



PUT ON THE WHOLE ARMOUR OF GOD.

Christian

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ITEMS AND IDEAS.

** February!

** Aquarius.

** Negative pole of the Air Triplicity.

** The sign of February is Peace-maker.

** "Blessed are the peacemakers; for they shall be called the children of God."

** An article by Kate Boehme on "Love is the Fulfilling of the Law" is crowded out of this issue.

** Well! The NEW CHRISTIAN received an ovation as the conquering hero. There are no flies on CHRISTIAN.

** All is well that ends well; and all ends well; therefore, all is well. Can't be otherwise, for the universe can't torment itself with failures.

** My terms are just the same as ever—from one to ten dollars per month for treatments. Pay your own way if you want health, happiness, and prosperity.

** Please state the difference between your doctrine and that of Mrs. Eddy.

Mrs. Eddy believes that God is in the Bible, and Mrs. Eddy and I know that God is everywhere.

** Several who have taken CHRISTIAN since 1895 have paid up back dues; but there are thousands who have never paid a cent. For your own sake pay up, and then, notice the difference in your own prosperity and happiness.

** Questions are answered either directly or indirectly; that is, if your question is answered in the answer to someone else you needn't expect a direct answer. All questions are received and filed and answered as soon as their turn comes.

** "Why I Am a Vegetarian," by J. Howard Moore, 44 pp., price 25 cents, Purdy Publishing Co., McVicker's Building, Chicago, Ill. This is a well written book, if the author does part his name in the middle. It is something unique in the way of printing and binding. The paper is good, the cover is green, and tied with a green silk cord.

** What does it signify to dream of seeing the sun shining? "Live horses mean the Truth." In what respect—religiously?

The sun is Spirit, and to dream of sunshine is a sign of spiritual attainment of the highest order. Horses mean truth according to their color; white horse, spiritual truth; red horse, war, etc. See sixth chapter of Revelations.

** I am not crediting you for CHRISTIAN. Debt is the devil; but, I'm not asking you to pay in advance; this would be dealing in futures, as you don't know how long the paper is going to run. But I do ask you to pay for what you have already received. This is fair and honest.

** It doesn't matter where I am in body your treatments go on just the same. The center is in me and not in any particular geographical location. If I were in Honolulu or Manila, Edna and I would be in direct telepathic communication with each other. Ring me up anywhere!

** Twelve is the number of fullness. January CHRISTIAN was an even twenty-four thousand; there were twelve sacks of mail on which we paid twelve dollars postage. Now let twelve thousand delinquents pay up their back subscriptions and CHRISTIAN will be at least twelve times better than it is now.

** If mortality is changeless, and spirit never changes, then what makes the race advance?

The race doesn't advance; it unfolds. "As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end, Amen," is the way the Episcopalians are taught to pray, and it is scientific.

** The phrase "I Am that I Am" can be taken in two ways. Which is right? "I Am that which I Am," or "I Am the I Am of the Universe."

It is difficult to translate the Hebrew words from which we have I Am that I Am; but the sense of it is this: the first I Am is Universal and the second I Am is individual; yet the universal is individual and the individual is universal. "I and my Father are One." The I Am of the Universe is the I Am that I Am; for in Him I live, move, and have my being.

** Supposing Death was abolished and births continued: there wouldn't be standing room on the earth in a few years!

Births will not continue when death is abolished. The man and woman in the regeneration perpetually give birth to their own bodies instead of reproducing the mortal body of a third person. My woman, in the regeneration, will be my wife and my mother while I will be her husband and father. Graveyards, coffins and cradles will disappear together. The angels of God are male and female in perpetual sexual vibration with each other; and all one in conjunction with the sun. There is love in fulness of harmony, the music of the spheres, immortal bliss. "Male and female created He them"—his own likeness.

** Why does not the word I speak manifest itself? Do you believe in the influence of the planets on our lives, and to what extent?

Your word does manifest itself; perhaps you are in too big a hurry. The whole universe is influenced by the law of vibrations; the physical planets have more or less influence over our physical bodies. As the sun controls the zodiac so should your spirit control your body and its environment. It is true that certain tendencies, dispositions, and idiosyncracies are due to planetary influences at birth, but these can be overcome by education and a change of thought.

** I'm in favor of expansion, even if it is called imperialism. Imperialism is just what this earth needs. The expansion of ideas, the imperial reign of mind over matter. The star spangled banner is the emblem of liberty for men, women and children. I am in favor of its waving over this little star called earth. What we Americans need is room to spread ourselves, and it will take the whole earth in which to hold us, and I'm not sure but we will some day annex the moon. These old fogies who talk about imperialism make me sick. What are we, if not emperors? A free born American citizen is imperial, royal, his majesty himself. Hurrah!

** Please explain what you mean by treating in the Noise.

Treating like a drug doctor, by carrying your physical carcass to the bedside of your patient and attempting to peddle thoughts as you would pills. A little friend of mine was telegraphed to come home to the bedside of her mother, who was dying of pneumonia. When she arrived she found sisters, father and other relatives coming into the sick room; with tearful eyes they would stare at the sufferer, and then go out and return again to repeat the same idiotic operation every few minutes. My little friend gave them all the grand bounce, sat down in the Silence day after day and night after night until she pulled her mother out of darkness into the light, out of suffering into rest, out of sickness into health. Take your patient to God. The Silence is the Home of God. You are much nearer your patient, though your body is ten thousand miles away, than are those who are touching her with their hands and speaking death with their eyes and actions. Sympathy is a positive injury to the sick. All acts and words of sympathy add to the sufferings of the soul. Love is kind, and, above all things, firm and true. "Love believeth all things; hopeth all things."

*** My Dear T. J.: In the fullness of faith in all the good things that are simply waiting for recognition in the I AM, it occurred to me that the I AM family of Science-Christian for the year 1899 should be vastly increased in numbers. The greater the numerical strength the greater—yea, the more irresistible the vibration. "If God (the I AM) be with us, who can be against us?" As a suggestion I would say let each and every subscriber send in a few names in his or her immediate neighborhood of parties who are ready for, or rather, susceptible to the word of Truth, and great and overwhelming will be the power for good before the year is out. The I AM family as a unit is Omnipotent and can do all things! As a starter I send you a list of twenty-one names—parties with whom I am in touch who want "the way, the truth and the life," and I know the spoken WORD in the Silence will do the rest. "I AM SUCCESS!" Your brother in the Truth, FRANK J. MELLER.

The above is a splendid suggestion. Our edition is now twenty-four thousand. Let's make it even forty thousand. You send the names and I will send the paper.

*** Is there such a thing as regeneration while yet a mortal?

Yes. Man is not a mortal. His body is mortal, but as mind controls matter this mortal must put on immortality, this corruptible must put on incorruption. Man has been under the dominion of mortality because he didn't know any better; but he is now learning to think and beginning to understand the power of mind. You must remember that man has only begun to master the water, the air, and the light, on the material plane. He has been the bondservant of ignorance in regard to nearly everything in and around him; the mere creature of circumstance and environment man has been afraid of his own shadow. But man is now beginning to understand his shadow, and knowledge dissipates fear and fills the soul with confidence and courage. Yes, there is such a thing as regeneration, and regeneration does not mean "getting religion;" it means a literal new birth of the body, a putting on of incorruptible flesh, a resurrection from the dead.

*** Is the soul a body that contains the vitality, or is it the vitality that fills and animates bodies?

Vitality fills and animates bodies. The word soul is used to designate individual life whether of man or beast; each soul has a body, and the life of the soul is the life of its body. Back of it all, or the real substance of all, is Spirit, which is the Divine Essence of all things; but you know Spirit through the consciousness of your own soul or individual life. You retain this consciousness in your soul or individuality after the body has been put off; this has been made known to me by many persons who have passed out of the body. There is not space here for me to enter into a discussion of the many facts in relation to man's indestructible entity and conscious immortality. It is a fact that organized thought in the form of man is not dissolved with the dissolution of the mortal body. The thought man is clothed with an indestructible body in which his soul lives; the mortal body is a screen, a blackboard, a scroll, the mere outward appendage of the soul. You cannot be dissolved into dust.

*** Never leave old associations or old surroundings in bitterness or prejudice. It is hard to unload these things in after years. I'm glad that my last church was my best. I gave up its pastorate after five years of the very best work of my life in that line. It was a splendid body of men and women. I loved them more than any people I had ever known. They stood by me long after I had preached myself out of their creed. I had helped them to pull down their old house of worship and erect and pay for a new one. It was a hard thing for us to part and it was one of my heaviest crosses. Many of the members are still numbered among my dearest friends. It is much better to so leave the old life so that its memories are filled with golden light. Many persons go out with such friction and bitterness that the backward look brings with it an ugly picture. Not so with me. The men and women to whom I was last called to minister are still in my heart as true friends.

*** "My Dear Shelton: I have a dollar bill; the Spirit says it belongs to you, so I enclose it herewith. I am not trying to keep any account with you, for I am not keeping accounts with anybody since I got into the vibrations of CHRISTIAN. By the way, I want to say to you that Densie Herendeen is pure gold. I regard her three contributions as the most instructive in the Science of Life of anything I have ever read. The last one, "What Do I Know," is a gem. The trouble with "Marie" is that she is like the majority of those who read the bible—they are on a lower plane than those who wrote it, and how can she or they be expected to have their souls filled with the glow of Divine truth that is contained in the words that flow from Densie's inspired pen. Marie's reply to Densie is like the lecture of Col. Ingersoll on the mistakes of Moses—full of glittering generalities but going no deeper into the kernel of truth than rubbing against the husks, which has the appearance of making the fur fly but which is only the dust out of which poor mortal man is made. Lovingly yours, E. W. A."

*** What is required of patients regarding sitting in the Silence, affirmations, or holding some mental thought? By thinking earnestly any affirmation an electric sensation permeates the system. Is it effort or practice proper?

Each must in many respects be governed by what fits best in their own cases. I find that any kind of practice or set forms kills everything for me; while others seem to need a system and a formula of words. An Episcopalian can read the same prayers all the time while I would take a Gemini fit if I had to read any kind of a prayer. I always wanted to improvise and correct the ritual in lodge so that I wouldn't have to say over and over the same thing. But all these things are suited to some, and they get along better by traveling in the same old rut. Do the best thing for yourself. In treating I say whatever is said to me, and whenever it is said, without reference to any particular time or place. As a general thing I do all my treating in bed; but sometimes the Word goes forth from me on the streets and in public places when I am least expecting it. When I want to know anything from God I go on about my affairs and keep still.

*** Do you believe in directing the soul to go and obtain knowledge while the body is resting at night?

No. Command your own to come to you. Don't wander in search of anything asleep or awake. Make yourself a center of attraction and draw unto yourself your own. People who are running to and fro seeking for things never find anything but unrest. I am not an underling that I should go tramping and begging for blessings. Ring the bell, press the button, and command all things needful to come to you. Don't scatter yourself; gather up the fragments that nothing be lost. Be self centered. "Two moves is equal to one fire" is an old and wise saying. "The rolling stone gathers no moss" is another chunk of wisdom. All these sayings apply in metaphysics, for mental science covers everything from raising potatoes to the growing of hair on bald heads. The one who is running hither and thither in mind gets nothing but mental dyspepsia. Soon the wise one learns that the center of self is the center of the universe, and that all things come to him who waits.

*** When did God give birth to my soul or individuality?

When he formed you out of the dust of the earth in your mother's womb. The dust of the earth (the mother of all life) gave food to your mother, and through the natal cord the atom of life called you—the I—clothed itself with an individual body. This body was not of your own choosing, for the I in you was not yet capable of choosing; therefore, your body was black, white, red, yellow, or mixed, according to your environment. It is red headed, cross eyed, knock kneed, or otherwise, by the same law; but it will do for you to knock around in for awhile and get used to exercising your own individuality. The first teeth don't last long, but they stay with you until you learn how to chew. This body is not permanent, but you can use it until you make up your mind as to what kind of body you want for permanent use. Theosophists tell us that many thousands of these kind of bodies are necessary before we have sense enough to select permanent clothing. I'm ready for a new suit.

*** Is it right for a boy of 18 to set aside all parental authority simply because he has an idea of Mental Science, and desires to assert the "I?" I cannot see things in that way. A mother understands by her experience that which a boy is in ignorance of. Give me light on this subject.

Loose him and let him go. If he thinks he knows it all there is no way of convincing him except by experience. Make a rule that while he is under your roof, and dependent on you for clothing, food and shelter, he must be obedient to your commandments. If he wants to be independent, then let him support himself. "No taxation without representation" should be your motto. My boys are free, but they know that my house is mine and they must obey the rules of the house or get out and shift for themselves. Food, clothing, shelter, books, and a little pocket change is all they get; and this is all dependent on their steady attendance at school and prompt obedience to the rules of the household. I treat them like gentlemen and they treat me in the same way. They know that good reports from school is all that I ask in compensation for their sustenance. Don't treat children as your inferiors; respect their individuality.

* Dear Friend: Early arrival of CHRISTIAN was an agreeable surprise. Mighty "interestin'" too, your article on teachers. Quite true that inspiration is needed to read inspired words—true always and everywhere—but the wooden heads will never accept it. "You will feel a strange pleasure in asking yourself questions, and getting answers straight," is what interests me. I wish you could give me the secret. How do you recognize the different voices? Sometimes the answers are wrong, and lead you the wrong way. Are you then the victim of pranks? I have quit asking the questions because of this uncertainty. Can one gain certainty?

The only way to get at the truth is to demand the truth. Treat the voices just as you would a messenger in the flesh. If you are seeking good news, and eagerly demand this and nothing else, the voice will tell you a lie just to please you for the moment. But when you demand truth, let it be what it is, and ask for plain facts, no matter how it hurts, you will get it every time. You are the window pane; keep yourself clean and open to the light. I have had to "cuss" the messenger who brought me a lie. Don't be afraid to ask for the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

* Brother Shelton: You are evolving like thunder! All the issues of CHRISTIAN are good, but this last number caps the climax. I admire your audacity. Like the old patriarchs, you don't hesitate to acknowledge your devilishness. The more you are abused, the more readily you publish it to the world. But there: to see the faults in others implies that we ourselves have been there. In this issue your critics appear honest, learned, talented and decidedly interesting. They know how to use language to the best advantage. But you meet and defeat them as easily as Christ floored the captious Jews. I have in mind "Denise," and Mary E. Bridge, and B. H. Enloe. All three are scholarly and logical, but you step aside unhurt; and their ammunition is wasted. "Your ways are not my ways, saith the Lord; neither are your thoughts my thoughts." I think this explains why you do not get hit. But I wish you would drop that title. I do not believe in doctors, or lawyers, or ministers. The first are licensed to kill, the second to rob you of your property, and the third to doom your soul to hell! The world would be better off without them. The light of the world came from a very unassuming man—"Jesus of Nazareth." Fancy the Father saying, on your arrival, "Jesus, my son, where are your manners? get up and give your seat to DOCTOR SHELTON!" Yours in love and truth,
E. A. H.

That's just what Dr. Jesus will do, except that His seat is big enough for Himself and me too. He will say, "Come, Doctor, and sit down with me upon my throne." See! He has already given the invitation and I have accepted. There isn't anything too good for me!

* I find a great many things in your little paper which are most cheering and refreshing; and I am always glad to note its arrival. A friend, who has just been visiting here, and who began with the regulation studies through "Science and Health," "Christian Science Quarterly," and a full series of lectures under Mrs. Eddy, tells us that she received more inspiration and benefit from the pages of your paper than had been acquired in all her study. Another friend, who was in great trouble, turned to every source imaginable for aid, but in vain. At last, finding human device of no avail against continued trials, she resigned all

care and further endeavor, saying, "This, Lord, I leave with you for all time." From that day all annoyance and trouble ceased, and the great anxiety passed completely out of her path. This seemed a true prayer, for we know of no more speedy answer; but, in your understanding of scientific prayer, are the individuals to work themselves for a misguided one? We notice in your last paper admonition to the person desiring help, that he should speak or pray directly to and through the one so much in mind, our own effort being thus a great factor in righting the apparent wrong. Please answer through CHRISTIAN.

Yes; this is the only way we can bear each other's burdens. The one who is weak in mind and body leans on the healer by direct prayer, petition, or appeal, to the I Am in him. It is the same as taking the hand or arm of the weak one and lending your own strength in the physical realm. It is on the same principle that we go to a teacher to learn the science of mathematics, music, or anything that can be imparted to us by a teacher. Healing is by the transference of thought, and even the very best of us can be benefited by relaxing and letting someone else think for us. When I am weary it is a great relief to take treatments from a friend who is strong and ready to put me to sleep. The very best medicine sometimes is to let go and take a seat in the chariot of some mighty friend. "Bear ye one another's burdens."

* Dear Dr. Shelton: You will find enclosed fifty cents in payment of a year's subscription to CHRISTIAN and twenty-five cents for a copy of your book "Vibrations. I have never been a subscriber to your paper, though through the kindness of a friend I have had the privilege of reading your little messenger from its first issue. I enjoyed it from the first, though my appreciation has gradually increased until now I not only love it dearly, but its editor as well. You seem to have been a man of any number of faults and weaknesses, but for all that I wonder if there is a woman in the wide world who can resist you. This eternal sweethearting of yours, how it does make the lovers bob up from every nook and corner. I really believe you have more real, genuine lovers of both sexes than any other man who walks the earth, and why, in this respect, should you be supreme? My answer is, first, because you love; and secondly, because you dare to be yourself. You dare to be NATURAL. And what other man has dared so much, has dared to reveal himself to the world? Other men aim to APPEAR while they cover up the man, but Shelton, curiosity of this closing year of the nineteenth century, throws off the mask and says, "Behold a man as he is; there is nothing hidden that I fear to reveal." And the old hypocritical world, who, in the hidden springs of its nature still loves truth, honesty, frankness, sincerity, more than anything else besides, behold the man; and beholding, love him. Verily, the reward of the honest man is great. You have written about an experience that you call "Isolation." I believe that in our journey from sense to soul there is such an experience for each to pass through. I think I know something about it myself, and I think the word isolation most appropriately names it, for the awful, indescribable loneliness that possesses a soul during its passage through this valley of despair is certainly suggested by that word. You say it is the road to individualization, and this I believe too. But in the October CHRISTIAN, in your answer to Josephine's question as to the meaning of "passing through isolation," you speak as if it were only women who needed this individualizing experience, or needed to pass through the new birth. For you ask, "Is

it hard to find such a woman?" and your answer is, "Yes; where is she?" Now, one would infer from that that true women were wanting, while there were plenty of men, perfect in their masculinity, who were standing around waiting, else were out hunting for women who had risen high enough in the scale of development to be fit associates for them. But I wonder if this is true; I wonder if the masculine sex are all right just as they are, or do they need a little regenerating, too. Query: Is regeneration necessary to one sex only, or is it to be experienced by both sexes? Please begin my subscription with the November number if you have any on hand. Now, if you should print any part of this letter you are at liberty to use my initials, but not the full name. The latter part of the name doesn't belong to me. I've outgrown it. It's his. Yours in truth, CARRIE.

Well, Carrie, darling, I believe I have more sweethearts than any man on the earth. I began my awakening by loving a woman whom it was not lawful for me to love, and now I love women, all women—black, white, red, yellow and mixed. Women have been the making of me in mind and body. It is glorious to love women and children!

* Thoughts are things and will produce other things after their kind. The following from an exchange is a striking illustration of what the thought of yellow fever is capable of doing:

A striking acknowledgment that fear is the cause of contagion was made in New York by the doctors of the health department, after the death of Col. Waring from yellow fever.

The following is an extract from the New York Journal of October 30:

The officials of the Board of Health were greatly worried lest Col. Waring's death should arouse popular alarm. They urged the newspaper men to declare that no one who had been in contact with Col. Waring should have any opportunity of spreading the disease, and as for a general contagion, President Michael C. Murphy of the Board of Health, said in a statement to the newspapers:

"If the newspapers will not alarm the citizens, this Board of Health will guarantee that the disease will not spread further than the death of Colonel Waring."

The emphasis of the last paragraph is the Journal's. If real and substantial live germs are the cause of yellow fever, what will "alarm" have to do with spreading the disease? "Alarm" must be considered by these officers to be a medium for imparting yellow fever, however, or they could not guarantee that the disease would not spread if no "alarm" were raised. They did not say they would guarantee that there would be no spread of the disease, if the people would refrain from inhaling, eating or drinking yellow fever germs. It was their opinion that fear was more dangerous than germs. The officers of the New York Board of Health are not Christian Scientists as might be supposed from their statement. They are doctors of medicine and believe in material remedies.

It is a well known fact that fear will produce disease. In fact any emotion will cause a change of conditions in the physical body. Fear has been known to produce instant death even when communicated through a mother's milk to a nursing infant. Love will, when in the form of strong emotions, unbalance the mind and cause one to become a raving maniac. Man is a thought.

* "I read daily 'The Law of Vibrations,' and it comforts me. The blessings of the Spirit are indeed yours. In your helping hand to others like myself you encourage me to say, 'I Am, Rachel.'"

AN I AM SERMON.

Power!

All power in heaven and in earth.

This was the theme of our last sermon.

The text was from the words of Jesus Christ to His disciples after His Resurrection and before the Ascension.

But it was not a new idea; only a personal claiming of an old promise. The Scriptures are a unit when rightly interpreted. There is one chain of Truth from Genesis to Revelation. The Bible is a very interesting Book when you look at it as a source of information, a collection of writings with a thread of prophecy running along with history. But when you take the Bible as a book of laws, rules and fixed forms of religious observance, given by an infallible God for the government of fallible men, it is a great humbug. It is Truth hidden amid rubbish just like gold is hidden in the earth. It must be dug out, crushed, smelted, and separated from the baser metals before it is fit for use as money or metal. The Gold of Truth in the Bible must be mined in the same way. There are whole books in the Bible not worth reading; and, there are other books that must be edited by the Spirit of Truth before you can get the good out of them; then, there are other books that you can't read too often, books full of the light of Truth. Genesis is the book of first importance; and, the whole of the Old Testament is of more importance than the New. The real Bible is the Old Testament written in Hebrew. The New Testament is a kind of supplement, or commentary, on the Old. The first book written for the new Testament was long after the Ascension of Jesus, and was simply a few notes to refresh the memory of the writer. When the New Testament writers talk about the Scriptures they have reference to the Hebrew Scriptures, now called the Old Testament. You must remember that Jesus, being an Individualist, didn't write anything; but, promised that the Spirit of Truth should take the place of all Scriptures and be a perpetual source of inspiration and information to each individual disciple. No one would be dependent on another, or the Church, for guidance or information; but would get orders and instruction direct from headquarters. Thus each follower would be led by God and not man; the assembly of saints would not be an institution governed by written law interpreted by a few men, but a gathering of individuals equally inspired, equally under the same infallible guide. God is no respecter of persons; therefore, in the true Church (congregation) each one is exalted to the right hand of the Majesty, and the poorest beggar is on the throne beside the prince of the realm. This is the Kingdom of God; a reign of heaven is not like mortal man in his realm of superiors and inferiors.

I have preached up to my text.

Some preachers take a text and preach from it, a long way from it. I have preached up to my text:

"And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness: and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and

over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth."

This verse is the 26th, in the first chapter of the first book of the Bible. You see, when Jesus claimed that all power in heaven and in earth had been given to him, he was not claiming anything new. It is as old as man. God had no idea in making an underling in His likeness. It would have been a great joke to make a powerless weakling, and declare that he was made in the image and after the likeness of the Almighty. Therefore this first commission to man needs to be carefully studied before you can understand the commission of Jesus to his twelve disciples. It does not say, "He shall have dominion," or, "Make him have dominion," but, "LET him have dominion." There is a mighty difference between let and make. Jesus said, "Let your light shine." But religionists have been blowing and puffing and bringing kindling wood to MAKE the light shine. The result has been much smoke and very little light. How the churches are sweating, scolding, storming and straining to make their light shine! It is all foxfire and only glistens a little in the dark. Jesus said, "Let your light shine!" If it is true light it will shine if you will put it on the table; but if you turn a half bushel measure over it and expect a light you will not even get a glimmer. And that blessed word "let." Just let it alone. Don't blow it, or talk about it. Let it alone. Lord! how people do go on about a little light—a deed of charity, a work of love, must be told all over creation, written up in the religious papers, and a marble memorial erected to blow it down the centuries. What a burlesque on the words of Jesus! Do you suppose Jesus was afraid that any good thing He said, or did, would be forgotten, get lost, and never show up when needed for the world? No! the Man of Nazareth just threw away His words and deeds, knowing that the source of His power was eternal; and, therefore, nothing he did, or said, could die, or be killed, or lost. Think of a man standing in an obscure part of the earth talking to a few fishermen and saying, "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away." Now don't you be uneasy about not being recognized. Bless you, if God is in you, there is nothing to overshadow you. Your light will shine and illuminate your pathway, so that all can see you and it.

People who are so anxious to keep their words and works from perishing generally perpetuate their error and embalm their folly. I think if the old reformers could come back and edit their creeds, and comment on their sayings, there would be a bonfire made of many volumes now called sacred and standard. The sweetness and purity of the men who spoke for man, by inspiration of and for the hour of present need, has always been preserved, and the men who gave least attention to preservation of their sayings have been the better preserved. Truth does not get lost or leak out of its jar; even when you break the jar the odor of Truth fills the whole house. You are the very essence of Truth. It has been made a part, the essential part, of your be-

ing. Rejoice in the gift of Truth direct from the Infinite Supply. You don't have to drink at the branch; you can drink from the very head of the fountain. Truth does not come to you by authority of priest or preacher; but, it comes clothed in its own authority, and it is to you for your own sake that it comes.

Let!

This is the key.

There is no doubt about God keeping His part of this covenant. He made man in His image and after His likeness and is going to let man have dominion. Not a straw will he throw in your way; no one, no thing will hinder you. Enter into your kingdom because God is going to let you. "The powers that be are ordained of God." Therefore, beloved, there isn't any kind of opposition to you. The great stumbling blocks are all shadows of mortal imagination. All this talk about the powers of darkness, the devils, the hells, the hindrances to human progress, is moonshine. It's a lie. I don't care who said it. Paul? Yes, but Paul was scared and afraid about many things. In one of the great battles of the wilderness General Grant was sitting under a tree whittling when an officer dashed up on foaming steed, and, in an excited voice, reported that certain division commanders were defeated and the battle was lost. Grant kept on whittling. When everything grew still he looked up and said, "Send a man who isn't scared to get the facts."

I like Paul; but oh! what a stomach, or liver, he must have had at times! He had more enemies arraigned in battle against God than any other writer in the Bible. According to Paul the atmosphere is full of "principalities and powers," "wicked spirits in the regions of the air," ready to swoop down on every man who attempts to enter into his kingdom. It is a lie! It comes from a disordered stomach, or an inactive liver, and has no existence in reality. The air is filled with goodness and truth. It would be mockery for me to fill the road full of lions, panthers, and other wild beasts, and then say to a child, "You may go home; I will let you go home." Now, if there is any opposition to your having dominion, God is mocking you when he declares that you are in His image and He will let you have dominion. There cannot be any opposition to Spirit, for Spirit is the only unchangeable substance, the only force, the only power there is anywhere in the Universe. You are in the image and after the likeness of God, and one of the essential elements in God-likeness is freedom—freedom to do as you please. There is no kind of opposition. "Why don't I exercise my dominion?" Because you don't know how! "Is there any opposition to my gaining this knowledge?" Not a bit. All power in heaven and earth will lend aid in your education. "Then, I can have dominion if I will?" Certainly; and no devil in hell, angel in heaven, or man on earth can hinder you. Rise and shine and give God the glory!

"Let them have dominion over the fish of the sea."

Easy task at the present; but what a time man has had learning how to go afishing?

It seems to be an easy thing to do; but, say, towhead, Adam and his boys didn't even have so much as a pinhook! Not a pin in all man's realm out of which to make a hook! God said: "Let him have dominion over the fish. But give the fishes a chance; don't create any fish hooks." Reason belongs to man; therefore, he began to think how to catch fish. It was a long time before he conquered the whales, but it is now an easy task. Yet, like all of man's conquests up to this time, it is a work of annihilation. By the time he has conquered the whale there will be no whales to conquer. He is managing his seal dominion in the same way. But the eyes of all nations are beginning to see the Truth and are demanding the protection of the seals and whales, so that they will not be utterly destroyed. Man has become an expert fisherman.

"And over the fowl of the air."

The feathered dominion has become so helpless before the conqueror man, that a great cry has gone up for fear the songsters will be annihilated and the earth be left in dreary loneliness. Can man never learn that a conquest which utterly destroys his dominion is defeat and not victory? The Lord God has made the earth a garden of delights. The forest is not a place of solitude. It is filled with voices, sweet in the cadence of heavenly music; and it is rich with all the colors of the rainbow. Man should let it remain for an everlasting inheritance. The song of birds, the hum of bees, are a part of the music of the spheres. It is our delight to enter into this dominion for happiness and joy and not for destruction.

"And over the cattle."

Cattle! I'm proud of man's dominion over the cattle. He is making a record for himself. It is true that he destroyed the buffalo, and is rapidly destroying deer, elk and antelope. But just look at his Durhams, Short-horns, Jerseys, Holsteins, etc.! If our old friend, Noah, could be present at a modern cattle show he would wonder why he had to load his ark with scrubs and runts! Man caught the truth in time to save his cattle dominion. His work with the horse is something wonderful. There is nothing small about man when it comes to horses and cattle. He has dominion and is extending his kingdom, until we now speak of cattle barons; men who have grown rich in cattle. It is true that we have bred horses with the idea of winning on the race track; and cattle are grown for money. All right! Man must have some kind of a motive before his mind will work. If he can't get there one way I'm willing for him to have freedom to get there another way. Get there!

Bear in mind that man had to learn how to have dominion before he could enter into his kingdom. He isn't much yet, but he is the biggest thing on earth and is slowly extending his power over his environment.

"And over all the earth."

Step by step man is conquering the earth. The earth offers no opposition. The only thing man has to do is to learn the law, get acquainted with the earth, and it yields itself a willing captor, an obedient servant. The geography of the earth has not yet been learned. Man has been very slow in

making a map of his little star. There are yet vast domains unexplored. Rich treasures lie hidden; but, man is not only exploring new territory but is uncovering what he himself covered in the past. Man is looking backward to find the lost arts and to discover what man used to know. He is also moving rapidly towards an understanding of the earth, so that he may overcome space, water, air, and all the elements which present a seeming opposition to man. It is only a question of time when men will govern earth, air, fire and water. He will sail the air as he does the water, and will make everything in heaven and earth obey his will. As we learn more we learn faster, and the discoveries of a day revolutionize the thought of centuries. This little planet must come under the dominion of man.

But what of man himself? The mortal man is just as much a part of man's dominion as the cattle and horses. He has done wonders in improving the breed of cattle and horses; and, at one time, he made efforts to improve the breeding of men. But, since the days of the Greeks and Spartans, men have been allowed to grow, like Topsy, without very much attention as to how or why they grew. Man has been so busy with his cattle and horses that he forgot to look after his own kind. His eyes, however, are now turned on himself. He has become alarmed at duds and dwarfs, idiots and insane, cripples and criminals, and is calling a halt to ask how men are being bred and reared on the earth. Even the preachers and churches are giving their attention to saving bodies on earth as well as souls in heaven. There never was a time when so much attention was given to cleanliness as well as godliness. The laws of sanitation, physiology and hygiene are taught in the public schools. Men in cities insist on order, sanitation and the utmost cleanliness. Men are learning to know pure air, pure water, and unadulterated food. As man learns these things he insists on having the best there is of air, water and food. The old system of surgery is a thing of the past, and old fashioned medication is going in the same way. Man is beginning to find out that mind controls matter and that he doesn't need to submit himself to the dominion of the doctor. Yes, we are marching onward to the kingdom of thought.

* * * Give us the best thought you have on the power of mind over matter.

You will find my "best thought" on this subject scattered all over CHRISTIAN, from the beginning of its publication to the end, if it ever has an end. It is the one theme of the day and the hour. In another place you will find my idea of mind over matter in the controlling of the planets and the command of the zodiac. Every day I am using mind to control disease, poverty and all the ills that flesh inherits or contracts. Matter is the plaything of mind. It is here for the amusement and education of thought. There is no knowing at present what or how much we can do with matter. Wonders have already been accomplished and yet we are only using the primary principles of mind.

A CLUB FOR DON'TS.

Prohibition, rules, regulations, criticism, faultfinding, nagging, scolding, none of these things ever did anybody any good. Here is the true word from an editorial in Eleanor Kirk's *Idea*:

"But how can I be kindly affectioned toward a man who drinks?" some one will ask. By knowing that the real man is all right; by holding the real man in thought instead of the unpleasant image which appears to your senses.

"But he has no business to drink," you say; "he falls from his high estate by doing so."

No man ever fell from his high estate. Such a tumble is impossible. He and others can be blinded to his high estate, but the real always remains real. Intemperance, like old age and poverty, is a very bad habit, but the real of the person is only obscured.

We are too free in our criticisms and in our inquisitive and wholly uncalled-for endeavors to find out the private faults and frailties of our brothers and sisters. The self-righteous critic knows nothing of the kingdom of heaven. Of what use is the light to the one who uses it for no other purpose than to hunt about in dark corners for bugs?

Froebel has shown that there is nothing so damaging in the family as criticism of the little ones. In a sense we are all little ones, and all engaged in our work of overcoming error. What we need is the cheery smile, the tender hand, the word of encouragement, just as the infant and the little boy and girl need them. We need to be kindly affectioned one to another, not in a limited but in a universal sense.

Criticism! It seems to me that the criticisms passed on me when I was a child will never be erased. My hair is getting white, but my cheek still burns when I think of faults pointed out in this same "me" when I was a tow-headed toddler. My memory is far-reaching in its backward stretch. Little kindnesses still blossom in my heart and send forth sweets into my being; but, oh! how the hurts did hurt. I was a giggler from Gigglerville and couldn't help it. But giggling, even smiling, was prohibited in school and church, and I had to attend. I couldn't hold laughter; it would pop out like a champagne cork on all occasions when I tried to suppress it. At prayer meeting, church meeting, school, family prayers, and funerals, when everybody else was solemn, "T. J." would giggle and then sink under the withering frowns of those in authority. It was not always just a frown, for the frown was generally followed by a switching which often brought blood, and always left marks on my back. I'll bet I have received a thousand whippings for laughing; but, thank God, they didn't beat it all out of me.

An amusing scene was witnessed several years ago in a small town in this State. I was sitting in front of a drug store, talking with a physician, when we were startled by a ye! he! yep! and looked up to see a country yahoo full of moonshine whisky. I will never forget his appearance or the incident. He was long, lank, lean and had only one eye. The doctor said:

"Bill, you musn't halloa in town."

Bill leaned against the post of the awning, and, eyeing the doctor with his one eye, exclaimed:

"Can't holler in town, eh? Why can't a feller holler in this here mangy town. Ain't this a free country?"

"No, Bill; this is an incorporated town and the marshal would put you into the calaboose."

Bill seemed to be working his brains and pumping blood from his indignant heart into the place where he did his thinking. Presently steadying himself once more he turned his one illuminated optic on the doctor and said:

"Doc! Say Doc! I'll tell you what I'm going to do."

"What is it, Bill?"

"I'm goin' to git on my hoss, by gosh, and I'm goin' to ride, and ride till I git ter the middle of the Prescott parairee, and I'm goin' to jis holler, and holler, and holler, as loud as I durn please, by gosh!"

Thank the Lord for the prairie where a feller can holler as loud as he pleases. When I get to heaven I'm going to laugh. When I see my beautiful face reflected in the jasper walls of the New Jerusalem, I will laugh. When I look down at the gold bricks in the pavement I will laugh. When I hear the ripples in the river of life as it flows through the midst of the city, I will laugh. If anybody frowns and says, "T. J., stop your laughing," I will pack my grip and go down to the other place and blow out the fires of hell with my laughing. I'm the positive pole of the Air Triplicity, and can laugh and laugh!

But what sense is there in always nagging children? What sense is there in suppressing nature? Be sweet! It is much easier than to be sour and cross. Your so called "responsibility" makes me sick. It is not your child. It is God's child. God knows how to raise His own children. You can spoil God's work (a little while) by your meddling, but you can't mend it. Josh Billings, the American philosopher, says, "The man who trains up a child in the way it should go, ought to go that way himself four or five times." Yes, it would do away with the necessity of training, for example speaks louder than words.

Then that word "Don't," it is so full of faultfinding that I dislike to even see it in print. "Don't," now "Don't," please "Don't." Ah! oh! let me cuss and use another word which begins with D. Somebody started a Don't-Worry-Society. Whew! Don't is the worry of the world.

Also comes that other soul depressing idea that a man or woman can fall from their high estate. They tell you that a woman can lose her virtue! Great guns! is virtue such a loose article that it can be lost? Certainly a woman can't lose that which is a part of her very being; if so, God would be losing Himself, and who would pick up the pieces of lost God lying around loose? Yet many a woman has drowned herself because she was made to believe she had lost her virtue. Can a man lose his Godhood in a drink of whisky? Then the Universe is a rattling old hulk and ought to sink into eternal nothingness. Is my divinity such a frail thing that it can be knocked out by the blows of mortality? What a burlesque on the so called everlasting hills, is this theology which looks upon man's soul as something to be snuffed out like a candle! Let the foolkiller get in his work. Man is God, and God is man. The twain are one in Being forever and ever.

THE NAUTILUS.

The Nautilus is a new monthly paper, four pages, fifty cents a year, by my friend, Elizabeth Lois Struble, No. 555 Yamhill street, Portland, Oregon. It is not devoted to the navy or anything naughty or nautical. It is the organ of Elizabeth Lois, and she is an I Am Scientist and an Individualist. A nautilus, as the dictionary will inform you, is a mollusk, an invertebrate. This would imply that Lois was backboneless. It is a wrong inference. She has a backbone, and the joints are not tied together with a twine string.

She follows in my footsteps as to terms and so forth; but as I Am following God she has a right to come after me, or along by my side. Betsy Lois is good company. Here is the way she answers a correspondent about Shelton:

From a letter: "Do you get CHRISTIAN? For pity's sake enlighten me as to the meaning of the answer to 'Josephine,' in the October number. Particularly this: 'If a husband does not own you, body and soul, then in ninety-nine cases you are owned by Mrs. Grundy, who stands for 'what will people say?' Does he mean—well, what DOES he mean?"

The statement quoted from Shelton is as plain as day. It means exactly what it says—that as long as you care a rap for what people say or think, or imagine that you OWE certain "duties" to husband, relative, friend or the world, you are simply OWNED to that extent. In other words, you are not free—which is the biggest kind of a mistake. There are no strings on us, we owe no man anything; we own ourselves and should act according to our inner promptings REGARDLESS OF OTHERS. No, that's not selfishness. Our inner promptings are GOOD, GOOD, GOOD, and nothing else. WE ARE LOVE. The promptings of love work ill to none. That others imagine we can hurt them is none of our business. We never help another by getting into the mire with him. We cannot loose another by binding ourselves. We can live our own freedom and others will "catch" it from us, for freedom and health are contagious more truly than disease. By the way, Shelton is a D.—Daisy or Darling, either one. Don't TRY to understand him. Just absorb him—his free, indomitable, stand-up-straight, I AM SUCCESS spirit. It is all we can do to understand ourselves without trying to understand other people. If you absorb his spirit it will make you understand itself in you, and thus you will come to understand him.

Thanks! Your head is level. The editor says the first criticism of the *Nautilus* came from a sixteen year old high school boy. He said, "I have just one fault to find, and that is that you defy the rule of rhetoric, which says too many italics are bad form." Instead of correcting this fault, Lois goes right on capitalizing until she emphasizes her emphasis out of existence. Say, Bessie, dear, it wouldn't take one spark away from your individuality if you should learn wisdom from this high school kid and thank him for it. There is a big bunch of individuality in being large enough to promptly acknowledge an error. You are as sweet as you can be, and I couldn't make you any sweeter by putting you into italics, small caps, or capitals.

Here is what she says about terms and the science of giving and receiving. My compositor is instructed, here and now, to leave out all italics and small capitals in this re-

print, and you will see that it is just as strong in itself without this display:

My terms of treatment are from one to ten dollars per month, according to the financial ability of the person treated. He alone is the judge of his own ability in this direction—"as a man thinketh in his heart." Bargain counters—something for nothing—is the great American vice. It may be the vice also of the Englishman or the Hottentot, for aught I know to the contrary, but I have had experience, both personal and by observation, with the American bargain counter vice. I have noted that people with the bargain counter vice strongly developed are apt to get worsted at mental counters. The opening through which we give seems to be automatically hitched to the opening by which we receive. We receive just as freely as we give. That does not mean so many ounces of healing force for so many ounces of gold—oh, no! There was a widow's mite which brought her more love (which is the healing force) than the rich man's gold; but she threw the door wide open to give and the reception door flew wide open too! The rich man opened just a crack for fear too much would escape. Poor fellows! They didn't know they were keeping two doors shut! I send out the healing word—the Whole Word—whether you send me a thousand dollars or not even a stamp for reply. It all depends upon you whether you receive little or much benefit. Every little pore of your body, internal and external, is a tiny door for giving and receiving—hung on a pivot, one side opening inward as the other swings outward! You have only to watch your sensations for an instant when you feel "grasping," when you feel like withholding anything—to note that your body tightens up all its nerves and muscles, pores and all. The whole body, every cell and atom of it, is subject to your will, which is you; and when you are resistant you are not receptive. Any thought that has a don't to it, as "I don't want to give," or do, or see, etc., is a resistant thought. Such thought directs the will to close the doors. Now you don't mean to close all the doors, the entrances as well as the exits, but you do it just the same. People who live a great deal in resistance are subject to "colds." The pores close and the effete, useless matter has to be forced out of the body through the mucous membranes, the pores of which are larger than those of the skin. Non-resistance leaves the body free to give and to receive. Freedom is healthful. Resistance is dis-ease. There is only good in all the universe. Therefore if you resist you resist good. Now can you see why freedom is health? And why the free giver is the free receiver? And the free receiver gives freely?

** "Dr. Shelton: Dear Sir—I want to ask your forgiveness for doing you a mean trick which turned out in your favor. I gave all the preachers in town your paper, at the last part of the week, not long ago. By Sunday they were wild, and nearly all gave Christian Science a black eye, supposing you were one. The result of it was, the audiences began to discuss mental healing, and many converts have been made to mental healing. It was amusing to hear these preachers telling their audiences that mental healing was the work of the devil, when in the audience were members of the church, and others, who had been treated for diseases by mental healers, and were well. In the Methodist church I know of several members being treated mentally. Living only a few blocks from all these preachers there are twenty people, to my knowledge, who have been cured by mental healers. I will give these preachers some more papers, and get them to going again, and in that way the whole town will get converted."

I.

The following clipping was sent me by a correspondent. I would give credit if I knew from what paper it was taken. It was headed "Egotism," but I change it to "I," for speaking the truth is not egotism:

I find that I am a more important person than I thought.

I make the President and the Governor, and the judge on the bench, and the street cleaning commissioner.

If the President wishes to declare war, or to make peace, or to keep or not to keep the Philippine Islands, he waits to hear what I have to say.

I am the President, the Governor, and the judge on the bench, and the street cleaning commissioner.

I find that when Ethan Allen captured Fort Ticonderoga, "In the name of Almighty God and the Continental Congress," and that when "Mad Anthony" stormed the breastworks at Stony Point, and that when Cornwallis gave his sword to the great George, and that when Lee surrendered to Grant, I was there.

I was right in it. I did it.

I find that I commanded the ships, and sighted the guns, and fired the shells, and stoked the boilers, and managed the engines at Manila; at Santiago the same.

It was I who charged up the hill at San Juan, and set the flag awaving over Ponce.

I am the man that sunk the Merrimac.

I am indispensable and irrepressible.

Nothing can be done in these States and Territories and outlying islands without me.

The millionaire can't get his stuff together in such large piles unless I help him.

He can't build a house, or run a railroad, or open a mine, or start the oil well spouting, or make electric wires talk and work, or turn hides into shoes, or felt into hats, or wool into clothes, or ideas into bank notes unless I say so.

The missionary can't go unless I send him.

The legislator can't legislate, and the magistrate can't enforce the law without my consent.

Not even the boss can boss things unless I let him.

I'm wonderful.

You can't buy anything unless I sell.

You can't sell anything unless I buy.

You can't teach anything unless I learn.

You can't learn anything unless I teach.

I'm something surprising.

The Greeks and the Romans, and Nebuchadnezzar and Pharaoh and Xerxes never saw anything like me.

I'm English, Irish, French, Spanish and Portuguese; German, Dutch, Russian, Polish and Scandinavian; Italian, Greek and Turk; Chinese, Japanese and Hawaiian; Australian and Canuck; Afro-American and just plain nigger; cowboy, Indian, Mexicano and a lot more.

I'm simple and I'm complex.

I may not always be right, but I always come out right in the end; and I'm pretty certain to get what I want.

I always want something, and generally know exactly what it is.

You never heard of me?

Well, you have.

And you'll hear more of me for a long time to come, for I am here to stay.

Who am I? Whoop!

I'm a horny-handed, kid-gloved, knickerbockered, silk-stockinged, swarthy-checked, eye-glassed, literary, yellow-journal-reading, church-going, whisky-drinking, law-abiding, negro-lynching, philanthropic, money-grabbing, sentimental, hard-headed, brave, cowardly, independent, boss-ridden, wise, frivolous, hard-working, fun-loving, steady, silly, white-faced, black-faced, copper-colored, well-dressed, unwashed, gentlemanly, rowdyish, all around

AMERICAN CITIZEN.

SUNLIGHT SERMONS.

II.—COMMANDMENTS.

BY MARIE EDITH BEYNON.

In the world of ideas there is nothing cheaper than advice. Everybody is qualified to give it; many of us are too self centered to take it; besides we have our own opinion as to its value, and some of it is dear at any price. I like the people who say *do so* and *so*, better than those whose voices are continually running down the scale of *Don'ts*. The former have an affirmative idea, which, though it may be lost in the complicity of their words, stands for something. They are cheerful, though sometimes mistaken. They speak in the first person singular, active voice, and see the truth according to their light. The others talk without saying anything. They reiterate their words in the third person, plural, passive voice, and can not see the truth for the shadow of the lantern which they swing in the dark. Their minds are full of fear and uncertainty. They start at every sound. The dark spots cast upon the face of the universe by man's distrust of himself, look like nothing less awful than bottomless pits, dug by the Evil One, and allowed by the Almighty. The green hills which slope gently to the azure sky of Truth are regarded with suspicion as impassable mountains leading insidiously to some place of destruction.

These negative, self constituted guardians of the highways of morality may be appropriately called the complex eleventh commandment. They run up and down in nervous terror, shrieking: "Thou shalt not! Don't go there! Don't!"

Dear brothers and sisters, why this painful excitement? Be calm. I knew nothing of that dangerous spot till you howled. But now my attention has been directed to it, I shall follow my usual custom and put it to the test of the Spirit.

Let there be light. See the radiant face of the sun in his glory, as he kisses the clinging mists, and they melt at his touch. But where is the black abyss, the sight of which drove you into a frenzy? I see nothing here but holy ground. You have been fighting a shadow.

All such shadows are cast by the outside world; they are the negations of mortal thought, the reflected image of unregenerate man. I am not of this world; I am all brightness, and my light goes with me. Therefore, the fancied darkness disappears at my approach.

The horror you saw was the picture of your doubting, shrinking self.

Ah! my dear one, you must be born again. When you are filled with the fulness of all power, and love and joy, you will know that there is nothing in the heavens above or the earth beneath that need make you afraid.

All the misery in the world is due to spiritual blindness and the consequent confusion of mortal vision. Sin—that old word, full of the bitterness of controversy and the hiss of imaginary serpents—is interpreted by the Spirit as the shadow of your outer self. Will you wrap yourself in it as in a funeral garment forever and ever, when the glorious

sunshine of the inner Temple awaits your coming?

You remember that after the crucifixion of Christ the veil of the temple was rent in twain, the partition between the outer sanctuary and the Holy of Holies was broken down. As yet you see through the veil darkly. When you have crossed the threshold of the Eternal into the glories of the unseen, then you will see God face to face. In Him is no variableness, neither shadow of turning. But you need not grope for Him in the dark, among the trashy inventions of the outer world. God is not hiding in the shadow. Turn your eyes inward. Close your ears to the deafening noises of a struggling, fighting, unbelieving world. In the heavenly calm of the Silence knock at the door of the Infinite. Wait and listen. Relax your tension of thought, the tight grasp of your hands upon the perishing things of earth. Say to yourself: "These things are nothing. There is only God." Center your mind on the one idea of Omnipotence, and your spirit will take to itself the glad wings of the morning and soar higher than your human thought could ever hope to reach. Looking down to the place from whence you started, you will see that you projected that shadow by some movement of yourself. There is always sunlight else there would be no shadow. The people who see only darkness, and that continually, have an awkward habit of getting in their own light. They need to move into such a position that they will not be confronted by the grotesque image of themselves thrown upon the white walls of life.

I was never yet gratified by the sight of my own shadow. The promiscuous enlargement of my features and the unnecessary emphasis of expression animating my countenance convey to my finer feelings a sense of injury.

If I believed for one moment that the picture was correct, words would fail to describe my harrowing emotions. I would never again say to my face, "Be pretty," unless I wished to cover it with ignominy and irony. But I've looked in a true mirror and know for a fact that my head is not the size of a tub; that my nose is not two feet long, nor my mouth a yard wide; that my smile is not the very *dentistry* of sarcasm and idiocy, nor are my cheeks cut on the bias, with a tendency to facial contortions. I don't exclaim: "Oh! poor Edith, you are a blemish on the beauty of Nature; whatever will become of you?" I snap my fingers at the caricature and say: "You lie. I don't look like that." It would be folly to tell it to come off the wall, but I take another position, and it disappears like magic.

Beloved, another commandment give I unto you: Move away from your shadow. Look behind the veil and see your real self.

Ah! the beauty of the inner Temple, the incorruptible! The atmosphere, vibrant with divinity, breathes rest and joy. The small limitations of the finite thought are nowhere visible. We realize that we have come into a large open space that has no shadowy corner from end to end. And how delightful it is to feel that the property is all ours! Nobody has a mortgage on it, not

even that land grabber called the devil. Oh, how good it is to breathe freely; the oxygen in the air fills every tingling nerve. Sure cure for mental asthma in this upland region.

And there are no fences. This was one of the first things I noticed when I came, and I couldn't refrain from shouting, "Glory!" The recording angel heard and smiled as he wrote down, "The former things have passed away."

Yes, all my life I've been bothered by fences. Did you ever think how many there are and how destructive is their effect on the natural constitution of mortals. There are all kinds, from cross bars to barbed wire, and they are built all over the creation. We can't help running into them, because they get in front of us. We go through life ungracefully, and with a great deal of discomfort to ourselves and others, because we are obliged to reach happiness and truth by a hop, skip and jump. There are sore heads and sore hearts, and tear bedewed rails lying around because of high board fences that ought never to have gone up. The world has got into the habit of treating its humanity like cattle, to be driven, and goaded, and fenced, and whipped. I've seen cows headed off by compulsory law, and I know how the system works. They run straight for the opening that you wish them to avoid. It is the effect of a natural telepathic process. The perception of the animals followed the thought of the driver. They are so full of the thing they ought not to do that they can think of nothing else. The consciousness of a restraint on their liberty goads them to certain frantic movements which bear them inevitably toward the magnetic center of attraction, namely, the thing they are *commanded not to do*.

There was no intention to offend; it was a blind fight for freedom. The chances are that if the animals had not been surrounded and badgered, they would have kept away from the forbidden ground and been law abiding citizens to the end of their natural days. I do think that men, women and children, as well as cows, require a good deal of letting alone. Plants and green things generally grow better when we are not continually snipping at them, and the ripe fruit of our minds is to be eaten with a relish by ourselves and congenial friends, not to be submitted to the inspection of every cross grained son of a pope, who thinks his word is law on the subject of growth.

There is considerable zeal of ignorance displayed in the building of fences. I see this plainly, now that I have found my wings and can go where I please. I look down from my dizzy height and wonder what possesses people to waste so much good kindling wood.

Some things are fenced that are not worth fencing. The men and women who are so belabored that they feel compelled to jump the rails, have only their trouble for their pains. It is a two act farce.

Take for instance the thick headed man with one wife who thinks he would be happier with half a dozen. That fence is easily

scaled by a man. The trick is as old as Solomon.

But afterwards he is the same man, only more so. He has only succeeded in getting more of what he already had, which was not satisfactory or he wouldn't have *wanted* more. Verily, the last state of that man is worse than the first. The jump he made for liberty and happiness was only a leap in the dark; he landed in error, but otherwise remained sound in limb, ready to jump again for other seemingly desirable possessions, always with the same result.

In man's ignorant, unregenerate state his desires run rampant. His spirit in its ungovernable hunger for the fruit of knowledge is not fastidious as to choice, or ways and means. The quality and quantity of his lawlessness is controlled largely by the whip lash and the number of restrictions laid upon him. The defiant spirit of any animal in leading strings is reduced by turning him loose. He will graze around for awhile, perhaps, in an experimental fashion, but he will do no damage, because it has been made too easy for him. He will come in a quieter, wiser, if not sadder beast, subdued in all his creaking joints by reason of his knowledge of fences and what they contain or pretend to contain. He will wipe his feet on the door mat and sit in the chimney corner and ruminant. Even his wife, or sister, the most prejudiced females he can possess, will see a gleam of hope break through the wrinkles of his contaminated countenance, and will rejoice to know that he has begun to think. Thinking is an affirmative act and tends to something of its own kind. When he has asked himself how many different patterns of a fool he is, and whither he is tending, the white flag of reason will unfurl itself in his darkened mind, and he will gradually lift his eyes to the hills from whence cometh his strength. If he shuts out the jibes and jeers of the outside mob, and seeks the Truth in the Silence, he will find himself and God, and will bother the fences no more.

I don't see why human beings should be driven to war with themselves at the point of the moral bayonet. Leave them alone and they'll come home and bring their laurels with them.

The majority of people are entrapped into meanness and vicious habits by the alluring threats of a prohibitory public. This moral suasion, practically illustrated, is feeble persuasion.

Now there is a way of reaching the good in four footed as well as two footed beasts. Call them by names they are *not ashamed to own*. You will seldom fail to receive a response *in the same tone of voice*.

Call a man a fool and he will be a fool, to you, at least, until he perceives through his own folly that he is otherwise.

Call a dog a cur, and he will wag his tail dolefully, and look and act like a cur till it occurs to him that he is not a cur, but a lucky dog with a future.

Tell the early bird not to catch the worm, and it will sit up all night for the pleasure of making the scientific statement in the morning that there *is no worm*.

Tell the civilized man that he is a worm of the dust, and he will *crawl* under your feet to such an extent that your only safety from uncomfortable contact with him is to stand on your head. This you can do with impunity, having already proved that the dangerous rush of blood to the *brain*, consequent upon such an act, will not happen in *your* case.

Call a brawny heathen a worm, and if he knows anything about occult force, he will knock you down, and prove disastrously as you lick the dust that *you* are the worm. Neither of you will rise any too early for *your* comfort.

So you see, my beloved hearers, it is impossible to predict the various effects of compulsory statements applied miscellaneously. I do not advise caution; that is contrary to my principles and would only complicate the difficulty. I suggest the withdrawal of complainants in the negative. The evidence of Don't and Shalt Not, as heard by mortal ears, is never complete. There is always a missing link upon which might be hung a recommendation to mercy. The jurymen who condemn are the ones who trip over this link in the midnight hour, and with sorrow for their past blindness, attach it to their own experience.

"Judge not that ye be not judged."

Speak the living word in the Silence or in the affirmation of Good. Call to your distressed brothers and sisters in the name and voice of God. God is Love. Say to them: "Lift your heads, ye of little faith. Sit no longer in the shadow, beating your lifeless breast in despair. Take my hand and come with me. I have found the sunshine. Together, in the name of the Universal I Am, we will calmly thread the walks of Life, and the Spirit shall guide us into all Truth."

Oh, my people, fret not yourselves because of so called sinners. God saves without our puny help. The Good Shepherd knows His sheep, they hear his voice and follow him. All the howls of the mortal wolves, bent upon chasing and destroying the precious life, are as naught when compared with the power and insistence of the still, small voice.

The morning hour of our soul communion is gone. It is almost noon. I lift my face to the glowing eyes of the sun and feel the radiance of the Spirit world, ever near, though said to be afar off. Then I turn my face to you, my unseen congregation, and once more my lips are moved by the breath of the Spirit. Rise and be dismissed by the I Am doxology.

Spirit of Truth, Eternal Flame,
We call on Life through thy dear name;
Speak to our souls in this still hour,
And fill us with all love and power.

Let no small thought of mortal pain
Make weak our hearts for mighty gain;
No contemplation of earth's dross
The crown o'ershadow by the cross.

Lead on in majesty thine own
To nobler heights than man has known;
Beloved of God, forever more
Swell Love's sweet note from shore to shore.

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