



# Christianian

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## ITEMS AND IDEAS.

\*\*\* October!

\*\*\* Libra, the Scales. See that you are well balanced.

\*\*\* The new edition of my book on "The Law of Vibrations" is sent postpaid for fifty cents.

\*\*\* "Sequence of Man's Belief," by Chas. E. Osgood, Arkansas City, Kan.; price 25 cents.

\*\*\* Your first year's subscription and your first month's treatment will be given for one dollar.

\*\*\* The "I AM Sermons" are selling rapidly. I am glad I had ten thousand printed right at the start.

\*\*\* "Restful Thoughts" is a little booklet of verses by Mrs. Arthur Gustorf, 339 Wisconsin avenue, Oak Park, Ill.

\*\*\* In my notice of "The Open Door," in September, I neglected to give the place of publication. Address James C. Robinson, 378 Willis avenue, New York City.

\*\*\* All renewals and new subscriptions paid now will be credited to January, 1902. All this year will be given free of charge. Help us to get our list ready for the new year.

\*\*\* "Stray Thoughts," by M. Josephine Conger; A Small Book of Verses Born in the Quiet of a Missouri Village. The Bulletin Printing House, Linneus, Mo.; price 35 cents.

\*\*\* "A Key to the Secret Vault," a Solution of Man's Origin, the Philosophy of His Present Condition and His Future Destiny; by Robert Wilson Murphy, M. D., 1601 Gough street, San Francisco, Cal.

\*\*\* I have received, with the compliments of the author, "New and Beautiful Songs," by C. Payson Longley, 600 Pennsylvania avenue, S. E., Washington, D. C. These are really beautiful songs. Sent postpaid for 18 cents.

\*\*\* Presented with the compliments of *The Philistine* to Blanche Shelton, a copy of "Samuel Johnson," edition de luxe. Of this edition there were printed and especially hand illumined but 925 copies. This book is number 636. Thanks!

\*\*\* Christian is sent to any address on trial, free of charge. When I send the paper for trial, I don't expect you to make a fair trial of it in less than six months. Don't be afraid to read the paper, as I will never ask you for your subscription, unless you voluntarily pay it.

\*\*\* Yes, all persons who pass out of the body go directly to the Sun. You ask me if you can draw electrical currents or vibra-

tions by looking at the Sun. I don't know. I focused the Sun in my eyes for three years, but I don't know that it is best for you to do it. You must follow your own spirit.

\*\*\* "It is written, ask and ye shall receive. Will you please send me your book of 'I AM Sermons' and your book on 'Vibrations' and charge the same to the Spirit?"  
"C. A. STARK, Talpa, Tex."

I have given away all of the books that I can afford to give. If any of my readers want to send Mr. Stark these books, his prayer will be answered.

\*\*\* My daughter, Edna Shelton Martin, after seven months' vacation, has returned to the office of Christian. She intended to take a whole year's vacation, but seven months was sufficient. Edna has always been a factor in Christian, and the many readers will welcome her back to work. She comes with more energy and power than ever before. The entire subscription list is under her management.

\*\*\* A friend in New York writes, asking how I will interpret the words of Jesus when he calls on the "Father" as a person. There is personality in the principle of Being, but not form. God is Wisdom, Love, Truth, but He does not have any legs, or arms, or any kind of a body. When you come to understand the Principle of Being, you always recognize personality. There is only one Man. All individual men are duplicates of this one man. There is only one God, the Universal Spirit.

\*\*\* "Tolstoi, a Man of Peace," by Alice B. Stockham, together with "The New Spirit," by H. Havelock Ellis; Alice B. Stockham & Co., Chicago; price \$1.00. This is a book of 140 pages, bound in cloth, and illustrated. It is an interesting account of Mrs. Stockham's personal visit to Count Tolstoy. I can't understand why people persist in printing the name "Tolstoy" when he himself writes it "Tolstoy." A man ought certainly to know how to spell his own name. Tolstoy is one of the great prophets of modern times.

\*\*\* "Will you kindly state in Christian whether or not you consider that a person can get a working knowledge of Mental Science without taking a regular course in Mental study?"

It is all owing to the amount of knowledge you already possess. I had been in the ministry twenty years, and yet I took three courses in Mental Science before I began to practice. After you have taken all the courses and read all the lessons, you will have to work it out for yourself. It is best to take a systematic course, and then follow your own spirit in making the application.

\*\*\* The new home of Christian has been purchased, but we did not get into it as

soon as we expected. Can't go into the new house until it is free from debt. So, you see, all of this newspaper nonsense about my making fifty thousand dollars per year was a canard. I have not taken space to deny it, but I am making no fabulous sum, simply a living for myself and others. You can help us to get into our new home by renewing your subscriptions. All renewals and new subscriptions made now will be credited for the whole of next year.

\*\*\* *The Nautilus* arises in her might and makes this mighty statement in regard to soul mates:

"Though the un-individualized seek day and night, as did the Good Shepherd for the one lost sheep, yet shall he not find The One. He may think he has found her. He may marry her; only to find the wife is not She. He may think she is wedded to another—'lost' to him. He may spend his life seeking—seeking. And die seeking. And wake again and seek.

"Did you never hear that Happiness ever eludes the hunter, but perches a-neighbor for the hunter of Something Else? So She eludes the seeker ever. But he who goes a-hunting for Himself finds first Himself, and then Her Whom His Soul Loves."

\*\*\* Remember in these hot times that non-resistance is scientific. Have your own political opinions and vote as you please, but don't antagonize other people. Blow your own horn so loud that you can't hear the other fellow's blowing. This is much better than to stop blowing and to try to take the other fellow's horn from him. Let him blow! Never make accusations against anybody or anything. These accusations simply antagonize and come back on you. In spite of all the wars and rumors of war, non-resistance is the true law of life. It is hard to practice and easy to preach. I preach it every day, and practice it a little. When I get letters abusing and criticizing me, I want to pitch into the writers. This is mortal nature—animal nature. The Divine nature goes right along undisturbed.

\*\*\* "If you are not the most provoking man I ever saw! Been tantalizing us less fortunate poor souls for the last six months or more, telling us what bliss it was to find your soul mate. Then when some of us get over anxious and seek advice from you, you sit back on your dignity, and say: 'Hunt him or her for yourself, as I did.' Might as well say that of the whole thing. Then Lady Blanche says: 'What's the use of talking so much about the sex question!' I'll bet my old hat that she did some of the loudest howling you ever heard before she found her own. Now, mine is a 'John,' so I have been told, and if you could start a rain fall and have it stop right over a certain man's farm, and save his crop, you can start my John straight for my house and he won't stop until he gets there. My old, blind, decrepit mother sits beside me and says: 'Child, I lived to love a dozen men, and they were all my soul's mate as long as the spell

lasted. And so you and all the rest will find out if you live as long as I have lived.' But, nevertheless, send my John to me. Sadie."

Say, Sadie, if John belongs to you and you belong to John, you will come together in spite of hell and high water. I will speak the Word in the Silence every day that you may find your own and that your own may find you.

\*\*\* I have been called inconsistent on account of a certain passage in my book, "Vibrations." I will quote from page 40:

"The so-called dangers at this period of isolation will come to you because you are looking into the objective world around you for companionship. This powerful love vibration, coming from the center of your being, is liable to fix itself upon a woman, or a man, as the case may be; and you will think you have found your soul mate. In your loneliness you have been looking out for some one to come to you, and you think the one in whom your soul delights has come. But this is a mistake. There are no soul mates. Each individual in the universe walks alone with God. There can not be such a thing as mates without bondage. And the kingdom of God is the kingdom of freedom. Each individual is perfect within themselves. But you need not be afraid of this objective love-making. Love works no ill. No one was ever injured in body, mind, or spirit by being loved or by loving. A man is made nobler and grander by loving a woman, though his love may end in what the world calls a tragedy. The uplifting power of love is not weakened because you have made a mistake."

This quotation is from the chapter on "Isolation," and I stand by it as the Truth. I am not dependent upon any woman on the face of this earth. She Whom My Soul Loves is the Divine Feminine. It is not two halves coming together. It is not two persons yoked together. It is two whole beings, without any yoke. If She Whom My Soul Loves existed for thousands of years before she met me, she can go on existing for thousands of years more without me. She Whom My Soul Loves is God! Do you suppose that God Almighty is wearing a yoke of any kind? If you read that whole chapter in "The Law of Vibrations," you will find that it is the Truth, the whole Truth, and nothing but the Truth. When two people come together and begin to think that they can't get along without each other, they are not mates. The individualized man knows that he is God; therefore, the Divine Feminine will be in him and with him in spite of all of the human women on earth!

#### HOW MUST I DO TO BE SAVED?

"What must I do to be saved?"

I have preached a thousand sermons from this text; or rather I have preached the same sermon a thousand times. I told the people that they must believe in Jesus Christ, repent of their sins, and be baptized. Then, after this, they must attend church, take communion every Sunday, pay money to the preacher, and behave themselves. I am going to preach a sermon, but I will change the "What" into "How must I do to be saved?" There is no doubt about our doing something. We all have to do something to be saved. The whole philosophy of life hinges on how you do what you do.

In the first place, we must eat. You can't live without eating, and you can't eat with-

out living. We borrow life from vegetables. We can eat these vegetables and fruits raw, cooked, or eat the flesh of animals after they have digested and assimilated the vegetables. The most of us eat both the vegetable and the animal. I will not enter into discussion as to what kind of food we must eat. The question before us in this article is, how shall we eat? Experience has taught us that we must eat three meals a day. There should be about five hours between meals. There are many theories about fasting and eating. Some people will declare that you are to gain spiritual power and strength by fasting. Others will tell you that you should not eat any breakfast; while others will declare that one meal a day is sufficient. Some people will fast for days at a time and then gormandize to make up for it. Now, set aside all of these foolish theories and follow nature. Have regular hours for your meals, and go to the table whether you are hungry or not. Nature has great respect for habits. If you eat at all times and at uncertain hours, you will have dyspepsia. Eat at regular intervals and don't let anything interfere with your meals. Then, mix mind with the matter you eat. It is very important to think rightly. I don't mean that you should be looking at your food or thinking about your stomach. Think God-thoughts. Keep in your mind that you are God! It is the God in you enjoying himself. It is the Master in you eating for health and happiness. You are not a dying man eating to preserve life; but you are an eternal spirit, eating that you may enjoy life. The reason why we eat is because it is a pleasure. If we did not like to eat, if we did not have an appetite for food, life would become extinct. But nature has put within us this desire for food, and made the satisfying of this desire a pleasure. Therefore, you must not eat as a duty, or in obedience to somebody's commandment. Don't go to the table with a long face, as if you were going to bury your grandmother. Eat for pleasure! Good, healthful fruit, well-cooked vegetables, and all kinds of meats and game should be placed before you if you can afford it. Rejoice and be glad! Be glad that you can exercise this function of eating and you will have no trouble about digestion. Rich, healthy blood will come into your veins. Eating will become part of your happiness. When the regular hour for meals comes around, you will not sit down and bolt your food. You will not be in a hurry to get through with the meal. Everybody will have a bright countenance, and coming to the table will be a part of the social life of the household. It will not be a feast of hungry gluttons, but the regular order of healthful eating. This philosophy applies to drinking as well as eating. What shall we drink? Coffee, tea, milk, cocoa, root beer, lemonade, any healthful drink. Now, don't sit down to the table and begin to declare that coffee is injurious and that you can't drink tea. Coffee is a splendid drink, and so is tea. But water will hurt you if you frown over it, and groan over it, and declare that it is injurious. You can, by holding the right thought, fill the very air that you breathe with poison.

Sleeping! Now, it is just as natural to sleep as it is to eat. Sleeping is essential to health and happiness. And right here, once more, let me remind you that nature has great respect for regular habits. You should have regular hours for sleeping and let nothing interfere with these hours. If you get into the habit of going to sleep at a certain hour and awaking at a certain hour, you can do it right along without any trouble. Don't go to bed and say "I am not sleepy; I just know I can't go to sleep," and begin to toss around and bemoan your insomnia. Remember who you are. It is not a weak man lying down to try to get a little rest. It is God enjoying Himself in sleep! You say to yourself: "I am an immortal being; I am going to lie down here and enjoy myself. My visions and dreams shall be pleasant. I am God and therefore I have a right to enjoy myself through the sensations of this physical body. Profound slumber shall come to my eyelids. There is no danger anywhere in all the Universe. All of my Good has come to me, and no harm can reach me. I have nothing to fear. There are no burdens on my mind. I love the whole world and the whole world loves me. I have finished my work for this day and the morrow has not yet arrived. I will take sweet rest in sleep so that I will be ready for the work of to-morrow." This is a sure cure for insomnia. Instead of tossing about, take hold of your body and hold it in a firm grasp. Make your limbs be still! After a while, natural relaxation will come, and you will fall asleep.

You not only eat and sleep in order to live, but there are other appetites. Sexual association is just as essential to health as sleeping and eating. Right here is another point in nature which we must discern. We eat and drink and sleep for pleasure. Nature gives us hunger and thirst, in order to make us obey her orders. In satisfying hunger and thirst, nature gives us pleasure. It is a part of our happiness to obey the law of eating, drinking, and sleeping. The same is true of sexual association. The race is propagated through pleasure. This is nature's sweet way of impelling us to obey the law. The law of sexual attraction is the law of life. How shall we do to be saved? In this matter, you will find the world full of theories and all kinds of foolish notions. They will tell you that sexual commerce should be for the propagation of the race, and for nothing else. If this is true, eating should come under the same law. No food should be taken into the stomach except when it is necessary to preserve life. But we eat for pleasure, without thinking about the preservation of life. Sexual association is for pleasure, without any thought of perpetuating the race. This law of attraction is not labeled duty, but pleasure. A healthful sexual appetite will govern itself. Once more, let me remind you that nature has great respect for habits. Therefore, you should have regular hours for love-making. Don't get into the idea that once a week or once a month is enough to satisfy a healthful sexual appetite. It is not. You had just as well practice the gormandizing of those who fast for weeks and then eat

like gluttons. A genuine kiss is just as pleasant one day as another. Sexual association should be constant and regular and mixed with the mind of the spirit. Who is it doing these things? It is God enjoying Himself. Men and women who absent themselves from each other, live in separate rooms, and only come together when they are half starved, will have sexual dyspepsia and all kinds of disorders. Those who live together, snarling, biting, and spitting at each other, like cats, will have all kinds of diseases. You must be lovers every day. A kiss that is formal, that is given for fear that you will offend, is a lie, and the lie always leaves a bad effect in the body of the liar. I want to be very plain in regard to this question of how shall we do to be saved. You must get out of life everything there is in it. If you crucify the flesh, if you repress natural desire, you are crucifying and repressing God. Expression is life; repression is death. Whatever you do, do it joyfully. The satisfying of the sexual appetite must be a pleasure, the same as eating, drinking, and sleeping. Have your regular hours, your regular trysting place, and make love perpetual. This spasmodic feasting to-day and starving to-morrow is unscientific. Another thing: Don't get the idea that you are going to waste yourself by these pleasures. There is not anything to waste. The supply is always equal to the demand. I am talking about healthful appetites, and not artificial stimulation. I am talking about the regular eating, regular sleeping, and regular sexual vibrations. The unnatural appetite is spasmodic. It comes by spells, fits, and brings more pain than pleasure. Above all things, realize that you are God and that God is in all these things. The recognition of who and what you are is the key to health and happiness. It is God in your body enjoying eating, sleeping, and all other pleasurable actions.

Now, is this all of life? Certainly not. But the things I have mentioned are the foundations of health, and life without health is not worth much. With these regular habits formed, you will take pleasure in your work, no matter what kind of work it is. You will go forth every day strong for the so-called burdens of life. It does not matter whether you carry a hod or hold a pen, you will do your work with joy. Keep up with the thought of the day! Take an interest in politics, in business, in everything that men are doing. Don't be lopsided, or one-ideaed. Specialism has gone to seed. What we want is diversity of thought. You are going to live forever; therefore, settle down to right living.

#### FALLING INTO THE HANDS OF THE PHILISTINES.

When Elbert Hubbard, editor of the *Philistine*, lectured in Denver, I went to hear him. We had never met in person, and after the lecture, the crowd around him was so great, I did not press forward to be introduced. He had seen my picture, and picked out some bald-headed man on the third row for me. His vanity made him think that my Right Hand and my Left Hand (known as

Blanche and Helen) were also gazing at his beautiful countenance and listening to his words. The facts are these: Lady Blanche was a thousand miles away, and Helen had gone to the theatre. I sat alone on the first row and gazed into the soulful eyes of Hubbard. The only way I can account for Hubbard's statements about seeing Blanche and Helen is that the aura of these lovely women accompanied me to the lecture and he felt their Divine presence. But I like Hubbard and Hubbard likes me. His philippic against the "bejesus" fellows receives my hearty Amen. When I say that I AM God, I say the same thing for every other man on the earth. But here is what Hubbard says in the September *Philistine*:

"Recently we had a spectacle of one Sheldon of Topeka, Kansas, running a newspaper for a week as Jesus would do it. That is to say, this modest gentleman, Mr. Sheldon, felt himself so en-rapport with the spirit of Jesus Christ that he consented to give an exhibition wherein he, Sheldon, played the part of J. C. as an editor. The extreme indelicacy of the Topeka man almost challenges credulity; but we have something equally interesting in one Shelton who sees Sheldon and goes him one better.

"Thomas J. Shelton of Denver, Colorado, edits and publishes a paper called 'The Christian.' Shelton says he does not publish for one week as Jesus would—he does it by the year—one dollar a year, and sends you gratis Health Vibrations every day at 4 P. M. as a premium. In the United States to-day there are thirty-nine publications issued by Divine Healers who claim to be divinities incog. But Thomas J. Shelton of Denver is not satisfied with being a plain J. C., he claims to be God Almighty. I do not exaggerate in the slightest—this is just what Shelton says twenty times in every issue of his paper. He calls himself the I AM.

"Shelton gets two hundred letters a day and his net income is not less than twenty-five thousand dollars a year. His paper is surely amusing, but its great circulation is undoubtedly caused by the premium of Health Vibrations. Shelton will send you vibrations that will bring you success in business, make the lady of your desire love you nearly to death, and cure you of that tired feeling. As a curer of disease, R. S. V. P. of Buffalo with his Golden Discovery and his yacht Flim-Flam, is not in it with Dagon Shelton. Personally I prefer Shelton to Munyon, that beautiful old onion with a Corbett hair-cut—Shelton's remedies never salivated anybody. He sends me No. 6 Vibrations, and if he is short on No. 6, he always sends No. 4 and No. 2, & I have not had an ache or a pain since I subscribed for Shelton's paper.

"There is a bouffe flavor in Shelton's theology that is like a Hahnemanian sugar-coated pill. Shelton was at my lecture in Denver, and sat between two stenogs, third row from the front, and religiously held the hands of both ladies, under the red robe, which lay carelessly and conveniently across the laps of the trio. I had seen a picture of the gentleman and knew him at once. Moses, you remember, was told he could not look upon the face of God and live, but I looked Shelton right in the eye as I sat there on the sofa behind the pulpit, while Rev. David Utter did the 'Ladies and Gentlemen—We have one among us this evening' business. I looked Shelton square in the eye and was not fazed. We both smiled and he winked knowingly. I quite like Yahveh Shelton of Denver, and if any Philistine subscribes for his paper and does not get the promised vibrations, if he'll advise me I'll shake Shelton up with a few vibrations of my own.

"Shelton's two helpers are Helen and Blanche—he tells us all about them in his paper. Helen sits on his left hand and

Blanche on his right, and they send out the waves of healing. I have much faith in the Trinity since I saw them at Denver. With the help of the Red Robe I really believe that the three could send out vibrations that would make whiskers grow on a brass monkey.

"Helen and Blanche are stenographers to Setebos Shelton. Both ladies are young, rosy, beautiful and intelligent. They always laughed at the right place as they listened to my lecture. Helen has been with Shelton a year or more, but Blanche only came in April in response to an ad. in 'The Christian' to the effect that Shelton wanted a lady-typewriter.

"In the May issue of his paper Shelton tells all about Blanche's arrival. It is very interesting. In the June number we hear more of Blanche, and the editor tells us that at last he has found HER WHOM MY SOUL LOVES. The caps are Shelton's, not mine. He expatiates on the excellence of Blanche and the beauties of her character. She is a charming woman and a good,—I believe all that, and I do not blame Rev. Jove Shelton, discreetly bald and fifty, for loving her wisely and quite well, I thank you. Joss Shelton explains how he loves her, mentally, spiritually, psychically, and incidentally shows that he has carefully considered the matter further, because he tells us right then and there that marriage is absurd, earthy, preposterous, and that only soul affinities are properly married anyway, and that they marry themselves. The Joss winds up his article on marriage by a solemn oburgation on priests and justices of the peace. Next behold the last number of 'The Christian!' Oh! where now is all of Shelton's fine contempt for tradition! The first thing that greets one's gaze is a staid, plain marriage notice informing us of Thomas J. Shelton's marriage to Blanche Rutherford, with a Baptist preacher officiating.

"It seems that in just three months they wearied of platonic and went boldly in to butt the mirage and have their illusions shattered.

"Daudet somewhere refers to 'that eternal struggle between the man and the woman in which the woman is always and ever the victor.' How will it be with Jehovah Shelton of Denver, Colorado? Already the vibrations are coming rather faint. God help us all! what if they should entirely cease! Why then, I have it, we will rely on Eleanor Kirk, John Alex. Dowle, Paul Tyner & Helen Wilmans; or should these fail, we will just drop back to my dear old friend, Hugh O. Pentecost, and let it go at that."

Personally, I enjoy the above criticism. "The Pastor of His Flock" fired shrapnel at all the cranks he could crowd into one article. I am let off easier than any of the others. You know I am not a "bejesus" fellow. I am God, therefore, you may apply all the names of God to me. Joss, Jove, Jehovah, or Dagon, they all fit me. I Am the Whole Thing! But Fra Elbertus hurt the feelings of many of my sweethearts. Here is a letter from Louise, of Newark, N. J., which I hope Elbertus will read, just to show him what a tumble he has taken:

"My Dear Friend:—Good morning! It is just time for the sermon to begin. I want to do a little preaching this morning, by asking you a few questions.

"Why has my idol, Fra Elbertus, disclosed to the gaze of the world his feet of clay? Oh, misery, why did he do it? I have so few idols left to live with me during my silent hours, and when I enter my Holy of Holies; and now that I find my great and peerless Elbertus crumbled and all through a corroding secret flaw in my idol, I am disheartened. Why did it have to be?

"Elbertus said to me during one of our silent communions: 'To join this Brotherhood of Consecrated Lives requires no par-

ticular rites of initiation—no ceremonial—no recommendations. You belong when you are worthy. Within the esoteric lives are circles and inner circles and no man yet has entered the inmost circles where the Ark of the Covenant is secreted. *All is relative.*

"When suddenly I found him talking—words—mere empty words—as if the secret spring of his life source had snapped and he talked on with no lamp burning. Bald criticism with no warmth, no hope, no idealism, issues from his lips—words that gave the lie to all that had gone before. And I found that He—whom my soul communed with—was nothing but a corroded substance, and fell from its own weight of worm eaten sham.

"He was so beautiful—my idol—no one in the world more so. So wise and free from condemnation of my other idols whom I only communed with, but never knelt to in adoration. I was always so sure of a strong, hopeful, life-giving thrill when Elbertus talked. But he is dead, and in dying, he tried to injure a few of my initiated Brothers, but he failed and only slew himself. His sweet and beautiful Leonine head and face are gradually fading from my memory, and the memory of many others. He has also killed my desire to have any new idols to replace his vacant niche. No one can replace the empty place that he once filled. How careful we must be not to commit murder in a moment of overruling feeling of power!

"Cain, as the representative of Intellect, slew his brother Abel, representative of Spiritual force, so some writer says. Fra Elbertus, to many of us who knew him, is dead. Let us reverently, and with our hearts bursting with Love to his Memory, lay a laurel wreath on his grave. His epitaph is: 'He loved all that was true, all that was beautiful, all that meant Freedom; but only relatively. What he could not absorb he ground under his heel and it bruised his heel and turned it to clay.'

"Beautiful as a star was Fra Elbertus, of the first magnitude, but before the light of idealism, of the unreal (which becomes the real) of the white light of the Sun, the star paled, and went out.

"Father, be near, when my feet,  
Are slipping o'er the brink:  
For, it may be, I am nearer Home,  
Nearer now, than I think."

"You see, my dear friend, that the 'Pastor of His Flock' 'shot an arrow into the air' and I am telling you how it came into my heart.

"Must we *always* expect to be disappointed?"

"With love to all, I am, yours sincerely,  
Louise Vescellus Sheldon."

Yes, yes, Louise, my sweetheart, you will always be disappointed when you worship idols, even though your idol be such a glorious man as Elbert Hubbard. "Worship God!"

#### WHOM MAKEST THOU THYSELF?

Whom makest thou thyself?  
From whence came ye?  
Whither art thou going?

These are awful questions. Once upon a time a man appeared at the ford of Jordan in the wilderness of Judea, preaching the gospel of repentance. He was dressed in coarse garments and lived on locusts and wild honey. He not only preached repentance to the common people, but commanded the priests, scribes and leading people to prepare the way of the Lord. Repentance in his mind and in his words meant an entire change of mind and life. The priests sent messengers to him and asked him this awful question:

"Whom makest thou thyself?"

In making answer, John told them what he was not. He said he was not the Messiah, neither was he that Prophet. The authorities then demanded of him:

"Who art thou? Whom makest thou thyself?"

Pressed for an answer, John said that he was only a Voice. Just simply a Voice crying in the wilderness; only this and nothing more. This is something, but not much. There is only one Word; therefore, a voice that speaks the Word is something in the world. But unless this voice is individualized and becomes somebody, the Word will not have free course to the hearts of men. John understood this, for he said: "I must decrease." He spoke of the coming of an Individual, who would abide forever, and whose Word would never pass away. This Individual, when he came into the world, was asked this same momentous question:

"Who art thou? Whom makest thou thyself?"

This mighty Individual made answer without hesitation, and said:

"I am God."

This means something. It means everything. Did Jesus Christ declare that he was God? He certainly did, and died in defense of this affirmation. This is the reason why He abides forever, and reigns in the mental world as God. He not only said that He was God, but took an oath, before the Sanhedrim, swearing that He was God. Do you say that He said that He was the son of God? Well, the son of God can be none other than God. The Jews understood this, and therefore picked up stones to stone Him for blasphemy. The high priest, before whom He was on trial, understood his speech, and rent his clothes, saying: "He has spoken blasphemy." The high priest put the oath of adjuration, saying: "I adjure you, by the living God, that thou tell us if thou art the Christ, the son of God?" Jesus answered: "Thou hast said," which is equivalent to saying, "I am." The high priest said to the assembled court: "What further need have we of witnesses; he hath spoken blasphemy." There is no doubt about the blasphemy, according to the laws of man; but what is man? Did Jesus Christ speak blasphemy according to the law of Being? The truth is not blasphemy. Jesus Christ either spoke the Truth or He was a lunatic. If He was crazy so am I. But answer this question, before you condemn Jesus Christ and myself and assign us to the realms of lunacy:

Whom makest thou thyself? Are you a man? Then I pity you. If you are a man and only a man, then you haven't sense enough to go crazy. You are as stupid as a mule. If you ever do enter the realm of mentality, and try to define a man, you will find yourself in worse confusion than when you try to condemn those who call themselves God. I am not going to try to define man. But the other day I read in Elbert Hubbard's "Little Journeys" the following matchless definition of the thing called man. It is a prelude to the author's "Little Journey" to the "Home" of Lord Byron. Here it is:

"Man! I wonder what a man really is! Starting from a single cell, this seized upon

by another, and out of the Eternal comes a particle of the Divine Energy that makes these cells its home. Growth follows, cell is added to cell, and there develops a man—a man whose body, two-thirds water, can be emptied by a single dagger-thrust and the spirit given back to its Maker.

"This being which we call man does not last long.

"Fifty-seven generations have come and gone since Caesar trod the Roman Forum. The pillars against which he often leaned still stand; the thresholds over which he passed are there; the pavements ring beneath your tread as they once rung beneath his. Three generations and more have come and gone since Napoleon trod the streets of Toulon, contemplating suicide.

"Babes in arms were carried by fond mothers to see Lincoln, candidate for President. These babes have grown into men, are grandfathers possibly, with whitened hair, furrowed faces, looking calmly forward to the end, having tasted all that life holds in store for them.

"And yet Lincoln lived but yesterday! You can reach back into the past and grasp his hand, and look into his sad and weary eyes.

"A man weighted with the sins of his parents, grandparents, great-grandparents, who fade off into dim spectral shapes in the dark and dream-like past; no word of choice has he in the selection of his father and mother, no voice in the choosing of environment—brought into life without his consent and thrust out of it against his will—battling, striving, hoping, cursing, waiting, loving, praying; burned by fever, torn by passion, checked by fear, reaching for friendship, longing for sympathy, clutching—nothing."

After this definition, do you still claim to be a man? Do you still think that it is a sign of sanity to claim to be only a man? Hubbard is giving a definition of individualized man. If such is the definition of individualized man, what can be said of the common run of mankind? They are as so many pigs in the pen, so many weeds in the ground, so many butterflies flitting on the flowers. Jesus Christ is the only man who ever lived here and continued to live as an active factor in human thought. He is the God, the King, the Ruler of more men and women on the earth than any man or woman now living. He does not live as a mere memory, he does not live as a saint, he does not live simply by virtue of words spoken in the past. He lives as a Spirit breathing into the lives of people and ordering and commanding as a Living Presence. John said: "I am a voice," and so he was; only a voice crying in the wilderness. This voice is now an echo. Jesus Christ came, saying, I am God. His individualized spirit reigns and rules and commands now on the earth. Even skeptics never speak of Him as a dead man. He said to the Jews: "Heaven and earth may pass away, but my words shall not pass away." Words that are mere echoes have just as good as passed away, but the words of Jesus Christ are not echoes. They are living words, because He is still speaking. This is the difference between affirming that you are a man or a voice, and in affirming the truth, that you are God.

There is not anything else for you to be. Man is not a being, if you speak of him in relation to mortality. That which is here to-day and gone to-morrow may be a form

of being, but it is not being. The forms of being are transient, but being itself is spiritual, and, therefore, unchangeable.

Individualization! This leads to Unitization. The individualized man knows that he is not a part, not a piece, but is the whole. Therefore, he can say truly: "I and the Father are one." But you can't make people understand this as long as they believe themselves to be a part. My desk is covered with letters from people clamoring for their soul-mates. How under the sun can you find your soul-mate, until you find your soul? A soul-mate means the mate of your soul. "If a man shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul, what doth it profit him?" Beloved, your soul is lost until you find it. You come to me seeking your soul-mate, when you have never had the first pangs of isolation. The road which leads to the finding of your soul is the road through the wilderness of isolation. *All other souls must be lost to you before you can find your own!* You will find your own soul when you stand stripped naked and alone with God. To stand alone with God is to stand alone with yourself. Why should you run hither and thither seeking the face of your beloved, before you have seen your own face. The very first thing that I saw in clairvoyance was my own face—that is, the face that I see in the mirror. But I know that it was not my face. It was the face of something born of a woman, born of the flesh, and born under the law of mortality. It was not my face. My face shines above the brightness of the sun. But, oh! ye mortal men and women, who are seeking your soul-mates! Seek yourself. When you shall find yourself, you will be astonished to find that you are God. You will also find that you were never lost. You only supposed yourself lost in thinking that you were something other than yourself. You were following a mirage in the wilderness. And now you are running hither and thither seeking for another fool like unto yourself. It is the wrong road, or rather it is no road at all. It is a jungle in the wilderness. Get out of this jungle into the great highway of individualization. But above all things remember isolation precedes individualization. Isolation is the beginning of the second birth. You must be born again before you can meet your soul-mate. It takes the new birth to make you understand that you are a soul and not a mere body of flesh and blood.

It is useless for you to seek for anything until you find your own soul. Jesus Christ spoke the eternal truth, when He said: "If any man come to me, and hate not his father, and mother, and wife, and children, and brethren, and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he can not be my disciple." When I say Jesus Christ I am talking about the I AM who spoke in Jesus, and not the mere mortal who was crucified upon the cross. Therefore, when He says you must do all these things or you can not be His disciple, He means you can not be a disciple of the Truth. The word disciple does not mean a mere follower. It means a pupil, a student of the truth. How can you study the truth while you are looking at the objective world? The truth is not seen in father, mother,

brothers, sisters, wives, houses, lands, or even in your so-called life. The truth is the invisible substance of all things. Therefore, before you can find anything else, you must find yourself. Just as long as you look at a woman and say this is my wife, look at a dog and say this is my dog, a piece of ground and say this is my land, a building and say this is my house, your horizon will be just as large as this objective vision and no larger. Isolation separates you from all of these things; separates you from your own body; separates you from your own environment and leaves you alone with God. You have not anything and yet you have everything. This separation, this being born, is a painful process. All the world is seeking solace from this isolation. This awful sense of loneliness! This is the reason why so many are running to and fro on the earth seeking their own. You may put down this longing desire for satisfaction. But it will not stay down. There are very few people who can abide alone with themselves. They must grab a book, a newspaper, anything to divert their minds away from themselves. Men pursue business for no other purpose than to get away from themselves. Women go into society and talk nonsense and fill their minds full of all kinds of foolishness for fear that they may be alone with themselves one hour in each day. Well, if you contemplate the mortal, about the toughest place on earth you can find is to be alone with yourself. But you must endure the pains of isolation long enough to find out that you are a soul. When you shall have found your lost soul, you may go seeking its mate. But if that mate has not found itself and is still lost, there will be no real mating.

Do I believe in soul-mates? Certainly. Every soul in the universe is the twin of another like unto itself. Male and female created He them. And this creation is the image and likeness of God. This is immortality. Regeneration comes through sexual vibrations; but sexual vibrations are spiritual and have their source in the sun. The perpetual vibrations of the sun produce all the forms of life. Souls are in conjunction with the sun or spiritual center. Therefore, the male and female souls understand that the vibrations produced in themselves originate in the sun. This is spiritual recognition, and recognition is the very first step towards spiritual unfoldment. Sexual intercourse which recognizes only the mortal will produce mortality and nothing more. The participants do not reach any higher in their recognition than the stupidest animal on earth. Therefore, when I say to you that regeneration is through sexual vibration, I am speaking of vibrations produced by mutual recognition of the source of all being. You see, then, what a masterly unfoldment is necessary in order to destroy death and bring immortality to light. It is the uncovering of the divine feminine and the recognizing of her body as the temple of the Holy Spirit. She is the church of the living God, the pillar and support of the truth. Therefore, as I said to you in the last sermon in the I AM series, there must be a marriage of spirit, mind and body. This union of two

souls is the recognition that God is One; their minds are not separated from the Divine Mind, their spirits are not separated from the Divine Spirit, and their bodies are only forms of Divine Unity.

Now, don't misunderstand me, and think I am teaching the nonsense that each one is male and female within themselves. There are two extremes; one is the recognition of the animal man and woman, and thus putting desire on the plane of mere animal sensation; the other is that ethereal, intangible attitude of mind which looks upon all sensation as gross, sensual, and to be avoided as you would avoid the plague. Neither of these extremes holds the truth. Sex is life; desire is from God, as God is the only life. Therefore, you must come up from the ditch, the sewer of mortality, and you must come down from the sky-scraping nothingness and recognize body, mind and spirit. Love, sexual love, is the only safe and true guide. You can not depend upon the experiences of the past, and, as for the future, it has not yet been unfolded. Therefore, the only way out of this wilderness is to follow your own spirit.

When I tell you to follow your own spirit, you have a right to ask me what I have gained by following my spirit. Well, I could not expect to gain much with only ten years' instructions. I have only been ten years trying to learn of the Spirit. This is a very short time. I have found my own soul, and know that I have a soul separate and distinct from all other souls. By the word soul I mean my own individual, indestructible, and eternal personality. My individual self lives and moves and has its being in spirit. I have recognized that spirit is the environment of my soul, as the air environs my body. I also know that when I move in accordance with the law of spirit, that my movements are infallible. There is a subjective mind which is in conjunction with the Universal Mind. When this mind is consulted, it is the wisdom of the Almighty. How do I know when I am following my own Spirit? It is hard to tell just how I know. I hear words in the subjective just as distinctly as I hear them in the objective. I see as clearly, or more clearly, in the subjective as in the objective. But the seeing and the hearing are not so much proof of the spirit's guidance as the vibration. When I am in the vibration of the I AM, words are spoken clearly and truthfully, and I would risk my life on the testimony. But when I am anxious, restless, full of fear or doubt, I get all kinds of words and visions mixed up with truth and error. Therefore, it is well for you to know that perfect love casteth out all fear. The saying over of these words will not cast out fear. It is the possession of the principle of love. It is love itself that casts out the fear. This is not love for any particular object, or any individual person, but just love, the principle which radiates from you without regard to any particular object or person. After all, we do not love persons; we love Love. When love radiates from a person, love in you responds to that love and you think it is the person you love. But it is not; it is the principle. When that same person mani-

fest hate, it awakens antagonism in you, not toward the person, but towards the hate, the absence of love.

I have found, then, in following my own spirit the reality of being. When I speak of spirituality, I am talking about reality. They are one and the same. Everything that is real is spiritual. I have also found the principle of regeneration. Men die because desire fails. The statement in Ecclesiastes is true: "When desire fails man goeth to his long home and the mourners go about the streets." Just as long as desire remains in a healthy condition life is sustained. Therefore, the principle of regeneration is that of perpetual desire. Right here is the difference between generation and regeneration. In generation, desire comes and goes, ebbs and flows; it is like appetite—it comes with hunger and leaves after feasting. In regeneration, sexual desire and all other desires are perpetual, because they are of the Spirit. The Spirit does not ebb and flow, come and go; it is not under the domain of the tides and the moon, but is forever the same. In regeneration you come into conjunction with the sun; therefore, your vibrations are as permanent as the sunshine. Failing to understand this principle causes many to go wild with excitement. But once you understand it, there is freedom and rest. It is the life of the everlasting, which knows no night. It is the love of the eternal, which does not depend upon the changes of the moon. What are you to do with these desires? Satisfy them; everything given from the Spirit is for your satisfaction. There is not anything that will satisfy spirit except spirit. For this reason none can satisfy you except your mate. The one whom your soul loves is the fulfillment of all your desires. All other associations are adulterous. Adultery means the mixing of things that ought not to be mixed. Therefore, do not be alarmed when the fire of the sun begins to burn in your soul. This fire will consume the chaff. It will burn and utterly destroy all the adulterations in your life. The union of this fire in the divine feminine and divine masculine—or, in other words, the union of two souls—will consume disease and death and bring immortality to light. Such a union is bound to take place before you enter into rest. Efforts to bring about this union may kindle such a fire in the chaff and rubbish of your lives that for a time the smoke and flames may make you lose sight of your divinity. But don't be alarmed. The smoke will clear away, as the fire is only consuming that which is perishable. You can't set fire to a soul, because the soul itself is fire. There is no blazing, burning glory like a naked soul, stripped and standing alone with God. Therefore, be careful as to whom you make yourself. Nothing less than the Almighty will satisfy your soul. Therefore, make thyself the I AM that I AM.

Half the world is on the wrong scent in the pursuit of happiness. They think it consists in having and getting, and in being served by others; it consists in giving and in serving others.—Drummond.

### "GOD HELP US!"

My Dear Shelton: What sort of teaching is this in September Christian, page 6, columns 1 and 2? "And they want to be free to cast it aside!" Are we to understand that you have gone into some sort of bondage? The truth makes free. That which takes away freedom even for the fractional part of a second is something other than truth.

Then, is it true that "as long as even a small portion [of the people] are following along misguided roads" the rest of us "show our common sense and good taste when we willingly conform to these laws"—these "misguided roads?" Is that true?

The article I am quoting from must have been intended for the *Ladies' Home Journal*. It is exceedingly out of place in Christian.

All the world loves lovers; and all sensible people are willing that lovers should be married by Baptist ministers and for any reasons that may seem good to the lovers themselves; and all gentlemen understand that ladies should be protected from scandal; and why or how editors of papers get married is no one's business but the editor's and the lady's; and you have a right to print anything you like in Christian; but I didn't expect to find Christian telling us that a marriage ceremony is a needful antidote for freedom—a wholesome check on people who "want to be free to cast it [love] aside, like a squeezed lemon." And I didn't expect to be told in Christian that common sense and good taste should keep me traveling in "misguided roads" long after a majority of all the people have found the right road.

Can it be possible that you actually did get into "a kind of a calf path?" God help us. Yours affectionately,

HUGH O. PENTECOST.  
76 Elm St., New York, September 7, 1900.

God help us! I am glad that Brother Pentecost continues to pray, for when my wife read the above criticism she thought it was a bray. But women are sensitive to criticism. God help us! There is only one thing to do after criticising a woman, and that is to say, God help us! There is no help elsewhere. I admit the article criticised was not strictly in the line of metaphysics. I would criticise it myself, but I am dictating to the author, therefore I want the type-writing machine to work smoothly. Of course it is nobody's business when we married, or where we married, or how we married. But we published it, and this called for many letters declaring that I was inconsistent and that we ought to have stood for the principle of freedom. This "riled" the Madame and she spoke out in meeting.

Now I am not going to make any more to do about nothing. I am not in any kind of bondage. I paid the preacher ten dollars for his little ceremony, the same as I would pay my nickel on the street cars. I might steal a ride on the car and save the nickel, but it is not worth the effort. I care nothing for the little piece of paper issued by the recorder or the other little piece of paper given out by the preacher. If there was nothing else to hold me I would not be held. It would take a higher fence and a stronger one to keep me inside the pen if I wanted to get out. The ideal woman is my own and has always been my own; no power in heaven or on earth can give or take away. My mate is the divine feminine. The human feminine was born of a woman, born under the influences of the zodiac, born with all the traits, tendencies and evils of the flesh. I am not trying to make the human feminine

a paragon. She isn't! I can put up with the human for the sake of occasionally seeing flashes of the divine. It is worth a lifetime of mortality to have only one moment of life with the divine feminine. What is true of her is true of me and true of all of us. We are inhabitants of two worlds. The only solace for the sorrows and sufferings of life is the knowledge of the ideal, the everlasting consciousness that there is something above the human mortal.

Freedom is a big word. Sometimes people who are in the worst forms of bondage are loudest in voicing freedom. There is no bondage in observing the courtesies of life. I am not trying to reform anybody. "The cares of this world and the deceitfulness of riches" have not choked the world of freedom in me. I have no worldly cares, and my riches would not smother the growth of a mustard seed. All roads will lead to liberty; even a "calf path" will lead to freedom, if you persevere and follow it. Keep on praying, Hugh, and God will help you.

### LOVE.

Many kind friends have written to me, thanking me for my words on Faith and Hope. I am glad I have thus been able to bring joy to their hearts. One dear one, especially, touched me very much with her words. She lives out in San Jose, Cal., and is just about to lose her home. I ask all the readers of Christian to join me in a wave of prosperity to be wafted in the Silence to San Jose. Thus we will be able to put into practical use the love of which I am about to speak. We may have faith, and we may have hope, but we must have love, charity, in abundance, or the first two qualities will be of little avail. We do not need a large store of this world's goods in order to be able to dispense kindness and love to our neighbors. An expression of sympathy and interest in another's sorrow; a word of strengthening counsel or generous praise; even a glance, friendly in its way, may do more to help and cheer than a substantial gift. If the spirit of love reigns in our hearts we will find many ways to manifest it. But all these things must be done in a way not to wound the recipient. True love and kindness of heart will teach its possessor a delicacy of feeling which will enable him to deal with others as he would be dealt with.

In the household is the first place where love should be learned and practiced. How often we wound the hearts of our nearest relations with words we would never dare to use in speaking to our most indifferent acquaintances! Of course we love our "home folks" dearly. It is only natural we should do so. Yet such is the contradictory nature of a human being that we can scarcely persuade ourselves to treat them with even ordinary politeness. But, if love is the law of the household, kindness will follow as a matter of course. The power to inspire love is a most precious possession. Begin by being charitable in the home; charitable with lips, thoughts, and, as far as possible, acts.

Not a little of the joy and peace of this life comes in learning to love your work, your

every-day occupation. However, I will convey to you my idea in the words of that grand man, Phillips Brooks:

"Try just as far as possible to find the pleasure of your life in the work to which it has been settled that your life must be given. Study its principles. Let your interest dwell on its details. Make it delightful by the affections which cluster around it, by the help which you are able through it to give to other people, by the education which your own faculties are getting out of it. In all these ways make your business the center and fountain of your joy, and then life will be healthy and strong. Then you will not be running everywhere to find some outside pleasure which will make up to you your self-sacrificing toil; but the scenes of self-sacrificing toil itself, your store or your office or your work-bench, shall be bright with the associations of delight and vocal with your thankfulness to God who has given you, in them, the most radiant revelations of Himself. This is the only true transfiguration and success of labor and of life."

The rose, with all peoples, has ever been the emblem of love, joy and prosperity. It is mentioned by the earliest writers of antiquity. Herodotus speaks of the double rose; in the song of Solomon the rose of Sharon is mentioned, and allusion is also made to the plantation of roses in Jericho. Isaiah uses the blossoming of the rose as a perfect emblem of joy and felicity. If the rose meant so much to those who lived in the olden days, why should it not breathe to us of love and fill our hearts with joy? Little Rock is called the "City of Roses," because it is filled with those beautiful flowers. So those who dwell in this city can have the *outward semblance* of love, a bouquet of roses, the year round.

"Be kind to one another, tender hearted, forgiving one another." This is the law of love. We all desire to be loved. The sternest nature can not altogether repress a desire for the sweetness of life. A heart overflowing with kindness, that manifests itself in constant helpfulness, courtesy and good will to those around it, wins love. A kind face is an irresistible attraction. A kindly manner brings an answering thrill from those around us. A kind word is always appreciated. "The little nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and of love" leave an impress on the countenance that inspires instant confidence, and charms all hearts, binding them securely with the cords of love.

"I know a place where the sun is like gold,  
And the cherry blooms burst with snow,  
And down underneath is the loveliest nook,  
Where the four-leaf clovers grow.

"One leaf is for *hope*, and one is for *faith*,  
And one is for *love*, you know,  
And God put another one in for luck—  
If you search, you will find where they grow.

"But you must have *hope*, and you must have *faith*,  
You must love and be strong—and so,  
If you work, if you wait, you will find the place  
Where the four-leaf clovers grow."

EDNA SHELTON MARTIN.

### CONCENTRATION.

In September Christian is an article on concentration, and, as that was a bugbear to me at one time, possibly a little personal experience may help others who are struggling with "concentration."

I say, with Dr. Shelton, don't try to concentrate, only as you enjoy a subject and try rationally to solve it.

This statement is a little amusing coming from me, for Dr. Shelton has warned me that if I did not look out and "go slow," I would have "mental indigestion and nervous prostration." Fortunately, his suggestions have not affected me, and I am to-day the picture of health.

I am going to advise every one to "go slow," even if I did want to know the "whole thing at once."

I was told by a lady healer that I did not know how to concentrate, and it seemed to me the one thing necessary, and that it must be some mysterious process, something almost superhuman, a rush of blood to the head process.

It is all nonsense. I have studied this New Thought three years, and I have solved some of its problems to my satisfaction. I am in the "sun center," but I have had no process of concentration except as I have been deeply absorbed on some given point I was desirous of knowing the truth about.

Concentration on any subject is simply, to my mind, an internal desire to become master of that subject, and, by studying it, this can be accomplished without some peculiar process.

There are too many forms to go through, with some teachers of this Science; you are to sit so and so, you must breathe so and so, and keep your eyes on a disk or other object.

It is all unnecessary. *Be natural*. I should never have progressed a single step under such tuition; it is a strain on the nerves.

I became disgusted, rebelled against "concentration"—didn't care whether I concentrated or not—and took up the Science as a fascinating study, sat in a comfortable position and enjoyed life.

I thought deeply, and when I came to a point I could not solve, searched in books I thought would give me some light on the subject; made numberless mistakes, but, as Dr. Shelton says, "I am here" now.

It is not a religion; it is an actual Science—the Science of life. Study it as such. The Spirit will lead you by causing you to think of the right article to read. It has done so many times for me, and your question will be answered from within by an illumination and you will suddenly know what you desire.

If your head begins to ache, stop and enjoy life, remembering you are to be happy, and *be so*.

The hardest thing for me to learn, and the most important to be learned, was how to drive away thoughts we do not wish to harbor. For instance, if I felt a pain in any part of my body, it was next to impossible to forget it.

I conquered by compelling myself to *be* harmony; it is fascinating compelling one's

self to be what you *will*. The will is strengthened until no thoughts appear but harmonious ones.

Again, let me say, *do not* concentrate, my friends. You will learn faster if you will study naturally. Live, only *live* the light you have acquired, be it ever so little, and more will come. You must actually *be* the truth, and remembering the truth is a Science of life, joy and harmony; restlessness has no place in it.

*Rest* in the consciousness that *you* are one with Jesus; *you* are the Son of God. *Live* the light Jesus taught, and your own light will shine for you, and lead you as it did Him. You have the same light, if you will only *let* it shine. The quickest way to let it shine is to be happy, because, when you are *not* struggling, you can hear new thoughts.

LILIAN W. THOMPSON.

1384 Washington Ave., Waco, Texas.

### ETERNITY.

"A daughter of God, and divinely fair,"  
Happy, and healthy and free,  
"Age can not wither," nor whiten my hair,  
Death shall not conquer me.

Sorrow, and sickness, and phantoms of fear,  
Fade like mists in the morning sun,  
As the truth shines forth from my heart  
more clear;  
My Eternity has begun.

And having begun, it must needs go on,  
Beyond the limits of time;  
So all need for hurry or worry is gone;  
I will rest in peace sublime.

I will rest, and loiter, and take my ease,  
And enjoy each precious day;  
I will sing, or loaf, or work when I please,  
Or pass all my time in play.

In Eternity there is time to spare,  
To gain knowledge I fain would know;  
To travel here, there, and everywhere,  
Yet take my ease as I go.

I will visit each planet, sun and star;  
Learn "the music of the spheres;"  
I will fly on the wings of thought afar  
Through endless cycles of years.

I will talk with all the old-time sages,  
The Prophets of Holy Writ;  
I will master the wisdom of ages,  
And laugh at Shakespeare's wit.

For me shall the Seraphim tune their lyres,  
For me shall the angels sing;  
My soul's in touch with telepathic wires  
Strung from the Throne of the King.

No thought is so deep but I'll understand  
When the Spirit of Truth shall teach,  
And no joy too high in the better land  
For my striving soul to reach.

Yea, "time is for slaves," but Eternity  
Is mine, with its limitless hours;  
And wisdom deep as the fathomless sea  
Fills my soul with undream'd powers.

The all-good is mine, the all-good is me;  
I'm human, yet also divine.  
And, fellow-mortal, where'er you may be,  
Whatever is mine is thine.

LEILA SILVERWOOD.

409 Cookman Ave., Asbury Park, N. J.

## BUSINESS NOTICES

Send self-addressed and stamped envelope. I mean an envelope addressed to yourself. Since making this request, I have received envelopes stamped and addressed to myself.

Write your name and full address in every letter and mention the amount of money you enclose.

Christian is one dollar a year, payable at your own convenience. This means that you may pay at the beginning, middle or end of the year. Your name and address written on a postal card will bring you the paper, or stop it.

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Address all communications to

THOMAS J. SHELTON,  
1566 Marion St., Denver, Colo.



# I AM SERMONS

*Thomas J. Shelton.*

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