



Christian

Monthly: \$1.00 a year
Single Copy, 10 Cents

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Twelfth Year
March, 1905

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.

***CHRISTIAN, for April, will be eight pages.

***It is because there is danger of over-feeding.

***There is more mental indigestion in the new thought camp than is good for the soul.

***It will not do to overfeed the mind any more than the stomach, therefore, it is useless to give you more than you can digest.

***The three numbers of CHRISTIAN for January, February and March contain the whole gamut of metaphysics, and the fullness of Christianity.

***There has never been such numbers of CHRISTIAN issued since the day it was first issued in 1887. It went through a controversy with the Church in 1890, but there was no such inspiration as you will find in these three numbers of 1905.

***Thank God for the breadth and scope and power of the Silent Word. The time has come for manifestation. Let us wait a while in the Silence until the seed already sown is quickened by the Spirit. It will bring forth fruit unto holiness and the end is everlasting life.

***George Edwin Burnell, in a private letter says: "CHRISTIAN has certainly left the rest of the group which seems to have started together, far in the lurch. They still haggle terms of bondage in Egypt." That's it! Haggling for terms before leaving the darkness of Egypt and the lash of the slave drivers.

***But the paper Christian is not the thing. It is the living, breathing man Christian that Spirit is seeking. To make a beautiful magazine is the work of the printer; but to arise from the dead and make a beautiful man is the work of your own Spirit. It is the fulfillment of what we are saying that makes it worth saying. Talk is cheap. And printed talk is getting to be very cheap.

***Mrs. Burnell tells the story of the Body Beautiful in this number of CHRISTIAN. This will close the present printed lessons of both the Burnells. I will give you a chance to buy their lessons typewritten, from the stenographic reports as taken from their own lips. This is the way one reader speaks of Mrs. Burnell's lessons: "She is grand! Deep, profound, brilliant! Clear and concise. A two-edged sword—keen as a razor! She is the whole paper in herself. I begin back and read forward.' Good! You have expressed my sentiments.

***George Edwin Burnell, since CHRISTIAN began paying third class postage, has furnished his essays free of charge. I kept thinking the time would come when I could pay him for his work. A man has a right to reap financially where he has sown. For the next few months I am going to try a new method. Instead of printing essays from the Burnells in CHRISTIAN I will call your attention to the typewritten stenographic reports of their lectures which you can purchase directly from them, for \$1.50

per copy, postpaid. This will give you the lectures in full. I have had to cut them down to fit the space. The highest praise that I can possibly give is that no other teachers known to me are of any benefit to me in my unfoldment. I have never got beyond Burnell, and he has done me more good than all of the other writers in the new thought put together. This does not mean that they sever their connection with CHRISTIAN, but that we change the methods. Address 1327 Georgia St., Los Angeles, Calif.

***Just as I was settling down and getting used to being "good," my wife takes her mother and the baby and skips to California. Mrs. Shelton goes to sketch. Mamma to see the sights, and the Baby—well, she didn't tell me, but I think she is going to tackle Burnell's lectures. She can do it! There is no doubt about her mind being both analytical and synthetical. The other day she was talking to her dolls; to her rag doll, she said: "Your face will tear," to the bisque doll: "Your face will break and my face will bleed, if we fall." This house is certainly silent enough! The Joy in my work keeps me from being homesick for the lady and the baby. Besides they are having a good time. I think it was the Harmon picture which made Mrs. Shelton want to go to the very spot where it was painted. You will understand this remark after you have read "The Secret Power of the Silent Word" on another page.

***Let us make the treatments effective. There ought not to be so much waiting for the fullness of Joy. New people are looking for letters. I never write more than one letter a month to each patient and they are very brief. It takes from three to five days for you to get an answer to your letter, so that you get from three to five days of treatments before the letter arrives. Just as soon as you have mailed your letter to me, or even the instant it is written, begin to look for the treatments. Don't look away off to Denver, but look within yourself. I AM present with you. Some people seem to take the treatments for the sake of writing and receiving letters. You should look for daily effects, and if you are open to the reception of the Word of Truth you will feel the vibrations and know that I am giving treatments. As soon as you come into direct conjunction with the Silent Word, your letters will be brief and to the point. Always keep before your mind that I AM with you in the Silence every day. Letter writing has nothing to do with the power of the Silent Word. If you want the printed words from the printing press or the typewriter, you are coming to the wrong shop. You can't heal people with the printing press or the typewriter. The other day a patient of mine was induced to send her good money to a typewriter healer. She sent me about twenty pages of typewritten stuff that had been prepared to fit any case and any sex. I read the thing through to see if there was one single vibration of truth in it. There is not. It was as dead as a last year's bird's nest in the middle of winter.

***"Don't forget to send me all the letters every day."

This was the last injunction of my wife as the train pulled out of the Denver depot for Salt Lake, San Francisco, Los Angeles and San Diego. It means that I send her all of your letters every day, after I have answered them, instead of throwing them into the waste basket. She would not think of taking the California trip, even with her mother and baby, if she had to give up the company of the Christians. Many of you have become personal friends, and much more intimate with us than if you were coming here in the flesh. It would be a personal loss for us to remove this Center of the Christians to some other place and put it into the hands of other people. She will read your letters every day, no matter where she happens to be. This is not mere "business" in the way of money making but is part of the Joy of our living. All of you who have been with us long enough to get into the vibrations know what I mean, and you express this in your own words.

***A stray copy of CHRISTIAN fell into the hands of a business man of New York City, and this is the way he writes:

"I have just finished the February number of CHRISTIAN. I find it so good that I write you to find out more about the treatment that you give, books, advice, and so forth. Would you be good enough to give me this information? By doing so at your earliest convenience, you will greatly oblige."

All the information that can be put on paper is found in CHRISTIAN. My terms for treatments have been the same without variation since the day I begun giving them, that is, from one to ten dollars per month according to the financial condition of the applicant. At present, each dollar sent represents a subscription to CHRISTIAN or two copies of my book, entitled "I AM Sermons." The treatments are given in the Silence and can not be explained on paper. They are something like the rule for telling the difference between toadstools and mushrooms. Eat 'em! If they are toadstools they will kill you; if they are mushrooms, they will not. Take the treatments and if you get into the vibrations they will do you good. If you don't, they won't. I believe the treatments will heal the sick and even raise the dead. They have done so in the past, and Truth never loses its power. I don't believe there is a corpse on earth that could not be quickened by the Word of Truth and made to stand up alive.

***"In November I enclosed you one dollar for treatments for Success, and afterwards learned that you did not receive the money. You wrote me that I would receive the treatments just the same as if you had received the money, and I wish to say right here and now that I did receive the treatments all right. Got an increase of salary from present employers, and had a fine offer to accept position with another firm—all this due to your treatments for Health, Happiness and Success, for which I thank you many times. You also entered my name on the paid list of CHRISTIAN for a year. Here is another dollar in the form of a money order."

As you sow, so will you reap. I try to do the square thing with everybody. And

they come back at me in the same way if they are inclined to be square. Let me here speak truth once more. If you sit down and write me a letter for treatments, and the letter fails to reach me, you will get the treatments anyway. Your intention was all right, and the Silent Word does not depend upon the written word. If you intend to cheat me by writing the letter and keeping the money in your pocket you will only be robbing yourself. In the Truth all that is mine is thine, and all that is thine is mine, and we are glorified in this fellowship of Spirit. You may even say to the Spirit: "Glorify me with the glory which I had with thee before the world was"—that is, before you came into manifestation of the flesh.

***"I am often in that Healing Room. I do not always come to get good. When I breathe this fine air and wander through the woods and take in the beauty of this valley I send some of it to the meeting place for Christians which you have established. I often turn toward Denver and say, 'God bless Shelton.' May you grow and grow and grow! That will help everybody."

The above words were at the close of a letter. The meeting place for Christians is a good way to put it. The "God Bless Shelton" means more than blessings sent to an individual. It means all of us. God bless the Christians! This is the reason why the vibrations are getting stronger and stronger as they go out from this Center. Everybody who comes here in mind is helping the work along. It is the outpouring of the individual Spirit.

***"Now tell me, will you, what is it you mean by the 'gathering of the Christians?' Are you really to materialize a gathering and have a love feast? Surely it would be ideal and may be pentecostal! Or have you sent out the little feeler to find out whether or not the Christians are eager to look into each others' faces and clasp hands."

Bless your soul! There is no such idea taught in CHRISTIAN as the gathering of the Christians in a material way. I have not met many of the Christians face to face, and have no desire to do so. It is not a social question, but a spiritual uprising. There are Christians in this Circle who are mighty in their mental vibration but would seem weak in personal appearance. It is the Spirit that quickeneth, the flesh profiteth nothing. Why do I want to see your flesh? I want you in your mighty immortality. It is the glorious gathering of men and women in a mental movement. Why, bless your hearts, if Jesus should come to the earth, it would be impossible for us to meet him. It would be like trying to shake hands with Roosevelt. It would be a mob. The idea that Jesus is to come in person and reign over individuals in a personal way, is nonsense. "It is expedient that I go away." When the Spirit of Truth is come we are all Christs. And the invisible Presence brings us all into the same fellowship. It is an uprising of individuals all over the earth who are Christians. A mental rising.

***There are several thousands of January, February and March stacked up here in the

house. These three numbers are a whole education of Christianity. I will mail them to any address for twenty-five cents. You can send silver or two-cent stamps. File these numbers away and read and reread them until you get at the truth. There is plenty of room left for you to read between the lines. For instance, in this number, the "Constitution of Christianity" is a condensed book. Instead of writing a book of two or three hundred pages, I have condensed the thought into this one editorial. Bear in mind that I am not taking sides with either capital or labor. Christianity stands for Men. The soldiers of the czar shot down men and women, but spared Gapon, the leader of the laborers. Why? Because instead of going at the head of the procession as a man, Gapon went as a priest. He was dressed in the full vestments of a priest. The soldiers spared the priest. Christianity does not recognize either the czar, soldiers or the priests. The real leader of the laborers, when he arrives, will be a laborer. He will not wear the badge of authority or servitude. But you Christians must remember that we are not partakers in this quarrel of mortality. "Come out from among them and be ye separate, saith the Lord." This means mental isolation, and not the building of a fence around a sect.

***Christians are such because of a resurrection of the mind. They are not made Christians by any act of priest or preacher. No individual has authority to administer ordinances, or confer orders in the kingdom of heaven. "Father" Gapon was violating the constitution of Christianity by being a priest or permitting anyone to call him father. The Russians have been taught to call the Czar the "Little Father." This also is a violation of the constitution of Christianity. Christians are positively forbidden the use of titles and especially the title of "Master" or "Father." (Matt. 23: 1-12.) Do you think that this prohibition is a mere play of words? It is as far-reaching as the slavery of humanity. There is nothing that will so hypnotize the human mind as a title. Quakers came nearer the spirit of Christianity than any other sect in Christendom. They were not deceived by the title of "Mr." which is simply another name for master. Just think for one moment what would be the result if all the titles of honor and authority were swept from the earth! A recent writer has said: "Titles distinguish the mediocre, embarrass the superior, and are disgraced by the inferior. Great men refuse titles because they are jealous of them." Christians refuse titles because the prophet of Christianity saw the weakness of the individual in surrendering his rights to the semblance of authority.

***I always forget that there are new readers coming to CHRISTIAN every month. You will find information on the last page. As long as they last, I will give my book "I AM Sermons" with every dollar sent for treatments. You can have six months' subscription and a copy of the book for a dollar. My other book, "The Law of Vibra-

tions," is out of print, and will not be republished. My terms for treatment are from one to ten dollars per month, according to the financial ability and disposition of the applicant. If you join the Circle of Christians and send a dollar regularly every month, you get a year's treatment for twelve dollars and twelve subscriptions to Christian. I write one brief letter each month. State your case in your first letter in a few words and then drop it out of your mind. The treatments are given daily for health, happiness and prosperity. You do not keep any particular hour, or use any form of words.

***"On my return home I found as usual a pile of mail. Having a leisure moment I dived my hand into the papers and drew out you. I was delighted—it seemed as though you greeted me with your strong smile after my long absence in teaching. I was pleased, too, with what you talked to me about—it is good, strong logic. It is consistent logic. How it reconciles the philosopher, the poet and the hodman; the saint and the devil! This I AM oneness."

Yes, it is all right. I AM the devil and Tomwalker. I AM the saint and the sinner. I AM the whole and the parts.

***"It always struck me, just as you say, that if every one sold, who would there be to buy? But we are not taught in the churches that Christ ever spoke sarcastically! Do you know a New York paper, some months since, had an editorial on the matter of too much bestowal on the poor in some ways. Calling attention to the many "free" bureaus held for their service. The writer said that much of it only encouraged the pauper habit."

It is the business of the institution to perpetuate peasants, paupers and pilgrims to their shrines of servility. Charity, as administered in the present day, is an insult. There never was a time when the earth so teemed with plenty. The institutions of men keep the great opportunity out of the reach of the individual. Keep him poor and humble, is the motto of religion. You must remember that religion and politics are twins. Christianity does not recognize either. Christian Science did one mighty thing when it refused to recognize charity or charitable institutions as a part of its plan. The dear humorist, Mark Twain, got serious about it and had several kinds of fits. Nevertheless it is good science all the same. Just as soon as you recognize the priest you recognize the pauper. There is not a priest or a pauper in the whole scope of Christianity. Blessed are the pauper spirits, saith the prophet of Christianity. Why? Because when a man begins to feel vibrations of his own Spirit in seeking for riches, he will soon be in possession of the Whole Thing. "For their's is the kingdom of heaven." The kingdom of heaven is the kingdom of the individual. He is the son of God being a son of the Resurrection, and there isn't anything in the universe too good for him. The meek shall inherit the earth. It was given to man while he was an individual and before he was hypnotized by the institution. Christians are going right into their possessions and will take up their abode on the planet as kings by real divine right. Each one is a king over himself.

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***"By the way," you better try and regenerate Mrs. Eddy. I am sorry to say her 'Science and Health' is not saving her from the malignant troubles that sometimes afflict flesh. She is said to be insane, also has fleshly troubles of an incurable nature. Although Mrs. Eddy lives only twenty miles from me, I can only repeat what is told me by the Concord people—I have no real knowledge of her situation."

There is no doubt but that Mrs. Eddy has been kept a kind of prisoner for many years. It only shows what a system of religion will do for its founder. They all go in the same way. Christianity is not a system of religion. It is a personal illumination. Jesus did not say that he would go and write a book and found a religion. He said that his church was founded in the hearts of men and on that rock he would build it, and the gates of hell could not prevail against it. In order to form a kingdom in the hearts of men, he must be a success within himself. He must be a personal success. Jesus not only taught the truth, but the truth in him was more powerful than time and chance. It was mightier than disease and death. The cross could not kill him so as to keep him dead; and the grave could not hold him so as to keep him hidden. He gave his attention to his personal salvation by casting his own word ahead of his footsteps. He did not deny that the institution would kill him, but he added: "On the third day I will arise from the dead." Mrs. Eddy will leave a blessed name behind her, but she ought to have left a living and glorious personality. Maybe she will! She is not gone yet! All of her mental and bodily diseases can be cured. Spirit has a queer way of doing things, sometimes. I don't understand why I should pass through certain experiences that have come to me. I only know that I am passing, and have not sat down by the roadside to weep over it. I still move along and my words have gone before me. Every day I catch up with some of those words, and find that they have been waiting for me. They step out from unexpected places and surprise me by their dear presence. What I see I will be!

***"I wrote you for treatment November last. It was for stomach trouble. I will quote a little of my letter: 'I want your vibrations for health, if you can penetrate this thick shell of mine; have faith but am a poor receiver. All past treatment has seemingly failed.' Well, as soon as your vibrations reached me, that thick shell seemed to melt away like so much ice. And I eat what I will and as much as I wish, and have had no more trouble. I had just paid out over one hundred dollars previous to your treatment."

The above voice is from away up in Minnesota. It seems to be about the cheapest treatment that a man can take in this world. After men have put up hundreds of dollars for health and business success, they send me one dollar, get a year's subscription to CHRISTIAN, get their health get business success, and go on their way rejoicing. It is all right, my beloved, I am doing the same! I reap where I sow and it makes me feel good to see others coming into the same glorious realization.

***CHRISTIAN is worthy of its name. It is a splendid example of what 'new thought' papers ought to be. Just think of it! Free from advertisements. What a treat to those who are really in earnest in their search for truth. I am just learning a little about Christianity. It is a wonderful name when you feel it in a sense of the movement of the Spirit in you. It is certainly an inside affair and has to do with only one's personal self. You are doing great things in the Circle and for the Circle of Christians."

It is an inside affair and an outside affair, but the inside is your own inside, and the outside is your own outside. If great men had given as much attention to the building up of their own personality as they have in building up institutions, there would be more immortals walking around in flesh. I don't care anything about immortalizing myself on a tombstone. It may be all well and good to have people erect a monument to you a hundred years after you have gone, but I doubt it. I had rather build my own monument of flesh and blood and nerves and brain. A temple of the Spirit. A house not made with hands, eternal in the heaven of my own mind. Christianity is the strongest and mightiest word in the world if you take it as a personal inspiration. And yet, many persons write in here and ask me to change the name of CHRISTIAN and call it Individual. And one even wanted me to call it Shelton. Christianity is universal, while Shelton is local. Christianity is as high as heaven and as deep as hell. It will be the crowning glory of humanity and I will be one of the individuals of this glory. The man who does not declare the truth for everybody is not a truthful individualist.

***"You voice the same idea I held in your conversation with the 'long haired man.' Can you duplicate your healings? There is no doubt that you can reach some, as repeated testimonials show, but can you reach everyone with your treatments? Can you reach me? For two years or more I have belonged to Elizabeth Towne's Success Club, and to The Mystic Success Club of the *Magazine of Mysteries*. And while there are hundreds of testimonials of the wonderful help received by the members, I am left out. Am I outside the pale? It seems sometimes as if God would not hear me. Why doesn't he help me when he knows how hard I am trying to do right, and how much better I could serve him in a normal condition. Please point the Way, if you can."

The writer of the above does not send any money, or even a postage stamp. Her success club seems to have resulted in busting her bank. I think some of these success clubs ought to have been called—by another name. What I mean by duplicating healing is, that no man on this earth can control the healing power in another person. He may help by the Silent Word, but he has no power to force the Spirit into an individual. You may join all the clubs on earth, and come into all the circles, and scold God, and it will be of no avail unless you find health in Yourself. God don't care a continental whether you are good or bad, whether you serve him or let him alone, whether you pray or swear. He goes right along every day letting men, women and children go to the devil. It is a question as to

whether you care for Yourself. All this whining and crying to God has been taught you by the priests. If you can't swim God will let you drown. Better learn to swim, for you can't always find a floating log. Don't you know that if God was what you try to make out that he would have to spend all of his time coddling and caring for invalids and imbeciles? He hasn't time for any such work. He is so busy with the Joy of Living that he can't run hospitals. Now do you understand what I am saying? There is a Spirit within you and it is the only God that can get you out of the wilderness. Others may help you but they can only direct the energies within your own self. Arise and shine and give your own God the glory! Serve yourself! Your guardian angel is yourself. Your God is yourself. How in the devil and tomshelton can you expect to enjoy your own kingdom unless you are reigning within your own self. You bet I am not going to throw my crown at the feet of anybody. The diamonds that shine in my tiara are my own. The healer that keeps people in bondage to himself is a liar and a fraud. I don't want you tagging after me. I am neither a leader or a follower. Some people come here like they wanted me to breathe for them. I once heard of a man who was so lazy that he put a kitten under each arm to breathe for him. Some of the sick kittens who are calling to God to help them out of bondage so that they can serve him, make me tired. What do you suppose that a real live God wants with such service. I am not scolding you just for the sake of scolding, for bless your hearts, you have been taught all your lives this miserable dependence on somebody greater than you. There isn't an individual in the universe who is bigger than you. Remember Burnett's mighty sermon in January CHRISTIAN. There is absolutely no one on your right!

***"My wife and I are among your earliest continuous subscribers. I am enrolled as one in your Circle of Christians. I am a farmer. My health has been better than common. I have been stronger and felt less fatigued from work than for some years. I have plunged some during this time. Have built a fine farm residence, bought a piano for the girls, and a carriage for the family; and otherwise put ourselves in shape to enjoy life. Circumstances have arisen lately which have had a very depressing effect on me, and for that reason I now write. About six weeks ago I saw fit to send for an astrological reading, purporting to tell me what would happen for the coming year. I received an extended reading which paints the picture very dark for me for the coming year or more, both as to health and business."

This is an extract from a long letter, giving the name of the astrologer and the results so far of the reading. The man has his mind turned away from the Joy of Living, and is watching for disease, death and the devil. He is seeing exactly what he is looking for. When a man goes out to look for trouble he can find it. When you turn your mind away from Christianity to a lot of ass-trologers, you are violating the very constitution of your being. The prophets of both the Old and New Testament warned men against the soothsayers and

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moon mediums. You keep on monkeying with such mental fodder and you will fulfill all of their dark sayings. It is in you and not on the outside of you. Turn down your lamp and you will be in the dark. Turn it up and you will be in the light. If the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is the darkness! No matter how much light there is all around you, if it is dark within. Only light can see light. It is much better to turn your mind to beautifying that fine residence, keep the piano in tune, and see that the wheels of the carriage are oiled. Don't load yourself with a possible future, or grovel in the failures of the past.

***"I was laid up a few days for repairs and I wanted to read CHRISTIAN. There was no one near to send for it but my little four year old baby. I thought it worth the trial anyway, and sent for it, telling her it was on the machine. I had read half through the paper, so it was turned inside out. Besides CHRISTIAN there were four other papers, two the same size and shape as CHRISTIAN, and two newspapers. But she went through the bunch, picked out CHRISTIAN, turned it right side out, and came into the bedroom, holding the front of the paper toward me, saying: 'I finded it on the 'chine.' I will have to admit I was surprised although I have a great deal of faith in CHRISTIAN, and can assure you I will have a great deal more from now on."

The above item will gain force when I tell you that it was a man who sent the baby for the paper. He didn't know that Christianity is found, in its true essence, in the Spirit of a little child. Of such is the kingdom of heaven, and until we become as simple in our faith and as ready to follow our intuitions, we can not enter into the kingdom of God. It means absolute trust in the voice of the Spirit within you. Why man, when the Spirit is trained, it is almost infallible. Think of how Padarewski touches the keys of the piano. This is by a long training of the Spirit. But Blind Tom did the same thing without any training. The music is all there, and if we only let it loose it will play itself. Bless her heart! she knew when she had touched CHRISTIAN, that it belonged to her own kingdom!

***"Rummaging about in a stack of old stored away papers I came across 1897 and 1898 CHRISTIANS. I had you laid up on the shelf for a long time, but I tell you, you shine as bright as ever, even eight years in a dark corner of an old closet did not dim you a whit. It's funny how CHRISTIAN sticks. It is just as alive and sweet as the first day I read it, and will be a thousand years from now, I guess. Oh, you are a darling, if you are a freak, and I believe in you allmightily."

Of course, you don't expect the truth to die in the corner of a closet! Truth tells us to enter into the closet and shut the door when we pray, so that our Father who heareth in secret may reward us openly. These good Christians of eight years ago turned up just in time to get their owner into the Circle of Christians for this year. One of my very best Christians picked up a fragment of CHRISTIAN on the street ten years ago.

***Just while a blizzard was blowing in Denver, the following temptation from the

devil—oh, I mean one of my good Christians, came to me from Porto Rico:

"I believe you told us once in CHRISTIAN that Mrs. Shelton has Spanish blood in her veins. I am not sure, however, that this circumstance will enable her to absorb much information regarding Porto Rico from these accompanying newspapers, so I will write you something in addition to these. Don't imagine, though, that I'm going to 'tell all about it!' When I came down in December (my third trip in two years), two Connecticut ladies accompanied me. Occasionally I would ask them, amid their varying exclamations of wonderment, admiration, sympathy or shocked surprise: "Now do you see why it was I used to tell you it was all beyond the power of description?" and they would reply: 'Yes, we do see.'"

"A trip to Porto Rico is an education. The topography is of volcanic formation. These steep mountains, covered with luxuriant tropical growths, have a beauty all their own, and a journey across the island on the famous military road, so smooth as to enable a coach to run the eighty miles from San Juan to Ponce in twelve hours, holds the traveler's interest and admiration from start to finish. This journey may also be made on the funny little railroad which follows the coast line around, if one is inclined to submit to the inconveniences for the sake of the experience!

"The customs of the people are probably of even greater interest than the scenery. One understands so much better the everyday language of Jesus, his similitudes, etc. We appreciate the contemptuous allusions to the 'dogs' (but not so much since the wholesale slaughter of these by the Insular Police, making a night's sleep impossible), the "women grinding the mill," the "breaking of bread," and others. To earn one's 'bread and butter' is now recognized as a provincialism; a slice of bread and butter is unknown, the bread being of the un-American shape and quality, and Spanish butter only served once a day when the 'Americano' insists upon having it.

"The filthy conditions which existed under the Spanish rule are rapidly disappearing, but there still remains enough of squalor to be sufficiently picturesque to the tourist.

"My husband is an Inspector of Government construction work. This gives us an opportunity to see a great deal of the island, he being from four to seven months in a place. We keep house whenever it is possible to do so, thus enabling us to select and have our food cooked more to our satisfaction. How often I have wished that our good friend, Mrs. Towne, and others of the 'pure food' people, might spend a little time here (I should not wish them a long time), boarding in some of the Porto Rican families! It would be an eye-opener to them! O, the tales one could tell! It is the stress laid upon this matter of what we 'shall eat and shall drink' that has made so many of these really bright little periodicals of the 'New Thought' seem to me so limited. Not one single condition of those so generally accepted in the States is, perhaps, absolutely essential to sustain life, and abundant life, at that. It is refreshing to read none of these rules and regulations in CHRISTIAN. Bye and bye some of these other girls and boys will fly farther afield and express their views of a broader horizon line.

"I wish to express to you my satisfaction at the Spirit bringing us into a closer recognition and an exchange of speech at the beginning of the New Year. For ten years I have followed your unfoldment with greatest interest. It has at times been truly wonderful how we have arrived at practically the same conclusions regarding our problems of the moment. Almost never has there a month when CHRISTIAN did not bring to me a confirmation of my own convictions.

"Nothing would give us greater pleasure than to welcome Mrs. Shelton and yourself to Porto Rico. Never mind the Portland Fair; that would not do you half the good that it would to come here, eat of our delicious fruits, revel in our perfect climate, and then—go home and do as you did when you returned from your cabin in the mountains: 'Thank God for civilization!'

"Steamers sail from New York every Saturday at noon. There is also a line from New Orleans. The address of the latter office is 619 Common St., New Orleans; the New York offices you will see about in the San Juan News which I send. Please accept these papers (under separate cover) from us as friends, never mind the stamps. Anything else we can send you?"

THE CURING OF WILLIAM HICKS.

Bill Hicks had asthma—shook the floors
With each recurring paroxysm;
The doctors made him live outdoors,
And that gave him the rheumatism.

The doctors cured his rheumatiz—
Of that there never was a question.
Strong acids stopped those pains of his,
But left him ill of indigestion.

Dyspepsia fled before a course
Of eating grain. It would delight us
To cheer this plan till we were hoarse—
But Hicks then had appendicitis.

He rallied from the surgeon's knife,
And laid six weeks without a quiver.
The operation saved his life—
The loafing, though, knocked out his liver.

To cure his liver troubles he
Tried muscle stunts—you know how they
go:
From liver ails he then was free,
But all the strains gave him lumbago.

Lumbago is a painful thing;
A masseuse with a visage solemn
Rubbed the lumbago out by spring,
But twisted poor Bill's spinal column.

To rid his backbone of the twist
They used some braces. They were care-
less—
The padding for his head they missed;
This made him straight and left him hair-
less.

Drugs were prescribed to grow his hair.
These acted just as represented;
They put his scalp in good repair;
But soaked in, and left Hicks demented.

Then to a sanatorium
They took Bill. He was wisely treated;
His brain with health began to hum—
Then asthma!—ward was poorly heated.

"More open air," the doctors said.
Bill Hicks cried: "No, you shall not lure
me.

I'll stay in peace upon my bed,
And shoot the man that tries to cure me!"
—Wilbur D. Nesbit, in *Saturday
Evening Post*.

***The Moffat road began its advertising campaign this year by selecting two dozen of its finest views as subjects for mammoth oil paintings, which will be used for advertising purposes. The paintings are among the most costly and elaborate ever executed for the purpose in the United States. They are from the brush of C. H. Harmon, whose paintings of California scenery are said to be the best work of its kind in the country.
—Denver Post.

AS A LITTLE CHILD.

"Intellectually I find no difficulty in comprehending, but using it for myself or anyone else is another matter. On the other hand you have said many times that it must be a gradual unfoldment and enlightenment."

The above quotation is from a long letter from a woman who has been a diligent student for many years. She seems to think that Burnell teaches that we are to grasp the whole thing in a moment. Burnell is teaching the attitude of the mind towards the Truth. He is talking about what a man is when he has come into a full knowledge of being. It is a gradual unfoldment of the mind; but at each turn we have attained to a certain point in knowledge. Each achievement is an accomplished fact in our unfoldment.

"Dad, do you like mince pie?"

Jesus has told us in plain words that it is first the blade, then the ear, and afterwards the full corn in the ear. He has also said in emphatic words: "Except ye be converted and become as a little child, ye can not enter into the Kingdom of Heaven." He means that our spiritual unfoldment in the knowledge of being is like the mental unfoldment of a child. It is a process as natural as anything that comes to us in our lives. The new birth is not by magic, but by mind. It is not a hocus pocus of the intellect but a resurrection. At the same time you must not miss the paradox else you will miss the truth. Today is always the day of salvation. There is never any other time than this time. You may remember a time past and you may imagine a time to come. But the only real time of which you are conscious is the present moment. Stop and think! A moment ago is time past. The hour to come is time that has no existence. Day by day you live by heart beats.

"I wish I had a piece of mince pie!"

In a healthy unfoldment you are never satisfied with present attainments. You are always moving forward to something that is to come. Part of the joy of being is in anticipation of what we are to be. This is a healthy state of the intellect and of the vibrations if it is in hopefulness and peace. When you know that the future is going to bring you Joy you are beginning to feel the pulsations of joy. If you are afraid that you are going to reap sorrow and disaster you begin to suffer all these things. It is said that the worst things that ever come to us never happen. How can they come if they never happen? They come in your fears. They come because you suffer from anticipated sufferings. You sit down and expect disaster and trouble, and immediately you are in trouble. The trouble that you have is in your imagination but it is as real as if it had happened to you. You see then we are made up of our thoughts. Not altogether, because there are vibrations of life. In this unfoldment we should settle down into the very Joy of what is to be. And the vibrations of the coming joy will be in us.

"Good Gracious! I wish I had a piece of mince pie!"

In the first stages of unfoldment you are restless. The prophetic Word brings with it an anxiety to accomplish what the Word bespeaks for us. If these things that we can see in the mind should come upon us, it would destroy the organ of the mind. It would burst the brain. You could no more stand the full joy of regeneration before your mind is prepared for it than your physical body could carry a weight too large for it. It is not the mind that is unbalanced, for the mind, the real mind, is immortal. But the brain is the organ of the mind, and it can't stand any more of a strain than the arm or the eye, or any other organ of the body. The brain is purely a physical organ and must be used as such. You can no more have a full growth in spiritual unfoldment instantaneously than you could have a full ear of corn. The ear of corn is a splendid illustration. It is a symbol of that life which is already in you. You are literally sown a psychical body. You are literally born again, not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, by the Word of God which lives and abides forever. This sowing is taught all through the New Testament. It is shown in the unfoldment of the mind of the child. Shakespeare, Bacon, Emerson, all of these great minds are unfolded one step at a time. Of course the mind must be in them or it could not have been unfolded. It is not the finding of something that had no existence, but the uncovering and unfolding of your own individual being.

"I wish Mamma would let me have just one little piece of mince pie!"

The beauty about this unfoldment is that the Spirit who sowed us is the one who is taking care of the growth. The harvest is the ending of our unfoldment, and the reapers are the angels. There is a certain amount of freedom that must be left to the individual. This is the reason why we find what is called sin in the world. If you did not have the power to make a blunder, you would not have sense enough to correct the blunder. It is by our very errors that we come into an understanding of the Truth. I saw the full revelation of regeneration more than twelve years ago. I expected to enter into the full Kingdom of Truth in twelve days. How could the Spirit of truth reveal the truth to me in any other way? He had to show me the top of the mountain in the vision. I saw the whole ladder reaching from the earth to the heavens, and the angels ascending and descending. Then my mortal vision took the place of the heavenly and the ladder was not in the sky. I thought it was a mistake. Then I saw the open gateway into the fullness of being. Once more my eyes opened on the objective world and the gate closed on my vision. I was disgusted with mortality and walked the floor and offered prayers and pleadings and beseechings to the Spirit. I insisted that the whole of regeneration should come to me in that very hour. I was even angry with God because he did not keep his promises. Then the Spirit came to me with more visions and revelations until the proof was so positive that I knew that there could not be any mistake.

"Don't you think they ought to let me have a piece of mince pie?"

I even left the body and went in spirit to the sun. Everything was so glorious and perfect that I knew the heavens had been opened to my mind. I could talk to the Spirit as easily as I could talk to any person in the flesh. I could hear better with the spiritual ears than with the physical organs. Clairvoyance brought everything before my eyes as clearly as the objective world before the physical vision. When in this spiritual mind all truth was made very plain to me. I said over and over that Spirit must come and make the thing manifest at once. I even threatened to throw up my job. It was just like a little child. I was as silly and foolish as my four year old baby who has been teasing for mince pie ever since this article was started. It is really the mince pie editorial. She has had all of the mince pie that any stomach of her size can stand. She is very fond of that kind of pie, as you will note from the sentences which she has interjected into this editorial. The wise ones who have her in care know that she will enjoy it much better if she gets it a little at a time. If we should let her have as much mince pie as she thinks she wants, the mince pie thought would be nauseating to her mind forever afterwards. How can you convince her that she is not right? You can't do it until her mind unfolds to that point. I say right here that I have been a bigger fool than the disciples of Jesus were, and that is saying a good deal. My mind is just now getting to the point of peace and that faith which leaves results to the Spirit. Not only the results to the Spirit, but the process. I am not the teacher but the pupil. It is a big advance over the mind of the same pupil ten years ago. Yes, bless your heart, one year ago. This little four-year-old toddler sitting here on the floor crying for mince pie is a splendid illustration of the process of unfolding.

"Why don't you give this kid a little piece of mince pie?"

Mind you, my beloved, that I was as a little child all along the route. I was natural in my spiritual unfoldment. I can only look back now and see that I was unwise, but I thank God for the fretting and the fuming and the storming. I am glad I teased God every day for a piece of mince pie. I was down in the depths mentally, physically and financially. *I saw the Kingdom!* I have realized very much of that Kingdom, and so am entering into rest. This very hour I enjoy mental, physical and financial Freedom. If I had not become as a little child, none of these things would have come to me. The wise ones said: "You are a fool," and the spiteful ones said, "You are crazy," and the tender hearted ones said, "What a pity!" All this time the Spirit was showing me the Kingdom. Step by step I was being led into the green fields and beside the still waters of everlasting Success. The love, the joy, the fullness of life, which is in me at the present hour is due to my persistent following of the Spirit in spite of hell and high water.

She got her piece of mince pie!

THE FIRST PAGE OF CHRISTIAN.

Several persons are taking shots at the first page of CHRISTIAN.

You had as well take a pop at Pike's Peak with a popgun. A good orthodox preacher in Ohio shoots at it with a shotgun. He makes many quotations to prove that public worship will not be abolished by Christianity. He says that Jesus condemned hypocritical worship. Well, all public worship, sooner, or later, becomes hypocritical. You can't go on dress parade before the Almighty at set intervals in established places without acting the hypocrite. No doubt but that the Chinese began sending out their printed prayers on their prayer wheels in a sincere kind of way. It soon became a habit and had no spiritual significance.

Jesus did a bold and fearless thing. When he saw the multitude he went up into a mountain and when his disciples came unto him he opened his mouth in the hearing of the multitude and taught his disciples an entirely new way of looking at things. It was as if an inspired American should gather around him a class of students in political economy and, taking up the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution, should do away with it by teaching something entirely different. Not the annulling of the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution, but the fulfilling of these sayings. Jesus, in this sermon on the Mount, does not annul the law or the prophets. He is very careful to say that he did not come to destroy but to fulfill. He declares that not one jot or tittle of the law or the prophets shall fail, but that all will be fulfilled. It is as if he said to a skeleton, it shall be filled full but not destroyed. It is made to hold flesh and blood and nerves and life. It is a good skeleton and I will give all that it lacks of being a living person.

In this mountain sermon he takes up the ten commandments and the law and the prophets and gives fullness to their meaning. I have only put seven statements on the first page of CHRISTIAN. I could easily add others. For instance:

Christianity will abolish adultery.

You have been regaled for more than a year with an investigation of polygamy. It is funny, but nevertheless a fact, that the congress of the United States in these first years of the twentieth century, has been investigating polygamy. It is the funniest thing that has taken place, among the many funny things, for a long time. Mind you they are not investigating polygamy except in one spot. If they were to investigate the practice of polygamy they would not confine themselves to one small spot on the map. It covers more territory than the little state called Utah. It shows that religion has not settled anything. It became fashionable to have one wife, and men follow the fashion—in public. Then a good and wise fanatic came along, and said that the Spirit had revealed a way to cover up the private life by a public profession. He made converts, established an institution, and it flourished for many years in what

is now the state of Utah. This man was very wise in his day and generation. He and his successors in office knew that an institution was founded on property. So they gathered deeds to real estate, and grew rich in their land of promise. The other polygamists and adulterers could not stand to have this thing going on right before their eyes. The cry went out from all the other institutions that this Latter Day Saints' institution should be wiped off the map. I have nothing to say in regard to their efforts for I am a Christian. Christianity does not resist evil. It lets evil have all the rope that is necessary for its own hanging.

Christianity wipes out polygamy and adultery in the Only Way. It is abolished in the mind. It is taken out of the heart. In the regeneration there is no marriage or giving in marriage. *They are mated.* Even among so-called wild animals and birds, there is an infallible instinct which guides them in mating. The "domesticated animal," including man, has a habit of working out many inventions contrary to the law of Being. When a man is mated all other women are to him as sacred as the person of his own daughter or mother. He is not under law for the Spirit of Truth within him fulfills the law and the prophets. He is not under surveillance. There is no need of any detective to watch his movements. When you are full of the Spirit of Truth, you *are* the Spirit of Truth. There are no words to express how pure and clean and holy is a man's mind towards women after he has found his own.

Christianity will abolish judgment.

This means the doing away with all evil and all strife. Turn and read the first verses of that seventh chapter of Matthew. This sermon on the Mount ought never to have been put into more than one chapter. You should begin with the fifth chapter of Matthew and end with the beautiful statements at the close of the seventh chapter. And yet you will not find all of the sermon on the Mount in these three chapters. Fragments of this sermon will be found all through the four statements called the Gospels. It is the declaration of Independence and the constitution of Christianity. But don't think for one moment that Christianity is confined to any statements of the past. Christianity is the illumination of the individual here and now. A prophet may arise and fulfill the sermon on the Mount. There may be a man or a woman who will come and take us up into a higher mountain. But what has gone before will not be destroyed by one jot or tittle. It is all the foundation for the unfoldment of the individual. Christianity abolishes everything that offends the Spirit of Truth. It makes the mating of the man and the woman as pure and holy and clean as God. It puts all the dead atoms out of the body, and makes it anew daily. This new life is forever renewing itself in the spiritual body and manifesting youth and health and joy in the body of flesh. Christianity is the new heaven and the new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness.

The more you try to stamp out evil by force the deeper it will take root. The other day I received a circular letter addressed to CHRISTIAN asking help to have a law established requiring "fallen women" to wear a badge in all public places. These women were to wear some kind of a bird or feather in their hats, or something by which their calling would be known at a glance. The astounding proposition comes from religionists, for the address of CHRISTIAN was taken from the American Newspaper Directory, and they evidently thought it was a religious organ. If all the "fallen" men were made to wear a silver star as a token of their "calling" it would raise the price of silver. All these efforts to brand folly originates in mortal mind. The carnal mind is at enmity against God and all his creatures. It wants to brand "fallen women," kill birds, kill men, and crucify all the Christs who come teaching the regeneration of the mind.

This carnal mind is found rampant among religionists. I would pull down all the churches and put the price into homes for men and women. The sanctuary of life is in the home of the mates who know the truth. They can't be mated until they do know the Truth. The struggle of the soul for freedom is an effort toward mating. The wandering in the wilderness of mortality makes for righteousness. The soul gets weary of the wandering. The other day in Denver we had a sight to make the gods laugh. At midnight the religionists left their costly churches and marched in a body to the "tenderloin" district of Denver. The evangelist who was conducting the revival said it was done to show these "fallen creatures" that the other half did care. That would be like waving a loaf of bread to a starving child and then taking the bread away. I venture to say that some good Christians were in the slums watching the "sinners" marching in the street. Christianity is not in the environment of the body. It is in the mind of the Spirit, in the very depths of your own Being. If the preachers and deacons and elders and members in that procession had been Christians they would have been able to produce the signs by healing the sick, cleansing the lepers, casting out the devils, and raising the dead. Instead of doing this they emphasized the leprosy, the sickness, the devils and the death. I am not making an attack on the religionists, as one of my good Christians accused me of doing. It is simply a revelation of the Truth.

The other day a Christian asked me what was meant by "sealing in the forehead," as spoken of in the book of Revelation. Read the statements for it will do you good. The forehead is the symbol of the mind. It means the sealing of the mind. Mortality must not be destroyed too rapidly. Spirit must wait until the mind can grasp the Truth of eternal and perpetual being. As men gradually come into regeneration disease and death will disappear. The mortal mind will give way to the spiritual mind and the mortal body to the spiritual body. "Behold, I make all things new."

THE SECRET POWER OF THE SILENT
WORD.

"It is the spirit that quickeneth; the flesh profiteth nothing; the words that I speak to you, they are spirit, and they are life."—*Jesus*.

"Who also hath made us able ministers of the new testament; not of the letter, but of the spirit; for the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life."—*Paul*.

I have just begun to learn that the New Testament was never written. The above quotations are in line with the whole so-called New Testament in regard to this matter. The book called by that name is not the testament. The testament is Spirit and can not be written or printed. The testament or covenant is between the individual and universal. It is a covenant between man and his maker. Man is mind, and his maker is Spirit. Man is an individual, and his creator is the universal. The covenant made between man and his creator was entered into when the first pair made their appearance on the earth. There are variations of this one covenant running through the whole Bible. But the testament, or covenant, or will, or deed of trust is the same from the hour it was spoken in the ear of the first pair, until the present hour. It is an everlasting covenant between Spirit and the man and woman. Paul tells us that he and the other apostles were made able ministers of this new covenant, not of the letter but of the spirit. The covenant is not in words but in the spirit of truth. They are to forever maintain the spirit of the covenant. The letter killeth.

It always kills.

You may look at all of the books, all of the letters that have been written by man and God, if God ever wrote any, and you will find that they only kill. They never give life. And yet we are always resting in the written word. It has taken the place of the Spirit. As soon as a great man comes into the world we are aroused by the power of his spirit. Then when he goes away we try to squeeze his spirit out of the words and letters he leaves behind. Some man has said, "The Spirit of God cannot live in the skeleton of a dead prophet," And yet we go on rattling the bones of all the prophets trying to find Spirit. For two thousand years we have been worshiping at the tomb and cross of Jesus. In our zeal we have printed the Bible in all the languages and dialects of the earth. Millions and millions of copies of the "letter that killeth" have been sown broadcast over the earth. And yet we wonder why we die! Oh, why don't the people be converted and come away from their sins! Have we not given them the "word of God" in all the different languages of earth? When we read the Gospels why do not people arise and take up their beds and walk? When we read the Word of God to the people, why do they not cease from blindness, lameness and all kinds of sickness? My beloved, you are not reading the Word of God. You have not been printing the Word of God. God is not in the printing business. You can no more print the Word of God on paper,

than you can put breath into the nostrils of a wooden Indian. You make a picture which looks like a man, but it isn't the man.

"The letter killeth!"

And yet the Word of God creates health, happiness and prosperity. The whole of the objective universe is created, upheld and supported by the Silent Word. If this Word was withdrawn for one instant there would be a reign of chaos and a crash of worlds. Deep darkness would settle down over a mass of disorganized matter. It is this Silent Word which is forever creating, upholding and supporting the objective worlds and systems of worlds. This then is the New Testament. It is the forever New Testament. It is the covenant made with the planet when it was given to man. Man is one and the same always and forever. He is male and female. The covenant of the Eternal Father and Mother to this pair was a covenant of dominion. Dominion over what? Over all the earth. Over every beast of the field and every creeping thing that creepeth on the earth. "Let them have dominion over all the earth." How is this dominion gained and maintained? By the secret power of the Silent Word. The covenant is written in your mind and in your heart.

Let us come to the practical and personal.

It is my business to give you a record of the unfolding mind in me. The principle that is practical in my affairs will also be practicable in your own affairs. What is good for me is good for you. The Circle of Christians is crowding out everything from my mind except the Silent Word. Spirit will let me go on trying all kinds of experiments. There is no forcing in this unfolding. When we do get the principle working in us, each of us will have dominion over all the earth. It is an individual enterprise. Each one of us Christians must be a Circle unto himself. If you were left in bondage to a leader or a healer, you had as well remain in the folds of the institution. Individualism which does not set the individual free is not of the truth.

After this issue CHRISTIAN will return to eight pages. It may be reduced still more and more until it goes out of existence. The letter killeth! Let us stop killing, and give life. Let me explain. Since making it sixteen pages, nearly every one in the Circle of Christians has objected to the size. Here is a sample:

"In truth I do not care to limit your expression, but the little CHRISTIAN of early days has always seemed the easiest to tote around. Besides, it is easier to read at a single sitting."

This man pays \$60 a year for the Silent Word, and would pay it if I never printed anything. He has been paying his five dollars a month for the Silent Word steadily and regularly for many years. He knows that it is a good investment for he is in business and has a watchful eye over all of his expenditures.

In revising the list, to our utter astonishment, we found that CHRISTIAN was being almost entirely supported by my patients. Now, don't get the idea of sick people from

the word patient. I use it for want of a better word. There are people who are being treated regularly every day for Health, Happiness and Prosperity. They have taught me the value of my own Silent Word. They have forced on my mind the fact that they were buying from me my Silence and do not care a straw for my printed words either in letters or the periodical. Of course they read CHRISTIAN, and they read the few lines in my letters; but if that were all they got, they would go hungry. They know that I will give them in the Silence something that they cannot buy. I give them the Word of the real New Testament, not the letter, but the spirit. They have found out that there is something in the vibration of the Spirit that has never been put into writing, and can never be printed. It is hard for me to get out of the old preaching and publishing business. So in order to please me Spirit let me print a sixteen-page paper, wire stitched, and the men and women who were paying the bills, were not asking for anything of the kind. Here is another sample:

"Two weeks before Christmas I wrote you for treatment for physical strength, and for the first time in your professional life, you failed me. At various times you have performed 'miracles' for myself and for those I have directed to you. Among other works you straightened a dislocated spine, and yet, when I ask you only for strength enough for my very light daily duties, it does not come, nor does my memory which is almost at the vanishing point, return.

"I know that you can give me strength of body and restore my power of recollection. I depend on you for these two things. Your friend from the beginning, and unto the—final unfoldment!"

I had rather have this woman's letter than to be the author of a dozen books. She is a woman of remarkable power and, as she says, has been with me from the very first issue of CHRISTIAN. About the time she wrote I was full of the printed words, and must have unconsciously neglected her.

Jesus told his disciples not to be like the heathen, for they thought that they were to be heard for their much speaking. The modern heathen think they are to be heard for their much printing. I am going to reform. When you write a letter for the Silent Word, if it is all the same to you, just enclose a self-addressed postal card for my answer. In this house we are all alone. Even the Baby stays with her grandmother. It is not because we do not want her with us, but she has chosen her own company. So this leaves us alone in the house, and you must give us time for the Silent Word. I said the Baby is with her grandmother, but only in a certain kind of way. There is a "special providence" connected with that Baby. As it belongs to this power of the Silent Word, I will tell it to you. My wife's step-father (who was a real father to her in the early part of her life), was a very active business man until an embezzling book-keeper caused a financial crash. Now, at nearly sixty, he finds himself out of business and when he came to us he was a most unhappy man. Since the coming of the Baby everything has changed!

From the time she was in swaddling clothes until the present hour they have been inseparable companions. He devotes his whole time to her night and day. Mamma, who is a Theosophist, declares that papa and the Baby were chums in some former incarnation. If she comes here, as she does nearly every day, she will play around for three or four hours, and then begin to pine for "Papa." His initials are J. T., and so they call him "J. T. Pop." He is her authority on all subjects, and her devoted slave. At first we rebelled and tried to win her away. It was no use! They go all over this town from the center to the foothills, he even let her run up the back stairs of a house, and when we reproved, he said he could not help it as she wanted to go. He couldn't. She is the princess Chic, and he her devoted steward.

Let me give an illustration of the practical workings of the Silent Word. It is a real incident in our own unfoldment and of recent date. I do not often use names. It would make CHRISTIAN a common bill-poster. I can do more for men than any kind of an advertisement in print would do. You have often heard me speak of the man who owns my yacht. I even printed a picture of the deck of the yacht, and this man standing on it with his family. And yet you do not know his name. I use the name in this case because it is local, and want Denver readers to get the benefit.

More than a year ago my wife wanted to go to New York and study art. For years she has been an expert in china painting, and has learned all the different kinds of work that the ladies do, like lace making, basketry, pyrography, modelling, etc. She does not play the piano or ride a wheel. She can make hats, write letters, and speak French. I always want to run into jest for fear you will think I am vain over her accomplishments. I only tell you these things to bring out the point of my story. She wanted to go to New York and take lessons in sketching and painting from the best teachers to be found in the metropolis. I looked over some of her sketches and told her she had the gift. Mind you I am not an expert in painting, but my intuition is almost always infallible. It seemed almost impossible for us to go to New York unless we gave up our work. So we put the idea out of our heads.

One day we stopped in front of a studio in this city. There were several pictures in the window, and we were so entranced, that we stood there for quite a while. The next day we returned to these windows. Time after time we passed these windows and gazed at the pictures. Instead of taking the car, we would walk so that we could go by the windows on our way down town, for the studio is on 16th Avenue near Broadway. This was kept up right along for more than six months. She got to calling one of the pictures her own. Along towards Christmas I began to want to give her the picture. This man's work goes up into four figures, and that was too much for my

income. You remember an artist in Indianapolis gave us a picture, a scene on the Atlantic Coast, when we first moved into this house. This Indianapolis man's pictures are hung in the celebrated Corcoran gallery in Washington. It would not do to put anything inferior along side of his gift. The scene we had picked out in our Denver window, was a scene on the Pacific Coast. The work of this man gives a rest to the mind and a sense of pleasure to the soul that is akin to the very breathings of Nature. In jest we would talk to each other about our picture, or rather her picture, and wonder how it would look on the wall of the drawingroom.

One night not long ago, the maid came upstairs and said there was a gentleman in the reception room who wanted to see me. I was in the middle of an exciting novel, and laid down the book with a grunt. A man with a big overcoat arose, as I entered the reception room, and spoke some name which I did not catch. I didn't ask him to take off his coat. He said that while on a visit to California a lady had mentioned my name and asked him to call and see me. After talking awhile he mentioned the fact that he was doing some work for the Santa Fe railroad. I thought of course he was a railroad man, and kept thinking about my novel. He mentioned something about a studio. I said:

"What did you call your name?"

"Charles H. Harmon."

"On Sixteenth Avenue?"

"Yes."

"Say, take off your overcoat. My wife and I have been gazing at your windows for months. Be seated and excuse me for a minute."

I ran upstairs into the Healing Room out of breath in my excitement:

"Darling, who do you suppose is downstairs?"

"I have no idea."

"It is the man who painted your picture!"

She didn't take many minutes to get down those stairs and into that reception room. The very next day she began taking lessons, and is still keeping them up. Two of her pictures have been framed and are hanging in the Healing Room. She is at work on a third which we think will be good enough for the drawing room. The other day she came in with eyes unusually bright and astonished me by saying:

"I am going to get my picture!"

"When will you have it finished?"

"Oh, I don't mean the one I am painting. I am going to get the picture we have been looking at all these months."

"Why, Darling, we can't afford a thousand dollars for a picture."

"He has given it to us, and insists that he wants us to have it for friendship's sake."

The picture is hanging in our drawing-room. Money could not buy it. My wife is not a Bible student and does not know much about the New Testament. She says that the word "Galilee" comes to her mind every time she looks at that picture. It is a scene on the coast of California, and is a bit of a bay about the size of the Sea of Galilee. It does have a spiritual sig-

nificance much deeper than I can express in words.

You will get a wrong idea if you think we ever gave treatments for the picture. I was never more astonished in my life, and felt a little nervous about accepting the gift. The gentleman, with his wife and daughters, are Episcopalians. It was a purely spiritual friendship which sprang up from the Silent Word. We wanted to go to New York, and something more than New York came to us. Of course the Silent Word is not a beggar and will give abundantly for what has been received. There is always compensation, and it is more blessed to give than to receive.

Let the principle work in your own affairs. Send out your Silent Word for what you want to glorify and adorn your life. In treating for Success, you must beware of covetousness. But don't tell God you want money to give to the poor. Don't lie. You can't deceive God as to your real desire, and so you had as well fess up in every prayer. You want success for the sake of the freedom that it will give to you and yours. You want money for the adornment and refinement and comfort it will give your life. This principle, the Silent Word, whether it is spoken in you or for you, will bring your own to you.

It is the Silent Word!

There is no use for you to fume and fret. Clamor and noise and hustle and bustle will not bring you peace and plenty. When we had given up our heart's desire, the Spirit remembered all about it. The prayer of our hearts had gone out into the Silence, and to our utter surprise, came back loaded with more than we had asked. God always gives good measure, pressed down and running over.

Spirit gives more than you can ask or think, much more than you can express in words. I can tell you more and do you more good in one hour through the Silent Word than in whole tomes of literature. For this reason let me give you what you are really seeking and paying for—the secret Power and the Silent Word.

This coming of your own is not a temporary uplift only but it is for all time. You are not only seeking for food and raiment, shelter and home, but an upbuilding of your own real self. It is the unfolding of your own being. This is the reason why Spirit sometimes sets aside your prayers for temporal things until you are prepared for something better. This home of mine was not given to me until I was ready to receive it. Even then the adorning of it was withheld until the very hour when our hearts went seeking for the best. It was bought, furnished, and is being adorned by the Spirit. It is only a symbol of our own individual unfoldment. Remember that nothing on earth or in heaven can keep your own from you, when you are ready for it.

"The stars come nightly to the sky,

The tidal wave unto the sea;

Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,

Can keep my own from me."

THE CONSTITUTION OF CHRISTIANITY.

"The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force."—Matt. XI, 12.

"And a mighty angel took up a stone like a great millstone, and cast it into the sea, saying, Thus with violence shall that great city Babylon be thrown down, and shall be found no more at all."—Rev. XVIII, 21.

The Constitution of the United States is the foundation of our government.

Any law made in violation of the Constitution is null and void. There is no way by which you can violate the Constitution without undermining the foundations of the Government.

The Constitution of Christianity is the very essence of the Kingdom of Heaven. Any violation of the Constitution is a violation of the reign of heaven. You can not have a kingdom of heaven without the constitution being observed. The so-called Christianity in the world is in direct opposition and violation of the constitution. There is not a religion on earth today in unison with the constitution of Christianity. You will find on the first page of CHRISTIAN a synopsis of the letter of the constitution. I say the letter of the constitution from the fact that the constitution of Christianity is not in the letter. But in this synopsis you will get an idea of the real basis of heavenly government. But the Bible is not the constitution of Christianity.

The Constitution of Christianity is Spirit.

The kingdom of heaven is an absolute monarchy. Spirit is the sole and only sovereign. Any violation of Spirit is a violation of the constitution of Christianity. All you have to do is to take one glance at the religious and political world to see that they have violated and outraged the constitution of Christianity. Jesus, the prophet of Christianity, carried out the provisions of the constitution to the letter. He not only taught the principles of the constitution but made these principles practical in his own person. He did not die as a sacrifice for the sins of the world but as an example leading the way to the kingdom of heaven. He did just what each one of us must do, in principle, before we can enter the kingdom of heaven.

There is absolutely no personal authority whatever in the kingdom of heaven. How could there be authority in the individual while Spirit is the only sovereign? But let me tell you right here that Spirit is not only the sole sovereign, but there is really no other kind of reign or government in the universe. There is an imitation of government by violence, but this kind of government never governs. The kingdom of heaven is replaced by violence, and the violent take its place by force. They substitute force for the Spirit. In other words, the individual usurps the government which rightly belongs to the Universal Spirit. Let us form a kind of kindergarten class for the moment.

Who made him the Czar?

Nobody.

What right has he to the use of such a title?

None whatever.

Who made him a king?

Nobody.

Who made him the pope?

Nobody.

What right has any individual to the title of Czar, King, Prince, Pope, Cardinal, Bishop or any other authority over his fellows?

There is no power in heaven, hell or earth that can confer authority on the individual. It is a violation of the constitution of humanity and you can't make a law in violation of the constitution. An unconstitutional act is without authority. I AM speaking authoritatively, for there is no power in Spirit to change the principle of Being. God Almighty can not change the foundation of his own government. "I AM the Lord thy God and beside me there is none else." This is the Word of Spirit and even Spirit has no power to change the Word.

Then all of these rulers are usurpers. The whole fabric of mortal society is based upon a lie. How can such a government abide? It has never been able to resist the influences of its own false position. You may talk about a substantial government but there has never been one on this earth. There is not a ruler on this earth from the scepter of the emperor to the club of the policeman that is not a rebellion against God. They are all usurpers and insurrectionists against the kingdom of heaven. *Keep your hands off of men!* This is the order of the kingdom of heaven. You know that all these governments came into existence by brute force. The mind of the leader would have been useless without the bayonet of the vassal. It began by the man who had the craftiest intellect and the biggest club. Mortal mind knows that to establish a precedent means to hold your power as long as the precedent lasts.

Even admit that men had a right to choose a king from among their number and surrender their individual rights for the sake of a government, and what follows? They have for the time being, voluntarily entered into slavery, but they have no right to sign away the liberty of unborn generations. The men who are reigning today as kings in politics and religion, claim that their positions were handed down by heredity, or, were conferred by the Constitution. What right has one generation to make a constitution or appoint a sovereign for the coming generation? None whatever. Let the individual advance as rapidly as he may, and the institution holds him back by the fingers of the dead. The forms of government should be as flexible and progressive as the advance of the human intellect.

In this class we are discussing principles. In principle there is only God. In Spirit, the individual lives and moves and has his being. The recognition of this principle will bring you genuine liberty. When you know the truth, the truth will make you free. The very knowledge of the truth is freedom. It is freedom from pain, sickness, dis-

ease and death. It makes you absolute in your own spirituality, and ruler in your own sphere of being. I said that the constitution of Christianity was Spirit. Where can Spirit reign except in the individual? Mortal mind has taught us that God is a great big Individual, and that all of us little individuals should do him homage. Then the king comes along and says that he reigns by divine right. This one Big Boss, called God, has appointed a lot of little upstarts as his representatives. He is one Big Boss that never opens his mouth to utter a commandment except through the small fry. The great majority of the individuals must put their minds and their souls in the keeping of other individuals. The institution goes through a ceremony and puts a uniform on a man and calls him Pope, Cardinal, Bishop, Priest, and all the vassals in the spiritual realm bow down before these usurpers. The robes, the altar, the incense, the very intonation of the voice of these usurpers is made for the purpose of holding the poor devils in bondage. They are afraid to think while they are alive for fear their poor dead bodies will not receive the ministrations of these self-appointed guides to heaven. The idea of such poor mental slaves thinking about a resurrection from the dead is absurd. Spirit comes along saying in the Silence: "I AM the Resurrection and the Life!" But these poor devils never hear any voice in the Silence. The priest not only governs by craft, but he also has the power to govern by violence. Gapon was excommunicated the other day by the head of the Greek Church because he favored the laboring men and wanted to put down the autocrats. The autocrat of the Church endorsed the bullets of the autocrats in politics by excommunicating, casting out of heaven, a man who dared lead the laborers. You will remember that the same autocrat in religion excommunicated Leo Tolstoi, the greatest man that Russia ever produced.

I am not discussing politics, or religion, for neither of these subjects are worthy of our attention. Religion and politics are in direct violation of the Constitution of Christianity. The very first thing that the constitution does for us is to sweep every title from the face of the earth. You will not only refuse to give titles to any man, but you will also refuse to wear any kind of a title that men may give you. The rule works both ways. Christians at the beginning of Christianity understood the principle and absolutely refused to wear any symbol of servitude or authority. They were mowed down by the swords of the institution. They were hanged, burned, and submitted to all kinds of hellish torture, but they did not violate the constitution of Christianity. For three hundred years the Christians stood up against the usurpers, not with clubs in their hands, but with the truth in their mouths. They even went so far as to refuse to be called citizens of the earth, saying, "Our citizenship is in heaven." This was true for the man who is governed by the Spirit is a citizen of the universe. He is not confined to one little planet. More than that, he is not a creature

of time and chance. Christianity comes offering men absolute freedom in the realm of Spirit. "He that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of the Life." It was necessary that for three hundred years men and women should die as Jesus did to establish the constitution. Our advancement in civilization began with the martyrs, and not with the institution. It was caused by the Spirit in the individuals who sowed the seed of the kingdom. You can not ascribe anything good to violence. Government by violence has never yet advanced men in civilization. The whole so-called advancement by armies and navies is marching around in a circle. "He who takes the sword shall perish by the sword." Any government established by violence will be destroyed in the same way.

Why doesn't God take possession? He is taking possession in the only way that God ever reigns. If he took possession by violence, he would be overthrown by violence. You expect Spirit to come down here and take you by the nape of the neck and seat of the trousers and throw you into the kingdom of heaven. You walk the floor and storm and demand that Spirit shall give you health. When the Spirit began moving in me, I raved and rattled around in my envelope called the mortal body, asking for hair to cover my bald head. For vision to enable me to throw away my glasses, and I was fool enough to think that God did things like men. You remember Elijah when he ran away from the king. The king and his soldiers were hunting for Elijah. He had gone out to see a man! In other words, this great prophet of fire was running away. He was not letting any grass grow under his feet. When he had exhausted himself in flight and hidden his poor body away in a cave, Spirit came and gave him a little kindergarten lesson. A great and strong wind rent the mountain and broke in pieces the rocks; but the LORD was not in the wind. He never is. You may hear the wind bags even in "new thought," but the LORD is not in the hot air. Elijah was then called to witness an earthquake; but the LORD was not in the earthquake. And after the earthquake, a fire; but the LORD was not in the fire. And after the fire a still small voice. In the original Hebrew, it says "a Voice of gentle stillness." The word is the very best expression of what we now call the Silence. *Jehovah was in the Silence.* Health, Happiness, Prosperity, the Joy of Living comes to you in the Silence. This is the way Spirit governs. It is the reign of peace.

How, then, is Spirit going to get rid of the usurpers who are claiming authority? That will be easy. You know with the Lord, a thousand years is as one day. Time is nothing, as an element of power, with Spirit. Spirit is at work in eternity. Violence is at work in time and is governed by chance. One man goes up today and another comes down tomorrow. The battleship Maine explodes in Havana harbor, and the government of Cuba, Porto Rico and the

Philistines is changed after four hundred years of Spanish rule. Time and chance govern the realm of mortality. How, then, is Spirit going to get rid of the usurpers? Let them hang themselves with their own rope. They have been exploiting the thing called organization as the foundation of autocratic government. The autocrat made tentacles out of other men by calling them princes, dukes, earls, counts, captains, colonels, generals, even down to constables and corporals. The tentacles of the octopus are called systems, organizations, or in other words, the Institution. It was all very fine as long as they could find privates enough to make up the bulk of the army and the citizenship. But there was an unseen force which was not counted on by the founders of the Institution. It was the printing press. The vassals learned to read. Fatal day! What right has a peasant, a mere private, to an education? Why, the priest wouldn't even let him read the Bible for fear he might form opinions of his own. Alas and alack, even the Japs are disturbing the minds of Russian privates by giving them the news from St. Petersburg. The wily Jap takes care that the newspapers shall be thrown across the lines so that the Russians can get hold of the news. It is violence against violence, one monarchy against another, even old China, which for generations, has been taught to worship the dead, is beginning to have dreams of independence. There may be a time when the Chinese will violate tradition and trim their finger nails! What is it going to be? A regular Kilkenny cat affair.

When John wanted to know how the City Beautiful could come down from God out of heaven, while Babylon, the City of Confusion, reigned on the earth, Spirit gave him an illustration of how the trick was to be done. In clairvoyance he saw an angel, a mighty angel, take up a great stone, like a millstone, and cast it with a great splash into the midst of the sea. Then he heard a voice saying: "Thus with violence shall that great city Babylon be thrown down, and shall be found no more at all." My beloved, there will not be a ripple on the surface of society when the whole institution shall be sunk into the depths of hell. For you know that death and hell shall both be cast into the bottomless pit. The word bottomless pit, means the abyss, the place of emptiness. It is a splendid symbol of how things are lost. It will show how things go out of existence. You can't find any stronger words in the science of being, than you will find in the last book of the Bible. That little book called Revelation, is a pictorial illustration of the closing ages of the Institution. The more you study it, the more light it will give you on the subject. Don't try to make one of those wonderful illustrations fit into any part of history. It is not to be interpreted by the intellect but accepted as a spiritual unfoldment.

Yes, yes, the Institution has found out that the masses can also organize. Organization is to be the destruction of organization. When the under dogs find out how to unite

their strength, the upper dogs will be on the bottom. As there are so many more under than there are on top, the fight will be fierce and short. It is to be a sudden dropping into oblivion. Like the dashing of the great stone into the sea, the bottom will drop out of the institution. One great and mighty war between the races will settle the whole matter. It will not be a war between the masses and the classes, but a war between the races. It may begin with convulsions between capital and labor, but it will end with the Yellow Peril. The great battle between Gog and Magog is the final struggle between the white man on one side, and the black man and yellow man on the other side.

But long before that time comes, the Resurrection will begin to manifest among men. Christians will once more be joined together by the Spirit of Truth and will absolutely refuse to be made partakers in a government by violence. The time is come for our affirmative work. When the seed was being sown, Christians did a negative work by dying for the constitution. They are now called on to live for it. The recognition of Spirit as the Constitution of Christianity and the only sovereign and ruler in the individual will destroy death and bring life and immortality to light. This, my beloved, must be done in the Silence for there is no noise about the work of the Spirit. Quietly one by one we will know the truth and the truth will make us free. I expect to be here and witness the final windup. I will be here when the age of Spirit is inaugurated and I will be one individual factor in its inauguration. For this purpose I have overcome death in my own mind. Having overcome death in my mind it will only be a question of time when my body will manifest what my mind conceives. Keep away from any meddling with the institution one way or the other. When the violent take the kingdom of heaven by force let them do it. They can't hold it. The kingdom of heaven suffers violence because there is no other way to bring men into the place of peace. Jesus let men do as they pleased with his body; and now he is doing as he pleases with their minds. Jesus, seeing the Kingdom, could afford to let them have their way with his body. Of course, like all the rest of us, Jesus kicked and squirmed and prayed and tried to get out of it. The Revelation did not all come before hand, and when we look backward we see that the Spirit was all right and the leading wise. Christians are the light of the world, and the salt of the earth. The salt has not lost its savor. Truth never loses anything by time. Gold hidden in the earth for thousands of years is still gold. Christianity is the only saving influence there is on the earth today. In spite of the fact that the organized governments and society are doing violence to the constitution of Christianity, there is no other saving influence in the world.

I AM the light of the world. There is no other light. There is no other kind of kingdom. I AM the Only Way!

THE PERFECT BODY.

By Mary Lamoreaux-Burnell.

All that anyone knows about the physical body is what the mind is telling. The body is not capable of knowing itself, being without intelligence, therefore it is at the complete mercy of whatever kind of mind happens to be the steward of one's affairs.

Now if this mind which is pronouncing upon the body from morning until night lacks even one degree of being omniscient its pronouncement may be false. If the mind does not know all that is to be known it can not be trusted to deliver correct reports about the body, any more than an ignorant steward could oversee and manage a large estate; his ignorance would cause him to make mistakes in judgment.

Yet how universally the people believe every report the mind hands in, without so much as questioning its value. If the mind says, the body is imperfect—the message is accepted; if it says, the body changes, grows old, dies; nobody questions the assertion. The ignorant bookkeeper goes on making his false entries, the errors grow intricate, the body, that great Book of Life, is used for the reckonings of ignorance.

Where is the Lord of the Manor? Is he away on a journey? Shall he not return to the unjust Steward and make him give an account?

A discordant instrument can not give out harmony, it can not produce accurate tone; likewise a mind that is not adjusted to infinity by functioning all knowledge can not produce in the body the perfection of harmonic bliss.

A psychic can not do good work with an imperfect instrument, but is most careful in selecting a sensitive. A real musician casts aside all instruments but the best. The true artist requires perfect material. But an ordinary man or woman will put up with any kind of mental apparatus, rusty with ignorance, full of cobwebs of hereditary belief and then by force of egoism they will defend every thread of its moth-eaten fabric, and yield its attic-story rubbish only with the greatest coercion. The more false the belief the more tenaciously it holds to its victim, like a vampire getting sustenance while it may. Not so with true knowledge; it is free, it leaves its devotees free; so free, indeed, is it that instead of clamping down like ignorance it seems remote. So, when a mind undertakes to get knowledge of truth it says, "I must go on a journey, I must make a pilgrimage to some Mecca, I feel the call of freedom."

They who make this journey which is not a going, and enter the path which is not a way, leave no trail behind nor blaze a course, for freedom bears no marks and has no brands; its seals are light, its escutcheon immortality. The knights of the order, all dauntless, trek the trackless wild of unformed thought; with fearless and impassioned heart they seize the Mind of Light, to sack its store of treasured primal stuff all fresh and young. The music not yet set grows never old, the mind that forges no beliefs stays ever young.

The mind of freedom, touching like a

breath the least and greatest of us all, yet binding chains on none, seems less observed than anything, for being all it can afford to be and nothing more assert; but ignorant mortal mind, which is no mind at all, lays out itself to do the stunt of claiming and sets its claim by cruel, atrocious bondage: so that its caught and tortured victims grasp hard the hand that holds and chokes them and think they've found a thing inseparable, substantial and to be paid allegiance. The "night of power" expanded when the great concealment was set upon the body. The Morning Spirit that makes Holy Writ said: "Now we will write a Book of Life, a Book that lives and in it put the Name and Mysteries." And thus the body, lettered white with living light was set and sealed; between dark covers of an ignorant mind its enigmatic records lay all gloriously plain and in resplendent power made clear but waiting for that mind that to direct cognition goes ablazing itself through the night of nescience into day of resurrection.

And so it is that at the time when this perfect body shall be read aright "there shall be nor more night;" and as a statue pure and white emerges from nigrescent fog and creeps like substance out of vapid mist, this body shall stand forth complete, immune, robust and young, without so much as one small flaw to mar its grace and symmetry.

They say that in that resurrection day all arms and hands and feet and heads, though scattered to the winds by grimy war or strewn abroad by elemental force, shall all unite in one unbroken whole without a member lost. And why is this? Because in visional intellect there is perceived to be no loss of limb or any part of this most perfect physical, nor now, nor ever, nor in any time; but always health and life and that eternally.

The imagination is to the mind what parable is to a discourse, an aid to direct and rapid perception. If the imagination be turned upon the perfect body like a search light it will discover its own ability to paint a picture, truer, better proportioned, more beautiful than it dreams itself the artist of.

Inspiration can seize a wizened and disused imagination to thrill it through with new life as well as it could ever light with magic touch an artist's fingers to turn his work to super-excellence.

Supposition is the start of imagination. It begins; suppose now that my body is perfect and has been all the time but I in ignorance misjudged it, was unobserving forgetful, heedless; what if it has been magnificent in health, flexible as the wind, sweet smelling as aromatic sanctity and is now the epitome of bliss: let me then seize the supposition quickly and with rapid strokes paint on the imagination 'till supposition yields its scaffolded support and the finished temple "not made with hands," eternal in perfection rears itself above the clouds of false belief.

This supposition and imagination can be backed by reason; but having once well established the reason in its normal course, a general background for all play of mind, the imaging power can run at will and sport with God's best goods and deck itself

in Nature's rarest fabrics and still be only half way showing off the splendor that is intended for the body.

After indulging in such extravagances of goodly imaging and reveling in the luxury of having an infinite store of goodness the mind begins to lean toward abundance and to demand an inexhaustible supply for every wish. When the mind breaks open thus to a broader view, the inrush of expanded light widens the breach and ignorance rolls back into the nothingness from whence it came.

The perception of the nothingness of evil is the world redeemer. Pain, disease, deformity, ugliness do not exist in the body, they are not sown there through heredity nor are they produced by accident. One would think from the way some people object to the teaching that sin, evil, bondage are unreal, that they wanted those things to be real, showing how the adhesiveness with which one holds to an ignorant point of view will keep one from seeing the very point that would be his deliverance.

Why should the people fight with argument and dogmatic opinion to uphold the reality of evil? Do they want it real? Why do they want it real? It is not delightful, that they should cling to it. In fact, they try to escape it by the avenues of drugs, political laws, mutual protection societies, et cetera; but to be told that such a simple thing as to believe in the unreality of their evils would be a "straight and narrow way" of deliverance would only cause them to turn and fight for the enemy they are fleeing from. Such unreasonable mortals!

While they of great prowess run not away from evil but face it with determined insight, with a penetrative view that scorches through the assumed appearance and by pure strength of vision lay bare the substance of health.

When searching for gold that is known to lie hidden in a discovered vein the search is impetuous, hot, and the unprofitable soil that has covered the ore is cast unreservedly aside. The trained eye can see a treasure through its disguise.

The meaning of a perfect body is something more than abstraction. If it exists it can be found. If deluded thinking is its only concealment, surely the antidote for delusion can be had. It is discovered. To know is to be set free. To know is penetration. To know is to have.

The perfect body is particularized. Abstraction exists in assumed plausibility when ignorance like haze envelopes things. When the whole, complete, healthful body is seen to exist in place of the malformation mis-named body then it shows its definite and particular beauties.

The enlightened minds of the race have given descriptions of its various perfections, such as the essential and sustaining perfection of every organ.

"The organ of taste is most excellent, and it will never relish anything of inferior flavor; the flavours are no sooner put on his tongue than they become divine and possessed of divine taste."

It is observed that the perfect organ of taste transmutes the baser estimates into ambrosial nectar.

The perfect body is an alchemist; its every organ sustains, by immutable justice to its pure essentiality, the immunity of

its own intrinsic harmony. One man who has had this wholesome body said: "If ye drink any deadly thing it shall not hurt you."

The body alchemist transmutes it for you into elixir; for there is a fire burning which never goes out, a fire kindled for one purpose only, to burn the make-believe notions about things and elements and bodies and organs and turn them all to ashes that the true and beautiful and good may be stripped "as by fire" to the very core.

"His eye shall possess eight hundred good qualities by which it shall be correct, clear and untroubled. He shall see mountains and seas, and downward and upward to the extremity of existence.

"His ear likewise shall hear as many sounds as are uttered in the universe. While hearing singing lovely and sweet he is at the same time constant enough not to allow himself to be beguiled by it. By this clear and perfect organ of hearing he perceives the various sounds, without exception in this world.

"His body is thoroughly pure, clear as if consisting of lapis lazuli; he is a pleasant sight for all creatures."

And thus the accounts read as given by those who have experienced a body free from injury and from laws of material thinking.

"Death and life work no change in him. Though heaven and earth were to be overturned they would occasion him no loss."

Although the built up, pretense world composed of laws of matter, changing, shifting, growing, decaying, ever kaleidoscopic should topple and fall like wreck of ages about the head of him who stands colossal in the might of perfect being there would never be a tremulo of unpoised atmosphere about the body and mind of him whose heart is stayed on truth. Like so much mist, before eyes that are made for seeing beyond, would be the cataclysmal illusion. O, the music on the tongue of him who sings the nothing! The dithyrambic sound produces frenzy over that which claims to be on false pretense. All pain and suffering yield their grief; they are only held by threads of lies—those gossamer cords that bind and throw the dreamer down and hold his mind to think he's crushed in tangible bonds; mere filmy nothing.

When the song of the nothing comes, that magic sound of "Nay, Nay," the key note of error is touched; it vibrates, chills, disintegrates and merges into its call. Glory the relief! The sweet, uprising, something-being-lifted-off; the feeling all amass of keenest inward ecstasy; the song of health. "Yea, Yea," the sound of excellence; all creeping over me—it is restoration! Life! It is body found, as pure, as fresh, as young, as feeling all a-changed as when on creation's morn it woke to find itself a thing of life, a joy to be.

When Christian came to the gate in search of some way to be rid of the burden bound upon his back he met a man who said: "Turn back, you will find in yonder city a man named Legality; he will take away your load." But when Christian came to the hill over which he must climb to reach "Legality," the hillside rose and grew precipitous and perpendicular until no further progress could be made.

Today the children of the race, sore-backed with misery's pack, plod on to get relief. That the pack may be loaded with shadows and the binding cords may be cob-

webs makes not the burden one whit lighter if the mind says you are loaded with stone. Trust a hypnotizer to lay on his own burden of whatever nature he says.

At every gate stands a ready director: "Take the law, stand by order; cause and effect can cut loose your burden." So the voices of the would be teachers come to the plodding victims, and they are told to think better thoughts, and they will get better conditions in the body; speak better words and they will get freer from their burdens; act more in harmony with life and they will find life easier. Such is the cry of the misinformed. The law of cause and effect even put in spiritual practice, is worthless still, for that perfect body with which everyone is endowed can not be created; it is. No legality can deliver it unto one's possession for one already has it; no acts of "living the life" can do ought but deceive into thinking there is something wrong. Action adds to action. Pursuit makes one feel the pressure of that from which one is running, as one feels the close urge of the phantom dark when once one yields to the desire to run from it.

Ignorance, darkness, evil, the entire mongrel brood, can bank themselves up like lowering clouds and sweep on giving swift chase if knowledge has shut off her light; but once let wisdom, insight, vision direct and straight, break on the summit of the mind and all the dark fantasies lurking false will seek their cover in the vanished land an unpermitted place.

Many illustrations are before the people of dominant ideas seizing individuals and whisking them like maddened specters around and around in the central pool. A draught can not hurt a living thing, the breath and moving airs were made for things, but a suggestion of "catching your death of cold" will fasten like a fermenting bunch and lay one down in bed, providing it strike a nest of delusive thought, a boggy hole in some dark, ignorant mind. One beam of light, one flash of intellect, one view of actual fact will turn the cave of ignorance to fairer light than day and scatter every insinuating error.

With a dominant idea of evil one meets it and thinks to see its front, one follows it and thinks to see its back, one grasps it and expects to find it real, but running from it one is sure the nether region's brood of similar kind is heavy in pursuit.

So spins out evil in a vain imagination, a tortuous mental aberration, without a single chance to enter into fact. Unreal evil, unreal pain, unreal sickness, unreal weakness, unreal ugliness! only beauty, health, life, charm, fragrance as of Arabian Jasmine, to keep this body perfect.

When ignorance feels the crowd of knowledge at its right and left, behind, before, above, below, and scents the lines of extermination, feeling the snare of a cul de sac, then knowledge, like the day too virgin to have looked on night, crowds on and on till dreams and misconceptions, squeezed out of breath, yield up the ghost and liberty is bloom without so much as a shadow to gainsay it.

Some say Heaven is to be loved, some say God, some say Nature, but the wise say he who loves the Self loves all; for the Self is the perfect whole. Without the Self no one would know of God, or heaven or earth, for he would not be there to

know; but given a Self, we'll grant you all the rest; 'tis easy to make worlds and gods and men when once the Self has been and is eternally.

That selfishness should assume place, a fungus growth in minds deluded, shows how a divine principle can be misinterpreted in ignorance and love of Self be called so foul a name. But love of Self means not the pettings of one's fancies, the cuddling of one's own idiosyncrasies, the thinking of one's viewpoint of the self as though it were the real. To love the Self is to love beauty, is to be enamored of the charms of health; to think, to ponder, and to worship good; to see deep, unlimited regions of inexhaustible worth, from which a tiny spark might kindle an artist, poet, musician so big he would burst this bubble earth ere ever he breathed his breath upon it.

The octaved instrument is short, the sounds of earth go on beyond, but puny minds stretch out in bounded atmospheres and feel themselves too small to measure to the limit; but souls that know the perfect Self break bounds as though they were but lines upon a paper drawn. To them all the instruments are piping reeds. They measure earth and heaven to find them small and insignificant.

Love on, but love the truth. The Body is as sure and real as that the life is warm. It touches, leans, lies, close; it is more near than day, more real than breath, more substantial than the earth. The perfect body is, has never ceased to be, and no one is without it. It is the treasure of the life, there is no other body. Beauty, health and life are it.

Transformation, whether it assume the form of alchemistic transmutation or spiritual transfiguration is altogether a doctrine of unenlightened minds, for illumination reveals the fact that there is nothing to be changed. The people have been seeking health in change, they have hoped for beauty through a transforming process, they have expected to possess a perfect body by transfiguring the old. But the enlightened minds see clearly that change would only perpetuate the unreal, for change belongs to the false; untruth can never escape itself by turning over within itself, any more than the motion of clouds can make them anything different from clouds.

The Christian sage seemed to transfigure himself before his disciples; this did not show his enlightenment, but their density, for they should have seen him that way all the time. "Have I been so long time with you and yet thou hast not known me?"

The travelers at the half-way house are known by their much speech concerning evolution, growth, change and development. Their semi-darkness is more gruesome, more hopeless than night. In utter ignorance there is a chance for sudden and miraculous light, while the semi-lighted have much contention over their shadows and degrees of light.

Since all is perfect now, and there is nothing from which to evolve, the wise have said: "I am life. I am Truth. I am the Self," and they have not said it to make it so, but because it is so. They have bodies that can not be transfigured for they are now perfect; they need no transmuting from baser to finer, for they are now divine. Such is the body of each. Now is the body perfect.

HEAVEN BY INDIRECTION.

By George Edwin Burnell.

The experts in illumination inform us that heaven can not be found by the direct program of observation. It is as a person recollects something he has long and previously forgotten. The mind refuses to act directly upon itself. But as light does not show itself while betraying anything else, so the consciousness seizes upon non-existences to make good its verity and substance; just as the senses inform themselves from mirrors.

He who sleeps in a palace and dreams of a hut is exiled from the palace from which he is not exiled. Such is all loss of heaven. Awakening finds heaven, and the way is not by observation but by indirection.

To scandalize the hut does no good. To destroy it is in vain. To ameliorate it is useless. To investigate it comes to nothing. Awakening alone avails.

To abandon the hut, to live out its duties, to reduce the joy in it—all is by the side of the escape—awakening only.

The power of living out an objective series of experiences is a very fascinating faculty. There is not the least necessity for reducing the spirit of such objective exercises in vitality. But the terms of reproach cast at this enterprise have poisoned it very severely for many. To be suré, the excuse for this infliction of depression has been worthy enough to all appearances, but deeply unworthy in reality. The excuse given for reproaching the natural life in the world is that men are ignorant of its true nature and so do not or can not live it happily or freely. It is the manner of ignorance to condemn what is not known. But in fact this life is perfect, and the invention of another world in which the ignorant can thrive is deeply deceptive. No one dare excuse scandal because the messenger thereof was misinformed or ignorant. Ignorance is no excuse.

It is not by any energy of the mind or program of experience that ignorance is destroyed, and heaven re-discovered. It is spirit that defies the outrage. It is spirit that incessantly revolts against the impositions of opinions. It is spirit that angers the mind to the point of devouring its own creations. Eat my flesh and drink my blood says the mind in the arousal of its lionhood.

When your spirit returns unto you and you find your bodily temple full of imposing and infesting ideas that steal and barter away your true contract with nature; then you will take in your hand a whip and lash those infested and usurping ideas out of your temple, and your body will feel the thrill of inrushing nature, flooding you with health and strength and illumination.

As this contagion of insurrection spreads from your body out upon your environment, the hosts of alien notions flee before your enspirited mind and body, and a clearing exposes the raw forces and naked nurtings of the elements. Unsheathed intelligence cuts in every way until the rich and primal menstroom of chaos breeds all the heavens you may desire on the instant. To intelligence chaos is ever quick and never clinging; no more than shadows cling to flames

of light; no more than the sky is caught in the net of the sun's rays.

Swift and sure is the disaster to those souls that decline to drink the bitter acid of the spirit that alone can cut away the stone and resistance of bondage and creations. Let him love that liquor of ruin to dreams. Let him become deeply addicted to the drink of amber wisdom.

There is no heaven you may venture to speculate in but the natural heaven of spirit and truth. Be too spirited to believe any scandal against nature. Let no mind bring to her any invented offspring. No spell binds nature. No imposition succeeds. No artifice dupes this mother of every able device.

For those souls too broken and contrite in spirit to demolish the spells that infest their own minds and bodies and affairs—for such de-spirited souls there have been provided cocoon heavens; in these they are sequestered—while nature has her revenges; and when again a new curtain is lifted upon a fresh and primal chaos, these cocoon heavens are let down into the menstroom and these souls set out upon their pilgrimage of dreams and opinions.

Spirit instructs men and women in truth. Hence they know that the boundless power advertized in the cosmos pertains in very fact to their own mind and being. Such advice eradicates that ignoble disposition that forms in the mind full of fear at the greatness of externality and the contempt of mal-experience among things. The greatness that nestles in your soul need not cringe at the expanded machinery of matter or mind. They crow over you with the greatness they have stolen from you. Spirit restores your soul.

In spite of our spells truth telepaths to us in our desires. Those teachers tell us to cut out the desires who would utterly exile us from our unperceived being. The real shepherds enjoin our recognition of desire.

We entirely underrate our fallow turns. They are our natural sabbaths. They are indirect. Negation, altho' quite the under dog, insists upon his day. There is a way through the shadow. Even the secret perception of nothingness has a value. This is a very difficult treasure to appraise. Men seem afraid of faith. Women seem afraid of reason. Yet reason and faith are the very same evidence. Faith is the masculine value; reason is the feminine treasure; both are the perception of nothingness, the evidence of nature. History underscores the fact that men love reason and women love faith, and both love nature; this is as it should be. Both are the paths of the indirect. Honor thy reason and thy faith and thou shalt surely win the longevity of heaven and earth. Heaven and earth are the fallow twins of the soul. They pass away. They come and go. They are games of soul amusement. Do not miss their meaning. The indirect forbids seriousness. Faith lives in joy. The happy never lack. Reason is as daylight when we sing. Even the unreasonableness of the ecstatic is sound and sane and rational. Once we master the key of indirection we enter heaven at every door.

Those who are so contrite as to feel the unreality of the message that they comprise in themselves the totality of existence

are said to get heaven indirectly. They reject the great truth through lowliness of disposition. But they absorb the fact through sheer collapse. Thus heaven for the paupers of spirit is a sort of hospital.

It takes a wealth of spirit to accept the message of the seers. With any shortage in spirit you will demur at so audacious a perception. Your conscience of facts, your obligations to experience will defeat your best efforts to feel conscious of omnipotence. Your well-groomed estimate of yourself and of humanity will forbid your conceding the truth of the ultimate proposition of the sages. Besides, it is going to engage more than your thinking machinery to comprehend and exhaust this message. It is in fact the proper affair of the soul.

Thus the organ of thought gets in ill repute with itself. This depression is humility. It feels forsaken of God, and it is. This violence and contrition of the mentality throws the enterprise of reception upon the soul, which is now spirited enough to revolt against the estimate and be conscious of the truth.

Now the heaven of truth is another affair from the hospital where re-incarnates recruit. These various taverns of cosmic pilgrims are resting places. Here the ignorant with good manners and obedient dispositions mark time until farther spiritual orders are issued.

If a wise soul is true to itself it cannot be false to any soul. But it is sure to seem far from true. The ignorant try to dance to the piping of appearances: but the wise must march to the beat of another drum. They do not keep step with laws and ideas and principles, because they are free. And if the real idea of man set them free, nothing shall ever bind them.

The real door of heaven is the perception of the non-existence of anything but truth. There can be no falsehood unless there be ignorance to be deceived. Intelligence can not be deceived. Ignorance can not be told the truth. No truth is told unless the whole truth. There is no partial truth. The real door of happiness must be opened by such intelligence as can destroy ignorance. False ideas need false ideas to associate with them. One error made lovely requires many deceptions to preserve the meanness of that error. It seems such a terrible business to undeceive our lovers. Pain at the passing of dear ideas frightens many a soul using what intelligence comes his way. There is no pain like the hurt we may fear to bring upon others.

The dread of living true to those whom ignorance wraps in its protecting bliss is due to a misconception of sympathy. Silence is the greatest liar of the universe, because ignorance is very busy in its presence. Were all thoughts uncovered, were all secrets unearthed, were all hidden acts made known, what a transformation! Maybe the change would be so complete that there would be no change at all.

The bliss of ignorance is a vain heaven. It may not rank as bliss at all. But it may be in the heart and many think wise to foster or at least protect it, under the guise of innocence. It is an ill turn we do ourselves to beg odds and cuddle for mercy lest intelligence put us in touch with truth.

Heaven is the joy of life. There must not exist in you any conscience against this gladness of being. No terms must be made with life. Life is freedom. Life can not be bound just because your mind and body are infested with ideas of constraint and limitation. Life has all too much spirit for any continence or temperance. It is unsound policy to ding into your mind or body notions bad and worse, for life never makes any continence or temperance. It is unfreedom. All the license you ever dreamed of or dared imagine were but tame pasturage compared with incomparable life. There is eternal life and freedom. Joy is freedom. We are free. We are not in need of bargains. We are not in need of help. We have no lack. We must dare to take joy on sight, just as nature bestows it upon us at the command of spirit.

The illumined propose to us that there is no death at all, not even physical death. They inform us that that which causes death is but a spell, and does not exist at all. We know that it is quite certain that we can and do experience events which are merely spells upon our thinking organ. The understanding of the law of the association of ideas is able to demonstrate to us fully that entire series of experiences may be gone through with totally apart from any natural facts. We can see that granted the present actual nature of mind and the existence of the cosmic tendency to live and create to prevail among ideas there is no doubt about the ability of the general mind to be obsessed by the ideas of birth and death, while no such actual event as generation and degeneration existed at all in the natural universe.

Perhaps we have not spirit enough to contemplate challenging these apparently monstrous obsessions. It is sure that the illumined felt that many of the race would not listen with reason and conviction to their proposition of the unreality of death. For these broken in spirit ones an incorporeal heaven was invented and sanctioned and made real. From this resting place they again and again proceed on the round of cosmic spells. They may never escape these rounds except by the truth. The consciousness manifests as reason and forces its faith into the thought-picture producer and binds this strong man in his house and spoils his goods. Whatever is true is quite real and independent of mental verification and sanction. It can invade the mind as a night-thief or as a white horse with a red rider.

The heaven of truth is neither an objective or subjective spell. It is not approached by birth or re-birth or death. Jacob's ladder does not lead any nearer to it than the tower of Babel. Evolution has no key thereof. No ethics or religion or angel or god can avail. Even nature with all her mothering and miracles can not help. Spirit alone is judge. Only spirit can unlock the mystery of the kingdom of truth. The luminous and beautiful body, which we all sleep upon in wondrous ignorance of its mighty presence and reality, must stir and awaken, must arise and shine; then shall we put on our fine colors, and wear glory and live the program of light. Put on your beautiful garments, O male spirit! He who is shall push out of you all death and fear and ill and pain and bondage.

The inexhaustible mind of nature convinces each one of a heaven to match his ignorance or insight. Faith is the engineer who lays out these heavens; the ensubstancer also. There is but one architect we know of who draws supply from pure and white negation. Nothingness ranks as wealth incalculable unto faith. Had these mansions of indirection truth for substances, faith as their constituents would scarcely be recommended so insistently. That which exploits non-existence must be indirect. Faith is indirection. The only areas where heavenly mansions and continents can thrive and prevail must be the magic confines of negation. Ignorance alone would trade in heavens. The lover of truth may not scorn celestial balances and treasures, but has a quick heart for eternity without any smack of the ledgers of the fathers and the gods.

The fertility of the cosmic and natural imagination may never be doubted; for the supply of soothing and benevolent dreams shall certainly equal the fund of sleep which ignorance furnishes. We do not even expend pity upon those constantly gathered to their fathers and their gods. On the contrary, we rejoice in the masterly responsiveness of the mundane egg; we delight in the answering areas of negation.

Certain, however, must it remain that truth's heaven shall never condescend to dramatize as a subjective *utopia* for the perpetuation of spiritual invalids and chronic incompetents. The sage flashes heavens as the glow-worm glows. His mind opens and shuts like a trans-dimensional eye; open, it is infinite existence; shut, it is eternal eclipse; all other heavens spring up in the penumbra as trees by rivers of light.

Perhaps there is little need for perplexity because it is known to souls of broadened areas that the senses open and open upon ever more vivid and luminous dominions. Perhaps the inward continents of vision scarcely offer exercise for the jaded nag of thinking. Let us not forbid the Pegasus of eternal consciousness. If there was a man who felt too cosmic and expansive to expect the universe to be entire and complete enough to enstuff a pillow "whereon to lay his head," let us take refuge in the report of a heaven and an earth that shall not pass away.

Over the pathway of the desires, no matter how scandalized they may be; over the highway of the lives and lessons of the illumined, however ill be-spoken; over the clear, cold road of argument unto the rational constitution, even though made well nigh impassable by the hoodooing mob which accuses the reason of abstractness; and even over the terrible path of experience, which depresses and humiliates with such dispatch and completeness; over each and all of these four avenues comes the resistless report of our entirety of being, that we are the whole substance of life, the total spirit of all in all. Then we understand why the heaven and the heaven of heavens can not contain us, even as Solomon perceived the incontinent character of his idea of god. What then of his mind that contained such an intemperate and infinite creation?

Courage then to stifle the scandal of viciousness brought by the depressors against the desires; remember they are envoys from occulted areas, from forgotten dimensions, and believe you have received them as you are charged to do.

Courage then to exploit the words and acts of the cosmic adepts and apostles who hail from the infinitude of your own being. Be not disjunct from their message, but know them for your own, since they are your own which comes to you. If ignorance accuses them of pastness and spacial absence, silence such a temporal satan. They live and now walk the earth in your very third dimension.

Courage then to drink the acid and cold poison of argument that slays dreams. Drain the cup of metaphysics, for its trances may poultice you of many celestial hospitals. Abstraction is the antidote for foam. It cools the fever and cuts out the blind-alleys of fanaticism. Argument, perception, illumination and vision—this road coerces the mind into a just stewardship.

Courage to face the wiles of tricky experience exists fully in one who knows that it is but spell and spell only to the very core. He must know for very fact that the entire enterprise of the material and occult universe is but paltry advertisement of the power and competence of his own mind and eye. He shall not dare to accept partnership with any other being. Alone and complete must he stand, in certainty of spirit and truth. Thus only can he throw off the spell of insignificance which his person staggers under from the worlds of worlds.

Then may he discern that spiritedness which says—Heaven and earth shall pass away but my words shall not pass away. Such power to take verbal command of the world of experience rests latent in each soul. The seers announce this ability of cosmic administration. They insist upon our individual imperialism. They use a word—*chakravartin*—which means cosmic emperor. A candidate once withdrew for the time from our teaching because the fence of social insignificance made war in him against this word. He felt inwardly damaged when we pronounced in his ears the sentence: "He shall rule the nations with a rod of iron." Gods that churn the mental seas may not be squeamish, nor let the mere shadow of the message upon the mountain derail their devotion or consternate their imperial will. Jesus felt no compunction under the trying fire of personal worship. Joseph was innocent of pride among bowing sheaves.

Let us then admit the indirect heaven. It is no *utopia*. It is not a subjective elemental, created and fed by sympathy and sentiment. It is not even Samaritanism, for the true candidate may not fall among thieves but fares forth safely though among wolves. The indirect heaven is the power and kingdom of illumined mind. It is quite intact and perfect amidst beloved chaos. Certainly it comes not by observation, nor is it in the path of civilization. It is the secret of the most high truth, and makes blessed its perceivers.

CHRISTIANITY



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