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WOMAN.

Twice hath man given ear to her
Who Eve is called and Mary!
Once when she bade him eat the fruit,
And said 'twould make him wise;
And once, when from the tomb her Lord
did rise,
She told him, "He is risen."

So first from her man learned he was a
man,
And first from her he learned he was a
God,

—Charles G. Garrison.

ITEMS AND IDEAS.

*** May!
*** Time to go fishing!
*** Don't forget to send a self-addressed and stamped envelope.
*** Don't write long letters, and only one letter a month, for one dollar.
*** "Self," Vol. 1, No. 1, \$1.00 per year, Caroline E. C. Norris, 1229 Broadway, Oakland, California.
*** Keep your own accounts! I never put anything down against any one. If I had to reduce this work of mine to book-keeping, I would quit the whole thing.
*** "What would be the reading for a man born September 16th and a woman born November 4th?"
The man is Earth and the woman is Water. The mixture is mud.
*** It is queer how many persons think they are the exception to the rule. I do not receive callers, or make calls, yet people are continually ringing my door bell. They will say: "I know that he does not receive callers, but I thought he would receive me."
*** "Will you kindly explain through Christian, Rev. xlii., 16-18?"
The Beast is the Institution in all of its forms. It will soon get so that a man can't do business without belonging to a Trust, or labor without belonging to a Union. Both are marks of the Beast.
*** "Would like to know the nature of a man born October 26th, 1833, and a woman born February 8th, 1848; also their fitness for each other naturally."
The man is a cross between air and water, and the woman belongs to the negative pole of the air. They are naturally fitted to each other.
*** "Is not the life given by combustion as that from a lamp or fire, or by anybody set in the right vibration as that from an

electric lamp, the same as light from the Sun?"

Certainly, all light is sunlight. The hidden fires in coal came from the Sun. There is no other source of light or life.

*** "I AM Sermons" is in press. The old title is retained, and only twelve selected Sermons are published. No other articles are inserted. The twelve selected Sermons make one line of consecutive thought, from beginning to end. It is bound uniform with "Vibrations," but in a stiffer cover, and is a much prettier book. It contains a portrait of the author. It will be sent post-paid for fifty cents.

*** In answer to my advertisement, the I AM has chosen Mrs. Blanche Rutherford, of Lansing, Michigan, to be my stenographer and secretary. The Spirit is a Quaker when it comes to titles, prefixes and affixes to names. Therefore, Mrs. Rutherford will henceforth be known to my readers as Blanche. It is Blanche and Helen, the one on my right hand and the other on my left, in the Kingdom of Truth.

*** "I wish you would answer in your paper, if you think it right for a widow to marry the second time, especially if she has no home or any means."

Yes, my darling, not only the second time, but the seventh time, and the seventy-seventh time, if necessary. This reminds me of the old colored preacher, who married within six months after the death of his wife: When his congregation remonstrated with him he said: "Brethern and Sistern, it was mighty lonesome down dere in de cabin by myself, and then you know Sallie was jes as dead as Sallie could eber be!"

*** Telegrams are out of date. Mental messages are up-to-date. Yet I receive telegrams night and day from all parts of the world. On each message I pay ten cents for delivery. Please tack the ten cents on your prepaid messages. It is only a dime to you, where it is dollars to me. Stop sending messages at night! I am human and have to sleep. In Little Rock I had to forbid the delivery or telephoning of any message after ten o'clock at night. The better way is to sit down quietly and send the message by telepathy. I can receive it. All you have to do is to think it.

*** "You say that Eleanor Kirk writes you that she has passed into the Sun Center. Will you please explain entering into the Sun Center?"

Entering into the Sun Center means passing out of the darkness, out of the moonbeams, into the clear light of Spirit. It is the highest attainment of individualism. As

long as you are looking at the influences of the earth and the stars, you are not in the Sun Center. As long as you depend on your intellect or instinct for guidance, you are not in the Sun Center. Inspiration lifts you into the Sun Center. Seek it by following your own spirit!

*** Say, I want all of you men to understand that I am the Whole Thing, when it comes to making love to my typewriters! Helen is wearing a new watch that came through the mail. The other day I happened to glance at a letter which contained a postscript like this: "If Helen wants a Fountain Pen, just let her mention it." She mentioned it! The Fountain Pen came. It is a beauty! So is she, but that is no sign that you fellows should be sending her presents. It used to be that Edna's babies got all the presents, but times have changed. Edna's address, at present, is 2222 Chester street, Little Rock, Ark.

*** "Will you explain in your lucid way, the meaning of the words: 'Christ in you, the Hope of Glory'—Col. i, 27?"

Christ has been applied to Jesus as a surname. This causes confusion in the mind. Christ stands for the divine anointing, the manifestation of the Divine Principle, the I AM of you. The manifestation of this principle is your only hope of Glory. It belongs to each one of you. Jesus had no corner on divinity. He did not even try to organize, or build up an institution. He told each one of his followers to look within himself for the kingdom of God. I AM the Christ.

*** Of all the abominations on the abominable side of human nature, the endless chain is the greatest abomination! You receive a letter, asking you to contribute a dime, and then send that letter to three other interested persons! I received such an endless chain letter the other day from a Scientist, trying to raise a hundred thousand dollars to establish a magazine. I was astonished! The Church people have worked such schemes threadbare. It is begging, but not even a polite way of begging. The man who stands on the street corners with his hat in his hand is much more polite and genteel. Your endless chain is a chain of bondage! Stop rattling it!

*** "If your Word once spoken goes on accomplishing the purpose for which you sent it, is there any need of sending for more than one treatment for the same disease?"

No, not if you let the Word have free course. But for your own sake, you must be sure that you have received the Word.

For this reason go on treating people every month and every year. The Word spoken in the Silence may hover around the patient months, and even years, before it finds an open door. For instance, I have given treatments for business success for three solid years, before the man was lifted out of the ruts of poverty into the vibrations of success. If a patient does not receive the Word, you must just keep pounding away until they do receive it.

*** The Logos Magazine, Vol. 1, No. 1, April, 1900, is on my table. It is published monthly, at one dollar a year, by Sara Thacker, Applegate, Placer county, Cal. The editor, knowing from whom all blessings flow, writes to me as follows:

"Dear Friend: The I AM Almighty of the 'Logos Magazine' sends greetings to the I AM Almighty of the 'Christian.'

"The first issue is herewith mailed to you in a separate envelope.

"The 'Logos Magazine' will increase in all desirable qualities from month to month, as it increases in age."

All right, Sara! "There is plenty of room at the top." Up here where I AM, you will find the universal horizon spread out before you.

*** "I have been reading the first degree, 'Ralston Health Book,' and have been following their glame exercises. Now, my experience has been that after inhaling and exhaling for a time or two, I would feel a thrill to my very finger tips. If I continued the exercise, I would feel like a reed shaken by the wind, and if I still continued, I would become unconscious and fall over. On becoming conscious, I would feel very excited and my head would be all in a whirl, but could not recall anything that passes through my mind during the unconscious state. Now, is this because one becomes intoxicated on the electricity (or glame, as they call it), that is in the air? Or what is it, and does it do any one harm or good?"

My beloved friend, it seems that you have answered your own questions. The inhaling of too much raw electricity is as silly as any other kind of intoxication. If you are going to get drunk, do it up right, by filling yourself full of whiskey. Alcohol is electricity in a condensed form, and if you are going to dissipate, I would advise you to use straight whiskey. But if you are seeking the kingdom of God, verily, verily, I say unto you, that it is in the MIND, and does not come through the wind-pipe.

*** I return thanks to all who made application for the position of stenographer. I have not returned the photographs, except to those who made special request, for I would like to keep them. They make a splendid array of Christian Science stenographers. There was one young lady, Clara E. Dudley, of Spokane, Washington, who had the nerve and science to enclose a dollar, asking me to treat her for the position. The people in the household declared that she was bound to have it, because I could not go back on my own treatments. Well, I gave her treatments for success in gaining a position, but I hadn't anything to do with this position, for the I AM had already made his selection eight years ago.

*** I have no time to read newspapers. Therefore, if you wish me to see what you

have written, send me a marked copy. Bundles of secular papers coming to this office are a burden to my mail and are never opened. I am not an editor in the common sense of the word, but a physician and teacher for thousands of people who demand my time and attention. I do not sell my books to what is called the trade, on commission. Persons must send to me direct for what they want, and pay cash. This office can not afford to go into the book-selling business and keep accounts. "Vibrations" will have soon reached its ten thousandth, and this by my own personal sale, without appealing to the trade.

*** "Allow me to ask you one question, and please answer through Christian: Would a man born July 27th be congenial to a lady born September 24th? If so, why? I don't understand, but I find such to be the case, although I am sorry to say I am a married woman. My husband is not in harmony with me. A year ago I became acquainted with a man who is in perfect harmony with me, and more congenial than any one I ever before knew. I am drawn to him by a power over which I have no control. He experiences the same feeling. He also is married inharmoniously. I have tried very hard to get away from this power which holds me, but I find I can not. I don't care to be in such a condition, and want to be free. Since I knew him, I have experienced both pain and joy, mostly joy."

There is not anything in the Zodiac to hinder a perfect union between July 27th and September 24th. July 27th is just going out of Water into Fire; and September 24th is just going out of the Earth into the Air. The law of attraction holds good between you two, and it is a pity that you were not married by the so-called law of the land. Of course, the law of attraction is the law of God. But "the powers that be" are also ordained of God for a purpose. Organized society demands that children should be protected and that forms of decency should be observed. A great part of this is mere artificial appendage, and is not observed. You are playing with fire, and therefore you must be careful that you do not consume your home and all its belongings. Nearly every one of your sisters who read this letter of yours will condemn you. You will find very little sympathy from your own sex, and not much from the opposite. I pity you! There is not any Heaven like the attraction between man and woman, and there is not any Hell deeper and more damnable than this order reversed. But there is light on the tops of the mountains, and freedom will soon come for man, woman, and child!

*** Salvation is offered to humanity in three ways, viz.: Vicarious atonement, reincarnation and heredity. We reject them all, and will manage to stagger along through life pretty comfortably if the priests of popular religions will only let us alone. Man is omnipotent and needs no external salvation.—*The Religio-Philosophical Journal.*

Amen, Newman, amen! Man does not need external, internal, or infernal salvation. Didn't God make man in His own image, and after His own likeness? Then you must destroy the original before you

can destroy the image! Cut down the tree and its shadow will disappear. Kill God, and man is lost, without hope of salvation. But who can kill God, the Father, seeing He is the substance of all things? Hold up your head, little man, don't let 'em scare you; your Father is the WHOLE THING!

*** Flora Parris Howard has returned to Los Angeles. Before starting, she sent me for publication a caustic criticism on my critics. Can't, Flora, just can't use any more caustic in this office. We may use cosmetics, but no more caustic. She Whom My Soul Loves called me a Naughty Boy for replying to my critics in April Christian. When ordinary people criticize me, I can swear and say I don't care a d—, but when SHE speaks, I do care! She knows! Oh men, it makes a mighty difference as to who is doing the talking! Leave me to my darlings and sweethearts. Go thou unto Elbert Hubbard, for he is an adept in the use of vitriol. When I want to damn anybody, I will turn the job over to Hubbard. It suits his calling, for he edits *THE PHILISTINE*. But I, my brothers, I am a CHRISTIAN, and She Whom My Soul Loves is my Christ. Therefore, when she puts her little hand on my shoulder and says "Don't," I won't. All is God! There is no evil, and I have no enemies. There is no law of *lese majeste* in my Kingdom!

*** I will never do it again! I called for one copy of August, 1898, Christian. I have received them from the East, and the West, and the North and the South! August Christians to the right of me, August Christians to the left of me, August Christians in front of me! The mail has been heaped with them, and still they come! Well, it shows that Christian is never a back number. Ten thousand years from to-day, the Truth will be just the same as it is now.

*** "In your little book, 'The Law of Vibrations,' you make this statement: '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 Freedom. Each individual is perfect within themselves. As you grow into the kingdom, and your vision becomes in accord with the sunshine, you will find out that you can not love one person on this earth or in the heavens, without loving all others.' Page 37. 'The I AM in you left you to search in the objective world for your Beloved, until you are satisfied that the search is in vain, etc.' Then in Christian, March first, in the 'I AM Sermon,' you say: 'The twain shall be one flesh. What twain? It does not mean the twain in the sense of two bodies, etc.' Again, in April Christian, page 6: 'It is not two halves making one whole, but two whole beings, each separate and distinct in their own individuality.' And again—'Don't hug to your mind the delusion that you are both man and woman in the same person, etc., etc.'

"Do, I pray, you make this plain to one who is earnestly seeking for the Truth, but up to the present time seems not to have found he, she or it. Ida M. Kelley, Salt Lake City, Utah."

Now, my dear Ida, consistency is not one of my jewels. When I wrote the book on "Vibrations," I was suffering disappointment over not finding my own, and therefore concluded that I did not have any "own" to

find. But I have found my own, and my own has found me, therefore, I know that there are soul mates. Facts, sometimes, knock theories into flinders! When I met my own face to face, I knew that she had always been mine. From the great throne in the Sun, spirits are sent out two and two, male and female. It is seldom that they ever meet in the flesh, but when they do, it means joy unspeakable and full of glory. The temporary life of mortality has nothing to do with this union of souls. Those who are joined forever, have forever been joined. There has never been any real separation.

*** "Do you know Dr. Dowle, of Chicago? What do you think of him? You can heal people and do them good; can you inflict suffering or punishment, if you saw fit? But you don't look in your picture as if you would do wicked things, and there is so much suffering, anyway."

I have heard and read of Dr. Dowle, but have no personal acquaintance with the man. Of course, he believes in two principles of being, God and Devil, therefore, he will bless with one breath, and damn with another. I have no Devil, except my mortal self, and at present I am not recognizing him. Therefore, I have no disposition to damn any one. There is only God! There is only the Sun! The fog has no real existence, and is only a temporary obstruction. But these men who believe in the Devil as a principle of being, are generally devilish in their dispositions. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he!"

INTRODUCING AN INDIVIDUALIST.

Since beginning this work, my daughter Edna (Mrs. Frank Martin), has been my secretary and general manager. During this time, she has given birth to two children. She has taken care of me and my work, and also attended to her children and her husband and her household affairs. It was time to give her at least one year of vacation. But how to do this was the problem. Where could I find another woman that could fill her place? The Spirit wrote the following advertisement, which was inserted in February Christian:

*** I want another stenographer and typewriter. A woman, of course; young, healthy, well educated, and an Individualist. Send photo and sample of handwriting, with date of birth. Position will be permanent, with good salary, to the right person.

Applications came from all parts of the United States. My desk and mantel were covered with photographs from girls in their teens to women in their forties. One day a letter came from Lansing, Michigan, accompanied by the usual photograph. It was signed: Georgia B. Rutherford. The Spirit said: "Her name is Blanche." I looked on the back of the photograph, and sure enough, the middle letter was spelled out as Blanche! The Spirit also said: "She is the woman." And I replied: "I know it; but I will have a battle with that woman. I don't like war!" But when the Spirit says anything, I have learned to obey. I wired her to come. She came. She is the daughter of Doctor Noteman, and the widow of Doctor Rutherford, both eminent physicians. Her mar-

ried life only lasted two years. Before her marriage she was an actress. She played "Little Lord Fauntleroy" in the Madison Square Theatre, in New York, until she grew too large for the character. Then she traveled with the best companies and received much praise as an actress. After her husband's death, three years ago, financial reverses came, and not being willing to go back to the stage, she sought out some other way to gain a living. Her mother was a subscriber to Christian. And she impulsively (or inspirationally) answered the advertisement. She was born May first, eighteen hundred and seventy-three. Her height is five feet; weight, one hundred and four pounds, in winter clothing. She is not as beautiful as Helen, but she is rather good looking. This is enough gossip for all you people who are curious to know and see her.

She arrived here February the fourteenth, St. Valentine's Day. March, April, and May numbers of Christian have felt her touch. Why did I not report sooner? Because it has been a question of which one of us would stay. As I said to the Spirit, I knew I would have to have a battle with her. The battle has been fought, and the victory won. Wait until you hear the story of the scrap, and then decide as to who won the victory. She is now at home on a short vacation, and I am dictating this article to Helen, therefore, I can say my say without her seeing it until in print.

What was the trouble? Was not she well educated? Oh, yes, except in the Bible. She does not know enough about the Bible to teach an infant class in a back woods Sunday school. She had heard of the book, of course, as any well educated woman is bound to do, but she has never paid any heed to it. A Bible quotation would have no more effect on her mind than a quotation from Bob Burns' Venusian philosophy. As for religion, she hasn't any. There are forty-five thousand different kinds of religion on the earth, and she hasn't any kind whatever. I thought an up-to-date woman would be at least a Theosophist, and have some of the latest fads in religion. But she hasn't any, of any brand. But this was not the trouble, for I haven't any kind of religion myself. Wasn't she a woman? Oh, yes, she was a whole woman! And that is part of the trouble, but not all of it. Isn't she healthy? Splendid health! Well, then, what was the battle about? She was an Individualist! The very first one I ever met. I ran up against the real thing! I have met many individualists in theory, but this woman was a practitioner of the principle. She hadn't any particular name for it, but she had it all the same. As I say, I had never met one before. Of course, I expected my stenographer to think as I thought and to do my commandments, but this woman gave me to understand that she had a thinker of her own, and she would only obey me as far as she thought I was right. I had had a little introduction to another Taurian in Helen. They are all pretty much alike, but Helen was never placed in

the position of manager and director of things. This new stenographer was to take Edna's place. She did it. But all the time she was looking at the other fellow in me. You know I am a twin, not only born June 13th, but had a twin brother, who died a few days after his birth. I am not talking about this real twin brother who died, but the one who still lives, or did live a few days ago. Therefore, when I speak of the Twins, I am talking of the two natures in me: the "I" and the "Not I." I AM God; the other fellow is the Devil. I never did like this other fellow. He has caused me all my trouble. I generally keep him in the background when company is present. I always put him aside when I go into the Silence, because he could not go in there with me. When I am in the Great Silence, I never know anything about this impish brother of mine. No unclean thing ever enters into the Holy of Holies. Now, Mrs. Rutherford kept looking at this other fellow, as if he were really some part of me. She never said a word, never made any criticisms, never opened her mouth in the way of dictation, never by one word did she ever interfere or try to interfere with my affairs. She is what I never can expect to be, a perfect lady. But she kept looking, looking, looking, and I kept hearing her thinking, thinking, thinking, about this other fellow. This silent condemnation aroused my antagonism, and the battle began in earnest. I opened my mouth, and began to defend this false self of mine. I told her that he was all right! She said he was all wrong! She just as good as said, silently, that a man could not be a hog one day and a man the next day; he must be a man all the time, or a hog all the time. In other words, the I AM should never be known as the "Not I." I should be God all the time, day and night, in private and in public. I defended the two sides of my nature. This little woman who came into my cabinet as Secretary of the Interior, began silently and quietly to run the whole Administration. Three times she packed her trunk to leave, and three times I persuaded her to stay, because I knew that the I AM had sent her. In all our battles, my own I AM was on her side, and I knew that if she left, there would be nothing left of me and this business, except the other fellow, and he never could do anything. Of course, the other fellow stormed, raged, and said high sounding words. And as I said before, this Taurian, like all others of her tribe, knew how to hold her tongue and keep her peace. But she would not shut her eyes! I can knock out any woman in the first round, if she will shut her eyes and open her mouth. I've got a mouth of my own, and I can talk the face off of a wooden image. But when a woman shuts her mouth and opens her eyes, gentlemen, you had better go and hang yourself. If God Almighty happens to be behind her eyes, you may go out and call on the rocks and mountains to fall on you, and hide you from her face! Yet all the rocks and all the mountains will not hide you from her eyes!

Let me digress here, and quote from Elbert Hubbard in *The Philistine* for April:

"Experience a look? That is what I said; no other expression will do. Have you never had a great and good woman look you straight in the eyes, brother? Well, then, you have never lived. A look out of big, wide open, generous orbs—eyes liquid with pity; eyes that know; eyes that have felt; eyes that have seen—looking straight into yours. A gaze without blinking—eyes that do not stare, but simply look—a look without embarrassment, coyness or affectation, a look backed up by no silly smile of self-consciousness—eyes that gaze calmly with a deep, tender absorbed interest straight into yours. Eyes that see the inmost recesses of your heart, and yet bear no blame; eyes that reach your soul and draw your inmost being forth! You look into these great eyes, and earth seems to be swimming from under your feet; you are floating away—away; you grow faint with a delicious faintness; and a joy that is half pain grips your heart. You gasp for breath—you can no longer endure that steady, honest look. All things grow misty; earth seems to swirl and your eyelids close as if in self-protection from a delirium that only a god can endure.

"So that's the way Maude Adams looked at Charley Pickett—Pickett of Iowa—when he took her hand, and she congratulated him on his speech.

"Charley didn't describe the Look just as I have; but I knew what it was, for, centuries ago—in a former incarnation—I, too, had a woman look at me that way and her gaze burned a brand deep into my soul.

"Only a look! Eyes that look into eyes."

I have experienced the Look, therefore I have lived, and am alive. The rocks and mountains have not fallen on me, but they have fallen on the other fellow. I have climbed to the very top of the mountain. I see all the kingdoms of the world and their glory, but I don't want any of it. I have found Myself. I know now that she was looking straight at the I AM, but this made me think she was looking at the other fellow. For in the mirror of her eyes, I saw the other fellow in all of his ugliness. To show you that she was looking at the I AM in me, I have permission to quote extracts from a private letter she wrote to one of her friends, after having been here thirty-five days:

"On my arrival in Denver, I got off the train in fear and trembling, half afraid to see the 'some one' who was to meet me in response to my telegram. Suddenly, out of the darkness, I felt a strong hand clasp, and heard, 'Mrs. Rutherford? I'm so pleased you are here.' I could but dimly see a soft hat and muffler, but I knew it was 'Shelton,' so I felt all right, and allowed myself to be led to a carriage and whisked away to wherever he wished to take me. We drew up to a comfortable brick house, 'the home of Christian,' where I was greeted by the housekeeper, a motherly looking woman, and Helen, 'the pretty typewriter,' who proved to be a very sweet young girl.

"I was soon settled before a glowing grate fire, in a big sleepy-hollow chair, with Dr. Shelton opposite, and proceeded to satisfy my curiosity by making the long-deferred examination; but I soon found he was doing the examining, not I. Well, I forgave him, for he was so very calm and serene about it, and such a genial, whole-souled fellow, that I knew his verdict would not be too critical. We had a chat of an hour or so, during which time Dr. Shelton gave

me a brief outline of my work, and explained his. All of the time I kept wondering how much of that was true. Do you think he caught my thought? I hope not. Wouldn't it be dreadful?

"In the morning I entered the office prepared for work, but soon found I was supposed to 'rest' all that day. So I sat down in the sleepy-hollow chair, and 'rested' for about five minutes, and watched the pretty typewriter being swamped with mail. She struggled bravely to come out on top, but the sight was too much for me, and I was soon opening letters and counting money, heaps of it, as naturally as though I had been doing nothing else all of my life. I took a shy peep at some of the letters, and found, with very few exceptions, all speaking in glowing terms of the great work this man was doing. It puzzled me, for as you know, I answered the advertisement, almost accidentally I might say, caring little whether I secured the position or not.

"My idea of mental science was so very vague, that of course I knew all about it and didn't believe in it. However, there has been a great change in Denmark. But, as Kipling says, that's another story.

"There are upwards of two hundred letters received every day, and from all civilized countries of the world. My task is to open the letters, take out the money, and sort them out for Dr. Shelton to glance over, then he dictates the replies to either Helen or myself. Answers to all the letters he inspects. By this means, he comes in touch with his patients (they are all very near to him), and sends out healing vibrations of Health, Happiness and Prosperity. How does he do it? I don't know. But I do know it is done. The facts speak for themselves. If he would undertake to print one hundredth part of the heartfelt thanks and praises he receives every month, in Christian, it would be all testimonials and no paper. Every day telegrams are received asking help for some acute case, and with but one exception, letters have come in due time, saying the cure asked for had been effected. The exception mentioned was of a little baby but a few months old, and the mother wrote the disease was deeply seated before she wired.

"You have read Dr. Shelton's description and have seen his picture, so I wish to add but one thing more, that is in reference to what I call his wonderful electric power or magnetic personality. I suppose he would call it by an entirely different name, but then you see I am not a mental scientist, so I don't know all those technical names. Even in a simple hand clasp of common greeting you feel the electric current, as strong as I have ever felt from any battery, so strong that it startled me at first. Yes, I know, that sounds like exaggeration, but it isn't. In talking, if he accidentally touches your hand, you not only feel the shock, but hear it, a little electric snap!"

I am now going to tell you some private history which ought to be made public. I dislike to mention some things, but they are a part of my unfoldment, and therefore, belong to my readers. In March, 1891, the study of the new thought and the influx of prophetic power had driven me out of the pulpit and into the wilderness. While I was clairaudient and clairvoyant, I could not understand what I heard, and could not interpret what I saw. After having attended Mrs. Wilman's class, and read and thought on the subject for a whole year, I found myself in Kansas City still floating in the psychic atmosphere. I had lost my pulpit, lost my friends, my wife had secured a di-

vorce, and I had spent nearly all of my money. The only thing I had left was prophetic power, to see and to hear the future. Yet, as I did not understand the symbols and words used by the Spirit, I was like a student of music taking first lessons. All I could do was simply to hear the teacher and to pound the keyboard of the piano. All this time the Spirit was promising me health, wealth, and wisdom. I was shown a gold mine in Colorado, and told that I would go to Denver, and that a woman who was my twin sister in principle and understanding, would come to me there. I know now that the prophetic vision draws things to you, even when they are far away, therefore, I wanted the gold mine right away, and all the other things. I wanted to go to Denver, but was sent back to Little Rock. One night, before I returned to Little Rock, these promises were all made to me again, and the Spirit said: "I will enter into a covenant with you to keep all of my promises." I was in a hotel, lying on the bed; five electric lights were burning in the room. I never played the beggar, but always acted the prince even when I only had a nickel in my pocket, therefore, I was in a large room in one of the best hotels. I am trying to tell in simple words the strangest story of my life. The Spirit said to me: "I will make this woman the Angel of this Covenant between you and me; and if you will be still and strong of heart, I will show you her face." I was ready for anything. There in that bright electric light, I saw the face of the woman. Every feature, and especially the eyes, the eyebrows, the hair, the forehead, everything in her face stood out alive and as clear as the sunshine. She looked me square in the eyes for what seemed to me a long time. The face, features, and especially the eyes, were fixed in my mind for all eternity! There was no mistaking that face anywhere at any time. This sounds like fiction, but it is the naked truth, told in as plain words as I can use.

I returned to Little Rock the next day. For three years I was under the instruction of the I AM, and all the time these promises were repeated to me. I kept trying to get to Denver. Every spring I would see my gold mine. I knew it was located in Colorado, but I did not know where; yet, like the face of the woman, it was so fixed in my mind, that I knew I would know the location as soon as I saw it. I kept going hither and thither, looking for the face of the woman. I now know that I ought to have rested in perfect peace, and waited for her coming. But in going through these psychic experiences you never know what to do. In January, 1895, I started Christian, and began to heal the sick, and to teach the principles of Truth. I made money, built houses and bought lands. Every spring I would see the vision of my gold mine and would want to come. In July, 1898, I was led by the Spirit to a little place called Copper Rock, in Boulder county, Colorado. I arrived after dark, and the next morning, the first thing I saw in stepping out of the cabin, was the place of my gold mine. Be-

fore my eyes was the exact vision, or rather reality, of the vision, which I had received every year for seven years. Part of the ground was free, and the other part I bought, and now have a tunnel running into the mountains, with all modern mining machinery, and know certainly that I am going to the gold as rapidly as the Spirit will let me. When I am ready for the gold, the gold will be ready for me, and it will come in the name of Christian Science, for the Spirit gave this name to my tunnel. February 14th, 1900, I saw the face of the woman. It was the face of Blanche Rutherford as she is now, for the photograph, seen under the electric light, was set forward by the Spirit eight years! At the time I saw the face in the vision, she was an actress on the stage, and did not wear her hair as she does now. But the Spirit, knowing that I would not see her until a certain date, showed her to me as she would appear at that date. God never makes any mistakes! Our mistakes are made by not understanding the Spirit. When I met her at the depot in Denver, the sight staggered me for a moment. If I had seen the same face the next day after seeing the vision, it would have killed me, therefore, you see how wise God is in putting the element of time into our unfoldment. When I saw the picture she sent, it was taken side view, and I could not determine the face, although I felt the vibration. When she was seated before my fire, and under the electric lights in my own house, the identity was made perfect. I told her so, but this had no effect on her mind, except to earnestly listen to my story. The I AM had to reveal to her own spirit the Truth, and she would not take it second hand.

Such is a brief outline of an awful story. It is the reality of two worlds; there is no romance about it. This little widow from Michigan, this "Little Lord Fauntleroy," has rolled away the great stone from the mouth of my sepulchre, and commanded the Living Christ in me to come forth. It is a resurrection from the dead! Mark you that I say a resurrection from the dead, not a resurrection of the dead! The dead never rise! Only the living rise from among the dead! If I had not had life in me, no power could have brought me forth from the tomb. Only the good are alive; evil is dead, therefore, it has no existence in reality. What were the promises made to me? That I should have health, wealth, and wisdom; that a woman should come to me who was my very own, she whom my soul loves! Watch and see all of these promises fulfilled, filled full!

"Strong Son of God! Immortal Love!

Whom we, that have not seen Thy Face,

By faith, and faith alone, embrace,

Believing where we can not prove."

*** Send silver, gold, or greenbacks in the common mail, at my risk.

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

TELEPATHY AND MEDIUMSHIP.

Thinking is a physical act; all mind is mortal. Spirit is the only unchangeable substance. Not only is thinking a physical act, but depends upon a physical brain and a physical atmosphere. All communications with the so-called dead are merely transferences of thought, or telepathy. I am prepared to make this advanced statement in Mental Science. The body of man is of the earth, earthy. His mind is of the moon. The atmosphere surrounding the earth holds all of the thoughts of the past and present. Thoughts are things. They are photographs in the psychic atmosphere; thoughts are sounds in the telephonic atmosphere. These sights and sounds can be reproduced through telepathy and clairvoyance. When the spirit leaves the body it goes directly to the Sun and has no further communication with the earth. Mediums communicate with the thoughts and shadows left behind by the departing spirit. These so-called "spirits" have absolutely no knowledge outside of the earth and its atmosphere. They are not spirits at all, but the relics of departed persons.

That you may get before your mind both sides of this question, I quote from the New York World the following report:

"At a regular meeting of the Society of Psychical Research, which took place at Allston Hall, Boston, February 9, Prof. Hyslop, of Columbia College, gave the long-awaited report of his experiences with Mrs. Piper, the celebrated medium.

"Prof. Hyslop said that his sittings with Mrs. Piper had been conducted with the greatest possible care and secrecy. Without the medium's knowledge as to whom she was to receive, he had been conducted to her house, and introduced as 'Mr. Smith.'

"Mrs. Piper sits in a light room by a table upon which there are a number of cushions. It may take ten minutes before the trance condition is complete. When it is, her head falls onto the cushions so that she can not see her right hand, which rests upon the table.

"A writing pad is put before her hand and a pencil placed between the first and second fingers, and the medium writes. All the spirit conversations are carried on in this way.

"Prof. Hyslop says that the first four sittings he had he considered very unsatisfactory. Mrs. Piper told him at the first sitting that his brother Charles wished to speak with him, and his brother, who died when he was but four years old, had asked him one or two questions which Prof. Hyslop did not regard as evidential.

"At the second sitting, the Professor's father spoke with him, calling him by name, and asked him if he remembered various things.

"For example: 'James, do you remember my little brown knife? Do you recollect my cane with my initials carved on it?' and numerous other apparently trivial questions.

"Prof. Hyslop reported his failure to find anything very satisfying, and not until four months later, and after long correspondence with his stepmother and various other relatives, did the value of the first messages reveal itself.

"The Professor's stepmother remembered the knife, which was, she said, the one Mr. Hyslop used for years to pare his nails with, and the cane with the carved initials was one Prof. Hyslop had never seen or heard

of, but which his father's second wife knew all about.

"When Prof. Hyslop resumed his sittings with Mrs. Piper, his father asked to communicate. Then the Professor told of his father's asking about the building of a broken fence, the payment of delinquent taxes, the placing of an organ in a Methodist church, and the almost life-long feud which had existed between himself and a neighbor whose dog had destroyed one of Mr. Hyslop's sheep.

"Prof. Hyslop's sisters, Anna and Eliza, also communicated with him, referring frequently to incidents Prof. Hyslop knew nothing of, but which, when hunted up, always proved true. Sometimes it would take weeks to get at these facts. Then some aunt or cousin or more distant relative would be found, and the result would always be a corroboration of the spirit statement.

"Prof. Hyslop said his father had always had a terrible dread of cancer. When General Grant died, the senior Mr. Hyslop said: 'I don't know what I should do if I thought I had a cancer of the larynx.' As an actual fact, he had one, and the fearful truth was kept from him to the end. He died believing he had catarrh in an aggravated form.

"Prof. Hyslop, at one sitting, said: 'Father, do you remember when you passed over—how you suffered?'

"The answer was: 'I felt my heart beats grow faint. I knew I was going. Yours was the last voice I heard. But, James, why did my throat swell so?'

"Now," said Prof. Hyslop, 'I was the last person to speak to my father. I closed his eyes. His throat swelled from the cancer of which he never knew.'

"The conjecture from this statement would naturally be that the spirit has no superhuman knowledge of events which were not known on earth, nor—as other incidents which Prof. Hyslop relates would prove—can the disembodied spirit apparently tell what is going to occur. Thought transferences must be eliminated with telepathy in considering the Piper phenomena.

"Dr. Hodgson once sat for Prof. Hyslop, making himself known to the departed father as 'James' friend.' The tests were even more successful, and facts were elicited that had long escaped Prof. Hyslop's memory, and that Dr. Hodgson could not possibly know.

"Speaking of the triviality of the identification tests, Prof. Hyslop said that for his own satisfaction he had telegraph wires placed between two of the Columbia College buildings. He arranged that A should be at one end of the wire and B at the other. A should know that B was there, but should not know who A was.

"In order to identify A, B 'reminded,' and his questions were quite as trivial as any of the spirit inquiries.

"In fact," said Prof. Hyslop, 'when a lot of staid men and women of mature age get to recalling old memories, the "do you remember?" are as positively trivial as the conversation of street gamins might be.

"Do you remember that splendid waistcoat you wore at the Prom?" said Judge J. to the Rev. Mr. B., 'and the girl with the red hair you danced with?' says another.

"Finally Prof. Hyslop said that there was no fraud in the Piper manifestation.

"If the telepathic and thought-transference hypothesis were rejected, he would like the honest skeptic to explain the phenomena.

"At the conclusion of the lecture Dr. Hodgson asked for questions or remarks upon the paper just read. A gentleman in the audience arose and asked Prof. Hyslop if his experience with Mrs. Piper had resulted in his acceptance of Spiritism.

"Prof. Hyslop replied: 'It positively has done so; there is no other explanation but Spiritism.'"

Now, this report simply proves that the "Society of Psychical Research" is simply fishing around in the psychic atmosphere. They are not holding any kind of communication with the spirits or with the Spirit. They throw out their line into the thought world, and when they get a bite, they at once conclude that it comes from the spirit of some one gone before. But all such communications prove beyond a doubt that it is merely telepathy or transference of old thought. Not a single idea has been received by this method of communication but what was known before. The mediums who are at work are surrounded by the thoughts of the past, and so communicate with the cast-off forms of the dead.

The using of Mrs. Piper as a telephone is scientific, except that she should have retained her objective consciousness. The trance does not assist matters at all. It is a positive injury. Shortly after reading this article, I had a chance to demonstrate the power of the human telephone. I have permission to use the names and dates in this demonstration.

Mrs. Blanche Rutherford, of Lansing, Michigan, was in my office at the time this report was received. I said to her that the electric and magnetic current between a man and a woman made a perfect receiver and transmitter of thought. But there was no need of Mrs. Piper going into a trance or the matter being conducted in secret. In going into the Silence I make it a point never to lose objective consciousness. In a few days, Mrs. Rutherford, not having heard from her mother, was in great anxiety of mind. I said to her: "Sit down, and I will use you as a telephone." She sat facing me, wide awake, and even laughing at the experiment. I held her right hand, less than half a minute. The communication from her mother, which I heard, was:

"I am well; a letter on the way."

"There," said I, "is a direct telephonic message from Lansing to Denver."

We were going to the opera, and so, to prove my statements, I went to the Western Union telegraph office and wired her mother leaving word to have the answer sent to the Tabor Grand. During the performance of the play, the following telegram was handed to me:

"I am well; a letter on the way."

The electric telegraph had repeated word for word just what was received through telepathy. A week or two after this, we tried it again, and received the same confirmation. Then I took her hand and communicated with Little Rock and other places. These experiments did not occupy five minutes at a time. There would be no trouble in going out into the psychic atmosphere and communicating with the thoughts of the dead.

But as to communicating with the living who have passed on, it is impossible. It does not make any difference how much this contradicts what I have said heretofore

in Christian. Consistency is not one of my jewels. As I know more, I see clearer. As long as we are in this body and confined to the atmosphere of this earth, we hold mental communication with mortal mind. Or, in other words, we are simply delving in the thought which has emanated from physical brains who have thought in the past or are now thinking in this present. For higher revelations of the spiritual life, let us look to the vibrations from the Sun. Inspiration gives you spiritual knowledge; intellect can only give you earthly knowledge. The realm of spirit is the domain of all knowledge. Spirit knows by inspiration without thinking. Those who are in the spirit sphere do not have to study out anything. The knowledge of everything comes to them like a flash of light. The idea of an Angel sitting down to think out a problem in mathematics, or to search out information about anything! It is not the place of Peace, this thinking and pondering. I AM the Way, the Truth, and the Life!

These experiments will be carried on from time to time as opportunity offers. It is my intention to explore the whole field of telepathy. I will go back into the past, and put myself into communication with all of the thoughts now in this mental atmosphere. I will also go forward into the future, and test prophetic telepathy. The point I wish to emphasize in this article is the fact that the trance, or hypnotic sleep, is a positive injury to the investigation. Telepathy is quicker than any flash of lightning, and the communication is given instantly. While the objective consciousness may not be aware of the communication, the subconsciousness, or subjective, can not very well be used while people are asleep. This was put to the test several times, by trying to get communications from persons who had retired and were asleep. But with the man and woman, who form the battery, there should be no kind of trance, hypnotism, or mental suggestion. They should both be wide awake. The day for hypnotism, magnetism, or any other kind of suggestion, is fast disappearing. Men and women who walk the waves of psychic vibrations must have all of their powers, both objective and subjective, on the alert. This is not a day for dreams. The Sun shines clear and bright and in its domain there is no kind of hypnotism.

I believe it is possible to establish communication with the Sun by direct telephone. I think I have the telephone. I will make experiments and report to the readers of Christian. I have taken you all into my confidence, and will tell you all that I know, as fast as you are able to receive it. You may rest assured that I will deal in facts and not in mere speculations. I could give you hundreds of instances like the above, in which telepathy has been established. I am holding communication every day with thousands of people scattered over the earth.

*** The "Law of Vibrations," which contains my twelve lessons, is sent, post-paid, for fifty cents.

MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE.

Of course, people come to me for all kinds of advice. I not only deal with the ills of the body, but of the mind. Love affairs, family affairs, business affairs, everything comes to me for adjustment. The world is filled with mis-mated couples, and the question of divorce and marriage comes up every day. Do I believe in divorce? Should divorced persons marry again? All these questions I settle over and over again through private correspondence.

Listen! There is no such thing as marrying or divorcing. If you are married, you have always been married; if you are divorced, you have always been divorced. I am talking about real marriage, and not that which is consummated by priest, preacher, or politician. Jesus Christ said: "That which God hath joined together, let no man put asunder." I have said, and my saying is just as good, or better: "What God joins together, no man can put asunder." What God joins has always been joined. The angels of God go forth into mortality two and two, male and female. When the twain become one flesh, or meet in the flesh, they form the image and likeness of God. They have power to regenerate their own bodies, to look back into the eternal past, and forward into the eternal future. All knowledge comes to them through inspiration. This is the order of the Universe. What we see in mortality, is disorder. You don't suppose there could be such a thing as birth and death in a world of order! This earth is called the Planet of Sorrow, because of the experiences of mortality. But it is only a seeming disorder. The disorder which comes from a transient and temporary life. Our experiences here are for our education, unfoldment, and individualization.

Marriage on the plane of generation is nothing more than pitching a tent in the wilderness. A woman or man may be married half a dozen times in their lives, without any other divorce than that which is granted through death. It is a mere matter of mortality and mortal mind. The little piece of paper which makes you man and wife is no more sacred than the little piece of paper which separates you. The marriage was granted by the laws of men, and the same powers grant the divorce. It is always better to live separate in peace than to live together in war. It is always best to be honest, sincere, and truthful in your associations. For any one to take a vow until "death do us part" is dealing in a future which you do not know anything about. These vows are often taken, in fact most generally taken, by persons who have but the slightest acquaintance with each other. In fact, it is an effort of society to keep girls and young men from coming into too close an acquaintance with each other. The best foot is always put foremost. All defects are covered, and the quality of both mind and body set forth as perfect as possible. The disillusion comes after marriage, and then hell is to pay. But, as I said before, it does not amount to anything any-

way. It is all a matter of jogging along here until the undertaker arrives.

This is a metaphysical journal, and therefore, I am dealing with mind and spirit. In the Truth, nothing can be separated which has been joined, and nothing can be joined which has been separated. Therefore, there is no such thing as divorcing or marriage. That which is has always been, and will forever be. If there is nothing more in life than mortality, it matters little whether we die to-morrow or next day. The whole of mortality is given up to a preparation for death. Every cradle means a coffin and every birth means a death. I once astonished a company of preachers by declaring that if the doctrine of eternal punishment was true, the begetting of children was the wickedest thing in the world. You see if one soul is liable to be lost and go into eternal torture, the man who brings a baby into the world is a fiend. How does he know but his act will cause the eternal suffering of the one born into the world? This was one thing which brought my mind to reject forever the doctrine of evil. It is bad enough to suffer here, for a lifetime, all the ills that flesh is heir to, without projecting the pain into the future. But there is no such thing as evil, as a principle. The I AM saw the end from the beginning, and sent man down into this mortal world to finish his education.

It is only a transient abiding place; a tent pitched in the wilderness. Every man goes forth seeking his own. His soul is never at rest until he finds her. Every woman is looking for her own man, the man of her own heart. This is the reason why women worship Jesus Christ and men worship the Madonna. It is not all imagination. Back in the eternal past you were with your own. You are now seeking that which you seem to be separated from, and there is no rest unto your soul, until He appears. She Whom My Soul Loves is my Christ, my Ideal. Elbert Hubbard in "Little Journeys" for April, in writing of Robert Burns, touches upon this subject in the following beautiful words:

There was certainly no Jack Falstaff about Francis Schlatter, whose whitened bones were found amid the alkali dust of the desert, a few months ago—dead in an endeavor to do without meat and drink for forty days.

Schlatter purported, and believed, that he was the re-incarnation of the Messiah. Letters were sent to him, addressed simply, "Jesus Christ, Denver, Colorado," and he walked up to the General Delivery window & asked for them with a confidence, we are told, that relieved the postmaster of a grave responsibility.

Schlatter was no mere ordinary pretender, working on the superstitions of shallow-wated people. He lived up to his belief—took no money, avoided notoriety when he could, and the proof of his sincerity lies in the fact that he died a victim to it.

Herbert Spencer has said all about the Messianic Instinct that there is to say, save this—the Messianic Instinct first had its germ in the heart of a woman. Every woman dreams of the coming of the Ideal Man—the man who will give her protection, even to giving up his life for her, and vouchsafe peace to her soul. I am told by a noted Bishop of the Catholic Church that most women who become nuns are prompted to

take their vows solely through the occasion of an unrequited love. They become the bride of the Church and find their highest joy in following the will of Christ. He is their only Lord and Master.

The terms of endearment one hears at prayer meetings, "Blessed Jesus," "Dear Jesus," "Loving Jesus," "Elder Brother," "Patient, gentle Jesus," etc., were first used by women in an ecstasy of religious transportation. And the thought of Jesus as a loving "personal Savior," would die from the face of the earth did not woman keep it alive. The religious nature and the sex nature are closely akin; no psychologist can tell where one ends and the other begins.

There may be wooden women in the world, & of these I will not speak, but every strong, pulsing, feeling, thinking woman goes through life, seeking the Ideal Man. Whether she is married or single, rich or poor, old or young, every new man she meets is interesting to her, because she feels in some mysterious way, that possibly he is the One.

Of course, I know that every good man, too, seeks the Ideal Woman—but that deserves another chapter.

The only woman in whose heart there is not the live, warm, Messianic Instinct, is the wooden woman, and the one who believes she has already found him. But this latter is holding an illusion that soon vanishes with possession.

That pale, low-voiced, gentle and insane man, Francis Schlatter, was followed at times by troops of women. These women believed in him and loved him—in different ways, of course, and with passion, varying according to temperament and the domestic environments already existing. To love deeply is a matter of propinquity and opportunity.

One woman, whom "The Healer" had cured of a lingering disease, loved this man with a wild, mad, absorbing passion. Chances gave her the opportunity. He came to her house, cold, hungry, homeless, sick. She fed him, warmed him, looked into his liquid eyes, sat at his feet and listened to his voice—she loved him—and partook of his every mental delusion.

This woman now waits and watches in her mountain home for his return. She knows the coyotes and buzzards picked the scant flesh from his starved frame, but she says, "He promised he would come back to me, and he will. I am waiting for him here."

This woman writes me long letters from her solitude, telling me of her hopes & plans. Just why all the cranks in the United States should write me letters, I do not know, but they do—perhaps there is a sort of fellow feeling. This woman may write letters to others, just as she does to me. Of this I do not know, but surely I would not thus make public the heart tragedy told me in a private letter, were it not that the woman herself has printed a pamphlet, setting forth her faith and veiling only those things into which it is not our right to pry.

This Mary Magdalene believes her lover was the Chosen Son of God, and that the Father will re-clothe the Son in a new garment of flesh and send him back to his beloved. So she watches and waits, and dresses herself to receive him, and at night places a lighted lantern in the window to guide the way.

She watches and waits.

Other women wait for footsteps that will never come, & listen for a voice that will never be heard. All round the world there is a sisterhood of such. Some, being wise, lose themselves in loving service to others—in useful work. But this woman, out in the wilds of New Mexico, hugs her sorrow to her heart, and feeds her passion by recounting it, and watches away the leaden hours, crying aloud to all who will listen: "He is not dead—he is not dead! He will come back to me! He promised it—he will come

back to me! This long, dreary waiting is only a test of my loyalty and love! I will be patient, for he will come back to me! He will come back to me."

But this Ideal will be realized. There is no desire of the human soul but was planted to be fulfilled. This longing for the Perfect One is a prophecy that perfection will come. There is perfect order in the spiritual universe. Men and women do not go on seeking forever. This would be hell! To be always seeking She Whom My Soul Loves, as an Ideal, and never know her as a reality, would be worse than the orthodox hell of fire and brimstone. I believe in perfection. I believe that all of my hopes will be fulfilled. I believe the human race will be glorified and that the life of the hereafter is one of ecstatic bliss. No matter, my darling, how long we have tramped in the wilderness; no matter how many fiery serpents we have met on the way; or how often we have sat under Elim's cooling palms to rest our weary feet;—the journey was for our good. Every sorrow, every pain, every pulsation of the heart, is for good. Even death itself is a blessing. Hope is forever the anchor of the soul, and reaches within the veil to the holy place of the Most High.

THE SILENT WORD.

All power is in the Silence. It is very hard to make people understand that all manifestation of power comes out of the invisible Silence. People want to see me, to hear my voice, to feel the touch of my hand. This is the hypnotic condition of the average mortal mind. The physician must come into your sick room; feel of your pulse, look at your tongue, and leave you something visible to swallow. The preacher must speak words to you with his mouth; his prayers must be audible to your ears; and you must even feel the touch of his physical hand. Yet there is no power in this objective word or work. Jesus Christ said: "It is expedient for you that I go away; for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you. But if I go away, I will send the Comforter, even the Spirit of Truth, unto you." He also gave them to understand that while He was present with them physically, they could not do any mighty work. But He declared that they would even do greater works than He had done, when the invisible power came into their own minds. This great Truth has been ignored by the Church through all these long centuries. Jesus Christ never organized a Church and never authorized any one else to organize. Yet, in His name, we have the visible Church, with its officials, rituals, vestments, preachings, prayers, and all the outward symbols and signs of an institution. What has all this noise accomplished? Nothing! It has served to shut out the Silent Word and make void the commandments of Christ.

In this connection, I will quote an editorial from a secular paper, giving expression to the Invisible, or Silent Word:

In these days of faith cures and mind healers, in which many implicitly believe,

at the mention of which others sneer and even blaspheme, and about which a greater number than are represented by believers or scoffers are too much puzzled to express an opinion, it is well enough to note the wonderful things that the mind, the will, emotions, do with the body—that harp of a thousand strings—but as much a mechanism as any harp made with hands.

Every writer who undertakes to tell about men and women living and dying, recognizes this strong mental influence. For example: "When Lady Blanche heard the news she swooned dead away." Nobody touched Lady Blanche. Her respiration and circulation were normal up to the moment she heard certain words, and then she fell as one dead. We say that there must be some physical cause for physical results. Bodies of size and weight and substance do not fall, unless some force is exerted, or the equilibrium is disturbed by the removal of some support, but Lady Blanche falls without any of these causes or happenings, struck down by the viewless hand of despair.

Some years ago, there was stationed at a military post in Kansas an officer of the regular army who had not attained middle life, but his hair was white as snow. He went into camp one evening with a head as black or brown as that of any young man. In the night came the war whoop of the Indians, and at that terrific cry his hair became like that of an old man. Gray hair is turned ordinarily by physical causes and processes working slowly through many years. This particular head of hair was changed in color by one instant of awful fear. Fear is a mental operation; the changing of the color of the hair is a physical affair. In this case the mind seems to have acted as a hair dye.

It is quite impossible to give any account of the effect of the more powerful of the emotions without including in the narrative some physical manifestations. "Her face flushed to the roots of the hair." Here the circulation of the blood was affected by some words said or sung, or, perchance whispered. "Seeing the apparition, his eyes stared, his jaw fell, his knees knocked together, a cold sweat stood on his forehead. He essayed to speak, but no words escaped his dry and trembling lips." Here there seems to have been an effect produced on the respiration, the nervous system, the circulation, the vocal organs, the whole frame and structure of the body by a supposed sight of something that does not exist—an apparition. The ghost appeared to the mind's eye; the effects were produced on the physical body.

Set over against these well known effects of fear, are the equally apparent operations of faith which means hope, confidence, expectancy. In a crowd rejoicing over a victory in a hardly contested election, will be found a man apparently as drunk as any of the rejoicing revelers. He whoops as loud and incoherently, and swings his hat and reviles the defeated party and boasts of the prowess of his own as loudly as the loudest, yet he has tasted no drop of any intoxicating liquor. His head and legs and arms and feet are full, so to speak, of the election returns.

Men have risen up from what seemed a dying bed and ridden forth to battle called by an imperious voice that none but themselves could hear. Men have fought on, desperately wounded, nor dropped till the victory was won, not mastering the pain, but unconscious of it. That is what the mind, the soul, does with its frail, broken and temporary habitation. It is a sort of presumption to say what it can or can not do.—*Kansas City Star.*

I make this long quotation to show you that the secular press has begun to recognize the power of the Silent Word. It has not taken us quite so long to reap what we have sown. Ten years ago, when I began to treat people through the Silent Word, it was looked upon as foolishness, if not fraud. Now, the whole world has begun to recognize that mind can control matter. I know that Jesus Christ spoke the Silent Word and raised the dead. I have no doubt that I shall yet command life. When I say "I," I am talking about the I AM, not the personal man. "No man hath seen God at any time." The Silent Word is spoken by the I AM in the SILENCE.

I do not speak this Word. It is spoken in me. I hear the Word and feel the vibrations. I am just as much an instrument as the telephone, except that I am an intelligent instrument. I will give you several examples of what I mean. A telegram came from California, asking me to treat a child that was dying of membranous croup. I sat in the Silence, and heard the Word speaking and felt the vibrations. Suddenly I felt the fore finger of my right hand reach into the child's throat, and pull out the false membrane! A few days later, the mother wrote me, saying that shortly after I should have received her telegram, the child began to strangle, and she impulsively thrust her finger into its throat, and drew out the false membrane. The child lived, and is now a healthy youngster. The I AM did the healing. I simply heard and saw the process. Why did not the I AM use the mother, without her having to send a telegram to me? I don't know. There are many things in this world that I do not know. When I assumed the name of the I AM, I threw my own name away. Then the Spirit said: "I AM T. J. Shelton." As fast as the personal man can be used by the I AM, the demonstration is being made manifest. But it was just as hard work for me to understand that power was in the Silence, as it is for any of my students. I wanted to go out on the streets and speak the objective Word to the blind, the deaf, and lame. It was quite a while before I could understand that this is the age of invisible light, and the time for the subjective to have dominion.

Another case in point: A telegram came, asking me to treat a woman, who was pronounced in a dying condition by three physicians who were then in attendance by her bedside. I, the mortal, said: "What in the Devil is the use to send to me at the last moment!" I threw the telegram on the mantel, and retired. As soon as I had settled down in bed, I passed into the Silence. The Word came to me: "Get up, and heal the woman." I arose and went to the mantel, and once more read the telegram. I heard the Word: "Sleep, sleep, sleep, sleep," until I myself was ready to fall down with sleep. In a few days came word from a sister of my patient, saying that when all had given her up, she made one deep gasp for breath, turned over on her side, and went to sleep. The dying woman is now a

strong, healthy house-wife. Mind you, I am not giving these as testimonials, but to show you the power of the Silent Word. From a business standpoint, I do not care anything about it, but as a manifestation of Truth, these experiences are everything to me.

All power is in the Silence! The world, and systems of worlds, move silently in their places. They are upheld and held together by the Silent Word. The old philosophers did not know what held the world in its place. They had to have some objective substance, therefore, the early students of Truth thought the earth rested on the back of a huge turtle. They proved this by the rocking of the earth in earthquakes and other signs of the turtle's movements. We now know that the earth rests on an invisible substance, called electricity. It is held in its place and controlled in its movements by the law of attraction. The ruler of all things, Monarch of the skies, is the Sun! All power is sent forth in beams of light. "As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen!"

Turn your eyes away from the objective, and close your ears to the noise! The Silence is the place of creation. Everything that is manifest in the objective world was first formed in the Silence. Out of the eternal stillness has come forth all that we see in the objective. Therefore, you may rest assured that the healing of all diseases must come out of the Silence. It is possible through the Silent Word to heal all manner of sickness. I make no exception in this statement when I say all kinds of sickness. I will not make an exception of death itself, for I believe out of the Silence comes Life. Man came forth from the Sun. He was formed in the Sun before he was clothed with flesh and blood. He can be reformed, regenerated, and raised from the dead, by the same power. The flash of lightning splits the great Oak from top to bottom. It is the Silent Word! This same great oak came up from an acorn, through the Silent Word, spoken in the sunlight.

"Thine are these orbs of light and shade,
Thou madest death,
And lo! Thy foot
Is on the skull which Thou hast made!"

*** Terms for treatments, from one to ten dollars per month, according to the financial condition of the applicant.

*** "I AM Sermons," containing twelve of the I AM Sermons, sent postpaid for fifty cents. The old title is retained on account of the many protests against any change.

*** Christian has removed to 1566 Marion street, Denver, Colo. The number 1566 is a grand good number according to the occult science of the Truth. It is nearly equivalent to 666 or 99.—*Occult Truths.*

It is a good number. Five is the number of the Covenant, and six is the number of life. The Covenant is being fulfilled in my life. Christian will remain here until I remove it into permanent quarters in my own house, and you may rest assured that the number of that house will be all right.