



# Christianian

Monthly: \$1.00 a year.

JANUARY, 1900.

Vol. VI. No. 1.

Thomas J. Shelton, 1542 High St., Denver, Colo.

## OMNIPRESENCE.

(By Emma Rood Tuttle.)

Lisping Blue-eyes went to church,  
For she'd pretty things to wear,  
And she listened, as she ought,  
While the preacher did declare,  
In his most Talmagic style,  
"God, our Lord, is everywhere!"

Blue-eyes had a roguish bent,  
Sweet, and harmless, but she thought:  
"I don't want Him watching me;  
In some mischief I'll be caught,  
For nobody's little girl  
Can do *always* as she ought."

She was worried and next day  
Sought her mother's sympathy.  
"Mamma," said the little one,  
"Is God in this room with me?"  
"Yes, my dear." "And on the lawn?"  
"Yes, in every place there be."

Blue-eyes dropped her flossy head  
On her dog in earnest thought.  
No philosopher could have been  
More provokingly distraught,—  
Such a bothering thing to know  
Had the preacher's sermon taught.

Half in pretty petulance  
Out among the flowers ran she.  
Dash ran after, but she stamped,  
"Dog, go back, and leave me be!  
It is bad enough to know  
God is always 'tagging' me!"

## ITEMS AND IDEAS.

\*\*\* 1900!

\*\*\* January.

\*\*\* In Denver.

\*\*\* And yet Everywhere.

\*\*\* I Am omnipresent in the Spirit.

\*\*\* "Is there any reason why a man born April 15, and a woman born September 4, shouldn't be happy in married life?"

No, not if everything else is all right.

\*\*\* A woman wants to know why I use such endearing terms in addressing my patients. Because they are all dear to me. The healing thought must travel along the vibrations of love. I make love to all alike, male or female, old or young.

\*\*\* "Vibrations" is out in a new edition, enlarged and revised. It is bound in "Yankee Vellum," and is a beauty. It is sent postpaid for 50 cents, but those who have paid 25 cents are just a quarter ahead. In the confusion of moving your order may have been overlooked, therefore, if you don't get your copy of "Vibrations" in a few days, let me know. For the information of new readers I will say that the "Law of Vibrations" is the title of my book of twelve lessons in the I Am Science.

\*\*\* Lee & Shepard, Boston, send me two of Henry Wood's books, bound in paper. This is a move in the right direction. It brings these valuable works within the reach of all. The books are: "Ideal Suggestion Through Mental Photography," and "The Political Economy of Natural Law." Sent postpaid for 50 cents each.

\*\*\* "I have made a great effort to understand what is meant by 'Going into the Silence,' when suddenly the thought came to me that we are always in the Silence, and that the recognition of this fact will gradually help us to know more of the spirit within. Am I right?"

You are right! Your brief statement is the best I have yet read on this subject. We live, move and have our being in the Silence. Sin, sickness, suffering, and death are in the Noise.

\*\*\* Christian is \$1 a year. But all who have paid 50 cents are half a dollar ahead. Persons who imagined they were my enemies have reported to the postoffice department that Christian was sent gratuitously as an advertisement, therefore I doubled the price. I will make the paper worth the dollar. You don't have to pay in advance, and before the year is out I will make you worth a hundred times more. Each number of the paper will carry with it a treatment for financial success to the reader.

\*\*\* Your little notice in Christian of my sale of books below cost has brought many replies. I have now concluded to add to this list the remaining 200 copies of Mrs. Hopkins' famous little book, "Drops of Gold" (one drop for each day in the year), and let them go at 12 cents each. The first edition sold at 50 cents. They are just the thing for a birthday book. Burnell's Twenty-one Advanced Lessons, reduced from \$1 to 20 cents, ought to find many buyers. Laura Randall, 17 Van Buren street, Chicago.

\*\*\* I have received, "with the kind regards of the author," "Life and Love and Death," by Bolton Hall. Neely's Rosary Library, paper, 25 cents. The book is one of the prettiest in the way of printing and binding that I have received this year. In a private letter Mr. Hall modestly says: "I send you a small book, not mine, though my name appears on the title page, but Tolstoy's—his difficult, but most valuable work on 'Life,' done into intelligible speech, with his hearty approval." Bolton Hall has simply used Tolstoy's work as a text for his own great sermon. Address, F. Tennyson Neely, 114 Fifth Ave., New York.

\*\*\* "What is meant by body, soul and spirit?"

The body is earth, the soul is the individual life, and the Spirit is God. The correspondence is with earth, moon and Sun; the body is earth, the mind is moon, and the Spirit is Sun. The body of earth is subject to change in both form and substance, the mind is also subject to growth and unfolding, but the Spirit is unchangeable Being.

\*\*\* "There is a great deal said about conquering death. But is this not the last enemy to be met and slain, and have we not sin, sickness, and poverty to eliminate from our thought first? For, are not sickness and poverty the result of error and sin? And when we have conquered these three, will not the enemy, death, flee of its own accord?"

Your position will do, but it is my opinion that death is the cause of nearly all of our abnormal conditions. The graveyard has had a depressing effect on all of our efforts to get rid of sin, sickness and poverty. When we shall have conquered death, or even the fear of death, all other enemies will vanish.

\*\*\* My terms for treatments are from \$1 to \$10 per month, according to the financial condition and disposition of the applicant. Now, don't read this and then sit down and write me a letter asking for my terms. Send money—paper or silver—in the common mail at my risk; though you may send it in any other way, except stamps. State your case briefly and do not write more than one letter a month. When you feel the vibrations of the treatments, don't lose it all by sitting down to write me a letter. This makes you feel as if I were away from you; but I am present with you. Keep me there, and don't send me away by writing a letter to Denver.

\*\*\* If you want to come to me for treatments, do so with your own free will and accord. My terms are from \$1 to \$10 per month. One dollar is the nominal fee, made to reach all conditions of life; the scale goes up from \$2 to \$5, \$7 and \$10, according to the financial condition of the patient. I give personal treatments to each patient every day in the month, including Sundays, and you get just as faithful treatment for \$1 as you do for \$5 or \$10. I give an hundredfold more than I receive. Many hundreds who began with \$1 a month have so increased in prosperity that they are now making it \$5 and \$10. But this is not always the case, for some people whom I have helped to prosperity have entirely forgotten me. But this is all right. State your case briefly and enclose a greenback in the common mail.

\*\*\* "You say there is no such thing as evil; that all is good. How do you harmonize such teaching with Isaiah 5:20? It is a difficult thing for a layman to understand. You say there is no evil, but the prophets, priests and kings of Old Testament story, say there is. Will you explain in Christian? Yours, an ardent reader of Christian. S. T. W."

I answer Isaiah 5:20 with Isaiah 45:7. Evil is not a principle of being, but a condition of understanding. There is no such thing as evil in principle, but as a condition of the understanding it is prevalent. As the light is turned on the darkness disappears; but if it were a principle it could not disappear. You can correct an error, but you can't correct the truth.

\*\*\* Some of the people of Denver, and Colorado, have found fault with me for not making or receiving calls. They ought to remember the fate of Schlatter and let me alone. I can receive a thousand callers on my desk with less exertion than I would put forth in entertaining one guest. I have a thousand readers in Denver, and many patients to whom I speak through the mail. I have thousands of readers, and patients, all over the earth to whom I speak in the Silence every day. One dozen callers a day would break up this whole business. In fact I do not live in Denver, but in a little cabin in the mountains, forty miles from the city. It is only an hour's ride, and I only come to this place of noise to attend to business. My kingdom is not of this world, therefore I can't afford to spend my time pumping my chin in the physical presence of half a dozen callers. I had as soon resume the peddling of pills.

\*\*\* My Dear Brother: So many of your friends are giving expression to the truth revealed to them, let me ask you to hear me also. It has been some years since I first heard a voice in the silence of my own world speaking to me. All was cleared that before was dark, and to-day I realize that I and my Father are One. I am the likeness of the one God. I am male and female, the beginning and the end, the positive and the negative, life and death. It is all within my own being. Beside this Spirit, which I am, there is nothing for me. But in this one Spirit is life, truth and wisdom in all its manifestations. I must be conscious of this by realizing it for myself. I must know that I am the likeness, whole and complete, male and female, and having dominion of the one and only God.

There is no running to and fro after this consciousness comes to one, for we realize that the I Am that I Am is complete and perfect. I see a woman and love her as the one part of myself, and also the male; he, too, represents the one man—each seeking the one thing that shall make them whole, knowledge of the I Am that I Am in which all live and move. Yours in love, I am, E. E. Vander Heyden.

You've got the whole thing down about right. God only made one Woman and one Man; all others are duplications. Therefore, in the truth, the male in you goes out to all females and the female in you to all males. Divinity is One and Humanity is the same One. The I Am in you is male and female, therefore your whole kingdom is within yourself and in unison with the Universe.

\*\*\* It is a queer thing to me that people, claiming to be scientific, can not see that attacks upon other people are unscientific. No matter what reason you give for the attack; you may say it is for the "good of the cause," but, a cause which can not stand on its own merits is not a good cause. These remarks apply to all those who are attacking Mrs. Eddy. The people are tired of controversy. The sects in religion have been carrying on this kind of war for centuries; and as a general thing, their disputes have been over small matters. Just think of able men spending centuries in discussing the amount of water to be used in baptism! But isn't it just about as small for us to engage in a fierce fight over the authorship of Christian Science? God has not sent you out into the world to find frauds, but to preach the truth. Christian Science is something more than Mrs. Eddy or Dr. Quimby. It is just as sure to become a real science as mathematics or music. Let us go forward with this raw material and build the house, not made with hands, eternal in the heavens of Truth. Benjamin Franklin's kite led to the telegraph, telephone and telepathy. Mrs. Eddy's kite will lead to the kingdom of heaven on earth. "Despise not the day of small things." Don't get into a snarling controversy over anybody or anything. Dr. Holland says: "Controversy sharpens the intellect and poisons the heart." This is a great truth. Keep your own heart sweet and clean, and your mind open to the reception of truth; this will take up all of your time. "God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to naught things that are; that no flesh should glory in His presence."

\*\*\* "Friend Shelton: The Spirit moveth me to pen you a few lines. I was very deeply impressed on reading an article by Ella Wheeler Wilcox on 'Reincarnation,' in which the gentle Ella claims that a belief in this doctrine is shared by three-fourths of the inhabitants of the earth. This assertion is somewhat startling, and, if true, knocks the bottom out of all known theology—pagan or Christian. Open up on this subject (Reincarnation), and throw some light in this direction, if you feel that it is deserving of any attention. Ella's strong point, in advocating this belief, is that it is the only possible view the human intellect can grasp to account for the damned inequalities of mankind now existing, and a possible remedy in a future existence in the flesh in another human form. What do you think of it?  
J. F."

I think that "the gentle Ella" has as much right to her guess on this subject as any one else, but how she came to interview three-fourths of the inhabitants of the world is a mystery to me. I do not believe that the individual of the world is ever reincarnated; it is the reincarnation of thought. Jesus was a reincarnation of the thoughts, aspirations and hopes of Israel. "For the testimony of Jesus is the spirit of prophecy." Shakespeare was a reincarnation of history, and literature. Man is a thought, and the

individual man may be an incarnation of the thoughts of generations of men. Such an one we call a genius or a great man. The rule works both ways; for instance, a man may have the thirst of a whole line of bibacious ancestors. It is a fine thing to inherit piety, genius and glory; but, it is hell when you find yourself the reincarnation of general cussedness. This is why the Man of Nazareth said: "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born again, he can not see the kingdom of God." This does not mean a new body of flesh, but a renewing of the mind. The body will be transformed by the new mind. The I is all right; it is the Not I which needs to be cast into the lake of fire and brimstone.

\*\*\* The following letter is from a preacher whom I knew twenty years ago. I am a much younger man now than I was then, therefore, such letters seem strange to me:

Dear Sir: I met you in St. Louis over twenty years ago. You were then located in Illinois, preaching the pure old gospel as we understood it then, and as I have been preaching it ever since. I was pastor of the — St. Louis church. You were with me over the Lord's day, and filled the pulpit morning and evening. I have often thought of you. A copy of your journal was handed me a few days ago, and I thought I must write you a private letter; possibly you can spare a little time to reply. I have only examined one copy of your paper, and confess my inability to exactly locate you in the great whirlpool of religious thought and speculation. You certainly say some good and timely things. The human dogmas as set forth in human creeds have been the curse of the ages. They have driven thousands of good, well-meaning men and women to turn in disgust from the Christian religion, thus recognizing the doctrine set forth in the creeds as identical with the teachings of the New Testament, which is certainly far from the truth. All these years I have been sifting out the chaff of humanism, and holding on to the pure wheat of truth as revealed by the Holy Spirit. I would like very much to hear from you and have a brief statement of your views of Christ and the divine inspiration of the Bible. Yours truly, B.

Yes, I remember how my head swelled with the idea of preaching in the great city of St. Louis. Up to that time I had been preaching in school houses and at the crossroads. It cost me something to get a long-tailed black coat for St. Louis. I got it! The sermons have slipped my memory, but I distinctly remember the coat! I have put this good preacher on my complimentary list, and in the course of a year he will know something of my views of Christ and the Bible. I am not only preaching the pure old gospel, but practicing it. I am healing the sick, cleansing the lepers, casting out devils, and raising the dead! I am causing the New Testament to get up out of its coffin, shake off the dust of ages, and walk, talk, and live. It is glorious to know that the "Seed of the Kingdom," which is the Word of God, can be taken out of the granary of the Institution and sown broadcast in the earth as Living Seed! It was given us to sow, and not to lock up in a Book for Sunday inspection. I am sowing it, and it is bringing forth a great harvest.

I'm not bothering myself about the inspiration of the Bible; it is personal inspiration which we all need. It is utterly impossible for an uninspired man to understand inspired writings. The Holy Spirit was not sent to the institution, the church, but to the individual; the inspiration of the Almighty is not preserved in printers' ink, but in the human heart. I am not so much concerned about the divinity of a man who lived on the earth two thousand years ago as I am about the divinity of the men who now live on the earth. It is personal divinity, personal inspiration, and practical work that will honor God and glorify humanity. There isn't any use in preaching part of the gospel. The commission of Jesus Christ includes works, as well as words. The preachers were to practice what they preached, by doing greater works than Jesus did; in fact, the credentials of a Christian demand that he do all the works of the Christ. "Signs, moreover, shall follow those who believe; in my name shall they cast out demons; with tongues shall they speak, and in their hands shall they take up serpents; and if perchance any deadly thing they may drink, in nowise may it hurt them; upon sick persons will they lay hands, and well shall they remain."

\*\*\* Speaking of going into the silence, *Occult Truths*, Washington, D. C., has this to say:

We may leave temporarily the flesh and "go into silence," which means go into the psychic realm. The physical body during this time is as if dead, breathing having ceased, but I return at will and resume pulmonary breath when I am alive again. It is surprising to read, in his August number, Shelton's confession that he don't know how he goes into the silence, and in the same issue as in every issue the declaration that he is God. He says that he goes into the silence and heals thousands by the spoken word when there. "I found myself in this place of power, but I don't know how I got there." He got there by going out in the astral body.

Now, isn't that last sentence clear as mud? When the gentleman gets into the real silence he will know that there isn't any such thing as an astral body. Astral is from aster, a star; the idea of a star-body came from the moonshine of Theosophy. When the gentleman gets into the real silence, he will not know how he got there; but he will know the difference between the individualized God, in himself, and the Universal God who is the silence. In the same issue of his magazine, the gentleman prints an unintelligible table of words and figures, and then adds the following comment:

We pass in successive order through these three stages each time we make a round of the spiral. The writer is now passing through 3 and will next be in 1. Our friend who edits *Spirit Fruit* is now in 2, and you can see how beautifully his whole soul goes out in Love to all mankind, and he thinks not of "I," but of you. The editor of *Christian*, on the contrary, is passing through 1, and will next arrive at 2. He is forever saying "I," and puts it equal to Father, for he says "I am" in the most positive manner. That he rejoices in flesh and body is shown by his boasting of having \$20,000 annual income.

All such attempts at being mysterious make me sick. You may bet your bottom dollar that such hieroglyphics never emanate from the Spirit of Truth. As to boasting of \$20,000 a year, I was simply praising my Lord. You see, my Lord is not so hifalutin as to ignore the earth which He made. He is the Almighty Dollar as well as the Almighty God. The one is the shadow, the other is the substance. The substance is bound to cast its shadow. I expect my shadow to represent millions of dollars. The old idea that spirituality and poverty are twins is an insult to the living God. Such an idea belongs in the realm of astral bodies, spiral rounds, zodiacs, signs, symbols, times, seasons and other vibrations of the moon. I have been all along this road, Smiley, and know every old stump and frog-pond on the way. Get into the vibrations of the Sun. The man who doesn't care a cent for money will find his pockets full of it; the man who has lost his life will find it. But he will never find it in the "psychic realm;" the place of power is not in the psychic. The psychic atmosphere, which surrounds the earth and the moon, is the place where men are born; it is the womb, the heat, the hellfire, from whence, after the dross is consumed, we ascend to Our Father in Heaven, who is the Silence of the Spirit. This ascension can be made in thought, while in the psychic atmosphere; this kind of thinking is "going into the Silence."

#### WALKING ON THE WATER.

In your I Am sermon in September *Christian* there is a sentence which started an idea in my mind which I want to share with you. I will quote from your sermon the sentence I allude to:

"Telepathic communication will soon become systematized and the words will become intelligent. Even then you must be a discerner of Spirits or voices, for you will hear your own mortal thought and the thoughts of others among the living and the dead. Call for what you want and dismiss all others. It is not dead friends or living friends that you want, but the I Am that I Am. Refuse to become the medium of any other than your own Spirit, and all others will depart from you."

Now I am no "medium" or "psychic" so far as I know, but I can write automatically or rather my hand writes automatically, for, so far as I am able to tell, I have nothing to do with it. My interest in this writing is the interest of an investigator purely at present. I want to know who is doing the writing. I have no idea yet. I know I write things that I had no knowledge of, *sometimes true and sometimes false*. Now, what has especially interested me in the above quotation is the question it started in my mind. If my own Spirit can speak to me, why can it not write to me through my own hands?

If it is my own Spirit that gives me the truth, is it my "mortal thought" that gives me the falsehood, false dates, false information, etc.?

Have you had any experience in automatic writing yourself? Can you throw any light on the subject for the benefit of your readers? No doubt many of them are automatic writers, and are as much in the dark as I, as to what is the intelligent force which is writing and from whence it comes.

It seems related to telepathy, however, in some curious way. Somebody's thought is

operating, evidently. Please reply to me through the *Christian* and oblige a very sincere admirer and subscriber.

The quotation you make from *Christian* is the very best answer to your questions. The psychic atmosphere surrounding the earth is filled with all the thoughts that have ever been thought. Thoughts never die. When you become sensitive to this thought atmosphere it clamors for expression in you. Sometimes it takes the form of writing, while in others it gives expression in music. I have seen a lady sit at the piano and play piece after piece automatically. I began with the ouija board, but this didn't last more than two weeks. I was told that if I would sit still and listen, I could hear all this thought. For more than seven years I have been able to hear much of the thought of the past, the present, and the future. You must learn to keep back this pressure of thought so it will not overwhelm you. Learn to swim in this ocean, sail on its bosom, or walk its waves.

#### A MEMBER OF THE UNITED STATES.

The following letter is from a friend who claims to be a member of the United States. The time is coming when every individual on the planet will be a member of the United States. It will not be the United States of America, but the United States of Mankind. As I have answered all of his questions in another article, I will leave him to speak for himself:

Dear Sir: The last two numbers of *Christian* have started a train of thought in my mind (how do you like your job of train dispatcher?) on the subject of "Individualism," and I am prompted to ask you a question.

Is not Paternalism (the Institution)—civil and ecclesiastical—absolutely necessary until the child becomes individualized—until it is able to walk alone? If so, do not we all, either directly or indirectly, derive benefit therefrom? By that I mean the Institution is a crutch to society, and "VI.—Aids to Faith." You say, "Let them lean on anything which seems stable in their eyes. I don't take away a man's crutches; I wait until he, of his own accord, throws them away." Then why rail at the Institution and call "organized religion the wickedest thing in the world?" Are not "all things"—absolutely *all things*—"of God?" "Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's." "There is no power but of God; the powers that be are ordained of God; whosoever, therefore, resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God; and they that resist shall receive to themselves judgment." I am not a member of any church organization. I am not a member of any organization but the United States of America, so that this question is not raised through pique. I want to give Caesar his due.

Is not the present day tendency away from individualism? From the signs of the times it seems that so far as our industrial affairs are concerned we are soon to be controlled by one gigantic corporation; and in his second inaugural address, General Grant predicted that the time would come when the world would be controlled by one government, speaking one language, and I know of Bible students who predict from prophecy that this country is soon to be that one government—within the next 100 years—and if that is true, what becomes of individualism?

Yours for the truth,

W. H. R.

## A WITNESS OF THE I AM.

Lincoln, Cal., Nov. 17, 1899.

Dear T. J. Shelton: I just had a thought about you and I shall tell you. The difference between T. J. Shelton and every other Christian Science individual is this: The others theorize about Christian Science, asking and answering questions about it; about what God is and what man is, and what sin, sorrow, sickness and death are. They fill their papers with these things and peer into the mysteries and get afraid of every new fellow who states the thing in erratic shape. But T. J. bends his whole energy toward using the Power which is given to man. He hasn't a theory in sight that he would care a sigh for if it were knocked into a cocked hat to-morrow.

*He fears nothing.*

His paper is all practical metaphysics and common sense. It lives.

Now I will report on the case of my Dennett boy. He is just as well as a child can be. He grows visibly between daylight and dark. He could digest *nails*. His cure dates from the hour you treated him, on receipt of the telegram. Give me Shelton and Christian Science before all the doctors in the world.

They mean well, but are helpless. My mother was also so sick that we feared chronic invalidism for her. She was in awful shape. I saw her Monday in that condition. Your treatment of her began Thursday and Saturday she sewed all day. Next Monday I saw her again. She came down to my house as well as ever in her life and took the train for San Francisco, 100 miles away, as blithe as a lark—going to attend the Divine Science convention. Every exhibition of this power dazes me afresh, though I have believed in it for ten years. Affectionately, Mary D. Jones.

## SHE SPEAKS FOR CHRISTIAN.

Eveleth, Minn., Nov. 18, 1899.

Dear Sir: Find enclosed one dollar (\$1.00) for November treatments and 50 cents for Christian until May, 1900. I like Christian for ten reasons. First, because it often makes every one of the orthodox hairs left in my head stand on end by its bold, earnest expressions of individualism, and (woman like), I admire courage. Second, and all the time, I like Christian because of all the Christian Science or metaphysical journals I have seen—and their name is legion—it is the nearest typographical perfection. When any one sets themselves up as a leader or teacher of thought—new or old—and can not spell correctly or write grammatically it simply—well, "alienates my affections."

I have had several years' experience in journalism, some in proofreading, etc., and while I do not wish to be over-fastidious, I do enjoy the clean, correct, artistically arranged pages of unpretentious little Christian. Third, I like it because of its thought-compelling power. One does not go to sleep reading Christian, but perforce obeys its trumpet call—arise! awake! think! act! The seven remaining reasons for liking Christian

may be summed up in the following reason: "I like it because—because I like it." (Adapted from Shakespeare.)

The editorial in the last number (November), entitled, "Tarry in Jerusalem," is worth more than its weight in gold to me, for it was written—all unconsciously—expressly for me. I have had such an intense desire to help others, but have had limitations (apparently) of environment, of not being able to heal myself perfectly, but now I see that I am only "tarrying in Jerusalem," in preparation for a fuller, better, more useful life in the everlasting "To-Day."

My desires for all good—for health, wealth, wisdom and power—are growing in intensity under your treatments. My Own—with a capital O—shall come to me. My ships are nearing port. I hear "the swift winds amid their bellying sails." Thank you for helping my desires to their fruition by the word of power. Yours very truly, (Mrs.) Mary L. Burns.

## ANOTHER LETTER FROM CARRIE.

1345 Seventh St., Des Moines, Iowa,

Dec. 9, 1899.

My Dear Shelton: I think my subscription to Christian expired with the November issue and I now enclose 50 cents in renewal. December Christian brings us another letter from Densie. Densie is a smart woman; if I had her address I would like to write to her. This time she tells women how to make Gods out of their husbands. Old maids and old bachelors always were good in making receipts to regulate family matters and this instance is no exception. Densie didn't need to tell wives how to make angels out of their husbands, for every wife knows just how to do that. All she has to do is to sink her individuality clear out of sight and the work is complete. She will be "fairly adored." No woman with an individuality is ever "adored" by the old style husband. It is the coming man who will adore the individualized woman, who, in turn, will adore him. But while it is an easy matter to make "angels" out of husbands—surface angels, of course—I wonder if Densie knows what an extreme statement she made when she said any woman could make a "God" out of her husband. It seems comparatively easy to remove impediments to human growth, to change the vibration of dis-ease to one of ease, for ignorant human thought has placed those impediments, or set up those vibrations, and intelligent human thought must remove them. But when it comes to the natural process of growth, to taking an ordinary or less than ordinary man, and putting into his cranium the brain of a Cæsar or of a Christ, and endowing him with all the spiritual qualities with which we conceive the divine man to be possessed, it would seem to me to be quite another matter, an Herculean task which nothing short of the natural process of evolution could ever accomplish. However, if Densie knows such a feat can be accomplished at the present time, and by any woman in connection with any man, then she certainly is shrink-

ing a great duty in remaining single when, by marrying some poor, ignorant fellow, she not only could make him happy, but could prove to the world the truth of her statement. But in another place in her letter she denies that this can be done, for she says: "There are enough who can not see or understand spiritual things to go on populating the earth, but those who have ears to hear, let them hear." And now she is voicing a truth that is very apparent—there are those who can not see or understand. Jesus taught this doctrine without variation, and while there are more at the present day who can see and understand than there was in Jesus' time, yet the world is full of people and many of them are husbands whom this higher thought will never reach this side of the grave. They are not ready for any exploration of the mental and spiritual realms of mind, in the nature of things they can not "see" nor "hear," and the wise thing to do is to let them alone; evolution will deal justly and wisely with them. Densie's idea that a woman should work day and night in order to keep a certain able-bodied man out of the pit, and all because he hasn't manhood enough to work out his own salvation, is an old church notion, the same idea that kept the wife "wrestling in prayer" all her life for a husband who went about his business perfectly indifferent as to whether he got into heaven or not. Husbands of new thought wives are surrounded with every means for learning these higher truths, and with such advantages as they possess, if they are ready to be saved, they will pioneer their own way into the kingdom and not stand placidly by while Betsy "kills the bar," or, rather, attempts to kill it. For Betsy can't kill the "bar" in this case; every individual has to develop his own Godhood, just as every tree has to grow from its own roots, and every plant blossom of its own innate power. No blade of grass grows for another, or grows another, and no bird flies except with its own wings. The power of thought, of recognition, is unlimited as between the individual and the Universal; it is limited as between the individual and the individual. If this were not true, the ego would lose its sovereignty through the interference of other egos, and in the place of strong, beautiful, self-made character we would have putty men and women moulded into shape by some outside power. The fact that Jesus raised the dead does not prove that thought is unlimited as between individuals. The raising of the dead is on the same line with the curing of disease; it is the removing of an impediment to natural growth. Jesus subjects all died, and for one reason—they were lacking in self development. And, though the Christ possessed more power and understanding than any other has done before or since His time, yet it is nowhere recorded that he developed or tried to develop any one of his followers into a God. He knew he could not do this; he knew the sovereignty of the "I" forbade his doing it. And so we must learn that the law of individuality is inviolate; that wisdom ordains that every tub shall stand on its own bottom, and every strong character, every God, be

developed through the struggles of his own selfhood,  
Carrie A. Stoner.

I will leave Densie to speak for herself on this subject. I'm a man and yet I Am God; the man was born of woman, the God is from everlasting to everlasting. God can't be made. He is.

#### WHO MADE THIS HELL?

Of course there are hells and devils, but God never made a hell or a devil. The mortal mind has created all kinds of confusion. There is such a thing as mental dyspepsia; gastric dyspepsia is nothing as compared to mental indigestion. You know if you fill your stomach with all sorts of indigestible foods, you will have the nightmare and dream all kinds of horrible dreams. But if you will fill your mind full of all the isms, and theories, you are liable to find your waking dreams more horrible than those of sleep. I am a soul physician, a doctor of minds, and I know whereof I speak. Here is one sample of the kind of letters I receive:

"Dear Doctor: You remember me as a theosophist and a teacher of metaphysics, who wrote you about the, as I supposed, astral-mahatmic influences which were making my life a hell. Being very busy and of decidedly practical turn of mind, I had, by ignoring this continued criminal aggression against my individuality, nearly gotten rid of it—when lo! shortly after my arrival here the murderous blast was suddenly turned on with renewed power. Again the most horrible obsessions began to storm my being; especially the foul sex lust and sex outrage slop, was turned on again as I had told you, only worse. And now, behold and marvel, I am told that these vicious, murderous and hellish outrages come from the I Am itself and that although I am strong, all resistance is vain. I am still calm, firmly based in the opinion that there *should* be moral law—that there *should* be an Eternal equation of Right—that Ego should be an unsalable center; that the degradation of being at the hands of the I Am should be an impossibility. Yet the facts are facts. This is no dream—I am sane and sound, attending to my work every day, but all the while this hideous soul-degrading and brain-crushing spiritual matinee is in full blast. But for my husband, who knows nothing of this, I would commit suicide—there, it seems, would be rest and peace, for this murderous power says that death ends all, as a rule. A nice alternative—and for one who cares as little for life as a thing in itself as I do—to live degraded, and consenting to these murderous evils as a means of continued life, a life which, with the destruction of the moral equation, becomes a hell for a woman like me—or to die and fade out like a dream. Small wonder that I have become a Schopenhauer pessimist and dropped all metaphysics. If I should tell you some of the foul obsessions, orgies of hell that are carried on within my soul at times, especially at night, you would refuse to believe it. And the pretense is 'to make me strong that I may live!' Live, forsooth, in a dismantled universe, in the eternal power of this God who knows and follows no Right, no law—a power absolutely murderous and evil! Or, at least, who borrows all its power from evil, corruption, crime! A God, poverty-stricken in all but evil, is a great find! I care nothing for life disassociated from Truth, Right, Eternal integrity of Being, Harmony, etc. I am writing all this to you, as before, in strict confidence. Go into the silence with this idea and see what you get. The I Am as a

murderous intruder and vicious depraver of the Soul—a clean soul, too. I shall understand a line in your paper referring to the subject. You are the only occultist with sufficient intelligence to consider the matter as far as I know. Don't make any mistake—I am perfectly sane—a busy working woman. Here are ten million devils turned lawlessly into what should be the sanctity of a soul's house of life. This is said to be the I Am and certainly has almighty power, if no principles. In confidence, Eleanor."

This may sound to some people like insanity, but it isn't. The lady writes in a strong, clear hand, punctuates perfectly, dots her "I's" and crosses her "t's," and shows in every line a woman of education and refinement. What ails her? Daymare—did you ever hear of it? It is getting to be as common a disease as nightmare. A disordered stomach will cause a man to see all kinds of fantastic things, and to hear all kinds of voices. No one attributes his dreams to "spirits," unless it is to alcoholic spirits. If nightmare is not caused by spirits, why should we attribute daymare to spirits? The Spirit of Truth never speaks with a confusion of tongues. This confusion comes from the thoughts and voices in the psychic atmosphere, and is caused by mental indigestion, commonly called nervous prostration. To be master of your surroundings you must be self-centered; but Theosophy scatters you all over creation. It sends you backward through all the ages of the past, and forward through all the ages of the future. Just think of a mind trying to grasp the idea, and count all of its births and deaths, from Adam to the present time; and then trying to imagine how many times it is to be born and to die in the future! You don't know where you are, or who you are. Here is a teacher of metaphysics who can not tell the difference between the sounds in the psychic atmosphere and the sure words of truth.

What is to be done? Take a mental emetic and spew up all of the foolish thoughts you have been swallowing! Affirm the truth concerning yourself: I am the Beginning and the End; I am the Alpha and Omega, the A and the Z, the First and the Last, the All in All. I am the master of my own mind, and will receive no guests who are not in harmony with my being. No matter where I have been, or where I am going, I am now HERE. I am king on my own throne. I can kick out of my mind unwelcome visitors as easily as I can show an unwelcome guest the door of my house. My friend can get rid of her mental company, just like she gets rid of tramps, beggars and vagabonds on the streets. Be self-centered.

#### "THE MAN FROM VENUS."

There is a man in Pueblo, Colorado, who calls himself "The Man From Venus." He publishes a monthly and advocates some kind of a theory, in a strange and unknown tongue. Some words in his magazine are English, but the most of them are minglish. Perhaps the Venusians can understand it. He signs himself by the plain earthly name of Robert J. Burns, but says, "I am the only Venusian Mental Intermediary of the Har-

monial Hierarchy now on this planet." I hope so! But I'm not satisfied to accept any kind of hierarchy on the authority of one man. Hierarchies are a curse to the earth. For the purpose of investigating Bobby Burns, I will use my wireless telegraph on Venus. The Venusian "receiver" is a little weak, but I'll risk it.

"Hello! Hello!!"

"H-e-l-l-o!"

"Is this Venus?"

"Y-e-s. Who are you?"

"I'm the earth. Say, do you know Burns?"

"The bard of Scotland?"

"No! Robert J. Burns of Pueblo, Colorado."

"What does he claim for himself?"

"He claims that he is 'the only Venusian Mental Intermediary of the Harmonial Hierarchy' now on this planet."

"Zip! Bang!! Bang!!! Bang!!!!"

There! I have smashed the Venusian "receiver," but don't blame me; blame Burns. Any man who would come before the world with that title would break communication with the north pole. In spite of this failure there are other proofs which I will apply. His use of high-sounding words sounds like some of the inhabitants of the earth.

In a letter he says: "I am meeting with fair success and much opposition, the boycott of many of the Mental Science and New Thought papers keeping my work from the public." This sounds like his title to "mansions in the skies" was all right. I have noticed that men from the smaller planets always talk this way. A man from the sun would know that no power on earth or in hell could keep his work from the public. But this man, from one of the smallest planets, comes here and complains because we, who have always been here, don't rise up and introduce him to the public. When we don't advertise him free of charge, he calls it a boycott! Say, Bob, go back to Venus! I don't wish to be impolite, but this world is chockful of your kind of men. We want men from the sun. Men who introduce themselves without fear or favor. Take a sun bath, speak in plain Anglo-Saxon, and your own will come to you.

This is not a personal criticism. Bless you, Burns is not the only man from Venus. If you will go to the looking glass you will see the man from Venus, and the woman from Venus. All the inhabitants of the planets are about alike. Those who live in the zodiac, and are under the influence of the stars, are lunatics. I AM the sun! I shine on all the planets. They never shine on me. "Except a man be born from above, he can not see the kingdom of God." This is true of all men born on the planets. The Venusians are no better than the Marsians. The people of Jupiter are in nowise superior to those of Uranus. The inhabitants of the Earth are just as far advanced in progress as the people of any other planet. All planets look alike to me. Only mortals live on the planets. Spirits live in the sun. Therefore it doesn't matter much as to which one of the worlds is your mortal home. The home of the soul is in the sweet light of the sun. The vibrations of the sun are omni-

present; therefore, from this center you are everywhere. The man from somewhere is always the man with something. The man from somewhere is the man with the hoe, the man with a grievance, the man with some kind of disease. The man from Ohio, the man from Kentucky, the man from Boston, the man from Podunk, or the man from Venus. It is all the same. How we do pride ourselves on the place of our mortal birth! The man from the sun is the man from everywhere. Let me repeat that when you are the man from somewhere you are the man with something. The man with rheumatism or the man with Uniism are both alike in principle. All isms are forms of disease. Uniism, rheumatism, dualism, dogmatism, no matter what kind of an ism you carry in your mind, it is a disease. Get rid of all your hobbies!

As long as you are coming from somewhere or going somewhere you are not THERE! The so-called influences of the zodiac keep you whirling round and round on the rim of the wheel. Crawl into the hole in the Hub! Get there, by finding out that you have always been there and never came from anywhere. It only makes you smaller to locate yourself anywhere, even on Venus. All these stars are mere specks in the sky. Be an I AM. There is no place where I AM not. There are no limitations or environments in Spirit. From everlasting to everlasting I AM God. O, children of the earth and the stars! come into the CENTER and find rest unto your souls. When you come to this place of rest it will make no difference to you where your mortal body was born. You will laugh at the so-called influences of the zodiac. You will not care whether you belong to the 400 of swell society, or the millions of common clay. You will know that you never came from anywhere and that you are not going anywhere. The vibrations of the sun will sweep through your spirit and you will know that you have always been HERE. Your only mission is to be; your only work is to radiate the light. You will know there is no such thing as dualism or unism. There is only God! All seeming divisions and separations are fitting shadows. You have been deceived by the circle of the zodiac. It is a well known fact that a sane man will become a raving maniac if confined within a circular room. The constant going around and around in a circle will unbalance the mind. Therefore, dismiss from your thought the circle of the heavens and live within yourself. The only real life is omnipresent, and each soul is the center of his own being. There is no circumference; there is only the center. O, soul, thou art the center! I AM the first and the last, the beginning and the end; I AM he who was dead, and yet I AM alive forevermore. I AM the Lord thy God, and beside Me there is none else. This is the place of power, of peace, and of rest.

You will hear all kinds of voices from all the planets. They will say unto you lo here! and lo there! But believe them not, for "Behold! the kingdom of your God is within you." I AM in you is the kingdom of heaven. You don't have to come to the I

AM in me to find your kingdom, for it is not there. The I AM in me is my own kingdom. Don't be deceived by this confusion of tongues. It is Babylon! "The Mother of Harlots and Abominations of the Earth." These voices from the psychic atmosphere will set you crazy. Listen to yourself! Shelton and all the others are shadows. God is within you, not outside of you. I'm saying these things to you in a little cabin, in the Rocky mountains, far from human habitation. Hear me, O, soul, and look into yourself for Truth. The real Christ will never again appear in the objective world. He will come to you individually, within your own souls. "God is no respecter of persons." YOU are as precious in His eyes as any one else. There are no mental mediators or spiritual mediators, no go-betweens in the kingdom of God. I AM the Way, I AM the Truth, I AM the Life! There is no one beside Me. I AM each individual.

#### AN I AM SERMON.

"And he carried me away in the Spirit to a great high mountain." Rev. 21:10.

"Again, the devil taketh him up into an exceeding high mountain." Matt. 4:8.

Well, here I am, in a little cabin on "an exceeding high mountain," or "a great high mountain." I am going to preach a sermon, and you can take your choice of the texts taken above. Some people will think the devil brought me here, while others will think it was the Spirit of Truth. This is what my friend from Venus would call dualism. It makes very little difference to me. I know I am here. I am not roughing it. I don't live on locusts, but sometimes have a little wild honey. My cabin consists of four rooms, comfortably furnished. There are carpets, rugs, cushions, mats, feathers, blankets, pictures, books, typewriter, silverware, and in fact a modern little home. I tell you this because I don't want you to think that I am a John the Baptist in the Wilderness. I am thoroughly modern, and believe in taking the world as you find it. I am up here for the purpose of healing the sick, curing poverty, and speaking a strong word to all the world. If any of you are inclined to invade my retreat, I warn you to "beware of the dog." His name is "Dewey;" he is not yet four months old, but his teeth are growing.

The above is the preface; if one of the brethren (or sisters) will pass around the hat and take up a "collection," I will proceed with the sermon. I will also explain that Canadian dollars, in Denver, are only worth 95 cents. Postage stamps are not very acceptable, but plain United States money is all right.

Thanks! There isn't anything small about this congregation.

Let us pray.

O, thou, who art the I AM THAT I AM! Thou dost always hear me in the Silence, for Thou and I are One in Being. But for the sake of those who hear, I speak this prayer. There are many little ones who have not known Thee. They have looked outside of themselves for Thee. They have seen only

the things that Thou hast made. Looking out, they have seen Thy trees, Thy mountains, Thy rivers, and the blue sky of the heavens. All these things speak of Thee. But Thou art not a thing. Thou art Invisible Spirit, the Essence and Substance of all things. Thou art the Wisdom of the wise ones, the Truth of the truthful ones, the Love of the loving ones, and the Life of all the living. Thou art Ever Present in each of us. There is no more loneliness when we know Thee. Thy Voice is heard in the stillness of the night, and in the awful solitude of these mountains. Thou art heard above the noise and din of the world. May each one know Thee in the Silence of their own souls. Amen!

It doesn't matter, children, who takes you to the mountain top, just so you get there. The devil took Jesus "up into an exceeding high mountain." I am glad he did. It was an exceeding high mountain, so very high that the world has not climbed to the top of it in all these long centuries. No, not even seen the top of it! They have been looking at the mortal Jesus. They have seen only a writhing victim on a cross. Why, children, this poor fellow was not Jesus Christ; he was the son of a woman. Jesus Christ was the Son of the Living God, born not of flesh, but of the Spirit. When you go up into the top of the mountain you cease to see the Man of the cross. All that is left of Jesus on the earth is the melody of his words, and the vibration of his spirit. This is enough! What do we want with dirt? If we had all of the wood of the cross, and all the blood of the cross, and all the relics of all the saints, we would only have so much dirt. Dirt, and dust, and ashes and death. While you hold out your mortal fingers, and peer with your mortal eyes, at dust, you will remain dust. Lift up your eyes to the heavens!

The devil is the strength and power of the objective world. He is the negative principle in Spirit. He is essential to all being, or rather to the manifestation to all being. Yet as being must be made manifest, the devil is essential to Being. You might exist as invisible spirit without the devil, but you could never become manifest in the objective world. You know I do not use the word devil in the sense of an evil spirit, but as the symbol of material power. He stands for the strength and power of the objective world, as Uncle Sam stands for the United States, or as Santa Claus for the giver of Christmas gifts. Now this devil took Jesus into an exceeding high mountain and showed him all the kingdoms of this world and their glory. It was the flesh and blood of the man Jesus struggling for expression. The voice of the outside world said: "I will give you all power on the earth as the conqueror of men. I will make you master of armies. Your banners shall be unfurled over the citadels of the earth." It was a great temptation. He felt the power within him and didn't know what to do with it.

This was an exceeding high mountain, for everything on this earth can be found in this little scene of the "Temptation." It is all here. Use your power to make bread for

yourself; this is the lowest form of temptation, for a man to go forth into the world and use his spiritual power for the sake of his stomach! Then comes the next: "Cast thyself from the pinnacle of the temple and see if the angels will catch you." This is superstition, fortune-telling, mediumship. It means for you to use your spiritual power to communicate with somebody's departed grandmother. It means to use your psychic vision to find a lost ring, stolen pocketbook, or buried treasure. How silly! And yet we all pass along this road. Very few of us have the good fortune to be taken by the devil into an exceeding high mountain so that we can see the whole thing beforehand. "If I had only known," is the constant cry of all of us who get tangled up in the meshes of mortality. But the good devil took Jesus into an exceeding high mountain, where he could look down and see the littleness of the whole thing. What are the plumes and banners of war? How foolish the blood, smoke and roar of battle? It is the fury of the devil. "Lift ye up a banner upon the high mountain." The mountain of love and truth, goodness and mercy.

What good would it do if you could use your psychic power to find all the stolen articles in the world, tell all the fortunes of the unfortunate, and foresee all the events in the objective world? Why, bless you, all that is to be has been, and will forever be. The events of mortality go round and round in a circle forever. There is no permanent change in matter. Matter, in its nature, is just as eternal as spirit. What, then, do you want with this power? You don't want it for your stomach's sake; for the animal can find food for his stomach through animal perception. You don't want this unfoldment for the sake of communicating with departed friends; you have enough friends who have not departed to occupy your attention. Besides, intercourse with "spirits" is not conducive to health or happiness. What, then, do you want this development for? That you may find yourself. Clear seeing is to enable you to see your own spiritual self. Clear hearing is that you may hear yourself. When you shall see and hear your own spirit you will know that the kingdom of your God is within you. In your kingdom is health, happiness and prosperity. There is not only happiness in your kingdom, but ecstatic bliss. The joy of the whole universe vibrates in you. The life of the whole universe is in you. All the love there is, is in you, so far as its vibrations are concerned. All the songs that have ever been sung are heard in your ear. The kingdom of God is the kingdom of God; therefore, it includes all. Therefore, your spiritual eyes and ears are open that you may see and hear your own kingdom. After the seeing, and the hearing, comes the entering into your kingdom.

How foolish, then, is it for you to fill your spiritual ears with the nonsense of mortality, or to go peering into the psychic as a fortune teller! Do we all have double vision and double hearing? Certainly we are all clairvoyant and clairaudient. As we belong to two worlds, we are able to communicate

with both worlds. This double vision and double hearing is used every day in business, under the name of intuition. The fortune teller, the magnetic healer, the medium, the preacher, the lawyer, all alike, use this power. They see their kingdom in the narrow-limited vision of mortality. You can use these faculties for anything. The expert burglar and thief is often a well-developed clairvoyant. The vision is always there; the point of vision makes the difference in the kingdom. In order to see your full kingdom, the devil must take you to an exceeding high mountain. From the lofty pinnacle of this high mountain you can see all the kingdoms of this world. You can then choose to be a master in mortality or reign in the realm of spirituality. If you choose the latter, O, soul, you have really gained the former. When you lose your life, you find it. The man who rules the objective world through the subjective is the only real ruler. Kings, priests and potentates have gone down to the dust and been forgotten, but Jesus Christ reigns forever!

When you get to the top of this exceeding high mountain be sure to make your choice as did Jesus. Did you ever hear of Jesus running around hunting for someone's lost treasure? Did you ever hear of him sitting as a medium for people to communicate with their dead friends? No; he cast out devils, healed the sick, cleansed the lepers, and raised the dead. It was his business to bring the spiritual world into manifestation. On this exceeding high mountain you see what a glorious thing life can become. O, soul, I have no words with which to tell you of the glory of this kingdom. In the deep Silence it may be felt in the vibrations.

#### THE INDIVIDUAL AND THE INSTITUTION.

For several months I have been the recipient of letters full of accusations and denunciations of my position as an Individualist. I will have nothing to do with men who accuse and denounce. All such thoughts fall on the heads of the men who send them out. The man who walks in the truth withdraws all accusation from everybody and everything. It is a common practice among so-called reformers to hurl anathemas at every one who does not join them in their war on the present order of life. Now my position is simply this, that the present order is the very best order we can have under the circumstances. The general government is all the organization that we need, and it is the very best government that the average intelligence will permit. As the average intelligence rises higher, the general government will become more perfect. We have a chance to go on improving, and even trying experiments, in the general and state governments, without resorting to wheels within wheels, in the form of churches, lodges, unions, trusts and colonies. I don't believe that a few men and women can get together and do any better than we are all doing under the general government.

Have we not ample opportunity to ventilate our theories? Is not woman suffrage

on trial in many states in this Union? Has not negro suffrage been on trial for more than a quarter of a century? Are we not enacting anti-trust, anti-railroad, anti-insurance and anti-everything laws? What more could you do in a little colony? The legislatures of each state enact new laws by the barrel every year. The congress of the general government goes right along adding new laws all the time. This is a free country! Every wild-eyed scheme is discussed and ventilated from press, pulpit and platform. I believe in a paternal government; but I don't want any government to exercise any more authority over the individual than a just father would over his son. I want the general government to carry my mail, express my goods, haul my freight, send my telegrams and carry me as a passenger by land and sea. Some of these things the general government is now doing; and if we will behave ourselves, it will soon be doing all of these things. I want the general government to take charge of the food, clothing and sanitary conditions of life, and protect us from adulteration; but I don't want the government to dictate to me as to what I shall eat, drink or wear. The freedom of the individual must be protected. If a man drinks whisky I want the government to see that he gets pure whisky; and if his neighbor drinks milk I want the government to see that he gets pure milk. A paternal government is not a penitentiary government. If I wear broadcloth, let me have the genuine article; and if my neighbor wears cotton, let him have the natural stuff.

But, fellow-citizens, these conditions can not be brought about by abusing the general government. The attempt to array capital against labor is a retrograde movement. Things are run not by brawn, bank notes or bullets, but by brains. Intelligence makes capital, and capital employs labor. Labor does not create capital. In Central Africa they have plenty of labor, but no capital. Mind makes money and money makes men. Show me a nation without money and I will show you naked savages without manhood. Intelligence brings larger and larger demands for the comforts and luxuries of life. The more things we use, the more people we employ to make the things.

But here is a letter from a Canadian:

Dear Dr. Shelton: I have been very much interested in the discussion on organization, coöperative colonies, etc., which has been going on in Christian lately, and should like to say a word or two myself along those lines.

What do we organize for? Is it not that we may, by division of labor, take up less time and energy in ministering to the wants of the body only, and have more to spend in developing our higher faculties and desires; that is, to live a more complete life?

What use should we have for the "big machines" you are so proud of if they were for the use of one person only? He could neither make them, operate them, nor consume their products alone. All these "signs of progress" are the result of organization. Does it take from a man's individual power and development to have his letters carried

for him; to be himself carried when he wishes to travel; to have his bread baked, his clothes made and washed, his house built, etc.? Is it not better for him to look after a branch of the whole than to try to do every part alone?

To take an example from nature: What flock of geese or herd of deer is without its sentinel, who serves his fellow-beings in one way, while they do the same for him on another occasion? Does he lose his individuality thereby? Does he not rather increase it?

What is the cause of so many strikes nowadays? Is it not that the individuals at the head of private concerns have tried to "dominate" over the hired help too much? In many business enterprises "domination" is practiced to a most disgraceful extent. In a colony each individual "dominates" over his particular portion of work and develops his individual powers in so doing, but he does not get the chance to "dominate" over his fellow-men that he would if he were superintending the whole business to fill his own pockets only.

To take a concrete example, doctor: Why is your own office organized? Why do you leave any part of your business to any one else? Why don't you edit, write, print and mail Christian every month yourself? When you are overseeing the others' work, are you not afraid of "dominating" over them too much, and impairing their individual powers in some way?

I do not like the idea of organization against anyone or anything. All organization, in my mind, should be for the good of all the people. We must organize and cooperate. How would the United States ever have gained her independence; how would slavery have been abolished; how would the thousand and one improvements in the world's career have taken place if it had not been for cooperation? In all friendly feeling, I am, Vox.

Now I call this a very nice letter. The writer doesn't call me any names, or denounce me as a bloated bondholder. I have stated my position in the preceding remarks. The time has come for us to weed out the small, one-horse and irresponsible organizations. The individual is bled at every pore by these little institutions. He supports the lodge, the union, the church, the Sunday school, the missionary society, the club, the Y. M. C. A., the W. C. T. U., the Y. P. C. E., and all the other alphabetical orders. Organization has gone to seed. It is time for them to fall to the ground. There is no trouble about me conducting my business as an individual, for I recognize the individuality of each one in my employ. The mailing clerk has charge of the mail and is personally responsible for it; printers are held responsible for the printing; the typewriters for the typewriting. Each individual is held responsible for the work he has to do, and for no more. For instance, one young lady in my office can fold and wrap more papers than any one of the others, and for this reason she gets higher wages than any of the others.

All signs point to a better day for all of us. Trusts and combines simply point to a time when all will unite together under one form of government. This will be a paternal government, but it will be a government of individuals for the individual. Every man, woman and child will be free before the law. Each individual will have the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. This will be brought about by the freedom of the press, freedom of speech, and the freedom of thought. You see, we must think these things all out before we can put them into practice. If you were to turn this government over to any one set of reformers they would soon make a mess of it. I would very much dislike to be governed by the Democratic party all of the time, or by the Republican party all of the time; but I had much rather be governed by either of these parties all of the time than to turn the government over to the reformers or the religionists. Some people don't know when they are well off. It is a big thing to get rid of the preacher, the priest, and the politician; but it is a much bigger thing to get rid of your own prejudices, bigotry and buncombe. Get right yourself, and you will have very little trouble with your environment.

You can't force principles on people. Truth can not be put into practice until people are educated up to it. In the truth an individual has no right to own anything. He has no right to own father, mother, brothers, sisters, wife, children, houses and lands; he has a right to all of these things, but not as personal property. Everything should be used for the good of all. But these truths can not be made practical until we all think alike on this subject. The common good of all must be in the minds of all before we can make a distribution of the wealth of the world. It is a new mental birth that is needed. This new birth is going right along every day. Great suffering in any one part of the world will immediately call forth prompt relief from those who are more fortunate. Men are coming closer and closer to each other in thought. This thought transformation must precede all practical efforts. Until the truths I know can be made practical, I will go on holding property in my own name, while I preach the gospel of Universal Brotherhood. All the best thoughts of Socialism merge into Individualism. The Socialist ideal, far from an abolition of wealth, is the collective ownership and management of public interests and industry for the benefit of the whole people. That clear-headed sociologist, the late Laurence Gronlund, defined it in this way:

"What Socialists aim at is gradually and peaceably to convert capital into public property. By 'capital' they mean that part of all wealth which is used in production, which is necessary to produce more wealth; like raw materials, factories, machinery, etc. The wealth earned by the individual citizen, they hold, ought to remain private property."

This is all right. But, how are these things to be brought about? By the Law of Vibrations, by the very movements which

some men call evil. By trusts, combines and monopolies; these combinations for personal gain will lead to a universal combination for the public good. We have combines to protect ourselves from the insane, idiots and criminals. Why not combine to protect ourselves from spendthrifts, tramps, vagabonds and thoughtless persons, who would squander public wealth? This is just what we are doing. The great financiers are benefactors of mankind. The heroes of war are worthless, compared to those of finance. J. P. Morgan is the greatest financier of the present time, and he is an ardent Socialist! He is now bringing about a combination of all the railroads, as the first step toward nationalization. I tell you that God is running this world in His own way. The wealth of the world is being preserved by the men who are capable of managing it. When the time comes for public ownership, men will have learned that public wealth is a public trust as great as public order. We will guard the wealth of the community as we guard the peace of the community. One generation will not be permitted to squander, in riotous living, that which belongs to all generations. The Jews have given us Moses, Jesus and the prophets; but they have also given us the Rothschilds and their associates, who have preserved the world from financial panics, and maintained the credit of the nations. The Jews are yet to be the saviors of the world. The Lord God of Israel is still alive and awake! His name is not Jesus or Joss, but I AM THAT I AM. It is the same old Name which was heard in Eden, and has been sounding down the centuries.

#### BOOKS RECEIVED.

"Occult Stories," by Chas. W. Close, Ph. D., S. S. D., 124 Birch street, Bangor, Me.; pp. 38; cloth, 50 cents.

"Twelve Essays," by Frederic W. Burry, 799 Euclid avenue, Toronto, Canada; pp. 67; paper, 25 cents.

"Magnetation," by Albert Chavannes, Knoxville, Tenn.; pp. 88; paper, 25 cents.

"Every Living Creature," by Ralph Waldo Trine, Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., Boston; pp. 40; cloth, 35 cents.

"Parenthood," by Alice B. Stockham, M. D., Chicago, Ill.; pp. 27; paper, 25 cents.

"Life Immortal," by I. Pickering Miller, Kosmos Publishing Co., Orange, N. J.; pp. 376; cloth. No price given.

"What Is Truth?" an essay on the future life, by Matthew Watson; pp. 21; paper, 10 cents. 110 Prospect building, Brooklyn, N. Y.

"The Rhythm of Life and Other Poems," by Frances Elmina Cox, 3360 Seventeenth street, San Francisco, Cal.; pp. 20; paper, 25 cents.

"777 Sensations," by J. Lendall Basford, 88 Boylston street, Boston, Mass.; pp. 112; cloth. No price given.

"Man and His Relation to God," by Rev. S. C. Davidson, Warrior, Ala.; pp. 27; paper, 25 cents.