to anybody but yourself! I can assure you of that! And I want you to notice a peculiarity of his wonderment here: he wonders how they are going to get through all those of the region of them that are on the right, and all the great emanations of them that are on the right. "On the right"—what is the right? Do you know what your real ties are? Do you know what the real lies, that hold you to your aches and pains—to your griefs? You know what they are? They are your "emanations": your thoughts concerning right. Notice! Now, there is somebody that will understand what I am going to say right now, and possibly it will be you. And of those that understand there will be some that will profit by it. May be you—may be the most unlikely one here will be the one who will get the force of this which I am about to say, namely: That your chief obstacles, your chief enemies, are those which you have estimated to be on the right: your virtues. The point—Notice! the point upon which you are sure to-night you are right is where the peg is driven for your tether-

ing. And I can feel, when that is stated, you drive another whack on the peg—I can feel them doing it. "Now, you will never get me!" That is what they said in their minds, dozens of them, when I said that. Dozens of them draw still further into the harness of their will. Don't imagine but what I know. May be you think you know that.

"When Andrew had said these words, the spirit of the Saviour was indignant within him."

Why should he be mad about that? Because, this man Andrew had been with him some years and ought to have known better than to be harboring doubt like that. How many years that you—one, two—twenty—that you have been dallying with this doctrine?

I have noticed that some of those who have just taken it in their mouth—may be a month—a year—are looking brighter and looking farther, looking healthier, than some who have dallied with it these ten and these twenty years. I have noticed that. And I have noticed, also, that it was not time that brought them to this message; not time, but spiritedness. Not time, but spirit. And that is the reason why it says: "When Andrew had said these words the spirit of Jesus was stirred with anger within him."

And you do not know why! And because you do not know why, I would like to scalp you now!! That is the reason why. Because you do not understand why, I would like to go through this audience with an axe! That is why. And I am very good-natured to-night—just distinctly good-natured. Yes! we would make ghosts out of every one of you with one crack! Yes! And if it is ghosts you are after, we would soon fix you! That is why Jesus was indignant. And I will vouch you do not know yet! No! And perhaps you will never know! And perhaps I don't care if you don't!

Now I will get friendly again.

"And when Andrew had said these words, the spirit of Jesus was roused with indignation in him and he cried out and said: 'How long shall I bear with you!' He was feeling for that whip of small cords. He felt like drawing something on them. 'How long shall I allow you to live?' he says. 'How long shall I permit you to go on in such stupidity?'"

And perhaps you thought the question was altogether a reasonable one. But not reasonable to spirit. Reasonable to what? Slugs! Yes: reasonable to slugs, mental slugs!

I would like to have just one of you—the 200, the 300, the 500—the dozen of you, that know what we are talking about! Although I read you his question and explained you the point, I can feel that you are still reaching for it—and haven't got it and wonder what I am talking about! Have you got to have a hole bored in your head, and the ideas turned in with a funnel! Oh, the day will soon glide by when the American people will think they are doing a compliment to a man to come and listen to him when he speaks the truth! Yes, it is supposed to be a compliment to come and sit and let him talk at you. Don't believe it! That is the mob spirit in you. I said to you in the be-

gining that when the illumined become confidential, it ought to be a crisis in your life: and if your crisis has not come before it will to-night. Are you going to wait until next Sunday night? What are you waiting for? And do you understand yet why Jesus would have liked to club Andrew to death right then and there? You know why he felt that way? Oh, you think that is exaggerated, probably. Yes, probably you do! But that is because you have probably heard Jesus talked about as some namby pamby ghost manufacturer sent out into the world to make you out into saints and long-faced prayers and things that are obscene in the eyes of God. I have been to prayer meetings where, if I had been God, my foot would have come down in the meeting and kicked the whole thing over the railroad track—if they happened to be located right close to the railroad track! And Dr. Talmadge said one time that of all the prayer meetings he was ever in, he was never at one when he didn't feel like going at them with a shovel. That is the way he felt about it. Do you know what I am trying to have you understand? I wonder if you do. Probably I have scared the ideas out of you—if you ever had any—on this subject, I mean. Oh, I am not so ugly. I am just feeling that way to-night—this minute. I will be over it in a minute. Yes, I know you hope so: but it will be the death of some of us, if I do ever get over it.—I mean by that that this message has got to be gotten to you somehow—that have been, ten, fifteen, twenty years slumbering around the edges of it.

This is a service where we come to do business—not to sit and mope and chew old ideas. Now, then, why was it that Jesus was angry when Andrew made this proper question, apparently—was in this proper quandary? Why was it? *For the same reason* that I feel this way toward you this minute, exactly. Then he went on and stated: "How long shall I bear with you? How long shall I suffer you? Do you still not know, and are you ignorant?"

He ought not to have been; and there are some here in this room that have no excuse for the blasphemy of ignorance that sticks out of their faces—none whatever. "Know you not, and do you not understand?" And now he condescends to produce before them this confidence, this confidence:—

"Know you not, and do you not understand, that you are all angels, all archangels, gods and lords; all rulers, all the great invisibles; all those of the midst; those of every region of them that are on the right, all the great ones and the emanations of the right, with all their glory: that you are all of those and, in yourselves, inborn, from one mass and one matter and one substance; that you are all from exactly the same stock?"

That was the message.

And then, in another place—and this is the particular reason of his indignation: because he had recited to him this, which I am going to read to you, also; and there are some here to whom I have recited this message many times—and there comes a time with me when I refuse to tell people the same thing over again, any more. I do. I tell them: "Go! and remember what I said,

and come no more before my face." Hundreds of people in these states I have ordered out of my sight forever until they could take the message that I had delivered to them already—and not come for more. It was the same in this case. He had recited to them this; and I will read this. And it was about a year ago that I read it to some of you who sit here now:—and it was on account of having read this message, and the other also, that we anger! Let it pass for a year's time, and perhaps another year, and another year after that. And perhaps you think that in a thousand years from now you will be still listening to the message—still pointing your ears. But you won't be listening to me! I will assure you that I won't say the same thing over to a person for a year. If he don't get it inside of a year, he needn't come around. If a person tells it once to you, shouldn't that be enough? "Oh, but," you say, "I didn't get it; my mind didn't grasp it; I was something or other." All right. We will keep it running for a year.—But after that, no more. Now, this is what he said:

"I say unto you, every man, though he be a man in the world"—and this is a statement concerning the rank of your soul. What is the value (I told you is the message), what is the value of your soul: what is its rank in the universe? where does it stand in comparison with everything else? That is the point:—how do you rank?—"though he be a man in the world, yet is he higher than all the angels and shall far surpass them all. Though he be a man in the world, yet is he higher than archangels and shall far surpass them all. Though he be a man in the world, yet he is higher than all tyrants and shall be exalted above them all. Though he be a man in the world, yet he is higher than all lords, higher than all gods, higher than all barriers of illumination, higher than all the pure ones, higher than all the triple powers, higher than all the ancestors, higher than all the invisible forces, and, being higher than all of those who exist in the central secret of the Most High; higher than all the emanations of the values and treasures of illumination. Though he be a man in the world, yet shall he be king with me in my Kingdom of Illumination. He is a man in the world, but a King in intelligence."

That is the message, and that is the rank, and that is the point. I should think this way about it: that, presenting yourselves for a message like this in the silence, that there would arise in your own mind a spirited indignation. I should think that you would feel a fiery spirit in you. You know that I have not a particle of interest or hope in any individual in regard to this movement who has not that indignation? It is simply because he doesn't see, he doesn't see: that is all. He doesn't see. He is perfectly contented; and if he is a little discontented he passes it over, he passes it over, he "gets along." Do you not "get along" somehow? "Oh, yes; I will get along somehow." Well, now, I don't wish you to get along somehow. I don't wish you to come to my meetings every week and get along somehow:—not at all! not at all! There is plenty of preaching, plenty of exhortation:—I don't wish to offer you either. I deliver to you a message concerning the rank and power of your soul. I repeat the message. I explain it. I don't exhort you:—that is an insult. I tell you

something. If you don't hear me, I tell it again. If you don't hear me, I tell it again. If you don't hear me pretty soon, I do something besides tell it! That is all. That is just the way I feel about it.

Now, we are going to have a silence. I have seen people in a meeting like this—I have seen them shake off violent diseases. I have seen them shake stinginess out of their soul—financial meanness. I have seen it go out of the window like a great hawk. I have seen them shake poverty. I have seen them shake gloom. I know what you can do. And I am not going to stand it if you don't do it.

Now, the silence that we go into is for your freedom—not for your comfortableness. You can be comfortable at home—where there are no thorns like me. You can be comfortable.

There isn't any reason—now, here is the truth of it: There isn't any reason that you should go by this hour with a single condition in your mind or in your affairs that you have to get up. You think there is. And I will guarantee that nine to ten of you that sit in the seats expect that you will be about the same after the silence that you were before: and you expect to keep those leopard spots unwashed out.

Now, these meetings, this meeting, this work here, this enterprise of spiritual illumination, is business—not particularly pleasure and comfortableness. Not at all. And I don't believe in people's fooling with this doctrine. I haven't any objection to their doing it, you know, if they don't do it with me—because, there are plenty of people speaking to you all over this city, and all over the states, that will dangle you along and dangle you along, and never once smash you in the head nor say an insulting thing to you! never! and you will go through it as softly as if you were cradled to sleep in the soft bosom of vagueness!

Now, I want to see some few less spectacles after this meeting. I would like to take up a collection of the spectacles. I don't want them. Heavens and earth! they may be worth five dollars a pair: I don't want them! I would like to take up a collection of some of your other things—not because I want them—because there is a great howling of vacancy in this universe, where they can go and perish! You will have to be a little bit uncomfortable, perhaps, while you are parting with those pets.

In a meeting in Minneapolis, one time, a lady stood up—and she had them dangling over her eyes, those things that represent the reduction of the spirit of mankind; and I said to myself: "I will make an example of her right now," and so I did a dastardly thing—there is nobody that can do a more dastardly thing than I can—if you don't believe it, just wait a minute and I will show you; I am in the arena to-night. The first word to that hymn that we started on was a healing word, and I looked right at that lady and I started that hymn about the eighth of a second before the rest of them did, and she nearly jumped out of existence, and she dropped the spectacles and crushed them—stepped on them—and she would have sworn, but she wasn't that kind: and she never wore them again. No, she didn't wear them again.

G. E. B.

THE WILL TO LIVE.

*I was not born;
I can not die.*

The abolition of birth and death from the earth is no longer a theory, but a proposed attack. The authority for this revolutionary move is found in the Soul itself; it is deep, urgent and universal.

It is not stated that physical immortality shall be demonstrated for the first time in this age. It is not a new proposal to the race, but has been many times successfully proved.

An unenlightened mind is hemmed in by its own narrow view, and therefore has not the capacity to appreciate a fact which happens beyond the boundary of its limited observance. Darkness has not eyes to see light. Ignorance is mentality playing "blind man's buff," with living actualities and knowing them not. One who is only peeping through the fence of circumscribed belief can not venture to contradict these souls of vantage view. The oft-repeated phrase, "I never saw one who overcame death," is discarded as worthless evidence, being an egoistic assumption which an ignorant mind offers on a subject it is not equipped to discern or discuss. Let the blinders be stripped off first.

We have the authority of the wise for presenting a discussion of immortality. They assert that it is practicable upon this earth and must inevitably follow the perception of truth.

Humanity itself revolts against the very things it is forced to pay homage to; while it claims to believe in birth and death, it is at heart against them; while asserting that beginning and ending are dreams of experience, it submits with due rebellion. The human mind suffers from the pricks of its barbed world; while the pious say, "Be patient and submit," the bold say, "Turn ye; O, turn ye, for why will ye die!"

The present arousal of the people and the modern movement of thought is against disease and death. The sound of clanking armor; the rasp of the sword of the Spirit; the girdling of shield and buckler; the clarion cry of stalwart souls; all are voices of the dawn, foretelling the awakening of a world that has slept too long in misery and will now to battle and to victory. Insurmountable difficulties shall melt down like dreams before the breath of this new race, who shall know and not surmise, who shall be and not suppose.

There seems to be a prevailing belief that there must be an entrance into and an exit from experience. This is an hypnotic suggestion over the thinking instrument, that tool which paints thought-pictures and calls them worlds. If the instrument is biased, how can the picture be straight? If adopted premise and deduction therefrom be false, how can the result be clear and true?

Is the seeing power of the eye increased or aided by muddy eyeglasses? Nor is the organ, which produces only thought-pictures, assisted by ignorance. The removal of all befogging influence is the reinstating of a perfect world.

Imagine an Almighty Father having an uncontrollable family, who, being ungovernable, have nothing due them from a wrathful God but punishment for disobedience. What a slander upon the power of God! What a defamation of His goodness!

This farce has been well staged in the modern revival of the religious drama of the mediaeval age, called "Everyman." Witness the false premise it announces in the beginning:

"They be so combed with worldly rypes,
That nedes on them I must do justyce,
On every man lyvynge without fere—
Where art thou, Deth, thou mighty mes-
sengere?"

False premise leads to false conclusion. Witness now the conclusion—the coming of death, who gives no respite, but relentlessly, unmitigatingly accomplishes his end at the command of an angry and weak God.

It is possible for the human mind to shake itself loose from the spell of this false and absurd picture accepted as realistic when it is only a farce. What drama of experience would not be a burlesque performance if a proposition like the above were the motif? A parody on truth!

Only ignorance permits humanity to accept a premise too utterly incongruous, and then live out the conclusion complacently and submitingly as though it were all a divinely ordered plan.

Is there no one to utter defiance; to attack in single combat the situation; to expose the fallacy; to depose the aspersion?

Intelligence alone can accept the challenge. And what may intelligence be like? With steady, unswerving penetration it sees to the very core of reality, unmocked by the charivari upon life and truth; its clear vision speeds on uninfluenced by the siren claims of deception that reach out hands to grasp. Intelligence is free, it knows what it is about, disdaining the hypnotic play of ideas, reaching to that which is deeper than thinking this way or that; opinion is an aping menial before it; suggestion is thought-picture working upon thought-picture, entirely futile in attack. But intelligence is capacitated to destroy the spell woven out of thought.

Death and birth are in the power of the tongue and they that love it shall eat the fruit thereof, but if any shall love reality they shall eat the fruit of birthlessness and deathlessness, for reality is not made by the tongue or any other idea-serving instrument.

If an hypnotizer should cast the impression over a group of people that one in their midst had died and was buried and lost to them, none of the remaining group could see or hear or feel that one. He would be irrecoverable until the false suggestion was removed. Shelley, the poet, said in a moment of glimpsing, this fact, speaking of those dead, "'Tis we, 'tis ours that change, not they." Death is the throw and lodgment, in an unsuspecting, ignorant mind, of an idea. One can indulge in ideas as much and often as one wishes, but they are spells only and destroyed as spells. The Truth denudes of suggestion. "All things are naked and revealed before the eyes of Him with

whom we have to do." These eyes that "run throughout the earth" are fiery perception, piercing with keen intelligence to the essence of reality.

Changing the terms of expression is not the settling of any question; to say we do not die, but only appear to die, is shifting the subject among ideas. There is no death and no appearance of death. It would ask nothing better than to be tolerated as an appearance, but the ruthless Spirit will not permit it.

Reason spontaneously functions to annul experience. It is recorded that reason can make scarlet as snow and crimson as wool.

Riotous unreason assumes an erroneous principle and deduces fallaciously. Reason can make red, white, if that redness sprang from unreason.

Right reasoning is the evidence of a waking consciousness. A dreamer can become aware of the waking state while yet asleep, thus making himself question the reality of the dream. He sleeps, "dwelling in chambers of imagery," who invents a rationality that will permit birth and death; they are not found in reality. Start a student working at a problem with his mind convinced that $2 + 2 = 5$, and see how he will come out; his difficulties will increase as he goes on. Give him this formula: Birth and death equal experience; the result will be trial, misery and unsolvable problems.

Illumination, in awakening knowledge, reveals the fact that this world of experience is a "mean sleep," from which the mind must be aroused to plunge headlong past the shadows of stupor into the consciousness beyond the realm of dream.

Were it not for the waking intelligence there would be no counterfeit of it in dream. All copy proves the original.

Heaven has in some way come to be connected with death, in the ignorance of the people. It has to do with a very concrete life, instead. "It is within you," "it is at hand," "and there shall be no more death." Heaven has been called a kingdom, because it has authority to make dispensations, the right to rule the external and internal creation. The kingdom of heaven is power and freedom; it is not, as the foolish suppose, a set of conditions that one can fit into without friction, whether those conditions be golden and pearly and jasperly or merely a worldly comfortableness. Heaven is not external or internal; it is not a monopoly on good things: it is outright power and freedom, which, being put together, mean the spirit to do as one pleases. Heaven-charged like, one would sport with chaos, asking no odds of a hand-me-down creation; but stewing and brewing in the cauldron of nothingness a fresh one of one's own.

A child makes chaos of its blocks in order to reconstruct after its own will. The word of power first demolishes the old, established forms; then constructs the revelation of the real. No word has power unless it is negative and positive; for in the negative, which is reduction of former things to nothingness, is chaos, upon which the positive, affirmative will moves to reveal the real. Assume.

for illustration, the belief in sickness: the negative portion of the word denies the appearance; the positive portion affirms perfection. "The tongue of the wise is health," for it reveals what is genuine, stripping off the suppositions that are false.

As some species of lower animals atrophy and degenerate on account of seeking protection in external places of safety, so would the human race deteriorate into powerless incompetency if sheltered in an external or internal heaven. Heaven is power, not place, or state; it is a seizure upon atramental vacuity to blossom it as the rose. "Heaven cometh not by observation;" not in outward or inward show; not in stage settings of glory in this world or another. "Neither shall they say, Lo here! or, lo there!" It can not be found in externals. It is the indomitable spirit of—I will be what I will be! It is the fiery blast of bold vigor, turning ignorance with its brood of suckling enormities into abysses of arid destruction. It is not peace, but a sword; the slayer of cause and effect; the curse of an unsubservient fig-tree; the vehement spirit of an Elijah; the tree-uprooting virility of the infant Vishnu. Heaven is that animation of soul that will not put up with things it does not want.

Things that bind the human soul are figments of imagination; they are cords that snap like the coiled-up ashes of a burnt rope when touched by the finger. Gripping hands of death have unloosed their choking grasp in the dissolving gaze of power. Frenzied conditions settle, cool and vanish away when power calmly asserts its heavenly will.

In the annihilation of evil and the specific errors this word evil is supposed to comprehend lies the secret of power. When the discernment can stare experience out of countenance, when it can "look through things" as the wise direct, when it can stamper the various false appearances, such as sickness, bondage, death, by the onslaught of a mighty perception of the nothingness of it all, then the cataclysm of destruction evidences the whirlwind of power and the establishment of its kingdom.

Faith that is balanced between the positive and negative is never without works. When faith turns from its positive appeal and begins to see the melting of old ideas into nothingness, then the direction of the Christian sage is carried out, "Believe ye receive." "The prayer of faith shall heal the sick;" positive faith asserts health, negative faith denies disease; the two together make demonstration.

The abyss of negativity contains hidden in its unlimited depths the potential reserve of all objectivity.

That which comes from nothing is nothing. The objective and subjective world, hung in cosmic spaces, raised aloft and poised on the fingers of the master juggler, draws its charm and valuation out of the fact that it can never be what it claims, namely: reality; but must ever venture toward realms it can never enter, to be met only with self-annihilation—as the bubble expands, breathes, reflects, attracts, ensnares

and bursts by the pregnancy of its own inhaled expansion. Faith is the spell of legerdemain; it blows, it puffs, it creates until objectivity and subjectivity swell with worlds; and, after all, what? Nothing turning over in its sleep and adding more dreams to the record of the lost. For that which was never found is forever lost. And how can that be found which never is? Changeable worlds do not tally with the Unchangeable. Beginning and ending experiences do not meet with the approval of Eternity.

"I am found of them that seek me." That which can be found was never lost, never belonged to mirage existence, never entered the contest of good and evil, birth and death; but is ever immune, ever free, the unchanged Reality.

Faith erases the slate of expression; then, viewing the clear vacuity of unformed possibilities, it says: Let us produce what we will, since *ex nihilo nihil fit*. "I will be what I will be is the utterance of him who has access to natural chaos, the workshop of expert souls, wherein words are tools and nothing the stuff. "By faith we understand that the worlds were framed by the word. * * * Things which are seen were not made of things which do appear."

Is not the dissatisfaction of the people evidence enough that their sleep of ignorance is disturbed and ever on the point of shifting out of unrealities? So near, in fact, are they to the waking consciousness as to feel it insinuate its heavenly dawn. Mundane sleepers, walking a dream life, submitting to superimposed hallucinations, putting up with all things as though they were fast laws in a determined universe—all—all, must be roused from the swart emanations of a deluded, miasmatic, thinking instrument, and turned to face the sun of illumination, that brilliance of direct cognition which allows no intermediary interpretation to cloud its vast countenance. Strip away opinions, ideas, interpretations, views, notions; lay bare the heart of truth; peer into reality; send out the eyes after being; hearken the ears for silence; enter, enter—deeper, layer after layer of estimates, until the hollow echo of nothingness is heard no more and soul meets soul in the consciousness of a waking embrace that had lasted all through the dream, but was forgotten; "Underneath thee are the everlasting arms."

The primeval people, young in discoveries, were without fire; it came by chance, apparently, by the rubbing of two sticks together; so great was this offspring, so bold, so living, so abandoned, so free, that immediately it annihilated the traces of its birth; a god ashamed to be born, in blazing fury destroyed its father and mother and set out to erase their sacred associations and world in toto.

Who dare stand by as a referee to power? Who shall umpire illumination? Where is the eye swift enough, the mind bold enough, the spirit free enough, to understand that fire of life that unmitigatingly lays low the dry dross of our unvitalized parentage? The world is dead because of misapprehen-

sion. Who of fiery soul will consent to birth from a source so utterly defunct as the hypnosis of matter? "Call no man on earth your father." Every world savior, every mind of living intelligence, has loved the Me more than father or mother, the Me being that consuming spiritedness which lays siege to eternity itself, wrapping the defiant flames of perception around birth and death with one intent: to burn from the world of ideas the impossible conceptions of beginning and ending, so incongruously set up in drunken forgetfulness and ignorance, where only the birthless and deathless reality can exist.

The bold mind that can face appearances with a nonchalance born of knowledge, equipped with the clear perception that looks through things, penetrating to the essence of all, will not only stand unmoved in the presence of a shifting, kaleidoscopic world, but will write its message of deliverance on the plastic surface of a waking universe and insinuate into the soft spot between dream and waking that bold, fearless, formative word, the tincture of immortality. All shall yet open their eyes to discover a universe where birth and death do not and never have existed, and that universe is the place in which the old ways of looking at things do not exist in their beginning, middle or end.

Birthless and deathless Allness; there is nothing beside it. —M. L. B.

"LEND ME YOUR LIFE."

Lend me your life, dear. I felt when you came,
That some healing virtue had quickened my frame.
It flowed from your hands and it flashed from your eye—
Ah! I was so hungry and I was so dry!
Oh, don't go away, dear, I need you so much;
The glance of your eye and the love in your touch.
I shall not bind thee; with each morning prayer
I'll set thee as free as the birds of the air.

Lend me your life, love. The dry desert place
Like an Eden shall bloom, in the light of your face.
Let me sit at your fountain and drink from your cup.
The tides of your blood will soon fill it up,
And you shall be richer, I know, in the end.
If life's golden chalice you loan to a friend.
I only would borrow; no bondage, you know.
Perhaps I'm presumptuous—but I need you so.

Lend me your life, love. This tear in my eye
Is a signal to thee that the fountain runs dry.
I know that the borrower often forgets
And counts what he borrows as his own assets,
But I shall not weary you with my demands—
Just a glance of your eye and the touch of your hands—
I'll remember you only have loaned them to me.
Just lend me your life, love, and you shall be free.

—Allan Pakinson.

CHRISTIANITY



"The disciples were called Christians."

"The sublime is elevation, profundity, and simplicity, blended together in a single trait."—*Lacordaire*.

Christianity is sublime. It is so very simple that humanity has overlooked its sublimity. It is the voice of God in the individual. Humanity has tried to organize Christianity into an institution. This would be turning the Almighty into a machine.

The simple acceptance of Christianity will lift the individual into the Kingdom of God. It will make him a monarch over matter. It will give him an inheritance which is everlasting. Christianity has not yet been accepted or rejected by humanity. They have not had a chance to see it.

CHRISTIAN is the advocate of Christianity.

I AM daily giving proof of this by healing the sick. The Spirit of Truth is bringing regeneration of the body by the resurrection of the mind. The columns of CHRISTIAN are kept free from advertisements and miscellaneous contributions. Mixed thoughts will bring mixed results.

The Christians who are engaged with me in this work are acting as independent individuals. They are seeking for personal unfoldment in Christianity. Each one is seeking for mental, physical, and financial freedom. They do not confess a creed or formulate a faith. Each one is left free to follow the Spirit.

If you wish to be enrolled among the Christians, you must make application of your own free will. You will be given daily treatments for Health, Happiness and Prosperity. In a word, you come into the full fellowship and receive all the benefits, instructions, and information that can be given from this Centre.

You will pay twelve dollars a year. Payments can be made by the month, three months, or twelve months, in advance. This entitles you to twelve subscriptions to CHRISTIAN. You can furnish the names for these subscriptions or credit the free list. Of course you understand that the names you send will be put on the paid list.

In this way we give each Christian twelve shares in the financial work, and full fellowship in the spiritual unfoldment.

THOMAS J. SHELTON

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