



Christianian

Monthly: 50 Cents a year. JANUARY, 1899. New Series, Vol. 5, No. 1.
Dr. T. J. Shelton, 2222 Chester St., Little Rock, Ark.

162

ITEMS AND IDEAS.

** Hello, 1899!

** CHRISTIAN is a Plumed Knight.

** Double nine; double judgment.

** This is to be a great year of our Lord.

** Great wonders will unfold in 1899 and 1900.

** Yes, I give treatments for financial success.

** Poverty is a disease—dis-ease; it can be cured.

** Thanks for prompt renewal of subscriptions.

** CHRISTIAN is better this year than ever before.

** Claim your own, not fretfully like a spoiled child, but calmly and serenely.

** Do not send for back numbers of CHRISTIAN. The supply has been exhausted.

** "The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof;" and you belong to the Lord; therefore, claim the earth.

** Are you sure you are teaching the right doctrine?

Yes, I am teaching the Truth, the whole Truth, as it is given to me.

** Do you believe in the Bible as the word of God?

No; but I know that many words of God are to be found in the Bible.

** What is your method of obtaining divine consciousness?

By recognizing Divine Unity. There is only God; therefore, I Am God.

** In December CHRISTIAN Mrs. Benyon is made to say "back-peddling" instead of "back-pedaling." She was using bike language and had no reference to peddlers.

** Get ready for many sudden surprises for 1899 and 1900. They are coming thick and fast. The old world is passing away; a new world is being ushered into existence.

** Densie to Marie: "Talk is cheap. Anyone, who knows how, can string words together. But, my dear, the editor asks of us: WHAT DO YOU KNOW? Do you know anything?"

** "I was weak and hungry, and my mind kept on behaving like a beetle on a pin—tremendous activity and nothing done at the end of it, come round just where it was before."

** Christian Science, Mental Science, Divine Science and I Am Science are really all one so far as fundamental principles are concerned. The little variations in methods are as nothing.

** In offering a mental premium for paid-up subscriptions several persons mistook it for a material gift. It was something better than a bribe in material form, for the word spoken in treatments goes on forever.

** "The Law of Vibrations" is a booklet of 104 pages sent postpaid on receipt of 25 cents. It contains twelve lessons on the I Am Science by the editor of CHRISTIAN. Send silver quarter in the common mail.

** Maurine Manola Martin, my grand baby, is a fine girl. She grows more interesting as she grows older. I will give you another picture of her some of these days. This item is an answer to many inquirers.

** How must I think, to be in perfect accord with the truth of my Being?

Think that you are in perfect accord with the Truth of your being; that you and God are One, therefore there cannot be discord or inharmony in your Being.

** In answer to my notice of Artie B. Spear, Higdon, Ala., several persons have written asking her terms, etc. Now, I told you not to write her without enclosing at least one dollar. She has no terms. I made these terms for her myself. Send a dollar and a stamp.

** I can afford to send you CHRISTIAN for nothing; but you can't afford to receive it for nothing. If you want to get into my vibration, and gain health, wealth and wisdom, you must pay up your subscription. Get out of the soup, and buy your CHRISTIAN, then it is your own.

** If there is no other God except the God in you, then why is it that the subscribers of your paper say, "We bless God and you?"

Because they recognize both the Principle and the individual through whom the Principle is made manifest or active.

** Yes, all kinds of diseases, disorders and abnormal conditions will give way before mental treatments. Hair will be made to grow on bald heads; cancers, consumption, and all other ailments will give way before mind. The whole world is to be raised from the dead through right thinking. There is no doubt in my mind about these things. Day by day I do more and better work. My own body is becoming obedient to my mind, and my mind is coming more and more into conjunction with the Spirit of Truth. It is only a matter of knowing the Truth and how to use it.

** CHRISTIAN goes back to the old form in which it appeared as a religious organ in 1889. Blessed ten years of suffering which has made perfect every step of progress! The form will remain as it is; and the little paper, as an independent journal, will reach fifty thousand paid-up subscribers.

** I heal all manner of sickness, including family troubles and poverty. Put yourself in conjunction with this Center by stating your case and enclosing from one to ten dollars, according to your own estimate of your financial condition. The law requires a giving before receiving; therefore, I do not treat people for nothing.

** What do you believe becomes of the soul after death?

There is no "after death" to the soul; for the soul never dies. When the soul has passed the door called death it ascends to the sun from whence it came. The spirit, soul, or divinity in us, is the child of the sun, and returns to the Father of Lights.

** How can a married woman, living on a farm, ever be successful financially when she never has anything to do with the management, never gets to handle a cent, except when (after long waiting) she gets her courage screwed up and her pride screwed down and asks for some money to get a few necessities?"

Darn'd if I know! Ask me something easy.

** Jesus says, "Except ye eat my flesh and drink my blood ye have no life in you." What is the science of that?

It was the I Am speaking. Daily we eat the flesh and drink the blood of the I Am; for, in God we live and move and have our being. The strong statements of Jesus were not spoken of Himself as an individual. "I have given them thy Word."

** Tell me what is the difference between Christian and Mental Science.

Mental Science hasn't any kind of religion; Christian Science has too much religion; Mental Science turns everybody loose and declares there is no evil; Christian Science binds everybody and is always afraid of error; Mental Science tends to diarrhoea; Christian Science to constipation; Divine Science is a kind of hash made out of scraps from Christian and Mental Science. Mrs. Cramer is the mother of Divine Science and Barton is its stepmother. Mrs. Eddy is the mother of Christian Science and is now rocking the youngster in a barbed wire cradle. Helen Wilmans is the mamma of Mental Science and has brought the youngster through teething, whooping cough, measles, etc., and is now teaching him to ride a bicycle.

** CHRISTIAN came today. It is still good, but I liked it much better when Dr. Shelton was its only contributor. Be careful. You have made its name; don't lose it by allowing Tom, Dick and Harry to write for it. Just a friendly suggestion, that's all.

Many have written in the same way since November issue. Well, you will get enough of me; but I am sure that it is better to strictly observe the rule that neither advertisements or contributions are received. In two months I have had to decline a basketful of good articles.

** I have been accused of using formulas and sending out stereotyped letters to correspondents. Now, the facts are that I have never even used a card, a letter head, or a circular. The typewriter writes the date line on every letter, and, at first, all our letters were written on newspaper wrappers. I now use an envelope with card on corner to insure return of missent letters; but it is far from me to use any kind of stereotyped advertising. But I would do all these things if I wanted to, for it is nobody's business but my own. You may expect a direct answer to all your letters, but a very brief one.

** A school girl in the rural district in Georgia we will call it, wrote this composition on women: "Boys are men that have got as big as their papas, and girls are women that will be ladies by and by. When God looked at Adam he said to himself, 'Well, I think I can do better if I try again.' And he made Eve. Boys are a trouble. They wear out everything but soap. If I had my way the world would be girls and the rest dolls. My papa is so nice that I think he must have been a little girl when he was a little boy. Man was made and on the seventh day he rested. Woman was then made, and she has never rested since."

** Persons are continually writing me in regard to their experiences and troubles with other people. They tell me about being deceived and swindled by Scientists in whom they placed the utmost confidence. They inquire about this scheme and that plan, this man and that woman; and want me to expose so and so, and correct the errors of such and such a one. Now I'm not in this kind of business. Barton, of Kansas City, thinks he is called of God to expose errors, detect frauds, and guard the feeble minded. I'm not. He is welcome to the job. Let all such people write him and he will do the detective business. But if you have a mind of your own, use it; if not, enter an asylum for idiots.

** Do you believe that everything both spiritual and physical is predestinated?

No! Law is unchangeable in itself. It goes on forever in the same regular order, unless changed by mind; but mind or thought can change the law, or rather the course of the law, and turn its power into other channels. The lightning would have gone on forever as it was if Edison or someone had not harnessed it and so turned its power to man's use and glory. A man is ignorant, clumsy, awkward, uncouth; by a process of education and culture he becomes wise, polished and brilliant. The law is the same all the time, but its course is changed. Seek for honor glory and immortality. Don't wait for God to choose you; choose God.

** Kate Atkinson Boehme has completed her "Seven Essays on the Attainment of Human Happiness." The subjects are: 1. Rest. 2. The Universal Heart. 3. The Universal Mind. 4. The Conquest of Death. 5. Immortal Youth. 6. The Secret of Opulence. 7. The Source of Health and Beauty. Such themes are wonderful, simply as titles, when we think how man has been going the other way from time immemorial. The story of man's future is as dark and uncertain as his past. Out of the unknown into the unknown is the history of humanity. Unrest, mortal youth, conquered by death, would seem to be more appropriate titles. But it is pleasant to say with St. Paul, "The things that are seen are temporal; the things that are unseen are eternal." The writer of these essays affirms that the eternal and unchangeable unseen may manifest in the objective and so become a part of human nature. The seven essays are published in clear type, and sent postpaid for \$1. Address the publisher, A. M. Cheney, 1528 Corcoran St., Washington, D. C.

** If you have so many patients, how do you find time to treat them all?

This question comes up every day. It is not a question of time or numbers. Healing is by the Word, the omnipotent and omnipresent Word. Patients put themselves into conjunction with this HEALING CENTER which I have established. The more persons who send their thoughts to this Center the more power goes out from this Center. It is an incoming and outgoing vibration. There are now more than forty thousand men and women who daily send their best thoughts to me. Hundreds come for healing, but thousands simply send their blessing to me. Those who have a good word or thought send it to me, knowing that I am sending out to others all the time. It is wonderful how the supply is always greater than the demand. Thousands of people who do not think of becoming public healers are sending me every day their strong vibrations of love. From these thousands, as well as from the Universal, I am constantly receiving more than I can give.

** Explain how to cultivate the subjective mind, the intuitional, for you say, "When this faculty is cultivated and nourished it develops itself into an infallible guide."

You cultivate the subjective by trusting it, listening to its voice, appealing to its wisdom, and depending on it for light on the pathway. The reason why we can't see with our eyes and hear with our ears is because we didn't know we could; and when we find out the two sides to our hearing, seeing and thinking, we are afraid to trust the subjective side. For so long have we looked outwardly and heard outwardly and thought outwardly that we appeal to the outward for everything. All the time are the objective scenes and sounds taken as the whole truth of being. The inward is called imagination, a dream, a vision, a fantasy. And yet, the only really reliable world is the subjective; the objective is filled full of lies, delusions, illusions, mirages, mistakes, and never gives satisfaction. When we know how to hear and to understand, the subjective is the same Yesterday, Today and Forever. It is an infallible, unchangeable Word, telling us the truth always and never deceiving us, even in the smallest matters of life. It is God. Trust your God and your God will trust you. Love and honor the subjective, spiritual self, and you will be blessed forever.

** Please enroll my name again, as I have not received CHRISTIAN during the past three months. I guess my name has slipped off the roll. It may be lack of money on my part; let that be as it may, I read CHRISTIAN all the same. I will send you some money as soon as I get to a money order office. I notice in the November number you say that the time is coming when you will read letters and never reply except in the Silence. That time has already come. Shelton Caviness, your namesake, has been troubled all summer with his bowels. I called on you several times in the Silence for treatments and he would get better for awhile. My wife threw up her sponge and told me to write you to put Shelton Caviness' name on your roll of namesakes so you could treat him. I wrote the letter and put it into my pocket to mail, but something said, "Shelton has read it." I thought, "Well, I will wait till morning before I mail this letter and if he don't give us any trouble I will know." Morning came, a month has passed, and the letter was never mailed. Shelton Caviness has been well from that hour, and is now as fat as a pig. Truly, J. W. CAVINESS.

Yes, the letter was received and answered by the Omnipresent Word. This messenger of health is going forth from this Center every moment.

** Explain the meaning of Matthew 12:31st and 32nd verses.

The sin against the Holy Spirit cannot be forgiven in this age nor in the age to come. Jesus was introducing the age, or period, of Spirit unfoldment. They could reject him as a man, or the Son of Man, but to reject the testimony of the Spirit was to sin against, or refuse, the only light. It does not mean that something is held against you which cannot be forgiven, but that you reject the only light, and so make yourself blind by refusing to see. It is the closing of your own eyes to the only light. You are excusable for rejecting all other testimony, but when the Holy Spirit gives you direct testimony there is no excuse for your obstinacy. It is a wonderful proof of man's inherent freedom to know that he can "sin against the Holy Spirit." But don't get scared at the theological voodoo and think for a moment that the Holy Spirit is going to sin against you. "I will never leave you nor forsake you." God will hang on to you until you are ready to open your door. Don't be alarmed about God. He will not let you get away from the Spirit.

** What do all the promises to "he that overcometh" in Revelations mean? How do we overcome?

By coming over. Now you are under the power of weakness, error, limitations and all that belongs to mortal vision; then you will be over all these things, ruler over your mortal self. Now your body dictates to you and brings you into subjection to sin, sickness and death; then you will command your body and deliver it from abnormal conditions. How do we overcome? By a knowledge of the Truth. "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." It isn't a belief of the truth, a hoping in the truth, but the knowledge of the Truth. You know that fire will burn, therefore you have sense enough to keep out of the fire; you know that water will wet, therefore you have by experience learned enough to come in out of the wet. When you have learned that thinking poverty, believing in poverty, and bemoaning your poverty stricken condition will keep you poor you will reverse your thoughts. As soon as the knowledge that thoughts are things comes to you it will cause you to cease disturbing your digestion, your liver, your blood, by wrong thinking. Overcome by coming over to the Truth of your Being.

AN I AM SERMON.

I.

Hello!

I am glad to see you.

You seem to be ready for another sermon.

"All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth."

This is my text.

The words were spoken by Jesus, on a mountain in Galilee, just after His resurrection and about forty days before His ascension. You don't believe it? Well, keep still and you will know it, which is far better than believing as the average man understands belief.

I say to you that the I Am, through Jesus, spoke these words on a certain day, on a certain mountain in Galilee, and certain men who are now alive heard these words. How do I know? Because this same Jesus spoke these words, and many more, to me, in the city of Little Rock, in the State of Arkansas; and is now speaking to me an interpretation and confirmation of the Truth spoken in Galilee two thousand years ago. Jesus is not dead! Jesus is not dumb! Jesus is not deaf! Do you think the mob, in Jerusalem, silenced the voice which raised Lazarus from the dead? Do you think Jesus is a memory of the past like Ananias, Caiaphas, Herod, and those who sat in judgment on the Matchless Man of Nazareth? Is the story of Jesus simply a tale of the past, an idle echo from the years gone by? You may believe this while you hear with the outside of your ear; but when you hear with the inside of your ear, you will be astonished and electrified by hearing the voice of the Son of Man in the same gentle tones of the long ago. There are no dead men! They are all alive! Mary, and Martha, and Lazarus; old blind Bartimeus, who can see; the one who wept at the tomb; all who prepared spices and ointment. They are all alive, and from their life, the words written are kept alive. The words of Jesus would long since have passed away if He had passed away. But He didn't pass away. He is still in and behind the spoken word, and forever keeps it alive by His Silent Word. When your eyes, the inside of your eyes, are open, you will see Him; when the inside of your ears are open you will hear the Word. Why? Because the kingdom of God is within you, and the kingdom of mortality is outside of you. Jesus is not in the kingdom of mortality. He is in His own kingdom; the throne of God is in Spirit, and Jesus is on the throne of God. He said all this in John and Mark, in Matthew and Luke, but the Church heard with the outside of the ear, and hence, heard nothing. Every man who heard with the outside of his ear immediately got down on his knees and turned the outside of his eyes upward into the air and peered into the blue skies in search of the King and the kingdom. The Church is still turning its eyeballs upward, looking for the objective kingdom of heaven. They are pricking up their long ears, and hushing their breath, to hear the trumpet of Gabriel; and they think Gabe will come with a horn in his mouth, tooting the advent of a visible Jesus sitting on a cloud.

Excuse me for dropping down from the sublime to the ridiculous; but, since I have

seen Jesus and heard His voice, and know that the subjective is the kingdom of God, all this mortal circus makes me laugh. Just in proportion as the kingdom of God stirs the sublimity of my spirit, the kingdom of mortality, with its show of religion, excites my mirth. The whole Church circus reminds me of a story.

There was a commercial traveler, commonly called a drummer, named Jake. He was always finding fault with everybody and everything. At the hotels nothing pleased him—the cooking, the service, the beds, everything was wrong—and Jake was ready to vent his feelings in words. A fellow traveler determined to cure him. One morning, just as Jake made his appearance, this friend said:

"Boys, I had a strange dream last night."

"What was it?" echoed everybody.

"It was about Jake, and I don't like to tell it."

"Tell it, tell it," said every one, and Jake joined in the request.

"I dreamed I was dead and in heaven."

"Strange place for you," said the chorus.

"Shut up, or I won't talk. I not only thought I was in heaven myself, but I met Jake."

"Great Scott!"

"Yes, strange as it may seem, Jake was in heaven. He was sitting on a cloud, and when I greeted him with congratulations and was ready to rejoice in his good fortune, the poor fellow put on a solemn face and in a mournful voice—the same voice in which he used to grumble at the beefsteak—said: 'Do you know this cloud is damp. It looks beautiful and white, but it is damp, and I'll catch my death of cold. And this halo! It is a second hand halo and don't fit.'"

There are many misfit halos in the Church militant.

"All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth." Certainly! All power is given unto me; all power is given unto you. Power is a free gift to all. God is no respecter of persons. He has given me just exactly the same power He gave unto Jesus—all of it. There is no giving of little pieces of power. It is all given without money and without price. Take it! It is your own by divine right. But if you don't know how to use it, the gift is useless.

What is to hinder you from getting control of your own? Nothing but your ignorance. The law does not reason, does not think. It goes on forever grinding whatever is put into its mill. It will grind out for you sickness, poverty, distress, misery, just as fast as you place them into the hopper of the mill. It will grind the fine flour of health, happiness and prosperity if you put them into the hopper. The law is neither good nor bad; it is just law, nothing more and nothing less. The law has no moral principle in it, no sentiment, no feeling, no mercy, nothing but fixed force. Man is to do the thinking and reasoning; the law will respond to man. The ocean bore on its bosom man's ships, or sank them, according to man's understanding of the law of navigation. The ocean is neither good nor bad; but, man's ships were made from reasoning and thinking, and as he grew wiser the ships

were more and more able to sail with the law instead of sailing against it. Thus it is with every movement of man. As he becomes wise by reasoning and thinking, the Spirit gives him control of his own.

"ALL power is given unto me." I am the one for whom power exists. What are these vibrations for, if not for me. A world without a man would be a strange waste of energy, and a useless putting forth of force. The air is here, the lightnings flash, the thunders roar, and tides roll in and out forever, for me. O, the depths of the riches! Poor, blind eyes, looking out at death and disease, sin and suffering, and then growing dim with looking until they, too, perish with their using and the skull is left with empty sockets! And, yet, O children of God! just behind that outside mortal eye were green fields and babbling brooks, the river of life, flowing from the midst of the Great White Throne, the cooling winds from the balmy Land o' the Leal! This is not poetry. It is not fiction. I have seen with my own eyes and heard with my own ears, and I tell you that I am not speaking from my imagination. The mortal is fiction; the immortal is fact. The fairy tales are true; the stories of the earth life are false. They are passing shadows; the angels and the "spirits of just men made perfect" are substantial and real.

The kingdom of God is not something which has been and is to be; but the eternal substance which changes not. It is here and now in you, and of you, the other side of you. Learn to think, not by repeating the signs of ideas given out by other men, but by your own reason. See! how the power is used by those who know how to use it. Man controls forces now before which he used to bow in abject terror. The voice is borne from ear to ear though they are thousands of miles apart; not a mere sound, but the familiar voice which you once thought could not be heard more than a few feet from your ear. Do you suppose that Jesus is so far away that He can't hold telephonic and telegraphic communication with those who are prepared to receive the word, and yet man can communicate with man on commercial matters from New York to Chicago? But you must remember that Jesus can't communicate with you as a Church; for He gave His life to pull down the Church. He will talk to you as an individual. What folly it would be to give subjective, spiritual power to one who would use it to build up the Methodist church, the Baptist church, the Roman Catholic church! The institution is the same stumbling block no matter by what name it is called. Take all the six hundred and sixty-six denominations in the United States and each one is an institution of the same character as all the others. The suppressing of the individual, the stamping out of individuality, is the work of the institution. The tearing down of institutions and the exaltation and uplifting of individuals is the work of the I Am who spoke in Jesus Christ. Therefore, all power is given unto you, not as a representative of an institution, but as an individual. You must say I Am, not we are. There is weakness in we; there is all power in I. Every step of advancement I have made has been in the

name of the I Am that I Am. And, let me tell you, beloved, I am claiming it all. It must all be filled full in me.

Do I make you marvel when I tell you that I talk to men in the so called other world as easily as I talk to a man in this world? Why should it be thought strange if I should even tell a man to get out of his coffin and he should obey me? Am I not a disciple of Jesus Christ? Did I not take Him at His word and hate (cut off) father, mother, brothers, sisters, wife, children, houses, lands; yes, and my own life, for the precious privilege of being the disciple of Truth? Is He not able to keep His promises if I was able to comply with the conditions? I am sure of His power, honor and glory as I am of my own existence. No matter what hells I have gone through, the kingdom of God is within me, and will work its way out into full and complete manifestation. It is in accordance with the law, and the law is power ready for intelligence to use. I know the law, and am only waiting for the Spirit to speak the Word in a higher key than I have yet heard it.

"There is nothing hidden that shall not be revealed." Now this seems to cover the whole ground of our investigations. Then the complete unfoldment will come. The body will come under the dominion of Spirit, and sickness, suffering and death will disappear. What will become of all who die before all things are revealed? "Verily, verily, I say unto you, that the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of Man and shall come forth." They shall hear the voice of the Son of MAN. It will be a man who discovers (uncovers) the law of regeneration and finds the power of eternal life. It has been my one and only study for ten years, and I am gaining more and more knowledge on the subject every day. I now think I know, and am putting my knowledge to the test. Some bright day I may tell you the story of life everlasting. There's plenty of time. Only move as the Spirit moves you, for the revelation is of the Spirit, which searcheth all things; yea, the deep things of God.

How will this word of power be communicated to the world? By telepathy! What is telepathy? It is the communicating of ideas from mind to mind, without signs or sounds. Telepathy will bear the good news from mind to mind, and the vibrations of joy will go from soul to soul. This will be no strange fire, no thrill of sensation which can not be understood. The world will be ready for it. They are nearly ready for it now. In 1900 all will be prepared for a new movement. I don't mean that all the people will be prepared, but all the individualized souls will be ready to hear the Word when it comes with the power of demonstration. For it must be demonstrated. The people have had theories enough; it must be a power made visible and practical by demonstration. At least one man or one woman must be regenerated, born again, and capable of commanding life, before the telepathic thrill can be received by the ones who are ready for the kingdom.

The objective or physical world is also getting ready. By the time telepathy becomes generally understood, the telegraph

will have dispensed with its poles and wires, thus keeping pace with the march of intellect. Listen to this voice from the scientific world:

The experiments have gone on quietly, however, and anyone who wishes to travel to Bournemouth, in England, can see the wireless telegraph system in actual operation at the experimental station established there by Prof. Marconi.

The principle of telegraphing across space without the aid of intervening wires finds an apt illustration in the responsive action of two tuning forks. If we place a couple of tuning forks, which are tuned to exactly the same note, a short distance from one another, and then by drawing a violin bow, or by striking one of them, cause it to sound a note—which is another way of saying that we cause it to emit sound—the second tuning fork will catch up these vibrations and begin itself to vibrate sympathetically. It will give evidence of its vibration by echoing the sound of the first tuning fork. Within certain limits, and with slight differences in practice, this is the way in which electric waves by being sent by one electric instrument and being received on another transmit first vibrations and thence messages through space.

So satisfactory have been the experiments conducted by Prof. Marconi that he is about to extend the distance between his stations, carrying the second one to Cherbourg, 60 miles away. The experiments are at present in a very elementary stage. It has been found that the sound waves travel much faster and better in foggy, rainy or windy weather than when the air is clear and the weather fine and still. As the clever man who can telegraph without wires can not make weather to order it is necessary to overcome the atmospheric conditions that influence the system, and Prof. Marconi is bending all his energies to bring this about. Broadly speaking the success of the experiments is assured, inasmuch as messages are sent clearly interpreted without the aid of wires. Though much remains to be done, wireless telegraphy will surely be in general use before long, and people who marvel at the idea of sending messages between widely separated points without intervening wires will then look upon it as a matter of course, as they now do the telephone.—*Pittsburgh Dispatch*.

This gives a faint idea of what is coming. The tuning fork is a splendid illustration of what is now being done in telepathy. The healer speaks the Silent Word and it gives health to the sick, hope to the hopeless, and joy to the joyless, without any regard to space or time. This is an index pointing to the "all power in heaven and in earth."

* * * Never lend, never borrow, never steal, never beg; but you may give and you may receive. "It is more blessed to give than to receive." Yet, if you "freely give you shall freely receive." It is true that Jesus says for us to lend, but He qualifies it in such a way as to make it a downright giving. "Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away." Yet in our time this must be taken as a general principle, for to put it in practice would be the height of folly. Our age is one of work, energy and push on one side, and tramps, idleness and beggary on the other. Therefore we must come forward with St. Paul's rule: "He that will not work shall not eat." It is enough for the workers to support the children and helpless invalids without giving them the additional burden of earning bread for tramps and thieves. No one should be willing to receive something for nothing.

IS GOD DUMB?

In a private letter a Presbyterian clergyman writes:

I am thinking, too, that there is an improvement in the paper in some ways, but there is much there yet counter to the Word of God. I am persuaded more and more that the Bible is God's own word, and hence it is the only sure anchor the soul can have. God has spoken to man through this Word, and He means just what He says. If He does not mean what He says, why did He not say what He meant? Time and study are oft-times necessary to compare Scripture with Scripture before we can arrive at the teachings of the Word; but if we are patient and give ourselves to the study of the Bible, seeking the aid of the Holy Spirit, He will lead us in the way of all truth; for He will take of the things of the Father and show them to us.

This is from a Presbyterian, of the old Scotch stock, warranted to wash and boil and still retain a deep blue hue. I admit, for the sake of the argument, that the Bible is the word of God, that God spoke and men heard. But, for the life of me, I can't see why He should cease speaking. Orthodox people believe that God can hear, at least they go right on pouring their prayers into the ears of the Almighty; they sing songs, hymns and psalms at Him every day everywhere that men live. Of course they don't really know that He can hear, but they believe that He once heard; therefore they continue to talk to Him, although He hasn't let on that He heard them for lo! these twenty centuries. God never speaks any more; but people still believe He can hear. If God is dumb, why not deaf? How do you know but He has become deaf to all the psalms, hymns, songs and prayers of the ages? If He can't speak, if He exhausted His vocabulary in phonographing the Bible into the ears of men in the past, maybe He also exhausted His capacity for hearing? If God can close His mouth, why not His ears? It seems to me that after yelling "Hello!" at "Central" for 1899 years it is time to examine and see if the lines are crossed.

Once upon a time Elijah, a prophet of the sun, had a little scrap with the prophets of the moon. After the prophets of Baal had prayed for awhile, the sun-prophet taunted them in this manner: "And they took the bullock which was given them, and they dressed it, and called on the name of Baal from morning even until noon, saying, O Baal, hear us. But there was no voice nor any that answered. And they leaped about the altar which was made. And it came to pass at noon, that Elijah mocked them, and said, Cry aloud: for he is a god; either he is musing, or he is gone aside, or he is in a journey, or peradventure he sleepeth, and must be awaked. And they cried aloud, and cut themselves after their manner with knives and lances, till the blood gushed out upon them." My friend, the clergyman, will know that the biting sarcasm of Elijah will not bear a literal translation. The original, which the Revised Version translates "gone aside," is the plainest kind of words relating to something which God is not supposed to do.

Now these same jeering words are applicable to the orthodoxy of the present day.

The calling has not only been from "morning even till noon," but for twenty dreary centuries, in which no voice has been heard. In fact it was all a man's life was worth, even twenty centuries ago, to affirm that he had heard a voice or could communicate with the Almighty. Even in the days of Jesus Christ the Bible was considered sufficient, and Jesus was crucified because He affirmed that He who made the Bible had given to Him an appendix or supplement to the Scriptures. God was dumb (as interpreted by the priests) in the days of Caiaphas and Pontius Pilate. It is clear to me that modern preachers are prophets of the moon, and willing to read their titles to mansions in the skies by reflected light, yea, the light of a dark lantern held by John Calvin, or some other ancient John. I prefer the sunlight of personal inspiration. The phonograph which God used in speaking the Bible was Hebrew and Greek. These languages are dead; therefore, God is not doing the fair thing to put off the present age with a garbled translation of what He is supposed to have said to men who are long since dead with their dead language. Come, my friend, you acknowledge that it takes as much inspiration to read the Bible as it did to write it, for you say that the Holy Spirit will lead us into all truth. Now couldn't the Holy Spirit just chuck in a few new words occasionally? Couldn't the same Holy Spirit make a new revelation in modern language, instead of fooling away so much time digging out the meaning of the dead words of dead men? It is so refreshing to drink at the Fountain instead of dabbling in the dirty water of the branch. Besides, you know, God is under just as many obligations to you as He is to any one. He can speak to you just as easily as He spoke to Paul or Peter. There isn't anything small about God. He is not confined to seasons, times, persons, places, or language. The fact is that God never wrote a book. He spoke to men, and men wrote down all they could remember. Jesus Christ promised His disciples that the Holy Spirit would "bring to their remembrance" all that He had said to them. There is where you find the inspiration of God; not in a book, but in the Spirit of Truth. No one has a corner on the Spirit of Truth. It shines for all and it shines forever. The revelations of modern times are made in modern language. Some of the most wonderful words spoken to me by the Spirit of Truth were in the commonest kind of slang. You must look for a natural God and not an artificial idol. The Spirit of Truth reveals rich truths to those who become as little children. It is not on stilts but on the earth that God walks with men. I had rather hear one word directly from God than to have all the volumes written by other men. Don't be shocked when I affirm that God sometimes speaks to me in slang. He couldn't use any tougher tongue to me than He did to Elijah and many others whom you acknowledge as the mouth-pieces of the Holy Spirit. The language of the Bible is the common language of the common people of that day. I find out, day by day, that God is the most natural Being in all the universe.

You say that the Bible is the only sure anchor to the soul. An anchor is just what religionists have made of the Bible. The soul has been anchored in the Slough of Despond by the interpretation which religionists have placed on the Bible. Hope is called an anchor to the soul; yet religionists make the great majority of mankind hopeless. Only a few can hope to get to heaven.

By the way, you say, "If God didn't mean what He said, why didn't He say what He meant?" True! You are taught by the Bible to sprinkle water on infants and call it baptism; but when I was an orthodox clergyman the same Bible taught me to baptize adults only, and to put them under the water. "Now if God didn't mean what He said, why didn't He say what He meant?" Who is to judge? Your Bible teaches you that hell is a place of endless punishment; my Bible teaches me that hell is a condition of unfoldment; but that men pass through this condition and enter into endless joy. Who is to judge? You are just as honest as I am; but you are wrong and I am right. God saw the end from the beginning and knew that it was Good. But your interpretation makes God see endless evil, and yet He makes the beginning of that which can never end. It is the false interpretation of God which makes orthodoxy hideous. God is Good; and as God is All, therefore All is Good. The only genuine inspiration is the inspiration of the Divinity which stirs within you. You can't get out of God; therefore God is the anchor of the soul.

THERE ARE TEACHERS.

Yes, there are teachers and leaders; but not many. Did you ever stop to think how few leaders there are in this world, and how few of the many are alive? Then, again, did you ever look at the list of leaders and think how many are dead? And, again, did you ever examine and see how many are those who have been dead a long, long time? When you get through with this examination you will find that all the living teachers, with but few exceptions, are mere echoes from the dead. Even number one—the famous, or infamous, number one—Adam, is quoted and looked at as a forerunner of us all. Is it not queer what a caricature we have made of Adam and Eve? The man, Adam, is a kind of ancient Henpeck who is weak enough to follow his wife and the serpent into sin and bankruptcy; and we don't even say, "Poor old Adam." It is Adam, not even Mr. Adam, or Colonel Adam, but Adam; and the most of us want to say A-dam and emphasize the last syllable. He is looked upon, not only as the cause of all our troubles, but as being the weakling in blundering into mortality. Every time the mortal man thinks of the ripe fruit and cooling shades of Eden he wants to say, with emphasis: "What a fool our forefather, Adam, was to be led into such a trap. He placed on all his progeny the burden of toil and sweat. If it hadn't been for his weakness and foolishness we would all be in Eden enjoying ourselves by cooling waters, and eating fruits, which grow without labor or

the sweat of the face." Such is our view of Adam, the first leader.

Eve is simply a woman full of curiosity and ready to take up any new fad. Being idle, and wanting amusement, she gets into conversation with the snake—and, of course, is hypnotized. In seeking more wisdom from such a source she loses what little sense she had. This is our view of Eve, the first woman, the one who set the fashion of following the devil. But we speak more gently of Eve. The very name Eve is spoken with respect and reverence. She is looked upon as a clever woman, while Adam is looked upon as a fool. We can all forgive and even learn to respect cleverness, even in a villain, but a fool is never forgiven. The woman is about the same now as she was in Eve, and the man, too, for that matter, is about the same that he was in Adam. The two are fair samples of the race. It is amusing to see how closely we have followed the pattern given us in Eden. The wit, the humorist, gets at the leading lines of Mother Eve, and her daughters, in the present day. In *Judge* we have this clever sketch:

Fads are as much a part of the female nature as shiftlessness is of a fiddler's, an' in most cases we have to take 'em along with the woman an' try to look pleasant. If a man doesn't oppose a woman in havin' her own way she won't think she has any way to have. The fatter woman gits to be the more she loves to have some man call her "little girl." An intelligent young woman will intrust her heart to the keepin' of a man that a coarse, ignorant butcher wouldn't trust for a pound of liver. It is possible to git a hog back into a pen via the hole through which he made his escape by makin' certain allowances for his methods of reasonin' an' proceedin' in this wise: Git the animal's nose aimed at the hole, grasp him firmly by the narrative and pull back as hard as you can. The intellectual critter will think you are conspirin' to keep him out of his rights, an' he will dash in as if shot from a howitzer. The feminine mind likewise goes by contraries—you know she will because you think she won't. What is best for her she will not have, an' for that which is not good for her she mightily yearns.

This, of course, is a caricature; but nevertheless it is a very good likeness of the mortal woman. She is yet the very quintessence of cuteness; but as a leader she is in the same old road which Mother Eve traveled. Sharp, shrewd, but easily hypnotized, is woman. Man could not get along very well unless he could blame the devil and woman for all his blunders and troubles. It is the same old story of Adam, and human nature has changed very little since the morning stars sang together.

But if we go around and around in this circle, following Adam and Eve, we will never get anywhere, and will be dizzy and blind by the ceaseless whirl. There must be a New Adam and a New Eve. A new path must be opened and a new leading inaugurated. The talk of the New Man and the New Woman is not all fun. There is sense in it, and a prophecy.

There is no longer need of echoes. The echoes are so thick they are blending with each other, and an uncertain, rumbling sound comes forth so that no one voice of the past is distinctly heard. Another and mightier voice must speak into the mental

atmosphere, clear up the Babylon of confusion, and interpret, or hush, the voices of the dead.

Once in school the teacher was addressing a class of theological students. He said, "Young gentlemen, don't wear yourselves out cutting stubble." The young men all knew what he meant. The stubble is the short ends of the wheat stalks left after the harvest. It is useless to run a harvester over the stubble fields. It would wear out the machine, the horses, the men, for nothing. How many men are cutting stubble! or rather, going over the stubble fields cutting nothing! You hear the rattle of the machine but not a grain of wheat is gathered into the garner.

There is just as much good wheat as ever. Out of the Infinite Supply of ideas there is a great harvest which has never been touched. The wisdom of the past and present is nothing to be compared with what is waiting for us in the unexplored realm of ideas. There is still more and more to follow. But the leaders and teachers must get their supply from headquarters. "Thus saith the Lord" rang out from the men who made history and are still making history; but the time is come for the old cry to go forth from human hearts, "Thus saith the Lord" unto me. I Am has spoken to me. Hear ye the Word of God which has come to me. The Lord is not dumb. The men who spoke and wrote in the days of old got their wisdom out of the unseen and unknown. They didn't exhaust the supply or close up the Fountain. The Way and the Door is still open for all who will listen to the inner voice of the I Am that I Am.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"Concentration and Inspiration," by Sara Thacker. Paper, pp. 88; 50 cents. Address the author, Applegate, Placer Co., Cal.

"Soul Growth," by Mary Champion Pratt. Paper, pp. 61; 15 cents. Address the author, Oshkosh, Wis.

"The Greatest Thing Ever Known," by Ralph Waldo Trine. Cloth, pp. 55; 35 cents. T. Y. Crowell & Co., 100 Purchase street, Boston; 46 E. 14th street, New York.

** From *Harper's Bazar*:

"What's the matter, Johnnie; you seem to be feeling good?" asked one of his father's neighbors.

"Great! We got Christian Science over 'our house," said the boy, as he munched one doughnut and waved a second in the air.

"Christian Science? What do you mean?" inquired the puzzled neighbor.

"It's just immense!" cried the boy. "Best thing that ever happened. It's just the boss, I tell you!"

"I have heard that it sometimes did wonders," observed the neighbor, "but I didn't suppose boys knew much about it. Has it benefited you, Johnnie?"

"Benefited me!" echoed Johnnie. "You just bet it has! It's great! When you're Christian Science, you know, you ain't never sick. Benefited me? I should say it had. I kin slosh around in the snow all day now and eat 14 doughnuts, and ma never says a word, for I can't be sick—see? I just can't be sick!"

SUNLIGHT SERMONS.

I.—THE WARM FACE.

MARIE EDITH BENYON.

A little girl who had been put to bed and left alone in the dark, called to her mother, who was in an adjoining room: "Mamma, I'm afraid; won't you come and sit beside me?"

"No; go to sleep," was the reply. "There's nothing to be afraid of, and I'm busy."

"But it's lonely here by myself. I want somebody to come."

Again the mother refused to go, adding the threat:

"If you don't stop bothering me and be quiet, I'll punish you. Here's your rag doll; take it and hush."

"I don't want dolly," said the child, sadly.

"You know that God is always with you. Nothing can happen to you where He is," reasoned the mother.

"I don't want dolly and I don't want God," was the startling retort; "I want something with a warm face!"

This is a true story of a real child, and when I first heard it, it touched a responsive chord in my own sad heart. "That is just like me," I said to myself. "I am alone, in the dark, tired of my mortal self with its limitations. I, too, want something; not any of the dolls that the world offers me, telling me to take them and hush; not the far away God who must be reached by theological creed and blind faith, but something with a warm face."

The reason why everything was dark around me was because I was in bondage. I was mentally cramped and bound down, and could not think my own thoughts or live my own life. That is really the saddest and loneliest place on earth. I did not know then that it was possible for my spirit to be free from its temporal environment; I gave myself up to the existing influences and conditions and became correspondingly morbid. The cords tightened, they were hurting me, they were gradually taking my life. Heart and flesh were failing, joy was hidden from me, the beauty was gone from the face of Nature, and on every side were misery, sorrow, and useless struggles with fate.

My friends offered consolation and reproof as they saw fit. "I don't see why you should be unhappy," said one. "You have everything," looking around at my visible comforts.

Another asked solemnly: "Is your soul saved, dear? Nothing matters so much as that."

I told her I didn't care whether it was or not; I was sick and tired of hearing about my soul.

A third said I was miserable because I wasn't doing my duty. I must go to church and prayer meeting more regularly. I must attend class meeting and testify. If my spiritual condition was impaired, the people would pray for me and everything would be right again.

They thrust back again into my nerveless arms the rag doll called Religion, saying:

"Take it, dear. Take it and hush. We have nothing better to offer you; there is nothing better."

It was rather a dilapidated doll. I had torn all the stuffings out of it in my struggles, and cast it aside in disgust. But they fixed it again for me. The minister took it up and asked smilingly: "What's the matter with it? What is there about it that you don't like?"

I complained that it was cold and I didn't like the feel of it; that it was emptiness itself, and so couldn't fill anything; that to my mind it was the spoken word of man, and man-fool at that; and, in short, I didn't want it. But he covered the sawdust that was spilling out of the creature, and decked it in new finery. When it was finished he said: "There now! That's beautiful. Nobody could find fault with that. Take it and be at rest."

Oh yes, I took it. There seemed no way of getting rid of it.

And other dolls were made to keep this one company; nice, cheerful dolls they were, with their staring eyes and open mouths, ready to swallow everything that came in sight—big whales on the lookout for a Jonah! There was Responsibility, a kind of a Jack-in-the-box; you could lock it down, or think you had done so, but it would pop up again and make you wish yourself dead. There was Duty, a paper doll, stuffed with legal statutes and the ten commandments, and supposed to have been bequeathed to mortality in the year one. Oh, their name was legion; but among all the dolls that were given to me, not one had a "warm face."

And how tired I was carrying them, they were dead weights! I was sick for awhile, sick in mind and body, and my dolls, which I had no strength to hold, were laid away on a shelf. The only relief available had come,—an utter incapacity to hold anything.

If I had died then I should have gone away forever from dolls and doll-houses into the beautiful temple of Truth. As it was, I got well and realized dimly that the temple door was open to me in this world.

As I languidly resumed my place in life's activity, this thought came to me: "Whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report—think on these things."

Here was a living word. It was the first faint glimmer of Good, the "something with a warm face." I found that by filling my mind with the positive affirmations of spirit, I had no room for the negative statements of man. What do all the empty words mean which are being spoken in the world today by mortal thought? They are simply man's confession of his own weakness, man's condemnation of himself. Spirit, being all strength, all fullness, has naught to do with admissions of emptiness. It knows neither the thing nor its name. It has nothing to do with confessions of crime or sin, because it recognizes no law or code of morals. It is a law unto itself. The spiritual mind is not subject to the law, neither, indeed, can be. It speaks the living word, for it knows no other.

The emancipation of the spiritual nature from the thralldom of mortality, the bondage of mental servitude, and the weight of the world's dolls, is not accomplished immediately. It takes time to change conditions. But oh, dear heart! how sweet it is to see the glimmer grow into a great light, and to know that we are coming out of the darkness and slavery of so called evil into the glorious sunlight and liberty of the "All Good!"

The aspect of humanity depends upon the clearness of our own vision. A letter from a literary gentleman lies upon my table. He congratulates me upon what he is pleased to call the brilliance of my first published book (which by the way, I regard to some extent as a relic of my dead self), and adds: "I hope your stories will always be good as well as clever, and that you will keep before you the great aim of lifting fallen humanity and making this sad world better. Remember there is a difference between brilliance and solid worth, between the glow and fervor of a poetic spirit and the singleness of a religious purpose."

When we consider that poor sinners are dropping into hell every day because we are not sufficiently in earnest about their souls, we are constrained to pause and ask, "How am I using the talents God has given me?" etc., etc., *ad infinitum*.

My spirit turned up the whites of its eyes and groaned for an hour after reading that passage. It was too tired to speak. If such a state of affairs exists in reality, it were better for man if he had never been born. If we must struggle for the salvation of our own souls and the souls of all other floundering immortals, what a hell of a world it is to be sure, and what good is accomplished?

Young man, step up here. I have something to say to you before I launch into my sermon. Your case is serious. I ask permission to treat it mentally. You have been exposing yourself to the malarial atmosphere of the Clerical Institution and have caught the devil-hatching fever, in other words, spiritual delirium tremens. You see serpents continually, and hear hisses, where there is only the beauty of infinite goodness and the music of the Eternal. My treatments are free. This risen I Am hasn't hung out her shingle yet. Go! and may the Spirit of Truth go with you. Lord knows you need it.

To return to my subject. The more conscious I am of my harmonious vibration with the Spirit of Life, which is God, the more difficult it is for me to deal with the empty words of the outside world. They are fast becoming a dead language to me. Fallen, weak, sinful, lost, how strange they sound and what do they mean?

When I was a suffering Jesus I lived in a world of negation and had not so much as a pillow for my restless head. Now that the resurrection has come, my words are the affirmation of spirit, and my spirit knows whereof it speaks. Before the crucifixion the wooden cross was always before my eyes, now I see through a halo of sunlight, and my glorified vision perceives no serpents.

Before the atonement was accomplished, I made painful attempts to raise a so called fallen humanity. I made wooden crosses of all sizes out of wood of my own. I had nothing else to give. I told people to cling to them and they would be saved, which was wooden nonsense.

Hundreds of story writers, preachers and orthodox wranglers are doing the same thing today; dealing with wood instead of Life, with darkness instead of sunlight. The wood of the cross is their stock in trade. It is converted into all sorts of props and implements, and flung out to the seething mass of people, to knock their mortal eyes out and lop off a limb here and there in their efforts to lay hold of them. The world is away behind the times. How long will it take for people to learn that the crucifixion of Jesus didn't last a hundred years? that the grave was not intended for a life time? that "these light afflictions which are but for a moment work out for us a far greater and exceeding weight of glory?"

Humanity requires no artificial props. It doesn't need raising, except in its own estimation. It is God, minus the necessary recognition of Himself.

When we have cast aside the teachings and prejudices of man and given ourselves unreservedly to Nature and Science, we find that we are in a fairyland of goodness and beauty. Old things have passed away, and behold! we are in a new world, which is governed by laws as simple as they are eternal. Everything is exactly what it represents itself to be; no more, no less. We see that Spirit has no other quality than that which is inherent in itself. We may call it "holy" if we wish, which means no more than if we drew attention to the fact that snow is white; but it cannot be unholy any more than sunshine can be unholy. Who talks about lifting humanity? It is exalted to the very heavens. But it will never rise in conscious thought to its own sublime level till the props are withdrawn, and men and women stand upright in their God-like self-sufficiency.

"Who said that you were naked?" Who called you lame? Why do you hobble along on stilts, and make coverings of fig leaves? There are no wooden things in the spiritual world; but the entrance to it is full of these inventions of wooden heads—stilts, fences, logs and broomsticks. When you have jumped over the stuff, cleared it at a bound, and reached the open space beyond where pearls of Truth gleam white in the sunshine, you have only one desire toward human beings; that is, to go back and knock the props from under them. You see them coming up slowly and painfully, crying and praying and lashing themselves with whips. They seem to be moving, yet they make no progress, and your heart goes out to them in love and pity. You call to them, "Arise and walk. God's legs don't need wooden fixtures." But your voice is lost in the din of this struggling mass.

O Lord, how long will people try to ride to heaven on broomsticks!

Man alive, your soul is all right if you will stop throwing mud at it. So is yours, you dear, sweet woman. Take a peep into the

mirror of Nature and see how fair you are. Listen to the voices of sister spirits—the murmuring trees, laughing waters and peaceful meadows. They are perfect. So are you. They take no anxious thought. Neither should you. They are sufficient unto themselves. So are you. Call the brook a sinner, and it will dimple with smiles and flow on as tranquilly as ever. Call the trees wicked, and the branches will clap their hands and whisper as sweetly as before.

The kingdom of heaven is within you. Leave all the little hells you have been making outside of yourself as so many smudges to scare away the devil. Know that devils and hells are of human invention. When you have ceased to manufacture them for yourself, other people will make them for you. The outside world is an immense fire and brimstone factory which turns out devils by the wholesale. The price is your own divinity. "Give us some portion of yourself," says the salesman, "and we'll give you Humility," (which is another name for the devil). But you don't need to take them. If you are wise you'll not be caught selling your birthright for a mess of pottage. "No, thank you, noisy world; no imps for me. It is true that I bought them from you while I was in the perdition of ignorance, but this temple has changed hands and the new owner objects to devils as ornaments."

I've stopped making hells for myself. It was a great waste of time and kept me hot and uncomfortable. When I smell the world's brimstone from afar, I get away from it as quickly as possible, either going into the silence of my immortal palace or into Nature's Eden. Nobody who hasn't appealed to the Sun in spiritual matters can know how tender and sympathetic and altogether lovely the dear old Daddy can be. Many a time, after a long walk or bicycle ride, I have thrown myself on the grass, and rubbing the dust of the world's turmoil from my eyes, have blinked up at the sun. He has beamed back at me and wrapped me in a tenderness that left nothing to be desired. "It's a confounded world, Daddy," I tell him.

"It is, my child; very much confounded. But, remember, though we are in it we are not of it. Our heritage is incorruptible."

"I'm tired, Daddy."

"Are you? That must be because you have been trying to lift something that doesn't belong to you. Nothing that is really yours should tire you. That is pure joy which is always easy to carry."

"Somebody is building a hell for me, old man."

"Well, that won't burn anything," he replies cheerfully.

"I want money; I'm poor."

"Say that again and I'll disown you. Poor? Don't I own all the yellow ducats in the universe, and can't I distribute them as I see fit? Don't forget that you are my heiress. If you are true to the Spirit, your own will come to you; if not, you wouldn't know what to do with it if you had it. See, sweetheart? Now, to change the subject, let me suggest that you draw the curtains over the windows of your inquisitive little

soul and take a nap in my arms. That's right."

Hush-a-bye, baby, father is near,
With Heaven around us
What need you fear?
So closely I fold you,
Warm child of the Sun,
While softly above you
Life's gold web is spun.
In Love still abiding,
In All-Good confiding,
What power can disturb you,
Fair child of the Sun.

Hush-a-bye, baby, Dreamland is near,
The Eternal hath spoken,
Love casteth out fear.
God's name on your lips,
His beloved hath sleep,
While high in the heavens
My vigil I keep.

THE HIEROGLYPH OF NATURE.

BY KATE ATKINSON BOEHME.

"In the hieroglyph of bud and bloom her mysteries are told."—WHITTIER.

Not in bud and bloom alone, but in every expression possible to earth, air, fire or water is this hieroglyph written. It is for man to educe the meaning. That is really the whole sum of education, the deciphering of a mighty hieroglyph so rich in meaning that its resources seem inexhaustible, for when it has yielded its store of facts concerning the physical, it has still a wealth in reserve concerning the mental and spiritual universe.

The trees and rocks not only tell of the physical, they are equally eloquent of the spiritual, but their eloquence is sealed to all but the earnest devotee. The stones speak only to him who holds the divining rod.

I like the teaching of Plato, which later found voice in Emerson, that "Day and night, river and storm, beast and bird, acid alkali, pre-exist in necessary ideas in the mind of God, and are what they are by virtue of preceding affections in the world of spirit." It appeals to me as the truth, and makes me feel the relation between nature and mind to be more than imaginary. I thus see it to be a real oneness, a unity in diversity.

Trees are an inspiration to a writer, and men like Thoreau have "listened to the sound of their thinking." I remember when at school, and the day for essay writing had arrived, how I often felt it necessary to go out under an immense southern pine in search of ideas. I would stand under the tree looking up into its branches wistfully, while an undefinable something seemed to descend to me. It did not translate itself into words on the instant, but it did later. I was really deciphering Nature's hieroglyph all the while, but was unconscious of the exact process. It began in abstract, nebulous thought, which gradually took form, was registered on the brain as concrete thought, and thus found expression in words. The birth of an idea is similar to that of a planet. Each passes in cosmic process from the nebulous to the concrete. The planet is the abstract, wrought in hieroglyph.

Even were it possible to traverse the long line of evolution to the very beginnings of rational and sentient life, it would be impossible to understand the exact impression

first made by the hieroglyph of nature upon the human brain. Little by little the meaning has been revealed in response to earnest questioning. At first, man's physical needs being paramount, he sought in the hieroglyph a supply for his physical demand, and found it. Then arose his mental need, which also found its supply. Then came the spiritual demand, and yet the hieroglyph failed not. It is rich with meaning, and ever will be while time shall last.

We see in the sun the central source of spiritual energy, about which all forms of life revolve; in the moon a symbol of mind, or the medium of reflection by which the rays of the sun are conveyed in oblique fashion to the earth, which corresponds to the physical body; and by studying the direct action of the sun upon the earth, as also its indirect action through the moon, we learn to interpret those inner and spiritual realities of which the physical sun, moon and earth are but the symbols, the tracing of the hieroglyph.

Each rounded tree trunk, each outstretching branch, each moving leaf tells its own spiritual story of an unseen world and of powers yet undeveloped in man. The laws of growth in the plant are an ever present object lesson, to which we must often recur. When we stray from Nature's hieroglyph we lose vitality and force, and must perforce retrace our steps until we see again a few clear and simple outlines. Evolution leads to differentiation and thence to weakness, unless there be at times a reversion of type, a return to the primitive, the simple, the strong.

It is for this reason that all growing spiritual natures seek instinctively the woods, the streams, the mountains. They there find inspiration and sustenance for increasing strength. The Universal Intelligence, speaking through these natural channels, stirs anew the life forces, and moves to words and deeds of vigor.

The relation between man and Nature is reactive. He educes from her her hidden secrets. She educes from him his latent powers. Education means nothing if it be not the unfoldment of man, and unfoldment is an organic process. The storing of many facts may serve to swell the mind to the point of bursting, and yet not result in the opening of one single bud or blossom. There must always be a central point or nucleus around which facts cluster in orderly and symmetrical arrangement like the petals of a flower.

From the child's first effort to discover the nature of a bit of sunshine on the floor, to the astronomer who follows the courses of the stars, education is the reading of a hieroglyph.

Language itself is based upon the various states and processes of nature. From its earliest inception in the mind of primitive man it has been evolved with an unerring certainty which argues for the existence of innate ideas, for had there not been something within man which understood and interpreted the hieroglyph part by part, it would never have existed as a hieroglyph. The existence of a problem presupposes the existence of the solver of that problem. The latter is the correlative of the former.

The solution of a problem always gives delight. The child working over a penny puzzle, or an Edison discovering the wonders of electricity are both filled with the joy of discovery on the instant of success. Pleasure follows upon the observance of natural law, and pain upon its infringement. It is the natural law that man should decipher the hieroglyph written upon the face of Nature, and he finds happiness in its fulfilment.

But there is a goal beyond a goal. The child with the penny puzzle simply solves his problem, he does not apply it to an end. The child, however, is the forerunner of the Edison, and the penny puzzle the herald of the telephone. The former precedes the latter as naturally as the bud the opening flower.

But when at last man shall have followed the lines of the hieroglyph until it has yielded him its treasures of science and art, there is a secret yet undeciphered. His gaze has followed the outgoing curve of the spiral, and has yet to make its introspective turn.

This made, he sees the fuller meaning of this mighty hieroglyph traced in the simple letters "Tat twam asi"—"That thou art." Then does he begin to read indeed, and read aright. Then does he take his rightful position amid the forces of Nature, then does he cease to be a mere spectator, but entering into Nature's heart he learns those wondrous truths which she is ever striving to reveal.

He then knows that Life is, that it has not beginning or end; that health and joy are elements in the very essence of things, and not contingent upon circumstances; that at the heart of the universe all things become his without loss to any creature. What he thus gains another does not lose, and when this true opulence is his then follows its external manifestation in richness of thought, of life and of surrounding.

He thus enters a fuller life, and this is the ultimate of true education. He will then see with Pythagoras this interpretation of the hieroglyph: "There is one universal Soul diffused through all things; eternal, invisible, unchangeable; in essence like truth, in substance resembling light; not to be represented by any image; to be comprehended only by the mind." And this will be his reading of the hieroglyph of Nature.

* * * Once more let me say that healing is not done by writing letters, but by the Silent Word. I do not receive callers or permit patients to come to my physical presence. This would be to let them come to Shelton for healing. It is the same old humbug of the chin-pumping preacher and the pill-peddling doctor; the middle man, as man, giving out the gifts of God. Those who come to me come to the God in me; therefore, they have no need of my physical presence or my physical pen. The I Am took my name, and hence I became a healer and teacher; but the I Am is invisible. The work the I Am is doing in my name is done by the Silent Word. You put yourself in conjunction with this invisible force by calling on me. I am not a pastor, a preacher, a doctor. I Am God; therefore, my work is done in the Silence by the omnipresent Word. Your name is enrolled, your letter acknowledged, and the Word spoken for you goes on vibrating in you and for you, no matter where I, as an individual, may be.