



# Christianian

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Thomas J. Shelton, 1566 Marion St., Denver, Colo.

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## GODIVA.

The story of Godiva, as it reads,  
Would tell us that a pure and noble soul  
Did that which modesty and woman never  
could,

Yet men revere and womanhood approves.

When thus, as in the miracles of Christ,  
Impossibles become the test of faith,  
Beneath the troubled letter of the word  
Angelic Truth moves, mightier than fact.

Some souls have learned and other souls  
have lived

The story of Godiva, and have found  
That truths in life are relative to Truth,  
And that the Truth for us is oft attained,  
In this, our cribbed and neighbor ridden  
world,

By riding over truths, and being that  
Which, standing by itself, would not be true,  
Yet, falling which, the Truth is crucified.

Charles G. Garrison.

## ITEMS AND IDEAS.

\*\*\* June!

\*\*\* Listen to the mocking bird!

\*\*\* What a glorious month is June!

\*\*\* Thanks, for your many kind con-  
gratulations!

\*\*\* Read eighth page hereafter for busi-  
ness instructions and information.

\*\*\* "Is it right that one man should be  
richer than another?"

Yes! Whatever is, is right.

\*\*\* A man born March 1st and a woman  
born July 23d would get along all right to-  
gether. Both are in the Water.

\*\*\* Elbert Hubbard, editor of *The Phil-  
istine*, lectured in Denver May 26th. It was  
a pleasure to hear such a Twentieth Century  
prophet.

\*\*\* Yes, a man born Oct. 2 and a woman  
born March 1 are suited to each other so far  
as the Zodiac is concerned. The number 212  
is a good number.

\*\*\* April *CHRISTIAN* was the first num-  
ber sent out after putting the list in type,  
hence many missed the paper. Help us to  
make the list perfect.

\*\*\* My treatments are given free of  
charge, but you must enclose one dollar per  
month to pay for time, postage, clerk hire  
and other incidental expenses.

\*\*\* Yes, the paper on which *CHRISTIAN*  
is now being printed costs much more than  
what we have been using—but there isn't  
anything too good for *CHRISTIAN*.

\*\*\* "The New Name," seven lessons in  
the Science of Being, by Dr. George W.  
Carey. Splendidly printed and bound; price  
50 cents. Address the author, 204 McAllister  
St., San Francisco, Cal.

\*\*\* Your boy born July 10, 1875, should  
succeed in manufacturing business or active  
trade of almost any kind. Cancer people  
are afraid of poverty, and therefore gener-  
ally succeed in making money.

\*\*\* "Why do you say to your patients  
that you speak the healing word every day?"

Because the true Word goes on speaking  
forever. "The heavens and earth shall pass  
away, but my word shall not pass away."

\*\*\* Now, Henry Harrison Brown's new  
monthly, is driving right along towards suc-  
cess. It is neatly printed, makes good, clean  
reading, and is up-to-date. Fifty cents a  
year, 521 Turk street, San Francisco, Cal.

\*\*\* Charles and Myrtle Fillmore con-  
tinue to send out *Unity* every month at one  
dollar per year. It has a sweet and gentle  
spirit, and is doing good. Their address is  
1315 McGee street, Kansas City, Missouri.

\*\*\* *Triumph*, volume 1, No. 1, Riverside,  
California, monthly, 50 cents a year, Flo-  
rence E. Roberts. This is the latest venture  
in Mental Science literature. Florence is all  
right and *Triumph* is already triumphant!

\*\*\* What is the natural fitness for each  
other of a woman born February 2, 1859, and  
a man born March 19, 1855?

The woman is Air and the man Water.  
They should get along tolerably well, all  
other things considered.

\*\*\* "If the spirit goes directly to the  
sun and never returns, what is it that is  
re-incarnated?"

I don't know that anything is re-incar-  
nated. Re-incarnation has not yet been  
proved. So far it is only a theory.

\*\*\* If you want this paper, a postal  
card will fetch it; if you don't want it, a  
postal card will stop it. Don't return the  
paper without full address; give the city,  
as printed slip with your street number does  
not give us any clue to your city.

\*\*\* "The Man from Venus," alias Bob  
Burns of Pueblo, Colorado, is still on the  
earth. He, too, has gone into poetry and  
writes roundels and rondelays, and some-  
times fol-de-rols. Go on, Bob! Go on, Fred!  
This old world is too prosaic anyway.

\*\*\* A man born August 17th is Fire and  
a woman born July 16th is Water. It is  
not a good match, for while fire and water  
will make steam in a boiler, they generally  
make a splutter of marriage. All these  
conditions, however, can be overcome by  
right thinking.

\*\*\* I am asked to tell how visions, voices  
and dreams can be interpreted so as to get  
the true meaning every time. I can't tell  
you. The only way is to keep on asking  
your own Spirit, and watching every day's  
unfoldment. You learn it just like you learn  
music, or anything else.

\*\*\* "A Visit to a Gnani," Edward Car-  
penter; a vivid pen picture of oriental  
thought and teaching, containing in a few  
pages what one often fails to find by search-  
ing many volumes. Bound in vellum de  
lux. Prepaid, \$1.00. Alice B. Stockham  
& Co., 56 Fifth Ave., Chicago.

\*\*\* "I Am Sermons" made a book of 180  
pages, nearly twice as large as "Vibrations,"  
but I will stick to the published price of 50  
cents postpaid. It is my loss and your gain.  
It contains a good likeness of the author  
and is bound in vellum with stiff, strong  
boards. It is now ready for mailing.

\*\*\* "In reading *May CHRISTIAN* you use  
the expression; "She Whom My Soul Loves."  
Is it a passage of Scripture? I have searched  
the Bible, but can't find it."

It is not in the Bible. I don't know just  
when or how I came to use it, but the words  
were spoken to me by the Spirit of Truth.

\*\*\* "What is the influence of the Zodiac  
on the character of one born on the 27th  
of July?"

Such an one will partake of nature of  
both water and fire. July 27th is just going  
out of water into fire. It is a strong char-  
acter, ready for almost any kind of activity  
from a soldier to a saint.

\*\*\* Yes, a man born September 27 and  
a woman born April 6 ought to live in har-  
mony. The same is true of May 31 and Jan-  
uary 7. But you will have to buy a book  
on this subject, as these questions are com-  
ing too thick and fast for *CHRISTIAN*.  
Eleanor Kirk, 696 Greene avenue, Brooklyn,  
N. Y., can supply you for one dollar.

\*\*\* "Is there any reason why a man born  
Oct. 25, 1825, should not get along with a  
woman born June 22, 1832?"

Not a single reason, so far as the Zodiac  
is concerned—it was a good match. But  
the Zodiac is not responsible for all the  
meanness in man! You have been a long  
time waiting for this answer—eighty-five  
years.

\*\*\* I always did like Fanny Harley, of  
*Universal Truth*, but when she said in speak-  
ing of the race track in Memphis, "we were  
shown some darling thoroughbred horses,"  
she came a little closer to my heart than  
ever. I am a native of Kentucky, and when  
a woman calls a race horse "darling" she  
shows good taste and good sense. Fanny's  
"Editorial Trips" are interesting reading.

\*\*\* "Please answer through the next CHRISTIAN if a man born July 1, 1869, and a woman born July 4, 1882, are suited for life companions. From a subscriber of the best paper in the world."

Of course it is the best paper in the world, and I am glad to inform this subscriber that such a union would be harmonious, all other things being equal. It is always safe to marry in your own sign.

\*\*\* Florence Roberts, editor of *Triumph*, Riverside, Cal., asks her correspondents to omit "Mrs." or "Miss" in addressing her. Amen! sweetheart, be your own self. Florence is a good enough name for anybody. The fashionable folly of "Mrs." and "Miss" is like saying "I am married," or "I'm not married," before your name. Call his name "John" is the way God said it. Florence, I congratulate you on your good sense.

\*\*\* You will find the people who speak evil of you and try to injure your business are dead-heads. People who send money are interested in me, because they have made an investment. They are just so far owners of the paper and co-partners with me. Those who want something for nothing are ready to find fault. When any one sends me an abusive letter, I look them up, and ninety-nine cases out of a hundred they have been dead-heading CHRISTIAN for years.

\*\*\* "Our Blanche" is what one lady calls her. Yes, she belongs to the race, to all of you; and, yet, as an individual she belongs to herself. This is the eternal paradox of Truth. The one who gives up all gains all; the only way to find your life is to lose it. When we stand for principle we represent the whole universe, for Truth and Love are universal; but, as an individual, we stand alone with God. Thanks for the warm welcome you have given "Our Blanche" into the Circle of Love.

\*\*\* Have received from Universal Truth Publishing Co., 87-89 Washington St., Chicago, their set of four beautiful mottoes for home and lecture room. You know I don't go much on mottoes, formulas, etc., but since sticking those on the walls of my office I'm pleased to keep reading them every day. I put number two, "Love is the Glory of Thy Day; Peace is the Joy of Thy Night," in my bedroom. It is the truth, and it doesn't hurt to have it on the wall in beautiful type. Thanks!

\*\*\* You can't make any kind of a change without displeasing some people. When I put my list in type, of course it did away with single wrappers at offices where I have more than one subscriber. But, as for years addresses have been written by hand and the papers all sent in separate wrappers, some have ordered their papers stopped unless sent in the old way. It will have to stop. The list is in type and the postal authorities demand that clubs shall be sent in a bundle. Don't kick!

\*\*\* I am asked to give a series of articles on the sun, with an explanation of electromagnetism. Perhaps I will when I know more about it by actual experience. Theories are worthless unless backed up by demonstrations. I know that the sun is Spirit and the Father of Lights. I also know that

an electrical woman and a magnetic man form a perfect human telephone, human battery, and are ready to be used by the I Am for the unfolding of immortality through the right use of sexual vibrations. *Now I must prove it!*

\*\*\* This so-called soul-mating is sometimes supreme selfishness. When two people imagine they can go off in a corner and live for themselves, to the exclusion of all the world, they are simply letting selfishness go to seed. The true individualist shines on all, and is never so happy as when doing something to make others happy. When God joins two souls together they radiate universal love and happiness for all. The narrowness of your environment is the measure of your mind—the limit of your individuality. Body-mating is local, temporal, and for time; soul-mating is universal, permanent, and for eternity.

\*\*\* The following are strong words from a very gentle woman: "From your prayer in January CHRISTIAN has come to me the realization of the I AM in me. I have read and re-read it, until I know every word; but it was not until two weeks ago that I saw these words living and breathing: 'O Thou, who art the I AM that I am.' Now I know that I AM God. I am not living it, though, although it helps me to live."

This is the only way to the place of peace and power. Unless you realize that God is in you and is you, there is no use to have any God. You had as well turn a Chinese prayer wheel, as to pray to a God outside of yourself. It is the God within you who lives you, moves you, and is your Being.

\*\*\* I know there is something which speaks to man from the unseen, which thinks and acts intelligently, often controlling persons and events for man's good or ill. How can these things be done by "thoughts which are photographs in the psychic, and sounds in the telephonic atmosphere?" Will you kindly make some explanations in CHRISTIAN?

Why not? Thoughts are things. The only controlling force in the Universe is thought. The Infinite Spirit rules worlds and systems by thought vibrations. The thoughts coming from photographs in the psychic are very weak, and, as a general thing, produce a state of unrest and confusion; but the thought vibrations direct from the sun give us mighty men of genius, the saviors of mankind.

\*\*\* *Journal du Magnetisme*, in a notice of the statements recently made by T. J. Shelton as to the communications with his daughter by telepathy, and which have found their way into various foreign journals, says: "Th. Shelton, whose good faith we have not the slightest doubt of, for we believe in the possibility of such communications, would have done well, since he was in the humor to reveal these matters, to give us some information on the method in which he operates."

The above item has been going the rounds in the press of Europe and America. How can I give the methods of operation when I haven't any method? It came about almost accidentally, and I am just now beginning to reduce telepathy to a system. From time to time I will give my experiments in CHRISTIAN.

\*\*\* I am a radical individualist and a practical socialist. There are no human menials in my kingdom. Helen is the darling of my office, Lizzie is the darling of my kitchen, my printers are darlings, and I will have no other kind around me. There are no superiors and inferiors in the Truth. I dedicated my new book to Helen because I hold her in high esteem and want to honor the work she is doing. Blessed are the women who work for a living! The one who shines my shoes is not my servant, for, if conditions were reversed I would shine his shoes with pleasure. If I wanted the nickel and he wanted the shine I would consider it an honor to shine his shoes. Of all the places of bondage, so-called society is the severest. Sweethearts and darlings are those women and girls who go out into the world and earn their living by doing acceptable work anywhere that work has to be done. Work in the kitchen is just as honorable as in the office. Somebody has to do kitchen work, and why not you? The stoker who heats the boiler is just as honorable as the captain who commands the ship.

\*\*\* There is a vast difference between the Divine Feminine and the human feminine. The Divine Feminine is always an individualist. Now, an individualist is not some one who goes off to live a selfish life alone. On the contrary, the genuine individualist is identified with every other individual in the universe. The individualist is not only identified with every other individual in the universe, but with every other thing in the universe. The human feminine always thinks she is just a little bit better than anybody else. The human feminine is always an aristocrat. An aristocrat is one who thinks that through birth or environment she is better than any one else. The suffering of one is the suffering of all, and the happiness of one is the happiness of all. The human feminine is a born Pharisee. She lifts her skirts and avoids the multitude. The Divine Feminine is only exclusive in her own individuality; in the fullness of her spirit, she goes out to all the universe. The human feminine—no matter about the color of her skin, or the condition of her life—always thinks that she and her children are just a little better than other folks. This human narrowness is bred in the bone. Our ancient ancestors were divided into tribes, clans, and if Darwin is to be believed, into groups and gangs. We have kept up this same differentiation by recognizing inferiors and superiors, high and low, poor and rich, good and evil, in Society. The coming of the Truth will put all humanity into one family. The competitive system will give way to the social system. People will learn that they can not be happy while their fellows are suffering. Therefore, it will be our business to radiate Health, Happiness, and Prosperity to all the race. It is a shame now that even little children have to suffer for food and clothing. Just the other day, in this great city of Denver, two little orphans were picked up in an almost famishing condition. In the good time coming, the Divine Feminine will be a mother to all the children.

\*\*\* I am asked to give the population of the United States at the next census. The Spirit does not take cognizance of such questions. Because I have named all the presidents from Grant's first term until now is no sign that I know everything and the price of it. I don't know how or why the presidents were all named to me before election. The man who begins to use prophetic power for gambling and other frivolous things will soon find himself lacking in it. I don't belong to the school of mediums. I am a prophet, the son of a prophet, and the grandson of a prophet. This means the use of psychic power for the good of all, and not for private gain or personal profit. The revelation of Regeneration was given me for the whole human race. Telepathy and clairvoyance are only means to an end; that is, the revealing of the hidden Word of life and immortality.

\*\*\* The following comes to me on a postal card, all the way from Africa: "Your April number received last week. In the 'Unfolding Spirit' you say: 'The dead never return,' and go on to assert all communication with the departed untrue and merely 'old hulks left behind,' etc., etc. Yet, in September, '97, you mention a friend who had passed on, with whom you held frequent conversations, and in August, '99, you called up a 'Florence' to comfort, if possible, a sorrowing mother, on the mystery of mortality. Please explain seeming contradiction. Rosalind."

Well, Rosalind, I still stick to both assertions. The communications from the dead are by telepathy, and not through the old hulks left behind. I simply reject that form of mediumship that calls up the astral body, or the physical photograph left in the psychic atmosphere. Florence telephoned to me from the sun just like I telephoned to Edna. I have much more to say on this subject as soon as I can get the space and time.

\*\*\* The May number of CHRISTIAN has failed to appear, but a friend called my attention to a complimentary notice of "Self" in the first column of the first page.

Brother Shelton is the most "all around" successful man I know, and the reason of his success is that his love is so great as to make him wish to see others succeed. Thank you, brother. The I AM vibrations will help along the success I know Self is sure to attain.—*Caroline E. C. Norris, in Self.*

I like you, Caroline, even if you do have too many initials! You don't borrow any plumage by prefixing "Mrs." to your name and you have the nerve to call your monthly *Self*. You and Henry Harrison Brown were certainly trying to get a short cut to titles and save typesetting. *Now* is only three letters, while *Self* is four, but "I" and "I" take up about the same space as "w;" therefore it is "neck and neck" in the race for brevity. The address of *Self* is 1229 Broadway, Oakland, Cal. By the way, the "Sex Sermon" in May issue of *Self* is worth the price of a year's subscription—it is the very essence of truth on this vital question.

Do not imagine that in withdrawing from association with men you grow more wise or good than they. Christ lived among men.

\*\*\* "Positive Thought" has been discontinued. Subscriptions will be filled by "Fred Burry's Journal," of Toronto, Canada. If any subscriber is not satisfied with this arrangement the balance of money due for the unexpired term of the subscription will be refunded. The reason for the discontinuance is that the difference between the expense of publication and the receipts was too great for me to bear. I thank the subscribers for their appreciation. They were good subscribers, but they were too few. I feel sure that you will like "Fred Burry's Journal." It is full of life and inspiration. Hugh O. Pentecost, 76 Elm street, New York City.

Such is the reading of a postal card received at this office. *Positive Thought* was printed on snowflake paper, in beautiful type, without any advertisements, at twenty-five cents a year. If I had time I would publish a monthly magazine containing nothing but the editorials of Hugh O. Pentecost. It would be a splendid financial investment and I could afford to pay him a liberal salary—but it would not be sold at twenty-five cents a year! In a list of thousands of subscribers but one man kicked when I raised the price of CHRISTIAN to a dollar a year. Think of it! Only one kick out of thirty thousand, and he paid his dollar and quit kicking.

\*\*\* You wonder how CHRISTIAN can carry so many thousands of delinquents and never demand pay in advance on subscriptions. Here is a key to unlock the mystery. This letter is only one of many. It comes from New York City:

"My Dear Sir: Some kind friend has sent to me for some time your little paper—to whom I am indebted I do not know, but I do know I may pay the debt by asking you to send it to those for whom the Truth has a message, and I ask you to use the enclosed for that purpose. Truly your friend, Grace \_\_\_\_\_."

The enclosure was a new, crisp five dollar note. Last year a friend in this same New York City sent me a one hundred dollar greenback in the common mail. CHRISTIAN is supported by love, the principle which sustains the universe. You see now how I can carry the poor and the needy ones on my subscription list. At the beginning of the year I gave Edna orders to cut off all delinquents. In March I said: "Why didn't you obey orders?" She answered: "Papa, I just couldn't. When I went to mark out names I had written year after year I couldn't do it." So they will remain until they, of their own free will, order the paper discontinued. Somebody will pay the expenses.

\*\*\* Some uneasy friend mails me a little five-cent leaflet on Theosophy with this admonition and warning written in pencil on the margin: "Please read and learn the difference between psychic and spiritual development. You are on the road to Black Magic." Perhaps so, but the man who wrote this leaflet is dead! You can't scare me with words. When I left the pulpit they said I was going to the devil; but, as I never had gone anywhere, I was glad to be going somewhere, even to the devil. Get a move on you. This is not slang, but science. Get a move on you. Forward! even if you are

on the road to Black Magic. You will find White Magic just beyond. Don't lose any sleep over me, my friend; a little thing like Black Magic is no more in my way than black cats. All is good! Black Magic is good. Every phase of unfoldment and development is good. I have passed all along this road. I am not using psychic powers for fortune-telling, mediumship, magnetic healing, finding hidden treasure, stolen articles, etc., etc. I am not in the vibration of the moon; therefore, black cats have no power over me. I am a prophet of fire, the seer of the sun, therefore, my words are truth and life. "God is light, and in Him there is no darkness."

\*\*\* I'm not soliciting anybody's patronage. I'm not asking for anybody's endorsement. There may be hundreds and thousands of my readers who could run CHRISTIAN better than I am running it. There are many who write and tell me just how to edit this paper; but, I'm so constituted that I can't do otherwise than run it my own way. I've noticed that when old maids marry and have children of their own that their children develop the same kind of traits perceptible in other people's children, in spite of the fact that those same old maids were always telling young wives how to raise children. Editing and publishing a newspaper requires a peculiar kind of talent. The other day a man took the Topeka (Kan.) *Capital* and showed how he thought that Jesus would run a newspaper. The same week a man took the *Atchison Champion* and showed how the devil would run a newspaper. The devil proved himself the better newspaper man. Now, when I began editing a paper away back in 1872 called *The Rock*, I took everybody's advice—and went "broke" and *The Rock* was rocked to sleep in the cradle of the deep. Since then I have learned to follow my own spirit and CHRISTIAN is growing in power and increasing its subscription list. It won't do, honey, to take advice from people who do not know by experience.

\*\*\* "One statement you make so startles me, that I must ask a question at once, which I hope you will answer through the columns of CHRISTIAN, if not personally. You say: 'All spirits go directly to the Sun, and that a spirit does not develop—it is always perfect.' If this be true, what becomes of the individuality—the part that has grown, suffered, enjoyed, gained experience—when the body dies? If it has not gained the power to persist, and to keep on growing after leaving this body, what has been gained by living? Where is my husband's individuality, now that his body is dust? I want to feel that he is gaining newer and higher experiences than he could gain on this earth. I do not want to give up my own personality. I want to retain, improve, purify, and finally glorify it. I want to feel that life, mind, and soul as one entity, the I AM that I AM, can go on existing and improving after the bodily machine has worn out, or has been broken and cast aside."

What is the use to discuss the question of growth in Spirit when spirit is God? All this talk about growth, unfoldment, and development, pertains to matter. Individualized Spirit gains by experience a certain amount of knowledge, and this knowledge forms a part of your individuality. But, my

dear, this knowledge is just as good when it flashes on you by inspiration, as it would be if gained by trials, tribulations, and sufferings. "Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven." The same authority says that the spirits of little children do always behold the face of the Father. They have had no struggle, no development, no growth, and yet they are as high in individuality as an archangel. The place of rest is to know the unchangeable and eternal Spirit. This going and coming, struggling and suffering, is of the earth, earthy.

\*\*\* I republished from Hubbard's "Little Journeys" for April the story of Schlatter and the lady from New Mexico. I take pleasure in publishing the following correction from *Self*, Oakland, California, and incidentally to show what some people think of CHRISTIAN:

I am frequently asked the question, "What metaphysical paper or journal would you advise me to take?" I don't advise, as each one should follow his own taste in that as well as all other matters. In the past I have been foolish enough to give every one advice who asked for it, but I have learned better. Not long ago I suggested to a lady that she read CHRISTIAN and *Philistine*. She was quite surprised that I should suggest the two immoral publications. I have been reading CHRISTIAN for over four years and never made the discovery, but on the contrary had been wonderfully helped in my research for truth.

I don't know much about the *Philistine*, but thoroughly enjoy reading "Little Journeys." Every number is a gem. Brother Hubbard has a wonderful imagination, and in the April number he gives rein to it in his pen picture of the woman who "now waits and watches in her mountain home" for Schlatter, the healer.

He has written the article in the attractive way that only Hubbard knows how to write, but the truth of his statement, well—"there isn't enough of it to talk about."

I happen to know the lady from New Mexico; in fact, she is sitting in my office while I write, although she doesn't know what I am writing. Schlatter never healed her, because she had no need of healing. He did not come to her "sick," but strong and well. She never was in love with the Healer, "with a wild, mad, absorbing passion." She is not sitting watching and waiting for him, but is one of the world's busy, business women. In fact, to know her is to take all the romance out of the pathetic little story. She was thoroughly interested in the good works of Schlatter as she is now in Shelton, Henry Wood, and many others that she believes are doing a good work for humanity. She does not believe that Schlatter is dead, because the identification of the personal property found by the "skeleton" was not sufficiently accurate to convince her. She has no thought of his coming back to her, but to the activities of the world, in order to finish the work that he felt he was called to do.

Really, brother, if you could read on page 92 of April "Little Journeys," and then look up as I do at the robust, intellectual, practical, business woman, and hear her merry laugh when some allusion is made to your description, you could not but be surprised at the flight of your own imagination.

\*\*\* "I have just finished reading the article, 'Telepathy and Mediumship,' in the last CHRISTIAN, and would like to ask you a few questions, if I may, to be answered when you can. I am not a Spiritualist—far from it—but I am interested in the phenomena. Do these thoughts that the medi-

ums communicate with live on? Could you, for instance, communicate with Cæsar? Do these thoughts and shadows left behind assume the shape of the individual and seem to have any life of their own? Why do they always get thought of the person they know? Why not get thoughts from perfect strangers and on all subjects understood, instead of trivial things?"

Yes, I could communicate with the astral body of Cæsar. The only way to destroy these shadow men and women is to cause the elements to melt with fervent heat. This part of the prophecy that the earth shall be destroyed, and its environment, with fire. These astral bodies have the shape of the individual left behind; they are exact photographs. When the woman of Endor called up the prophet Samuel, he appeared as an old man, with a mantle over his shoulders. All spiritual mediums claim to see persons just as they were when they left the body. That these are unprogressive shadows is shown by the fact that no new ideas are ever received from them, and that the world has not advanced one single idea by this kind of communication. The trivial things of life seem to engage their attention more than the substantial affairs of the present or future. Moreover, communication with these relics is detrimental to health of both mind and body. Let them alone! Rise to a higher plane and get the vibrations directly from the Sun! Communicate with the minds of your departed friends, instead of their old cast-off bodies. You don't want transference of the outgrown thoughts of the past, but the fresh, new thought of the Risen Spirit. Cæsar in the Sun would be a much more interesting person than Cæsar in Rome. The Jesus Christ with whom John held communication on the island of Patmos was a much more interesting person than the one who talked on the banks of Galilee. This is the way John describes him: "His head and his hairs were white, like wool, as white as snow; and his eyes were as a flame of fire; and his feet like unto fine brass, as if they burned in a furnace; and his voice as the sound of many waters. And he had in his right hand seven stars; and out of his mouth went a sharp, two-edged sword; and his countenance was as the Sun shineth in his strength. And when I saw him I fell at his feet as dead. And he laid his right hand upon me, saying unto me, 'Fear not; I am the first and the last; I am he that liveth, and was dead; and, behold, I am alive forevermore, Amen; and have the keys of hell and of death.'" It is much better to communicate with such an One than to hold converse with a spook or ghost. What you want to do is to get out of the psychic atmosphere, which means the moonbeams. There is a certain order of mediumship which has to do with the moon. Menstruation in women is moon sickness. Now the woman who is to become a real medium must be clothed with the Sun. She will have the moon beneath her feet, and a crown of twelve stars (the Zodiac) upon her head. This is true spiritual mediumship. A mental medium instead of a physical medium.

#### SHE WHOM MY SOUL LOVES.

"I am glad you have found your own, and, as you say, she must henceforth be known to your readers as Blanche, let me ask this question: What relationship does she sustain to you?"

From all parts of the civilized world have come words of welcome to Blanche. I call her by this name because the Spirit said: "Her name is Blanche." I can see the science and wisdom of this one name. To place "Mrs." before "Blanche" and some man's name after it would mean localizing and personalizing the Ideal Woman. I gave you just enough of the personal and local to make you see the force of my vision. Now, let the local and personal drop out and make room for the universal. Blanche must stand for the Ideal Woman; in other words, for the Divine Feminine. This means you, my sister, for the Feminine Principle is Divine, no matter where it is found. Then, Blanche is the name of all of you. In the low dives, on the street, in the gutter, wherever my little sister is found, her name, to me, is Blanche. It is Lady Blanche in the mansion and little Blanche in the hovel. No man can love a woman without loving all women. Love is not local. It is a sun sending beams of light, radiating warmth, and pouring out blessings everywhere.

I have told you my story of the unfolding Spirit that I may help you to higher thought and nobler vibrations. It surprised you! Yes, but no persons on this earth can be more surprised than the two principals in this unfoldment. I am astonished, although being led by the Spirit is becoming natural to me. Blanche is surprised at each new unfoldment. Do you think we could arrange this matter? There has been no planning, no scheming, no working. Simply a following of the I Am that I Am. It is one of the prophetic promises made to me years ago. There is no infatuation, no hypnotism, no fanaticism, no fever in the blood; but, simply a calm and undisturbed repose. Neither of us would care if the whole thing dropped to pieces to-morrow. We are absolutely careless about it. In fact, we are more like spectators than actors; the Word is the active principle and we are mediums, intelligent and conscious mediums, in this unfoldment. There is deep feeling, strong love vibrations between us; but there is no restlessness, no anxiety, no fever, and absolutely no fear. "Perfect love casts out all fear."

A few of my friends have sent me congratulations as if this were a wedding, a marriage, on the plane of generation. God would be mocking me if She Whom My Soul Loves was no more than a wife after the order of generation. Why all this agony of waiting? Why those visions and revelations? Why this constant teaching of my soul? Mortality does not need these things. A cabin in the wilderness and a woman—this is all that mortality demands. Why should I be given a wife after the law of generation? I have finished my course in mortality. My sons and my daughters will go on multiplying and replenishing the earth. My name will be perpetuated on this planet as long as men and women gen-

erate mortal children. My two sons and my two daughters are sufficient for all the purposes of generation. The man who is in me now is not the man who was born after the flesh. *That man is dead!* I have no wife, no children, no father, no mother, no sisters, no brothers, after the flesh. In passing through isolation into individualization I was raised from the dead. All that I needed to complete my new life was the coming of She Whom My Soul Loves. I AM in the Regeneration. "Old things have passed away. Behold! I make all things New."

What relationship does She sustain to me? Every relationship that a woman can sustain to a man. She is my mother, my wife, my sister, and my daughter. As my mother she beholds in me the son of her love; as my wife she brings forth and gives nourishment to the children of my thought; as my sister she stands by my side, free and equal, and endowed with the same royal individuality; as my daughter she calls me the Father. Yes, she sustains to me all the relationships pertaining to the whole Divine Feminine and I AM to her all that a man can be to a woman. I am her father, her husband, her brother, and her son. You don't understand? Then I am not talking to you. I am talking to those who know. Go thou into the valley where men own women. Go to the man who owns a woman, a dog, a horse, a cow, a pig, and a cabin. I am on the top of an exceeding high mountain, where women own themselves. I AM God, and She Whom My Soul Loves is Myself in the form of the Divine Feminine. Therefore she must sustain all the relationship which the feminine can sustain to the masculine; and this relationship is perpetual, eternal, everlasting. When the morning stars sang together this relationship existed between us. From everlasting to everlasting this relationship will remain unchanged. Mortality hasn't anything to do with it. Forty husbands for her, after the flesh, and forty wives for me, after the flesh, would have made no change in our relationship. I AM the man and I AM the woman and I AM the conjunction between the man and the woman. Nothing on earth or in hell can break this conjunction. Do you suppose that the mutations of time or the hells of mortality can extinguish the Divine Principle of Being? Can God be mocked, or does God mock?

The principle of Being is love between man and woman. What! Yes, that is what I said, the principle of Being is male and female, and the mode of Being is love, sexual love. Now the song of life is the song of love. Woman lives to be loved and man lives to love woman. This is all there is of heaven or hell; it is all there is of life. I am going to quote a poem from *The Philistine* (East Aurora, N. Y.), for May. It is not written in verse but it is the very highest order of poetry. Do I quote too much from Elbert Hubbard? Well, the man sets my soul on fire when he talks like this:

"A faded flower flung from the grated window of a prison cell; it falls at the feet of a passer-by—a woman of the town.

But why should I call her a woman? She is a creature of the night. She belongs to all and to none, her home is a hovel and she lives in hell—a hell of her own preparing.

Once she was courted, flattered, petted, pampered. She had her nightmare of glory when gold was showered upon her, silks rustled, perfumes filled the air, bouquets burdened her table, carriages with footmen stopped at her door. Mansions, servants, joyous suppers, laughter, diamonds, pearls—to do nothing and have everything, this was her ambition.

She has drunk to its dregs the cup of nothingness. She has sought the potion that gives forgetfulness; for abandonment, desertion, death follow as an unerring sequence on all the gleam, glitter and glamour that have gone before.

And now she breathes only the sulphur fumes of Gehenna, and the scant silver that comes her way goes for the drug that brings oblivion.

With bloodshot eyes, disheveled hair, and burning thirst she hurries along—watched, hunted, hooted. She draws her tattered shawl closer about her benumbed frame as the cutting blasts of winter, rushing down alleys and from around sharp corners, hunt her out.

The flower drops at her feet.

She stops, looks around, no one is watching, she picks it up—yes, it is a spray of hyacinth. She looks up to see from whence it came, and high up she thinks she sees a hand thrust out from a grated window.

Some one is waving a hand to her—to her. Who can it be—some one has thought of her—some one has sent her a flower!

She brushes her hand across her eyes, as if to clear her misty vision and looks up again.

This time she sees nothing, only the sullen front of a great prison wall, jutting stone, grated windows, stone piled upon stone.

She thrusts the flower into her bosom, and forgetful of where she was going, turns about and hastens to the den she calls home.

Some one has thrown her a flower—not the flowers such as patronizing women of the Flower Mission bring with tracts and words of advice—not that—a flower from the hand of a man, a man in trouble, a prisoner, disgraced like herself, in bonds. He has thrown her a flower. Who is this "he" of whom she thinks?

Alas she does not know. Years and years, aye, centuries ago, when she wore pinafores and lived with her father, mother, brothers and sisters in the country, she dreamed of this man, this man who would come to her and love her and give her freedom.

It is the same dream come back—it is he. He will deliver her from the body of this death. He has flung her a flower. He is in trouble. What can she do to help him!

She is a woman. She is not old. God sent her into life and she has a right to love, to tenderness, to motherhood and a home. No chill of doubt can put out the eternal fire—she loves the Ideal!

This is her misery, her disgrace and her crown. Illusions will not fade away, she has prayed and watched and longed for this—some one loves her. He has flung her a flower.

When he is released he will come to her and take her away, and they will leave this life of horror, and fly to the country and make themselves a nest as the birds do.

Some one has flung her a flower.

She belongs to him and him alone. She has loved him all these years. She has waited for him. God knows she has done wrong, but God knows, too, her heart is pure. She appeals to the Higher Law—a power greater than herself has been pulling her down to her death—but God knows, God

knows! For was it not God who allowed her to be tempted beyond her strength?

Some one has flung her a flower. It has awakened in her the Ideal—she had thought it dead, dead and nailed down with the coffin nails of her crimes.

But no, there is light there yet. She wishes to do penance, to condole, to succor, to sanctify herself to some one, to be kind, to be useful.

The refluxes of the heart are as sure and certain as the march of the planets. The desires of the heart are fixed stars—clouds may obscure, but wait and you shall see the light.

There is that in souls which never perishes.

Some one has flung this woman a flower and she becomes happy with a horrible happiness. She sees a cottage, warmed and lighted; a kettle singing on the hearth; supper on the table for him who was even now coming to his home, their home, whistling from his work; she sees in the corner a cradle, and she begins crooning a lullaby to a babe that she has never pressed to her aching breast.

Some one has flung her a flower.

In the direst gloom, in the chill of abandonment, in the black of darkest pathways, in the dim, gray light of prison cells where the sun never enters, before stern judges, while policemen leer and men restrain not their evil tongues; beneath the maze of pitfalls; in nights of horror and blackest chaos there is a gleam of light. It grows into a flame. What think you it can be?

It is love—it is the Ideal. It exists even in hell. God never quite withdraws his Holy Spirit.

Some one has flung her a flower."

This is poetry? Yes, but it is also truth. The deeper truth is found beneath the rubbish of all our wilted hyacinths. God never withdraws His Holy Spirit, for "There is only God," and God can not withdraw from Himself. Therefore, beloved, there is a Resurrection of the Ideal in Regeneration. Is there such a thing? Can a man and woman regenerate the mind and renew the body here on the earth? This is what Blanche means to me if she means anything. I have been honest and sincere with my readers. I have given you facts. As fast as things were revealed to me I have made them known to you. When success comes to me I am ready to tell it to you; when this new unfoldment takes on another form I will proclaim it in clear type. I am not self-hypnotized and have no desire to hypnotize any one else. The "I Am Sermon" for March, the last one of the series (and which forms the last chapter in my book of "I Am Sermons") gives you an idea of what I am seeking. There would be no need for me to parade my personal affairs before the public if they had no more than a local or personal significance. I know that I am opening the door of truth for the whole world. There is nothing hidden that shall not be revealed. This is the dawn of the New Life, the ushering in of the New Day. I am seeking the fullness of this Truth and have found the Resurrection and the Life. It is not a day-dream, but an everlasting fact.

Therefore when you congratulate me as if I had found a new love among women on the plane of generation, you misunderstand the scope of my thought. I am not seeking a Fool's Paradise. I have lived in one and know just what kind of a place it is. I am

not seeking an "affinity"—the very word makes me sick! I have been a fool that I might gain wisdom. I have chased jack-o-lanterns in the psychic swamps and know every quagmire in all the domain of psychic phenomena. There is no sensation of the flesh which I despise. I have no desire to become a monk or a eunuch. I am a younger man than I was at thirty and have a keener enjoyment of all the sensations of the flesh. I am growing younger, stronger, and more magnetic every day. For this very reason I am seeking wisdom. Wisdom means the right use of knowledge. Knowledge is gained by experience. I seek wisdom that I may know how to use the knowledge I have gained. To find my own Love and then watch her fade away and die would be worse than folly; it would be the work of a fiend to show me her face and then hide that face under the lid of a coffin! God is Good! Only God could have foreseen, foreknown, and led me into this knowledge of the Truth. Therefore God is able to keep all of His promises. You don't believe in God? Then I am not writing for you. I am writing for those who have felt the vibrations of the Divine Presence; for those who have seen the Sun; for those who know the Father of Lights.

Blanche means "White." There is great significance in names. Helen, my right hand in business, means "Light." It is the white light I am seeking. Blanche did not come to me as typewriter or stenographer; that was a ruse of the Spirit to reveal her to me. She does not, and will not, do this mechanical work either with the mind or the hands. Helen is secretary, stenographer and typewriter for the I AM, and she fills the place to perfection. Blanche is the Great White Throne of Ideal Womanhood, the spirit of healing love, the wisdom of womanly inspiration. What is all the world a-seeking? Life, life everlasting. This is what all the world is really seeking. Where is it to be found? In the regeneration of the body by a wise use of sexual vibrations. Then life everlasting is something which we gain by a right use of knowledge? Yes, eternal happiness is something we gain by wisdom; that is, a right use of knowledge. Who can guide us into a right use of knowledge? The Spirit of Truth whom I call the I AM that I AM. Therefore, I say unto you all, don't run to and fro on the earth seeking your own. Wait in the Silence and your own will come to you. God is no respecter of persons; therefore, I am as much entitled to wisdom as Jesus Christ, or an archangel. I put myself into the proper attitude to receive wisdom, and it was given to me. The greatest wisdom I found is that the I AM is wisdom. Each step in this unfoldment has brought me face to face with the fact that "the foolishness of God is wiser than men." What I thought was folly proved to be the Divine Wisdom; and what I thought was wisdom proved to be the foolishness of man. Therefore if you would reach the white light of Spirit let the Spirit lead you. How? Trust the inner voice, trust the Silence, no matter what you hear in the noise. *Be fool enough to listen to*

*your own soul.* Follow your own Spirit. You cannot fail to gain love, truth, and wisdom. The kingdom of your God is within you. Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.

#### THOUGHT TRANSFERENCE.

I can't say everything in any one issue of CHRISTIAN. Therefore, you should have waited until I got through with this series of articles on "Telepathy" before you began to file objections. Many readers have written me about communications with the departed. Some have abused me and called me bad names, because I did not endorse the views of Spiritualism. My beloved friends, Spiritualism is a religion, and all religion is intolerant. From time immemorial religionists have used abuse for argument. By religion I mean a system of worship where we recognize inferiors and superiors, where we bow down to something or somebody, and belittle ourselves. When I said that "She Whom My Soul Loves" had not any kind of religion, I did not mean that she did not have Truth, Love, Principle, Justice, Righteousness and everything which belongs to the Divine Feminine; but that she did not acknowledge any superior or any inferior, any God outside of her own spirit. When you go into any sect or party, you become biased in favor of certain tenets. This prejudice, this bias, blinds your eyes to the true light. Therefore, I say that Spiritualism is a religion, and therefore intolerant, like all other religions. I will not stop to discuss such questions with people who abuse me for speaking the Truth as I see it.

When I say that departed spirits go directly to the Sun and have no further communications with the earth, I mean that they do not communicate by returning to the earth. The only communication is by Telepathy. To those who are in the Sun, there is no distance or space; everything is Omnipresent. As far as the sunlight reaches the mind of spirit is present. Therefore, I am not prepared to say that spirits do not communicate with earth through transference of thought. But since I have found out that the electro-magnetic current between a man and a woman forms a perfect human telephone, I have begun to revise my views. So far I have been able to communicate with persons now living on the earth. It may be that after awhile I will establish communication with persons in the Sun. Therefore, let us go slow. Wait until I perfect my telephone.

Since the May article, I have held communications, by using Helen as a transmitter, with various persons in different parts of the United States. Let me say right here, in this connection, that I will not use the Universal Spirit to decide bets, or for mere curiosity. I don't believe I could do it if I tried, and I am not going to try. While I am not inclined to open my communications with prayer, still there should be a certain amount of reverence in approaching the I AM. I make these statements because persons have wired me to telepath certain words, which I refused to do. There must always be a good reason for

appealing to the Universal Spirit to decide questions or to give information.

The most startling thing developed so far was a communication from Edna through Helen, in which I recognized Edna's voice. It was a very important matter, which did not admit of delay. I took Helen's right hand, putting the tips of her fingers into the hollow of my left hand, and called up Edna, who was then in Little Rock. Edna has a way of humorous raillery in talking to me. I was startled to hear her say in answer to my question: "Why, I done gone an' done it long ago, boss; I done gone an' done it long ago." The words were given in Edna's voice, but negro dialect. I am only giving you a few of the words spoken. The communication was clear and distinct, and was the truth in every particular. The recognition of the voice, as you would hear it in any telephone, convinced me without a doubt that the human telephone is perfection itself when once we learn how to use it. In all my experiments so far, I have not failed in a single instance. There is no waiting, no trance, but everything comes like a flash of lightning.

You use the human telephone the same as you would a man-made machine. Marconi has shown us that very little machinery is needed. What I am experimenting with today will become a very common affair in a few years. Omnipresence is being recognized every day. Man is finding out that he is more than a two-legged animal located on the earth. He is learning to know his own spirit. The world is getting itself into communication with its environment. The movements of mind within the last twenty-five years have been greater than in the twenty-five preceding centuries, and yet we have only begun the move.

As an illustration of the principle of Telepathy, the following dispatch from Chicago is to the point:

"Frank F. Pratt and F. R. Pratt, locally famous twins, have been separated by death, and a strange story of life-long telepathic communication is told by the survivor.

"Both were lawyers and resembled each other so closely in appearance, dress, manners and habits as to mystify their friends. F. R. Pratt started on a tour of the world a year ago.

"He died in Manila on Monday. F. F. Pratt knew it instantly and told his parents and friends that his brother was dead. It was not until three days later that the cable confirmed the information."

"The news of Fred's death," said Frank Pratt, "was what we had awaited for three days before it came. Four days ago, as I sat down to dinner, the thought came suddenly upon me that Fred was gone. Warning? Premonition? I do not know. Call it what you will. I spoke to mother: 'We are separated; Fred has gone.' Confirmation came yesterday, no details; merely the information that Fred was dead, and that his body had been shipped to Japan.

"This so-called telepathy had existed since we were babies. It made no difference whether we were separated by ten feet or 10,000 miles—we could keep watch over each other, and we kept up this communion to the end."

You see distance had nothing to do with the communication between these twins. Ten thousand miles was nothing more than

ten feet. This union between twins is like the union between soul mates. It is a perfect transference of thought from mind to mind.

Just to show you that what I claim for the regeneration of the body and the entering into immortality is not a mere theory of my own mind, I quote the following:

"The editor of the *British Medical Times* is among those who see in wireless telegraphy an argument in favor of thought transference by 'brain waves.' He writes: 'Marconi has shown that a small electric battery can send waves of energy and thought through the ethereal atoms of space for a greater or less distance, according to the elevation, which may be caught by a sensitive mechanical receiver and its code of signals recorded and interpreted.'

"In the battery a small amount of material is decomposed to produce the electric current. The brain is to a certain extent a battery, and the ganglions of the great sympathetic supply of the nervous energy generated in a great measure by the brain. The battery, with its relays, by the nourishment applied to the body, decomposing its own material thus supplied, is perpetually in action. Thought is to a certain extent the outcome of central action, the same as electricity is a force evolved from the decomposition of elementary substances. Thought, then, is an entity, a force, something which can travel through space and be caught by a receiver, however distant, which is in tune with its vibrations."

#### THE DIVINE FEMININE.

Among the many letters received since May CHRISTIAN, not one speaks in clearer language or understands me better than Mrs. Louise Vesceius Sheldon, author and journalist, of New York City. As she is a public woman I do not deem it a breach of etiquette to quote from her private letter:

"I am grateful to you for many things, but nothing more than the last May issue. The Confessions of Jean Jacques Rousseau are as nothing compared to yours, and when you lay bare the 'Not I,' whom we all recognize as the photograph of ourselves, and then find how the natural man can be swallowed up in the Spirit through the Divine Feminine touch, I really think we can not express ourselves too grateful to you for telling us all the phases and tunnels you have passed through and out of. You have strengthened me. Thank you. You are blessed above most mortals in this, that you have experienced higher vibrations than any one else we know, and your love in human form assists you now to teach us what love is—in the higher vibrations. What new development is to be given you—ONE (not two), will develop us, I hope. May you have all that the Divine Feminine can give you, in response to your desires!"

Such words, from such a woman, do my soul good. To be understood by even a few inspires one with the courage to keep on saying things. Out of the thousands of readers, I have received but two sneering letters, one from a woman and one from a man. I am not writing for the multitude, but for the select few who are ready to receive the Truth. Of course, it would be bad taste for me to parade my personal affairs before the public, unless they had a wider range than my own personality. I used the flesh and blood woman for the purpose of introducing the Ideal. If I had introduced the Divine Feminine through a

spirit, my words would have fallen on deaf ears. Therefore, I used a real, living woman as a text for the introduction of the Divine Feminine. This is all. The name Blanche henceforth is to be as impersonal as the principle which it represents. One of the greatest writers of the present day is W. T. Stead, of London. He claims that a spirit, whom he names Julia, stands at his elbow and inspires all his writings. I say unto you that a spirit clothed with flesh and blood, whom the I AM has named Blanche, inspires all of my writing, and furnishes the love vibrations for all my healing. I call her the Divine Feminine. Let this name Blanche, then, be in your mind the name of this principle. Men and women, equally, have written me letters of thankfulness for making them see the Divine Feminine in this startling way. The personal name of the lady, whom I introduced to you, will never be used in these columns any more. I beg her pardon for taking such a liberty with her name and her history. But I knew then, as I know now, that the only way to make us stop and recognize the principle was to introduce it through a person.

Is there such a thing as a Divine Feminine? Can it be realized? Are we to forever go on, and on, singing the song of Love, without realizing it? The ideal is the only thing that has saved the world thus far. But are we forever and forever to go on making poetry and then living the very opposite? The only way to realize the Divine Feminine is to recognize it. The only way for woman to reach the ideal man is to recognize him. I believe that the ideal can become the real. The highest conceptions of Life and Truth can be made manifest in the flesh. If Blanche does not mean this to me, then she does not mean anything. I will not receive anything less than the Divine Feminine. I have set my mark as high as God, and will not lower it. My own means everything that is perfect, everything that is divine, everything that is holy and true.

Serene I fold my hands and wait,  
Nor care for wind nor tide nor sea,  
I rave no more 'gainst time nor fate.  
For what is mine shall come to me.

The only change I would make in these sublime lines of John Burroughs is to change shall to has, in the last line: "For what is mine has come to me." I know now that my own would have come all the sooner if I had not raved against time and fate, and tried to force things. But no matter how I got there, I am Here! What do I care for the quagmires, briars, thorns and rough stones along the way? What has passed is nothing to me. I am Here! I am not going anywhere; I am not seeking anything; I am Here, now, henceforth, and forever; I am at Home! This going and coming, this seeking and knocking, this restlessness and fever, is all a part of the past. "Let the dead past bury its dead." I am no longer interested in the work of the undertaker.

"I fling my past behind me, like a robe worn threadbare in the seams, and out of date. I have outgrown it."

Why should I hold on to that which is dead? The almanac, the date of birth, the record of years, the coming and going in shadows of time! What are all these things to one who has felt the vibrations of the Almighty! The worlds, the moons, the stars revolve around the Sun, but the Sun does not revolve around anything. I have gone out from under the influences of the Zodiac. I have thrown from me the force of time and tide. I am in the Sun Center, where there is no night, and no counting of time by the flitting of shadows.

Hold on to your Ideals! Men, keep in your mind the Ideal woman, and cling to the Divine Feminine! No matter how often the flesh and blood woman disappoints and deceives you. Beneath the flesh and blood, down under the "Not I," below the marks of heredity and environment, you will find the Divine Feminine. It is there, my brother. Your heart may ache over the tumbling down of your ideals. Set them up again! The only real thing is the Ideal. All else is mire and mud, dirt and dust. Down deep beneath the tattered garments and haggard face of your sister on the street is the Divine Feminine. Women, hold on to your Ideals! No matter how much your heart is bruised by the flesh and blood man, hold to your Ideals! In spite of all appearances, God is in him. In spite of all of his littleness, all of his disgusting animalism, he is God, the Divine Masculine. He is the Ideal Man, and there is no power on earth or hell that can keep him from rising from the dead. Trudge on, in the drudgery of life, but hold on to your ideals. There is a resurrection and a life. The mortal darkness is only for a day and an hour. Let all the women on earth watch and wait! At midnight you will hear the cry: "Behold! the Bridegroom cometh! go ye out to meet Him!" Some great day, all you men will see She Whom Your Soul Loves coming down from God out of Heaven, adorned as a Bride for her Husband. Hold fast to your Ideals!

\*\*\* "What is the ruling power of a person born September 11th?"

Order, method, and personal magnetism. It is Virgo, the Virgin, middle sign of the Earth Triplicity.

\*\*\* I thought it was idle gossip! But my beloved Betsy Lois Struble, editor of *The Nautilus*, did actually break into jail! Well, a real live woman is liable to break into anything.

\*\*\* Fred Burry's *Journal*, Toronto, Canada, is soaring into the poetic. Fred has absorbed *Positive Thought* and Hugh Pentecost will furnish enough prose to balance things.

\*\*\* How is this, man born June 15 and woman born April 21?

All right. Fire and Air go well together, sometimes; but the June man must look out for conflagrations.

\*\*\* Patients ask me to prophesy and tell them whether they are going to get well, and, if so, at what time. I never know what is going to be the result in any given case. I speak the word and leave results to the Spirit of Truth.

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